

in the gloomy cells of the Montreal Inquisition, nor are we roused to a frenzy of virtuous indignation against nameless curés, who, rushing frantically across the country, armed with ecclesiastical canons ready to go off at a moment's notice, dash furiously, and when least expected, into lying-in-chambers, and despite the protestations of the "sage femme," recklessly administer impossible sacraments to astounded gossips. André Solandt strikes the harp, but gets nothing out of it; the voice of D. Amaron falls faintly, and tremulously on the ear; no shouts of triumph are heard; no getting up of "Ebenezers;" no pulling down of the strongholds of the "Man of Sin." But sad, and solemn, almost reproachful, is the strain in which the F. C. M. Society tells of its—"urgent wants"—of "funds greatly needed"—of "parcels" long delayed, and of expected clothing, which cometh not. Under these melancholy circumstances we are told that—"The beloved Missionaries" would be much encouraged by a "prompt examination of wardrobes, and an immediate sending of the articles selected." The "beloved" call upon the ladies especially as the softer sex—Ah! would they but—"smile as they were wont to smile"—if the ladies would but make up, and send the boxes of articles which they "were wont to make up and send"—the "beloved" indulge the hope that "they may be happy yet."

But as bears are said, during the long period of their hibernation, to nourish themselves by licking their paws, so do our friends seek to find strength under the pressure of their "Urgent Wants" by falling back upon "Promising Results;" what these "Results" are, how far they may be considered "Promising" and what the prospects of the Society to un-Catholicise the French Canadians, we will give our readers an opportunity of judging, by laying before them a few extracts from the *Missionary Record*.

The first "Promising Result" recorded is the marvellous increase in the number of pupils resident at Pointe aux Trembles—though even here there is a something bitter—a drop of gall in the cup—"One thing grieves and humbles me," says Mr. Tanner,—"there has been no distinct revival in either of our schools during the year which has just fled;" but the pupils have increased in numbers since the winter. By the last "Report" the number of resident pupils was—

Males	47
Females	35
Total	82

By the "Report" for the month of November the number is given—

Males	51
Females	34
Total	85

thus showing a net increase of THREE PUPILS!!! Of these 85 resident pupils, we are informed that "6 have confessed Christ;" what the remaining 79 have done, or are doing, we are not told; we presume that as yet they have not advanced farther on the way of salvation than "denying the Pope," which, in evangelical theology, is the next thing to, and if stoutly persisted in is reckoned almost as sure a sign of godliness as, "confessing Christ." From some additional details we are enabled to estimate the cost of sowing souls at Pointe aux Trembles. "Each pupil costs not far from \$30 per annum;" for 85 pupils this gives us about \$2,550 as the whole cost of the 6 souls that have been brought to "confess Christ," or about \$425 per soul; this will of course include washing and mending.

The next "Promising Result" we find mentioned consists in the additions that have been made to the staff of this noble army of pedlars. At page 22, we read that since the last anniversary meeting in January, "they have added" to their force—

Schoolmasters	1
Colporteurs	2
Pious Young Men	2
Total	5

N.B.—The 2 "Pious Young Men" are intended for Evangelists, an office for which "they are under training."

We find also that several of the Colporteurs have won for themselves the martyr's crown, or something very like it, so great is the malice of the adversary, and so inveterate his opposition to evangelisation—"Louis Marie—Colporteur—soon after the date of the Annual Report was most cruelly beaten by a Canadian, who made the sign of the cross before he commenced." On another occasion—"a woman, although holding a baby in her arms, attempted to strike heavy blows" at Louis Marie—but didn't. Edward Jamieson, Colporteur, says:—

"I offered to sell a Testament to a woman; she took it, looked at it, then threw it in the stove, and taking the poker gave me a blow with it on the arm."

On another occasion the same Colporteur tells us that—

"One of the men took up a chair, and seemed as though he was going to strike me with it." Others took up stones and threw them at me."

Upon the whole, the martyrs have got their crowns very cheap, owing to the good nature or bonhomie of Jean-Baptiste. That the *habitant* is not easily provoked to persecution is clear from the testimony of Jean Marie, who tells us—

"I spoke freely against the idolatry of the feast of the Holy Sacrament, which had taken place only the day before. As many as 21 people gathered round me, and listened attentively; when I departed, they offered me no insult."

