

themselves, because the people said that to oppose them would be to resist the influences of the Spirit of God. Sometimes those who had long hair it is said, had their heads jerked so swiftly that the hair snapped like the crack of a whip. It is said that none were injured except those who rebelled against the operation of the spirit and refused to comply with the injunction it came to enforce.

In the "rolling exercise," they doubled up and rolled over and over; and it made no difference whether there was mud or filth of any kind in the way. In the "running exercise," they would run over every obstacle and keep running till quite exhausted.

In the "dancing exercise," a writer of that time says they had the privilege of exhibiting by a bold faith, what others were moved to by blind impulse. In one instance a Mr. Thompson, a minister, commenced dancing after a meeting, and danced an hour and a half; and, said he, "This is the Holy Ghost." A girl danced for an hour in an empty pew, and others danced in so violent a manner that they could not be held by strong men.

The writer whom I quote, says:—"One might be tempted to think that the climax had already been reached, but there was a piece of extravagance to complete the degradation of human nature. The "barks" frequently accompanied the "jerks," though of later all origin. This exercise consists of the individual taking the position of a dog moving, about on all fours, growling, snapping his teeth and barking with such exactness of imitation, as to deceive any one whose eyes were not directed to the spot.

All classes became affected by this degrading mania, and the only method of securing relief was to engage in the voluntary dance. It was supposed first to be inflicted as a chastisement for remissness in duty. Such as resisted the impulse and declined the dancing, continued to be tormented for months, and even years. From being regarded as marks of guilt, the "barks" at last came to be regarded as tokens of divine favor, and badges of special honor. "Ridiculous as it may seem to us at this distance of time to hear such extraordinary sounds as bow, wow, interspersed with pious ejaculations, and quotations of Scripture, we are not at liberty to doubt the truth of the assertion that then the effect was, to overawe the wicked, and excite the minds of the impious."

In the midst of these disorders, those preachers who labored to direct the minds of the people to true marks of grace were denounced as deistical, and thus their influence was greatly diminished. Some of the results were, the people would be singing half a dozen hymns at the same time, very loud, with violent emotions of the body. Sometimes a dozen would be praying at a time, for they said the Lord could hear even if they all spoke at once. The preachers were often interrupted with singing in midst of their sermons. Whoops, cries, hysterical laughter and the repetition of the words of the speaker, even louder than he uttered them, constituted a combination of annoyances to which the waves of the sea, hurled by the Athenian orator must have been a trifle.

These are cases enough to show what a state of things existed in Kentucky, in the beginning of this century. Our author asks, "will it be easily credited that in 1803 the females from 14 to 50 years of age, got into the habit of hugging and embracing every one in their vicinity, and that the men, especially the preacher, came in for a good share of their embraces.—*Missouri Republican*."

GRAVEN IMAGES.

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything." Though Protestant Parsons enforce this text in powerful language, nevertheless their love or idolatry of graven images is their most remarkable characteristic. To obtain the graven images of the Mint they kneel down and sacrifice the immortal interests of their souls. Of course our Parsons profess ostensibly to worship only God, but in their inmost heart graven images are the secret objects of their pious devotion. It is owing to this idolatry of images that we so often see in the public newspapers Church livings advertised for sale like farms or houses, with a florid parade of their advantages. Mammon is adored by that Protestant world which spurned at vows of poverty, and the Clergy, of course, bow to Mammon in common with the laity. We are persuaded that the traffic in advowsons proves the Protestant Establishment to be a Missionary propaganda to preach the great religion of gold, and not at all to preach the true religion of the Gospel. The text was (according to the old Popish reading) "money is the root of all evil," hence superstitious vows of poverty among Papists. By a slight alteration this text is greatly improved, and modern Protestant invariably read "the want of money is the root of all evil," hence enlightened simoniacal practices among Protestants. It is quite natural that a Church which originated in sacrilege should end by dignifying simony into a virtue. Simony has the advantage of raising sinners into saintly Parsons. The object of the owner in making the sale of a living is to realise the greatest possible profit, and one man's money is as good as another's. It tends likewise to promote perjury. A solemn oath is taken by the Reverend purchaser that "he gave not the least consideration whatever, either himself directly or indirectly, nor any person for him with his privity, knowledge, or consent."

