

nal, material remedies as "fixity of tenure, out-door relief, reclamation of waste lands, or gratuitous emigration." No the moral disorders of a furnished people, lawless because law has given them no protection, are to be taken in the first place. If legislators and landlords have spent their time in fleecing and robbing the people, the moral distemper has not been in the thieves, but in the robbed, and that must first be cured before the land can be restored to sound and pristine health.

Well, grant the proposition for a moment.—Grant it, if it were only for the pleasure of hearing the Whig notion of a remedy for a moral distemper. Poor Ireland, says the Doctors, is altogether wanting in her moral constitution, feeble, tottering, full of infirmities. She needs moral tonics; to be braced and strengthened: to have heroic energy breathed into her; and the best way to do this, says Signior Whig, is to drive her spiritual teachers. Buy them; get them into your menagerie of beasts; strip from them their black garments and clothe them in blue and yellow; make broad their phylacteries and place upon their foreheads the ten Whig commandments, of which, at this present date, the first is, "Thou shalt have no other God than Lord John Russell;" and the fourth, "Honour thy paymasters, that thy enjoyment may be long of the wages which the Lord John Russell giveth thee." If the Priests could be brought to this state of docility; if they could be made to lick the hand just raised to shed their blood; if, like the ox, they could be taught to know their owner and their master's crib; if the fee simple of them could be bought and made a Whig possession; if they would only consent to throw off the service of God, and no longer be His clerks, but be articulated to the enemies of the Church; if they would change their function, cease smiting the Heathen, into whose hands God has delivered up their flocks (alas!) for more than forty years, lay their heads in the Whig harlot's lap, and, Sampson like, receive a new torsure at the hands of the Philistines; if, by any chance, they could be brought to allow their eyes to be burnt out by molten gold, and blindness and loss of strength to accompany the forfeiture of the spirit of God; if they would accept a new tenure, and amidst the cries of famishing thousands, serve the Castle in order to partake of its abundance, and grow fat upon its spoils:—in one word, if the spiritual teachers of the Irish people would only consent to become scoundrels by purchase, and to make themselves an abomination in the eyes of their flocks—then a great Whig miracle would be wrought; Scripture would be proved to be by men gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles; an unwholesome diet would be purified by poison; sweet waters would issue from bitter fountains; honour would be inspired by prostitution; integrity, by baseness; loyalty by breach of faith; and, the mass of men being thus leavened with one corruption more, the "moral evils" of Ireland would soon be purged utterly away, and the country rendered fit to receive the material blessings which till that time are to be denied her. Excellent, most excellent moral husbandry. They will not sow their field with good seed till the soil has been richly manured with filth and rottenness.

To teach the people—such is the inmost Whig belief—there is needed no honour or heroism in the soul that teaches, no quickening fire to kindle the hearts he labours to instruct, but a certain iron mechanic faculty, which can be bought in shops, softened in the purchaser's furnace, and beaten into what shapes he pleases to direct.—They have not yet learned that it needs virtue to teach virtue; honour to teach honour; honesty to teach honesty; spiritual heroism and an awful fear and love of God, to teach the observance of duty and all its manifold dictates. They know that many, perhaps most, Whigs, and therefore they think that all men, are time-servers; and they naturally cannot understand how the qualities which, by the passive acquiescence of their fellow-subjects, are all but universally esteemed sufficient, and, indeed, the best, for governing men in their temporal affairs, should not also be the best for guiding and directing the soul. And in this sense they are right. For truly, if men like themselves are fit to rule our temporal affairs there can be no need of either Saints or Sages to serve in the temple and at the altar. Whatever we think of its truth, this Whig doctrine is thoroughly commonplace, and carried out by them with a rare consistency.

