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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 3.

DISCOURSES TO MIXED CONGREGATIONS.

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

DISCOURSE II.

NEGLECT OF DIVINE CALLS AND WARNINGS.

No one sins without making some excuse to himself for sinning. He is obliged to do so: man is not like the brute beasts; he has a divine gift within him which we call reason, and which constrains him to give an account to it for what he does. He cannot act at random; however he acts, he must act by some kind of rule, on some sort of principle, else he is vexed and dissatisfied with himself. Not that he is very particular whether he finds a good reason or a bad, when he is very much straitened for a reason, but a reason of some sort he must have. Hence you sometimes find that those who give up religious duty, attack the conduct of religious men, whether their acquaintance, or the ministers or professors of religion, as a sort of excuse—a very bad one—for their neglect. Others, and Catholics too, will make the excuse that they are so far from church, or so closely occupied at home, whether they will or not, that they cannot serve God as they ought. Others say it is no use trying, that they have again and again gone to confession, and tried to keep out of mortal sin and cannot; and so they give up the attempt as hopeless. Others, who are not Catholics, when they fall into sin, excuse themselves on the plea that they are but following nature; that the impulses of nature are so very strong, and that it cannot be wrong to follow the impulses of that nature which God has given us. Others are bolder still, and they cast off religion altogether; they deny its truth; they deny Church, Gospel, and Bible; they go so far perhaps as even to deny God's governance of His creatures. They boldly deny that there is any life after death: and, this being the case, of course they would be fools indeed not to take their pleasure here, and to make as much of this poor life as they can.

And there are others, and to these I am going to address myself, who try to speak peace to themselves by cherishing the thought, that something or other will happen after all to keep them from eternal ruin, tho' they now continue in their neglect of God; that it is a long time yet to death; that there are many chances in their favor; that they shall repent in process of time, when they get old, as a matter of course; that they mean to repent some day; that they mean, sooner or later, seriously to take their state into account, and to make their ground good; and, if they are Catholics, they add, that at least they will die with the last Sacrament, and that therefore they need not trouble themselves about the matter.

Now these persons, my brethren, tempt God; they try Him, how far His goodness will go; and, it may be, they will try Him too long, and will have experience, not of His gracious forgiveness, but of His severity and His justice. In this spirit it was that the Israelites in the desert conducted themselves towards Almighty God; instead of feeling awe of Him, they were free with Him, treated Him familiarly, made excuses, preferred complaints, upbraided Him; as if the Eternal God had been a weak man, as if He had been their minister and servant; in consequence, we are told by the inspired historian, "The Lord sent among the people fiery serpents." To this St. Paul refers, when he says, "Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them tempted, and were destroyed of serpents;" a warning to us now, that those who are forward and bold with their Almighty Saviour, will gain, not the pardon which they look for, but will find themselves within the folds of the old serpent, will drink in his poisonous breath, and at length will die under his fangs. He appeared in person to our blessed Lord in the days of His flesh, and tried to entangle Him, the Son of the Highest, in this sin. He placed Him on the pinnacle of the Temple, and said to Him, "If thou art the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written, He has given his Angels charge of Thee, and in their hands they shall lift Thee, lest perchance Thou strike Thy foot against a stone;" but our Lord's answer was, "It is also written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God." And so numbers are tempted now to cast themselves headlong down the precipice of sin, assuring themselves they will never reach the Hell which lies at the bottom, never dash upon its sharp rocks, or be plunged into its flames; for Angels and Saints are there, in their extremity, in their final need, or at least God's general mercies, or His particular promises, to interpose and bear them away safely. Such is the sin of these men, my brethren, of which I am going to speak; not the sin of unbelief, or of pride, or of despair, but of presumption.

I will state more distinctly the kind of thoughts which go through their minds, and which quiet and satisfy them in the course of irreligion. They say to themselves, "I cannot give up sin now; I cannot give up this or that indulgence; I cannot break myself of this habit of intemperance; I cannot do without these unlawful gains; I cannot leave these employers or superiors, which keep me from following my conscience. It is impossible I should serve God now; and I do not feel the wish to repent; I have no heart for religion. But it will come easier by-and-bye; it will be as natural then to repent and be religious, as it is now natural to sin. I shall then have fewer temptations, fewer difficulties. Old people are sometimes indeed reprobates, but, generally speaking, they are religious; they are religious almost as a matter of course; they may curse and swear a little, and tell lies, and do such like little things; but still they are clear of mortal sin, and would be safe if they were suddenly taken off." And when some particular temptation comes on them, they think, "It is only one sin, and I never did the like before, and never will again, while I live;" or, "I have done as bad before now, and it is only one sin more, and I shall have to repent anyhow; and while I am about it, it will be as easy to repent of one sin more as of one less, for I shall have to repent of all sin;" or again, "If I perish, I shall not want company;—what will happen to this person or that? I am quite a Saint compared with such a one; and I have known men repent, who had done much worse things than I have done."

Now, my dear brethren, those who make such excuses themselves, know neither what sin is in itself, nor what their sins are; they understand neither the heinousness nor the multitude of their sins. It is necessary, then, to state distinctly one or two points of doctrine, which will serve to put this matter in a clearer view than men are accustomed to take of it. These are very simple and very obvious, but are quite forgotten by the persons of whom I have been speaking, or they would never be able to satisfy their reason and their conscience by such frivolous pleas and excuses, as those which I have been drawing out.

First then observe, that when a person says, "I have sinned as badly before now," or "this is only one sin more," for, "I must repent any how, and then will repent once for all," and the like, he forgets that all his former sins are in God's keeping and in the book of judgment, and that the sin he is now committing is not a mere single, isolated sin, but that it is one of a series of a long catalogue; and, that though it be but one, it is not sin one, or sin two, or sin three in the list, but it is the thousandth, the ten thousandth, or the hundred thousandth, it is the last in a long course of sinning. It is not the first of his sins, but the last, and perhaps the very last, the finishing sin. He himself forgets, manages to forget, or tries to forget, wishes to forget, all his antecedent sins, or remembers them merely as instances of his having sinned with impunity still. But every sin has a history: it is not an accident; it is the fruit of former sins in thought or in deed; it is the token of a habit deeply seated and far extending; it is the aggravation of a virulent disease; and, as the last straw is said to break the horse's back, so our last sin, whatever it is, is that which destroys our hope, and forfeits our place in heaven. Therefore, my brethren, it is but the craft of the devil, which makes you take your sins one by one, while God views them as a whole. "Signasti, quasi in sacco, delicta mea," says holy Job, "Thou hast sealed up my sins as in a bag," and one day they will be all counted out. Separate sins are like the touches and strokes which the painter gives, first one and then another, to the picture on his canvass; and like the stones which the mason piles up and cements together for the house he is building. They are all connected together; they tend to a whole; they look towards an end, and they hasten to their fulfilment.

Go, commit this sin, my brethren, to which you are tempted, which you persist in viewing in itself alone, look on it as Eve looked on the forbidden fruit, dwell upon its lightness and insignificance; and perhaps you may find it just the coping stone of your high tower of iniquity, which comes into remembrance before God, and fills up the measure of your iniquities. "Fill ye up," says our Lord to the hypocritical Pharisees, "the measure of your fathers." The wrath, which came on Jerusalem, was not simply caused by the sins of that day, in which Christ came, though in that day was committed the most awful of all sins, viz., His rejection; yet that was but the drowning sin of a long course of rebellion. So again, in an earlier age, the age of Abraham, ere the chosen people had got possession of the land of promise, there was great and heinous sin among the heathen who inhabited it, yet they were not put out at once, and Abraham brought in;—why? because God's mercies were not yet exhausted towards them. He still bestowed His grace on the abandoned people, and waited for their repentance. But He foresaw that he should

wait in vain, and that the time of vengeance would come; and this He implied when He said, that He did not give the chosen seed the land at once, "for as yet the iniquities of the Amorites were not at the full." But they did come to the full some hundred years afterwards, and then the Israelites were brought in, with the command to destroy them utterly with the sword. And again, you know the history of the impious Baltassar. In his proud feast, when he was now filled with wine, he sent for the gold and silver vessels which belonged to the Temple at Jerusalem, and had been brought to Babylon on the taking of the holy city,—he sent for these sacred vessels, that out of them he might drink more wine, he, his nobles, his wives, and his concubines. In that hour, the fingers as of a man's hand were seen upon the wall of the banquetting-room, writing the doom of the king and of his kingdom. The words were these: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and completed it; thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting." That wretched prince had kept no account of his sins; as a spendthrift keeps no account of his debts, so he went on day after day, and year after year, revelling in pride, cruelty, and sensual indulgence, and insulting his Master, till at length he exhausted his Divine Mercy, and filled up the chalice of wrath. His hour came; one more sin he did, and the cup overflowed; vengeance overtook him on the instant, and he was cut off from the earth.

And that last sin need not be a great sin, need not be greater than those which have gone before it; perhaps it may be less. There was a rich man, mentioned by our Lord, who, when his crops were plentiful, said within himself, "What shall I do, for I have not where to bestow my fruits? I will destroy my barns, and build greater; and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for very many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and revel;" he was carried off that very night. This was not a very striking sin, and surely it was not his first sin; it was the last instance of a long course of acts of self-sufficiency and forgetfulness of God, not greater in intensity than any before it, but completing their number. And so again, when the father of that impious king, whom I just now spoke of, when Nabuchodonosor had for a whole year neglected the warning of the prophet Daniel, calling him to turn from his pride and to repent, as he walked one day in the palace of Babylon, he said, "Is not, this great Babylon, which I have built for the home of the kingdom, in the might of my power and in the glory of my excellency?" and forthwith, while the word was yet in his mouth, judgment came upon him, and he was smitten with a new and strange disease, so that he was driven from men, and ate hay like the ox, and grew wild in his appearance, and lived in the open field. His consummating act of pride was not greater, perhaps, than any one of those which through the twelvemonth had preceded it.

No; you cannot decide, my brethren, whether you are outrunning God's mercy, merely because the sin you now commit seems to be a small one; it is not always the greatest sin that is the last. Moreover you cannot calculate, which is the last sin, by the particular number of those which have gone before it, for this varies in different persons. This is another very serious circumstance. You find that you are ruined beyond redemption, though others who have done more are not. Why we know not, but God, who shows mercy and gives grace to all, shows greater mercy and gives more abundant grace to one man than another. To all He gives sufficient for their salvation; to all He gives far more than they have any right to expect; and they can claim none; but to some He gives far more than to others. He tells us Himself, that, if the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon had seen the miracles done in Chorazin, they would have done penance and turned to Him. Till we set this before ourselves, we have not a right view either of sin in itself, or of our own prospects if we live in it. As God determines to each the measure of his stature, and the complexion of his mind, and the number of his days, yet not the same to all; as one child of Adam is pre-ordained to live one day, and another eighty years, so is it fixed that one should be reserved for his eightieth sin, another cut off after his first. Why this is we know not: but it is parallel to what is done in human matters without exciting any surprise. Of two convicted offenders one is pardoned, one is left to his sentence; and this might be done, where there was nothing to choose between the guilt of the one and of the other, and where the reasons which determine the difference of dealing towards the one and the other, whatever they are, are external to the individuals themselves. In like manner you have heard, I dare say, of decimating rebels, when they had been captured, that is, of executing every tenth and letting off the rest. So it is also with God's judgments, though we cannot sound the reasons of them. He is not obliged to let off any;

He has the power to condemn all: I only bring this to show how our views of justice here below do not preclude a difference of dealing with individuals. The Creator gives one man time for repentance, He carries off another by sudden death. He allows one man to die with the last Sacraments; another dies without a Priest to receive his imperfect contrition, and to absolve him: the one is pardoned, and will go to heaven; the other goes to the place of eternal punishment. No one can say how it will happen in his own case; no one can promise himself that he shall have time to repentance; or, if he have time, that he shall have any supernatural movement of the heart towards God; or, even then, that a Priest will be at hand to give him absolution. We may have sinned less than our next door neighbor, yet that neighbor may be reserved for repentance, and may reign with Christ, while we may be punished with the evil spirit.

Nay, some have been cut off and sent to hell for their first sin. This was the case, as divines teach, as regards the rebel Angels. For their first sin, and that a sin of thought, a single perfected act of pride, they lost their first estate, and became devils. And Saints and holy people record instances of men, and even children, who in like manner have uttered a first blasphemy or other deliberate sin, and were cut off without remedy. And a number of similar instances occur in Scripture; I mean of the awful punishment of a single sin, without respect to the virtue and general excellence of the sinner. Adam, for a single sin, small in appearance, the eating the forbidden fruit, lost Paradise, and implicated all his posterity in his own ruin. The Bethsamites looked at the ark of the Lord, and more than fifty thousand of them in consequence were smitten. Oza touched it with his hand, as if to save it from falling, and he was struck dead on the spot for his rashness. The man of God from Judah ate bread and drank water at Bethel, against the command of God, and he was forthwith killed by a lion on his return. Ananias and Sapphira told one lie, and fell down dead almost as the words left their mouth. Who are we; that God should wait for our repentance any longer, when He has not waited at all, before He cut off those who have sinned less than we?

O my dear brethren, these presumptuous thoughts of ours arise from a defective notion of the malignity of sin viewed in itself. We are criminals, and we are no judges in our own case. We are fond of ourselves, and we take our own part, and we are familiar with sin, and, from pride, we do not like to confess ourselves lost. For all these reasons, we have no real idea what sin is, what its punishment is, and what grace is. We do not know what sin is, because we do not know what God is; we have no standard, with which to compare it till we know what God is. Only God's glories, His perfections, His holiness, His majesty, His beauty, can teach us by the contrast how to think of sin; and since we do not see God here, till we see Him, we cannot form a just judgment what sin is; till we enter heaven, we must take what God tells us of sin, on faith. Nay, even then, we shall be able to condemn sin, only so far as we are able to see and praise and glorify God; He alone can duly judge of sin who can comprehend God; He only judged of sin according to the fulness of its evil, who, knowing the Father from eternity with a perfect knowledge, showed what He thought of sin by resolving to become man; He only, who was willing, though he was God, to suffer inconceivable pains of soul and body in order to make a satisfaction for it. Take His word, or rather, His deed, for the truth of this awful doctrine,—a single mortal sin is enough to cut you off from God forever. Go down to the grave with a single unrepented, unforgiven sin upon you, and you have enough to sink you down to hell; you have that which to a certainty will be your ruin. It may be the hundredth sin, or it may be the first sin, no matter: one is enough to sink you; though, the more you have, the deeper you will sink. You need not have your fill of sin to perish eternally; there are those who lose both this world and the next: they choose rebellion and receive, not its gains, but death.

Or grant, that God's anger delays its course, and you have time to add sin to sin, this is only to increase the punishment when it comes. God is terrible, when He speaks to the sinner; He is most terrible, when He refrains: He is more terrible, when he is silent, and accumulates wrath. Alas! there are those who are allowed to spend a long life, and a happy life, in neglect of Him, and have nothing to remind them of what is coming till their irreversible sentence bursts upon them. As the stream flows smoothly before the cataract, so with those persons, does life pass along swiftly and silently, serenely and joyously. "They are not in the trouble of men, nor with man are they scourged." "They are filled with hidden things; they are full of children, and leave their remains to their little ones." "Their houses are secure and at

peace, neither is the rod of God upon them. Their little ones go forth as a flock, and their children leap in the dance. They take the timbrel and the harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in good, and in a moment they go down to hell. So was it with Jerusalem, when God had deserted it; it seemed never so prosperous before. Herod the king had lately rebuilt the Temple; and the marbles with which it was cased were wonderful for size and beauty, and it rose bright and glittering in the morning sun. The disciples called the Lord to look at it, but He did but see in it the whited sepulchre of a reprobate people, and foretold its overthrow. "See ye all these things?" He answered them, "Amen, I say to you, stone shall not be here left upon stone, which shall not be destroyed." And "He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, and in this thy day, the things that relate unto thy peace, but now they have been hid from thine eyes!" Hid, indeed, was her doom; for millions crowded within the guilty city at its yearly festival, and her end seemed a long way off, and ruin to belong to a far future age, when it was at the door.

