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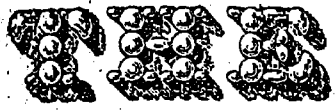
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LECTURE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE, JAN. 8TH, 1851, BY REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D. D., AT THE STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOUSE OF PROTECTION UNDER THE CARE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)
Subject—TRUE CIVILISATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Civilisation is one of those important terms which are frequently used, generally understood, and yet rarely defined. Whether it be that the word is so clear that every one understands it without further explanation, or so vague that every one can take it in his own sense, it is a fact that few people, and fewer books, state to you what civilisation is. It is most commonly taken in the sense of *national prosperity*. To this the American mind would probably add an idea and style it, not only national prosperity, but, "national progress." What I have to say this evening about true civilisation will appear clearer from my division of the subject, than from its definition. That we may know, however, what we are talking about, I will give my notion of civilisation in a few plain words. *Civilisation is the orderly and happy existence of the individual, the family, and society engaged in obtaining the end for which they were created.* This definition, you observe, makes the normal state of society and its parts consist in their "orderly and happy existence." The word *orderly* shows the necessity of laws and magistrates, the term *happy*, the necessity of individual and social liberty and of the means of subsistence. The activity of society, as some would say the progress of the civilised world, is recognised only as it seeks the ends for which God created man and established society; any other activity would be destructive, and the civilisation depending upon it would be counterfeit and of short duration. The last item recognises also the religious element necessary for the existence of a civilised nation. Finally, the last part of the definition covers any want of order and happiness in particular cases, as they may not be destructive of the life of society so long as it can gain the end for which it was instituted. Where there is no order and no happiness—but where their opposites, unhappiness and disorder are universal—we can recognise no true civilisation except in its fragments and traditions.

For the sake of the subject which is of the very greatest importance, I hope you will not set me down as dry and tiresome against my wonted plan, if I invite you to analyse civilisation no longer in its definition, but as it works practically. Civilisation addresses itself of course to the whole man, and to the whole person of society. Yet nations, like individuals, are composed of parts, and civilisation may predominate in certain parts, and be languid in others. Civilisation may succeed particularly with the mind of a nation, with its body, with its will. Thus we have intellectual civilisation, moral civilisation, physical civilisation. The basis of intellectual civilisation is science, the basis of moral civilisation is religion, the basis of physical civilisation is labor. The highest grade of those mentioned is undoubtedly moral civilisation, the lowest, physical civilisation. Intellectual civilisation is a middle grade, and it may subserve either of the other two. In Italy intellectual subserves moral civilisation, for there science is made mostly the handmaid of religion. In the United States intellectual subserves physical civilisation; that is to say, science in this country is mainly esteemed as it influences labor, as it produces machinery, advances commerce, simplifies and renders available previous inventions, &c.

It strikes me that there is a great deal of light in this mapping out of the world under the heads of moral, intellectual, and physical civilisation. Of course in countries not inhabited by barbarians there is always something of all these three branches. There is religion, there is science, there is labor, just as there is intellect, will, and physical power. But we will most generally observe that the tendency of nations is to exaggerate the real or pretended interests of some one of these three at the expense of the others; or otherwise one of the three remains perfect, and the other two, or one of them, is allowed to die out. Bearing this in mind, it is easy to form a notion of a country's excellence without confusion. Look at Italy, which we have named. Here we find numberless institutions of learning; schools, and printing offices, ideas and books abound. The intellect of the country is in a state of culture decidedly. We examine the morals of the country, we find sound principles, we find religion, and even among bad men plenty of faith. But then we see no steam machines to speak of, no railroads of any importance, no extensive utilitarian improvements on the external features of the country. Physical civilisation is, com-

paratively speaking, at a low ebb. Look at the state of Ireland at the other end of Europe; it is unjust to call it an uncivilised country, it is not true in fact to say that with so much misery, and such stagnation in every department it is a highly civilised one. But with the method we have explained we can call Ireland a country with no physical civilisation worth mentioning, with only partial intellectual civilisation, and then knowing the purity of its women, the faith of its men, the unshaken fidelity of all classes of Irish people under unspeakable trials, I would have no hesitation to say that *morally* speaking it is the most highly civilised country in Europe. In Germany we see many admirable institutions of learning, a people generally well instructed, much activity of mind; but little improvement, and, as a general thing, less decency. We conclude that intellectual civilisation is prosperous, moral and physical civilisation dying, or just born, at all events weak. In Spain and Portugal civil war and freemasonry made the nation drunk, and set it to sleep afterwards. There is less of the physical improvement than there might be, yet morally and intellectually speaking, those countries are sound, and will one day rise again to the estate from which they have fallen. In England physical civilisation predominates; intellectual civilisation confined to a few of the middle class, the highest orders being too busy, and the lower orders too beastly to give it any thought. France has the three orders of civilisation, though all three imperfectly, yet nearly on a par. I believe it would not be hard to prove that France, speaking of civilisation in its full sense, is the most civilised nation on earth.

To speak now of our own country: we may notice the fact that the generality of Americans very modestly take it for granted that there is no country that can so much as begin to compare with our great country in any respect. Englishmen generally attribute this national propensity to puerile and foolish vanity. It is not wholly just to judge us so. There is no people in the world, except the French, more logical than the Americans. They are eminently a logical people. They will carry out their principles, good or bad, to their furthest length. They may have bad premises, but they go the whole figure. If then an American boasts of this country as the greatest under the sun, depend upon it he has a philosophical idea of greatness at the back of such a boast to which the country comes up. Improvement, material civilisation, labor extended, and rewarded, parts organised rapidly to obtain a greater result, these are the things he admires. These he calls progress, and places in them the essence of civilisation. There is a well-known anecdote related of a Yankee traveller at the Falls of Niagara, which illustrates the idea an American has of greatness. He stood on the favorite spot of poetic and religious sublimity, and gave vent to his enthusiasm amid the noise and rush of the multitude of waters by lifting up both arms and exclaiming, "Almighty river! go ahead!"

In this point of view certainly this young republic may well boast of being highly civilised, of being a great country. Some years ago it might have been necessary to prove this; now we take it for granted, for the whole world admits it, and England fears it. But can a country be truly great if its intellectual and moral civilisation is inferior to its physical civilisation? and again, is the intellect of this country, is the will of this country as highly disciplined and improved by science and religion as its body is by improvements upon labor? Two important questions, ladies and gentlemen, which we will, if it please you, briefly strive, to answer. A country cannot be truly great, it cannot be called highly civilised, if scientifically and morally its vigor is dormant. There may be outward improvement to an extent not witnessed heretofore by the world, and yet science and morality may not keep pace with the advance of labor towards perfection. Look at the glory of England some years ago; while France sought renown upon foreign battle-fields, England took the lead in establishing a fame which, though of domestic origin, was of world-wide influence. The light of her glory did not flash from the blade of carnage, but glowed from coal and iron, fired and put in motion by modern improvement. The noise of continental activity was elicited from the tramping legion, and the park of artillery; that of England from the clank and the rumble of machinery, the buzz and the roar of steam. We have seen paintings of the military genius of France with a trumpet in her hand, and laurels on her brow. Could not some one sculpture for us the manufacturing genius of England, with two steamboat pipes for its legs, a steam-boiler for its belly, and red hot coals encircling its iron coronet? What was the result of the manufacturing era, and its various commercial attendants, banks, railways, and dry docks, when all but exclusively pursued? Why, starration of thousands, brutish ignorance of tens of thousands, discon-

tent and unhappiness of millions. The whole world says that England is on the brink of ruin, and what the whole world says is rarely false. Civilisation must be sought after in all its three parts; if exclusively spread in one it cannot be great or lasting. Society is a moral person, it has a mind, a will, a body; cultivate the body exclusively, devote no time to cultivate mind or will, and a man will become strong in the body as a lion, and just as savage—and so will a nation.

Do you not believe that these outward improvements cultivate only the body, and elevate, or rather abbreviate and condense, only labor? But observe that mind only serves matter in this state of things; it makes possible to one some outward good that united thousands could hardly obtain before, and it multiplies for thousands what was only enjoyed by one. You or I can make a pin in an hour; a Yankee patent steam pin machine will strike off ten thousand in a minute, head and all. To me the telegraph is a steel pen, whose point is prolonged through the air and made to write at a thousand miles off. The steam engine is a horse of iron, with breath of flame, who pulls and pants like a horse proper, but runs faster. The leathern strap of a fly wheel and the cobs of the little wheels are substitutes for sinews, and fingers and turn bigger loads quicker. The wheel which propels a steamboat is nothing but the paddle of the Indian canoe, whose strokes are multiplied by a hundred per minute. Science comes only as it helps this simplification of labor, otherwise it is not cared for in the community where physical civilisation takes the lead.

