

credit to be given to the charges which the Reformers had preferred against her. I found these charges, upon examination, to be wholly unfounded, to be sheer fabrications, and that Luther had good reason to write to his friend Melancthon, "Let us hasten and make peace, that we may have time to atone for the lies we have told." This led me to examine the whole question of religion anew. I found that from the beginning of the world there had been, historically, a true religion in the world, a religion which had come down to us through the Patriarchs, the Synagogue, and the Catholic Church. There had always been a continuous and uninterrupted religious order in the world, and all that right reason pronounces true, good, or great, had always been found in this order. By the side of this order there has, indeed, been always another—Gentilism, under its various forms in the old world, and the various heretical sects formed in the Church in the modern. These anathematized by the Church in the modern. These two orders, the two cities of St. Augustine, have existed side by side in mutual opposition from the first, reproducing on the scene of the world, the struggle which goes on in the interior of every individual—of which goes on in the interior of every individual—of the flesh against the spirit, and of the spirit against the flesh. Protestantism does not lie in the religious order, and continue for us the Synagogue under the Christian form, as the Synagogue continued the Patriarchal religion. It is of another line, and comes down to us, since the substitution of the Church for the Synagogue, through the sects. This is even the boast of Protestants themselves, and they make it their glory, that they can trace their lineage from sect to sect, back to the early Apostolic age. They need not stop there; they are entitled to a higher antiquity, and might easily trace their line through the Gentile world, back to the call of Abraham, back thence, to the time of Noe, and thence, through the descendants of Cain, the first murderer, to Lucifer, who first rebelled against God, and must be regarded as the first Protestant.

Between these two orders it is not difficult to decide which is to be preferred. The one proceeds from God and returns to God, as its beginning, and as its last end; the other proceeds from the father of lies, and leads to him. All truth and all worth lie on the side of the former; from the latter have come all the errors, the false systems, the wars and fightings, the vices and crimes, the impurities and abominations, which render the history of our race so sad and afflicting. The Patriarchs were at the summit of the civilization of their time; the Jewish nation were the great and enlightened nation of the old world. They knew and worshipped the true God, and practised the heroic virtues, when all the nations of the earth besides, were sunk in ignorance, in superstition, idolatry, and the most fearful barbarism. If any where in the old world I find full-grown men, sublime thought, heroic sanctity, it is in the line of the Patriarchs and the Synagogue. The poets and philosophers of the heathen world owe all their excellences to what they have borrowed, or retained from the same line.

In the modern world all true greatness, truth and worth, are in the line of the Church. The Fathers of the first four centuries, the Justins, the Clements, the Gregories, the Basils, the Jeromes, the Augustines, were the great men, the master minds of their epoch, to whom the greatest of contemporary heathens, Celsus, Plotinus, Julian, Præclus, Porphyrius, were but mere children. The Saints have been found only in the Church, and Protestants even acknowledge it, and having no Saints themselves, they would fain persuade us that the veneration which we pay to Saints is idolatry.

Men may say what they will; it is historically certain, that the Catholic Church continues the religious order in the world, and that she has succeeded to the Synagogue, as that succeeded to the Patriarchs. This is her claim, and this is the fact, and this too, every Protestant in his secret consciousness feels, and shows, too, by his sympathies, which are always with those who sympathise least with the religious order. Hence, then, if I would find myself in the religious order, be a religious man, a Christian, I must become a Catholic, a member of the Catholic Church.

I know the Church has been opposed; I know that the outer outside of her, and which she does and must condemn, has, from the first, warred against her, but this does not move me; or rather, the opposition of the world moves me to believe and to love her. The unbelieving and carnal Jew attempted to strangle her in her very cradle, but she survived, and he saw his nation fall, and himself become a hissing and a proverb in all the earth. The proud Pagan tried to destroy her: Pagan Rome—the mightiest empire of which we have any record, and which astonishes, even in her ruins—in the height of her greatness and the zenith of her glory, brought all her power to bear against her—tried all that political force, all that political wisdom and craft—all that human strength and majesty—that diabolical cunning and cruelty could do or attain, to blot out her existence, but in vain. Her children were slaughtered by millions, but in being slaughtered conquered the world.