O the change, my brethren, the dismal change at last, when the sentence has gone forth, and life ends, and eternal death begins! The poor sinner has gone on so long in sin, that he has forgotten he has sins to repent of. He has learned to forget that he is living in a state of enmity to God. He no longer makes excuses, as he did at first. He lives in the world, and believes nothing about the Sacraments, nor puts any trust in a Priest, if he falls in with one. Perhaps he has hardly ever heard the Catholic religion mentioned, except for the purpose of abuse; and never has spoken of it but to ridicule it. His thoughts are taken up with his family and with his occupation; and if he thinks of death, it is with repugnance, as what will separate him from this world, not with fear, as what will introduce him to another. He has ever been strong and hale. He has never had an illness. His family is long-lived, and he reckons he has a long time before him. His friends die before him, and he feels rather contempt at their nothingness, than sorrow at their departure. He has just married a daughter, and established a son in life, and he thinks of retiring from the world, except that he is at a loss to know how he shall employ himself when out of it; and then he begins to muse awhile over himself and his prospects, and he is sure of one thing, that the Creator is simple and mere benevolence, and he is indignant and impatient when he hears eternal punishment spoken of. And so he fares, whether for a long time or a short; but, whatever the period, it must have an end, and at last the end comes. Time has gone forward noiselessly; and comes upon him like a thief in the night; at length the hour of doom strikes, and he is taken away.

Perhaps, however, he was a Catholic, and then the very mercies of God have been perverted by him to his ruin. He has rested on the Sacraments, without caring to have the proper dispositions for attending them. At one time he had lived in neglect of religion altogether; but there was a date when he felt a wish to set himself right with his Maker; so he began, and has continued ever since, to go to confession and Communion at convenient intervals. He comes again and again to the Priest; he goes through his sins; the Priest is obliged to take his account of them, which is a very defective account, and sees no reason for not giving him absolution. He is absolved, as far as words can absolve him; he comes again to the Priest when the season comes round; again he confesses, and again he has the form pronounced over him. He falls sick, he receives the last Sacraments; he receives the last rites of the Church, and he is lost. He is lost, because he has never really turned his heart to God; or, if he had some poor measure of contrition for a while, it did not last beyond his first or second confession. He soon came to the Sacraments without any contrition at all; he deceived himself, and left out his principal and most important sins. Somehow he deceived himself into the notion that they were not sins, or not mortal sins; for some reason or other he was silent, and his confession became as defective as his contrition. Yet this scanty show of religion was sufficient to soothe and stupify his conscience: so he went on year after year, never making a good confession, communicating in mortal sin, till he fell ill; and then, I say, the viaticum and holy oil were brought to him, and he committed sacrilege for his last time,—and so he went to his God.

O what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment-seat of Christ! O what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realize where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were; when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all His warnings which he has set at naught, all his judgments which he has outlived; when that evil one follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul, how it expanded and was confirmed in sin—how it budded forth into leaves and flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit,—till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And, oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and confines it to the jailors, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! "Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand,—one minute to explain it! My name is Demas: I am but Demas, not Judas; or Nicolas; or Alexander; or Philetus; or Diotrophes.

What? eternal pain for me! impossible, it shall not be." And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. "O, atrocious!" it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the infliction were a proof of its injustice. "A second! and a third! I can bear no more! stop, horrible fiend, give over; I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou, I have not on me the smell of fire, or the taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humor. Nay,—I am a Catholic; I am not an unregenerate Protestant; I have received the grace of the Redeemer; I have attended the Sacraments for years; I have been a Catholic from a child; I am a son of the Martyrs; I died in communion with the Church; nothing, nothing which I have ever been, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and to the flame and stench which exhale from thee; so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy of man!"

Alas! poor soul;—and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. "So comprehensive a mind! such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!" "Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!" or, "A great personage, whom some of us knew; or, "It was a rule with a worthy and very excellent friend of mine, now no more;" or, "Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so lively, so versatile, so unobtrusive;" or, "I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy;" or, "So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind;" "His discoveries so great;" or, "His philosophy so profound." O vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? His soul is in hell, O ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die.

Vanity of vanities! misery of miseries! they will not attend to us, they will not believe us. We are but few in number, and they are many; and the many will not give credit to the few. O misery of miseries! Thousands are dying daily; they are waking up into God's everlasting wrath; they look back on the days of the flesh, and call them few and evil; they despise and scorn the very reasonings which then they trusted and which have been disproved by the event; they curse the recklessness which made them put off repentance; they have fallen under His justice, whose mercy they presumed upon;—and their companions and friends are going on as they did, and are soon to join them. As the last generation presumed, so does the present: The father would not believe God could punish, and now the son will not believe; the father was indignant when eternal pain was spoken of, and the son gnashes his teeth, and smiles contemptuously. The world spoke well of itself thirty years ago, and so will it thirty years to come. And thus it is that this vast flood of life is carried on from age to age; myriads trifling with God's love, tempting His justice, and like the herd of swine, falling headlong down the steep! O mighty God, O God of love! it is too much! it broke the heart of Thy sweet son Jesus to see the misery of man spread out before His eyes. He died by it as well as for it. And we too, in our measure, our eyes ache, and our hearts sicken, and our heads reel, when we but feebly contemplate it. O most tender heart of Jesus, why wilt Thou not end, when wilt Thou end, this ever-growing load of sin and woe? When wilt Thou chase away the devil into his own hell, and close the pit's mouth, that Thy chosen may rejoice in Thee, quitting the thought of those who perish in their willfulness? But, oh! by those five dear Wounds in Hands, and Feet, and Side—perpetual founts of mercy, from which the fullness of the Eternal Trinity flows ever fresh, ever powerful, ever bountiful to all who seek Thee—if the world must still endure, at least, gather Thou a larger and a larger harvest, an ampler proportion of souls out of it into Thy garner, that these latter times may, in sanctity, and glory, and the triumphs of Thy grace, exceed the former.

"Deus misereatur nostri, et benedicat nobis." "God, have mercy on us, and bless us; and show the light of His countenance upon us, and have mercy on us; that we may know Thy way upon earth, Thy salvation amongst all the nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. Let the nations be glad, and leap for joy; because Thou dost judge the people in equity, and dost direct the nations on the earth. God, even our God, bless us, God bless us; and let all the ends of the earth fear Him."

GREAT FIRE AT CRACOW.—Three hundred houses, the Dominican and Franciscan convents, the churches of St. Barbara and St. Joseph, the episcopal palace, the Polytechnic school, and seven streets have burned down. The fire was the work of incendiaries, who set fire to different quarters of the city at the same time. A court martial was formed, and the guilty parties brought before it. If convicted they will be shot at once.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.

We copy the following Pastoral letter of His Lordship, Monseigneur Charbonnel, the newly appointed Bishop of Toronto, from the New York *Truth Teller*. It will be read with pleasure by our Catholic friends of Toronto, who may indeed thank God for having entrusted the care of His flock to such hands:

FRANCIS MARY DE CHARBONNEL.

By the Grace of God, and the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Toronto. To all our well-beloved Brethren and Children in God, the Clergy, Secular and Regular, and Laity of our Diocese, GRACE AND PEACE IN THE LORD.

Your first Bishop, Dearly Beloved Brethren, gave his life for his flock; and his memory will ever be in benediction amongst those whom he edified by his virtues, instructed by his example, and ennobled by his death. It was the wish of the Venerable Bishops of Canada to comfort you for his loss by obtaining as his Successor, an Ecclesiastic, a glorious child of England,—a light of doctrine and virtue. To their endeavors We united Our prayers, and We besought others to pray that our loving Lord would be pleased to raise to the See of Toronto this zealous Missionary, who would have brought to your memory the memorable actions of the Apostles of Canada. But the humility which moved Father Larkin to decline another See, has also prevented him from accepting an office for which he would have been so admirably qualified.

We supposed, Beloved Brethren, that a Bishop had been long ago provided for you, when We received on the 18th of April last Apostolic Letters, notifying Our appointment to the vacant See of Toronto, and earnestly urging Us, by Our acceptance of it, to put an end to your long anxiety. Within eight days from the date We reached Rome, and We humbly represented to the Holy Father that we were not qualified to undertake an Office which alarmed one so much more able to perform its duties and bear its responsibilities. His Holiness answered Us that the most perfect course for Us was to submit; and We bowed Our head submissively before Him through whom St. Peter speaketh. The more to encourage Us, and at the same time in order to show a proof of His fatherly affection towards you, Beloved Brethren, His Holiness has graciously condescended himself to bestow upon Us the Episcopal Consecration, and to impose His Sacred hands upon Us, anointing Us with the Chrism of Salvation. If our Holy Father has hereby acquired a title to your gratitude, Dearly Beloved Brethren, He has imposed also upon Us the duty of imitating in Our conduct the ardent charity which unites Him to you.

It will be Our constant prayer that deeds, rather than words, however sincere, may attest the warmth of Our charity in your regard; and as a proof, We have amongst other things, followed the paternal advice of His Holiness in seeking out zealous Laborers of the Lord to accompany Us amongst you; and We trust that the pious Missionary may be one day granted to Us, whose humility in declining to govern you, will add to the powers of his well known eloquence.

We intend, Beloved Brethren, to remain a few days longer in the Eternal City, that We may be strengthened amidst the monuments of its Martyrs, and encouraged by the memorial of the Saints whose holy relics render it glorious above all Cities.

We wish to pray for you, Dearly Beloved Brethren, upon the threshold of the great Apostle, St. Peter and St. Paul, whose preaching and martyrdom have shed such lustre upon Rome, at the same time seeking council and light from the Great Pontiff who has but lately shared in the sufferings as well as in the glory of the Prince of the Apostles, and whose name is now so devoutly pronounced by the countless thousands committed to His faithful keeping.

Your munificence, Dearly Beloved Brethren, has been conspicuous; and We hope to convey to some who have made great sacrifices, the expression of the approbation of His Holiness: but as your means are limited, We intend, before We leave Europe, to visit France, which you love for the sacrifices made by her children in defence of the Apostolic See; and when We represent to Our Brethren in that country the great necessities of Our Church, We are confident that they will display towards Us both charity and generosity. Meanwhile We long to be with you, and We hope you will pray that We may be speedily united to those from whom duty alone shall ever separate Us. Pray that we may be united in the heart and will, and that We may all be enabled to work faithfully and earnestly for the love and glory of Our Lord, and the expansion of His Holy Church. Our weakness is great and Our deficiencies are many; but relying on Our obedience to the Vicar of Christ, We are enabled to say with the great Apostle, "Cum infirmor tunc potens sum."

With what effusion of heart shall We meet once more those revered Ecclesiastics who listened to our words with so much indulgence six years ago, and whose piety during Our Retreat has ever remained in Our Memory.

With tears shall We remember how the venerable Pastor, whose place We are about to occupy so unworthily, was at Our last meeting in danger of death; and with what affection shall We unite in praying for him in that noble Church which will prove to those yet unborn the greatness of his zeal and the fulness of his charity! A holy priest is reposing near him, whose meek and gentle virtue endeared him to our people, and were a model to his fellow laborers: for him likewise We will pray.

As We recall to mind, Dearly Beloved Brethren,

even at this distance of time and place, the many good deeds which your first Bishop performed amongst you, We feel that Our path is all traced; and We trust that you will often ask Our Blessed Mother the Holy Virgin Mary, whom he loved and honored so fervently, that by Her powerful intercession We may be enabled to complete what he so happily and so boldly undertook. Recommend Us likewise to the favor of the Glorious Archangel, St. Michael, Prince of the Heavenly Hosts, who, Protector of old of the Synagogue, and defender now of the Church of Christ, has been chosen as the special Patron of the Diocese of Toronto.

Finally, Dearly Beloved Brethren, let us all join in prayers for the speedy return of our separated Brethren, that they may be brought to the enjoyment of those spiritual blessings which we possess in the sacred bosom of the Holy Catholic Church.

Imitating the Venerable Bishops of Canada, We shall hasten to pay Our respects to the Representative of Her Majesty, and to declare to him how fully We participate in their feelings of loyalty, in their love of peace and order, and in their desire to preach, by word and example, obedience to the Government and the laws of the Country.

More We cannot say now, Beloved Brethren; but as an earnest of Our love to Our Clergy and Flock, We pray that the blessing of the Almighty may descend upon you and dwell with you for ever.

"The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Charity of God, and the Communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

This Letter will be read in all the Churches and Chapels on the first Sunday after its reception; and to obtain the Divine Blessing for Us, each of the Clergy will read in the Mass, on all days permitted, the Collects &c., of the Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost; and moreover, on Sundays and Holidays, in every Church and Chapel where Mass is said, they will recite three times with the Faithful the *Pater, Ave, and Gloria Patri*.

Given at the Hotel de la Minerve, Rome, the 14th day of May, 1850.

† FRANCIS MARY,
Bishop of Toronto.

IRELAND.

CONSECRATION OF MEIGH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.—On Sunday, Aug. 4th, was consecrated the Roman Catholic Chapel of Meigh, county Armagh. The structure is at once chaste and beautiful; it stands a perpetual monument of the zeal and piety of the excellent parish Priest, Rev. Mr. Murphy, and of his indefatigable fellow-laborer, Rev. Mr. McArdle.—*Tablet*.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ENNIS.—The Rev. Mr. Quinlivan continues, in England, the good work of collecting funds for the new church of Ennis.—*Id.*

ALL HALLOWS' COLLEGE.—DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—On Thursday, the 1st Aug., Rev. Messrs. Brennan, Teeling, and Talty, three young clergymen from our Irish missionary college, sailed for the Mission of Virginia, United States.—*Id.*

We have much pleasure in stating that William Jackson, Esq., of Rea Mills, near Ballybay, was received into the Catholic Church, and confirmed by the Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher, at Carrickatee Chapel, on the 5th ult. Mr. Jackson belonged to the Presbyterian community, of which he was a most active and respected member.—*Id.*

THE HEALTH OF THE PRIMATE.—We regret to state that his Grace the Lord Primate has been suffering lately from an attack of rheumatism, which has affected his arm so severely, that he is obliged to make use of a sling. The last accounts are favorable. His Grace is at present sojourning at Castleknock.

A TRUE STORY.

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.

Dear Sir—It is not long ago since there was a good deal of noise made about a young gentleman, whom the Monks of Mount St. Bernard had got into their clutches, and for a time were endeavoring, by all the arts for which such dark characters are—according to romance writers and Exeter-hall orators—so notorious, to make one of their order; but who, by some unexpected good luck—if not by supernatural interposition—escaped from the horrors of dark dungeons, clanking chains, and iron-barred gates, and made his way to some pious saints of the anti-Popish school, by whom he was received with open arms, and who, under his dictation, wrote and published the whole, full, and true account of all the horrors, persecutions, and iniquities of the Monastery from which this good young gentleman had effected his escape. Through the exertions of Mr. Maher, of Birmingham, and others, it was satisfactorily proved that the young gentleman was an impostor, and that his tales of conventual life were tissues of lies; and from the comfortable hospitality of his ultra Protestant patrons, he was handed over to the safe keeping of one of her Majesty's gaolers.

A young lady has more recently been playing a similar game; and as the facts of her case have not been made public, I think it not improbable you might be glad to learn the particulars, as far as they have reached me, of her eventful history.

This lady, "the niece of the Vicar-General of Paris," having been sent to a Convent in this country, and one day being out on business connected with the Convent, took her seat in an omnibus, where she met a gentleman, who, perceiving a rosary and crucifix upon her person, got into conversation with her on the errors of Rome; and finding her mind open to conviction, recommended her to pay a visit to the Independent minister of Orange-street Chapel, Haymarket. Following such good advice, she was by the worthy minister so thoroughly enlightened, that, with the help of a Bible which he gave her—a book, a

copy of which she had never before seen—she was led in a remarkably short time, to abandon the errors in which she had been educated, and she requested to be admitted a member of the Independent Church.