This brings us to the second question asked: is the mind of this country and its will civilised as its body; in other words, is science and morality here on a par with material improvement? To answer this question as far as science is concerned, let us first agree that we all know how to read and write, and most of us to cypher; so far so good. But letters and figures are only the tools of science; how do we use them? far as we use them in relation to the mathematical sciences practically applied, to engineering, surveying, chemistry, navigation, property of steam, mechanical improvements, merely utilitarian advantages in short—all the activity of science belong to physical civilisation. What shall we look to, then? theology? that belongs to moral civilisation, and we must speak of it in that connexion. What is the condition of philosophy in this country? It is weak, rotten, or infidel, or all three together. There are books of philosophy studied by your children even in public schools, and in the free academy of this city, such as a decent pagan school would not tolerate in its classes. What other branch for general interest prevails? there is one branch outstripping all others—that is literature; I do not mean the practical utilitarian literature of newspapers—that we have disposed of already; but the works of the imagination. They are decidedly on the increase. Poetry of the most demoralizing kind from the subtle pantheism of the transcendentalist to the socialistic pedestrianism of blacksmiths, tailors, and printers, turned rhymsters; from the refined lasciviousness of the monthly magazine to the broad vulgarity of the Sunday paper—this is the science that is in great vogue, and on the ever increase. To these add your novels, your spick-and-span literature in yellow and blue covers, whether their contents were poured out from the heathen mind and polluted heart of a native corrupter of youth, or whether drawn from the pestiferous sinks of English and French impurity. For every good book that is printed hundreds of such come out daily, and for every good book that is read dozens of such are devoured. The student occasionally doses through a volume or two of the first kind; of the latter millions make their daily intellectual repast. The kind of science that is promoted by such literature in a country is a sign of feebleness and corruption, a forerunner of destruction; it made England a brothel under Charles II., and France a hell under Louis XV. and XVI. What do our universities and colleges, if we leave out the Catholic ones, do in the way of promoting philosophy and literature? What philosophy has been derived from them you may see in the so-called divines preaching sophist treason from the pulpits, and in the politicians defending rebellion on principle from the tribune. As to literature, unless such as I have mentioned, what other is gained by the education of which we speak? There are probably not ten Americans educated in this country by Americans, who can speak Latin; not five probably who can write a Latin essay or poem which would pass muster as decent in the Jesuit College at Rome. There are probably not a half a dozen perfect Greek scholars in Massachusetts; and as to Hebrew, why, we never hear its accent except in regions devoted to the sale of old clothes. So much for languages, which in European universities and colleges are of every day

use. The branches of law and medicine are studied all over; what sort of training do the greater part of graduates in both show when they get out of school? If you do not know it yourself, may the Lord deliver you from ever learning it by experience. We have examined now briefly whether we stand high as a scientific nation, except in utilitarian pursuits. For my part, I am compelled to think that an American who boasts of our being more cultivated than Europeans in the higher walks of knowledge, makes a fool of himself and a laughing-stock of his country.

But we asked another question, and it was whether this country stands in point of moral civilisation as it does in physical civilisation? Before answering that question I have to state a proposition which is certainly one of the most important uttered yet, and which I wish all the citizens of this happy republic would write upon the tablets of their memory. It is this, "No nation can be truly great, unless it is truly virtuous."

Neither science, nor outward improvement and happiness will last long, if virtue, if morality is gone. The principles of morality have, as we have seen, for their province, to guide the will and the power of a nation. Science and improvement may strengthen with additional energy the will, and the power wielded by it, but without virtuous principles to control it, this energy will be only a new source of injustice and destruction. History has doleful records of nations whose virtuous principles were publicly recognised, and their practice insisted upon, but where they afterwards fell into disrepute, derision, and finally into oblivion. Who was stronger as a people than ancient Rome? An inspired author makes honorable mention of the justice, the fortitude, the wisdom, the patriotism of the Romans. (1 Mac. 3, 1.) If their armies abroad were victorious, it was not that their sinews were more rugged, or their armor more impenetrable than that of Greek, Egyptian, or Carthaginian. The wisdom, the gravity, and the prudence of the Senate and the magistrates at home was the reason of the conquests effected by the legions of Rome in foreign parts. Later, their knowledge increased and their virtues diminished. Read the history of the era when Augustus reigned Emperor of Rome; such was the state of science, arts, and literature, that his time in the chronology of the Republic of Letters is known as the golden age. But under that very reign a shock was given to the honesty and uprightness of the Romans that led to the decay of the Empire, and prepared the way for the barbarian conquerors of the North. France was virtuous, and continued strong amid hosts of enemies, though once during the Crusades all her nobles and soldiers of worth were away in Palestine, and her king, St. Louis, a captive in the hands of a Moslem chief. But when later, France publicly abandoned the principles of honor, integrity, and religion, her capital was insecure, though encouraged by the presence of an emperor, surrounded by spoils from every city, and by armed followers from every village in Europe.

We have passed some remarks already upon science in this country; let us now answer the question proposed, whether the morality of our nation and people is on a par with their physical prosperity. I unhesitatingly affirm that it is not. . . . It is a universal expression among us that the country is in danger; I firmly believe that it is so, and I hope to show the real grounds of this danger. Far be it from me to join those who cast ridicule upon the institutions and the people of this country; let that be the privilege of English tourists, and of simpletons among ourselves, who think they will become original by imitating their ways. But at the same time, I, for one, despise the conduct of men who, when their fellow citizens accord them a hearing, and they stand up to speak, dare not give utterance to the truth, and seek to please by flattering the ears and the passions of their audiences. Such speaking should be left to your itinerant English scribblers, your Bulwers and your Jameses, who seek to wheedle us Americans by after-dinner orations, wherein one thinks he can tickle our vanity by calling us children of England, very much, indeed, like our edifying papa; and the other, by a tissue of lectures before female and other institutes, wherein a patch-work of old orthodox history, pilfered from various authors, with a modern infidel coloring, is rolled out to astonish and please a gaping audience.

Let us examine the moral standing of a few classes of society among us, with reference to their influence more than to their conduct. Look first at the young; what is the tone of morals among them? endeavoring to become men before their time, they put on the vices of manhood as the badges of its honor. Impiety, blasphemy, excess, and criminal indulgence, of the worst kind, stare you everywhere in the face. The medical statistics of this community would show thousands upon thousands of dollars paid annually on account of the early commission of crime in this city. Quacks and pill-makers amass fortunes

on the same account, as their filthy advertisements, with which every newspaper teems, may certify, and as the thousands of books upon such, which are yearly sold, may confirm. The statistics of the criminal courts of New York, show a frightful increase in juvenile idleness, boldness, and delinquency, of the most frightful description. Look even at the outward appearance of young America; see the stern look of defiance, the leaden eye, and the sallow emaciation of most youthful faces among us, where health and beauty and sweetness ought to beam forth, an indication of inward happiness and worth. Compare the rising generation in cities with that of the country, and mark the difference. It is daily repeated that the race of Knickerbockers is vanishing. Yet were old Knickerbockers a smooth and oily set of men, whose voices were round and mellow, whose laugh was voluminous, whose appetite good, and whose digestion better. They were the Pilgrim fathers of our State, though they have no blamey rock of sacred memory, the most estimable race of men who led the march to America, though, indeed, not descendants of Englishmen. Like the fine old Catholic gentlemen of times gone by, they have a jolly fat patriarch for their patron, and in veneration good St. Nicholas, who was a Roman Catholic Bishop, they keep up the tradition of ages from which their ancestors sprung. Alas! for the old Knickerbockers, the true American gentlemen; are they to have no representatives but the thin, long-legged youths who throng Broadway from an afternoon, looking as though they had sprung up since the last shower, and speaking in a grating voice, more like that of an overgrown school girl, than of the manly heirs of the lords of the soil? Holy St. Nicholas pray for them!

Before concluding these allusions to the depraved state of manly and moral tone among the youth of this country, one peculiarity ought to be noticed which forcibly impresses every foreigner who comes to our shores. It is the want of respect in the young for the aged. Equality may be good enough in society and before the law, but equality in the family, is a levelling of the worst description. A community, where a stripling of thirteen will treat his betters at forty with contempt, must be one in which the education of youth is in a frightful condition. Ovid, the Roman Poet, speaks of this want of reverence for age as a sign of the approaching downfall of Rome, and Horace had observed it before him. I am proud to see among my audience this evening, some heads which the snows of approaching age have silvered over with the proofs of a virtuous and well-spent life. These venerable men might tell us whether they find among the youth of to-day, that their grey hairs are a badge of honor; whether youth will rise, out of respect at their reproach, and listen with modesty to the admonitions which the wisdom of experience may breathe from their lips. Woe be to the youthful society whose conduct embitters the heart of the old man, and renders itself unworthy of his blessing!

Another class of immense influence in the country, may be examined, in testing its morality: I mean that of professional men. In speaking of the class who are usually comprehended under the name of Divines, independent of the Catholic Church, I need not tell a Catholic audience, that they are powerless in keeping right the conscience of the nation. They are not able to speak with authority, for their mission is not legitimate. But let us see, practically, whether the various ministers of reformed denominations—a body of men comprising a vast amount of intelligence, influence, riches, amiability, and natural virtues—can be said to give us an assurance that the principles of morality will be preserved in this nation. They cannot preserve those principles. It is impossible for them, in the position in which they are, to speak out boldly to their hearers. They may tell them how Pagans and Papists are going to perdition, but they dare not put the brimstone under their own noses. They dare not tell them the place they are going to. It would cost them the bread of their life. But moreover it is a fact that the people have no confidence in them as guides, no respect for them as teachers, no admiration for them as examples. How eagerly the multitude will purchase vile prints where the shame of some member of the ministerial body, is painted in some scandalous colors, and exult over the filthy narration, as an excuse for popular depravity. It is an infamy and a disgrace to the community, when such a circumstance takes place, and no Catholic can rejoice to see any body of men abused, from the vain argument that some of its members have proved recreant. But still the circumstance proves that Protestantism, with all its tracts, sermons, Bibles, missions, institutes, and societies, has lost its hold on the mind and heart of the American people, and that some other agency must save the country, if it is to be saved at all.

