

CORRESPONDENCE.

[About the end of January last, the Rev. Mr. Bond stated, at the anniversary meeting of the French Canadian Missionary Society, that four hundred converts had lately left the Church to join the church of England, in Connemara. Shortly after a pamphlet appeared, containing a communication from the Rev. Mr. Flannelly, denying the statement, and impeaching the validity of Mr. Bond's authority;—to which appeared an anonymous letter in the *Montreal Gazette*, accusing the Rev. Mr. Flannelly with being an *obscure priest*. To this anonymous correspondent, we oppose the following communication from the Rev. Mr. Flannelly, to which the editor of the *Montreal Gazette* has refused insertion.]

Ballinakill, Cliden, Co. Galway,
(Ireland,) May 17th, 1850.

To the Editor of the *Montreal Gazette*.

SIR,—Whereas you have permitted an unknown scribe, under the signature "Verax," to assail me before the American public, I trust you will do me the justice of publishing my reply to his erroneous statements. If "Verax" had a good cause to defend, why conceal his name from the public; but, "he who does evil, hates the light," and so it is with him. He thinks he will refute my arguments, by calling me an "obscure priest." I admit I am a humble and an insignificant individual; but I have, notwithstanding, presumed to write a small pamphlet, to fill it with facts, which remain as yet uncontradicted, and I have authenticated them with my humble name and address.

Your readers will easily understand that men, who prevail on starving creatures to abjure their faith and trample on conscience, by soup, money, raiment, and bribes of all kinds, and who derive large emoluments from this inhuman traffic, can have no difficulty in *swelling numbers*, to delude their fanatical supporters and fill their own coffers with plenty of money.

Monstrous lies, and unheard-of cruelty and intolerance, are the foundations of the base system of proselytism in which these modern Pharisees are now so actively engaged. Among the latest of their "ingenious devices" to procure money, is the false statement now paraded for a purpose before the American public, of having *four hundred converts* to the Protestant Heresy, in Connemara. My knowledge of this parish, and of all Connemara, enables me to give the most unqualified contradiction to this lying and unblushing assertion. They leave nothing untried, yet their harvest is small; and so lost are they to make up a flock that, this day Jos. Higgins, a poor naked cripple, came to my house and made a declaration to the following effect: "That he was offered a shilling every Sunday, and a new suit of clothes, on condition of attending their Conventicle, and in the event of the *Donkey* dying which carried him about, another *Ass* would be bought for him by the Bible Society." This is a novel mode of argumentation—asses, indian meal, stirabout, soup, old clothes, &c., &c.

As they are going about from hovel to hovel, "seeking whom they may devour" in this manner, it is no wonder, if some few bad and abandoned Catholics,—rocks of scandal to the faithful, and the noxious weeds that were plucked up and cast outside the walls of the "one true fold,"—would be picked up by those wicked and mercenary men. I have met those creatures, and they all admit the misery of their state, and hope never to die in this horrible condition.

"Verax" says the story of four hundred converts must be true, "as the protestant Bishop of Tuam would not suffer his name to be mixed up with what was incorrect." "Verax" may assume, if he likes, the infallibility, aye, and the impeccability too, of the said protestant Bishop; but the mere circumstance of his Lordship's connexion with this or any similar project, is far from being conclusive evidence of its truth. And to illustrate this for "Verax!!! and your readers, I beg to call your attention to the following fraud with which the said protestant Bishop of Tuam was connected.

About five years ago a placard was printed and circulated in this parish, stating "that there were one hundred protestant families located here, and that they stood in need of a church and protestant minister," &c., &c. To this was added a list of subscribers, among whom was the name of the protestant Bishop of Tuam, giving a donation of £5. Knowing that there were no more than three families at the time, in Ballinakill, professing the protestant heresy, I exposed the cheat, in a letter addressed through the English and Irish press to the protestant Bishop of Tuam. This story is another like the four hundred converts!!! They have succeeded, through the powerful agency of the Exeter Hall spouters, in pouring heaps of English money into the pockets of those traders in souls; but I hope they must show work for the American people, before they persuade them to unstring their purses and advance their money. They are, however, making a noble effort to get at the cash.

