

CATHOLIC SCHOOL—HALIFAX.

The above had under their consideration, the Petition of certain inhabitants of the North Wards of the City of Halifax—with 1200 signatures annexed, and of the Roman Catholic faith, praying for aid to a school which they wish to establish in that quarter. Your Committee have evidence before them, furnished by the Right Revd. Bishop Welsh, and the Revd. Mr. Conolly, that in Wards No. 5 and 6 there are not less than 1275 children between the age of 2 and 14, 850 fit to go to school, of Catholic parentage, the great body of whom are comparatively poor, and many of them not able to give their children the benefits of education. During the last few years three or four successive teachers have obtained there the gratuitous use of a large school-room, and yet the return of fees was so inadequate as to compel them respectively to abandon their occupation. The distance from the Catholic school at the Chapel, to which a grant of £100 a year is secured by the School Bill, renders it impossible for these children to attend the classes there. Under these circumstances the Committee have concluded to recommend that the sum of £50 should be appropriated for the purpose of founding a Catholic school in the Wards above referred to—but they leave it to the House to decide whether it ought to be drawn from the funds already set apart for Education in the County of Halifax, or by an additional vote from the Treasury."

We clip the above from the report of the Committee appointed by the House last Session to enquire into the School question, and we beg to direct the attention of our readers to the amount recommended by the Committee for the education of 850 children male and female. Twenty-five pounds per annum for teaching 425 boys whose parents are so poor is certainly not an extravagant sum; and the bright pedagogues who will consent to teach such a numerous gymnasium of hapless urchins, must indeed be a literary star of the first magnitude—Halifax contains about 25,000 inhabitants. It is well known that the Catholics of the City form nearly half that number, and that there are more poor children amongst them requiring Education than in all the other denominations of the City put together. Taking their numbers and their poverty into account, we hold that if the Catholics were treated fairly they would receive fully one half of the entire sum granted for Common Schools in Halifax.

And how much, think you, gentle Reader! have they hitherto received?

One sixth!!! of the entire grant.

The Protestant Schools of the Town receive £5 for every pound that the Catholics receive, though we believe that the whole of the Protestants of every denomination, do not exceed the number of Catholics by one thousand!

But if the Catholics do not bestir themselves this Session, and make the House ring with their complaints they deserve to wear this degrading badge of inferiority and slavery for four years longer.

We shall do our duty at all events, and will not spare friend or foe who refuses to acknowledge our just claims.

PIUS IX.

Queen Victoria—Mrs. Cogswell, and the other old women of the Church Colonial Society.

We resume this subject to-day according to promise, and continue to disprove the arguments of the old Jewess who lately figured at the Church Colonial Society.

We denied that England either loved or circulated the Bible.

We proved in our last, on the authority of those from whom she received the Scriptures, that the Bible which she circulates is no Bible at all, but a mere human figment. She does not love the Bible, first, because she has not got it to love, and next because she habitually violates all the leading precepts contained in the Scriptures, nay, even those that are to be found in her miscalled Bible. 'England loves the Bible,' does she? Let us see. She has wasted the whole Indian Peninsula with fire, sword and pestilence. She has sacrificed millions of the unfortunate inhabitants to her insatiate lust of gain and power. She has stirred up revolts, and excited civil war in every province of India, to afford herself a pretext for stepping in, robbing both parties, and adding fresh Kingdoms to those she has already plundered. She long connived at the murderous abominations of Juggernaut, and degrading heathenism of the Hindoo, for whose idolatry she to this day fabricates, and sells millions of Idols in one of her chief manufacturing cities.

Is this 'loving the Bible,' Mrs. Cogswell? No; the love for the Bible which England has manifested in India, is such a love as the Devil himself would admire. He loves the Bible too, Mrs. Cogswell, and knows how to quote it as glibly as the Church of England, and with pretty much the same application.

'England loves the Bible,' does she? Let us now come from India to Ireland, and examine her love for the Bible there. England in Ireland has shewn all the concentrated malice of hell. She has robbed, pillaged, murdered, calumniated, and all in the name of the Bible. She has confiscated the whole Island twice, and a half over; she has given the fat of the land to her sacrilegious robbers and cut throats; she has quartered her Bible expounders on an unfortunate people, by bullet and bayonet, by fire and sword, has she compelled millions to support those hypocritical plunderers, whose horrid food was a mixture of scalding tears, and warm blood, and the very marrow of the people's crushed bones. After centuries of cruel, wasting, remorseless, diabolical oppression, she has converted that beautiful but helpless country into a pestilential desert, a howling wilderness of which her sorrowing sons throughout the wide world can justly say with the great dramatist,

—'Alas, poor Country!'