The Legal profession has gradually become a subject of hatred and ridicule, and in many instances our lawyers have most richly deserved it. Yet, where is the body of laymen who, were their public life what it ought to be, could oppose a stronger front to bad principles and practice. The Jurisconsults and Publicists of the Roman Empire, were, under the Church, one of the strongest powers that saved ancient civilisation for a time, and built up modern civilisation, when the other had fallen to rise no more. Yet, among us, levelling in the legal profession goes on every day at a more fearful rate. In place of sticking to Blackstone, professional men turn politicians, turn speculators, turn contractors, turn newspaper scribblers, and, like other venerable bodies, are beset with ten quacks for every regular. It is not a trifling sign of the drift popular principle is taking, when lawyers are at work, every once in a while, to tinker the Constitution, and to fabricate new Codes, when Judges are elected by the people to office, and when systematic and persevering efforts are made to bring public opinion to bear upon the jury box and the

Bench. Heaven preserve the integrity of the Judge who is placed in the dilemma of joining an honest man, or acquitting a rogue, to satisfy the clamor of a brutal mob, or else of doing justice, and becoming the victim of their fiercest vengeance.

Let us turn to another profession, and examine its influence upon the preservation of a healthy moral tone in the country. We have the Medical profession. That the influence of its members is very great, and highly important, no one can deny. The doctor's voice is heard in moments when his power is unlimited, and when there is every disposition to revere and love him. His influence extends to the bosom of the family, and to the minds and hearts, as well as to the bodies of his patients. But of all professions in the world, none abounds more with ignorant and heartless quacks, whose influence, were it lent only to purposes of private emolument, might be considered merely as an abuse, but is a curse to the country when, as it does amongst us, it murders the body by mismanagement and audacity, and the soul by pandering to the most horrid vices, by screening worse than heathenish malpractices, and by diffusing, under the name of cheap and familiar instructions in the healing art, works explaining secrets of the most poisonous and destructive nature. Far be it from me, however, to cast obloquy upon those physicians who, being properly trained, exercise their beneficent calling as men of integrity and wisdom should do. There is probably no body of men amongst us, so worthy of our love and respect, as those of whom I speak, and, I may add, perhaps nobody can, with a better grace, do justice to the doctor than a Priest. Our calling leads us often, when others are reposeing in their home, to meet in garret and cellar, in the midst of winter, and the darkness of night, by the bedside of the poor and the friendless. We of the clergy can testify how frequently the good physician in New York may be seen to toil cheerfully, and to return again where he is certain that no earthly recompense will be found; we know how often, after long and anxious service is rendered by the doctor to the rich, his just demands are treated with neglect, and perhaps insolently gainsaid by the very objects who owe their life to his skill and fidelity. If the people will forsake those who are worthy of their respect and confidence, and place their lives at the mercy of the miserable dabbler in washes and mixtures, they alone are to blame, not the honorable and learned medical profession. The manner in which the doctors are treated in a country, is an index of the state of its enlightenment and civilisation. Where these exist in a state of high culture, the regular professors of the noble medical science will command not only the respect and the confidence, but the gratitude and the affection of their fellow citizens.

Let us pass, however, from these classes, to examine other tests of moral civilisation. Among these, one of the most alarming is the spirit of anarchy, which is heard breathing from so many different quarters, in defiance of law and order. It has manifested itself, especially since two years ago, in reference to foreign countries. Wherever a banner was raised, and people collected around it, we never stopped to inquire further than if authority was concerned on one side, and having found out that it was, we hurraed for every thing else. We made fools of ourselves, and rendered the public sympathy of this country absolutely worth nothing. We cheered and clapped our hands and threw up our caps for the Pope, and then we cheered, and clapped hands, and threw up caps for those who were against the Pope. We cheered on the villainous robberies of Swiss and Roman bandits, and we hurraed for the haughty Magyar nobles, when they sought to oppress the native race of Hungary, rising to claim equal rights. We have gone for every shade of rebellion, from the blood-red to the cream-colored. We, who claim to be so cool in our judgment, so just in our decisions, have allowed ourselves to be completely deluded, both as to justice of cause and probability of success. We, who pretend to be so generous to the persecuted, lent our sympathies against the poor down-trodden Slavonians, against the Pope driven into exile, against old General Haynau, an aged man, a stranger, and alone,—cudgelled and bruised by a whole brewery full of sturdy English bullies. I knew Americans could be deceived, but I never thought, until late examples, that they would attack the weaker party, much less that they would help to kick a man after he was down.

Wise men feared all this sympathy, and were alarmed at the tone of the press, and of public speakers siding everywhere with rebellion. They feared that the contempt expressed by us so vehemently against government of every kind abroad, and the right asserted to disobey it, might gradually shape towards our own government, and lead us to assert the right to disobey it. Their fears were not vain. Ultraism was sympathised with in Europe, and ultraism soon reared its snaky head to be sympathised with here. A distinguished whig Senator proclaimed himself the apostle of a law higher than the Constitution he had sworn to obey. He did no more than a distinguished democratic Senator had done when he discovered a law higher than the laws of Austria and its dominions, and which justified the conduct of the rebels, and condemned the Government that put them down. Radicalism and Socialism do not seek to reform monarchies alone. We have seen in this city a slight indication in the demonstrations made by journeymen at their meetings in the Park and elsewhere, and in the various labor movements of similar character, that the seeds of discontent exist here too at the very foundation of society. Men will not be wanting to cultivate those baneful seeds until they are developed to their full height and breadth. Unless to obey the laws of the country and the authorities which they recognise becomes the fixed spirit and

principle of our people, what will be the result when the Tailors' higher law, and the Cobblers', and Blacksmiths', and Carpenters' higher law, and all the tradesmen's and workmen's higher law tells them to make a grand rush at their employers and seize upon their property? See what the country loses by keeping company with European radicals, by confusing liberty with licentiousness, government with despotism, authority with tyranny, and rebellion with right. Moral civilisation is already attacked when law and order begin to be resisted, and contemned even in words alone.

The inordinate love of gain among the men, the introduction of aristocratic luxury among the women, is quoted by ancient writers as having led to the downfall of the republics of Greece and Rome, and later of Florence, Venice, and Genoa. Are these two sources of feebleness and corruption on the increase in this country? Those who know best may answer. Merchants and men of business commonly tell you they do not believe there are many honest men going. Honesty is the best Policy was the proverb in old times. Now it would seem with the modern improvements to read more to the purpose backwards—"Policy is the best Honesty." I admire the wisdom of our forefathers who put the Head of Liberty on one side of our coin, and wrote the value on the other. It might have taught the man who handled it to keep half his heart at least free from avarice, and reminded him that there is something worth living for beyond money-making. Old America nearly worshipped the side where Liberty was: Young America does not care about that side, but worships the other side where she reads the name of her favorite Deity, the Almighty Dollar. But this love of gain in individuals would not be of such evil import were the nation not to sanction it. But unfortunately our American Eagle, who when he was young was such a sweet interesting little bird, now that his beak and talons have grown, begins to evince the fondness for visiting neighboring barn-yards that is characteristic of most birds of prey. It is singular that this republic should develop so early a tendency to split upon the same rock, against which the fate of other republics should have warned her. It is singular also because of all nations it would seem that we are less in need of room. Of Rome, gorged and bloated with the spoils of conquest, it was said, "mole sua ruit." She fell by her own weight. The burden of the old world was too heavy for her. Shall the United States be able to bear that of the new world? Scarcely a year passes now without an attempt on the part of Americans to annex, which is the polite word for stealing when it is done by wholesale, something that does not belong to us. We tried Canada, we annexed Texas, we occupied Mexico, we appropriated California, though it nearly cost the dissolution of the Union. The public voice of the country has generally sanctioned the anti-Cuban movements, and now is threatened the occupation of Lower California. All this in the name of Liberty. It justifies the exclamation of the French writer—"Oh! Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name." One of our Poets, I believe Mr. Willis, in some verses which he made, supposed to be sung to the American Eagle by the Swedish Night-ingale on the occasion of her presenting her bill to him, says that the Eagle will go on with annexation until he annexes all the earth, and more, until the stars of heaven shall become stars of the American flag. I think it would have been decidedly more to the purpose had the sweet little northern melodist told the proud eagle, that unless he stopped his outrageous propensity for stealing he would find himself and his country annexed to a certain kingdom far enough down from the stars, whose fiery king does not accept bad poetry as an excuse for worse behaviour.

There is no passion more cruel in its origin, more accursed in its progress, more horrid in its consummation, than the thirst of conquest. War, rapine, and darkest crime are all united in this wholesale scourge. The man who seizes by force upon the property of his fellow-man, is conducted by the ministers of the law to the court, the jail, the scaffold. When a nation robs a sister nation is there no bar before which it can be arraigned, no punishment by which it will be visited? The car of conquest may roll onward amid the triumphant shouts of its satellites, but like the car of the accursed Juggernaut of the east, it crushes heatombs of hearts in its hellish course. The pathway of military heroes is white with the bones, and red with the blood of their fellow-men. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, may triumph; Greece, Rome, France, may exult in their high festival. But there are registering angels in heaven who record the sigh of the unknown widow mourning perhaps in the hour of triumph for her son, her only hope, whose corpse lies a prey to wolf and raven upon the field of the conqueror's glory. Persia, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, worshipped on the national altar the greedy idol of annexation. Where are now the monuments of their triumph which cost rivers of human tears, and mountains of human skulls? There remains of their greatness nothing but a pile of melancholy ruins, and a name of departed glory left as a warning to the nations which imitate their reckless ambition. Ah! has this brave young republic, so much admired by men, so highly favored by the God of nations, has she then no mission but to punish the crimes of her neighbors, to be punished herself in her turn? Is she, like the sanguinary Attila, to become the scourge of an avenging Deity? Oh! may her future career avert such an omen. May it be one of love and peace, may she be a daughter of joy, wielding not the terrible rod of vengeance, but the beneficent wand of mercy. The rod of vengeance when it has chastised the wicked is broken and cast away by the hand of Eternal Justice which gave it to the world, but the wand of mercy, like that of Aaron, is

placed in the ark of the tabernacle to bring forth buds and blossoms before the face of the Holy of Holies.

