TOBER 27.

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afford more relief and to cure
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HERRY PECTORAL now; it has
and made his breathing easy;
at night; his appetite returns,
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Scarcely any neighborhood can
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ed by DR. J. C. AYER, Practical
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in your note, which was of course
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made an excellent choice of ingre-
preparation is a tempting one, and
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st which you may publish.
ruly yours,

A. A. HAYES.

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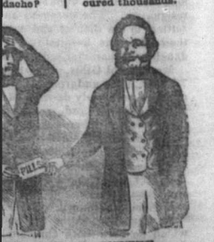

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# THE PROTECTOR
## AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."— PROV. XIV 34.

Vol. 1. Charlottetown, Pince Edward Island, Wednesday, November 4, 1857. No. 36.

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### LIFE A NIGHT.

The mellow lights that flushed the sky
At sunset are withdrawn,
This night will many a sleepless eye
Keep weary watch till dawn.

What though ten thousand worlds may there
In radiant circles run,
Night's brightest star may not compare
With Day's departed sun.

And time is but a night, soon gone,
A vigil kept by faith;
Our life a tent we pitch till dawn,
Within the shade of death.

Earth darkens heaven to earthly eyes;
Its glories seem so far,
That Faith must wait till morning rise,
To see them as they are.

Our way with mystery is beset,
And God so dark appears,
That oft we struggle in a net
Of unbelieving fears.

Yet, Lord, we see Thee in the cloud
Whose folds we lift in vain,
And Thou wilt yet remove the shroud,
And make thy dealings plain.

With trustful hearts we may look up,
And, through the hours of night,
Cast forth the anchor of our hope,
And wish for morning light.

### TALK OF THE ROAD.

THE SERMON.

"Well, Pat, what were you doing since I saw you?" said Jem, when they met next.

"Well, then, I was hearing a sermon in Kilcommon," said Pat.

"And was it Father John that was in it?" said Jem.

"No, then," said Pat, "it was Doctor Martin, from England, that was a Protestant clergyman, and that turned; and I saw it up in letters as big as my hand, so I thought I'd go and see if he came up to Father John."

"Well, and how did he do it?" said Jem.

"Well, he's a great preacher entirely," said Pat, "and no mistake, for you would hear him a mile off. But for what he said, it beat all that ever I heard from ourselves itself. Why, sure he spoke it out plain that the Blessed Virgin was the wife of the Holy Ghost!* Now, is that in the Bible, I want to know!"

"Why, Pat," said Jem, "sure that beats ourselves all out; sure that's worse nor ever we were. Doesn't the Blessed Virgin call herself the handmaid of the Lord? And to go to make a woman the wife of God! sure that beats all. And didn't God say that man and wife are one flesh? and how can she be one flesh with Him? Sure it's too bad entirely."

"And how comes it at all" said Pat, "that the great English clergy, that has learning and knowledge, should be turning to worse than the likes of us can stand?"

"Well, I heard Mr. Owens preach a sermon on that," said Jem, "and he made it plain enough, for he said our hearts was all turned away from the truth by nature, and that the wise and learned was as bad this way as the poorest creatures; and he showed that it wasn't the wise and learned that was mostly called, † but that the Gospel was preached to the poor, ‡ and that God had chosen the foolish to confound the wise; § and if that was the way in St. Paul's own time, why wouldn't it be that way now? And he said, foreby, that the most learned of those clergy that turned in England didn't give any learned reason for it at all; but just no better nor ourselves would give, when the priest told us that his way was right; ‖ and sure that's the poor proof, when it isn't in the Bible. And isn't it enough to make out Mr. Owens right, when Dr. Martin says the like of that? But what more did he say?"

"Well, of all that ever you heard he said of the Protestant clergy. He said he knew them well, for he was one himself; and that they didn't believe in God, or in Jesus Christ, or in the Holy Ghost itself; but that they was all infidels and heathens."

"Well, it'll go hard with me before I take his word that Mr. Owens does not believe in God or in Jesus Christ," said Jem; "but what more, Pat?"

