

PIC-NIC OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—We would beg to remind our readers that the great annual pic-nic of the St. Patrick's Society to Lavaltrie is fixed for Wednesday the 16th. There is no fear but it will be well attended and go off well, judging by the experience of former years. We have only to wish that those who visit the groves of Lavaltrie on this occasion may enjoy themselves as well as they have hitherto done on similar excursions, that the high reputation of the Irish pic-nic may be fully sustained. The proceeds will, as usual, be devoted to charitable purposes.

Our cotemporary the *Toronto Mirror* administers the following well deserved chastisement to the *Catholic Citizen* for its behaviour on the School Question. We need only repeat, what we said last week, that a journal which sets itself in opposition to the Bishops of the Diocese has no right to assume the title "*Catholic*":—

A "CATHOLIC" JOURNAL vs. THE BISHOPS.

A journal in this city, from whom better and nobler conduct was expected, had an article last week attacking, not openly, but in a covert way, the course pursued by Bishops De Charbonnel, O'Farrell, and Pinsonneault, in pressing for an amendment to the infamous XIIIth clause of the School Bill of '55. The main reason for this, as far as we could understand, for the article is obscure and disjointed in its composition, is the alleged lateness of the period at which the Bill of Mr. Felton has been introduced. It is contended that to press it forward at this moment is impracticable, nay highly injurious to the interests of Catholicity; and (we exceedingly regret to say it) the ecclesiastic or laic who reads the article referred to, cannot fail to leave off with the fixed impression on his mind, that the Bishops of Toronto, Hamilton, London, &c., are a trio of visionaries and impracticables, who are seeking the shadow while in infinite danger of losing the substance. We will not question the competency of the writer of this article to discuss any question of religion or politics hereafter; his genius must be of a transcendent species, indeed, when he thus, on a matter so intimately connected with the very existence of the Catholic Church in Canada, presumes to lecture its Hierarchy.

The charge of impracticability is most foul and unfair, especially coming from this quarter. It was well known to the Administration and to its new organ, two months before the assembling of Parliament, that the just and equitable demand contained in Mr. Bowes' Bill, and which had been urged upon the attention of the Clergy and the Press by letters from all parts of the Province, would be made at the approaching session. The bill was in the hands of the member for Toronto from the very first: sixteen weeks of the session had been allowed to pass without one single attempt having been made to advance it: and now we are impudently taunted with imprudence and impracticability, because, seeing ourselves betrayed, we warn the Ministry, and those men whom we can call by no other name than servile tools, that justice must be done this session, without further parlarce or delay. This Bill has been long enough before Parliament for that every one of our public men might have learned it off by heart; and we cannot find language strong enough to condemn the treachery of those who seek the petty excuse of its being too late in the session now to deal with it, in order to screen the infamy of those members who have been all along endeavoring to stifle it. The excuse alleged is a mere evasion, a simple pretence;—the real cause is that office or emolument, interest or party connexion interfere with and cloud a once clear and decided intellect; and that the journal has now taken its stand beside those which are favorable or opposed to Separate Schools, as it suits their wishes or convenience.

The charge of ultraism, violence, imprudence, exaggeration and vain-glorious boasting, (for all these are implied) never was made against any men with less reason than against the three Bishops of the Western section of Upper Canada. Bishop de Charbonnel's sympathies are well known to be with the poor, suffering, and humble people; the liberality of his theological views are matter of notoriety everywhere; and it is well known that even before the Council of Quebec, he was censured for having assisted at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Normal School. Besides, the Hon. F. Hincks highly approved of his moderation in '53, while in 1855 the zealous and holy Bishop of Kingston wrote himself to the Government that Dr. Ryerson's voice ought not to be regarded in preference to his, and that if equal rights are not conceded surely the Ministry cannot blame us for being displeased with them, and consequently for being determined to use every constitutional means in our power to prevent their future return to Parliament!