We have examined from several sources the civilisation, physical, intellectual, and moral, of this country. We have cheerfully granted its unequalled prosperity in the first respect, we have given it qualified praise in the second, in the third adducing many proofs of the fact, we have deplored its deteriorating course. From the nature of present circumstances our treatment of the subject proposed, viz., "True Civilisation," has turned mainly upon the third division we made—moral civilisation. This is the point which every one who has patriotism, and influence in the country should study well, and frequently explain to his listeners.

I think I can sum up to your satisfaction, the statement of what is wanting in the moral civilisation of this powerful country, and in doing so, more fully explain my subject. First of all, the reflections proposed, are not Utopian. They do not exhort you to try and turn earth into the Socialist's heaven. They take man as they find him. They admit of being applied more or less perfectly. I do not predict danger, therefore, from the fact that individuals, or even corporate bodies, are bad. There will be good and bad everywhere. But there is danger when levelling begins to affect the honor, the faith, the unwritten law of the whole people, and even brings gradually into contempt the sanctity of their written code. Public opinion is the most powerful arbiter of things in the United States. It is willing and strong enough to conciliate differences, to solve doubts, to prescribe the course to be followed, after its own fashion. Moral civilisation requires that, back of this public opinion, there should be a public conscience. The working of the public conscience will guide and correct public opinion, and repair the errors of its hasty and heated expressions. It will make the nation admit right and truth at least in theory, even though it should violate both in fact. It will call things by their right names. A community that calls things by their right names, is safe in its principles, and can survive bad practices. If an individual does wrong, the community at least will not sanction his prevarication. But, we be to the people who, like the wicked men mentioned in the Bible, "dixerunt malum bonum et bonum malum," call good evil, and evil good. As an instance in case, if we will allow our representatives to pillage and plunder Mexico, let us at all events acknowledge our roguery, and not pretend to appease conscience, crying out against our evil deed with sickly cant about freedom, or with the high-sounding battle cries of Monterey, Buena Vista, and Churubusco. When Pilate is swayed by the Jews, in his judgment of the Innocent One, we hate him; but, when he attempts to wash the guilt from his hands, we are positively sickened by the man's base and reckless hypocrisy. Let the nation not have recourse to Pilate's basin of water. It is an emblem of extreme villainy, of vice not satisfied with being vice, but pretending to be virtue. The sinner who does evil, and is ashamed of it, may be amended. But, if he boasts and brags of his sin, if he crows over the mischief he has done, he becomes an irreclaimable scoundrel. We say, when he goes that length, that he is hardened, and was never born to be drowned, and we are right. A nation, however, as an individual, does not grow extremely wicked all at once. It does so by a gradual process. It is a process which precisely marks the lessening influence of the public conscience. The dictates of the public conscience will live by tradition, even in a vicious community, and as long as they are not silenced by brutal obstinacy, there is yet hope.

It is a faculty, whose office is to keep in view and apply the principles of the moral common sense of humanity, the maxims which God engraved upon the heart of man, from the beginning. It is sometimes called a "small still voice." It is a Divine voice, like that which spoke to the Prophet, not in the rushing wind, not in the gathering storm, not in the roaring flame, but in the subdued whisper of the gentle breeze. It is no Pantheistic or fantastic spirit, but it is Jehovah himself, not addressing man from on high, in the rolling thunder-voice of Sinai, but bending to whisper in his ear a fond parent's admonition. This voice is a practical dictum of moral wisdom. It speaks when a man goes to do a thing, and says merely, "You do right," or "You do wrong." It speaks after his action, and says merely, "You have done right," or "You have done wrong," and he feels and knows its truth. In the first case, it is a warning; in the second, it is that bitter word Remorse. Were I to point to an institution, in preference to others, which can and ought to assist in maintaining the dignity, and the authority of the public conscience, there are few agencies I should attribute greater influence to than the American press. The press is called the mighty engine of public opinion. It is more than that, it is the lord and master of public opinion, and holds public opinion in as perfect subjection as Jonathan does his colored brother Sambo. The press, were it to attain to the standard it might reach, did not human passions control it like all other human institutions, should be the exponent of public conscience to public opinion. Some body has said that were St. Paul to come into the world now, he would speak through the press. I would add, respectfully, that just as surely as he did so, he would be peppered for it the next morning. The reason is what I stated, that the press allows itself to be swayed by public opinion, by popular tumult, and popular wickedness. It fears to give offence by saying what the people do not hold to themselves, and of course the people hold often to what is pleasant against what is good. One who wields such a powerful weapon as the editor of a popular periodical must necessarily do immense good, or immense evil. He will be greatly rewarded or greatly punished hereafter, according to

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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1851.

There are two objects, which, above all others, attract the attention of the sight-loving visitors of the fair city of Boston—Bunker's Hill and Mount Benedict. Of the first, and of the memories which it recalls, American citizens may well be proud, for it tells of gallant deeds, of tyranny manfully resisted, and of independence nobly won. Nor has the stranger from a far-off Eastern isle, cause to blush, whilst listening to the history of a well-fought field. He may regret the folly and incapacity of Britain's rulers, without being ashamed of the conduct of Britain's valiant soldiers. But, from Bunker's Hill to Mount Benedict, is but a step, and Bunker's Hill is not the only spot in Charlestown, of which history will have to speak. It will tell how, on the night of the 11th August, 1834, the Protestants of Boston, excited by the inflammatory harangues of a ruffian-gang, who, calling themselves ministers of the gospel, bring disgrace upon Christianity, and render the very name of religion odious and contemptible, came gallantly "to the rescue" of the Convent of the Ursulines. They had been told, by their spiritual advisers, as we were told the other night by the Rev. W. Taylor, that within the Convent, young and tender women were forcibly detained, and cruelly treated. They were called upon to "come to the rescue," even as the Rev. W. Taylor called upon his auditory to "come to the rescue," and they came with a vengeance. It is well that Catholics should know what this phrase means. Here is the story.

Some years ago, a few ladies formed themselves into a community for the double purpose of imparting the blessings of education to the young, and of worshipping their Father and their God, as the great majority of Christians, for more than 1800 years, have worshipped. Here, in the retirement of the cloister, they vainly hoped that they might be permitted to end their days in peace. Injuring and giving cause of offence to none, they were simple enough to think that, in a nominally Christian country, none would be found brutal enough to offend or injure them. Dwellers in a land which boasts of its civilisation, they could not deem it possible that amongst its inhabitants, could be found one, base enough to assault a woman. They were much mistaken. They were residents in an eminently Protestant country—in a land of religious liberty, and gospel privileges; and so they found out to their cost. On a sudden, they were driven half-naked into the open air, to weep in silence over the destruction of their peaceful home, the desolation of the sanctuary, and the profanation of the loved remains of their departed sisters, torn, by Protestant hands, from the repose of the tomb, where they had been laid in hopes of a joyful resurrection, but now exposed to the ribald mockery of the spoiler. Meanwhile, the work

of "coming to the rescue" progressed merrily. Even the soul of the Rev. W. Taylor would have been satisfied, could he have witnessed the scene which then took place. Those walls which, till then, had heard no sounds, save the praises of the Lord, and the songs with which God's saints upon earth sing the glories of the Lamb, were now vocal with curses, and resounded with the shouts of blasphemy. The tabernacle was torn from its place, and the Blessed Sacrament cast out into the fields. Soon the flames spread in every direction. Priests' vestments, the sacred vessels of Christian worship, and—as if in mockery of God, as well as of man—the Bible, were cast into the blazing heap; nor did the good work cease, until the Cross itself, the symbol of man's redemption, was wrenched from its pedestal and cast, with shouts of exultation, into the flames, the appropriate finale of this fiend-like, or, rather, truly Protestant exploit, which, while the glories of Bunker's Hill are had in remembrance, should never be forgotten.

And is it to renew scenes like these, that reverend mountebanks, and evangelical Jack-puddings meet together upon platforms, and, with the name of God upon their lips, but the malice of the Devil in their hearts, revile the persons and the religion of Catholics? Is it that the sky may be red with the flames of the Grey Nunnery, whilst his soul may rejoice in the work of havoc, that the Rev. Mr. Taylor calls upon his auditory to "come to the rescue" of captive Nuns therein confined, and exposed to cruel tortures? Why, the men must be mad. Are they foolish enough to think that the Catholics of Montreal will stand tamely by, like whipt curs, to see the Convents pillaged, and their inmates outraged? Or do they imagine that, when the torch of the reverend incendiary shall have applied the spark, the flames will cease at their bidding? Yet, we are thankful to these gentry—they have given us fair warning of their intentions, and we shall know to whom, in case of accidents, we ought to return our thanks.

But, perhaps we may be told, that Mr. Taylor exhorted his audience to keep the peace—"don't use violence." But of what avail are these exhortations after the previous appeal to their passions. We wonder if the Rev. W. Taylor ever heard tell of the Irish gentleman's address to a lot of Tipperary boys, who had just caught an obnoxious bailiff—"Is there a pump in the backyard boys?" "Yes, your Honor." "Then, don't duck him." Had we nothing better than the Rev. W. Taylor's exhortations to keep the peace, to depend upon, we might tremble for the results; but we thank God, that we have a lot of Tipperary boys in Montreal, as the "rescuers of captive Nuns" will find out to their cost, on the day when they shall attempt to carry their worthy minister's advice into execution.