"Well, he said that they didn't care about the souls of the people at all, and that, with all the talk they made, they didn't want the people to turn Protestants at all, but only to pretend to do it; and that they gave the people five pounds a piece only just to pretend it; and him getting five pounds for preaching that same sermon, as I heard tell."

"Well, stop there a bit, Pat," said Jem; "if the priest thought that the five pounds a piece was really going, would he give it out in the chapel that way? Doesn't he know there would be plenty to look for it, if it was to be got? And, if it was true, wouldn't he be more likely to tell the people they wouldn't get the money at all, and they needn't go to look for it?"

"Well, signs by," said Pat, "I was up with Mr. Owens next day, and who should I see at the door but Molly Brady; and Mr. Owens comes out and asks her what she wants: 'Your reverence,' says she, 'I'm a girl that wants to turn;' and so Mr. Owens began to talk to her about the reasons for turning; and Molly kept looking at him mighty hard; and at last says she, 'But what are yees goin' to give me?' says she. 'So,' says Mr. Owens, we're going to give you the Word of God,' says he, 'that's able to save your soul.' 'And won't ye give me the five pounds!' says she. So when he told her that was all a lie, she went off in a huff; so I overtook her going back, 'and who told you that, Molly?' says I. 'Father John did,' says she. 'And will you believe Father John again?' says I. 'Why would I,' says she, 'when he made that fool of me? and wasn't I the fool to believe him at all?' says she; 'sure I might have knowd,' says she, 'that he never told one word of truth in his life, barrin' he mistook it for a lie,' says she."

"Ay," said Jem, "and didn't I hear of ould Judy Callaghan, a while back, when Father John gave it out in the chapel that Mr. Owens would give a leg of mutton and a blanket to every woman in the parish that would turn. And up goes Judy to Mr. Owens next day; and, 'Your reverence,' says she, 'I'm come to give myself up to you, for the leg of mutton and the blanket.' 'And, my poor woman,' says he, 'is it possible you would sell your soul and your religion for a leg of mutton?' 'Oh, no, your reverence,' says she, 'oh, no, dear, not without the blanket.'"

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "I'm of your notion, that if the priests believed it themselves they'd deny it in the chapel, in place of giving it out; but where's the use of talking? don't we know it's not true at all; and don't we know that what Mr. Owens wants is to get us to read the Bible, and to live by it?"

* Pat is probably correct in this, shocking as it may appear, for we find a similar statement in a report of a sermon, preached at Navan, by Dr. Marshall, in 1852; published by T. Henderson, Kells.

† 1 Cor. i, 16. ‡ Matt. xi, 5; Luke iv, 18. § 1 Cor. i, 27.

‖ See the *Catholic Layman* for March 1859, vol. i, page 88. Curry, Sackville-street, Dublin.

"Well, we know that, any way," said Jem; "but if it's all true what the Bible says of tellin' lies, what will be done with all the lies that's told in the chapel!"

"Well, it's hard to expect truth from them that tells lies," said Pat; "and I mind I read a speech in the newspapers, a while back, that said, the worst thing at all in the Irish was, that they mostly tell lies entirely, and wont tell a word of truth, if they can help it; and sure that's not far off the real thing."

"Ay," said Jem, "I thought that the other day, when I was at the fair of Ballybrack; and there was young Mr. Williams selling a horse, and he had old Peter M'Kenna with him, that sells for all the gentlemen; and there comes up a man and asks about the horse; and Mr. Williams just answers him fairly; and if you had seen how old Peter scoulded him afterwards. 'What made you go tell him the truth at all?' says he. 'Why, sure what I said did the horse no harm,' says Mr. Williams. 'And what do I care for harm or no harm!' says Peter; 'while you're a living man,' says he, 'never go for to tell one word of truth upon a street.' And, thinks I to myself, it's the rule of the street, sure enough, and it's liars we are entirely."

