

MITCHEL AND THE IRISH CAUSE.

(From the Catholic Miscellany.)

In his Banquet address, after sneering, Kossuth-like, at the solemn avowals of the principles of foreign policy, made by our government, and soundly berating Mr. Secretary Marcy in a style that, to say the least of it, showed a great want of good taste in a newly arrived stranger, Mr. M. passes to make his profession of political faith in the following terms:—

"I am a *professed revolutionist* now—an *adventurer*—a *seditions propagandist*. I mean to make use of the freedom guaranteed to me as a citizen or inchoate citizen of America, to help and to stimulate the movement of *European democracy*, and especially *Irish independence*. I mean to claim for the revolutionary refugees here, not only the hospitality and the *coronity* of America, but also her sympathy and *active friendship*—nay, I claim for them that America shall be to them the very standing ground prayed for by Archimedes, whereon they may plant a lever that shall move the world."

Mr. Mitchel is unconsciously false to his own honest, upright nature, when he gives himself those detestable names of *professed revolutionist*, *adventurer*, and *seditions propagandist*—at least in the sense in which they are commonly understood by honest and sensible men throughout the world, all, indeed, save the few nefarious demagogues who are plotting in secret for the overthrow of society. He is also false to the cause of Ireland in coupling it with that of the secret societies and bands of assassins that infest Germany and Southern Europe. Mr. Mitchel is—what Kossuth and his popinjay successors are not—a man of truth and sincerity, and, therefore, has some meaning in his words. He is no rhetorical butterfly, flitting at random from one flower of speech to another, in quest of sweet sounds and gaudy phrases, wherewith to tickle the ears and to mystify the minds of his hearers. He is in earnest; and his sentiments, even though borrowed from dreamland, are the result of conviction. In calling himself, therefore, a *revolutionist*, *propagandist*, &c., he means that he will to the best of his power defend and second the attempts of all Hungarian, Italian, French, and other conspirators. He yet labors under the innocent delusion that those men are struggling for liberty and the happiness of the nation. He cannot see as yet, that they are contending some for vile and interested, others for the most criminal motives. He cannot discern that the infallible end of their conspiracy, foreseen by almost every one, openly avowed and ardently desired by most of them, is the downfall of all government, the destruction of all religion, and the utter subversion of the whole social state. A few years will undeceive him. It is impossible that a man of his vigorous understanding, and, as we believe, sterling honesty—a quality rare enough amongst "revolutionists" and "seditions adventurers"—can remain long the dupe of lying theories and lying knaves. We flatter ourselves that he will be the first to quit with horror and loathing the dishonorable company—in which misfortune rather than guilt now keeps him—as soon as he shall have discovered its inherent base character.

Another orator on that occasion was the notorious declaimer against priestly intolerance, Thomas F. Meagher. As usual, he gave a profusion of sound, some of it sweet enough, most of it very windy, but all of it without substance; pounds of rhetoric, without a grain of sense; oceans of foam and bubble, from out which no intellectual chemistry could possibly draw a drop or two of pure water to quench the spirit's thirst. But it is not of his peculiar style of eloquence that we wish to complain. The most notable feature of his address was that it talked of everything but his main point, the cause of Ireland. His gentle lute-string harped eternally on Austria and Italy, Rome, and Naples, Milan and Buda, the tyrant of Naples, the boy of Hapsburgh, the langmen of Vienna, and lingered from beginning to end, in that cycle of melancholy song, without ever vibrating to the wrongs of Ireland. Yet the occasion, the heroic guest of the day, the very main feature of the toast, to which the orator spoke, all pointed to Ireland. A very noticeable symptom this of the direction which is now given by some demagogues to what they presume to call the cause of Ireland! It becomes, in their hands, merely a blind to seduce innocent Irish Catholics and their American sympathisers of the same faith, into alliance with Red Republicanism, into degrading fellowship with the cut throats of subterranean Europe. If it be really true that the cause of Ireland is identical with that of Hungarian nobles, Slovak thieves and Italian assassins, why, in God's name, let it wither away and perish? Far preferable that Ireland should be submerged in the sea, than that she should lose her Faith and virtue. Far better that her sons should be butchered to a man by their tyrants rather than that they should be dragged down to the ignoble level of the cowardly cut-throats that ruled for a while the streets of Rome and Vienna.—If Ireland's nationality cannot be obtained unless she consents to make, not only a practice, but a creed of crime, let her remain forever, bound hand and foot, in the chains of her oppressor! This is not only our prayer, but that of ninety-nine hundredths of Ireland's most devoted children, and of her true friends, over all the world.