But the most singular, and certainly the most amusing circumstance connected with this ebullition of Protestant bile, is to be found in the fact, that all these invectives against the Catholic religion, all these incentives to violence against the Nuns, are represented as emanating from an ardent zeal for the glory of God, and an earnest desire to rescue souls, ready to perish. This little touch of evangelical hypocrisy, is all that was needed to make the picture complete. Hardly has brother Tadger resumed his seat, than up gets brother Stiggins to follow suit, whining out—"Oh, how we love the souls of those poor papists; those immortal souls ready to perish for lack of food"! and a strange way they have of showing their love. If they call that loving their friends, why, a plague on such loving, say we. They seem to follow the advice Dogberry gives to neighbor Seacoal, with respect to his literary accomplishments, and do then mostly manifest their love for immortal souls "when there is no need for such vanity," but when there is a demand upon them, the saying is verified, "that the love of many waxeth cold." We refer especially to that sad year, when the victims of British Protestantism fled in thousands from their native country, finding a grave where they fondly hoped to find shelter, and a home. Then, when typhus fever was daily carrying off its hundreds of victims, when the pestilence was hurrying those immortal, yet papistically idolatrous, souls into the presence of an Almighty Judge, then, surely, was the time of all others, when one would expect this great love would have been displayed;—then was the time, when one might have expected to see these undaunted, tender-hearted, soul-loving ministers, day after day, exhorting the sick, and never failing in their attendance by the bedside of the dying; crying aloud, and sparing not; yea, pleading earnestly with the departing sinner, "that he would renounce the errors of popery," "that he would come out of Babylon, that he might not be a partaker of her plagues." Alas! alas! for the inconsistency of human nature. It is one thing to be bold upon platforms, and valiant in speech against Nuns, but a

very different affair, when real danger has to be encountered. Alas! for these men of God!—these holy professors!—their love, like the courage of Bob Acres, oozed away, as it were, out of the very palms of their hands. Amidst the scenes of death, at which the boldest might well tremble, were to be seen, some of the Clergymen of the Church of England—the Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church: there, too, might be seen the unwearied Nun, the humble Sister of Charity, who ceased not from her labor of love, until such time as she heard the voice of her Heavenly Master, bidding her be of good cheer, and calling upon her to enter in unto the joy of her Lord. But where then, were our Evangelical denouncers of Popery; these tender lovers of immortal souls? Why tarried the wheels of their chariots?—They were busy with their farms and their merchandise.—One had bought a piece of land, and must needs go and see it,—another had married a wife, so he could not come,—and a third, perhaps, would have been very glad to attend, "only he did not see of what use he could possibly be." It is indeed whispered, that the recollection of the striking contrast, between the heroic devotion of a few feeble women, and the pusillanimous behavior of the great majority of the evangelical canters, upon the occasion of the great fever in 1847, is one of the causes which excites the latter to such unseemly exhibitions of hatred, as were afforded by the speakers at the F. C. M. Society meeting, on Thursday week. We know what their love to souls is worth, by their conduct then. The less they speak about it, the better for themselves. Well-informed Protestants will but laugh at their hypocritical pretensions; and Catholics scorn their love, as they despise their hatred.

We had the pleasure, last Tuesday evening, of assisting at the festival given by the young men of the St. Patrick's Association, in aid of the new Orphan Asylum, and we can only hope that the gay company whom we met there, enjoyed the evening as heartily as ourselves.

The magnificent hall in the new building of Mr. Corse, was prepared for the occasion, by being well warmed, lighted, and decorated with a great number of banners and flags. Opposite the door on entering, we saw the noble figure of the Patron Saint upon a banner, surrounded by a wreath of the "immortal Shamrock." Nor was the "harp of Erin" forgotten among the symbols. The Patron Saint of once Catholic England, was also there; and we were glad to recognise the *drapeau* of the "Société St. Jean Baptiste;" while, as a testimony that the Irishman never loses sight of his cherished faith, the Holy Cross was conspicuously emblazoned upon another banner.

The number of those present was about 300; and we were pleased to see a goodly number of Franco-Canadians, embracing some of our first ladies, among the assembly.

WHO IS CHRIST?—Two discourses, as to the nature of Christ, have lately made their appearance: one from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Wilkes; the other from the Rev. Mr. Cordner, minister of the congregation of Unitarian Protestants in Montreal. Whilst our ears are still ringing with the silly cry of the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, the appearance of these two pamphlets is singularly opportune, as proving the utter insufficiency of the Bible alone, to make men wise unto salvation. From the Bible alone, it seems that Protestants cannot yet, after three hundred years disputing, decide whether Christ be God or no—whether He be indeed that Great Being, from whom it is damnable infidelity to withhold the homage of supreme worship; or a mere creature, to whom it would be idolatry, no less damnable, to render it. Dangerous, as opponents like the Rev. Mr. Cordner are likely to prove, to the ranks of those who style themselves Orthodox Protestants; Catholics behold in these controversies, only a signal proof of the necessity of some infallible guide, upon whose teaching they may rely with a child-like confidence, and learn to thank God that He has in His mercy afforded them such a guide in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

We see by the *Catholic Herald*, that Dr. Brownson has been lecturing with great success at Philadelphia. Crowds of attentive listeners flocked to hear him every evening, and returned highly gratified and instructed. We hope that the learned gentleman may be induced to favor the Catholics of Montreal with another visit.

We learn from the *Melanges Religieuses*, that the Rev. Mr. Chevigny has been appointed to the Curé of St. Henry de Mascouche; Rev. L. H. J. Brunelle, to the Vicariate of St. Geneviève; Rev.

C. A. Loranger, to the Vicariate of St. Hugues; Rev. L. J. Martel, to the Vicariate of St. Eustache; Rev. O. Desorcy, to the Vicariate of Longueuil; Rev. U. Duprat, to the Vicariate of St. Aimé; and Rev. F. A. Jacques Duhaut, to be sub-Director of Chambly College.

No news as yet of the missing steamer, which sailed on the 28th ult. We copy the following list of her passengers from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*:—

W. A. Wheeler and lady, New York,	A. Lawrence, Jr., Boston, Charles Schrader,
W. E. Case and lady, N. Y.	Mr. Schlieman,
J. H. Easther, Baltimore,	Mr. Klaener,
R. H. Harris,	W. Benjamin, Jr., N. Y.,
L. Pottinger,	G. McKenzie,
C. C. Hatch and lady, N. Y.	J. S. Lowrey,
H. P. Walker,	Mr. Alexander and servant.
Mr. Butterfield,	Mr. Wadsworth and servant,
Mr. Sutton,	M. Goldstein,
E. H. Griffin,	G. A. Curtis,
D. Rankin,	J. J. Loring.
G. B. Reese, Philadelphia,	

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—I take up my pen in extreme trepidation, fearing lest I may be disappointed in my hope of seeing myself in print this week. Now "do tell!" can your *Catholic Chronicle* withstand the blast from the Wesleyan convective, blowing all last week as though it meant to blow heaven and earth away, as well as Popery. Surely *the hour is come* when your journal is to give way to the gales of truth—when the slippery foundation on which you stand is to move away from beneath your feet—why, Mr. Editor! I can go no farther in that direction—the danger impending over the TRUE WITNESS is so terrific that I am quite nervous all of a sudden, and my mind is haunted with a chaotic vision of broken ink jars smashed printing presses, and all the varied ruins of a newspaper office, amid which I see in bold relief certain wicked sprites in *colporteur* guise, puffing out with distended cheeks the gales aforesaid—the gales which have blown you to pieces. Oh horror! what a scene! Do try and keep your journal afloat this one week, till I give those who were your readers a small specimen of "evangelical truth," (so-called!)

But, then, where to begin is the question—whichever Anniversary deserves the precedence?—whether shall I give the *pas* to the Auxiliary Bible Society, or to your old favorite, the French Canadian Missionary Society, or to the Tract Society or Sunday School Society—pshaw! what use is in taking them separately—let me rather class them all under one great head—the Anti-Popery Humbug Society, resolving itself into the various branches above mentioned—in part. As I cannot pretend to give even a synopsis of the whole affair, I shall confine myself to the most prominent amongst the *gemmen* who made last week eloquent, and the rafters of the Wesleyan place of meeting vocal, with the No-Popery cry, intoned in every key, and in every pitch of voice, from the deep, guttural double bass of some of the reverend humbugs, to the shrill, mincing treble of certain others who affect the *beau* in air and bearing.

First there was the report of the Bible societies, *home and foreign*, and a' stating in good round numbers the amount of Bibles and New Testaments distributed—that is to say, made away with. Lor! what a cackling was there over the great numerical quantity of Bibles and so forth sent afloat. Really to hear the grave spouters, young and old, who took occasion to glorify themselves on this announcement, read by the Rev. Dr. Spruce, you would think they had gained some great point. Bless their dear hearts! how they do go it, thinking in their simplicity that Catholics pay any attention to the number of Bibles they send out. If they have nothing better to exult in than their millions of Bibles sent abroad, they had better keep their mouths shut, for the taunt has only the effect of making Catholics laugh heartily at their expense. All their puffing and blowing, and toiling, and *collecting*, for the spread of the Bible, only reminds us of the feat commemorated in an elegant ballad, wherein:—

The king of France with thirty thousand men,
The king of Spain with thirty thousand more,
They all march'd up the hill, to kill—a poor old Black-amoor!

