

mediation of the Pope the concessions have been met with popular enthusiasm. Rome had a *Festa* and an illumination in honour of this auspicious event. The King of Sardinia has also published at Turin a liberal Constitution of his own accord, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany has solemnly promised to do the same, within a few days. Nearly all Italy being thus constitutionally revolutionised, Austria must necessarily retrace her steps, and treat her Italian subjects in Lombardy with more justice. All these events will relieve the Pope from any necessity of being under an obligation to England, a circumstance which fills us with unbounded pleasure. The English ministry have not been ashamed to avow their object in courting the friendship of Pius IX, and their organs have gloried, in what they call, the success of Lord Minto at Rome. The division in the House of Lords of the Diplomatic Bill, when by a majority of 3 the Government were defeated, and English bigotry declared that though they would consent to send a minister to the Sazer. Hills for the purpose of enslaving the Irish Catholic Church, they would not receive any one in *Holy Orders* as an envoy from the Pope. Rome, we hope, will now clearly understand what it has to expect from *English patronage and friendship*. We sincerely hope that Pius IX will break off all negotiations with the inveterate enemy of his name, his Church, and his ever faithful children in Ireland.

To all appearance the Whigs are very unsteady in their seats. When driven from office there will be many dry eyes in the nation.

If a Republic be established in France, and Lord Palmerston continues at the Foreign Office, we will wager a dram that there is fierce war between the two Countries before six months.

The "pious foul" of Alton Towers has received another severe and well-merited castigation from the Archbishop of Tuam. Amongst other things, Lord Shrewsbury is convicted of deliberate falsehood, by the Archbishop, the Bishop of Elphin, and Mr. Lucas of the Tablet. What pity that generous Ireland ever helped to emancipate those craven English Catholics of the Beaumont and Shrewsbury School!

Ireland is still suffering from famine, disease, and, worst of all, from disunion. But we will never despair of her fortunes.

The demonstrations in Paris at the Obsequies of O'Connell were such as to gladden the heart of every true Irishman throughout the world. We will publish a particular account of them in our next, together with the magnificent Funeral Oration of Abbé Lacordaire.

We fear very much that if the important news from Europe should reach Washington before the signing of the Treaty with Mexico, the Americans will reject the Treaty altogether, and declare for the annexation of all Mexico. The European powers, England included, will have now quite enough to do to mind their own affairs.

With regard to this Province, we think that the people of Nova Scotia are worse than mad, if they do not insist on the fullest possible extension of self government, and the entire management of their own affairs with the most dutiful allegiance to our gracious Sovereign. England cannot, will not, refuse any rational claim made by her North American Colonies. It is hard to tell how the contemplated Railway will be affected by the news from France. Though the obvious interest and policy of the Mother Country require its construction, we fear that a failing Budget and an impending war will retard the execution of this great project.

We copy a passage from O'Connell's Life, by Mr. Fagan, which is not without interest:

A remarkable incident occurred on this occasion, which deserves to be recorded. When Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Mahoney retired from the bar, they found their places under the gallery occupied by two gentlemen—one old—the other young—and the other benches under the gallery which during the early part of the evening were empty, were now filled by the suite of the French Embassy. Room was made by the two gentlemen for O'Connell and his friend. O'Connell sat between the Sergeant-at-Arms and the old gentleman—Mr. Mahoney between both the strangers. They entered into conversation familiarly with O'Connell, and spoke English like natives. These strangers were no other than the present Louis Philippe, King of the French, and his son, the late Duke of Orleans, who were present to witness the struggle for civil and religious liberty.—p. 653.

### MORE RETORTS ON THE SHAMELESS CALUMNIATORS OF IRELAND.

The London *Examiner* has lately published an article on the state of morals and religious information in Wales which we introduce to our readers with the appropriate remarks of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. When we think of the immense sums of money that are annually sent out of England for missionary purposes to all parts of the world, we are forced to come to the conviction that there is great hypocrisy, or scandalous neglect, or both, amongst these eating Pharisees. Why don't they look at home, instead of abusing the Irish and other nations?