I remain, your obdt. and humble servant,
WILLIAM FLANNELLY, P.P.,
Ballinakill and Boffin.

P.S.—I pass over in silence the blasphemous allusion "Verax" makes to the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, and challenge him to name the Priest, the woman who was converted, the village, the parish, and the time of the occurrence. No such thing has been heard of in Connemara.

WM. FLANNELLY.

To the Editor of the *True Witness and Catholic Chronicle*.

SIR,—Would it not be well to give a little information to the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, concerning the Society of the Jesuits? The poor creature! Sure he would not, for the world, be willingly guilty of mortal sin, by calumniating the unoffending Jesuits! Yet this crime he has committed; but, of course, it was from an erroneous conviction. For God's sake then, try to save the poor editor of the *Montreal Witness*, from falling again into so great a sin. He stated that the Indians drove the Jesuits out of Paraguay. Where is his proof? Tell him to read *Robertson's History of Charles V.* He will there find the following: "But it is in the new world that the Jesuits have exhibited the most wonderful display of their abilities, and have contributed most effectually to the benefit of the human species. The conquerors of that unfortunate quarter of the globe, had nothing in view but to plunder, to enslave, and to exterminate its inhabitants. The Jesuits alone have made humanity the object of their settling there. About the middle of the last century they obtained admission into the fertile province of Paraguay, which stretches across the southern continent of America, from the bottom of the mountain of Potosi, to the confines of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements on the banks of the River de la Plata. They found the inhabitants in a state little different from that which takes place among men when they first begin to unite together; strangers to the arts; subsisting precariously by hunting or fishing; and hardly acquainted with the first principles of subordination or government. The Jesuits set themselves to instruct and to civilize these savages. They taught them to cultivate the ground, to rear tame animals, and to build houses. They brought them to live together in villages. They trained them to arts and manufactures. They made them taste the sweets of society, and accustomed them to the blessings of society and order. These people became the subjects of their benefactors, who have governed them with a tender attention, resembling that with which a father directs his children. Respected and beloved almost to adoration, a few Jesuits presided over some hundred thousand Indians. They maintained a perfect equality among all the members of the community. Each of them was obliged to labor, not for himself alone, but for the public. The produce of their fields, together with the fruits of their industry of every species, were deposited in common storehouses, from which each individual received every thing necessary for the supply of his wants. By this institution, almost all the passions, which disturb the peace of society, and render the members of it unhappy, were extinguished. A few magistrates, chosen by the Indians themselves, watched over the public tranquillity, and secured obedience to the laws. The sanguinary punishments, frequent under other governments, were unknown; an admonition from a Jesuit; a slight mark of infamy; or, on some singular occasion, a few lashes with a whip, were sufficient to maintain good order among these innocent and happy people."

REASON WHY THE JESUITS LEFT PARAGUAY.

"A notion had been generated in the imagination of Pombal, the Portuguese minister, that in the region of these happy settlements, there were mines of gold unknown to the inhabitants. On these he cast his eyes, and commenced an intrigue for exchanging that territory with Spain for others at the immense distance of three hundred leagues. This being effected, he resolved, that the whole Indian population of Paraguay should be transported. The Jesuits were ordered to dispose the people to transmigration. They at first ventured to represent, modestly, the difficulty of such a removal, and to conjure the officers of government to consider what an undertaking it was to transport, over such wildernesses, 30,000 souls, with their cattle and effects, to a distance of nearly 1000 miles. They were sharply told that obedience, not expostulation, was expected. The consequences present a history that might draw tears from the most obdurate.

"Now would have been the time for the Jesuits to establish their empire, had the project imputed to them, been founded. What was their conduct? Rather than become rebels, these faithful and humble subjects labored earnestly to prevail on the Indians to obey the mandate. Their exertions, however great, were not satisfactory, and new commands for haste were issued. A few months were allowed for an undertaking, which, if it could be executed at all, required years. This precipitation ruined the whole. The poor creatures, who were to be torn from their habitations, driven to extremities, began to distrust their own missionaries, and suspected them of acting in concert with the officers of Spain and Portugal. From that moment they looked upon them only as so many traitors, who were seeking to deliver them up to their old inveterate enemies. In the course of a short time, peace, order, and happiness gave way to war, confusion, and misery. These Indians, previously so flexible, so docile, insensibly lost that spirit of submission and simplicity which had distinguished them; and they everywhere prepared to make a vigorous resistance. The contest lasted a considerable time, during which the Indians experienced some success, but were ultimately defeated. Some of them burnt their towns, and betook themselves in thousands to the woods and mountains, where they perished miserably."—See *Memoirs of the Ministry of Carvalho*, Marquis de Pombal.