This argues great forbearance on the part of the Catholic population. Were an itinerant Papist to go about the country districts in England and Scotland, telling the people that they were a set of "canting, whining, crop-eared knaves," and speaking "freely against"—the hypocrisy of their worship, we

rather suspect that he would not be able to conclude an account of his adventures with a—"they offered me no insult."

The number of conversions recorded is not great. One or two young men have sent their "dismissals to the priest"—that is, have refused to pay tithes, and "profess to be happy." A few little children have been rescued from "baptism," and allowed to die without the sacrament, a subject of much congratulation to the Colporteurs, though the mothers of the unbaptised children seem hardly to be aware of the extent of their "privileges;" nay—one of the Colporteurs tells us—

"In another house a woman received us with angry words, as having been the cause why her child died before he could be baptised."

The Society complains that the "converts" are apt to become "low in spirituality, and worldly in their course," when deprived of "pastoral supervision and instruction." At Warwick, André Solandt "wonders if there was any Canadian converted"—so many had backslid. Mr. Vernier laments that at L—M—, though "Mr. Amaron had announced there the gospel, the enemy seems to have reaped the harvest;" and at L—I—, the same Colporteur admits that the "meetings were not very numerous—a dozen persons were present; some *Universalists* and converted Romanists." Mr. Aubin, stopping for the night in a *habitant's* house, obtains leave from the chief of the family to read to him—"And the more I read," says Mr. Aubin, "the less he was satisfied." Indeed, the only serious effect produced was by Mr. Vessot, who commenced detailing his "experiences" to a Canadian family—

"They were much struck when I told them I had been a Roman Catholic myself, and gave them an account how devout I was."

We should rather think they were.

The members of the Society seem to be conscious that their success for the past year has not been very brilliant, and there are some differences of opinion amongst them as to the best modes to be adopted for converting the French Canadians. The Rev. F. Doudiet strongly recommends "prayer;" D. Amaron puts his trust in "pork;" in fact the latter gentleman seems to have taken a lesson from the Dingle "Soupers."

D. Amaron's plan for extending the Redeemer's Kingdom: "I think it would be for the glory of God if some Christian friends would send barrels of flour, and pork, and tins as payment for their labors."

We find nothing else specially worthy of notice, except a discovery as to the causes of the terrible conflagration in July last. This was not owing, as carnal-minded persons think, to the wooden houses, the strong wind, want of water, but to the Canadian population having rejected the Word of God; as sold by the Colporteurs, cheap, and for cash. It is our friend, Mr. Jamieson, who makes this notable discovery, which we recommend to the attention of the City Council.

"God had visited the city," says our pedlar, "and the greatest part of its sufferers were Canadians... as so many of them had rejected God's Word."

Which fully accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.

Acting upon this hint, we hope the Corporation will not delay to lay on a plentiful supply of "Tracts," and that they will prohibit Popery as well the erection of wooden buildings. We regret to be obliged to add, that the office-bearers of the F.C.M. Society have as yet manifested no disposition to repair the wrongs by them inflicted when Directors of the swindling Montreal Provident and Savings Bank; but we suppose that honesty in business is not an essential qualification of a "professor," and that in the moral code of the conventicle, cheating and breach of trust are considered as amply atoned for, by periodical effusions of cant and calumny against the Catholic Church.

DEDICATION OF THE ALBANY CATHEDRAL.

Sunday last, the 21st inst., will long be remembered with joy and gratitude by the Catholics of the Diocese of Albany, for on that day their splendid Cathedral, just completed, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, and thousands of the faithful assembled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, for the first time offered up beneath its roof.