"And what else would we be," said Pat, "when we know nothing at all of what God says of the judgment on liars: and when we see the priest tell lies himself at the altar of Gad? Sure, is there a man in the chapel that knows what God says, that all liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone? And is not that enough to show that the people ought to have the Bible, to know what God says, and what God will do?"

Who knows but that Pat and Jem, and many a poor man like them, may help to bring the Irish people to a knowledge of these things?

*From the Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

### THE SEPOY CONVERT AND THE AUTHORITIES.

The great Sepoy Rebellion has come upon us like an earthquake. For such an event the nation in general was wholly unprepared, and the atrocities which have marked its course have filled the mind with horror and amazement. Men read of the indignities and sufferings to which the Europeans, their wives and children, have been doomed; and when, with the horrible details, the remembrance intermingles that the perpetrators have been our own native soldiers, whom we have trained, and disciplined, and armed, indignation at their treachery becomes intense. Each newspaper has its list of deaths —men in the prime of life, or young cadets who had just joined their regiments, cut down in an instant by the merciless cruelty of their own men. The nation is at this moment suffering intensely under this heavy visitation. It is not merely the mourning which has place in the numerous families throughout the land, whose sons or near relatives have perished in the outbreak, but the whole country is oppressed by a sense of grief and strong indignation, which certainly, in our previous history, has never been surpassed.

One natural inquiry at such a crisis is, how is this to be accounted for, or what has caused, as it appears to uninformed persons, so sudden a change in the temper of the Bengal Sepoys? Are not these the men who fought our battles in the great Affghanistan campaign, and who shared with us all the disasters of that period? Were they not found side by side with our own troops on the Sutlej? Did they not sustain with us the powerful shock of the Sikh armies, and readily imperil their lives to defend the cultivated plains of Hindustan from the fiery deluge that threatened to break over them? What, then, has altered them, or how is this furious outburst to be accounted for—this hurricane of human vindictiveness, the most terrible of all tempests, the wrath of God excepted, which has fallen upon us in a moment apparently of the most complete security, when all Hindustan had become ours, and had acquiesced without a murmur in our rule? The greater the disappointment, and the more fearful the devastation which has been wrought, the greater the prevailing anxiety to discover the originating element of such a calamity, and solve the mystery; and the delinquent why, through indiscretion, incautiousness, neglect, or whatever other defect, has caused the mischief, if discovered, is sure to have expended upon him no slight amount of the national indignation. At such a moment, some mischievous persons may have indicated the Missionary as the incendiary. Men who, at so serious a complication of affairs, when the national mind, like the thunder-cloud, is charged with heavy indignation, undertake to identify the guilty party, assume a very serious responsibility. They should beware, lest they suffer themselves to be influenced by their prejudices. It is a well-known fact that there are individuals to be found in all ranks and classes who have always viewed Missionary operations with disfavor, and considered them, however discreetly conducted, as impolitic and dangerous. The Missionary has always been their aversion, the bird of ill omen, whose appearance within the limits of their government or magistracy has ever betokened, in their judgment, approaching difficulties and disquietude. At a crisis as the present such individuals have no hesitation. The old prejudice, which has long been established in their minds, suffices to convert the Sepoy rebellion, with the presence of the Missionary in the land, into proof positive of the mischievous character of his undertaking. They need no facts—they can dispense with all evidence. It is a foregone conclusion, and they unhesitatingly avow it. "There!" they exclaim, "we always knew how it would be, but you would not profit by our warnings. We always predicted that interference with the religious peculiarities of the natives would produce some disastrous result. We entreated that rash men might be withheld from so dangerous an experiment. Now you see the consequence. You might have ruled India peaceably, if only the religious feelings of the natives had been respected; but you have trespassed on this vital point, and, lo! your own army has turned against you, and your empire in that country has been shaken to its foundation."