Why should the editor of the *Montreal Witness* be guilty of the lying insinuation, that the Jesuits, by misconduct, so provoked the natives of Paraguay, as to bring about their own banishment? It is not without reason you give your journal the title of TRUE WITNESS.

PADRUIG MAC GEARL.

O'MEAGHER'S MESSAGE TO IRELAND.

(Continued.)

Three days having elapsed, I woke up, gave a great yawn, and drove off to Ross—a little apology of a town, seven miles nearer than Campbell Town to the seat of Government.

The visit I paid it, short as it was, convinced me that Ross was a far more preferable place to take up my quarters in than Campbell Town: the latter place has too much of the vulgar, upstart village in it; contains too much glare, dust, and gossip, and it would be hard, I think, to do anything else than yawn, catch flies, and star-gaze in it. Here one can be more to himself; therefore, more free; consequently, more happy.

To Ross, then, I removed in all haste, and lost no time in looking out for a little cottage, or half a one, if a whole one was impracticable.

I was not long in fixing upon the one in which I now write this letter. The appearance of it was most prepossessing and the interior arrangements singularly inviting. Just fancy a little lodge, built from head to foot with bright red bricks; two flower-beds, and a neat railing in front; a laburnum bush in each bed; a clean smooth flagway, eighteen inches across, from the outer gate to the hall door; two stone steps to the latter; a window, containing eight panes of green glass, on each side of the same; and then, four rooms inside, each fourteen feet by twelve, and an oven in the kitchen; just fancy all this, and you will have a pretty correct picture of the establishment in which, with a domestic servant of all work, and a legion of flies, I have now the happiness to reside.

At first, I had only the two front rooms. At present, I have the whole house to myself, and the use of a cultivated plot of ground in the rear, where a select circle of cabbages, a few sprigs of parsley, a score of onions, and a stone of potatoes, with a thistle or two, get on very well together, and have no one to touch them.

My landlady is a devout Wesleyan, an amiable female of stupendous proportions, and proportionate loquacity—her husband is a Wesleyan too, a shoemaker by trade, and a spectre in appearance; so much so, indeed, that the wife may be styled, with the strictest geometrical propriety, his "better half" and three quarters. Upon coming to terms with them in the first instance—that is, when I had the two front rooms, and they the two back ones—an agreeable dialogue took place, of which the following may be considered a fair report:—

"Sir," said Mrs. Anderson, sticking a pin into the sleeve of her gown, and spreading down her apron before her.

"Well, Ma'am," said I. "You see as how it is, me and my husband be Wesleyans, and we don't like a-cooking on Sundays, and so if it don't matter to you, Sir, we'd a' soon not dress you any meat a' that day for we're commanded to rest and do no work upon the Sabbath, and that you see, Sir, is just how it is."

"As to that," I replied, "I don't much mind having a cold dinner upon Sundays, but then, there are the potatoes! Potatoes, you know, Mrs. Anderson, are very insipid when cold."

This was a difficulty of great magnitude. Mrs. Anderson paused, and swelled up instantly. When the swelling subsided a little, she cast an inquiring glance at her husband, as if to implore him for a text, a note or a comment, to help her out of a difficulty, in which, like a sudden deluge, the conflicting ideas of a boiled potatoe and the Day of Rest had involved her.

The glance had the desired effect. Mr. Anderson took off his spectacles, held them with crossed hands, reverently before him; threw back his head; threw up his eyes, and fixing them intently upon a remarkable constellation of flies, close to a bacon hook above him, seemed to inquire from it, in the absence of the stars, a solution of the difficulty.