But we are ashamed to have admitted for a moment even by way of hypothesis, the abominable assertion that Ireland's cause has ought to do with that of Red Republican democracy. Ireland has a cause singularly and exclusively her own. It is a cause noble and true, not born yesterday, not begotten of tumult in the streets of her metropolis, nor hatched in dark conventicles of secret crime. Her cause is grounded on her religion, it belongs to all her children, it pervades her whole territory. It finds a home in the breast of peer and peasant. It is not circumscribed by the walls of her capital; it extends thence to every mountain and valley, to every hamlet, however remote, of the land. And how dare any Irishman stand up and in the face of God and his countrymen attempt to drag down that sacred cause, ennobled by right and hallowed by ages, to a level with the pretensions of a few haughty Magyars, with the frenzied licence of a handful of Vienna school boys with the dark machinations of Mazzini or his fellows, or with the atrocious brigandage of Garibaldi and his murderous band? If any thinking man, above all an Irishman, cannot, with a little reflection, see the difference deep as from heaven to hell, that exists between the cause of Ireland and that of the "professed revolutionists, adventurers, and religious propagandists" of other countries, we can only exclaim with the poet,

Judgment! thou art fled to beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

THE RESTORATION OF IRELAND.

(From the American Celt.)

It was lately stated in a Waterford paper, on the authority of a letter from this city, that preparations for an armed expedition to Ireland were going on here, and the names of three gentlemen were given as directing these operations. A paper, affecting to speak officially, after copying the report observes, with a variety of grave innuendoes, that "it is not prepared wilfully to deny" the accuracy of these statements.

Of course, the whole thing is a ronaunce. That there are some persons among us weak or wicked enough to set on foot such a scheme we think quite likely, for, as Solomon says, "the number of fools is infinite." But that any such preparations are going on, or that any good citizen or sane man is concerned in them, we cannot believe. Indeed, from the style and source of the statement itself, without other information, we would not hesitate to pronounce it one of those silly fabrications with which the dissipated dabblers in universal revolution are apt to amuse sensible men and cheat the gullible in this city of excitements.

We notice this story at present as a warning to the imprudent and a text for a few words on the restoration of Ireland; a work of the most arduous and noble kind, and one in which a zeal that never flags needs to be guided by a prudence that never fails. The wild and conflicting projects mooted by some of our refugees in the name of Ireland are not creditable to them as men of ability, nor are they of the least service to their cause. Good they cannot do; mischief they might do, but for the internal evidence of their own absurdity. They serve only to prove the melancholy fact that, men long living in exile become incapable, through want of observation on the spot and current sympathies, of forming sound opinions even on the affairs of a country once their own.

The safest rule of conduct for us perhaps is, to observe closely the course of those public men on the spot who are most distinguished for their patriotism. Supposing them to have inferior abilities to others who live abroad, their superior opportunities for observation entitle them to greater confidence. No published diagnosis of a case is equal to seeing the patient face to face, neither can the imagination be considered a safe guide in practical politics. Every true friend of Ireland ought, therefore, it seems to us, to take his cue from her own dictation, and not construct, like Richard Lovel Edgeworth, a steedle on the earth without knowing by what machinery he is to raise it to its place.

Our readers are aware that, for some time we have given up the advocacy of any special Irish-American organization. The material we feel always exists; it is to be found at an hour's notice in the generous hearts of our emigrants. But never again shall we see those Irish energies brought out to the full unless a great occasion and a reasonable chance of success should offer. The shame of '49 for the folly of '48 is not forgotten; that must not befall again. But to all who have true sympathy and voluntary aid for Ireland, we say help those who stand in the gap there; help the Catholic university, (a sacred duty nobly begun); help All-Hallows, the revival of those ancient missionary schools which shed such honor on early Ireland; help men like Higgins and Farrell, of this city, who have introduced a new branch of Irish trade—the lace and muslin business; help the application of the Irish linen manufacturers to Congress for a reduction of duty on the staple of Ulster; help forward the feasible and practical plan of steam to Galway, which only wants constant advocacy to succeed; help, encourage, cheer on Dargan and the industrial enterprise of Ireland in every way within your power; help Dr. Cane and "the Celtic Union"; help Lucas and Duffy; help Curry and O'Donovan; help Petrie and Pigott; encourage the better education, the literature, and the music of Ireland, and "hide your time," for a more decided course of conduct. The great game of national chances is not all over in Europe.