A man is accused of being an incendiary. Before condemnation is passed upon him, let the testimony be explicit and clear. Had the insurrection broken out exclusively in the districts where Missionaries have been located, and in the immediate vicinity of their stations, there might be in the accusation some show of reason. In the bazaars of some of the great cities they have often been, propounding Christian truth to mixed assemblages of Hindus and Mahommedans. They have itinerated in retired country districts, remote from European officials, and have been, on such occasions, entirely in the hands of the natives. They have pitched their tents in the vicinity of large towns, in the streets of which, during the day, they have been preaching and expounding. If the natives distasted their efforts, they could have driven them away; if more irritated, they could have beaten them; if still more infuriated, they could have murdered them! Has any thing of the kind occurred? Has the outbreak in India originated with the population generally, and have the Missionaries been the first victims? No such thing. The insurrection has originated with the Sepoys.

The explosive centres have been the great military stations throughout Northern India. But the military and Missionary stations are not identical. On the contrary, there are very many of the military stations which have no place whatever in the catalogue of Missionary operations. It is, moreover, to be observed, that the places where the greatest enormities have been perpetrated, have been entirely devoid of Missionaries. We enumerate Hansi, Hissar, Shahjehanpur, Moradabad, Bareilly, Azimgurh, Gwalior, Jansi, Neemuch; and to these may be added Bithur, the rajah of which stands prominent in the list of reckless and pitiless murderers. Oude, a favorite province with the authorities, where the close-borough system of recruiting has been extensively carried out, appears to be a principal focus of disaffection, from whence the greatest number of malcontents have come; and yet Oude has never been entered by the Christian Missionary. It is remarkable that, in Mr. Wylie's elaborate work, "Bengal as a field of Missions," published about three years back, most of the localities above enumerated have been specially mentioned as suffering under a total deprivation of Christian opportunity: Oude, with its three millions; Hissar, with a population of 10,000 and upwards; Hansi, with 14,000 and upwards; Moradabad, with 57,000 and upwards; Bareilly, 111,000 and upwards; Shahjehanpur, 74,000 and upwards; Bithur, 13,000 and upwards; Azimgurh, 13,000 and upwards. Assuredly if the Missionaries had been the cause of it, the outbreak would have been most furious where their irritating action had been felt, while those places which had been uninterfered with would have remained at peace. The contrary has been the fact. With the exception of Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Delhi, we are not aware that any of the towns where the greatest atrocities were perpetrated have been occupied as Missionary stations; and with respect to the last-mentioned city, the occupation has been quite recent. We repeat, then, before the Missionary can be convicted as the incendiary, it must be clearly shown that the disturbed places are exclusively those where he has been at work, and the accusation against him be confirmed by the strongly-contrasted fact that, in the districts and cities where he has not been, there has been no disquietude. If this cannot be demonstrated: if, on the contrary, it be an indisputable fact that the conflagration has broken out in places far beyond the narrow limits of his work—places with which he has never interfered, never even visited: then the cause of such calamities must be sought elsewhere. If, when alone and unarmed, in the midst of the native population, the Missionary has met no violence, and suffered no injury; and the Missionary stations which have been destroyed have been such as had place at the great military centres, while those of a rural character, and removed from European communities—such as our stations in the Krishnagurh district—have been unmolested; then is it undoubted that the Missionary element has not been the cause of these calamities. With more truth might they be attributed to the absence, rather than to the presence, of the Missionary.

But again, the insurrection connects almost exclusively with the Sepoys. By them it was initiated, and by them it is sustained. Of the population generally, some portions, no doubt, have been induced to join in the tumultary proceedings which at the present time disquiet India, but they have been actuated rather by the love of plunder than by hatred of Europeans. It is, we believe, correct to say that the mass of the people are not in sympathy with the insurgents; and when the confusion has in some measure subsided, and, the conspiracy being crushed, and fearful retribution having fallen upon the heads of the guilty parties, we shall have time to look around, it will be seen, we doubt not, that many from amongst the Hindus themselves have been great sufferers from the plunder of property and other lawless acts which have been perpetrated. To our countrymen, in the hour of their deep distress, great kindness has been shown on all occasions. The poor fugitives, escaping with their lives from some scene of slaughter, have been pitied and helped by the villagers, and concealed, with much risk to themselves, from the fury of their pursuers. The present is not at all a national movement: "it is a fierce, selfish, military mutiny, which is running its own course." It is a Sepoy rebellion. But of all portions of all the population, the native soldiery is that with which the Missionary has had least to do. To the Sepoys he has had but little access. They were the preserve of the authorities; special permission was needed to approach them, and the very necessity of making application for this, and the uncertainty as to the result, constituted a special discouragement to this branch of Missionary labour.