There were present on this occasion—the Archbishops of New York, and of Santa Fé de Bogota, (the latter an exile from his native land on account of his heroic resistance to the insolent dictation of the ragamuffin demagogues of the Republic of New Granada)—the Bishops of Boston, Montreal, and Richmond, besides the Bishop of Albany; the Archbishop of Cincinnati was prevented by a sudden attack of illness from attending. The services commenced at an early hour on Sunday morning by a solemn procession, within and without the Cathedral, after which came the consecration of the High Altar. His Lordship the Bishop of Boston sang High Mass, and a most eloquent sermon was preached by His Grace the Archbishop of New York. The choir composed of several professional singers from New York, and a large body of amateurs, was admirably conducted; the music chosen for the occasion consisted of selections from Haydn, Mercadante, and Hummel, and excited universal admiration; Vespers in the evening—a sermon from the Bishop of Richmond, and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, concluded the exercises of the day.

We know of no more unmistakable signs of the rapid progress of Catholicity in the United States than those afforded by the marvellous increase of Catholic Cathedrals, Churches, and Religious Establishments, throughout the country. Fools and fanatics may talk as they will about the "Decline of Popery," but in spite of all their declamation, and of all that the Leahies and Kirwans can say or do, rational men will argue that that system cannot be on the "Decline" which is continually obliged to erect new

Churches for its rotaries, and whose sole complaint is, not that worshippers are wanting to its temples, but that its temples are—in spite of all it can do, of all the additions it is continually making—quite inadequate to meet the ever-increasing wants of the worshippers. Twenty years ago, a small frame building sufficed to accommodate the poor and scanty Catholic population of Albany; to-day, five of the finest churches in the city can barely suffice for the wants of the Faithful, who number from fifteen to twenty thousand; and the case of Albany is the case of every city throughout the Union. These are stubborn facts which no amount of No-Popery vituperation can overthrow.

The Catholic population of Albany, consisting for the most part of Irishmen, or the descendants of Irishmen, may be justly proud of their magnificent Cathedral, at the sight of which we could not refrain from asking ourselves the question—"If the Catholics of Albany, living in the midst of Heathendom, are able to erect such a glorious temple for the worship of God, what ought not we, the Catholics of the diocese of Montreal to do, with all our many advantages, dwelling in a Catholic country, and surrounded by Catholic influences?" We hope that the future Cathedral of Montreal may, ere long, give a satisfactory answer to this question, and that though it would be difficult for us to surpass the Cathedral of Albany in beauty, the zeal of the Catholics of this diocese may enable us, at least, to equal it. The whole cost of the Albany Cathedral did not exceed £30,000, and though no description can give an adequate idea of its splendor, the following, which we copy from the *Boston Pilot*, will enable our readers to form some conception of the appearance presented by this noble building, which, if not the largest, is certainly the most beautiful Catholic Church in North America:—

"It is situated about the centre of the city, on the highest rise of Lydius street, and about 150 feet above the level of the Hudson River, so that the full proportions of the Cathedral is the first grand object that attracts the eye of the traveller coming from any point, for miles before he reaches the city. The building itself is two hundred feet long, eighty feet wide at the nave, and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the transepts. The height of the nave is seventy feet. The towers, when completed, will be at least one hundred and sixty feet high; they are not more than half that height at present. It is built of Connecticut brown free-stone, and presents, exteriorly, a solid, massive, well-proportioned and pleasing appearance."

"The whole interior is finished in Gothic style, and the ceilings are ornamented with beautiful emblems—ecclesiastical and religious. The nave is supported by ten Gothic columns. There are 250 pews of black walnut, handsomely finished, which will seat from two to three thousand persons, and the building can be made to contain, by seats in the broad aisles, &c., from four to five thousand. There are five altars, one the grand central altar, and four side ones, which, for richness of material, furniture, and finish, can scarcely be surpassed in this country. Three of them have been imported from France. The sanctuary is about forty feet deep in front of the grand altar, and one hundred and twenty feet wide across."

"Within the transepts are two chapels, filled up and adorned in the most beautiful style. There are also two sacristies, each twenty-two by thirty-five feet, and underneath the altars and sanctuary is a finely finished crypt for the interment of the Bishops and Priests."

"There are thirty-six large Gothic windows, exclusive of the splendid one in the rear of the grand altar, which are glazed with stained glass of rich and beautiful color. They are gifts from the different parishes of the diocese, and the elastic light which they cast over the interior of the building is evidence of the taste of the donors, while these voluntary and rich contributions, unmistakably and lovingly exhibit the zeal and alacrity with which this glorious undertaking of our beloved and venerated Bishop is seconded and advanced."