This oath is taken on the Evangelists; it should be taken on the graven images of the Mint. Here is the mistake: "Next presentation to a valuable living in Dorsetshire," "Highly desirable living." Such headings as these often appear in the advertising columns of the *Times*, and are no doubt duly answered. "To be sold, the next presentation to a vicarage in one of the midland counties, and in the

immediate neighborhood of one or two of the first packs of fox-hounds in the kingdom. The present annual income about £580. Subject to Curate's salary. The Incumbent in his sixtieth year." We find a graphic description in *Blackwood's Magazine* of the man who bid for these baits. "A Clergyman," says *Blackwood*, "may be destitute of religious feeling; he may be grossly immoral; he may discharge his duties in the most incompetent manner, and lose his flock; he may almost do anything short of legal crime, and still he will neither forfeit his living nor draw upon himself any punishment." He may be destitute of decency, which is an inferior consideration, but he must be furnished with cash, which is the main point. This is natural. The Protestant Church is an idolatrous institution for the worship of the graven images of the Mint, and the diffusion of that creed. It is a mistake to suppose that the Protestant Clergy, who in this way purchase their "missions," worship God. No, they worship the golden likenesses of the Queen. Furnished with these they may not administer religious instruction to the laity, but they may do what is more indispensable—fill the pockets of those dealers in salvation who traffic in advowsons. To be sure the sale of holy offices degrades religion, but at the same time it exalts mammon—it teaches the people to love and to appreciate money, which the poor Papists, for instance, are visibly never taught to do, else they would not be penniless and in rags. In consequence of this the laity in Protestant countries seem persuaded that piety means a well-gilded prayer-book—religion consists in kneeling, and charity in uttering responses. They believe they serve God by subscribing for a finer church than their neighbors, and obey all the admonitions of religion in taking the Sacrament from a costly service of plate. At the same time simony in the Clergy tends to enforce the great Protestant principle—namely, that the true religion is the religion which has most cash. Tried by this great test the Catholic Church—in Ireland especially—has no pretensions whatever to truth. The Catholic Church in Ireland is poor, and if English influences can avail the Church will ere long be equally poor in Piedmont. "That fellow has no soul; where is his shoulder knot?" The Protestant is, or will be, the richest Church in the world, and being so will any one presume to doubt the Apostolic succession of its Hierarchy?

The number of Church livings which are the property of private individuals and common subjects of public sale in England amounts to 6,619. A great traffic is driven in there—a traffic which degrades the owners and debases the people, but fits them for mammon-worship. The heart grows hard and the conscience seared—the Clergy are corrupted and the people debauched, but purses are replenished by this fearful traffic in human souls. It is highly desirable that the working classes should be taught to read and write; but if the Protestant Clergy could be taught to abhor simony it would be still more useful.

This religion of gold has its paradises. One of its worshippers has been described as holding "a sinecure office of £9,000 a year; a rectory worth £1,000; a second rectory worth another £1,000; a third producing £600; a fourth worth £150; and a cathedral stall of the most desirable fertility," &c.

But it is in Ireland that the Protestant idolatry of graven images is carried to its most extravagant fanaticism. The tithe rentcharge, according to a recent calculation, is £400,000 per annum, which, at thirty years' purchase, would produce a sum of twelve millions. Glebe lands, see lands, college, and chapter lands, are calculated at a million of acres, producing every year a million of money, and worth (at thirty years' purchase) thirty millions. To quote the words of Macaulay:—

"Did any set of Bishops and Priests in the world receive so much for doing so little? Did any other set of Bishops and Priests in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what," continues Macaulay, "have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? Where you were one hundred years ago—where you were two hundred years ago, there you are still, not victorious over the domain of the old faith but painfully, and with dubious success, defending your own frontier, your own English pale. Sometimes a deserter leaves you—sometimes a deserter steals over to you. Whether your gains or losses of this sort be the greater, I do not know. On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, zealous Protestants. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic I could readily account for the phenomena. If I were a Roman Catholic I should content myself with saying that the Almighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth, according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He who in old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts of heretic statesmen. But what is a Protestant to say? He holds that, through the whole of this long conflict, reason and Scripture have been on the side of the Established Clergy. Tell us, then, what are we to say to this strange war in which reason and Scripture, backed by wealth, by dignity, by the help of the civil power, have been found no match for oppressed and destitute error?—*Tablet*."