On a certain evening, some months back, there was a goodly gathering in the conventicle in Orange-street. A crowd of thankful souls assembled to witness the rescue of a sister from Popery and perdition. The presiding minister explained the circumstances which led to the miraculous salvation of the regenerated Papist, and at the convert's own desire (the minister himself not seeing any necessity for it) she was re-baptised.

The whole ceremony of admission into the congregation of the faithful having been gone through, in the presence of an admiring and thanksgiving audience, the young lady was taken into the patronising care of her new friends, and for a time lodgings were provided for her at their expense. But

"Lips, though *prayerful*, must still be fed,
For not *even saints* can live on *flow'rs*;"

and as it was not quite convenient long to supply life's comforts gratuitously, it was thought necessary to put the convert in a way of earning a livelihood for herself; and a gentleman, one of the partners in a wholesale house in Drury-lane, consented to take her into his private establishment as a governess to his children. It appears the young lady was not quite satisfied with this change, for it is supposed she did not feel herself competent "to teach the young idea how to shoot," notwithstanding her alleged educational accomplishments, and, as a refuge from labor, she feigned illness with such effect that three medical gentlemen, I am told, were deceived by her. Suspicions, from what cause I have not learned, were at last aroused, and inquiries having been set on foot, it was discovered that the whole history given by the convert of her antecedents was a fabrication, and that she had never been a Catholic. The charm that before hung around her was dispelled as soon as it was found she had never been a follower of the "Scarlet Lady;" and being then nothing more than an ordinary Protestant, she was discarded; and I learn she has since decamped—no one knows whither. But though absent in body, her spirit has been fittingly dealt with, and on one day last week the ceremony of "reading her out" was performed in Orange-street Chapel.

These are the leading facts of the case, as I have heard them from a party opposed to our Faith—one who boasted of this accession to the Protestant cause at the time of the impostor's inauguration; so that it cannot be said I am giving an *ex parte* Catholic statement.

I purposely abstain from giving you the little details of this case—the various arts and stratagems practised by the convert on her dupes, the jubulations of those dupes while they thought they had caught a real Papist, &c., &c.; the foregoing is sufficient to afford you a fresh example of the ease with which our separated brethren are deceived by those who feign conversion from Popery, and how quietly they suffer themselves to be gulled by the Maria Monk and Jeffreys' tales of conventual life. Such "withered weeds from the Pope's garden, thrown over the Protestant wall," as the apostate Achilli, they receive with joy and exhibit with pride; and from the lying tales of impostors such as the subject of this communication, they form their estimate of Catholic doctrine and practice.—I am dear Sir, yours truly,

J. H. LYNCH.

PROSELYTISM IN TUAM.—For the present, at least, we are happy to be able to inform the public, that the herd of proselytising emissaries, who have for some time past given so much annoyance in this neighborhood, have taken their departure from amongst us. We trust that by this time all the rational Protestants of Tuam and its vicinity have seen enough of the working of this unhallowed system. The few Clergymen, also, of the Established Church, who have volunteered to act as guides to these men, will find it more befitting their station, as ministers of Christianity, to confine their missionary zeal to the instruction and edification of their own diminutive flocks. In justice, however, to the respectable portion of the Protestant community, we feel bound to disconnect them altogether from any connection with this unholy warfare.—*Tuam Herald*.

ENGLAND.

DEDICATION AND OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ROBERT, AT MORFETH.

31st July (Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola.)

This morning, at seven o'clock, the beautiful Benedictine Church of St. Robert Abbott, raised by the spirited exertions of Dom. Lowe, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, and the chaste stone altar was consecrated according to the Roman Pontifical. To-morrow the church is to be opened solemnly by a Pontifical High Mass, at which Bishop Gillis, of Edinburgh, is expected to preach. This exquisite little church is a striking ornament to the town of Morfeth, as its spire is the only one in the place, and may be seen for miles around.

The following day, August 1st (Feast of St. Peter ad Vincula), the church was opened. When we beheld the Lord Abbott of Westminster (*in partibus infidelium*), President of the Anglo-Benedictine Order, clad in the ample black cowl, with the ancient English hood drawn over his head, and his pectoral cross on his breast, we felt ourselves transported to the days of England's glory, when the poor, supported by the many noble monasteries that once enriched the kingdom, the poor law and the poorhouse were things that did not exist.

ST. ALPHONSUS'S DAY.—Friday, August 2, being St. Alphonsus's Day, the Redemptorists had a Grand Function at Clapham. Mr. Oakley preach-

ed in the morning, and the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman in the evening, to densely-crowded congregations. The Bishop took for his text the words, "The first shall be last, and the last first," and said that, among the many applications this passage would bear, there was one which particularly struck him as he was standing beneath the rising walls of a church dedicated to the first, the Mother of Saints, and to the last of the canonised servants of God—St. Alphonsus. The Catholic alone can call all ages alike his own. All the Saints are but one bright galaxy, in which the last is as the first, and the first as the last.

MANCHESTER—COMMEMORATION AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, SALFORD.—On Sunday last, a Pontifical High Mass and Vespers were celebrated in St. John's Church, Salford, by the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, in commemoration of the opening of that sacred edifice. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman preached in the morning, on "the Intellectual and Social State of England, compared with its Religious Condition;" and, in the evening, the same most gifted Divine preached on "The Permanent Effects on the Church of England of the late Gorham Controversy." The magnificent church was crowded to excess on both occasions; so much so, that many felt it impossible to procure seats, or even a standing place, from the pulpit to the porch. The majority of the gentry present consisted of Protestants of the Church of England, lay and clerical. The morning discourse was listened to with breathless attention. The comparison between the social and religious condition of the English people evidently struck the hearers with awe. It appeared like a warning "from above"—a judgment from Heaven, withering, blasting, and condemnatory—wealth without limits, crime without bounds, intellectual acquirements of the highest order without a ray of sound religious knowledge or saving faith. Such was the conclusion deducible from every argument used on the occasion by that exalted Divine and far-famed scholar, Dr. Wiseman.

THE RIGHT REVEREND DOCTOR WISEMAN.—This learned Prelate preached two sermons on Sunday last at St. John's Catholic Chapel, Salford. Collections were made after each, to the amount of 160*l*. On Tuesday last, he passed through Preston, accompanied by his secretary, *en route* to Fleetwood, and returned in the evening, when he joined the Catholic Clergy assembled at dinner at the Bull Inn, in that town. His Lordship is about to proceed to Rome, where, it is understood, the dignity of Cardinal awaits him.

The Pope has conferred on the Very Rev. J. H. Newman, Father Superior of the English Oratorians, the degree of Doctor in Divinity by diploma.

UNITED STATES.

DIocese of DETROIT.—It is extremely gratifying to observe how fast the Catholic faith is spreading over this vast continent. A few years ago the Catholics of Detroit were few and scattered; they had but one Church—no schools—no institutions. Now we can count in the city of Detroit, 4 large Churches, 1 German, 1 Irish, 1 French, and the Cathedral, which is chiefly visited and supported by the Catholics of Detroit. These two last Churches are large, spacious, and splendid, especially the Cathedral, the inward decorations of which are truly magnificent. Those earthly messengers of peace, good will and blessedness to man, the Sisters of Charity—whose fostering care in times of sickness is alike extended to the Protestant as well as the Catholic—have already established a large school and hospital, both of which are in a prosperous condition. There are many other academies, institutions and societies, scattered over this large diocese. Besides there are schools for the instruction of the Indians at the following places:—Pokagon, Mackinac, Pointe St. Ignace, Little Traverse Bay, Middletown, La Croix, Sheboygan, Manestie, Sault St. Mary's, and L'Anse, Keewenaw Bay. The Indian missions are under the care of the Very Rev. F. Baraga, and are, I am happy to say, improving and increasing very rapidly. It is singular that whilst the Indian race remains in its savage state, it is always decreasing, but no sooner do these interesting people become christianized, than they begin to increase, and from being an idle and lawless people, they become sober and industrious. So much for the influence of the Catholic faith.—*Cor. Catholic Telegraph*.

GATHERINGS.

IRELAND.

THE CROP—THE WEATHER—THE HARVEST.
To the Editor of the Tablet.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to have to join in the general complaint, that a sixth time has a visitation at the hand of Providence fallen upon the country with grievous weight. The potato crop is nearly all blighted; any progress it had made in a day, a week, a month, or greater length of time, has been checked, and, in some instances, totally undone in a single night. In the fields, and on the highway, the atmosphere is completely charged—loaded with noisome gases proceeding from the decomposition of the half-grown stalks. This process continuing for a few days and nights, the stalks become quite naked; and appear in general a withered wreck, without the vestige of a leaf. . . . So confident and hopeful did farmers become, that they prepared and specially got up a new stock of pigs, that they might again revive that system by which they had long been enabled to pay their rent with ease, and go on reclaiming and improving their farms, as became their vocation under the circumstances. I know thousands of persons who have at this moment from one-third to one-fourth of the entire of their cropped land under this doomed and decaying crop; and no prospect to buoy them up but a meagre, and, I fear, a very insufficient corn crop. The late rains have done much hurt to the potatoes, hastening the progress of the disease, and increasing the alarms of the people. The reports abroad on the subject of the corn crops

are very various and conflicting. My own opinion is, that the harvest will be under, rather than over, an average. The wheat is said to be husky on one side of the ear, as last year; but my experience has led me to no such conclusion.

Much of the winter-sown oats has already fallen before the sickle in this part of the country, and some has been thrashed, and already ground into meal.

No one can yet venture to give a rational opinion as to how the potato may turn out; whether we shall have a third, a fourth, or more or less of the crop safe.—I remain, dear Sir, ever yours, faithfully,

JOHN FEARGUS MACCARTAN.

New Ross, Aug. 6th, 1850.

WEXFORD.—Harvest is rapidly approaching—tawny oats are being cut down in many places. A snail quantity of oats has appeared during the past week in market, and obtained from 7*s*. to 7*s*. 6*d*. a barrel. We regret to hear that in some places rust has made its appearance, and we are pained to learn from unquestionable authority that the wheat crop is very seriously injured by a worm in the head. We fear that a loss of one quarter of the produce may be calculated on. Our sanguine hopes of the potato crop are much reduced. In every part of the country, more particularly north and west of this town, the blackness of the stalks, with the presence of a fetid exhalation, is visible and striking.—*Wexford Guardian*.

COUNTY OF CORK.—The Rev. J. Murray, Lislevane, Timoleague, writes to us as follows: The potato is completely gone: though something may be got of the early gardens, it is certain that no good can be had of the late ones; and it would be no rash prediction to say that the whole crop will not supply three months' food to the population.

ROSCOMMON.—Sorry indeed are we to have to admit that the result of the last week has realised our apprehensions. The potato crop is infected, and to a considerable extent, through the length and breadth of this county, while it is undeniably evident that there will be a considerable loss. There is good ground for believing that, as in the preceding seasons, a considerable portion may survive.—*Messenger*.

MAYO.—A correspondent, who travelled the greatest part of Mayo during the past week, informs us of the almost total decay of the potato stalks throughout the county, and the deplorable progress the disease is making among the potatoes also.—*Tuam Herald*.

TUAM.—Within the last fortnight the fatal blight has made its appearance in this locality. There is not a field or garden in the Tuam Union unaffected at this moment. We have travelled within the last ten days to Cong, Ballinrobe, Headford, Athenry, Dunmore, Mount Bellew, and Galway, and from personal inspection, we are under the painful necessity of stating that all along the road, on either side, every leaf nearly is specked with the fatal spot. The root itself is yet comparatively unharmed. We have seen, however, several instances, within the last four days, of potatoes dug, with about one-fourth of them diseased.—*Id.*

NENAGH, AUGUST 5.—The potatoes in this district are going very fast. There is no doubt that the disease has been doing its worst for the last few days.

The potato blight in Clare, according to the *Clare Journal*, is almost universal.

COUNTY LOUTH.—We regret to state that unfavorable reports continue to reach us, from authentic sources, relative to the state of the potato crop. We, however, entertain the hope that the crop is not damaged to that extent which is generally stated.—*Louth Advertiser*.

EDUCATION (IRELAND).—According to a return recently made, the amount of local aid received by the teachers of national schools in Ireland during the year 1844, was 25,607*l*. 10*s*. 9*d*., being an average of 7*l*. 16*s*. 11*d*. per teacher. In 1848 the amount of local aid received was 25,299*l*. 1*s*., being an average of 5*l*. 17*s*. 3*d*. per teacher. The local contributions towards the payment of the salaries of national schools consist principally of the weekly fees from the children, of voluntary donations and subscriptions, and in a few cases of permanent funds provided for the maintenance of the school.

INCUMBERED ESTATES.—Gross produce of Sales of Estates in the Incumbered Estates Court, to the 30th July, 1850, inclusive. Total £524,457 16*s*. 6*d*.

IRISH MANUFACTURES.—A meeting was held in Kilkenny on Thursday se'night, to establish a branch society for the encouragement of Irish manufactures. The Mayor was appointed to communicate with the Dublin Board, and obtain copies of their rules, &c.

THE LINEN TRADE OF ULSTER.—The advices from the English markets, quoting an advance of 3*d*. per bundle on linen yarns, together with the high prices of flax, both in the continental and home markets, have caused a very firm feeling amongst our spinners. The export of linens, &c., from Belfast, during the past week, amounted to 720 boxes linens, 243 boxes thread, and 47 bales yarn, at an estimated value of upwards of 30,000*l*. The fall trade in the United States has opened well, and rather earlier than usual.—*Banner of Ulster*.

The Trappist Monks of Mount St. Mellary, (Ireland), have recently established a Printing Press in the Monastery.

The Estates of Mr. John O'Connell, situated at Tralee, and producing a gross rental of some Two Thousand Pounds sterling per annum, are now in the encumbered Commissioners' Court in Ireland.

ENGLAND.

At Ipswich, on Monday, a woman of the name of Robinson, was indicted for the wilful murder of her illegitimate child, by administering to him a certain noxious mixture called Burnett's disinfecting fluid, at Fressingfield, on the 16th of August last.

THE JEWS.—Baron Rothschild appeared at the bar of the House of Commons on Friday to take his seat for the city of London. He desired to be sworn on the Old Testament; Sir Robert Inglis objected. A debate ensued, and was adjourned to Monday, by 191 to 62.

On Thursday a meeting of the electors of the city of London took place. It was most numerously attended. Resolutions were passed with acclamation for the abandonment of the Parliamentary Oaths Bill. The citizens are earnest in their demand for the admission of their Jewish representative.—*Dublin Nation*, August 3.

THE GORHAM CASE.—It is believed that the following Prelates have declared their approval of the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the late Gorham case:—

The Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Dublin. The Bishops of Durham, Peterborough, Ely, Hereford,

Lichfield, Chester, St. Asaph, Saint David's, Worcester, Norwich, and Manchester, as not affecting the doctrine of the Church.

The bishops of Salisbury, Gloucester, and Ripon, have returned ambiguous replies to the Tractarian addresses.

The Bishop of Bangor dissents from the judgment. The Bishop of Rochester claims for it "legal respect."

The Bishops of Exeter, Bath and Wells, London, and Oxford, are hostile.

The Bishops of Lincoln and Carlisle are not yet known to have expressed themselves on the subject.

The two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have each declined entering into the controversy; but about one-fourth of the members of the Convocation of the first-mentioned have separately addressed the Archbishop of Canterbury against the decision. This address is signed by two only out of the twenty-four Heads of colleges and halls, and six Professors only—all of the Tractarian party—viz., Professors Pusey, Hussey, Reay, Earle, Kenyon, and Cooke; and includes the names of Judge Coleridge, and the well-known Archdeacons Thorp, Wilberforce, and two Scotch Bishops, who, notwithstanding their secession from the English Church, retain their names on the University register as members. The University of Cambridge has not moved.