That we may not be supposed guilty, of misrepresenting the intentions avowed by the Whig

organ, nor conceal the benevolent intentions of our present Ministers to delay the feedings of the people until they shall have bought (and sold) the Priesthood, we give the passage to which we have referred *verbatim*, from pp. 327, 8 of the *Edinburgh Rev.*

"As far as Ireland is concerned, we are surprised that Mr. Mill should waste his time in devising remedies for material evils, while he leaves unnoticed the moral evil, from which all material evils flow. Admitting fixity of tenure, out-door relief, reclamation of waste lands, or gratuitous emigration to be as practicable in execution, and as beneficial in tendency as the wildest theorist proclaims them, still, while the Catholic Clergy remains unprovided for, while those who ought to restrain the people are dependent on the people for their support, while their subsistence depends on their influence, and their influence on their adopting the passions and the antipathies of their flocks; while we create in every parish an enemy whom our injustice and bigotry have degraded, embittered, and strengthened, what can be the best effect of topical remedies but to skin over sores which in a thoroughly distempored body can never be healed? While the Priests are unpaid, to expect real improvement in Ireland is childlike. The 1,500,000 new proprietors whom Mr. Mill hopes to draft off to independence and comfort, and the 1,500,000 successors whom that drafting off will call into existence, while they are the tools of a hostile Priesthood, will be the enemies of the law, and the enemies of the social order which depends on the law—in short, will resemble, except in courage, the anarchists of Paris."

Surely, further comment is not needed.

POTOWATOMI MISSION, No. III.

From a series of Letters from the Rev. Christian Hoecken, S. J., Missionary among the Potowatomis, to the Editor of the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

Gentlemen:

I have already observed that, when the Indian places himself under the influence of intoxicating drinks, he loses all command of himself. No person, however closely connected with him, is secure at such a time from his violence. It is then that he carries into effect the most deadly projects of revenge. The inclination of the savage tribes for spirituous liquor is very extraordinary. When an Indian once puts to his lips the exhilarating cup, he does not stop until he has plunged into the most beastly indulgence. I have known cases in which the Indian has actually expired in the act of quaffing down the liquor. On one occasion there was a man who had drunk so much, that he was no longer capable of raising the whiskey to his lips; but his companions did it for him—and, while they were pouring it into his mouth, he fell dead upon the spot. I was not far from the place—not more than twenty or thirty yards—and being known as a physician, some Indians immediately came to inform me of the occurrence, and requested that I should come and raise him to life. Thinking that there might still be life in him, I went with them in great haste, but the unhappy man was dead. This, I imagined, would be the time to seize the remains of the liquor; but in vain did I plead my cause—vain were my remonstrances and arguments—I was forced to leave them in the midst of the liquid fire, which, probably, was about to consume some further victims.

Once, however, forgetting myself, and carrying my life in my hands, I went to a place where I knew the liquor to be; and finding a few men engaged in drinking and prattling together, I boldly enquired for the liquor. They answered me that there was none. I observed that this was very strange, and that I was very much surprised; also, that I wished to know who had taught them to lie. No reply was made to my remark. I then left them, saying, "if they did not know where it was, I would soon find it out, and went in search of the liquor (which they generally hide somewhere in the woods). A few minutes search disclosed to me the hidden treasure, which consisted of two barrels of whiskey, placed in a deep hole. No sooner had I begun to empty the barrels, than two men were at my side, who pushed me away, in order to stop the current. This did not the least intimidate me; on the contrary, I renewed my efforts with renewed energy, in opposition to their vigorous interference—seized hold of the barrel, and kept the torrent going. This mode of operations, owing to their resistance, lasted for a considerable time.

I was determined, however, to succeed, and at length I found that the liquor had disappeared. Such was, and is still at the present day, the condition, not of one only, but nearly of every Indian tribe in the frontier country—miserable and deplorable, indeed!

You have, of course, read in the Pentateuch of the distinction between clean and unclean animals, of some that could be sacrificed and eaten, and others that could not. This practice exists among the Indian tribes. Often have I been asked by savages, whether they could eat certain animals which had been named to me! We cannot suppose that they learned this distinction from the French, English, Spaniards, or Americans, for I know of no such practice existing among these nations. Various legal purifications, which were observed in the old dispensation, as we read in the book of Leviticus—especially with regard to women who had given birth to children—are observed very strictly with the aborigines of America. For some time they are obliged to live apart from the family, and are not allowed to eat, drink, or converse with others. To this practice they very strictly adhere.