"The window in the rear of the grand altar is a masterpiece of art. Its size is about forty by twenty-two feet. The rich stained glass was imported from New Castle-Upon-Tyne, England. It is composed of several thousand pieces or panes, and their combination is a perfect history of the Holy Mother of God; while the minutest piece is a complete figure in itself. The cost of this window, which is said to be much below its value, is \$2,400, and is the united present of St. Mary's, St. John's, and St. Joseph's churches in this city."

"The organ, manufactured expressly for this Cathedral by the celebrated Eberle of New York, is proportioned, in architecture, style and finish, to the grandeur and magnificence of the building. Its frame is of polished black walnut. It is forty-five feet high, twenty-four feet wide and fifteen feet deep. It has two thousand and sixty six pipes—the front ones splendidly illuminated—has three benches of keys and forty-two stops. Its tone, melody, and structure, have been tested and examined by the best judges in New York, and it is pronounced the most superior ever built in this country. Its cost is \$7,000."

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY THE IRISH DO NOT MOURN FOR THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, Nov. 22nd, 1832.
DEAR SIR,—There is a great deal of talk just now about the strange fact that we Irish do not mourn, as others do, for that great Irishman—the Duke of Wellington. There is nothing strange in this, Mr. Editor; the Duke of Wellington was not very proud of being an Irishman—on the contrary, he publicly avowed that "the only circumstance of his life which he regretted was his having had the misfortune to be born in Ireland." Ireland, therefore, disowned him; he was no son of hers. She, so prolific in great men—she, whose Burkes and Swifts and Sheridans and Grattans and Currans and Sheils and O'Connells and Moores—not to go back beyond the last generation—were so proud of their Irish birth—she, the mother of poets, and statesmen, and heroes—she could well afford to hand Wellington over to the stranger; he denied her—she denies him. Who does not remember the seathing lines of our own Banim, written on the occasion above referred to:—

"He said that he was not our brother!—
The mongrel! he said what was true!
No! Erin, our dear Island—mother!
He never drew his blood from you!
And what though the milk of your bosom
Gave vigor and health to his veins—
He was but a foul foreign-blossom,
Blown hither to poison our plains!"

If this be not enough to shew how Wellington was regarded by the Irish, let us see what Moore says on the subject—

"Is it he—that chief, so coldly great,
Whom fame unwillingly shines upon—
Whose name is one of the ill-omen'd words
They link with hate on his native plains;
And why?—they lent him hearts and swords,
And he, in return, gave scalls and chains?"

Let no one talk to Irishmen of Wellington's greatness, or of Wellington's fame? What is his greatness or his fame to us? To England he was every thing; to Ireland nothing. For her was his prowess in the field, for her his wisdom in the council; for us and ours he did nothing—nothing except what was wrested from him.

Emancipation was not his gift—nor any man's gift—it was an act of justice wrung from a tyrannical and oppressive government by the unanimous demand of a nation, concentrating all its energy and determination into one stern cry for justice. That cry was heard—no thanks to Wellington or to George the Fourth; they both hated Ireland and the Catholics of Ireland with a hatred that nothing could extinguish. But Ireland was "up and doing?" from one end to the other; the Catholic nations of the earth were no longer passive spectators of her heroic struggles in defence of their common faith—they poured in money and expressions of intense sympathy to the Catholic Association in Dublin, and the Protestant despots who ruled Ireland, saw that they could hold out no longer. In support of this assertion it is only necessary to quote the very remarkable words of the Marquis of Anglesea, then Viceroy of Ireland; "I believe" said he in a letter to Lord Francis L. Gower; "I believe the final success of the Catholics is inevitable, that no power under heaven can avert its progress." The fact is, that if there be any minister of that day to whom gratitude is due from the Irish Catholics, that man is Sir Robert Peel, who by no means manifested the same opposition to the measure that his colleague (Wellington) did.—So much for the senseless jargon about Wellington and Emancipation.