DEMONOLOGY IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Subjoined is an article from the *London Examiner*, about Table-turning in connexion with theology. From this it will be seen that the Rev. Mr. Gillson not content with finding out that the devil "was at Rome," has also made out a highly numerous and influential collection of devils among his own congregation at Bath, strictly excluding, we dare say, the names of all his personal enemies. We warrant that gentleman was a very stout opponent of Papal aggression. There would be something intelligible in the metaphor of Satan's being *viceroyed*; but the public will no doubt be very much interested with this being literally and physically the case:—

First comes the Rev. E. Gillson, M.A., curate of Lyncombe and Widcombe, Bath, with a pamphlet entitled "Table-talking, Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs," and he introduces us to a predecessor in the same field of investigation, in the Rev. Mr. Godfrey, incumbent of Wortley, whose good service to the cause he recognises in a certain publication bearing the still more racy title of "Table-Moving Tested, and proved to be the result of Satanic Agency; and Table-Turning the Devil's Modern Master Piece!" These very titles carry us back four hundred years. But to the evidence, and first we take Mr. Gillson:—

"I found that some members of my congregation had tried the experiment of putting questions to the table. On their first attempt, they were not prepared to expect an answer; but, to their great consternation, when a question was proposed, the table deliberately lifted up its foot, and replied. Further questions were put, and an instant reply invariably given. I heard of this, and felt desirous of witnessing the phenomena, for the purpose of investigation.—I, therefore, proposed a meeting with these friends and another family who had been accustomed to table-turning as an amusement. We accordingly met last Friday evening (Sept. 2, 1853), seven in number. I had never before witnessed any experiment in table-turning, and therefore requested those who had been accustomed to it to commence operations. Their hands had not been on the table many minutes, before a crackling was heard, and this was immediately followed by a slight movement of a very peculiar character. It was a sort of heaving, straining motion in the table. A question was then put, and an answer immediately given. I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become

violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*.

"How long will it be before he (the Devil) is cast out? He rapped ten.

"Will wars and commotions intervene?" The table rocked and wheeled backwards and forwards for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's prediction.

"The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again."

"I then asked, where are Satan's head-quarters. Are they in England? There was a slight movement.

"Are they at Rome? The table literally scorned *frantic*."

We pass over some experiments tried with the Bible, because the introduction of the Sacred Volume upon such an occasion seems to us a profanity, upon which it is better to be silent.

Mr. Gillson proceeds to extol the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity of his table, which, besides giving him the most copious information about the devils in Bath, being a perfect spiritual directory or Infernal Court Guide, is moreover a sort of Jim Crow in its way, walking, stopping, turning, or rapping, in obedience to every direction given.

Having thus authenticated table-turning and table-talking in all its branches, Mr. Gillson proceeds to prophetic warnings. He argues that the devil has come to very close quarters with us, sitting at table with us, and he especially advises all pious persons to eschew any conversation with tables. Indeed prudent Christians should prefer dumb waiters for their use, in order to make sure of avoiding the trap of Satan.

It does not appear what the peculiar constitution of a talking-table is, whether there is a specific Satan wood, of which Satan wood is perhaps the corruption, or whether the diabolic constitution depends on the cabinet maker, upholsterer, or joiner. Artizans ought to be instructed on this head, as an honest carpenter would not willingly put his planks and sticks together in such sort as to form a tabernacle for a devil. Large square tables are not to the devil's mind, because he naturally hates dealing on the square. Your small round table is the very devil, and it will run away with all the conversation, if you let it have its legs.