Of equal value is the result of our humbug society's mighty labors—*vide* reports on the Sandwich Islands, the only thoroughly evangelised nations we know of. The report being happily ended, the Rev. Mr. Somebody related a most moving anecdote of an old woman (*name, deponent sayeth not*) who wept—ay verily—wept because of the ungodly hard-heartedness of her relations, who loved not to see her read the Bible, whereupon the pious old dame requested to be allowed to read her Bible in the reverend's own room, whereupon the latter was deeply touched, and escorted her to the room aforesaid, and did humble himself exceedingly before that righteous woman. Oh Taurus! oh Gemini! I wonder did *he* cry too, and go down on his marrow-bones before the dame, as his humility would suggest? Another story did he tell of a man who got the leaf of a Bible round some butter he had bought, and on the leaf was that text, so exceedingly *à-propos*, "man shall not live by bread alone," on reading which, said man first cried, and then laughed, and then praised—*lack-a-day!* I should think the laughter made him *cry*, and probably he found the *butter* deserving of *praise*.

The retailer of these precious anecdotes was followed by the Rev. Jacob Faithful, who informed the meeting that in an evangelical career of thirty years

INDIRECT AND DIRECT INFLUENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(From the Tablet.)

As the past year has been closing in, the fury of our Protestant brethren seems for the present to have nearly exhausted itself. There is at last a pause in the storm, and words of peace, which awhile ago would have been useless, may here and there find an ear when the madness of the people is abated. It occurs, therefore, that we may just notice the dispute in some aspects which have been little regarded, but which surely deserve, even from Protestants, not to be entirely overlooked. The whole multitude of those who have spoken on that side—Bishops in their charges—dukes and earls, and squires of high degree, on the hustings, where they are supreme—Dissenting Ministers in their chapels—the tag-rag-and-hob-tail breaking the windows of Catholic chapels—all alike have viewed this business of the Hierarchy as the work of crafty and designing men, a silly old Pope, (strange they should fear him so much, if he is so silly!) an ambitious Cardinal, heading a set of sacerdotal conspirators. A plan had been laid to subjugate England once more; it was all a connected scheme, beginning with Catholic Emancipation; sowing the seeds of Puseyism, and fostering its manifold development; making good first a step in Ireland, then a step in the Colonies; letting slip no opportunity of strengthening its position till the time came for a grand attack; condescending even (so the Rector of Rugby thinks) to interest itself that Popish letter-carriers should be appointed to earn seven shillings a-week by ten miles walking a-day. In short, they consider a grand conspiracy is organised, which has achieved certain definite results by the exercise of human policy and foresight.

We, on the contrary, who live behind the scenes, perceive, equally with the Protestants, that the progress of the Catholic Church has been great; but we differ from them as to the means by which that progress has been brought about. It is not so great as they suppose in their blind fear; yet, it is, no doubt, remarkable enough for us to thank God, and to confess how wonderfully His wisdom has ordered it. But how, then, has it been effected? By the Priests, perhaps, the Protestants will say. Alas! there are in all England but 700 Catholic Priests, and they are hearing confessions from morning till night. They have no time to devise conspiracies, if that was the way to win England to the Faith. They are generally out of the way of the disputes of Anglicanism, which arose quite independently of them, and humanely speaking, was an unforeseen accident in the circumstances which surround them. To attack, either by force or subtlety, the huge Establishment, defended by its sixteen thousand State Clergymen, is really and truly not the work that the great majority of the Catholic Priesthood have been called by Providence. You think too much of yourselves, my lords and gentlemen, when you suppose it. Your paroxysms of fear are, in truth, in a great measure, the emotions of pride. We shall tell you presently in what way you really have been, and are, deeply and anxiously thought about; but it is not in the way that you suppose. The Catholic Priests are really engaged in very homely work, sitting for long hours shut up in confessional boxes, in an atmosphere at once close, cold, and pestilential, trying to beat down the dominion of Satan amongst the wretched and the ignorant, or else visiting the poorest of the poor—bringing the Most Holy to abodes more humble and lowly than the manger of Bethlehem—courts and alleys where "the Clergyman" is rarely seen, unless provoked to emulation by hearing of a zeal, no natural growth of his own Church, which is not a Church.

But while we declare that the action of the Catholic Church and her 700 or 800 Ministers on the millions of England has been, from the force of circumstances, rather indirect than direct, one point of view there is, and this is one chiefly forgotten by Protestants, in which her action, though unseen, has been direct and immediate. Have our Protestant friends dwelt much on the idea that numbers of Catholics have been incessantly praying for their conversion? Do they know that for many years past there has not been a day in which, from many thousands of charitable souls in France, in Italy, in Belgium—yes, from multitudes of, we will not say merely charitable, but heroic souls in poor oppressed Ireland, prayers have ascended to heaven that England once more might become Catholic?

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

(From the London Enquirer.)

THE REMEDY.

What is to be done? Granting all that has been said about the dangers of Popery, what are the practical measures which should be taken against that religion which is unfortunately professed by at least one-third of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom? This is now the question which, as men find it more and more necessary to ask themselves, they also find it more and more difficult to answer. "Something must be done," men say, according to the formula usual in cases of utter perplexity; but as usual it is not the wisest who are most ready with specific prescriptions. Lord Winchester would have us make war upon the Pope, others would repeal the Roman Catholic Relief Act; but our statesmen are scarcely prepared for either of these bold enterprises. The Queen, in the answers which she gave this week to the addresses of the Corporation and the Universities, plainly intimated a determination to maintain the principles of religious liberty; and this is, of course, the determination of the Cabinet. But then how are the excited feelings of the nation to be satisfied? Some great act is almost universally looked upon as

necessary to prevent the agitation from becoming an object of general ridicule. Here becomes manifest the shadowy and deceptive nature of the whole controversy. The new Catholic hierarchy has no temporal possessions, or legal privilege upon which the law can take hold. Their power, real, extensive and dangerous as it may be, inasmuch as it depends upon voluntary obedience, is beyond the grasp of Parliament. But the titles—the territorial titles—may be prohibited. Yes, it has positively come to this—that a law against the titles is likely to be the great end for which the whole empire has put itself into commotion. The new grand and impregnable bulwark of our Protestantism is to be an act prohibiting Dr. Wiseman and his colleagues not from calling themselves Bishops, but merely from calling themselves Bishops of cities or towns in Great Britain. This surely will be a mountain bringing forth a mouse.

A conclusion of this kind would indeed be supremely ridiculous; but its absurdity would only concern its supporters. We should also object to it on the ground that, in spite of its triviality, it might produce new mischief. Whenever an act intrinsically harmless, or which is properly amenable only to conscience, is made a crime, there is always a danger of enlisting the honest convictions of a portion of the people against the law. A penal statute touching religion is precisely one of those edge-tools, in the handling of which a Legislature is always likely to cut its fingers. Let us suppose a law to be passed against the territorial titles. It is true that it might be like the clause against titles in the Emancipation Act—a sham—a dead letter—which no Government would think of enforcing; but in the present state of the public mind this is not probable. A bona fide attempt would be made to establish the principle in some practical way. The result would then wholly depend upon Dr. Wiseman. If he thought it his duty to yield implicit obedience to the statute, he might take credit for his loyalty, and push his religious plans as vigorously as ever; but if he should think himself still bound by the Papal Rescript, he would have no choice but to submit to the penalties. Now, let any one coolly consider all the consequences of bringing Dr. Wiseman into the Queen's Bench, and of sending him from thence to Newgate, for calling himself by what he declares to be a purely spiritual title, connected only with the organisation of his church. It is true that he might go to prison amidst the hootings of the mob, and draw down upon himself the more weighty condemnation of the educated majority of the British people; but how would Popery be thereby checked, or Protestantism promoted? We say nothing of the resentment likely to be produced by such a proceeding in the minds of nine millions of British and Irish Catholics; but looking only to its effects upon Protestants, and considering how readily sympathy is called forth by any acts which savors, no matter how slightly, of oppression, we think Dr. Wiseman would be found more dangerous as a prisoner, than he ever could have been simply as a prelate. We apprehend therefore that a statute against the new titles, while it will add nothing to the strength of Protestantism, may be the beginning of interminable embarrassments.