There was a time when those in authority excluded the Missionary from India; and when he came thither, as a portion of "all the world," to which, by Divine injunction, the gospel was to be preached, they ejected him, and the command of God was contravened by the command of man. But the national reverence for Christianity was too powerful to permit the maintenance of so wide a circle of exclusion, and it was gradually contracted, until the native soldiery alone remained within its limits. But from these the *tapu* has never been entirely removed. The Missionary was permitted to move in other directions, but with the Sepoys it was not always that he found himself free to interfere; and when an opportunity was conceded, it was precarious, and liable to be interrupted at any moment. The introduction of the leaven of Christianity amongst the native soldiery was by many earnestly deprecated. Whether it was for the advantage of the Sepoy that he should become a Christian or remain a heathen, that was not the question: it was the fidelity of the army that was exclusively considered; and when, to secure this, it was thought necessary there should be no Missionary interference, the claims of Christianity, and the right of the native to hear and judge for himself, were alike unhesitatingly sacrificed. It was not merely that individuals in authority, professing Christianity as their own religion, and the religion of the country to which they belonged, were indifferent as to its progress among the natives, but, so far as the Sepoys were concerned, they were often decidedly opposed to it. To the native soldier they desired to make it a prohibited element. If, by one means or another, he attained to the knowledge of it, and came under conscientious convictions, his renunciation of Hinduism or Mahommedanism was at the peril of being dismissed from the ranks. We are making no vague assertion, which we cannot authenticate. We state a fact, and are prepared to prove it.

The introduction of Missionary effort into North India, and the attempt to communicate to the natives the light and blessing of Christianity, are of recent date. Even so late as 1814, when ascending the Ganges in Lord Moira's suite, was Thomason constrained to write—"We have annihilated the political importance of the natives, stripped them of their power, and laid them prostrate, without giving them any thing in return. They possess neither learning, nor emulation, nor power. Every spring of action seems deadened. They wallow in the filth of a senseless and impure religion, without any prospect of deliverance." It was not until 1818 that our first Missionaries reached Calcutta. Gradually, as stations were formed here and there, and good men, whether chaplains or Missionaries, labored, as they had opportunity, in communicating to the poor, dark heathen around them the knowledge of God's mercy in Christ, their hearts were cheered by instances of conversion from amongst various classes of the natives. Amongst others was a Sepoy—a Naick, or corporal. He was lying with his regiment at Meerut, and there, through the instrumentality of the chaplain, the Rev. H. Fisher, was brought to the faith of the gospel. How was this man dealt with by the authorities? It was the first case of the kind, and therefore of great importance. It was now to be decided whether the Sepoys should have the same advantages with other sections of the population, or be placed under peculiar restrictions; whether a native, under conscientious conviction, might become a Christian, and yet remain a soldier, or whether his conversion to Christianity was to be regarded as a disqualification from further service. It was a moment of serious responsibility, so far as the authorities were concerned. The prevailing idea then was, that the introduction of Christianity among the natives of India was a dangerous experiment, and more particularly among the Sepoys. We wish we could conclude that misconception exploded, but it is beyond dispute that many minds are, even at this advanced period, possessed with it. How, then, did the Government act? Did they nobly affirm—We cannot interfere with freedom of conscience in those under employ, nor can we place a stigma on a religion which we ourselves profess, and believe to be true? If any man, whether soldier or civilian, profess it before his countrymen, he shall be protected. Truly it was an anxious moment, and our readers will be curious to be made acquainted with the course that was pursued—whether the authorities sacrificed their religion to their interests, or their interests to their religion. We regret to say that to subserve their interests they were prepared to sacrifice their religion. In the course which they pursued, they sacrificed as well their interests as their religion. In our next we will place before them Mr. Fisher's narrative of the whole transaction.