But why seek to rebut such a senseless charge? Does not any man at all conversant with the doctrine or discipline of that Church of which these prelates are rulers, know and feel that they dare not act otherwise? Can we not see that canon after canon, decree after decree, Council after Council, oblige them not to lose a day or an hour in exposing the villainy of men whom even Protestants at a distance, much less Catholics at the capital, perceive to have betrayed and violated their oft-repeated pledges, and to be intent only upon holding on to the public plunder for a few years longer, despite of their protestations to the contrary? How, we ask, dare any Catholic Bishop falter in his duty, or temporize for the sake of keeping any set of men in office, in this semi-Catholic and Celtic country, with this sentence of the National Council of Baltimore before him, signed as it is by Six Archbishops, Twenty-four Bishops, and Two Vicars-Apostolic of the United States?—

"No portion of our charge," say the Venerable Fathers of the Council, "fill us with greater solicitude than that which our Divine Master, by word and example, has taught us to regard with more than ordinary sentiments of affection: the younger members of our flock. If our youth grow up in ignorance of their religious duties, or unpracticed in their consoling fulfilment—if instead of the words of eternal life, which find so full and sweet an echo in the heart of innocence, the principles of error, unbelief or indifference are imparted to them—if the natural repugnance, even in the happiest period of life, to bend under the yoke of discipline, be increased by the example of those whose relation to them gives them influence or authority, what are we to expect but the disappointment of all the hopes which cause the Church to rejoice in the multiplication of her children?"

The Fathers of the Council proceed, in reference to those men who from motives of interest or expediency, seek to dissuade the people from continuing to seek religious education.

"Listen not to those who would persuade you that religion can be separated from secular instruction. If your children, while they advance in human science, are not taught the science of the saints, their minds will be filled with every error, their hearts will be receptacles of every vice, and that very learning which they have acquired, in itself so good and necessary, deprived of all that could shed on it the light of Heaven, will be an additional means of destroying the happiness of the child, embittering still more the chalice of parental disappointment and weakening the foundations of social order. Listening to our voice, which tells you to walk in the ancient paths; to bring up your children as you yourself were brought up by your pious parents; to make religion the foundation of the happiness you wish to secure; for those whom you love so tenderly.

And thus we say too, to our fearless, honest, incorrupt and noble countrymen: "listen not to designing men!" The emblem of our national glory has been for a thousand years the symbol of Heaven's incomprehensible Trinity. Our Shamrock grows in the free and pure air of the hills and valleys beneath the smile of the celestial spirits, and in the flower plots and gardens of our social happiness. It rises not nor does it flourish beneath the withering influence of dazzling gold, or in the deep black dungeons of official corruption. Our Fatherland ever rests on the pillars of eternity; and surely will be fall—surely will the cross and crown of Erin be of iron and not of gold—will be driven into oblivion, who forsakes the cause of the Exile and the father of his people, for paltry office or ignominious bribes. But it has turned out as all prophetic minds anticipated. He who sneered and threw cold water upon the movement for the recall of poor Smith O'Brien—he who could thus smother the warm gushing tide of sympathy in his Irish bosom for one of his country's heroes—is not the writer, nor never can be the writer, to denounce a traitor to the altar of his ancestors.

We might enlarge more upon this subject but want of space prevents us; we shall content ourselves for the present with placing the following scorching denunciation of the O'Farrells, the Alleys, the O'Cauchons, the Cartiers, the Massons, the Meaghers, and the Chabots of the present rotten municipal party, together with their new organ, who is 'proud to agree with them in all things'!

ON SCHOOLS.

1st. The execution of the Provincial decree on mixed schools must be required, and abolition refused to parents who send their children to those schools when they can ABSOLUTELY do otherwise, and to children who frequent such schools when thereby their faith and piety are in danger, which is almost always the case.

ON POLITICS.

2nd. The people must be instructed in their obligations in the exercise of their rights, civil, political, and religious: for all must know that at the election of members for the Legislature, of Mayors, Municipal officers, School Trustees, &c., they must elect those whom they think conscientiously able to defend and support those very rights.

P. F. Archbp. of Quebec.
J. G. Bp. of Montreal.
P. Bp. of Carthage Admin. Kingston.
J. C. Bp. of St. Hyacinthe.
J. E. Bp. of Bytown.
A. F. M. Bp. of Toronto.
Th. Bp. of Three Rivers.
J. Bp. of Hamilton.
A. Bp. of London.