From a summary of the results of the agitation which has reached us, it would appear that the total number of Clerical dissentients from the judgment throughout England, does not exceed 2,000 out of 15,000; and the number of laity who have come forward is insignificant. After the failure of the last effort at St. Martin's Hall, which was remarkable for the absence of Mr. Gladstone, M.P., and others whose presence or absence on such occasions is regarded as indicative of the probability of success or the reverse, we may dismiss the agitation as something beyond a Denison power to resuscitate.—*Church and State Gazette*.

[We are indebted to the courtesy of the Editor of the *Church and State Gazette*, in being enabled to give the foregoing important article thus early.—Ed. *Id.*]

UNITED STATES.

In 1839, the town of Racine, Wisconsin, imported her flour, beef, and pork; but for the year ending July 15, 1850, she has exported 25,000 bbls. flour, 700,000 bushels wheat, 3000 bbls. beef, and 3,500 bbls. pork, besides large quantities of wool, cotton, oats, &c.

There will be a splendid wheat crop this year, in spite of the croakings of speculators. The failure of a flour dealer in New York, with 250,000 barrels of flour on hand, is a fact which is calculated to strengthen such a belief.

THE MERCY HOSPITAL NUISANCE.—The gentlemen who so officiously prompted the proceedings against the Mercy Hospital, by a shameful arrest of Bishop O'Conner, are likely to have the cup returned to their own lips. They presumed that all that was necessary, was simply to make the charge, and that the Mayor would consider it sufficient to harass and disgrace both the institution and its representative. So he was disposed to act, had not the monstrous injustice of his course been made manifest by Mr. Coyle, counsel for the prisoner.

It now appears that the Mayor himself has since visited the Mercy Hospital, examined it thoroughly, inside and out, and publicly states that instead of it being a nuisance, it is the very reverse—a model of cleanliness, neatness, and order. This is not all: the nuisance in the neighborhood is occasioned by filthy tan yards and slaughter houses, the property of the very *disinterested* individuals, who wish to pile their filth upon the Hospital. These persons' turn will, we understand, be attended to; being such sticklers for cleanliness as to involve innocent parties in trouble, and expose them to insult, they cannot complain if simple justice is dealt out to them.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

CALIFORNIA.

The steamship *Cherokee*, Captain Windle, arrived on Tuesday afternoon from Chagres, whence she sailed on the 27th ult. She touched at Kingston, Jamaica, and left that port on the 31st.

She brings advices from San Francisco to the 1st ult., which is thirteen days later than our previous accounts.

The *Cherokee* brings over two millions of dollars in gold dust, over four hundred thousand dollars of which is in the hands of passengers. The *Cherokee* brings the gold dust received at Panama by the steamships *Sarah Sands*, *Columbus*, and *California*.

Important from Oregon—Confirmation of the discoveries of gold in that Territory.

San Francisco, July 1—5 P. M.

The Carolina has this moment dropped anchor, fortunately, just before the sailing of the California. She left the mouth of the Columbia on the morning of the 28th of June, but was detained off the harbour some ten hours in a fog.

Her accounts are not of the character expected. The existence of gold in Oregon is now certain. It has been creating great excitement through the various cities and towns in Oregon, and hundreds are giving up business, and proceeding to the vicinity of the mines. You may remember that an account of the discovery of gold near Oregon City was published about two weeks since in the *Alla California*. The intelligence is now authenticated. Gold has been discovered, and in abundance. That which is now exhibited, shows an entirely different character to any of that dug in the mines of California. It contains large quantities of platina, and is said to be of a richer character.

Other than the gold excitement, there is nothing worth reporting by the Carolina. She did not bring a paper.

The propeller *Eudora* is said to be outside, in a fog. She is from New York.

The Oregon mines are situated about 200 miles south of Oregon city.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1850.

LAYS OF THE COLPORTEURS.

(Continued.)

“Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites—for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.”—St. Matt. c. XXIII, v. 13.

A text full of meaning, and one which the members of the French Canadian Missionary Society would do well to lay to heart.

In our last, we took the liberty of laying before our readers, a few of the legends of the Colporteurs, in order to show what manner of men these Colporteurs are, and what kind of Spirit it is that speaks by their mouths. For so doing, we have been, as we fully expected, set down as scoffers, as sons of Belial, and have heard our office-stool blasphemously designated as the “scorn’s chair.” However, this shall not prevent us from putting our hands to the plough, and doing our best to root up cant and hypocrisy, wherever or whenever we meet with the noxious weeds.

We are weary of Colporteurs, and will, in the present number, content ourselves with offering a few affectionate remarks to the members of the Society itself.

And here let us carefully distinguish; for, far be it from us to include all its members in the same condemnation. The F. C. M. Society is a sort of Noah’s ark, to which men of all kinds of strange and monstrous creeds come flocking. It is like the “great sheet,” which St. Peter saw, being in a trance, “knit at the four corners, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things.” Here we perceive these three—beasts clean and unclean, and creeping things. The enemies of the Church at all times and in all places, may be also divided into three classes. Let us try and distinguish them. The first class, then, may be said to comprise those who, from their youth upwards,—or ever they had discarded clouts and pinnafors, to encase their nether parts with those integuments whose name we dare not utter,—have been taught to believe that the Pope is the man of Sin, and the Son of Perdition,—that the Church is Anti-Christ, and all Catholics damnable idolaters. These are they, who, having imbibed a hatred of Catholicity, with their first pap, still firmly hold to the legend of Pope Joan, look grave when the name of Maria Monk is mentioned, and live in hourly dread lest an army of Jesuits should have landed at Point Levi, to re-conquer, at the point of the Crucifix, the possessions of which they have been plundered. Good men these, tho’ simple,—conscientious and honest, tho’ mistaken; of better appetites than judgment, and more remarkable for the strength of their digestive, than of their intellectual, faculties. Their very prejudices should be dealt with tenderly, and God forbid that we should say anything to offend them.

The second class consists of those, who are enamoured not of heavenly, but of terrestrial mansions,—who yearn, with bowels of affection, after the riches of the Church, her jewels of gold, and her jewels of

silver; and would fain be clad in the purple and fine linen of the Sanctuary. These are they, who trust that if they can but succeed in destroying that religious sentiment, for which the French Canadians are so honorably distinguished, the wealth of the Church shall become unto them “as a prey,”—her lands, her seignories, be unto them for a possession.

The third, and last, class may be said to be made up of those who have taken to the Evangelical line of business, because they have failed in all others, and who have set up in the “pious,” for the same reasons which induced Mr. Squeers to set up in the schoolmastering way. These are they, to whom the trade of gospel-mongering furnishes “daily bread,”—who, if they were well paid for the job, would hawk about with the same indifference, the Bible, the Koran, or the Talmud, the Newgate Calendar or the Adventures of the Chevalier de Faublas, and who, for a reasonable consideration, would direct, with equal alacrity, the steps of the anxious sinner to the grog-shop or the meeting-house,—to the nearest Conventicle or any where else.

In a word, the F. C. M. Society, like all other societies, numbers amongst its members the good, the bad, and the indifferent. Some who, from a mistaken zeal for Protestantism,—others who, through a desire to seize upon the property of the Church, or from motives still more sordid and mercenary, would poison and corrupt the minds of the simple French Canadian *habitants*. To those, who, in their own hearts, are aware that they belong to neither of the last two classes, no offence can be given by our remarks, and tho’ we have taken the liberty to distinguish the different classes of which the enemies of the Church may be said to be composed, we disclaim any allusion to any individual. For clarity bids us believe, that the poorest Colporteur, as well as the richest among the members of the Society, may be—merely an ignorant, tho’ well-meaning man, who conscientiously believes that he is doing God service, by opposing His Church.

To these then,—to the honest and sincere members of the F. C. M. Society, would we address a few remarks, in no unfriendly spirit, and we would ask them to tell us candidly what it is they want to effect? We would say to them—gentlemen, do you wish to make the French Canadian *habitant* believe something? What is it? Is it the wondrous mystery of a Triune God?—they believe that already. Is it the Divinity and Incarnation of the Eternal Son of God?—this also do they believe. Is it the fallen condition of man—the infinite value of the price at which he was redeemed—the necessity of leading a holy life—a future judgment—and a world to come?—all this have they believed from their youth upwards. But, perhaps you do not wish to make them believe, but to disbelieve,—not to trust, but to doubt,—not to put on, but to put off some of the armour of Faith. Tell us, then, how much do you wish them to discard? Is it the helmet or the breastplate?—is it the sword or the shield that you desire them to cast away? Do you not fear, lest, when once they shall have commenced stripping, they may put off too much, until they are reduced to the nakedness of unbelief? Ah! yes you do. See, here are your very words: “Yet, we do not rejoice without trembling. What they have been taught to regard as Christianity, will be discovered to be a cunningly devised fable. But in rejecting this corrupted Christianity, there is a danger that they may reject Christianity itself.” Say, rather, gentlemen, a moral certainty; for when you shall have succeeded in destroying the authority of the Church, what authority do you intend to put in its place? Authority you must have.

Many Protestants appear to labour under the singular delusion, that Catholics recognise one authority, for one set of dogmas,—and another authority, for another set: that Catholics appeal to the Bible, or *written tradition*, in support of the first, and to the authority of the Church, or *unwritten tradition*, for the confirmation of the latter. No opinion can be more erroneous. With the Catholic, everything is built upon the same foundation. If he believes in the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, it is for precisely the same reason that he believes in the Real Presence—in the eternity of hell-fire—in an intermediate state of purification—in the atonement offered for men upon the Cross—in the great power and efficacy of the intercession of the Saints reigning with Christ, and above all, of the Blessed Mary, sweet Virgin Mother of God—and so with all the other articles of his creed. If the Catholic reveres the Bible, as the Word of God, and believes it to be His revelation to man, it is upon the authority of the Church, and upon that *alone*, that he receives, reveres, and believes in it as such. What authority, then, do you propose to substitute for the authority of the Church? You will tell us the authority of the Bible. But upon what authority is the poor *habitant* to receive

the book you call the Bible, as the Word of God? You cannot say that it is the same book as that which the priests call the Bible. This would be a lie too easily detected. Besides, you will have taught the Canadian to look upon the priest as an impostor,—a deceiver upon some points; why, then, a deceiver upon all. The *habitant* must then receive your Bible, if he receives it at all, upon the authority of your Colporteurs. Yes. He must receive the book upon the bare assertion of your Colporteurs; or, else, see—what a task do you impose upon these unhappy pedlars. They, poor, ignorant men, must undertake to prove, that the book they hawk about contains the whole of God’s revelation to man—and nothing but that revelation; that every verse, chapter, and book contained in the volume, is genuine, is authentic, and divinely inspired; that through a long series of ages it has been infallibly transcribed, infallibly translated, infallibly printed, and that he, the poor, simple *habitant* is able infallibly to appropriate its contents. Let us imagine the scene.

[Interior of cottage. Enter Colporteur and pack, with a white neckcloth, and a long face.]

Colporteur.—Good day, good day, Jean Baptiste, how is all your family.

Habitant—(crossing himself)—Very well, very well indeed, I thank God and the Saints. My good woman is all right now, and my little Philomene made her first communion last week,—and (tense) see what a pretty engraving of the Blessed Virgin the Nuns have given her to hang over the head of her bed.

Colporteur—(groaning)—Ah! my dear friend, you’re all wrong. You are in a bad way. You are going to hell as fast as a horse can gallop. You listen to the priest, and believe what he tells you. Your *curé* is a rogue, and the Bishop is nothing better than an impostor.

Old Lady.—For shame, then, for shame. I am sure the *curé* is a good man to the poor, and, then, how kind he was to us last winter when I was sick.

Colporteur.—Rags, my dear madam, filthy rags; good works partake of the nature of sin—“cisterns are they,—broken cisterns, that will hold no water.” See, here, what this little tract says about good works. It is written by that worthy man, the Rev. Mr. “Snawley Stiggins,” and is entitled “SINNERS SILENCED, OR, ISRAEL STRIPP TO THE BUFF.”

Old Lady.—Ah! Mr. Pedlar, since you have taken up with these missionaries there is no understanding you. But, I know that monsieur le *curé* tells us that God is well pleased, when we keep his commandments, and practice our religion.

Colporteur.—Ah! you would have changed your opinion, if you had only accompanied me, as I begged of you, one Sabbath, to Meeting, to hear that precious man, the Rev. Mr. “Howlen Cursen,” hold forth, when he insisted that there were plenty of *predestinate little babies in hell*, “not more than a span long.” It was a season of great refreshment—blessed moments, indeed—ah! His discourse was printed at the request of the Society. Here it is—“CONSOLING CONSIDERATIONS, OR, GREAT COMFORT IN THE ETERNAL DAMNATION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.”

Habitant.—We don’t want any of your books—but here comes monsieur le *curé*, let us see what you will say to him.

Enter *Curé*.—Good morning, my children, what is the matter here?

Habitant.—It is a Colporteur, *mon pere*, who wants us to take some of his books.

Curé.—Ah! my friend, I suppose that you are one of those Bible Pedlars, who travel about the country, trying to persuade our good people (*braves gens*) that if they leave the Church, they will have no more tithes to pay.

Colporteur.—Profane man! It is the Word of God that I sell—(aside)—and a very good job I have made of it, too. I got the trowsers I have on now, for a copy of the New Testament.

Curé.—Softly, softly, my friend, you say that the book which you have in your hand, is the Word of God. What proof have you?

Colporteur.—The Rev. Mr. “Grimes Washpot” says that it is the Word of God, and our Society sells it as such.

Curé.—And you say that this book contains the whole of God’s Word,—all that he has ever revealed to man? Tell me, then, what has become of the “Book of Nathan,” the Prophet, and of “Shemaiah,” the Prophet. Where is the Vision of “Iddo,” the Seer, which he did see, and many other books, which are referred to in the Bible, but which I don’t find here.

Colporteur—(puzzled)—Can’t say. They don’t sell them at our store.

Curé.—Well, you had better go, and find out, before you come round here again. Get along with you, Mr. Pedlar—go, and attend to your farm, to your poultry-yard, and your pigs. Do your duty in that station of life in which God has placed you, and you may be an honest and respected man, yet;—but don’t set up for a teacher in Israel.

[Exit Colporteur, muttering:] I won’t put this down in my journal.

Ah! gentlemen, you had better leave Jean Baptiste alone. He is a very good, a very honest and religious man, as he is. If you must needs proselytize, there is a large field for the exercise of your gifts. The interior of Africa—India—China—and all Australia. Why don’t you go there? Is it because there are real hardships and real perils to be encountered there?—things more formidable than little dogs and big stones, than mops and broomsticks? You are quite right. There are spears there, and waddies, Bomerangs also, and tomahawks,—but NO COLPORTEURS;—for your Evangelical Missionary is a prudent man. Go amongst the savages, gentlemen, and we shall begin to think that you are in earnest. This you would do, if you were not afraid; or if your zeal for the extension of the Redeemer’s Kingdom, were but one half so great as you would

have us believe. ‘Go there, but leave Jean Baptiste alone, and don’t try to cut his Faith down to your standard of belief.

This same cutting down, is a very delicate operation. It has been recommended to be tried with boots, as a speedy way of making a pair of shoes. We distrust the plan. The boots will certainly be ruined, and the shoes, at best, be doubtful. The only things with which *Razeeing*—or cutting-down, has answered, are some of our old seventy-fours, commonly known in the navy, by the name of the “Forty Thieves.” Rascally craft they were—could neither sail nor fight; but being cut down, they turned out first-rate 50-gun frigates, remarkable for their weatherly qualities, stiff under canvass, and always carrying their lee guns well out of water. Still we don’t think that the plan will succeed with Catholics. We fear that the *razeeed* Catholic will prove a very worthless article, unstable in all his ways, and blown about by every wind of doctrine. No, gentleman, you may ruin a Catholic, but you will not make a Protestant, unless in so far as a Protestant is nothing more than a Catholic perverted.

This you may do.