### "IT IS BETTER TO LOSE A GOOD FATHER THAN A BAD ONE."

On reaching the habitation of a man who I had learned was sick, the first salutation I received was from his daughter, who running to me exclaimed with tears, "Oh, Mr. D. W., I have no father." Her father had just expired. One of the neighboring women spoke of it as a heavy aggravation of her affliction, that she had lost so good a father. "I reckon," said the mother, now a widow, her eyes suffused with tears—"I reckon it is better to lose a good father than a bad one." I have heard many sensible remarks made by plain people, but this was certainly one of the most striking. What a train of reflections does it awaken!

*It is better for the father.* The death of a good man is always better than the death of a bad one. "The righteous hath hope in his death." Washed, and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God, he goes to be with Christ in heaven, where free from all the care and toil, and temptation and sin and sorrow of earth, he will enter into holy rest, and his peace like a river will flow on and on for ever and ever. The bad father, like every other rejecter of Christ, sinks at death into eternal woe.

*It is better for the children.* They still enjoy the benefit of their father's instructions, his example, and his prayers. Will not the lessons of wisdom and piety which he gave them, be remembered, and solemnly pondered, now that he has gone to heaven, and they can hear him no more? Will not his godly walk and conversation influence them, though they can see him no more? And will not his prayers in the family, and in the closet, flowing from a heart loving God, and loving them, and yearning for their best welfare both in this world and the next, be still remembered and answered by Him who is the hearer of prayer, though death has sealed the lips that uttered them?

And what a mitigation of their grief to reflect that their father still lives; that though absent from them, he is present with the Lord; and though his death is to them an irreparable loss, it is to him infinite gain.

It is not so with those children whose unhappy lot it is to bury irreligious parents. As their training has been conducted principally, if not exclusively, with reference to this world, there is great danger that, like their parents, they will seek their portion in this life, and fail to lay up treasure in heaven. No bright example of parental piety still lingers in their memories, and silently but powerfully influences them to avoid the ways of sin, and to walk in the paths of righteousness. No prayers for them have gone up as a memorial before God. If they ever ask, What is the eternal condition of our departed parents? all is dark and distressing. They hear no voice, as it were from heaven, saying, "We are at rest; follow us, as we followed Christ, and you will soon enter into our joy."

Deep will be the misery in hell of those children who had pious parents, but who cast away their birthright, who lived as the ungodly and perished with the ungodly. Deep and impassable the gulf that will for ever separate them from their glorified parents.

A. D. W.

HOW ROMANISTS ARE CONVERTED.—At a religious meeting, where something had been said of the distribution of the Scriptures among the deluded followers of the Man of Sin, a young man arose, and, in a very simple and impressive manner, said: "I wish to bear my testimony to the truth of the remark just made; I know the Bible is not given in vain. Some time ago I was met by a tract visitor, who spoke to me about my soul; and though I cared little about it, and treated him with great indifference, he persevered in his kind efforts, and also gave me a copy of the Bible. Not knowing its value, I put it away; but after a little I got it out, and commenced reading it, and the more I read, the more I wanted to; till at length, to make my story short, my eyes were opened, and I hope God has had mercy on my soul; and now I want all my poor blinded countrymen to have the Bible. I have often wished I could find that tract visitor, and thank him for his interest in me, and for his precious gift." We subsequently learned from one of our pastors that this young converted Papist is now undergoing a course of training, preparatory to entering upon the work of the Gospel ministry. The tract visitor he may never find; the friend and the befriended may never meet again in the world. What a joy it will be to the faithful Christian, often cast down at his want of success, to find, in the light of an eternal day, that after all his labors were not in vain. The Word of God, to be sure, gives him the promise now, but his heart faints at its apparent non-fulfilment. Christian laborer, scatter the Scriptures, the religious tracts; you cannot toil in vain. The work will live when you are dead! "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground: and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." Behold what hath God wrought! See the power of the Bible! This poor Romanist, taught to hate the Bible, is now heard humbly and gratefully to sing—

"Lord I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage."