For the especial benefit of the Crown Lands Commissioner and his new organ, we beg to submit that a dignitary of Quebec (who, he will comprehend,) has written to Bishop de Charbonnel, speaking thus:—

"I cannot believe that Mr. Cauchon is opposing the Bill of Mr. Bowes. It would be too crying an inquiry! If hon. members think or say, to exculpate themselves, that you go too far; they must belong to, or hold it from, those false brethren who are found everywhere!!!"

And yet these men, with this same Cauchon at their head, having mounted into power with the Separate School question as a stalking horse, not only destroyed the Bill of last session but refuse to remedy their own misdeeds even now after Mr. Brown's defeat; and prompt too, their mouth-piece to fabricate for them this vile and flimsy excuse while they laugh to scorn in their gilded saloons and upon their Brussels carpets the "Irish paddies" that are fools enough to believe them!

Once for all, countrymen, mark them well! If they were ever honest men (which many think doubtful) self and place have utterly changed them. They care no more about Separate Schools than they do about the feelings or sentiments of their advocates. The question was a convenient rallying cry for a time, but they are prepared to throw it aside, having once served their purpose. They will promise anything, nay they will swear anything to secure their election for the moment, but depend upon it, fellow liberals, all they want or all they require is four years more to suck the life-blood of the nation, and by trebling taxes and imposing upon us an armed police, to drive the country as another heartless faction did in 1837, to the verge of revolution. Away with the tyrants then! And may Heaven send us a few honest men.

CALLISTA: A sketch of the Third Century. By Very Rev. John Newman, D. D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 164 William street.—Montreal: corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier streets.

We have at length been favored by the American publishers—the Messrs. Sadlier—with Dr. Newman's long expected work, *Callista; A Sketch of the Third Century*; and have read it carefully through from beginning to end. It is a work of rare artistic merit, whether we regard it as a picture of the existing state of society, when the world was just passing from the shadows of the old pagan, to the benignant and life-giving day of Christianity; or in its bearings on the present phase of the Church's existence, with which the connection is throughout admirably kept up.—Amongst the characters, we find St. Cyprian, the martyr, Bishop of Carthage, who is placed before us by the genius of the author in all the sweetness and in all the majesty of his proper person. Many of the other personages are admirably drawn, especially the two brothers Agellius and Juba; the Greek girl Callista, the heroine of the tale; and the good natured, self-loving old heathen Jucundus. Many of the scenes are of great dramatic interest; take, for instance, that between Gorta, the witch, and her son Juba, who had assisted on the previous day at a violent popular tumult excited against the Christians:—

"Well, my precious boy," said the old woman, "the choicest gifts of great Cham be your portion! You had excellent sport yesterday, I'll warrant. The rats squeaked, eh? and you beat the life out of them. That scoundrel sacristan, I suppose, has taken up his quarters below." "You may say it," answered Juba. "The reptile! he turned right about, and would have made himself an honest fellow, when it couldn't be helped." "Good, good!" returned Gorta, as if she had got something very pleasant in her mouth; "ah! that is good! but he did not escape on that score, I do trust." "They pulled him to pieces all the more cheerfully," said Juba.

"Pulled him to pieces, limb by limb, joint by joint, eh?" answered Gorta. "Did they skin him?—did they do any thing to his eyes, or his tongue? Any how, it was too quickly, Juba. Slowly, leisurely, gradually. Yes, it's like a glutton to be quick about it. Taste him, handle him, play with him,—that's luxury! but to bolt him,—faugh!"

"Oso's slave made a good end," said Juba: "he stood up for his views, and died like a man." "The gods smite him! but he has gone up,—up," and she laughed. "Up to what they call bliss and glory;—such glory! but he's out of their domain, you know. But he did not die easy?"

"The boys worried him a good deal," answered Juba: "but it's not quite in my line, mother, all this. I think you drink a pint of blood morning and evening, and thrive on it, old woman. It makes you merry; but it's too much for my stomach."

"Ha, ha, my boy?" cried Gorta: "you'll improve in time, though you make wry faces, now that you're young. Well, and have you brought me any news from the capitol? Is any one getting a rise in the world, or a downfall? How blows the wind? Are there changes in the camp? This Decius, I suspect, will not last long."