There are some, however, who, upon grounds of political policy, think it absolutely necessary that the Roman Catholic Church should, here as elsewhere, be subjected to some legal restraint. They say that in this aristocratic country nothing but an aristocratic Church can maintain an influence over the higher classes—that for those classes as well as for the mass of the poor and the ignorant, Popery has many attractions—that Dissent, except during intervals of enthusiasm, is too feeble to resist it—and, therefore, that the existing Establishment requires to be jealously upheld and protected, in all its dignities, as our only preservative against Catholic domination. The first thing to be said of this argument is, that it allows nothing at all to the power of religious truth. It obviously assumes that, where Protestantism and Popery are placed upon an equal footing, the Papal system will prevail. But such an assumption appears to us inconsistent, not only with a firm Protestant faith, but with the most notorious results of experience. It cannot be said that the United States are about to fall under the power of the Pope, or, indeed, that there is proof to be found anywhere of a remarkable progress of Popery at the present time, except in the bosom of that very Church which we are told to look to as the bulwark of Protestant freedom. We cannot, therefore, for a moment, admit that the security of Scriptural Christianity in England depends upon the temporalities or dignities of her Establishment; but even if it were granted that it did—that Protestantism had no inherent strength, and could not be sustained but by force of law—the political supporters of the Church of England would still find it difficult to show in what way our laws can be made to place any effectual curb upon its Roman Catholic rival. The propriety of doing so has been urged repeatedly and with the greatest force, by two classes of statesmen—namely, those who strenuously opposed every concession of political power to Roman Catholics, and those who desired to see them both included and interested in the Constitution, by arrangements which would give to the Government a certain control over their hierarchy. We need not at present argue with those who, as they consistently opposed the Emancipation Act, would now as consistently repeal it. Wise or unwise, that was a deed which cannot be undone. The alternative remains to negotiate with the Pope. Strange as it may seem, there are men notable for sagacity and comprehensiveness of mind, who think that this course is still open, that Roman Catholic Bishops might, in some way, be brought under the influence of a British Cabinet, and that a British minister might be found to stake his political fortunes on the attempt to carry out such an arrangement. We should certainly not think this scheme desirable even if it were practicable, but we really

do not think that anything less practically was imagined amongst the projects of Laputa. If there be a single point established by the present agitation, it is that the English people will resist all further connection between Popery and the State. The House of Commons is much more likely to be driven to repeal the Maynooth Bill than to sanction a Concordat. The very idea of a negotiation with Rome would instantly crush any Cabinet that was suspected of it. We conclude, therefore, that the present is not a case for statesmanship to deal with at all. The protection of national Protestantism by law is a notion as vain and delusive as the protection of national industry. If our religion be not a truth which can stand alone, no parliamentary ingenuity will avail to prop it up.

THE FRENZY OF THE STATE CHURCH.

(From a Correspondent of the Tablet.)

To the cool, moral, and reflecting mind, contemplating the present position of England, what humiliating scenes must present themselves! There is that something in the English character for which it is difficult to account. Give the English a leader in accordance with their prejudices, and onward they rush, reckless of the consequences. Right and wrong, reason and justice, must equally yield to their impetuosity; and then only do they see the injury inflicted upon their country, their neighbors, and themselves, when a return of self-possession places before them the direful effects of their lawless ebullitions. How long on the scale of reason must their present conduct reduce them in the estimation of foreign nations! Has not England but too much cause to blush for the undignified, inconsistent, and unprincipled conduct of her Prime Minister, and other leading authorities—the Minister of a moral and gracious Sovereign, who, if not misguided by the interested bias of those around her, would, evidently, render equal justice to every class of her subjects. The determination expressed by foreign Powers to require—before they come to the Exhibition of 1851—a security from the English Government that they shall not be insulted on account of their religion, supplies a sufficient index to their sentiments.

ENGLAND.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Accounts from the Sandwich Islands, dated Oct. 19th, announce the arrival of H.M.S. "Herald," Captain Kellet, on the 16th, from Behring's Straits, after a vain search for the expedition under Captain Collinson. The "Herald" brings no tidings of Sir John Franklin; and as the season was fast closing, it is to be feared that for some time to come we must look to the northern coast of the North American continent in the Canadian route, and to Dr. Rae's and Lieutenant Noulton's exertions for further tidings.

Lord Shrewsbury is stated by the *Univers* to have expressed, in indignant terms, upon reading Lord John Russell's letter, his conviction that every Catholic ought to withdraw his support from the Whigs.

In the course of an article on "the Poetry of Pope," recently delivered by the Earl of Carlisle to the Mechanics' Institute of Leeds, the *Morning Chronicle* makes the remarks:—"Everything we know of his lordship (Lord Carlisle) leads to the belief that he very strongly disapproves of Lord John Russell's summons to the 'war ecclesiastic'; yet it may be confidently predicted that he will leave the duty of rating the Premier to Lord Grey."

THE BIRKENHEAD RIOTS.—When peace and good neighbourhood were near being restored in Birkenhead, their worship the magistrates excited animosity anew by arresting five or six persons for the riot nearly a month ago. A respectable shopkeeper was arrested amongst the rest. Their case was adjourned from the Petty Sessions on Monday, to the Petty Sessions in Chester on Thursday.

Dr. Wiseman is the tenth English Cardinal that has been created since the death of Wolsey, in 1530. The first was Fisher, in 1533; the second, Pole, in 1536; Peyton and Allen received the hat in 1557 and 1558. Then there occurred an interval of about one hundred years, after which Howard was created Cardinal. In 1830, Doctors Erskine, York, and Weld were created Cardinals; in 1842, Dr. Acton, and in 1850, Dr. Wiseman.

SALE OF A WIFE.—The Stockport Mercury tells a strange tale of a sale which is alleged to have recently taken place at the New Inn, Horwich End, in the county of Derby, between George C., agent to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and Elisha G., cattle dealer, by the said G. offering to sell the other his wife, for the sum of £5 ls., which was the more readily agreed to in consequence of the purchaser being a widower, and very desirous to obtain so fair a partner for so trifling a sum. After some consultation it was arranged between them that the purchaser should go to claim his purchase on the following Monday, when he did accordingly, on entering the house he made known to Mrs. C. the purport of his visit. The unfortunate wife gave vent to a flood of tears at being thus shamefully disposed of.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT ROME.—The London Daily News, on the authority of its Roman Correspondent, last week stated that the Pope had determined to close the Protestant American Chapel in that City. It now appears, on the authority of the same Correspondent, that there was no foundation for the statement, and that there is no interference with the privilege granted by the Holy See to American Protestants. The same Correspondent remarks that the Holy See, on a previous occasion, had "permitted the existence of a Prussian Protestant Chapel."

A resolution unanimously adopted by a Coroner's Jury, at Walworth, April, 1850, bears very notable testimony to the purity of England. Resolved: "That in consequence of the great and increasing number of illegitimate children, and the degraded and helpless condition of their mothers, the dreadful and unnatural crime of infanticide is daily becoming more frequent; and that, with a view to improve the morals of the people, it is the opinion of this jury, that Government ought to provide a suitable National Asylum for the reception of illegitimate children."

A MODEL KING!—A letter from Hamburgh, dated the 5th December, contains the following:—"The latest news from Copenhagen is of the 1st instant. According to the rumor circulating in the capital at

that date, there is reason for believing the King of Denmark had resolved to separate from Madame Rasmussen, the mistress whom he lately married and ennobled. The motives which may have led to this resolution are vaguely understood. Should it be realized, Madame Rasmussen will make the third legitimate wife from whom the King will have separated within a few years. The first was daughter of the late King, his uncle, Frederick VI.; the second, Mecklenburgh princess;—third, as every one knows, was one of the ballet corps at the Copenhagen opera. As the price of this matrimonial rupture, the Countess Rasmussen is to receive an annuity of 12,000 dollars besides apanages.

UNITED STATES.

LORD AND HIS LECTURES.—It appears that the notorious Lord has been recently holding forth in his usual style at Newport, R. I. His reception we are rejoiced to hear, was not by any means flattering, which speaks well for the common sense of the community. A correspondent of the *American Celt* gives the following account of his visit to Newport:—"A week or two ago, the people of this place were edified and enlightened by a Lecture from an itinerant Preacher, named Lord, on 'St. Bernard and the Monastic State.'—The editor of the *Newport News*, who has on more than one occasion shown himself to be a lover of truth and fairness, attended the Lecture, having found that the Rev. Rigmorle was not much addicted to truth in his stories of the Monks, plainly told him and the public so in his paper next day. Next, Mr. Lord tried his hand at 'Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, or the 20 years War,' and the editor of the *News* shewed the public the reverse side of the picture again. Finally, the Lecturer announced that he would descant the third and last evening on 'St. Ignatius and the Jesuits,' but being apprised, doubtless, that his preceptor was also well versed in the history of that illustrious order, he concluded to take himself off to some more congenial quarter, without fulfilling his engagement. I really think he ought to pay our friend Craighton handsomely for the excellent historic lessons he has given him.—We are frequently reviled by the press through this country, the magnanimous conduct of the editor of the *News* is as refreshing as an oasis in the desert to a weary traveller. His kindness shall not be forgotten."

FATHER MATHEW, writing from Pensacola, gives a cheering account of his late Temperance labors in the Southwest. He purposes, in the spring, visiting Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, &c., and arriving in New York in August. He will return to Ireland in the fall.

A frightful accident took place in Twenty-first street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, Wednesday afternoon at half-past one o'clock. Six new five story houses belonging to Mr. Thomas A. Ermett, fell to the ground with an awful crash, killing six men, and injuring more or less severely many others. Accidents of this kind are now of frequent occurrence, and yet rascally contractors, and greedy speculators are allowed to proceed in their career of villainy without any effectual check from the city authorities.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, Jan. 18.

DRESSING CALAMITY.—The Convent of the Loretan Sisters at Cape Girardeau, in Missouri, was thrown down by a hurricane on the 27th of November last. By this severe visitation the pious community has been deprived of a home, and their works of charity interrupted. They now appeal to the charity of the public to enable them to restore the building. The Bishop of this diocese authorizes us to say, that he will cheerfully transmit the offerings of the charitable which may be spontaneously sent to him for this purpose.

The postage bill has passed the House of Representatives, by 130 to 75. Its provisions are chiefly as follows:—

"On each letter, weighing over half an ounce, three cents—no post office or route shall be discontinued, or compensation to postmasters be diminished, in consequence of this act—on printed matter of no greater weight than two ounces, one cent; bound books weighing not over thirty ounces to be deemed mailable matter—newspapers delivered in the state where printed, chargeable with only half of foregoing rates—no postage on those marked to actual subscribers in the county where printed, or within thirty miles—fifty per cent. to be deducted from postage of magazines when pre-paid—three cent pieces, three-fourths silver, one-fourth copper, to be coined—stamps, as now, to be provided and sold at post offices, the forgery of them to be punished by fine and imprisonment—million and a half dollars appropriated to meet deficiency in revenue—letters unclaimed for, for the period of two weeks, to be published once only—Post Master General to establish suitable places of deposit for letters in cities and towns, to be collected and delivered by carriers at one or two cents each.