When Wellington commanded 70,000 men in the Peninsula, he had 21 hospital purveyors, and 60 clerks in actual employment; but for the whole of the British troops now out in the Crimea there is only one hospital purveyor and three clerks, and there never were any more with the expedition.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We have authority from Mr. Lucas to give the most direct and unqualified contradiction to the statements which appeared in the *Evening Post* and other Government papers relative to the alleged failure of the mission to the Holy See. These statements are not only untrue and unfounded, but they are the very reverse of truth.—*Tablet*.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.—A few years ago, when death was mowing down the population of Ireland, a small but noisy faction amongst the fanatical Protestants of Britain made the Empire re-echo with indecent exultation at the destruction of a Catholic nation. Forgetful of those obligations to Ireland which the *Morning Herald* has lately described—the brilliant orators who have adorned the senate—the heroic warriors who have led the armies of Britain—thankless to the people who instructed them when Pagans, and lent them men of genius in modern times—forgetful of all that Burke had spoken and Wellington had acted, they exulted at the destruction of the most religious and most warlike of western nations. They rejoiced in their own comparative comforts, in their wealth, and warmth, and greatness; their immunity from hunger and nakedness; jiggled round their calf of gold and jeered at the misery they did not experience. But God has visited them! They in their turn are mourners. A mightier evil than famine has come upon England, the famine of the mind; imbecility in their rulers: as the ancients used to say, "those the gods intend to ruin they first deprive of prudence." "Incompetent and guilty Ministers," entailing on the people every imaginable misfortune, are a greater curse than famine. "I was in the House of Lords," said Mr. Bright, "when the vote of thanks was moved; in the gallery were many ladies, three fourths of whom were dressed in the deepest mourning." This is terrible, but is not the retribution just? Instead of scoffing and sneering at us, as Catholics and men, they are seen in hall and hovel, "weeping for themselves and for their children." Their cries of derision at the Irish Catholics are hushed now, while death mows down the curled darlings of the empire on the heights of Sebastopol, and Russia rejoices now at the destruction of the English, as the fanatic faction which too often represents England a few years ago exulted at the ruin of Ireland. In those trifling hospitals which Mr. Osborne has described, in those "miles of ward and corridor, thickly covered with war's work, written in all possible defacement of man," every class in Britain is more or less represented. The Queen herself sheds tears upon her throne. She laments (perhaps) that when England was rich and opulent, Britain did not preserve life in famishing Ireland; that she blindly allowed the right arm of her power to fall into decay. That ally would not, in the evil hour of England, vacillate like Austria, faint and flag like Turkey, or turn traitor and foe like Prussia, but would be ever found foremost in the van of English war. Perhaps her Majesty sees that mercy is wisdom, and that the Irish people who had contributed so generously and earnestly life and labor to extend the empire and exalt the renown of Britain, merited more consideration in their miseries.—"There was a war in Afghanistan; who did the work?" Irishmen. "There was a war in China: who did the work?" Again Irishmen. But when was there an English war in which Irishmen did not irrigate the field with their blood? Yet the selfishness of Protestant Britain suffered three millions of Irishmen to be swept off by famine or banished by exile? Assuredly, such ingratitude as England's merits such calamities as those which have befallen her. "I have learned something," says the Rev. Mr. Osborne, "of what they have to suffer, who in England mourn for the dying, from what I saw of the apprehension of that suffering in those who seemed to fear death, chiefly because it would cause that suffering." "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." As Protestant England exhibited the greatest ingratitude to Ireland, she is likely to suffer the direct calamities from Russia. Already the *Times* envies those who have fallen in battle. "Better that men should die gloriously, selling their lives dearly, and affording a spectacle to the world than that they should perish unseen, unnamed, almost unnumbered, for it has come to that." In other words the blunders of the English are better than their wisdom. The English soldiers are ragged, dirty, thin, famished, and shivering—the miseries of Skibbereen seem to have encamped on the heights of Sebastopol, and Balaklava is another Kilrush, with this difference, and that the woe-begone starvelings who perish in the Crimea are often the offspring of nobles—the elite of the land; they belong to a class who seemed beyond the reach of hunger, and whom Irish misery—rags, dirt, mud-cabins, and starvation—could never afflict. But the power of God has punished England with Irish calamities, and we fear the year which has commenced will long be remembered by some of the noblest families in England, as 1847 is remembered by most of the poorer families of Catholic Ireland as a year of calamity, misery, and death.—*Tablet*.