No doubt we shall see advertised in the Record or Guardian, tables on sale at certain upholstery warehouses, warranted free from vice, and having no connexion with the devil. For means must be found of ascertaining tables of good character, and detecting the evil ones, which should be handed over to an inquisition to be burnt, and their charcoal scattered to the winds. Hitherto, the bad spirits which have possessed tables have been gin, whiskey, brandy, and rum, and at one time not very far distant, the spirits of wine committed direful excesses, and caused a vast deal of talk of no reputable character; and it is a hard fate of tables that, just as the reformation of these abuses has been effected in them, Satan himself pops in place of the minor evils.

The accounts of the conversation of tables are somewhat contradictory. In one breath we are told of the wonderful exactness of their responses, in another, that they are egregiously and irreclaimable liars.

The Rev. W. Vincent, M.A., in a sermon preached at the Trinity Church, (Islington, warns his flock:—

"I could tell you of awful consequences from playing with this subject; in one case insanity, and in two others, thoroughly investigated by a clergyman in Yorkshire, the parties were disturbed at night by knocking, rustlings, and other noises, while an appearance was in one case distinctly witnessed by two persons. I would especially warn all impenitent and unpardoned sinners against having anything to do with table-turning. They have no God to protect them against the consequences. If they treat it as child's play they may find it fool's play. It may fare worse with them than with the seven sons of Sceva, the Jew at Ephesus (Acts xix). The wickedness of these spirits is their most evident and dreadful feature. Many of the answers proceeding from the tables have been false; and on being solemnly adjured in the name of Jesus, the spirit has then stated the truth, and confessed that it was a lying spirit, and that it loved a lie. I regard these things myself as signs of the times."

This rev. gentleman, in conclusion, refers to the number of persons whom table-turning has sent to lunatic asylums; but from the evidence now before us, we know that there are individuals still at large, who ought to be added to the number in mad houses.

We have suggested an Inquisition for tables, but before handing them over to such a tribunal it would be well to ascertain, beyond all doubt, the fact of their possession, or liability to possession, according to the convenience of their configuration. The Rev. E. Gillson indeed tells us,

"We see a table manifesting all the appearance of a most animated creature—obeying every command—answering questions with such intelligence and ingenuity, as to render any conversation perfectly easy."

"These are simple facts, they cannot be denied," adds the rev. gentleman. "I am a liar if it is not true," says Major Longbow.

But we are not satisfied with the questions asked of tables, and too much stress is laid on mere circumstances of demeanor, such as that a table replied to an inquiry with such emphasis as nearly to overturn itself! But emphasis and discretion should be combined, as in the words of the old school "Speaker," and we are not to be dnd by the mere animal spirits of our table. We want to know what there is in him, in his innermost drawer, as it were. It is not enough that the table can dance before us like Tagliani, and pirouette like Rosati, that it can make the legs which the carpenter has made for it, and caper about. What it knows is our inquiry, and for this purpose let it be asked questions which the examiner cannot answer at the time, the answers to which future time will verify or falsify. To ask an animated, intelligent table, how many lies there are in the Czar's manifesto, is simply childish, because every one knows who can count 20; but a question, for example, of the present state of the belligerents in the principalities would bring the information of the spirit to a decisive test, the news of a fortnight hence confirming it, or proving it an impostor. Another home question would be the plan of the new reform bill, or what are the coming politics of Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Gillson, however, contends that none but the impious will doubt the evidence of talking tables, which he connects with the beast in Revelations, and indignantly observes, "If it were the testimony of men, it would obtain a hearing, but because it is the

testimony of God, it is disregarded, thereby giving a striking proof that the Devil reigns."

But this testimony of tables is the testimony not indeed of man, but of a thing made by man, the work of his hands. It is the testimony of a piece of carpentry. Isaiah cuts idolatry to the quick, in the description of the mechanical part. He cutteth a log, and with one half he maketh an idol and falleth down and worshippeth it, and with the other he maketh a fire, and crieth ha! ha! I am warm.

And so the carpenter takes a plank, and cuts it in two, and with one half he makes a table, capable of the most wonderful intelligence and animation, and with the other he makes a kitchen dresser, which cannot speak a word, which knows nothing, and is as inanimate as any other log. The cook cannot ask it what the orders for dinner will be, nor consult it in any of the abstruse mysteries of cookery, nor whether the policeman will make her an offer of marriage, nor whether kitchen stuff will rise in the market with other articles. But as there were people once who believed that they could split a log, and allot one-half to the fabrication of a God, the other to the uses of a faggot, so there are folks now who believe that the carpenter or cabinet maker can put together a plank and four legs, so as to shape an organization for a spirit. And they are not all in Lunatic Asylums, some of them are in pulpits in the year 1853. And we prate of enlightenment and progress; heaven help us and scoff at Catholic miracles, &c.