Perhaps, also, from time to time, to grace your triumphs, you may catch a lewd priest, who, weary of the Church, and all her fasts, will gladly renounce Catholicity and Chastity, in order to embrace Protestantism, and what, from courtesy, we suppose, we must term “a wife.” Some pangs of remorse, some reproaches of an accusing conscience, he may haply feel; but these he will try to stifle, amidst the applauses of those to whom incontinence is an excuse for perjury,—and with whom, apostacy, like Charity, can cover a multitude of sins.

Here endeth the Second Fytte of the Lays of the Colporteurs.

(To be Continued)

EVANGELICAL MISSIONARIES.

In our remarks to-day, upon the French Canadian Missionary Society, we have alluded to the well-known fact that Evangelical Missionaries are very prudent men, as far as respects taking care of their own persons. Lest we should appear to malign these holy men, or to undervalue their apostolic zeal, we quote the following passage from a speech lately delivered by a Dr. Duff, before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, on Missions to India, and the Missionary cause in general. We are indebted to the columns of the *Montreal Witness*, July 29th, 1850, for this discourse. We beg of our readers to remark the difference between the Spirit which animates the Jesuits and the Evangelical men; remembering, at the same time, that in China, whither the Jesuits volunteered to go, the Crown and Pain of Martyrdom really does await the Missionary, on account of the deadly hostility of the Chinese, not only to Christian Missionaries, but to all foreigners, whilst in India there is no enemy more dangerous than the climate.

Dr. Duff, after complaining of the want of Protestant Missionaries in India, observes that “all the churches of Britain do not supply above 150 men—only one man to a million, and thus continues his piteous complaint:—

“Excuse me for being somewhat in earnest in this matter. When a Jesuit Missionary came some time ago from China to Europe, and advertised for laborers, he tells us that there was not a province within the range of the Society from which names of candidates did not come pouring in. From the small country of Portugal and two Colleges, there were not fewer than ninety applications, many of them written and subscribed in the blood of the applicants, indicating that they were ready to shed the last drop of it in the cause. And shall it be told in Gath, and published in Askelon, that Portugal could furnish ninety Jesuit missionaries all at once, and that the Free Protestant Church of Scotland cannot furnish one—is this to be said of us? This is what surprised me most in coming to this country,—you must excuse my plainness, that it was actually the case that a man could not be found to go to Madras. What! thought I, one missionary not to be had to go to India! Surely the thing is impossible; you might as well tell me that in the auriferous regions of California there is not a particle more gold, nor a stalk of heather on the mountains of ancient Caledonia, nor along the banks of the Rhine or the Rhone a cluster of grapes, nor in the plains of Bengal a palmyra tree, nor in the Polar Sea a fragment of ice! And yet it turns out to be a fact that not one such man can be found.”

The italics in the above are our own. Nothing that we could say in confirmation of our statement could be stronger than this. Were we wrong in saying that “your Evangelical Missionary is a prudent man”?

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BURLINGTON.

On Thursday, the 22nd, the first stone of a new Catholic Church was laid at Burlington, amidst the prayers and thanksgivings of a vast assemblage of pious souls. The Rev. Mons. Mignault, *curé* of Chambly and Vicar-General for the Diocese of Boston, assisted by seven other clergymen, officiated.

This church will prove a great blessing to such of our French Canadian brethren, as now find themselves strangers in a strange country, and who, alas! are too often compelled to exclaim as of old, the sweet singer of Israel, "Woe is me, that am constrained to dwell with Meshech, and have my habitation amongst the tents of Kedar."

THE LATE FIRE.—We have been requested to return thanks to the Captain and Company of the Queen Fire Engine, for their spirited exertions on the night of the fire, to which, in a great measure, the safety of the Catholic Irish Orphan Asylum is to be attributed.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of £4 1s. 3d., from the Rev. Mr. Harkin, Kingston. Also, £1 5s. from Rev. Mr. Timlin, Coburg.

Our Quebec Correspondent's communication will be inserted in our next.

TO "BRITANNICUS."

Dear Britannicus,—You write well, but not wisely, or you would not have fallen into the error of confounding the Maronites, who derive their name from St. Maron, the cotemporary of St. Chrysostom, with the heretics of the same name, who were called after John Maron, the intrusive Patriarch of Antioch, in the VIII. century.

Read, my dear Britannicus, a little work published by Faustus Maïron, a Maronite himself, in 1679, entitled "Dissertatio de origine, nomine ac religione Maronitarum," so may you be preserved from the kindred error of confounding the Jacobites of the East, with the gallant men who in the middle of the XVIII. century shed their best blood on the moor of Culloden; or of mistaking the author of Watt's Hymns, for the celebrated improver of the steam engine.

Reflect an instant, dear Britannicus, and it will surely strike you, that had the Maronites derived their distinctive appellation from the heretic of Antioch, instead of from the Saint, whose relics, Gibbon informs us, "were disputed by the rival cities of Apamea and Emesa," they certainly would not have retained it at the present day, when they profess to be members of the Catholic Church—just as you, yourselves, will be heartily ashamed of those foul appellations, Lutheran and Calvinist, when the happy day arrives, on which you will be admitted members of the Church of Christ.

We are very sorry for it, but we must again correct you dear Britannicus.

The ceremonies used by the Maronites and by the Latin branches of the Catholic Church, do indeed vary, but the mode of worship is identically the same—consisting, with both, in the daily offering to the Most High God, the same sacrifice, which was once offered up on Mount Calvary. Would you know what is proved by the difference of the ceremonies, whilst the substance, or sacrifice, remains the same? Simply this—That the substance is older than the elder of the two different forms. Does it surprise you that there are different Liturgies in use in the Catholic Church? Have you yet to learn that there have been many different Liturgies? The Coptic Liturgy, the Mozarabic, and that of St. Ambrose, still in use at Milan. The substance, if not the form of all these Liturgies, is Apostolic: in the same way as the Gospel of St. Matthew, and that of St. John,—the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians, and the catholic epistle of St. James, are all considered Apostolic, though they differ from one another in form.

In form, the Nicene Creed is not Apostolic,—at least we have never been able to find the word "Omoousion," or Consubstantial, in any of the writings of the Apostles, and yet, perhaps, you will, yourself, admit that the doctrine of the Consubstantiality of the Father with the Son, as well as the Procession of the Holy Spirit from both, are Apostolic Doctrines.

Good bye, my dear Britannicus,—take care of yourself, and don't write too much,—only think what a loss you would be.

Yours, fondly,
LAICUS.

29th August.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed is a copy of a letter I sent four weeks ago to the editor of the Montreal Witness, and which he has taken no notice of, whatever, although three numbers of his paper have been issued since. May I request you to insert it in your next number? and oblige yours, truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Montreal, 28th August, 1850.

To the Editor of the Montreal Witness.

DEAR SIR,—In a late number of your paper, (22nd ultimo,) you say that in consequence of the influence of Popery in Lower Canada, "the habitant's bread is black, and his horses have degenerated," &c.

The enemies of Catholicism have ever been in the habit of raising frivolous objections against it, for want of cogent argument;—and in no instance, I might say, is this truth more manifest, than in the present case. In the first place, I deny that the

poverty and other evils under which Lower Canada may labour, is owing to the influence of Popery. Again, poverty is no disgrace. It is no crime to eat black bread; and if you think it is, how can you look at English pauperism without blushing, whilst you are well aware that the words *pauper* and *poor-house* were never known in England in Catholic times.

It is not my purpose to enter into detail respecting the good or bad influence of Catholicism, but merely to reprove you for having given your opinion too hastily, and without taking a view of both sides of the question; and also to make you sensible that you acted rashly in inserting in your paper the article alluded to.

Catholicism has never had the effect of demoralising the human race: not so with Protestantism.

The journals published in Scotland and England, daily furnish us with the most humiliating examples of the immorality of the people. Out of the numberless extracts which I could make from the Scotch and English papers, I will content myself with the following, from the *Glasgow Chronicle*, of December last:—

"WANTED, AS A WET NURSE,

By a respectable family in town, a healthy UNMARRIED young woman, from the Country—milk not more than four weeks old.

"Apply to Messrs. William Geddes & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 85 Argyll Street.

"Glasgow, 18th December, 1849."

Now, sir, although the Canadian *habitant* may have to eat black bread and ride on a small horse—and unfortunate Catholic Ireland be beggared by centuries of oppression, still, thank God, neither Lower Canada nor Ireland has yet been corrupted to such an extent, as to tolerate the offering of a premium on the immorality of her daughters. Nor can you find in any Catholic country in the world instances of *wives poisoning their husbands, husbands poisoning their wives, and parents poisoning their children, for the "fees" granted by "Burial Societies," as we see repeatedly by the English papers.*

By inserting this letter in an early number of your paper, you will be doing an act of justice to the French Canadians, and much obliging a

CONSTANT READER.

Montreal, 2nd August, 1850.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION.

About half-past ten o'clock on last Friday night, a fire commenced on the premises of Mr. Shepherd, Livery Stable Keeper, in Craig Street; and, in a very few minutes, spread, with inconceivable rapidity, among the wooden houses surrounding his yard. The fire, aided by a brisk breeze raged with fearful energy, and had, in half-an-hour extended along Craig Street to the Main Street of the St. Lawrence Suburbs, and up the Main Street and St. Charles Borromée Street to Vitre Street, on both sides of these Streets—destroying in its progress, Mr. De Chantal's block of buildings, Mr. McIntosh's Bindery, Mr. McPherson's Music Store, Mr. Close's, Plumber and Machinists' establishment, and many other valuable properties on Craig and St. Charles Borromée Streets. On reaching the Main Street, up which, as far as Vitre Street, it extended on both sides, the scene was most appalling: those who had removed their furniture to that locality, seeing how ineffectual had been their efforts to save it, were with redoubled effort, seen in all directions carrying what was most profitable, to the Champ de Mars: men, women and children, who had hardly escaped with their lives, and with no covering beyond their night-dresses, were distractedly running about in search of shelter. Some succeeded in placing their furniture and goods in safety on the Champ de Mars, but, we regret to say, the great majority of the sufferers lost their all—not only what they had been forced to abandon in their houses, but what they had, in the first instance, removed to the houses of their neighbors, in the hope that the conflagration would not reach them.

After destroying, on St. Charles Borromée Street, the houses occupied by Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Smith, Mr. Price, Mr. Shanley, Mr. Kelly, Mrs. McGregor, Mr. Reynolds, and their neighbors on either side of the Street, the fire spread to Vitre Street, and in less than half-an-hour, the whole property on both sides of the Main Street from Vitre to Craig Street, was one uninterrupted blazing mass. The residence of the Mayor, at the corner of Craig and the Main Street, being detached, and of cut stone with a tin roof and iron shutters, was alone saved, by the exertions of the firemen, of all the surrounding houses. No human power could now foretell how far the raging element might extend, the neighborhood being surrounded with wooden buildings. On the arrival of the Military, after consultation with the Mayor and Magistrates, it was decided that the only hope of arresting its progress was by blowing up with gunpowder some of the intervening houses. By this time the fire had reached St. Dominique Street, and speedily both sides of this Street, in the range of the fire, were reduced to ashes. One of our City Councillors, Dr. Hall, now took upon himself the responsibility of authorizing Captain Wright, of the Royal Artillery, to blow up the range of brick buildings in Perrault's Lane—in line with St. Gabriel Street,—and thus, if possible, to prevent the farther extension of the fire to the eastward. This, however, from some mismanagement, we believe, in arranging the fuse, was not so promptly effected as the circumstances demanded, and before the building was laid low, the wind having subsided, the conflagration was happily arrested by the exertions of the firemen.

We believe that about one hundred houses have been utterly destroyed, besides many partially injured and rendered temporarily uninhabitable.—*Herald of 26th inst.*

POLICE COURT.

THURSDAY, August 24, 1850.

THE LATE CASE OF STABBING.—The wounded man was yesterday still in too dangerous a condition to allow of his evidence being taken; but two witnesses were examined at the Police Office on the charge against Walker, the accused. From the statement of these persons, it appeared that Walker and another man were together at a tavern kept by a man named Johnson, in Commissioner Street, on the night of the 27th; that these two persons there found a cabman, whom they engaged to take them to a house of ill-fame. The cabman left them there, with the understanding that he was to return. On coming back, he found they had left the house, and was told they had had some beer for which they had not paid. This man then returned to Johnson's tavern, where he found the two men quarrelling with Bennett (the man now wounded) about the fare due to him for driving them back. Johnson eventually turned them all out, and Bennett and the first cabman, named St. Germain, then again demanded their money. One of their passengers then ran away, and a struggle began between Bennett and Walker, the latter of whom inflicted several blows on both cabmen with a stick. The witness, St. Germain, then, at Bennett's request, went to look for the police; and on coming back from the Station-house, found Bennett on the ground and Walker upon him. Walker cried out "open the door, Munro," and Mr. Munro, who keeps a tavern in the neighborhood, opened his door and took Walker in. St. Germain then raised Bennett, and found that he was wounded in several places. Prisoner was remanded.

A man named Antoine Robert was committed for trial, charged with stealing two stoves at the late fire.—*Herald.*

SUICIDE.—We deeply regret to learn that Dr. Blake, Surgeon of the 20th Regt., now in garrison, deprived himself of life, yesterday morning, by cutting his throat with a razor.—The facts, as related to us, are, that for some days back, Dr. Blake had been indisposed and unable to attend to his duties, and that, in his house in Durham Place, about three o'clock, yesterday morning, he desired his servant to go up stairs and warm some beef-tea for him: so soon as the servant left the room, it would appear that he (Dr. B.) went into the adjoining dressing room, and taking a razor from its case, too effectually committed the dreadful act, which he only survived for a few hours—during which time, however, he was collected, and acknowledged that he had fallen by his own hand. An Inquest was held upon his body yesterday. The jury, after hearing the evidence of several of the friends and attendants of the deceased, and the medical testimony of Drs. Seaman of the 23rd and Cole of the 20th Regts., returned a verdict of suicide, committed under the influence of temporary insanity. Dr. Blake was, we understand, although eccentric in his manners and habits, much esteemed in the Regiment.—*Herald 23rd.*

ARRIVAL

OF THE
Steamship "America" at Halifax.

[From the Montreal Herald.]

{ Halifax Telegraph Office,
Tuesday Evening—7 o'clock.

The Overland Mail from India, as we learn by a telegraphic despatch, arrived at London, at 1 o'clock, p.m., on Saturday, just previous to the sailing of the America. We have no particulars.

Parliament has been prorogued by the Queen. The National Assembly has adjourned, and the attention of the French nation is now principally occupied by the progress of the President, through the provinces. With some few exceptions, he appears to have been very favorably received by the people.

Some further skirmishing has taken place between the Danes and the Holsteiners in which the latter appear to have come off victorious.

There are rumours of an approaching settlement of the quarrel under the auspices of Russia, England and France.

Copenhagen letters report the King of Denmark's left-handed marriage with a dressmaker.

Garner & Co.'s Circular, August 16, says—Our quotations for every article show a slight reduction and at to-day's market the business was very trifling, with prices tending in favor of the buyers.

Continental advices are far from satisfactory.

ENGLAND.

The chief feature of English news, is the Queen's speech upon the prorogation of Parliament.

Commenting upon the business of the session just closed, a leading London paper says, the Ministerial management of the Legislature has not been very sagacious, very systematic or very business-like. The reasons of this may be traced in a considerable degree to the second rate qualifications of the Cabinet; but these reasons do not supply the whole truth. The Whig Ministry is not selected by the House of Commons, but decidedly forced into office by circumstances; not a desire, but a disaster gave them place. In any case they would not have been good governors. They have not the intellect to command respect, nor a policy to rivet attention; but, because the House of Commons were not their constituents, they had to follow the House, for the House would not follow them.

Among the more important bills introduced by the Ministry, which have fallen through, is the Jews Emancipation Bill, the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland Abolition Bill, and the Marriage Bill.

FRANCE.

The Assembly was prorogued on the 10th inst.,

and the Ministers have now all things their own way. Most of the members have left Paris, and altogether, though more peaceful, Paris is less gay than it was some months ago.