Two or three days ago, the venerable parish Priest of Blarney, was summoned before the Commissioners of Income Tax, to furnish the usual returns, but he declined to comply with the legal requirements from conscientious scruples, and the bewildered functionaries were compelled to rate him at random—"I have given you that return through courtesy," said Father Peyton to the Commissioners, "but I keep no account of money I receive, for what you consider 'damnable and idolatrous.' As the government do not treat a Catholic clergyman like any other member of society—it will not authorise me to recover my dues, and, therefore, it has not any right to require any return."

We select the following passages from an explanatory letter subsequently addressed to the *Cork Examiner* by the Rev. Mr. Peyton:—"The conduct of the English government on this occasion towards the Catholic clergy of Ireland reminds us of the Egyptian tyrant forcing the Israelites to make bricks without straw; but, like them, we must bear our burthen in silence, until another Deliverer arises among the people, who will free them from tyrannical exactions.—Behold the glaring inconsistency of our Protestant legislators. They abominate Pope and Popery; they regard our religious ceremonies as superstitious mummeries, and swear (God forgive their perjury) the adorable sacrifice of the mass as 'damnable and idolatrous;' yet they scruple not to put their hands in our pockets and take a portion of the offerings we receive for the performance of those rites. They do not consider their orthodox fingers are defiled when touching our Popish money; they hate ourselves, and would willingly crush us, were it not for the itching

they have after the little dues we get for our support. Not even satisfied with this portion of our revenues, they require some compensation for the little presents of fowl, butter, eggs, &c., which the poor bring us when not able otherwise to remunerate us for our services; these, too, are deemed an item of the poor priest's income, and worthy the notice of the Commissioners. Verily, John Bull, thou hast a voracious maw! But some place expectant, or stickler for the law, will say that priests have an equal right to return the amount of their incomes and to contribute to the burthens of the state as other men. Granted: if priests were placed on the same footing with other members of the community, and entitled by law to recover their dues, but it is notorious that, while the law recognises the right of the Protestant minister to his tithes, his dues, and his glebe, and the right of the lawyer, physician, and other professional men to compensation for their labors and services, it will not allow the same right to a priest, nor permit him to enter a court of justice to recover that hire of which St. Paul says he is worthy. And yet the law strictly insists on a portion of those dues which it expressly forbids the priest to enforce. Strange anomaly in legislation; but it is only another instalment of English injustice so often keenly felt for centuries in this impoverished country. Fair play is a jewel, but it has never shone with resplendent lustre in the crown of England since it has usurped the dominion of this country. The dark spots in Irish history have dimmed its effulgence, and clearly point out to posterity the disagreeable results of an unholy alliance. We feel the inequality of our position and partnership, for if England sinks, she drags us with her; but if she weather the storm, experience proves we have nothing to gain. England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. The time has at length arrived when England finds herself, not only in a difficulty, but in an inextricable labyrinth: and now, then, is the time for Ireland to be up and stirring, and by constitutional agitation, she will be able to shake off some of those oppressive laws which crush her energies, and prevent her prosperity and happiness."