From the ashes of Pagan Rome sprung the Arian, a new enemy no less formidable. To the Arian succeeded the Northern Barbarian, with his ferocious passions and cruel superstitions; to the Northern Barbarian, succeeded the Southern, the Saracenic hosts from the deserts, the Koran in one hand, and the Scimitar in the other, exclaiming "God is God, and Mahomet is His Prophet." To the Saracenic succeeded the Eastern and the Western schismatic, and the struggle for independence of religion against lawless power. To these succeeded Luther, who, like the Apocalyptic dragon, with his tail swept after him a third part of the stars of heaven. To Luther succeeded the infidelity of the last century, which arms itself against her, and pursues her on the Tiber, the Nile, the burning sands of Syria, on the Danube, the plains of Poland, and amid the snows of Moscow—but all in vain. The armed soldier goes to die of a broken heart on a desolate island of the Atlantic Ocean, and the Holy Father he had held imprisoned, returns in triumph to the Vatican, and dies in peace in his bed. She has been attacked in turn by Jew, Arian, Barbarian, Saracenic, Schismatic, Heretic, and Infidel, and yet no weapon forged against her has succeeded; she has survived every attack—has seen every enemy fall and expire at her feet. For eighteen hundred years she has withstood all the storms of time, all the wrath of man, and all the rage of hell; and yet does she stand before us to-day, as young, as blooming, as fresh, as vigorous, as beautiful, as when she went forth from that upper chamber in Jerusalem, to the conquest of the world, or when she ascended the throne of the Caesars, and bound her brows with the imperial diadem.

Tell me not, with Ranke and Macaulay, that she is

a master-piece of human wisdom, and that it is by human skill and power that she has survived, that she has outlived the ablest dynasties, and triumphed over the mightiest powers of earth. It is not so. Look to your Protestantism—you have had the advantage of all past experience; you claim to be the more enlightened and advanced portion of the human race; you have had wealth, power, wit, learning, genius and craft, on your side, and yet your walls are so weak that if a fox but go up thereon they fall; your institutions are but of yesterday, and yet are they old and crumbling into ruins. If human wisdom and contrivance have founded and sustained the Church, which has subsisted for eighteen hundred years, in spite of every conceivable opposition, why have human wisdom and contrivance been able to found nothing durable in your own case?

The simple historical existence of the Church—the fact that she exists to-day, in all her loveliness and strength, notwithstanding all the opposition she has encountered, is conclusive proof that she is God's Church. Had she been human, she would have fallen long ago, and disappeared from the earth. Her continued existence is the most stupendous miracle ever recorded. She is one standing miracle—then she is God's Church—if God's Church, she is what she professes to be, for God cannot sanction or miraculously sustain an impostor—if what she professes to be, she has authority to teach what God requires us to believe and do—and then, what she teaches is infallibly true, for God cannot authorise the teaching of error. Then, to know the way of salvation, and to secure salvation, I must enter her communion, believe what she teaches, and do what she commands—I must be a Catholic.

I want no other evidence of the truth and infallibility of the Church, than this grand fact of her having existed in spite of all the arms directed against her for eighteen hundred years; and no other reason for being a Catholic than the fact that the Catholic Church is God's Church, and miraculously sustained by Him. Here are some of the reasons why I am a Catholic; some additional reasons I hope to give you in my concluding lecture.

Dr. Brownson's fourth lecture in our next.

On Tuesday evening, Dr. Brownson gave the concluding lecture of the course—"Why am I a Catholic?" On Thursday, the learned gentleman delivered his lecture on Louis Napoleon, to a crowded audience in the Hall of the Bonsecours Market. Reports of both these lectures will be given in our succeeding issues: the Doctor leaves Montreal for Boston to-day.

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.

The Earl of Derby in the House of Lords, and Mr. D'Israeli in the House of Commons, in reply to questions put to them, stated, that it was not the intention of her Majesty's Government to meddle with the Maynooth grant during the present session of Parliament, but at the same time, without pledging themselves to any positive line of conduct for the future. The vagueness of the reply, seems to indicate their more than willingness to leave the question an open question, and their readiness to yield to the application of a little, a very little pressure from without; they only require a little moderate squeezing, and they will be found willing to join in the No-Popery howl, with the noisiest and vilest curs in the pack. The abolition of the Maynooth Grant will, no doubt, be one of the rallying cries at the coming elections, especially in Scotland, where a promise to vote against all endowments, and encouragement to Popery, is rigidly exacted from every candidate; we look upon it, therefore, as not at all unlikely, that the days of the Maynooth Grant are numbered.