"They all seem desperately frightened," said Juba, "lest they should not smite your friends hard enough. Gorta, Root and branch is the word. They'll have to make a few Christians for the occasion, in order to kill them: and I almost think they're about it," he added, thoughtfully. "They have to show that they are not surpassed by the rabble. 'Tis a pity. Christians are so few, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, yes," she said: "but we must crush them, grind them, many or few: and we shall, we shall! Callista's to come."

"I don't see they are worse than other people," said Juba: "not at all, except that they are commonly sneaks. If Callista turns, why should not I turn too, mother, to keep her company, and keep your hand in?"

"No, no, my boy," returned the witch, "you must serve my master. You are having your fling just now, but you will buckle to in good time. You must one day take some work with my merry men. Come here, child," said the fond mother, "and let me kiss you."

"Keep your kisses for your monkeys, and goats, and cats," answered Juba: "they're not to my taste, old dame. Master! my master! I won't have a master! I'll be nobody's servant. I'll never stand to be hired, nor cringe to a bully, nor quake before a rod. Please yourself, Gorta; I'm a free man. You're my mother by courtesy only."

Gorta looked at him savagely. "Why you're not going to be pious and virtuous, Juba? A choice saint you'll make! You shall be drawn for a picture."

"Why shouldn't I, if I choose?" said Juba. "If I must take service, willy, nilly, I'd any day prefer the other's to that of your friend. I've not left the master to take the man."

"Blaspheme not the great gods," she answered, "or they'll do you a mischief yet."

"I say again," insisted Juba, "if I must lick the earth, it shall not be where your friend has trod. It shall be in my brother's fashion, rather than in yours, Gorta."

"Agellius!" she shrieked out with such disgust, that it is wonderful she uttered the name at all. "Ah! you have not told me about him, boy. Well, is he safe in the pit, or in the stomach of hyena?"

"He's alive," said Juba; "but he has not got it in him to be a Christian. Yes, he's safe with his uncle."

"Ah! Jucundus must ruin him, debauch him, and then we must make away with him. We must not be in a hurry," said Gorta, "it must be body and soul."

"No one shall touch him, craven as he is," answered Juba. "I despise him, but let him alone."

"Don't come across me," said Gorta, sullenly; "I'll have my way. Why, you know I could smite you to the dust, as well as him, if I chose."

"But you have not asked me about Callista," answered Juba. "It is really a capital joke, but she has got into prison for certain, for being a Christian. Fancy it! they caught her in the streets, and put her in the guard-house, and have had her up for examination. You see they want a Christian for the nonce: it would not do to have none such in prison; so they will flourish with her till Decius bolts from the scene."

"The furies have her!" cried Gorta: "she is a Christian, my boy: I told you so, long ago."

"Callista a Christian!" answered Juba, "ha! ha! She and Agellius are going to make a match of it, of some sort or other. They're thinking of other things than paradise." "She and the old priest, more likely, more likely," said Gorta. "He's in prison with her,—in the pit, as I trust."

"Your master has cheated you for once, old woman," said Juba.

Gorta looked at him fiercely, and seemed waiting for his explanation. He began singing:—

"She wheedled and coaxed, but he was no fool;
He'd be his own master, he'd not be her tool;
Not the little black moor should send him to school."

"She foamed and she cursed,—'twas the same thing to him;

She laid well her trap; but he carried his whim:—
The priest scuffled off, safe in life and in limb."

Gorta was almost suffocated with passion. "Cyprianus has not escaped, boy?" she asked at length.

"I got him off," said Juba, undauntedly.

A shade, as of Erebus, passed over the witch's face; but she remained quite silent.

"Mother, I am my own master," he continued. "I must break your assumption of superiority. I'm not a boy, though you call me so. I'll have my own way. Yes, I saved Cyprianus. You're a blood-thirsty old hag! I see, you see your secret doings. Did not I catch you the other day, practising on that little child? You had nailed him up by hands and feet against the tree, and were cutting him to pieces at your leisure, as he quivered and shrieked the while. You were examining or using his liver for some of your black purposes. It's not in my line; but you gloated over it; and when he wailed, you wailed in mimicry. You were panting with pleasure."