A PROTESTANT GRIEVANCE.—THE BISHOP OF OSSORY.—We (*Telegraph*) copy the following report and extraordinary document from the *Saunders's News-Letter* in its account of the proceedings of the Dublin Protestant Association, with Mr. John Vance, M.P., in the chair:—

"Mr. Martin, T.C., moved the adoption of a memorial to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, praying that he would cause the law to be put in force against the Rev. Edward Walsh, Roman Catholic Bishop, for having illegally assumed the title of Bishop of Ossory. The memorial, after referring to the provisions of the Emancipation Act, and of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, set forth the following letter, which had been published in *The Telegraph* newspaper of the 29th of December last.

"The letter of the pious and excellent bishop is then set forth, and the Document proceeds to say:—

"That in this letter of the said Rev. Edward Walsh to the said paper, your Excellency will perceive that he, the said Edward Walsh, does no less than seven times call himself by the title of the Bishop of Ossory, and assume to be that prelate. But that so far from being so, he has not the slightest right, title, claim, pretension, or colourable warrant to be such bishop, the See being nobly and admirably filled by the Rt. Rev. Father in God, James Thomas O'Brien, a prelate of profound learning, great piety, and duly succeeding, without a breach of a single link in the chain of descent from St. Kieran, who was first bishop of this see, at its foundation, about 1,200 years ago.

"That your petitioners are therefore indignant, and feel themselves injured, when they see this Rev. E. Walsh treating the reverend Prelate of Ossory, Bishop O'Brien, the only lawful, just, canonical, and Christian head of the diocese of Ossory, as a nullity, and setting himself forth in his names, titles, and dignities; that they take this wrong an insult to themselves, feel it grievously, and loudly complain thereof, and do therefore.

"Most humbly pray that your Excellency cause the law to be put in force in this case, and the full penalty inflicted upon the intrusive pretender who has presumptuously violated its sanctions; and your petitioners will ever pray.

In this memorial, it is to be observed that the Dublin Protestants, with the pious gentleman they have imported from Leeds, maintain that a Doctor O'Brien is the real Bishop of Ossory, that he is a second St. Kieran, because a "prelate of profound learning," and "great piety." They even declare that he is of the same religion as St. Kieran—although he does not, as St. Kieran certainly did, lead a life of celibacy, say Mass, or hear Confessions, but then we must remember that the Protestant Guardians of the North Dublin Union recently decided that a child knowing how to bless itself and say the "Hail Mary," was a Protestant; and now we suppose it will be maintained by Mr. Vance, M. P., the Rev. Dr. Gregg, and other pious souls, that a bishop who neither blesses himself nor others, and who will not say the Hail Mary, is a Catholic.

THE CRIMEA AND ITS CONQUERORS.—General de Lacy Evans, who has returned from the seat of war, is a native of the county of Limerick, where his ancestors, on the De Lacy (maternal) side, for centuries held sway, and sent forth many warriors. The family descend from the Earls of Lincoln and the conquerors of Ireland for the English temp. Henry II. After the treaty of Limerick, 1691, Peter De Lacy went into foreign service, and, under Peter the Great and his successors, attained the rank of Marshal, and made those excursions to the Crimea as well as the Baltic which excited the applause of Europe as "deeds of fame." His marches from Russia across the sea of Azoff, and attack on Perekop, then held by the Tartars and Turks, are the most daring feats on record.—His son added to the possessions of Austria, in the south, and he was admitted to be the most famous man in Europe. He refused the Marshal's baton at 36; his nephew, General Maurice Lacy, also an Irishman, served under Suvaroff, and led the storming party at Ismael in 1790; his nephew, Count Pierre, also an Irishman, served with éclat on the Danube in the wars of 1828-29—thus presenting an unbroken chain of heroes for a century and a half in the Russian service. General Evans is the first who has served "the other side." His father had a long litigation with the descendants of General Brown for the family estates, and recovered on the footing of his wife's ancestor having conformed to the Protestant religion, and entitled to the Catholic branches of the property. It is remarkable, also, that the ancestors of this family