A moment's consultation sufficed—a new light descended upon Mr. Anderson, and yielding to the inspiration of the moment, he pronounced it to be his opinion, that a boiled potatoe would not break the Sabbath, and "in that, or any other way, he'd be happy to serve the gen'lm'n."

Well, in this little cottage I manage to get through my solitary days cheerfully enough. It costs me an effort, however, to do so; for, I am sure, nature never intended me for an anchorite, and often and often I am as companionless and desolate here as Simon Stylites on the top of his pillar. Only one human being, for instance, has passed by my window to-day: he was a pedlar, with fish and vegetables, from Luncannon, and wished to know as he was passing, if I wanted any fresh flounders for dinner.

On the whole, I must say, the Government have acted towards us, ever since our conviction, in a fair, mild, honorable spirit. Sending us out so many thousand miles away from our homes and friends, to this cheerless penal settlement, was to be sure, a measure of great severity; yet, it would be hard to say, they could have done less. As a Government, holding themselves to a very large extent responsible to the people of England, and, for the most part, shaping their councils and acting in accordance with the known opinion of that people, it would have been difficult for them to adjudge a lesser punishment to those, against whom, in England, the public sentiment ran so high and so determinedly. For my part, though I feel sorely, I conceive it would be unmanly and unjust to complain of it with bitterness. We played for a high stake—the highest that could be played for; we lost the game by a wretched throw, and with a willing heart and a ready hand, we ought, like honorable men, to pay the forfeit, and say no more about it.

I write thus frankly to you, my dear Duffy, upon the subject, for it often pained me to observe the querulousness and spite with which the Government were abused in Ireland, whenever they adopted measures to repress the spirit which aimed and struck at their existence. A fairer and a nobler feeling would more gratefully befit a nation whose soul is in arms against a rule which humbles her attitude before the world, and proscribes her flag. Calmly to foresee, and, with patient generous courage, to accept the sacrifices which defeat imposes—to bear the Cross with the same loftiness of soul as she would wear the Laurel Crown—this should be the study and ambition of our country; and if it were so, believe me, her struggle would assume a grander aspect, and excite, through the world at large, deeper and more enduring sympathies than those which have hitherto—in our time, at all events—attended her.

So far then, you see, I have no complaint to make with regard to our present fate—dull and bleak, and wearisome as it is. But, I do complain, that, having separated us by so many thousand miles of sea, from all that was dear, consoling, and inspiring to our hearts,

they should have increased the severity of this punishment by distributing us over a strange land in which the most gratifying friendships we could form would compensate so poorly for the loss of the warm familiar companionship we so long enjoyed. There is M'Manus away in New Norfolk, O'Donohoe in Hobart Town, O'Dogherty in Outlands, Martin in Bothwell, Meagher in Campbell Town, O'Brien off there in Maria Island! Each has a separate district, and out of that district there is no redemption.

Now, generally speaking, "a district" is about the size of a respectable country parish at home. Mine, for instance, extends from thirty to thirty-five miles in length, and varies from ten to fifteen in breadth. At the end of a fortnight I came to the conclusion, that between a prison and a "district" there was just about the same difference as exists between a stable and a paddock. In the one you are tied up by a halter—in the other you have the swing of a tether.

Within the last five weeks, however, Martin, O'Dogherty, and I, have discovered a point, common to our three respective districts, at which, without a breach of the regulation prohibiting any two or more of us from residing together, we can meet from time to time.

This fortunate point is on the edge of a noble Lake, twenty-four miles from Ross, up in a range of mountains, known as the "Western Tier." O'Dogherty has to ride twenty miles to it, and Martin five-and-twenty. Monday is usually our day of meeting, and eleven, or thereabouts, the hour at which we emerge from three different quarters of the "Bush," and come upon the ground.

The point itself is a small cozy, smoky bit of a log-lane, inhabited by a solitary gentleman named Cooper. The hut is fifteen feet by ten, and high enough to admit in an upright position, of any reasonable extension of legs, spine, hat and shirt-collar. The furniture consists of a something to sleep on—I don't know what to call it; a table, very weak in the extremities; two stools; a block for splitting chops upon; a shelf, three feet in length, and furnished with a couple of pewter plates; a gunpowder flask, full of pepper; three breakfast cups; a carving knife; a breakfast knife; forks to match; a tract upon Foreign Missions, and two columns of a *Sunday Observer*, bearing a remote date.