How advantageously, says the *Freeman*, does the education and virtue of poor famine-stricken Connaught contrast with the noisome immorality and benighted ignorance of Wales. The *Examiner*, a journal that has ever been alert to find or make opportunities for holding up Irish crime to the scorn of mankind, in its last number, Jan. 15th, 1848, thus describes a portion of its own happy land—Great Britain—to which we are called upon to look for the practice of everything that is perfect:

#### THE BRITISH SCOTIA.

"They who so hotly contended last year that neither the quantity nor the quality of the education for the poor was defective, would do well to study the reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry in Wales. Few can have been prepared for the disclosures of the depths of ignorance and the slough of sensuality in the principality. Generally speaking, little is taught in the schools, and the little that is taught is worthless. The children of an advanced age can seldom give a proper answer to questions relating to the most notorious facts. One puts Dublin in Scotland; another rates Devonshire as the second city of the kingdom; another explains that the Queen's name is Alexander, but has no idea where she lives; another classes a peacock as a vegetable; another does not know the name of the month or year we are living in. The schools are often as dirty as pig-styes, and many of the national schools seem to be as bad as those not connected with the church. But the schooling (education) we will not miscall it, wretched as it is, is far from uniform. In the eyecore of the Revd. J. Pugh, rector of Llandilwfaur, we find this specimen in one William Davis, a boy of sixteen, and who does not seem deficient in capacity from some of his replies, but as ignorant as a pig.

"I have never been inside a school or chapel. I do not know who to pray to. I do not know what becomes of people when they die—I have heard of God; I know nothing about Him. . . . I think I have a soul—I don't know what a soul is, nor whether it is different from the body. I never heard of the devil: I know nothing about him; I have heard of him when people swear. . . . I have never heard of heaven; but I have heard of hell—heaven is the best of the two, but I don't know why."

Mr. Pugh declares that this boy is not more ignorant than the rest. His father is a farmer, paying £50 a year rent. The boy Davis expressed his desire for education, and parents generally are anxious to have the benefit of it, such as it is, for their children; but they cannot reconcile themselves to paying anything for it, and will not spare three half-pence a week for the purpose, in Mr. Pugh's neighbourhood (Carmarthen.) In the vicinity of Llandilo there are 100 children, between the ages of seven and sixteen, who attend no school or place of worship.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, of Hirwren, ascribes the Frost insurrection to the profound ignorance of the people, who can be made to believe any absurdity. A witness of the outbreak told him—"The men who marched to join Frost, had no definite object beyond a fanatical notion that they were to march immediately to London, fight a great battle, and conquer a great kingdom."

The ignorance of the farmers is profound and thoroughly self-satisfied—they scorn the idea of improvement. A tenant of Mr. Chambers, when asked why he did not claim the allowance of 24 per cent. for draining, answered, "He did not want any drains, 'twas all damned stuff, and not worth the bother, something like guano." He would not carry the guano back in his empty cart from Llanely, whither he went once a week. In the same enlightened neighbourhood Mr. Davis remembers the time when there was not a builder who could measure a wall.

The masters of schools are, in many cases, persons utterly ignorant, belonging to the laboring classes. We find in the report for North

Wales this choice specimen both of the voucher for the qualification of a teacher, and an astounding practical proof of the professor's accomplishments.

"Sir, I am sending those two Lines Concerning— School Master at—that he is a Good Teacher of a children and hears a good character *capin* (keeping) a good time with children and very careful in Teaching them I had my children with him a long time.

Witness our hands { David—Sirgeon  
Do.  
thomas

The candidate so recommended wrote in round text as follows

"I willingly to come fore £0 per Quarter if you thinks proper.

I humbly beg to you to send me a line in answer with the Dearer."

These evidences of learning were admitted as perfectly satisfactory by the parties engaged in the promotion of education. The man had been a weaver but having turned preacher, it was thought by his sect that the business of teaching would leave him more leisure for his ministerial avocations. About his qualification there was no doubt; it was probably as good for the one as for the other of his pursuits.

Endowments are shamefully abused. The report of North Wales states that endowed schools are amongst the very worst, visitation and inspection having been wanting, and the ill chosen master left irresponsible from the time of his appointment, many schools are in abeyance, while there is the most shameful breach of trust in the misappropriation of charitable funds available for their support.

Carnarvon has a pro-eminent in Welsh ignorance and immorality. Wages are high, and drunkenness flourishes in proportion. Men who earn twenty-six shillings a week will spend twenty-one in the public house, and bring the odd five to their families. The Rev. Wm. Williams, independent minister, says, "They are beastly in their habits in this town."

In Merthyr, on the other hand, the fault is laid with the women, who go about sea-drinking when they should be receiving their husbands, coming from their work, and supplying their little comforts. A Merthyr man said, "If ever I marry, I will marry a cook, for she will have something for me to eat when I come home"—a choice, and good reason for it; which indicates how much is wanting in the education of the female poor, and how much instruction in simple cookery would conduce to the comfort, the economy, and the morale, let us add, of the working classes, for the pleasure which the poor man finds in his home has much to do with his habits good or bad.

But to return to Carnarvon—we find that sea-faring men, without the slightest education, get employed as masters, and grope their way about at sea, without skill enough to take an observation or to keep a dead reckoning. The only teacher of navigation at Carnarvon is an old woman.