Previous to separating, the Mountain party presented the public with their promised report on the parliamentary proceedings of the session. This document has become the great topic of the day. It is drawn up in a style remarkably free from the common defects of inflation and violence. It is signed by 68 members.

In some respects, the President has not been so fortunate in his present, as in his late tour. At Lyons the people were more than apathetic. There was no address and no public rejoicing, and the town council refused the supplies for his suite.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

August 29.

Ashes—Pots buoyant with fair demand; sales 100 brls at \$6.12, and 50 do Pearls at \$6. Flour—Fair demand for western and state for the East, and steady enquiry for fresh ground state for exports. Canadian in fair request for exports, with sales at \$4.56; sales domestic 5,400 brls at \$4.25 a \$4.44 for common to straight state; \$4.44 a \$4.56 for favorite state, \$4.62 for new Ohio and state, \$4.37 a \$4.62 for old Michigan, \$4.68 a \$5 for new do, \$5.25 a \$5.50 for old and new Genesee. Wheat—Supply large and market heavy. Genesee held at \$1.10 a \$1.12. Canadian, dull and nominal at \$1.4 a \$1.8. Southern plenty and rather lower; sales 1500 bushels red North Carolina on private terms. Corn plenty and rather easier; sales 30,000 bush at 61 a 62 for western mixed, 62 for yellow and 62 a 63 for round do. Pork—A disposition to press sales, and market easier; sales 700 brls at \$10.25 a \$10.37 for Mess and \$8.25 a \$8.37 for Prime. Lard heavy; sales 150 brls Prime at 6 1/2c.

Died.

In this city, on the 27th instant, Sylvia, Matilda, Margaret, wife of Mr. Alexis Trudeau, and for many years principal of a Seminary for the education of young ladies. The duty of announcing her death is a melancholy one to us, for we knew and appreciated her virtues, and we are quite sure that the announcement will call forth the tear of sorrow from many an eye in places far remote. It is now better or about thirty years since this lamented lady entered the fold of Catholicity, and her life since then has been a practical illustration of catholic morality and catholic piety. Her death was, we are assured, a happy one, for she departed this world with her hands full of good works. It will be long indeed before the void which her death creates in society can be filled up, for in the cause of charity she was indelugible, and her zeal for religion knew no bounds. She is gone, we trust, to never-ending happiness, but her death leaves many a heart sad, and some, we well know, almost inconsolate.

M. A. S.

In New York, on Friday morning, the 16th inst., MARY, relict of the late James Sadtler, of Rose Green, County Tipperary, Ireland, and mother of D. & J. Sadtler, Catholic publishers of this city. Her remains were taken to Rev. Mr. Maguire's Church, Westchester, for interment. May she rest in peace. Amen.

DRY GOODS.

"TO SAVE IS TO GAIN."

W. McMANAMY,

No. 206, Notre Dame Street,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform the Citizens of Montreal and surrounding Country, that he has on sale a cheap and well-selected Stock of DRY GOODS, suitable for the present and coming seasons, which he is determined will be sold at the lowest remunerating price for Cash.

GENTLEMEN'S COLLARS,

BOYS' SHIRTS,

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, (quite new styles.)

W. McM., availing himself of the advantage of Cash purchases, at auction, feels warranted in stating that he can sell his goods twenty per cent. below the ordinary prices.

N. B.—No Goods sold for anything but what they really are.

Wanted, an experienced young man, for the above business, who speaks both languages fluently.

Montreal, 20th August, 1850.

CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

JOHN McCOY has JUST RECEIVED a good ASSORTMENT of CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, among which are the following:—

St. Vincent's Manual, containing a selection of Prayers and Devotional Exercises, originally prepared for the use of the Sisters of Charity, bound in velvet, papier maché, morocco, and imitation morocco.

The Christians Guide to Heaven. Child's Prayer and Hymn Book, for the use of Catholic Sunday Schools.

The Catholic Christian's Companion to Prayer and the Sacraments, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, &c., &c.

The Chapel Companion, containing pious devotions of Mass, Morning and Evening Prayers, the Litanies, and Vespers for Sundays.

Gems of Devotion: a selection of Prayers for the use of Catholics.

The Daily Exercise. The Following of Christ, by Thomas a Kempis.

For sale by

JOHN McCOY,
9, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, Aug. 23th, 1850.

JOHN PHELAN'S,
CHOICE TEA, SUGAR, AND COFFEE STORE;

No. 1 St. PAUL STREET,

Near Dalhousie Square.

O'MEAGHER'S MESSAGE TO IRELAND.

PART II.

I now come to poor O'Brien; and of him I have much to say that will distress you painfully.

In consequence of his refusing to pledge his word not to escape, the "ticket of leave," as I have already mentioned, was withheld from him; and he was conveyed to Maria Island, there to remain in close confinement during the pleasure of his Excellency, Sir William Denison. The restrictions imposed upon him were most stringent and severe. More than this—they were cruel to an excess.

He was confined to a little cottage, and suffered to take no exercise beyond that which a miserable plot of ground, attached to this cottage, would permit. He was denied the use of a servant; had to light his own fire, make his own bed, and perform every other menial duty that was necessary. He was denied all intercourse, forbidden to exchange a word with any person on the Island, save and except the Protestant chaplain. He was dogged, night and day, by constables, who had to report his presence, every four hours, to the Superintendent of the Station. He was denied permission to receive a few little luxuries, in the way of sugar, rice, and raisins, which he had requested a gentleman in Hobart Town to forward to him. In a word, he was detained under these and other restrictions, he was obliged to submit to these and other privations, until, at last, his health gave way, and the medical officer of the Station pronounced it no longer safe to enforce the discipline to which he had been subjected.

On the 16th of January, I received from our dear and noble friend, a letter, from which I give you the following extract:—

"A new phase has occurred in the arrangements adopted with respect to me. The Doctor of the Station (Doctor Smart) having reported that my health was giving way under the system prescribed by Dr. Hampton, I was allowed yesterday to take a little exercise, attended by a keeper. Until I had an opportunity of testing my powers, I had no idea how much my strength had been reduced. I am now convinced, that, had no change taken place, Sir William Denison would have had very little trouble with his prisoner at the expiration of another fortnight. Hereafter these proceedings may become a subject of inquiry, and, in case I should be prematurely extinguished, it will be right to inquire, whether Dr. Dawson, the principal medical officer of the colony, did, or did not, after his visit to this Island, represent to the Governor and to Dr. Hampton, the Comptroller-General, that the course of treatment adopted towards me would most probably be injurious to my health."

Upon the receipt of this I felt bound to bring the statement it contained under the notice of the local government; and, if that did not produce any desirable result, to lay the matter before the public, through the colonial papers.

Fortunately, the very day I received it, I met O'Dogherty and Martin at the Lakes, and had the advantage of their advice. It was agreed, then, I should write a respectful remonstrance to Sir William Denison, stating the facts I had heard with regard to O'Brien's health, and praying for such alterations in the treatment adopted towards him as would avert the fatal consequences it was bringing on. In case no alterations took place, it was further agreed upon, we should throw up our "tickets of leave," and no longer bind ourselves, by any honourable engagement, to a Government that could act in so unmanly and cruel a manner.

In consequence of this arrangement, I wrote the following letter:—

"Hope's Hotel, Ross, Jan. 17, 1850.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

"Sir—I feel called upon to inform you respectfully that I have received a letter, dated January 11th, from Mr. Smith O'Brien; who, as your Excellency must be aware, is at present under close confinement in the probation-station of Maria Island.

"In this letter Mr. O'Brien mentions, that, in consequence of the restrictions which have been imposed upon him, and the privations to which he is subjected, his strength has been greatly weakened, and his health in general very seriously impaired.

"From what I know of Mr. O'Brien—and I have the honor and the happiness to know him well—I feel convinced that the treatment in force against him must have produced very injurious effects, indeed, to induce the avowal he has made, and which—whatever be his wishes to the contrary—I conceive it my duty to lay before your Excellency.

"I write without having ascertained the feelings of Mr. O'Brien with regard to the step I now take: I write, indeed, with the conviction, that, had he been apprised of my intention in this respect, he would have condemned it strongly, and have urged me to renounce it. There are times, however, when friendship is best evinced in disobedience to the wishes of those, for whose health and happiness one has been led to cherish an anxious and a deep desire.

"For my part, I could have no peace, no enjoyment, no repose—a thorn would rankle in my heart, and excite within me the most painful emotions—were I to be silent in this matter.

"With these sentiments, I respectfully, but urgently entreat, that your Excellency will be pleased to institute an inquiry into the treatment pursued towards Mr. Smith O'Brien, and the state to which, in consequence of this treatment, his health has been reduced.

"I am assured, that, upon ascertaining the truth of the statement I have now put forth, your Excellency, influenced by a sense of common justice and humanity, will direct such relaxations to be made in the discipline to which he is subject, as will restore the health, and guarantee the life of my pure-hearted and noble-minded friend.

"I have the honor to be,

"Your Excellency's obedient servant,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"To his Excellency, Sir W. Denison, Knt.,

Lieut. Governor of Van Diemen's Land,

&c., &c., &c."

To this communication I received the following note from the Office of the Convict Department:—

"The Comptroller-General has been directed to acknowledge the receipt of the communication addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor, by Thomas Francis Meagher, dated the 17th ult."

The envelope of this note measured eight inches in length, and on the back exhibited a plaster of red wax, pretty nearly as broad as the seal on the mouth of a bottle of anchovies. This elegant adhesion bears some

elaborate device, which, as yet, I have not had sufficient leisure to examine.

On the other side, I found the subjoined inscription:—

"On Public Service only.

Thomas Francis Meagher,

Hope's Hotel,

Ross.

"Convict Department, 22nd January, 1850."

The information it contained, you will admit, was not very satisfactory; limited, as it was, to the simple announcement that my letter had arrived safe. The morning it arrived, however, I received a letter from a friend of mine, assuring me that the treatment I had complained of had been considerably modified. Four or five days subsequently, I received one from O'Brien himself, from which I make an extract or two; for, I am sure, they will afford you greater satisfaction than any statement, borrowed from them, of my own:—

"I am happy to be able to relieve your anxiety with respect to my health, by assuring you that I have felt better to-day than upon any day for several weeks, and that I have every reason to believe I shall soon be in a condition to undergo another of Dr. Hampton's experiments upon the strength of my constitution.

"My letter to you of the 11th was written under the impulse of vehement indignation, excited by the discovery, that I had been very much enfeebled by confinement and solitude. When first I was shut up in solitary confinement, after Dr. Hampton's visit to this Island, I could not help feeling, that, in the case of nineteen men out of twenty, a strict enforcement of his regulations would destroy reason or life; but still I was in hopes that I should be able to bear it without injury, as my constitution is naturally a very strong one. I found, however, that after I had been in confinement for a few weeks, I became constantly oppressed by a palpitation of the heart—a sensation I never before experienced, not even at Clonmel—and it is my firm conviction, that if the restrictions had not been somewhat relaxed, I would have fallen a victim to what certainly has worn all the appearance of a deliberate design to shorten my life.

"Since the 11th, I have been allowed as much opportunity of exercise as I could reasonably expect. I ramble about in the neighborhood of the station, attended by a keeper, so upon this head, there is no longer, at present, any ground for complaint.

"With regard to the request which I made, that you would not mention anything about my health in your letters home, the reasons for such an admonition no longer exist, as I have thought it right to let my own friends know, both that my confinement has been relaxed in consequence of its having proved injurious to my health, and also, at the same time, that there is no longer any reason for alarm."

So far, then, so good. But, is it not sickening to think, that the treatment which brought on his illness was enforced for no other reason than this—that he declined to give his word not to escape! He declines to give his word not to escape, and, forthwith, he is subjected to the most harassing privations and indignities; is shut out from all society; is gagged, and cramped, and half-stuffed in a hut; is buried alive, in fact, upon a scrap of an Island; and from all this, knows no exemption until his life is perilled!

Ah! the race of Hudson Lowes is not extinct; and there are other rocks in the ocean besides that famous one of St. Helena;—sweet, secluded spots—remote, snug nooks—just large enough for gaolers to test their skill and venom on, in foul experiments upon a noble life.

I have now said everything—everything that could be said, I believe, about ourselves, our voyage, and the circumstances in which we are placed. A few words, in conclusion, about the Colony.

With regard, then, to the Colony. It is a beautiful, noble Island. In most, if not all, those features which constitute the strength, the wealth, and the grandeur of a country, it has been endowed. The seas which encompass it, the lakes and rivers which refresh and fertilize, the woods which shadow, and the sky which arches it—all bear testimony to the excellence of the Divine Hand, and, with sounds of the finest harmony, with signs of the brightest coloring, proclaim the goodness and munificence of Heaven in its behalf.

The climate is more than healthful. It is invigorating and inspiring. Breathing it, manhood preserves its bloom, vivacity, and vigor, long after the period at which, in other countries, those precious gifts depart, and the first cold touch of Age is felt. Breathing it, Age itself puts on a glorious look of health, serenity, and gladness, and, even when the grey hairs have thinned, seems able to fight a way through the snows, and storms, and falling leaves of many years to come. Breathing it, many a frail form which the Indian sun had wasted, acquires fresh life; the dim eye lights up anew; to the ashy paleness of the sunken cheek succeeds the sparkling blush of health; the heart resumes its youthful action, and drives the blood once more in clear and glowing currents through the frame; whilst the mind that was sinking into gloom and forgetfulness, touched, as it were, by a miraculous hand, starts into light and playfulness, and breaking far away from the shadows of Death that were closing round it, exults in the consciousness of a new existence.

Oh! to think that a land so blest—so rich in all that makes life pleasant, bountiful, and great—so formed to be a refuge and a sweet abiding-place, in these latter times, for the younger children of the old, decrepit, worn-out world at home—to think that such a land is doomed to be the prison, the workhouse, and the grave, of the EMPIRE'S outcast poverty, ignorance, and guilt! This is a sad, revolting thought; and the reflections which spring from it cast a gloom here over the purest and happiest minds. Whilst so black a curse is on it, no heart, howsoever pious, generous, and benignant, could love this land, and speak of it with pride.

I have now brought my letter to a conclusion, and it was time for me to do so. But yet I cannot prevail upon myself to wish you good-bye without congratulating you, as I do most sincerely and affectionately, upon your second appearance in public life, and the assurances of success and honor which have accompanied it.

Up to this date I have not received a single copy of the *Nation*; some of the colonial papers, however, have published extracts from the leading articles, and from them I have had a pretty clear conception of the views with which you have started.

I am delighted to find you have made the *Lund* Question the basis of the new movement. Bring that question to a clear, definite, permanent, conclusion, and the solution of the other vexed questions of our

country will surely follow. It was a grievous error on our part, that in January, 1847, we did not start with it, and to the settlement of it dedicate all our sympathies and efforts.

True it is, an armed revolution, eventuating in success, would have settled that question in a day. But in 1847 we did not contemplate an insurrectionary movement. We thought to build a National Parliament by Act of Parliament, and dazzled with the project, we lost sight of the fact, that the soil beneath our feet was as unstable as a quagmire. Reclaim that soil—"disenchant it!" as poor Mitchel exclaimed one day to the Landlords in the Irish Council—bind it firmly together, render it sure, solid, and immovable—and then you may rear upon it the noblest institutions.

You have opened with the declaration, that "the independence of Ireland cannot be achieved by a sudden blow, but must be worked out in detail." Adhere to that. Submit to the bitterest taunts; submit to the most odious and irritating suspicions; submit to be called a coward and a renegade; submit to everything that is most galling to an upright, generous mind, rather than swerve one inch from the path to which that declaration leads you.

This is my advice, since it is my belief that, for many a long day to come, you cannot cope with England in the field. To this conclusion I have come, from a patient, slow consideration of the materials with which you have to work, and the difficulties that confront you.