[*N. Y. Observer.*

OUR LANGUAGE.—Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words, our common spoken English hardly to 5000. And the proportion of native or home-grown words is undoubtedly very much higher in both the 5000 and the 10,000 than it is in the 40,000. Perhaps of the 30,000 words, or thereabouts, standing in the dictionaries, that are very rarely or never used, even in writing, between 20,000 and 25,000 may be of French or Latin extraction. If we assume 22,000 to be so, that will leave 5000 Teutonic words in common use; and in our literary English, taken at 10,000 words, those that are non-Roman will thus amount to about a half. Of that half 4000 words may be current in our spoken language, which will therefore be genuine English for four-fifths of its entire extent. It will consist of about 4000 Gothic and 1000 Roman words.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

BAD NEWS FOR SARDINIA.—There is no doubt that the Emperor of the French is endeavoring to effect an arrangement between Sardinia and the Holy See. Its basis would be an adoption of the French Concordat of 1801, instead of the Austrian.

### CARDINAL WISEMAN AND THE INDIAN MUTINIES.

Cardinal Wiseman recently preached a sermon at Salford, in which he alluded to the causes and character of the mutinies in India. The *Times* makes the following very just remarks on the bad, un-English spirit of this sermon:—

Cardinal Wiseman coolly mounts the pulpit at Salford to draw from the Indian mutiny—what argument should you think?—an argument on the side of the Papal States and Naples *versus* Piedmont; and we suppose *versus* England too! What should we say, is the cardinal's ingenious comment, if the leaders of this mutiny escaped to an independent state in India, the sovereign of which refused to give them up on the ground that they were political refugees who had only fought for a change of government in Hindostan?—the retort of course being that European countries ought on the same rule to give up the Roman and Neapolitan refugees. Now, it would be perfectly easily to reply here, first, that these Indian mutineers are not only rebels but atrocious criminals as well. That one fact immediately of itself sweeps away the cardinal's analogy. And in the next place we might say—and we defy contradiction—that we have fulfilled our engagements to our Indian soldiers, while those European states have notoriously broken theirs to their subjects; and therefore that the Indian mutineer, were he a political criminal only, would stand on very different ground from a disaffected Neapolitan. Can the cardinal deny the fact that the Neapolitan Government has broken express engagements made to its people? He knows he cannot. He knows that the Neapolitan Government has published a formal defence of the admitted violation of those engagements, founded upon a particular casuistical theory. All this is simple fact—it is black and white—and we have the printed documents, which Mr. Gladstone published. But we want only to draw attention to the circumstance that the cardinal can at such a time as the present coolly institute a comparison between an Indian mutineer and a disaffected Neapolitan! How truly sympathetic, just at this moment, to tell us that the Indian mutineer is, according to our own standard, a very respectable sort of person, that he is only a political criminal, that we ought not to feel so very angry with him, and that we welcome with hospitality to our own shores men of exactly the same type in Europe. What English sensibilities are here! what tenderness to the honour and the griefs of Englishmen and Englishwomen! . . . . We see in the cardinal at once the foreigner, not the Englishman; the man whose sympathies are all with European despotisms, and not with the constitution, the power, the honour, or the influence of England.