Chastity is held in no sort of honour amongst the poor in Wales. Their habits are those of animals and will not bear description. The sin prevails without the slightest touch of shame.—But it is not venal, any more than the habits of animals in the same respects, and they are superior to animals in this particular, that the state of wedlock is recognised among them, and desired—everything but waited for."

As Lord Shrewsbury seems to have fallen into a Quixotic fit of missionary zeal we would recommend his lordship to keep before his eyes the Scripture truth that "charity begins at home," and to send his receipts henceforth to his countrymen the Britons, where ignorance and immorality, according to the *London Examiner*, have a pro-eminent, "where wages are high and drunkenness flourishes in proportion," where "chastity is held in no sort of honour," where "their habits are those of animals and will not bear description," and where sin prevails without the slightest touch of shame." It would be a much better occupation for Lord Shrewsbury to spend his time in teaching his degraded "beastly" countrymen that there is a God to punish the disseminator of infamous vituperation, and to move severely if the so-called story be "readily believed," than to engross the rumour by which the character of a virtuous clergy, and faithful people are sought to be whispered away.

#### AN OLD BOOK.

A gentleman in New Orleans has in his possession a manuscript copy of an old Roman ma-

sil, written in Latin, or vellum, by a monk about the year A. D. 300. The book is consequently one thousand five hundred and forty seven years old, at least.

We clip the above piece of news from one of the City papers of last week. So then there is still in existence a Roman Mass Book—it is called *Missale* or *Missal*, from *Missal* the Mass—the very respectable age of 1517 years! We may fairly presume that many *Missals* were written and used long before the date of this ancient Manuscript. Thus, after all, Popery and the Mass, are not of quite such modern date as our canting Evangelicals would pretend. If a *Missal* was used 1600 years ago, it requires no great stretch of imagination to suppose that it was also in use two centuries before. We assert and believe that the essential part of this same Roman *Missal* was not written by a monk 1600 years ago, but composed by St Peter himself. Hence it is called *The Liturgy of St Peter*. This *Liturgy* or Canon has received but the addition of a very few words from some of that great Apostle's early Successors in the See of Rome.

### PROTESTANT ENGLAND.—CATHOLIC IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Sir—I should feel truly obliged if you could find a corner for the following extract from the *Christian Remembrancer*, a very respectable Protestant periodical. Is it not curious as well as astonishing that while the *Times* newspaper and some few Protestant Peers affect to be so horrified at the state of crime in poor afflicted Ireland, they seem to be unconscious of the more awful state of crime in England! What cold-blooded murders have lately been perpetrated! what dreadful suicides do we read of in the daily papers! Had half the number occurred in Ireland—had even only a few—how exultingly would the *Times* and Lord Farnham, &c., have proclaimed the fact and blazoned it forth to the wide world! But, as Dr M'Hale so justly observes in his noble, dignified, and well deserved rebuke to Lord Shrewsbury—"Yes, even in the worst of times crime was not greater in amount than that of England or Scotland, but as the stronger are always in the right, the intemperance of the Irish was brought out into more invidious relief, like the horrid murders recently committed, while crimes more numerous and more atrocious, even against the Fifth Commandment—the Sixth is out of the question—are more noiselessly committed in the bosom of London Society."

But let us listen to Protestant testimony.—Attend then, all ye who delight in May meetings, and who give your unsparring contributions to cultivate the swamps of the Niger, and to introduce the Gospel to the shores of the Yellow Sea, and learn what worse than heathen darkness is mantling over your own doors; ye who pity poor Africans, have you no sympathy for those whose veins are carrying your own blood, and who are in a nearer sense, men and brethren? Learn what ghastly shapes of misery and vice are stalking unobserved, and we trust in mercy, unknown, about your very thresholds! Talk of the slave-trade, remember there is a darker slavery of the spirit which has debased many millions of your own countrymen, here in boastful, privileged England, to a condition infinitely below that of the beast, which perishes—which is daily consigning body and soul to hell—the sweet smiles of innocent childhood, the maidenly proprieties of girlhood, the decent dignity of womanhood, those holy graces of the sex, which, ever since He abrogated not the Virgin's womb, it has been the especial dignity of the Gospel to exalt and to purify, learn we say, that these things are perishing from amongst us, and that heathenism, the very darkest and dullest, is a condition infinitely higher and more blessed than Protestant England with all its arts and arms, with all its Bibles, with all its schools and churches, with all its hospitals and charitable societies, with all its colonies and missions which it now exhibits. If even Pagan piety shrank alarmed at the ghastly recollections of a time when a people could no longer support its own vices and their remedies, how shall we tremble at the awful future of the results of our social sins and of our wilful blindness, to duties, which lie at our own homes?"—(Vol. v., p. 678)

Most of your readers have, no doubt, read the account in the *Times* of the 22d inst. of the deplorable state of education and morality in Wales. I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,