DEATH IN THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

A writer in the *New York Tribune*, describing a Liverpool ship in which he was a passenger, says:—She was 170 feet in length, and about 38 feet in beam. Her decks were a spar-deck, main-deck, and steerage. The spar-deck was furnished with skylights for the first and poop cabins, together with the usual number of hatchways. Upon the main-deck were the above cabins, the "houses upon deck;" the cabin and steerage galleys, sick bay, fore-castle, and water-closets. The first cabin occupied about a quarter of the length of the whole ship. Next came the poop cabin. This was about 18 or 20 feet in length, by about 12 in breadth. On one side were what the broker pompously designated state-rooms. These were separated from the cabin by a partition. The room on the right hand side was furnished with ten berths, in each of which two persons were packed. These berths were ranged in two tiers, three on one side and two on the other. Each berth for two was just as wide as the law demands—3 feet; and in length, the legal six feet were granted, but not a shaving more. The height between the decks was about seven feet—one foot more than the law demands! In this state-room twenty persons of both sexes slept. Three of the men were married, and had their wives with them; two respectable young women about twenty years of age, occupied one of the berths; the other six were filled by young and middle-aged men.

The berths were two feet above each other, the space between the opposite berths was four feet. In this room slept twenty people of both sexes of the better class of emigrants, for fifty-six days, without any means of observing the common decencies of life.

On the other side of the cabin were two state-rooms. One of them was occupied by a family of respectable Germans, consisting of two men and three women, together with two English girls. In this room the berths were four in number, the two next the side of the ship were of the statute width, three feet. On the other side of the room were the other two berths; these were not two feet in width; in the upper one the patriarch of the Germans, a six feet, 60 year old grenadier slept; in the lower one were the two English girls lying as best they could.

Between this state-room and the other, on the same side, was a water-closet. The last state-room was of the same dimensions as the one preceding, with the difference that the upper berth was six inches narrower. This berth I was to occupy, assisted by a young friend who was very lean and bony. So narrow was this berth, that when both of us lay in it, only one could rest upon his back at a time.

The same writer, after showing how it was impossible to get anything cooked with any degree of cleanliness, or even cooked at all, so that women with families of young children often had to wait several hours each morning before they could procure a morsel of food to appease the hunger of their exhausted and fevered little ones, gives the following picture:—

One of the most vitally important requisites on the emigrant ship are clean and commodious water-closets. On board the ship these necessities were situated on each side of the forward hatchway, very near to the cooking galleys. They had just been erected by the ship's carpenter, and were composed of rough pine boards. They were ranged three together on each side of the deck, one being appropriated to the use of female, the other to the male passengers. They were about twenty inches in width, and five feet in height. The interior of each consisted of a single cross-bar, and a wooden shoot leading out through the bulwarks.

So ill-adapted and incommodious were these places that in rough weather, or when the ship was rolling, the inmates were often thrown through the frail door, and precipitated upon the deck. The doors would thus get knocked off their hinges, and the carpenter would let them stay knocked off. It was almost impossible to escape defilement in these places, even with all the advantages of the most favorable weather. There was no supply of water to keep the channels clean, and every time a wave broke against the ship's side, or she plunged, the accumulated filth would be washed out upon the deck. This often occurred when there were several of these places occupied, and the inmates presented the most pitiable spectacles. The stench at all times emitted from these places was not unlike that which would arise from laden night-carts, anchored on one side of the deck. So totally unfit were these houses for what they were designed, that even the most reckless and vermin-crawling passenger entered them with loathing. The care of the male passengers was distressing, but that of the females was wretched beyond description. The effluvia arising from these places, together with their general repulsiveness, is undoubtedly a pregnant cause of much of the disease which prevails upon emigrant ships.

With such facts before us, the wonder is not that cholera and ship fever destroy thirty-per cent. of the emigrants, but that so many escape. The same kind of mis-called accommodation on land would breed a contagion, and what then must be their effects on ship-board, where, under the most favorable circumstances, the condition is sufficiently disagreeable and unwholesome.