Gorta was still silent, and had an expression on her face, awful from the intensity of its malignity. She had uttered a low piercing whistle.

"Yes!" continued Juba, "you revelled in it. You chattered to the poor babe, when it screamed, as a nurse to an infant. You called it pretty names, and squeaked out your satisfaction each time you stuck it. You old hag! I'm not of your breed, though they say I am of your blood. I don't fear you," he said, observing the expression of her countenance, "I don't fear the immortal devil!" And he continued his song:—

"She beckoned the moon, and the moon came down;
The green earth shrivelled beneath her frown;
But a man's strong will can keep his own."

While he was talking and singing, her call had been answered from the hut. An animal of some wonderful species had crept out of it, and proceeded to creep and crawl, moaning and twisting as it went, along the trees and shrubs which rounded the grass plot. When it came up to the old woman, it crouched at her feet, and then rose up upon its hind legs and begged. She took hold of the uncouth beast and began to fondle it in her arms, muttering something in its ear. At length, when Juba stopped for a moment in his song, she suddenly flung it right at him, with great force, saying, "Take that!" She then gave utterance to a low inward laugh, and leaned herself back against the trunk of the tree under which she was sitting, with her knees drawn up almost to her chin.

The blow seemed to act on Juba as a shock on his nervous system, both from its violence and its strangeness. He stood still for a moment, and then, without saying a word, he turned away, and walked slowly down the hill, as if in a maze. Then he sat down.

In an instant up he started again with a great cry, and began running at the top of his speed. He thought he heard a voice speaking in him; and, however fast he ran, the voice, or whatever it was, kept up with him. He rushed through the underwood, trampling and crushing it under his feet, and scaring the birds and small game which lodged there. At last, exhausted, he stood still for breath, when he heard it say loudly and deeply, as if speaking with his own organs, "You cannot escape from yourself!" Then a terror seized him; he fell down and fainted away.

The popular outbreak above referred to is also described with thrilling effect, and may perhaps suggest to the reflecting mind certain analogous riots in modern times, and in our own hemisphere; such, for instance, as the Gordon Riots, which some years ago

disgraced London; and others of a like nature. Unregenerate human nature is about the same in the nineteenth, as it was in the third century; and we suppose will be as long as the world holds together.

Dr. Newman is intimately conversant with the classic ages of antiquity; he is also a shrewd, keen observer of the present aspect of the world: and the result of his study and observation are before us in this admirable sketch, illustrating the momentous period of the Decian persecution. While commending it to the favorable attention of our readers, we cannot do better than quote the opinion of our distinguished Catholic Reviewer:—

"*Callista*," says Dr. Brownson, in his July number, "is a most remarkable production, displaying great beauty of style, wealth of imagination, and knowledge of the human heart. In descriptive power, the author is excelled by no modern writer, and his story is simple and graceful, his dialogue is spirited and natural, and his characters are strongly marked and well sustained. . . . We have no room to give a summary of the story, but we recommend it to all our readers as a work not only intensely interesting, but as full of instruction and lofty principle and noblessement. The reader will learn from it the difficulty there was for a man in that old Pagan world, under old imperial Rome, to become a Christian, and perhaps appreciate somewhat higher than he has been accustomed to do the work which was effected in its conversion."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About half-past three o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, a fire broke out in a wooden building, off Alexander Street. The building being almost wholly of wood, the fire soon communicated to the adjoining buildings on the back of the houses in Hermine Street, and in a short time six dwellings on this Street were completely destroyed. The same number on Alexander Street shared the same fate. The sufferers by this fire on Alexander Street, were Mr. E. Thompson, Mr. F. Clarke, and Mr. W. Gemmill. The latter lost a two story double brick house, and the two former two wooden houses, with two tenants in each. We understand Mr. Gemmill and Mr. Thompson are both insured in the Equitable, the former for £500, and the latter for £200. We believe Mr. Clarke is also insured but for what amount we could not learn.—On Hermine Street the parties suffering were, Mr. F. Clarke who had a large two story wooden house a good deal damaged, Mr. Tresside two dwellings, with only £100 insurance, B. Vaudy three houses, and with £150 insurance. The inmates had hardly time to remove the furniture; in fact, some of them lost nearly their all.—*Montreal Gazette*, July 7th.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Godmanchester, P. Brady, 10s; Ottawa City, L. Whelan, 12s 6d; St. Luc, F. Kent, 15s; Mobile, U. S., J. J. Connolly, 15s; Georgetown, J. Martin, 3s 3d; Williams-town, J. Hay, 18s 9d; Bristol, T. Gallagher, £1 5s.