We cannot say that the prospect of the reversal of the conciliatory policy of the late Sir Robert Peel, excites any very profound sentiments of grief within us: we don't think we could get up a tear for the occasion, if we were paid for it; on the contrary, we are inclined to look upon the proposed measure for the abolition of the Maynooth Grant, with something more like hope than despondency. The loss of a few thousand pounds, will be no great loss to the Church after all, and that will be the whole amount of the loss: the amount of gain is almost incalculable; for by the repeal of that government grant, the Church in Ireland will be delivered from the only danger that threatens her existence. Protestant governments are only to be feared when they fawn and flatter, when they speak smooth words, and pretend to hold out the olive branch of peace; when they persecute, when they rob, when they enact penal laws—they may be odious, they may be contemptible, but they are not dangerous. Thus, in Ireland, the danger to the Church proceeds, not from the avowed hostility of the government to the Church, but from the treacherous friendship of the Protestant government, and from its efforts, hitherto, thank God, unsuccessful, to obtain a voice in the management of her affairs, in the appointment of her prelates, and in the education of her children. Long years of oppression have shown that the prelates and clergy of that Church are superior to persecution, but it remains yet to be seen if they will always remain equally inaccessible to corruption, and if the Protestant government may not succeed in polluting, with its professions of peace and friendship, the souls of the gallant soldiers of the cross, whom it has in vain tried to intimidate by its brutality. Now the repeal of the Maynooth Grant will sever the only tie that connects the Catholic Church with the State. Sever that tie, and the Church will at once assume the proper, the only position towards a Protestant government, that the Catholic Church can, or ought to assume, towards a Protestant government; the Catholics of Ireland will be furnished with irresistible arguments, for the repeal of all State endowments for religious or educational purposes—for the abolition of the *Regium Donum*, and the monster curse of their unhappy country—the bloated Protestant Church establishment. Nor will the repeal of the Maynooth Grant fail to inspire fresh zeal into the hearts of Catholic Irishmen, and to urge them to proceed with courage and redoubled vigor, in the prosecution of the noble enterprise of a Catholic University, by

the success of which, the system of national, or mixed education, will be for ever destroyed, and the hopes of its originators for the perversion of the children of the Church, will be confounded. So far then from regretting the abolition of the Maynooth Grant, we should rejoice at it; we rejoice already at the prospect of its repeal, and pray to God that He will blind the eyes of the enemies of our religion, and put it into their hearts to revile and persecute the Catholic Church yet more and more; for the persecution of the Church by the State, is the only interference by which the State can benefit the Church, and in this instance, we may be sure that the downfall of the Maynooth Grant, will be the triumph of Ultramontaniam. Amen.

Nor is the settlement of this Maynooth question without interest to us in Canada, for by its settlement a principle, and a most important one, will be settled also. Our readers are aware that the Clergy Reserves of this country, and the Maynooth endowment, are held, in both cases, by precisely the same tenure; the titles in both cases being derived from an Act of the Legislature, and nothing more. Now if an Act of Parliament can undo an Act of Parliament on one side of the Atlantic, it is clear that it must have the same power on the other, and that any argument that is good for the repeal of the Maynooth Grant, is equally valid, when urged in favor of the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves. We are no advocates of the spoliation of our Protestant brethren; we see not why their rights to their property in the Clergy Reserves should not be respected; but unfortunately for themselves, they furnish their adversaries with the strongest arguments against these rights. When we see a Protestant Bishop of London petitioning the House of Lords, to repeal an Act of the Legislature in favor of a Catholic University in Ireland, we cannot but laugh when we hear a Protestant Bishop of Toronto, protesting against the sacrifice of dealing in a similar manner with an Act of the Legislature in favor of the Protestant ministers in Canada. If spoliation is just on one side of the Atlantic, it is equally just on the other, and our Protestant friends of the Church of England may rest assured, that if they succeed in effecting the abolition of the Maynooth Grant, they will have made a rod for their own backs, by furnishing an unanswerable precedent for the secularisation of the Canada Clergy Reserves.

ACHILLI AND DR. NEWMAN.