Looking back to the events of 1848—studying them in a fair and candid spirit—I have become convinced that in the summer of that year we aimed far beyond our strength, and sought by wild and vehement efforts the accomplishment of a work immeasurably greater than the resources we had organized, and the influence we possessed.

Had we adhered firmly to the system of action with which we set out—had we patiently and resolutely resisted the influence of the European movements—I solemnly believe, that a National Confederacy, of formidable strength, intelligence, and power, would have grown into existence, and have been by this time omnipotent in Ireland.

I recollect well, that when we were in Paris, a little after the Revolution of February, Arthur O'Connor, warning us of the danger into which we were hurrying, begged of us to be more temperate and reserved. But, amid the flaunting of the tricolor, the trees of liberty, the bayonets of the Garde Mobile, and the chaunting of the Marseillaise, we lost sight of the old soldier, his example, and his precepts. We thought that Ireland, by a sudden spring, could do what France had succeeded in doing after a series of attempts and failures, and the active indefatigable propagandism of republican ideas ever since the Three Days of 1830. We presumed thus far, and were flung down in a pitiful attempt to realize the hope we had so extravagantly conceived.

The path you have pointed to is, certainly, a long and irksome one, and will painfully test the patience, the moral courage, and the endurance of the people. But, after all, it is the surest one, and the one best adapted for the progress of a nation the energies of which have been so cruelly reduced.

It may be difficult for you to lead the people to that path, and keep them to it. The defeat of 1848 may have so disheartened them as to induce an unwillingness to make another and a wiser effort. But why should this be so? The defeat of 1848 was not the defeat of a whole people. It was nothing more than the rout of a few peasants, hastily collected, badly armed, half starved, and miserably clad.

The country did not turn out. The country was not beaten, therefore. And hence it should neither be disheartened nor ashamed.

Why a more general movement did not take place, I have no time at present to explain. There were many reasons for it, and as I intend to write a little narrative of what occurred in Tipperary during the period to which I allude, you shall have them at some future day.

I feel, however, it would not be candid of me to conceal the opinion I have frequently stated in private, that we who went to Tipperary, did not put the question properly to the country—did not give the country a fair opportunity—did not adopt anything like the best means for evoking the heroism of the people, and bringing it into action.

I owe it to the people to make this avowal. It pains me to reflect that such an avowal has been so long withheld, and that in the absence of it, they have been charged with cowardice and desertion.

There is another slander, too—a slander no less unjust and scandalous than the one I have this moment mentioned,—which I feel bound also to refute.

Since the affair at Ballingarry, it has been repeatedly rung in our ears—"The Priests betrayed you!" The Priests did not betray us. As a body, they were opposed to us—actively and determinedly opposed to us—from the day of the Secession down to the very day on which the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was announced by express in Dublin. In not joining us, therefore, in the field—in not exhorting the people to take up arms—nay, in setting themselves against the few who rallied round us, and warning them to their homes—in all this they did not act treacherously; they acted simply with strict consistency.

I do not, of course, applaud them for the part they acted. With the belief that is rooted in my mind, I could not do so. For I firmly believe, that had the Catholic Priests of Ireland preached the Revolution from their altars—had they blessed the arms and banners of the people—had they gone out, like the Sicilian Priests, or the Archbishop of Milan, and borne the Cross in front of the insurgent ranks—had this been the case, I firmly believe there would have been a young Nation, crowned with glory, standing proudly up by the side of England at this hour.

And yet, strong as this belief is, I sincerely admit, that, in opposing the insurrectionary movement of 1848, the Catholic Clergy of Ireland were influenced by the purest love for the people.

They had witnessed the ravages of three famines—had seen the mass of the peasantry wasting away before their eyes—had seen the blood of the country turning into water, and its vigorous, gallant form shrivelling to a spectre—they had seen all this, and could not bring themselves to bestow their sanction on a struggle in which the odds appeared so numerous against the country. This feeling, I am confident, prevailed to a very great extent amongst them. I know it was the feeling of certain brave, charitable, high-minded men, in parishes I could mention; and

in their efforts to suppress the rising, they were governed by this feeling.

Besides, why should we hesitate to admit, what all the world knows, that the Confederate Leaders did not possess the confidence of the Catholic Priests and Bishops of Ireland? Why not manfully avow, that the latter remained faithful to the principles of O'Connell, conceiving it would be an insult to his memory to support a movement which sprung from a repugnance to his views, his policy, and dictation? And this being the plain truth, how, as honourable men, can we tolerate the slander that has been levelled at them ever since our imprisonment?

For my part, I feel deeply grieved, that whilst I remained in Ireland it was not permitted me to give a public refutation to this slander; but now, that I have an opportunity, I feel happy, beyond measure, in doing so.

To return, however, to the subject from which I was forced to make a deviation. Let me repeat it—the people have no reason to be disheartened or ashamed in consequence of our failure. It was no fault of theirs. As we have accepted the penalties it imposed, so we acknowledge and accept its responsibility and disgrace.

But I go further, and I say, that even if it were the case, that the people had fought, and had been worsted, it is now their duty to resume the struggle.

The necessity of that struggle is just as clear, just as urgent, just as imperative as ever, if it is not a hundred times more so. Nothing has occurred since July, 1848, to exonerate the people from the contest which at that period sustained so discreditable and mean a check. The severest blow they might have then received, would not have justified them in signing the abdication of the right to possess and rule their country. It is victory alone that can absolve a nation from the struggle in which her flag, her sceptre, and her honour are at stake.

Ah! there is one great lesson they have to learn in Ireland yet; and that is, to bear up against adversity with a patient, resolute, indefatigable will. It is a ruinous irregularity of their disposition to be so susceptible of hope at one time, and so liable to depression at another. To-day, they soar to the giddy heights of rapture and enthusiasm; to-morrow, they cower before a passing cloud, and sink into the coldest currents of despair!

And so they pass from one extreme to the other, and in both unfit themselves for the hard, rough work, which, amid the wreck and ruin of their country, lies open for them. Warned by the strange and sad transitions to which this disposition has so often led, it is time for them to govern and correct it; and, in doing so, acquire a calm, a strong, laborious spirit; a spirit that will toil at its appointed work spite of every temptation and reverse; a spirit that, in sunshine and in storm, will preserve the same placidity and force; and steadfast through all vicissitudes to its faith and holy mission, will, in the end, conduct the sons and daughters of our fair and noble land to a destination of peace, serenity, and joy.

I know well that these are somewhat distasteful truths to tell to a sensitive and impassioned people. But, adversity is sure to teach a little wisdom; and it would console me much—it would pleasantly and proudly reconcile me to the fate I now endure—if the lesson I have learned, in these my silent, lonely hours of exile, served in any way to regulate the impulses, and correct the errors, which prevail at home.

The sentence which now binds me to this strange land has not removed me from my country. I am with her still. Her memories, her sorrows, and her hopes, mingle with my own, and have become a portion of my life. While that life lasts, my heart, with all its affections and aspirations—my mind, with all its thoughts, energies, and experiences, are hers. From the duty I owe to her as my Mother-Land, nothing can absolve me.

And what nobler act could I now perform in her regard, than to turn my misfortunes to her best account, and give her that advice, which, were it not for those misfortunes, I might have never thought of? It has been beautifully said, that adversity brings forth bright truths, as the night brings forth the stars; and I, for one, am sensible that, in the gloom which surrounds me here, lessons of wisdom have shone out, which, in the brightness of a happier fortune, might have remained invisible. These lessons I offer to my poor, sad, old country. They are the only pledges of affection I can give her now; and, as such, I know they will not be refused.

With sincere esteem and the deepest trust,

Believe me, my dear Duffy,

Ever to remain,

Your affectionate friend,

T. F. MEAGHER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IRISH FRANCHISE BILL.

(From the Tablet of August 10.)

The Government compromise of the Irish Franchise Bill has at length, and after much reluctance, been acceded to by the hereditary branch of the Legislature. On Tuesday night the 12th qualification clause was affirmed in the House of Peers, after a warm debate and a close division, in which, by the aid of an unusual proportion of proxies, Ministers attained the very moderate majority of eleven. The other amendments of the Commons—including the restoration of the self-acting registration—were afterwards quietly submitted to by their lordships. Thus the measure, as it is now about to become law, differs but in one very material point from the original Whig proposition—the substitution of the 12th qualification for the 8th one—and this mutilation of the Bill is not, as we strongly suspect, altogether opposed to the secret inclination of the official promoters of the measure.

The *Times* felicitates their lordships upon this resolution of the problem of Irish electoral reform, which it terms "one of the most satisfactory events of the session." How far the "settlement" will give satisfaction in Ireland, yet remains to be seen. That it is a vast improvement on the present, or late law, is evident enough; but is it, on the whole, such a reform as the Irish people had a right to expect, or such as the altered circumstances of the country imperatively demanded?

Under the 12th rating qualification, it is said, the

number of Parliamentary voters in Ireland may probably amount to one hundred and seventy thousand—that is, there may be one voter to about every tenth of the adult male population. This is the extreme limit of expectation held out by the supporters of the higher amount of qualification. But taking into account the declining state of the farming classes of the Irish people, it does not seem probable that even this decimal proportion can actually be attained, at least for many years to come.

One of the most prominent and significant features in the political state of Ireland has been the utter distrust for many years entertained towards the Imperial Legislature, by almost every class and order of the people. This feeling owed its origin to various causes; of which the scandalous insufficiency of the Irish electoral body was certainly not the least effective. Was it wise, then, in arranging the details of a measure which had for its secret object the winning the Irish mind to constitutional feelings and paths, to exhibit so narrow a spirit of jealousy and dislike, as even in the very act of conferring a boon, to wear the appearance of offering an outrage?

It only remains for the Irish people to make the best use they are able of such limited franchise as may be allowed to them. Even on the very lowest estimate, the new Franchise Bill must give a decided preponderance to the national and popular party in three-fourths of the counties and boroughs of Ireland. Shall the strength thus gained be wasted in insane disputes and divisions? or shall it, by the cordial union and co-operation of the entire people, be made the instrument for achieving glorious and profitable results? Upon the practical answer these questions may receive, will depend much of the future progress of the country; so far, at least, as that progress is liable to be influenced by the legislation of the Parliament of England.

MEETING OF THE TENANT-RIGHT CONFERENCE.

[We give below the resolutions which were agreed to at the meeting of the Tenant-Right Conference, which commenced its sittings on the 6th inst.]

(From the Tullet.)

The Conference commenced its sittings on Tuesday, in the City Assembly House, William-street. There was a numerous attendance of gentlemen from all parts of the country.

On the motion of Mr. John M. Cantwell, seconded by Mr. Richard Ternan, the chair was taken by Dr. McKnight, of the *Banue of Ulster*.

It was then resolved, on the motion of Dr. Grattan, seconded by Mr. Henry Fitzgibbon, that the Rev. Mr. O'Shea, C. C., the Rev. Mr. Dohbin, Presbyterian Minister, and Mr. Wm. Girdwood, be appointed secretaries to the Conference.

Mr. Shea Lalor proposed the following resolution, which passed unanimously amid loud applause:—

"That a fair valuation of rent between landlord and tenant in Ireland is indispensable."

The Chairman put the question on the adoption of resolution No. 2, as follows, which was carried unanimously:—

"That the tenant shall not be disturbed in his possession, so long as he pays the rent fixed by the proposed law."

The Secretary then read resolution No. 3, as follows:—

"That the tenant shall be at liberty to sell his interest, with all its incidents for the current market value."

The Rev. Mr. Rogers suggested that the proposition should be in the following form:—

"That the tenant should have a right to sell his interest, with all its incidents, at the highest market value."

After some discussion, the Chairman put the question on the adoption of the resolution in this form, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman then read the fourth paragraph, which was as follows:—"That where the rent has been fixed by valuation, no rent beyond the value rent shall be recoverable by any process of law," which was carried unanimously.

The sixth resolution was also adopted without discussion. It was as follows:—

"That it be an instruction to the League to take into consideration, at the earliest possible period, the condition of farm laborers, and suggest some measure for their permanent protection and improvement, in connection with the arrangement of the question between landlord and tenant."

The Secretary then read the several resolutions embodied in Section No. 2:—

"That the equitable amount of rent is the residue of the produce that would remain in the common course of cultivation after payment of all charges, including such a return to the farmer as would be made in the same part of the country, in the ordinary course of any other business that required a like amount of time, skill, industry, risk, and capital."

ITALY.

THE INTENDED APPOINTMENTS.

The following information is from a letter in the *Univers*, dated Rome, 24th July:—

"You are aware that the place of *cameriere segreto partecipante* has been for some time vacant; the Holy Father has just summoned thereto a young ecclesiastic of the highest merit, Mgr. Talbot, of the illustrious English family which has borne that name for many ages. He is allied to the noble house of Shrewsbury, and consequently allied to the Borghese and the Doria. Thus the idea of the Holy Father is carried out, which was to have near his person prelates of various nations. Mgr. Stella is an Italian; Mgr. de Hohenlohe, a German; Mgr. de Merode, a Belgian; and Mgr. Talbot, an Englishman. [He is

of Anglo-Irish descent, of the family of the Lords Talbot de Malahide.] This is an idea the consequences of which will be more important than appear at first sight, for we must recollect that those officials are very ordinarily afterwards raised to the Cardinalate. Thus by degrees the Sacred College will receive into its bosom members taken from all the branches of the great Catholic families.

Allow me to take advantage of this opportunity to afford your readers more information, not indeed political, yet not devoid of interest. The composition of the secret ante-chamber of the Holy Father is as follows:—Its chief is Monsignor the Master of the Chamber; to him are addressed all petitions for audience, and it is he who has the privilege of presenting persons whom the Pope, at his request, deigns to receive. This place is occupied by Mgr. Borromeo, a collateral descendant of the great and holy Cardinal of that name. Under his orders are the four participant *camerieri*, who take in turns a week of service in the ante-chamber, and who, besides, accompany the Pope in his promenades, in his visits to the churches, to communities; in the Papal chapels, and in the Pontifical functions at St. Peter's. [They also assist daily at his celebration of the Holy Mass, and recite the Breviary with him.]

"These are three charges which are held by the three eldest *camerieri*. The first is that of *coppiere*, cup-bearer. He assists the Pope at Table; this is the office of Mgr. de Hohenlohe. The second is that of *secretario delle ambasciate*. The secretary of the embassies carries the messages of the Pope to great personages; Mgr. de Merode discharges this duty. The third charge is that of the *guarda-robba*. The officer of the wardrobe takes care of whatever regards the Pope personally; Mgr. Stella has this charge, which, from its importance has been long considered as the first, and this is why it is filled by Mgr. Stella, the eldest of the *camerieri*. The fourth *cameriere*, Mgr. Talbot, has no particular charge except the ordinary service.

The plan of the Holy Father is gradually developing itself, and we behold appearing the providential idea of the last intervention, the Divine Mission of Pius IX. Everything that has passed since his elevation, is a train of marvels, the fruit of which will precisely be the realisation of the thought which he is pursuing so nobly and perseveringly. Let us aid by our prayers the accomplishment of so important but so difficult a work.

Perhaps you may not have completely forgot the little religious colony which, in the month of October, 1848, left the La Trappe of Melleray, crossed France and the ocean with a wooden cross for their standard, without breaking the silence which they kept in the cloister, and arrived in the forests of Kentucky, to found there a house of penance, of labour, of recollection. God has blessed that work—sixty of our countrymen now praise the Lord in that place, and astonish the surrounding heretics by their perseverance and their intelligent fertility."

THE LATE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—The same authority says:—

"The police have laid hold of two assassins, the accomplices of Pace in the attempted murder of Lieut.-Col. Nardoni, and, what is more fortunate, have been able to discover and arrest the secretary who for many months maintained, paid, and formed to crime these three poor children of the people, and had purchased for money the poniards destined for this deed of blood. They will, no doubt, be able to trace it higher, and it is at London or Geneva that they will find the hand that signs this bloody decree. What are we to say of Governments that afford hospitality to such men, who serve their demagogic designs, and who render themselves morally accomplices in all the murders they decree? They will reap the fruits of such complicity; Lord Palmerston is sowing the whirlwind; I much fear that his country will, sooner or later, be the victim of the like policy."