In one of the late numbers of the *Dublin Nation* we find another admirable proof of Lord Wellington's sympathy for his native land. It appears that during all those miserable years of famine and pestilence, when the whole world was moved to compassion by the sufferings of the Irish people—when even the Turk sent his contribution for their relief, not one penny did Wellington ever subscribe—Wellington, one of the wealthiest subjects of the British realm—Wellington, Irish by birth. Ah! surely they know nothing of the Irish heart who can claim its sympathies for the Iron Duke—iron to his own heart's core!

And then as Catholics—speaking no longer of Irish feelings—how can we profess any extravagant love, respect or honor for the hoary persecutor, one of whose last public acts was that of voting for the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—a direct and premeditated insult to our most holy Father, Pius the Ninth? To his last hour, as far as we have seen, the Duke of Wellington was a hater of Ireland and of Catholicity, and for that reason it is that we owe him no sort of honor, either as Catholics or as Irishmen.

We would draw the mantle of charity over the faults of the departed hero, and "let them rest in the shade;" were it not that some have found fault with Irish Catholics for refusing "to bear about the mockery of woe" on the occasion of his funeral. Oh! what a bitter mockery that would be! No, we are fully sensible of what the British empire owes to the Duke of Wellington—he was one of its greatest statesmen, and undoubtedly its greatest captain—he was wise in the council and of consummate skill in the field; but all his glory belongs to England—we claim none of it—not a particle. We are proud of Gough and of Napier—we are not proud of Wellington, and we willingly make him over to England, with all the splendor of his renown—he served her, he fought for her, he loved her—hers he was to the very last—hers he is in death—let her keep him with all our hearts. Truly has it been said by the Irish journal already quoted:—"He was one of the greatest Britons, and the worst Irishmen that ever lived." We could almost imagine that Sir Walter Scott had him in view—and who knows but he had?—when he wrote that memorable obituary:—

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land—
Whose heart bath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

If this be not applicable to the Duke of Wellington, then never was picture faithful to the original!

I am, Mr. Editor,
AN IRISH, CATHOLIC.

We would call the attention of our city readers to Mr. Grant's advertisement on our seventh page, announcing the re-opening of his Class for Vocal Music. We hope it may be well attended, and that Mr. Grant may receive the encouragement which he so well deserves.

Our London Correspondent in our next.

FLATTERING TESTIMONIAL.—The Corporation and citizens of Longueuil have presented an address to Henry P. J. Jackson, General Agent of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad Company, expressing their approbation of his general urbanity, and the impartiality exercised by him in the discharge of his duties as agent of the above line.—*Moniteur Canadien*.

Birth.

To this city, on the 17th instant, the wife of Mr. William Ryan, Butcher, of a son.

Married.

On Thursday morning, at the Chapel of Notre Dame des Anges, Quebec, by the Rev. Edward Moran, Moore Alexander Higgins, eldest son of the late Captain Higgins, H. P., of Toronto, to Angelina Mary, youngest daughter of the late Gordon Moran, Esq., of Quebec.

Died.

On the 20th instant, of measles, Lewis J. Doherty, aged three years and six months, youngest son of M. Doherty, Esq., Advocate, of this city.

In this city, on the 24th inst., Patrick, youngest son of Mr. Arthur Hammell, Butcher, aged two years and eight months. In Boston, on Saturday the 13th inst., after a lingering illness of many months, Catherine, the beloved wife of Patrick Donahoe, Esq., proprietor of the *Boston Pilot*. It was our privilege to have known Mrs. Donahoe, and we can truly say, that as a Christian, a wife, and a mother, she was all that a woman ought to be. May her soul, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

At the Presbytery of St. Grégoire, on the 15th instant, aged 84 years, Charlotte Blain, relict of the late Ls. Harper, Esq. She was the mother of three distinguished Catholic clergymen.

At St. Croix, on the 16th instant, after three months' sickness, the Rev. J. B. Rivin, cure of that parish since 1829. On the 17th inst., at L'Ancienne Lorette, at the advanced age of 86 years and 3 months, the Rev. Jean Denis Daube, formerly chaplain of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec.

At Quebec, on the 19th instant, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Patrick Pidgeon, aged 45 years.