SEIZURE OF THE BRITISH STEAMER "NIAGARA."—The following is the information on which the Niagara was seized:—"On the sixth day of January, in the year of our Lord 1851, certain goods, wares, and merchandize, to wit: fifty packages of silks, fifty packages of satins, and fifty packages of lace, being of the value of \$5000, and being subject to duty in being imported and brought into the said United States, were imported and brought in the said Steamboat from a foreign port or place into the United States, to wit: into the Port of Boston and Charlestown; and that there afterwards, on the same sixth day of January, the said goods, wares, and merchandize, having been imported and brought as aforesaid, were unladen and delivered from said steamboat within the United States, to wit: at the port of Boston and Charlestown, aforesaid, without a permit from the Collector, or Naval Officer, or any other competent officer of the Customs, at our said port."—*American Celt*.

On the 1st instant, our community was convulsed by one of those violent excitements, before which customary barriers gave way. A horrible murder was followed by a summary and terrible punishment.—The details of the tragedy, as accurately as we can ascertain are these:—About 2 o'clock, P. M., of Wednesday, a negro, accompanied by a white man, called at the mayor's office. The object of the negro was to have a paper purporting to be a certificate of his freedom from the county clerk of Lincoln county, countersigned by the mayor and recorder, in order that he might travel up the river. Recorder Chester at once discovered the certificate was forged, and descended into the streets to have the negro arrested; he called on Messrs. Poston, Walden, and Frazer, the latter of whom made some remarks to the negro relative to his conduct; and Mr. Chester went in search

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EDWARD FEGAN, Boot and Shoe Maker, 232 SAINT PAUL STREET, OPPOSITE THE EASTERN HOTEL: BEGS leave to return his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public, for the liberal support afforded him since his commencement in business, and also assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part, that attention, punctuality and a thorough knowledge of his business can effect, to merit their continued support. On hand, a large and complete assortment, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, Low, for Cash. Aug. 15, 1850.

THOMAS BELL, Auctioneer and Commission Agent, 179 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. EVENING SALES OF DRY GOODS, BOOKS, &c.

THE WORKS FOR THE AGE! JUST received at SADLIER'S CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE:— Protestantism and Catholicity Compared in their Effects on the Civilisation of Europe, by the Revd. J. Balmez. 8vo., of 500 pages, price 10s. John O'Brien; or, The Orphan of Boston. A Tale of real life. By the Rev. John T. Roddan. 12mo., price 2s. 6d. The Duty of a Christian, and the Means of acquitting himself thereof. Translated from the French, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo., handsomely bound in muslin, price 2s. 6d. singly, or \$4 the dozen. Religion in Society; or, The Solution of Great Problems; placed within the reach of every mind. Translated from the French of the Abbé Martinet, with an Introduction, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, Archbishop of New York. 2 vols. 12mo., handsomely bound in muslin, price 7s. 6d. This is a new and corrected edition of one of the most popular controversial works of the day. The fact of its being recommended by such men as Archbishop Hughes and Dr. Brownson, speaks volumes in its favor. Choice of a State of Life, by Father Rossignol, S. J., translated from the French, price 2s. 6d. Archbishop Hughes' Lecture on the Decline of Protestantism, price 4d. Saint Colum Kille's Sayings, Moral and Prophetic, extracted from Irish parchments, and translated from the Irish, by Rev. Mr. Taafe, price 7½d. Duffy's Irish Magazine, bound, 15s. Prayer Books in every variety of binding, and at prices from 7½d. to 25s., and by the dozen, from 5s. upwards. D. & J. SADLIER, 179 Notre Dame Street. Montreal, Dec. 12, 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.

DRY GOODS. "TO SAVE IS TO GAIN." W. McMANAMY, No. 204, Notre Dame Street, NEAR M'GILL 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 SHIRTS, 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. Montreal, 20th August, 1850.

AMERICAN MART, UPPER TOWN MARKET PLACE, QUEBEC. THIS Establishment is extensively assorted with WOOL, COTTON, SILK, STRAW, INDIA, and other manufactured FABRICS, embracing a complete assortment of every article in the STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS LINE. INDIA RUBBER MANUFACTURED BOOTS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING, IRISH LINENS, TABBINETS, AND FRIEZE CLOTHS, AMERICAN DOMESTIC GOODS, of the most durable description for wear, and ECONOMICAL in price. Parties purchasing at this house once, are sure to become Customers for the future. Having every facility, with experienced Agents, buying in the cheapest markets of Europe and America, with a thorough knowledge of the Goods suitable for Canada, this Establishment offers great and saving inducements to CASH BUYERS. The rule of—Quick sales and Small Profits—strictly adhered to. EVERY ARTICLE SOLD FOR WHAT IT REALLY IS. CASH payments required on all occasions. Orders from parties at a distance carefully attended to. Bank Notes of all the solvent Banks of the United States, Gold and Silver Coins of all Countries, taken at the AMERICAN MART. T. CASEY. Quebec, 1850.

L. P. BOIVIN, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent Streets, opposite the old Court-House, HAS constantly on hand a LARGE ASSORTMENT of ENGLISH and FRENCH JEWELRY, WATCHES, &c. Montreal, 20th Sept., 1850.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, (CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,) BYTOWN.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY beg leave to inform the inhabitants of Bytown and its vicinity, that they will instruct Young Ladies placed under their care, in every branch becoming to their sex. The Sisters engage, that every thing in their power will be done to contribute to the domestic comfort and health of their pupils; as well as their spiritual welfare. They will likewise be taught good order, cleanliness, and how to appear with modesty in public. The position of the town of Bytown will give the pupils a double facility to learn the English and French languages. As it stands unrivalled for the beauty and salubrity of its situation, it is, of course, no less adapted for the preservation and promotion of the health of the pupils. The diet will be good, wholesome and abundant. TUITION. The branches taught are, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, both French and English; History, ancient and modern; Mythology, Polite Literature, Geography, in English and French; Use of the Globes, Book-keeping, Geometry, Domestic Economy, Knitting, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, Embroidery, &c., &c., &c. Lessons in Music, Drawing and Painting, will be given; and, if desired, the pupils will learn how to transfer on glass or wood. They will also be taught how to imitate Flowers and Fruit, on wax: but these different lessons will form an extra charge.

TERMS. Board, £15 0 0 Payable per Half-board, 7 10 0 quarter or Quarter-board, 3 0 0 per month, Music, 4 8 0 but always Drawing and Painting, 1 7 6 in advance Washing, 2 0 0 For articles wanted during the year, 0 8 3 [This is to be paid when entering.] Postage, Doctor's Fees, Books, Paper, Pens, are charged to the Parents. No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of the month, except for cogent reasons. DRESS AND FURNITURE. No particular dress is required for every day, but on Sundays and Thursdays, in summer, the young Ladies will dress alternately in sky-blue or white. In winter, the uniform will be bottle-green Merino. On entering, every one must bring, besides the uniform dresses,— Six changes of Linen, Three pairs of Sheets, A white Dress and a sky-blue silk Scarf, A comb and a Hair Brush, A net Veil, Two Napkins, two yards long and three-quarters wide, A winter Cloak, long and three-quarters wide, A summer and a winter Bonnet, Two pairs of Shoes, A green Veil, Twelve Napkins, Two Blankets and a Quilt, A Knife and Fork, large enough to cover the feet of the Baudet, Three Plates, A Mattress and Straw-bed, A large and a small Spoon, A Pillow and three Covers, A pewter Goblet, A bowl for the Tea.

REMARKS.—Each Pupil's Clothes must be marked. The dresses and veils are to be made conformably to the custom of the institution. Parents are to consult the teachers before making the dresses. All the young Ladies in the Establishment are required to conform to the public order of the House; but no undue influence is exercised over their religious principles. In order to avoid interruption in the classes, visits are confined to Thursdays, and can only be made to pupils, by their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, and such others as are formally authorised by the parents. There will be a yearly vacation of four weeks, which the pupils may spend either with their parents or in the Institution. All letters directed to the Pupils, must be post-paid. 22nd Oct., 1850.

JOHN PHELAN'S CHOICE TEA, SUGAR, AND COFFEE STORE, No. 1 St. PAUL STREET, Near Dalhousie Square.

MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY. THE Proprietor of this Establishment, takes this opportunity to inform the Printers of the British North American Provinces, that he continues to manufacture and has constantly on hand all things necessary to furnish a Printing Office in the very best style. The great improvements lately introduced into this Foundry, both in workmanship and materials, will enable him to give perfect satisfaction to all those who may favor him with their orders. Printers will find, in the Specimens just issued, a selection of Book Letter, Fancy Type, and Ornaments, suitable to the Canada Trade. Should their fancy carry them further, Mr. Palsgrave's connection with the most extensive manufactories in the United States, enables him, at a short notice, to supply their wants: while the Agency in Toronto, under the management of Mr. FREHAN, gives the Printers of Canada West every facility, a general assortment being kept there, for their convenience. Old Type taken in exchange for new, without deduction, at fivepence per lb. Twenty per cent. advance is added on American Imports, to cover duties and charges. CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE, Corner of St. Helen and Lemoine Streets. 14th August, 1850. Printed by JOHN GILLIES, for the Proprietors.—GEORGE E. CLERK, Editor.