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile, Where sighs and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air, Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who?—

This is the state of poor Ireland after centuries of English oppression and murder; and call you this loving the Bible, Mrs. Cogswell? No; the hellish policy of England to Ireland was not drawn from the pages of inspiration, but from the sanguinary and fiery records of Pandemonium. Not God, but the Devil wrote those bloody characters in which English law in Ireland was inscribed. 'Love one another, as I have loved you. Be merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful. Do unto others as you would wish to be done to. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not kill.'—These and many other kindred Precepts of the Bible, never appeared, Mrs. Cogswell, in the Irish Edition of the English Bible; or if they did, England does not, did not love the Bible but hated it, with a ferocious malignity, if we may judge from her conduct in Ireland.

Let us now return to England herself, and see how she loves the Bible at home. Charity begins at home says the proverb, and perhaps as she has shewn very little love for the Bible in foreign parts, she has reserved it all for herself. How does England love the Bible in England? Ask her millions of Dissenters whom she compels to support her bloated Church, contrary to their conscience and feelings, though they have as good a right, on her own admission, to interpret the Bible for themselves, as any old wig block on her bench of Bishops.

Ask her starving artizans, and her ignorant labourers, who are abandoned to spiritual and temporal destitution by the richest Church in the world.

Go down into her mines and ask the naked females, and the youths in hay bands, who lead there a lower life than the animals of the field,—ask those hapless sons and daughters of once 'proud and merrie Englands' who dont know the sacred name of God or Christ, nor the days of the week, nor even the name of their very sovereign,—ask them Mrs. Cogswell whether England loves the Bible or not!

Enter her manufactories, those charnel houses of corruption and vice, behold the maturity of guilt in the innocence of years, the wide spread demoralization of both sexes; the obscenities, the blasphemies, the oaths; the brutal ignorance of religion; the daily immolation of immortal souls, and fair forms to the God of gain in those temples of Mammon; the ceaseless toil both day and night, without repose or holy-day; ask the toiling infant who has known no childhood, who was dragged from its mother's breast to the torturing wheel—ask all, young and old, in those dens of infamy and suffering, whether England loves the Bible or not!

Step into her Poor Houses, those Iron Bastiles with adamant keepers, which England has built for God's own Poor, in place of the noble Catholic Monasteries, Alms-Houses and Asylums which she levelled to the dust.—Step

in there and behold all the ties of nature rent asunder, the husband separated from the wife, the child from the parent, the brother from the sister—see them locked up and guarded like felons, their soup and porridge distilled to the consistency of water, and the brief span of their wretched lives measured by arithmetical calculation:—go then to Epsom and Ascot, to the mews of Buckingham Palace, and the stables of the nobility. Go to Tattersall's and Battersea Fields, to the cruel Cock-pits and the pugilistic rings. Go to the Dog-Kennels, the Fox Covers and Game Preserves of Bible-loving England—see how the brute creation are provided for.—Contrast their condition with that of those in the Bastiles who are made after God's own image. Listen to the piteous cries & wailings of the latter, to their terrible temptations to doubt the existence of a Providence, to their half-formed wishes that they had been born *beasts* and not men—and ask them—No, don't dare to ask them—but lay your hand on your own heart, Mrs. Cogswell, (if you have a heart) and ask yourself whether England loves the Bible or not.

Go to the gaols and penitentiaries, to the Police Courts and the Gin Palaces—to the halls of legislature, the Bishop's bench, and the fat pluralist's stall. Go there, and behold Paganism in its most odious forms, ignorance in its greatest blindness, vice under its most fearful aspect, brutal obscenity almost causing the Devil himself to blush, sanguinary, unchristian laws grinding the faces of the poor and patronizing the wickedness of the wealthy; men of God! promoted to apostolic poverty not on account of their learning, piety or zeal, but because they were the hopeful tutors, flatterers, toadies, or relatives of villains in power! Contemplate all this, Mrs. Cogswell, and repeat if you dare, your calumny on the Holy Word of God, by saying that "England loves the Bible." England love the Bible indeed! We will believe it, when we believe that a certain old gentleman in black loves *Holy Water*!

But the end is not yet. We will pursue our examinations and shiver to atoms the clumsy pile of fabrications that were built up at the late Colonial Church Meeting.

UNITED STATES.

We have received late papers from Boston and Philadelphia—but the New York Freeman's Journal has not made its appearance in these parts for some weeks.