Cardinal Wiseman is again our correspondent. He wants to know whether we still maintain our criticism upon his sermon of the 26th of July. We regret to say that we see no occasion for altering it. And we must add that if anything could strengthen our convictions on the subject it would be the Cardinal's own defence of himself, which is, first, that, knowing of the Indian massacres, he deplored them with a sufficient and adequate grief; secondly, that not knowing of them, he had a good excuse for an insufficient and inadequate demonstration of grief. It is sometimes useful to have two strings to a bow, but care should be taken that they do not pull against each other. We will not, however, dwell on the discord of the Cardinal's two strings, but will take what is evidently the favourite one of the two, and see on what ground his plea of ignorance rests—*i. e.*, that his sermon was preached before "any of the accounts in detail of the atrocities," &c., had reached us. He insists particularly on the date of his sermon, and charges us with suppressing it. But what was the date of his sermon? The sermon was preached on the 26th of July—that is, two days after the news of the massacres of Meerut, and five days after that of the massacres of Delhi, had arrived. It is rue that all the details of these massacres were not then given,—indeed, they have not yet reached us,—but some very dreadful details had been published, and the slaughter was stated to have been general and indiscriminate, involving, men, women, and children, and accompanied with the most atrocious insults to the women. It was after the arrival of this news that the Cardinal's principal comment upon the outrages in India, in a public discourse, was a taunt against England and Piedmont, and a comparison of Indian mutineers with our "friends," as he described them, the Neapolitan refugees. Our remark upon this was that the preacher did not care a straw for the Indian outrages, but was simply intent on extracting an argument from them in favour of the King of Naples; and we maintain that this was natural and just criticism. We have no access to the secrets of the Cardinal's breast, and cannot possibly judge of his feelings except from his own expression of them. If he really felt any deep and tender sympathy with English sufferings in India, this was a very odd way of showing it. His sermon has not done him justice in this respect, and the sooner he learns how to express his feelings more correctly the better. He will, at any rate, learn a lesson from our comments, and, on the next occasion on which he may desire to express his affection for the English, he will adopt another mode of doing so than that of extracting from a national affliction an impertinent taunt. It may be a mistake, but we are not accustomed to regard such a proceeding as a sign of affection or sympathy; and, this being the case, we could only make the comment we did upon the Cardinal's discourse. We were then, and we are now, commenting upon a public writing, and upon a public writing only. We know nothing about the individual as such, whether he is or is not humane, sympathetic, tender, or affectionate. We cannot pretend to carry on a dispute with the Cardinal respecting the state of his own feelings, and as he appears to be ready now to give, as the Quakers say, his "affirmation" that he does feel true, genuine, and indisputable grief for the sufferings of our countrymen and countrywomen in India, we are willing to admit the fact upon his assertion, but we must repeat that he has been most unfortunate in his mode of expressing himself. We earnestly advise him for the future, when he wants to show himself particularly sympathetic and to condole tenderly with us in our misfortunes, not to apply such a tortuous argumentative sneer to the subject as he applied on the late occasion. He may as well omit allusion to the King of Naples, for that is at any rate an irrelevant subject, and he may expose himself, as he has done now, to misconstruction. He cannot show his English feeling and patriotism by turning the misfortunes of England into a gratuitous charge against her and a defence of a foreign despotism. If he does he will infallibly provoke the same criticism that he has done now. He will be called, instead of a friend in need, a Job's comforter, and, instead of an Englishman, a foreigner.

A MISSIONARY'S ACCOUNT OF INDIA.—The Rev. J. Smith, a missionary just returned from Northern India, made some instructive observations at a meeting recently held at Leicester. He asks, why was Delhi left in the hands of the native troops? Two hundred European soldiers would have saved it from falling into the hands of the insurgents. He tells us that we have learned by woful experience, that the deference outwardly paid to European officials was, to a great extent, mere pretence:—"For sixteen years he had lived amongst the natives; night after night he had sat round their fires; he knew their actual thoughts, and their minds had been opened to him time after time as they seldom were to Europeans. He had seen them hundreds of times when one of our generals, or judges, or magistrates had come amongst them. They had come forward and bowed before him, but had been laughing him to scorn directly his back was turned." Mr. Smith confirms, by his personal observation, the fact that Mahomedans of all classes have ever manifested thorough hostility to the British government.