Our readers must remember the case of the famous Protestant champion, Dr. Achilli, who, having been convicted of a long series of beastly offences, was thrust out of the Catholic Church, and thereupon, was received immediately, with open arms, by the evangelicals of the United Kingdom, ever on the look out for, and ever eager to pick up, the weeds that the Pope throws over his garden wall. In the *Dublin Review*, some two years ago, appeared an article, which was generally attributed to the pen of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in which a sketch of Achilli's life and conduct, whilst in the Catholic Church, and the reasons why he was degraded, and expelled from the sacred ministry, were given at length. At the time when this article appeared, it was well known that its author was fully prepared to make good every one of its statements, if challenged, in a court of law; Achilli therefore tamely pocketed the affront, and though by so doing he disgusted all amongst his old allies, who had any regard for their characters as honest men, still he found a few friends and supporters, amongst the baser and more evangelical portion of the Protestant public. Last winter, however, Dr. Newman, in a series of public lectures, reproduced some of the charges of the *Dublin Review*, which Achilli had so long allowed to circulate uncontradicted; but this time the Protestant doctor thought he had got his adversary on the hip, and that Dr. Newman had not taken the precaution of the original author of the damaging exposure, to have all the evidences at hand; he knew that these evidences would have to be collected from many, and distant parts of Europe—from Italy, from Malta, and the Ionian Islands—and that they were for the most part difficult of access, as being contained in the records of the police courts, and criminal tribunals, before which he (the complainant) had often figured, not very creditably. Thus, Achilli hoped, that by threatening and hurrying on a criminal prosecution against Dr. Newman, before the defendant should have the time to procure the necessary documents from the continent, he might, from the well known, and indeed undisguised partiality of Protestant judges, and Protestant juries, be enabled to obtain a verdict in his favor, and thus, in part, purge his character from the stains left upon it by the cruel article of the *Dublin Review*.

In this expectation the complainant has been disappointed. Dr. Newman's friends have been active, and more successful than Achilli anticipated, in collecting from all parts of the continent, undeniable proofs of the saintly man's guilt. Hence it has come to pass, that the famous Doctor Achilli, the great gun of Exeter Hall, the exemplary servant of God, the captive of the Inquisition, and the martyr to the holy Protestant faith, who, in December last, was so loud in his declarations of his integrity, and in vituperation of his detractors—who, strong in conscious innocence, paraded the courts of law, breathing out fire and slaughter against his traducer—now that his opponent has declared his perfect readiness to meet him, sneaks away like a guilty thing, like a whipt cur with his tail between his legs. Dr. Newman is ready—his evidence is ready—he himself, and his friends, loudly proclaim their readiness, to test the issue; but Achilli, the champion of pure religion, the David who was to slay the Popish Goliath—the malignant innocent—where is he? Where is he? he, who was to confound the Archbishop of Westminster,

and before the brightness of whose coming Dr. Newman was to be consumed? Alas for the conventicle! *non est inventus*—he can't be found; there is no drawing him out of his hole, no getting him to stand up and show fight. In vain do the Catholic journals defy him; Achilli will not accept their defiance, for he dares not go before a jury—not even a Protestant jury, and Lord knows what kind of juries they are in questions betwixt Catholics and Protestants, and how little they care about a perjury or two, for the Protestant cause—as witness the case of the evangelic prostitute Miss Adams, and the Sisters of the Hammersmith Convent. No—Achilli dare not stand a trial. "Where is this Doctor?" asks the *Tablet*—

"Why does he not come out and show cause, and put his traducers to flight? The field is open, and the adverse party challenge him to the trial—let him show himself, and face the enemy. What has the good Doctor to fear that he should demur, and demur again; he has thrown down his glove, and it has been taken up, then up, and then down? Surely, Dr. Achilli is not ashamed, is not afraid, to meet any comer, even though it be from Viterbo, Corfu, or Malta? If he be what he says he is, an innocent man, unguilted and persecuted, let him come out from his seclusion, and put all this before the world clearly, and show it. Everything waits for the Doctor—the lawyers are prepared, and the witnesses are here, and the public is on tip-toe for the trial. He mistakes John Bull egregiously; he is showing the white feather; he wants pluck. Come out! Come, Dr. Achilli, are you afraid?—don't be the coward; serve up your courage, and make a dash at them; for if you do not, down you will go, and all England will turn from you with disgust. Don't show anything like cowardice here, or you are undone for ever in this bull-dog country. Every possible favor and indulgence will be shown to the Doctor by judge and jury; here there can be no second opinion; nothing will be put down against him but what is clearly proven; no hearsays; no doubtful hesitating witnesses; nothing but what is clear, and above-board, and well-sifted, and scrutinized by the microscope glasses of the gentlemen with the white wigs, will stand against him. Justice will be awarded to him without any doubt, and should there be a dust of bias, which we will not allow can be in the balance of justice in this country, it will be all in his favor. Dr. Achilli, come forth—never beat a retreat—turn your back and you are ruined—come out at once and show yourself to be a man, before Englishmen. Depend on it, the next worst thing for you in this country to a retreat is your present demurring to meet in open court your accusers—Here we are—where are you! We challenge you to the fight; come forward and let us join issue. We fear nothing; you, of course, fear less; then draw your sword and let us at it, and Heaven defend the right."

On our sixth page will be found an account of the great St. Patrick's Ball at Quebec, on the evening of the 18th instant.