THE RIMINI MIRACLE.—We further quote from the same letter:—

"I have had news from Rimini. The Novena there has produced marvellous fruits. The concourse continues the same. The prodigy has not ceased, and we may almost say that it is now a permanent prodigy; for we are assured that the visage of the Madonna has assumed a physiognomy all celestial. The rude work of the painter Solari is no longer to be recognized; the hand of an angel seems to have re-touched the sketch of the pious artist."

FRANCE.

The municipal councils of Arles and Tarascon have suppressed their schools, and surrendered the buildings to the Bishop of Aix, who is about to convert them into ecclesiastical seminaries. The college of Brignolles and that of Draguignan have been surrendered to the Bishop for the same purpose.

The day of the President's departure for the departments is at length fixed. It takes place on Monday next, the 12th inst. He goes direct to Lyons. The journey to Cherbourg, as also to Marseilles, is put off for the present.

The President is not the only person who leaves Paris on a tour, partly of recreation, partly from political motives. So far as regards the legitimists, an emigration on a small scale takes place to Wiesbaden, complimentary to the Count of Chambord.—*Times*.

INDIA.

RETIREMENT OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.—The English mail of the 24th of May arrived in Bombay on the 21st of June, the transit having been accomplished in the singularly short space of twenty-seven days fourteen hours. There is now no longer any

doubt about the retirement of Sir Charles Napier—he takes his final leave of India in October. No authentic accounts as to the name of his successor have yet been promulgated. Sir Wm. Gomm is expected to take charge of the Bombay army in November.—*Bombay Times*.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

Advices from Rendsburg, of July 31, state that since the retreat of the Holstein army the headquarters of General Willisen have been fixed in that fortified place; several battalions are encamped in its immediate vicinity, but the main body of the army is still at Wittensen and Schestedt, at the head of the Ober Eyder. The garrison of Rendsburg itself has not been materially increased. The Danes are throwing up field-works at different points round Schleswig, to guard it against attack; but neither side, from present appearances, contemplate an immediate renewal of operations.

There was a report at Hamburg, on the 4th inst., that the Hanoverian Government had decided on sending troops to the assistance of the army of the Duchies, and that a great number, as many as 2,000, are mentioned as already on their way northward.

UNITED STATES.

ENORMOUS WHEAT CROP.—A correspondent of the *Detroit Daily Tribune*, writing from Rome, Mich., states that Ira Phelps of Bruce, Macomb Co., last week harvested and thrashed from two acres of ground, one hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat. The wheat crop of all Michigan is unprecedentedly large.

We understand, says the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, that the establishment of a line of American steamships, between Boston and Liverpool, is among the things talked about in these days of speculation and enterprise.

In Ohio most of the peach trees are really breaking down with the abundance of the delicious fruit. The apples are nearly as abundant; the fruit crops appear to be everywhere good.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The present population of California is estimated at 121,000, of which number 50,000 are foreigners, and 71,000 Americans. The whole number who have returned by the mail steamers from April 1, 1849, to June 1, 1850, is 3173.

EMIGRATION.—It appears that, within the last seven years, no fewer than 854,000 persons have emigrated from Great Britain, making nearly one-thirtieth of the whole number of the population.

HEALTH ON THE LAKES.—Compared with last year, there is but very little sickness on board our Lake craft the present season. Vessels come in full-manned, all hands on deck, and ready for their allowances, in marked and happy contrast to the scenes it was our lot to witness during the summer of '49, when scarcely a day passed that flags were not at half-mast for some poor fellow, who should stand his watch on deck no more.—*Chicago Journal*.

The wife of President Fillmore, is to be presented with a magnificent coach by a few friends in New York State, in honor of her being the first lady from the State of New York, who presided over the honors of the White House at Washington.

LIES OF THE ENEMY.—Late accounts from Oregon stated that among a murderous gang of Indians recently arrested, there were two Catholic Priests. The lie was so palpable at the time, that we did not deem it worth contradiction. But, as some simpletons may believe the statement, we would say that the story was got up by some Methodist emissaries, who represented that the Indians had been excited to commit the murder by the Priests who occasionally visited them. The Governor (Lane) of Oregon and his Council state that the Priests in question had done all that could be done to quiet the Indians, and had, at the imminent risk of their own lives, actually saved the lives of some of Dr. Whitman's associates. The true cause of the massacre of Dr. Whitman and his friends, was a pestilence that broke out among the Indians, and which they attributed to Dr. Whitman, who was a physician as well as a Methodist preacher.—*Boston Pilot*.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Crops.—There is a good deal of complaining just now as regards the crops and the prospects before us in reference to the approaching winter. There are no doubt some grounds to justify complaints, but not enough to warrant the tone of despondency which some have assumed. The drought which prevailed in the early part of the season has rendered the hay crop light in some places, but not much below the average; it is certainly much heavier than last year. The potato blight has been discovered in some localities, but its appearance is not general; and as more than usual of this valuable vegetable has been planted this year, there is reason to hope, in fact to believe, that there will be more raised this season than the last. Recent rains have greatly improved the late meadows, the pastures and the vegetables generally, and the prospect is much better than it was a month ago.

Accounts from the eastern parts of the Province are truly cheering, both as regards agriculture and the fisheries; and take the prospects "all in all," they are vastly more encouraging than they were last year.—*Yarmouth Herald*.

Despatches from Newfoundland, received by the French Minister of Marine, state that 5,786,000 fish had been taken by the 70 vessels employed in fishing on the banks.

We (*Gazette*) are sorry to say that our Shore Fishery still continues very unproductive. During the last week very few fish were taken. The appearance of crops throughout the district is satisfactory and promises well.

CANADA.

Harvesting in the district of Montreal, says the *Montreal Gazette*, is now general. The crops are everywhere above an average. In the Southern and Eastern townships they are superb. Hay is very heavy, and it is most valuable in a dairy country. Wheat in the Seigniories is a fair crop. Potatoes, except very partially, have shewn no signs of the rot.

A fire broke out on Monday in the Village of Beauharnois, and destroyed Mr. J. Ross's property; fortunately the fire was arrested at this point.

During the storm yesterday morning, 26 of the Telegraph poles on the Kingston road, about 5 miles east of this city, were struck by the electric fluid and shivered to pieces. We have been shown some of the poles which were split, as regular as lathing, into spars of about one and a half inches square, and about twenty feet in length.—*Colonist*.

We understand that Messrs. Gooderham and Worts have sold their superior freight vessel, the Western Miller, to Messrs. McPherson, Crane & Co. We have also been informed that she will be continued on her usual route, which will now be extended to Hamilton.—*Id.*

INFANTICIDE.—An Inquest was held before Dr. King, one of the City Coronors, at 6 p. m. on Saturday, on the body of a child, which was found in the Don, near Jones' Brewery. The child was evidently only a few days old, and there were strong reasons for believing that it had been murdered by the unfortunate mother in order to conceal her disgrace; but, from want of sufficient evidence, the Inquest was adjourned until 3 o'clock P. M. to-day.—*Toronto Patriot*, August 26.

THE HARVEST.—We learn from our exchanges that notwithstanding the unforwardness of the Spring, the farmer has a prospect of being repaid for his labors. The Fall Wheat is full headed, and bright—Oats, rather short, but not scarce—Hay was retarded by the long drought, but still there will be enough to keep down exorbitant prices. Peas are short. Barley and rye are likely to be an average. Potatoes promise abundance, and no appearance of disease. In the Western States, recent travellers describe the wheat harvest as superior to any for the last three years.—*Hamilton Express*.

AWFUL VISITATION, AND SUDDEN DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—Yesterday between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock P. M., while Miss Agnes Quay sat nursing an infant at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Luke Jacobs, (in the Township of Hope, about 5 miles from this Town) the lightning struck the point of the south gable end of the house, and passing down the studs struck Miss Quay dead instantly, death was so sudden and complete, that her lifeless body remained seated in the chair till removed by her sister Mrs. Jacobs; the infant fell from her arms unhurt. The clapboards have been torn off from a great part of the south end of the house, those of the west side separated from the south west corner part, and other damage done.—*Port Hope Watchman*.

THE HARVEST.—The weather continues delightful for the agriculturists, and already a large breadth of wheat has been reaped. It is estimated by competent judges that the crop of this grain in this District is from one-third to one-half more than it ever was before. The Farmers want hands very much. Colonel Muter, we understand, has kindly given permission to a large number of the men of his regiment to assist at harvest work, but there is still a great deficiency and much over-ripe wheat will be shaken out of the cars.—*Niagara Chronicle*.

A proclamation appears in the last *Official Gazette*, declaring that the following articles direct from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, may be brought into Canada free of duty, viz:

Grain and Breadstuffs of all kinds, Vegetables, Fruits, Seeds, Hay and Straw, Hops, Animals, salted and fresh Meats, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate and other preparations of Cocoa, Lard, Tallow, Hides, Horn, Wool, undressed Skins and Furs of all kinds, Iron in pigs, Grindstones and Stones of all kinds, Earth, Coals, Lime, Ochres, Gypsum, ground or unground, Rock Salt, Wood, Bark, Timber and Lumber of all kinds, Firewood, Ashes, Fish Oil, viz: Train Oil, Spermacetti Oil, Head Matter, and Blubber, Fins and Skins, the produce of fish or creatures living in the sea.

RESULTS OF THE LAST SESSION.—From a "Summary of the Proceedings of the Legislative Assembly of Canada," printed by order of the House, we gather the following particulars:—

The number of Petitions received during the Session was 739.

The number of Select Committees appointed was 84.

The number of Bills introduced into the Legislative Assembly was 247: of these, 19 originated in the Legislative Council.

The Bills were disposed of as follows:—
Passed and assented to..... 145
Lost or dropped in Legislative Assembly..... 99
Lost in Legislative Council..... 3

247

Of the whole number, 63 were introduced by members of the Ministry; 49 of them were passed, and 19 dropped or lost. The most important of the latter were the Increased Representation, Prison Management, Penitentiary, and Grammar School Bills, and the Bill to provide for the building of Court Houses and Gaols in the Judiciary Circuits of Lower Canada.

No Bills were reserved.—*Pilot*.

COLLEGE MASSON, AT TERREBONNE.

THE re-opening of the classes of this Institution, will take place on the 5th SEPTEMBER, at 6 o'clock, P.M.

The proposed object of this College, is to give a practical education; which will comprise the English and French Languages, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Practical Geometry, Architecture, History, Natural History and Agriculture; which latter branch will form a distinguished and important part. Writing will also be greatly attended to. A religious instruction is given twice a week, in all classes, besides the ordinary exercises of piety generally established in Catholic Institutions.

The course of instruction will commence by an elementary class, in which none but boys from 7 to 10 years of age, will be admitted.

The purely practical course, as above mentioned, will require five years study, but at the request of parents, and according to the disposition of scholars, may be extended to seven years, by the study of history on a more extended scale; literature and Catholic philosophy. All these branches will be taught in English and French, so as to procure to the Student a perfect knowledge of both languages.

In this manner, education is given according to the different wants of society, the aptitude of scholars, and according to the desire and the means of parents.

Horticulture is practised by the students of this College, while they study the principles of this science in each class.

When the pecuniary resources of this establishment will admit it, practical agriculture will be taught in all its branches.

Every intelligent boy, having good recommendations as to his morals, can be admitted.

Plain and harmonized Chant are taught.

The care and instruction of the scholars, is confided to masters living under the same regulations as in other Colleges. They wear a dress in harmony with the respectability of their station, and they, as well as the scholars, are directed by a Superior—a Priest—named by his Lordship, the Bishop of the Diocese.

The scholars dwelling at the College, will take their meals with families in the village, recommended to them. This has no inconvenience whatever, since they return to the College as soon as the repast is taken. Parents are very much favored by this arrangement.

The scholars wear a blue uniform, with white edgings, and a green belt. This is the traditional dress of the country, for young students, and none more convenient or more respectable, could be selected.

Terrebonne is too well known for its salubrity, and its picturesque beauty, to require any recommendation to the attention of parents.

The price for instruction and lodging at the College, is Five Shillings a month; and scholars can be boarded in the village for Four Dollars a month.

The scholars will attend Mass on Sundays, in the choir of the Parish Church, and must, in consequence, have the requisite choir-dress.

The ambition of the Director of this College, is not to have many pupils, but to have them good, and to make them good and useful members of society.

The inhabitants of the village of Terrebonne are satisfied, that this establishment, although yet in its infancy, has already done some good; and hope that, with the help of Providence, it may continue to be useful to all classes.

Pupils not belonging to "The Church," will also be admitted in this College, and will receive the same attention as the others, but they are requested to observe the same rules.

Particular attention will be paid to cleanliness, and to the health of the Pupils.

The Masson College is under the patronage of the Mother of God, and of St. Joseph, the patron of youth, *par excellence*; under the united title of Mary Joseph.

The property belongs to a legal body, the churchwardens of Terrebonne; and as it is quite a new establishment, its resources are naturally very limited.

In any case, improvement is as necessary to this Institution as to most others, and in consequence, any donation of useful Books, Maps, Globes, or whatever public generosity may deposit, with the view of favoring education, will be gratefully received.

28th August, 1850.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED, from NEW YORK, the following NEW BOOKS:—

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, with reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries, 2 vols.

Lectures to Young Men, on the Formation of Character, Cultivation of the Mind, and the Conduct of Life, by Geo. W. Burnap.

The Sphere and Duties of Woman. A course of Lectures by the same author.

A Compendium of Ancient History, with Questions, by M. J. Kenney.

Ancient History, from the dispersion of the sons of Noe, to the battle of Actium, and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire, by P. Fredet.

Modern History; from the coming of Christ and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire, to 1844, by the same author.

The History of Darius the Great, by Jacob Abbott.

The Book of Politeness, by Mme. Celnart.

Poems of the Pleasures: consisting of The Pleasures of Imagination, by M. Akenside—The Pleasures of Memory, by S. Rogers—The Pleasures of Hope, by T. Campbell—The Pleasures of Friendship, by Jas. McHenry.

CHAMBERS' PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE, vol. 3.

Just received, Chambers' Papers for the People, vol. 3, containing—Arctic Explorations—Social Utopias—The Speculator, a Tale of Mammon Worship—Carthage and the Carthaginians—Recent Discoveries in Astronomy—The White Swallow, an Indian Tale—Mechanics' Institutions—and Thos. Campbell.

—ALSO—
Chambers' Journal, vol. 13.

My Birth Day Gift Book; containing selections from Peter Parley's Annual.

For sale by

JOHN McCOY,
9, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, Aug. 28, 1850.



YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Members of the YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL, will be held at their ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, the 3rd Sept., at EIGHT o'clock.

A full attendance is requested, as the election of officers will then take place.

WILLIAM MOONEY, Secretary.
29th August, 1850.

ATTENTION!!

Cheap Dry Goods & Groceries.

FRANCOIS BRAIS

WOULD respectfully inform his Friends and the Public, that he still continues to keep on hand a large and well-assorted STOCK OF DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, which he will dispose of at a moderate price, for Cash. He also continues his

EVENING AUCTION SALES,

Corner of St. PAUL & BONSECOURS STREETS,

OPPOSITE THE BONSECOURS CHURCH.

23rd Aug., 1850.

BONSECOURS SCHOOL.

THE re-opening of the BONSECOURS SCHOOL will take place MONDAY, the 2nd SEPTEMBER.

August 15th, 1850.

THOMAS BELL,

Auctioneer and Commission Agent,

179 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

EVENING SALES OF DRY GOODS, BOOKS, &c.

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OF JOHN MITCHELL, a native of Ireland, County of Galway, Parish of Portumna, who left for New York about nineteen years ago, and was last heard of in Montreal, Canada.—Any information will be thankfully received by his Sister, if directed to Catherine Mitchell, Buffalo, N. Y.

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