Per T. P. McCabe, Peterboro—D. McCarthy, 10s; J. Doras, 10s; J. Hally, 5s; M. Clancy, 5s; M. Hulan, 5s; J. Clancy, 5s; J. Danne, 5s; J. Shaw, 5s; M. Macauliff, 15s; D. Caher, 5s; D. O'Brien, 5s; D. Hay, 7s 6d; C. Beaudry, 5s; M. O'Brien, 10s; J. Crowley, 5s; H. Gushling, 5s; J. Cavanagh, 5s; J. Slattery, 5s; J. Kelly, 5s; J. Moran, 5s; J. Hurley, 5s; J. Quinlan, 5s; B. Magarity, 5s; T. Hoolahan, 5s; W. Morgan, 5s.

Per P. Furlong, Picton—J. O'Donnell, 6s 3d; P. Hourigan, 5s; Jas. Power, 5s; J. Denvir, 5s; J. Power, 5s.

Married.

At the Catholic Church, Picton, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. M. Lalor, Pastor, ALLAN CAMERON, Esq., of Montreal, to Rosa, only daughter of John Low, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and grand daughter of W. H. Gray, Esq., of the former place.

DIOCESE OF OSSORY.—On Tuesday, the 10th instant, at the Church of Dunnamaggin, the residence of her distinguished son, Father O'Keefe, was celebrated the Month's Memory of Mrs. Mary Anne O'Keefe, late of Higginstown, County Kilkenny. Seventy Priests of the diocese of Ossory and the contiguous dioceses of Cashel and Waterford attended the office to mark their respect for a lady who had given the Church, in the person of Father O'Keefe, one of its brightest ornaments, and the country one of its best patriots—the illustrious confessor of Tenant Right.

The concourse of people who assembled from the surrounding parishes, particularly from Callan, the scene for many years of the Rev. Gentleman's labors, was unusually large and respectable.—*R.I.P.*

At the ceremonies, above one hundred of the clergy and laity, in a rustic arbour erected for the occasion, and tastefully decorated, partook of a superb *dejeuner*, at which all the delicacies of the season were plentifully supplied.—*Tablet*, June 14.



AN IRISH PIC-NIC TO LAVALTRIE.

A GRAND PIONIC-NIC AND PLEASURE EXCURSION, under the management of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY of Montreal, will take place on WEDNESDAY the 16th instant, when the large and commodious Steamers BOW-MANVILLE and CULTIVATEUR will leave the Island Wharf at EIGHT o'clock A. M., arriving at Lavaltrie at half-past ten, leaving there at four P. M., and arriving in Montreal about half-past seven.

The SANSFIELD BRASS BAND, and TWO QUADRILLE BANDS, under the leadership of Messrs. PRINCE & MAFFRE, have been engaged for the occasion.

An able Engineer (W. P. Bartley, Esq.) has been invited by the Society, and has kindly consented to superintend the engineering department for that day.

REFRESHMENTS will be furnished on board the Boats, as well as on the Green, at reasonable rates.

The Officers of the Society will do all in their power to make the excursion a pleasant one to all who may attend.

PRICE OF TICKETS.—Adults 2s 6d, Children under 12 years of age 1s 3d; to be had at Messrs. Sadlier's Book Store, Mr. Prince's Music Store, Mr. Phelan's (Dalhousie Square), at St. Patrick's Hall, of Members of Committee; and at the Wharf on the morning of Pic-Nic.

IF A THIRD BOAT conditionally.

N. B.—The Pic-Nic will be conducted entirely on temperance principles.

Proceeds to be devoted to the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum.

T. C. COLLINS, Secretary.