Mrs. Bostwick's Grand Concerts are to come off on Monday and Wednesday next. See Advertisement.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Alymer, J. Doyle, £1 15s; Berthier, P. Kerrigan, 6s 3d; Howick, J. Garry, 5s; Pakenham, J. Mantle, 6s 3d; N. Lancaster, J. A. McGillis, 6s 3d; California, T. Moore, 6s 3d; Burwick, J. P. Foley, 6s 3d; Fitzroy Harbor, John Kirby, 12s 6d; James Wade, 12s 6d; Prescott, B. White, £1 5s; Wellington, A. M'Phaul, £1 5s; St. Anne de la Pointe, Rev. L. A. Bourret, 12s 6d; Lochiel, O. Quigly, 10s; Port Hope, J. M'Carthy, 6s 3d; Galion, Ohio, P. J. O'Hare, 15s; Bytown, E. Burke, £1 5s; Cobden, P. M'Peak, 12s 6d; Tignish, P. E. L. Roy, P. McIntyre, £2 10s; Colbourg, M. Doyle, 10s; Quebec, M. Earlight, £5; Norwood, Rev. B. Higgins, £1 15s; Peterboro, T. M'Case, £5 5s; I'Orignal, Rev. Mr. Tabaret, 10s; Oshawa, Rev. Mr. Froux, £3 15s.

CANADA NEWS.

The steamers *Quebec*, *Jonny Lind*, *Nicholien*, *Jacques Cartier*, and *Dixie*, have arrived in port. The *Roundell Hill* left on Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, and the *Quebec* left yesterday at twelve o'clock noon, for Quebec.

The convict *Merrill* has received a respite for a fortnight, and will, in all probability, have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for his lifetime in the Provincial Penitentiary.—*Transcript*.

Fire.—On Saturday evening, at about half past nine, a fire broke out in the blacksmith shop in rear of, and attached to, the St. Mary's Foundry, and it was entirely consumed. The wharves of a new steamer which were being completed, were also destroyed. The lumber in the adjoining yard and the saw and planing mill, &c., belonging to Messrs. Sims & Coleman were in great danger, but were saved by the exertions of the fire brigade.—*Montreal Gazette*.

Fire.—A fire broke out on Wednesday morning at one o'clock, in one of those stone houses in St. Lewis Street (Durham Place). Not a drop of water could be procured, and the house was destroyed. How comes it that the city is thus left without water! Had a fire broke out yesterday morning in some portions of our city, where the houses are built of wood, half the city might have been destroyed. Who will look into this matter?—*Irevald*.

LAKE ST. PETER.—The works on this Lake are to be immediately recommenced. The Commissioners have purchased two additional steamers, and an additional steam-dredge, in order to prosecute them with vigor.—*Id.*

MURDER IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.—On Friday night last, two men, named Kenneth McDonald and Kenneth McKenzie, laborers on the Railroad, were returning from Richmond, and were attacked by some three or four men. McDonald was knocked down, but subsequently made his escape, leaving McKenzie to his fate, whose cap, with a broken blood-goon, were found on the spot immediately after. The body of McKenzie is supposed to have been thrown into the river, which runs near the road. Four men have since been arrested on suspicion, and an investigation is now going on at Melbourne, before Major Johnson.—*Id.*

Cole, charged with the murder of Wilson, in Compton, some time since, was brought to Sherbrooke, from the United States, by high Constable Clarke, on Thursday night last, and lodged in jail.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*, 21st.

An odd affair has occurred in Toronto; Mr. Lyons, a tobaccoist, had some claim against the Officers, or an Officer of the garrison, for cigars. He went to the barracks and made his demand; and was ordered out with little or no ceremony.—Thereafter he took a whip and assaulted Captain Orde of the 71st in the street, and the latter summoned the assaulter before the Police Court. The plea on one side was great provocation from ignominious expulsion from the barracks; on the other, that the party had impudently intruded into a private apartment. The Magistrate sentenced Mr. Lyons to a fine of £2 10s.—*Montreal Transcript*.

The body of a child of premature birth was found to-day in the College Avenue, at the rear part of Elnsey House, the late residence of the Governor General. It was found by the laborers in a deal box, covered by about three inches of clay. It is supposed to have been buried only yesterday.—*Toronto Colonist*, April 23.

Married.

In this city, on Monday, the 26th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Connelly, at the Parish Church, Mr. John Charles Henry Delisle, to Miss Margaret Elizabeth McDonald, daughter of the late Andrew Skeine McDonald, Esq.

Died.

At New Glasgow, on the 17th instant, Bridget Fenning, the beloved wife of Philip Shovlin, Esq., aged 56.