Here we dine, and spend the evening up to half-past five o'clock, when we descend the "Tier," and betake ourselves to our respective homes. Whilst the preparations for the dinner are going on—whilst Mr. Cooper is splitting chops, shelling peas, washing onions, and melting himself away in a variety of labors by the log-wood fire—we are rambling along the shores of the Lake, talking of old times, singing the old songs, wearing fresh hopes among the old ones that have ceased to bloom.

You cannot picture to yourself the happiness which the days we have spent by that lonely, glorious Lake have brought us. They have been summer days, all of them; and through the sunshine have floated the many-colored memories, the red griefs, the golden hopes of our sad, beautiful old country.

Oh! should hearts grow faint at home, and, in the cold, dark current of despair or grief, fling down the hope they once waved, like a sacred torch, on high; tell them that here, in this strange land, and in the loneliest part of it—here, by the shores of a Lake, where as yet no sail has sparkled, and few sounds of human life as yet have scared the wild swan, or startled the black snake from its nest—tell them that here, upon a lone, lone spot in the far Southern Seas, there are prayers, full of confidence, and faith, and love, offered up for Ireland's cause; and that the belief in her redemption and her glory has accompanied her sons to their place of exile, and there, like some beautiful and holy charm, abides with them; filling the days of their humble solitude with calm light, and joyous melodies, and visions of serene and radiant loveliness.

Previous to the discovery of this celebrated point—a point, by the bye, which would have done credit to the ingenuity of Sir Colman O'Loghlen—O'Dogherty and I used to meet at another place.

His district adjoins mine, about seven miles from Ross, at a convict station called Tenbridge. A river, known by the name of the "Blackman's," forms the boundary of the two districts at this point, and over it, close to the convict station, a pretty bridge has been lately built.

One-half of the "Blackman's" being in the Campbell Town district and the other half belonging to that of Outlands, the middle pier of the bridge in question was, of course, our point of contact; and here, consequently, we "hung out" four or five Mondays successively, and spent a few hours with the utmost hilarity. At our second interview, we christened the point of junction. The ceremony, as you may well suppose, was divested of all solemnity; but in a very copious libation, we toasted the "The Irish Pier!" enthusiastically receiving from each other the highly constitutional sentiment, that the *Peewee* of the "Blackman's" might long continue to resist the current which opposed it, and, standing erect amid the worst of storms, guarantee to us, for many days to come, the right of public meeting!

A few hundred yards above the bridge, on O'Dogherty's side of the river, there happens to be an inn. This inn is built of timber, and washed over with a pale salmon color. It is a very, very old establishment, indeed; and with all the scars and bruises left by a long life-struggle, exhibits, likewise, all the crankiness and extreme debility of age. When the slightest breeze comes by it, it whines, and groans, and growls, in the most dismal manner; and rattling the windows, as if they were so many teeth set loosely in its aching head, shakes from head to foot, and threatens to wind-up and rattle its last account at once.

Old, weak, infirm as it is—spite of all its ailments—a portion of sound life remains within it still; and with that residue of life, many good qualities to recommend it to the public favor. On our several days of meeting it furnished us, for instance, with first-rate dinners. To be sure, the passage through the air, for upwards of five hundred yards or so, condensed the steam of the potatoes, and solidified the gravy somewhat; but the old salmon-colored inn was not to blame for that. In all these cases, the Home Office spoiled the cooking.

One very hot day—the bed of the river being almost quite dry—we dined under the bridge; having, first of all, erected something like a Druid's altar, on the top of which we laid the cloth. The seats were constructed much after the same fashion; and the hamper which brought the ale, the plates, and cheese, being emptied, kicked over, and turned up-side-down, served in the capacity of a very respectable dumb waiter.

So much, then, for O'Dogherty and Martin, both of whom are in excellent health. Now for the rest.

M'Manus, as I have already mentioned, is in New Norfolk, and, in consequence of his not having been