We are happy to find that our excellent contemporary, the Catholic Observer, of Boston, is about to increase to double its present size; and we earnestly hope it may meet the encouragement it deserves, not only in the populous Diocese of Boston, but elsewhere. We believe that a Paper like the Observer must be to many a secondary means of conversion, and every true lover of the Faith would wish to see numerous copies of it scattered over the villages of New England. It will make its way where the voice of the Catholic preacher is never heard. The Observer praises, and most justly, the present number of Brownson's Review. It is full of sound, original thinking on the important subjects of which it treats. Brownson deserves all manner of encouragement, for it will give a sound, healthy tone to Catholic opinion in the United States. We do not, however, agree in all the opinions expressed in the present Number. We are grateful for his eulogy on O'Connell; we are delighted at his cool, sensible lecture to the Young Irelanders, though there are some noble exceptions amongst them, to whom his remarks do not apply—but we differ from him altogether, in his estimate of the power of what he calls the English party in Ireland. Mr. Brownson is an able reasoner, an honest man, and a genuine Catholic; but he does not know Ireland as well as we do; and he may believe as when we assure him that if the National party in Ireland had to deal only with the English in Ireland, the contest would be over in twenty-four hours. Indeed, we hardly believe a contest would be attempted; or if it were, Mr. Brownson's English party in Ireland would not make even a small Ash-Wednesday *collation* for the Irish people. Neither do we think his recommendation to the National party to conciliate the English in England, and play them off against the English in Ireland, a sound or practicable advice. We believe the thing to be impossible; nay, we believe that it is not the will of Heaven that the Celts and Saxons should unite in the manner recommended by Mr. Brownson. The national antipathies—or hostilities, if you will—have now persevered for seven hundred years

ence, and seek Him from their birth. O my God, my God, I confess it is true, non vigilo ad to diluculo, but on the other hand, Lord, thou wilt not deny that I have been from my birth a Christian, and that ever since I have had any memory, I have named myself always thine.— That there are mystic apertures to children through this life's dark-tangled labyrinth, enabling them to see divine truths by a process inexplicable, no one in more observing ages had any doubt, and, in fact, of such guidance there are traces still, of which the stranger could himself largely speak. But waving matters that might seem to indicate parental fondness, let us hear allusion to memorable history of which we shall know more hereafter. In the street of Condal at Barcelona, at the old palace of the counts, is an ancient stone figure of a nurse with a child, and a man at their feet who looks at the child. This represents the history of brother John Guerin, a hermit of Montserrat, in the cloister of which monastery there is an old picture of the same, with an inscription in Gothic letters in the Catalan tongue, dated, 1239. The penitent, kept as a savage or almost wild animal in the count's stables, was at length discovered by the child, who said to him, Frare Joan Guara levat, pusque as cumplida ta penitencia, car Deu te a remes ton peccat.† The child, like an angel, had beheld his soul.

But leaving such mystic ground, see how many avenues to the Christian doctrines are opened in the dispensation of the first age—

'Hast thou been in the woods with the honey-bee? Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?

With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?

With the butterfly over the heath, fair child? Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat; Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells, And brought back a treasure of buds and bells?!

Do you suppose that this child has read no deep meanings, while looking thus with its reverent spirit through nature's book? Then, to be undeceived, hear St. Thomas of Villanova, 'You know,' saith he, 'the manners of boys, the characteristics of children—that these are innocence, simplicity, purity, truth, and humility. They have no shameful concupiscence, no ambition, no care for riches, no anxious solitudes, neither malice, nor fraud, nor suspicion, nor hatred. The son of an emperor plays with the shepherd's son: he has no disdain. Never will you hear from his lips the Quis sum ego, et quis tu? His tongue utters what his heart feels. All is pure; so that the very word boy, or puer, is derived from purity. O happy state of of boys! O golden age of children! Add intelligence, and what will be wanting to make them angels? the same beauty, the same countenance, the same native hilarity in both. O how often when I see them pass, do I wish that they might grow in intelligence and not in stature? Truly it would be good for them to continue thus until Christ shall come. Now then this state of boyhood we must imitate, however difficult the task may be, as the Psalmist shows, saying, *Cornudum crea—* since it is easier to create than to purify. Let us beseech God to create us thus afresh, and to give us this second childhood, to which we can never attain without his grace.‡

* Epist. lib. ii. † Dom Louis Montegut Hist. de Notre-Dame de Mont-Ser. ‡ Mrs. Hemans. § S. Thom. Vill. Serm. de Div. Mich. Ang. ii.

DIOCESSE OF BOSTON.

Rev. M. P. Gaither has been appointed to the charge of St. Vincent's Church in this city.

Rev. M. Dougherty has been appointed Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Old Cambridge, and of the missions connected with it.

Rev. T. G. Riordan has been appointed Pastor of St. John's Church, East Cambridge.

Rev. J. J. Doherty has been appointed Pastor of St. Benedict's Church, Springfield, and of the missions connected with it.

Rev. J. Roddan has been appointed Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Quincy, and of the missions connected with it.

Rev. James O'Donnell has been appointed with Rev. C. D. French to Lawrence city, Andover, and neighboring missions.

Rev. M. McGrath returns from East Cambridge to Charlestown.

Rev. M. McDonald is appointed Pastor of Manchester, Concord, and neighboring missions.

—Catholic Observer.