It was the practice among the Jews, nearly 500 years before the coming of our Blessed Redeemer, to place bread and wine upon the tomb of the deceased. This is done also among the various Indian tribes, though with a different view; for they are under the impression that the souls of the departed stand in need of such things for going to the other world, hence, whenever any one of them dies, his friends come together and furnish the tomb within with everything they imagine him to be in need of, to perform his journey to another world, (which they think to be a country abounding in game and other good things.) They deposit there powder and lead, bows and arrows, guns, rifles, clothing, pipes, tobacco, canes for old men and women to walk with, blankets, moccasins, and frequently, at the request of individuals, horses, on which they place the dead bodies, thinking that, by these means, they will be enabled to ride to the other world.

Such was the lamentable state of the Indians among whom I have lived, when I arrived amongst them, and such is still the actual condition of many tribes—of thousands who inhabit our western forests. You may imagine how deeply I sympathized with these poor creatures when I discovered their wretchedness; for where is the human being who would not pity them? A moment's reflection filled me with commiseration, and reminded me that they were creatures of the one true and living God; men similar to myself—made out of the same clay—and endowed with reason. The sight of the crucifix told me they were as dear to Jesus as myself—and, perhaps, dearer. He paid the same price of redemption for their souls, and has destined them for the same place of rest and happiness.—The Scripture every where, on opening it, seemed to call upon me to help and assist them: in one place I read "go and teach all nations"—I have chosen you, that you go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may remain." In another, "so long as you have done it to one of these, you have done it unto me." And again:—"blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy"—"how beautiful are the feet of those who announce peace, who announce good things"—"he must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his ways, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." In recalling these heavenly truths, I offered myself a living holocaust, ready to sacrifice every thing, if necessary, even my life. How could I refuse to do so at the foot of the cross? He who expired on it did not hesitate to do so for my sake; I, therefore, considered myself happy in having an opportunity of serving and showing my love for Jesus Christ. I put the axe at the root of the tree; for I was obliged to work, and work very hard, in building a cabin to reside in. Often was I insulted and called a liar, and I imagined that they had a strong antipathy against the whites; but I did not cease my exertions.

Having acquired some knowledge of their most outlandish and difficult language I undertook to explain to them the divine tenets of our holy religion; but they did not seem to make any impression on their mind, and, consequently, soon upon their heart, which caused me no little sorrow. I trembled, at their incredulity, and their multiplied crimes, and the language which I heard among them. But I must reserve a further account for my next.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE POPE.—I had the honor of two interviews with Pius IX: the first as a member of the committee appointed for a humane purpose; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope; and certainly, as Mr. Hardford spoke his sensible address, his Holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank, and even simple—There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment. Pius IX, addressing his fellow-men, utters like a man of sense what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling, outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him; hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked that an English advocate had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know, but, unfortunately, being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it—a very sensible, but unkingly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified; he appeared as if his royalty set awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI. The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX, denote plain, vigorous sense, resolution and manliness of character, and true benevolence; more than refined or polished taste, lofty dignity, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he would pass all the world over for a sagacious, clear-headed, English country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time I had the honor of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease; and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland. The manner of the Pope was fatherly; and, undoubtedly, I must say, rooted as I am in the Protestant faith, the unaffected behaviour of Pius IX, towards people of all nations is that becoming, an ecclesiastic aspiring to be considered the Head of the Christian Church.—*White's Italy in the Nineteenth Century*.

SWITZERLAND.

Arrest of Mgr. Marilley, the Bishop of Friburg.—The troubles at Friburg have at length come to a head. The Grand Council of that City had forced upon all public functionaries the oath of the Constitution, a Constitution in which the people had had no voice, and which the despotism of the Central Authority alone had imposed upon the canton. The Bishop, at this Constitution touched closely on the rights of the Church, thought it his duty to issue a pastoral, discussing the question with what limitations the oath might be taken, and directed his Clergy to read it in church. The Grand Council forbid its being read (a prohibition, however, which but two of the Clergy attended to,) and they entered into an angry correspondence with the Bishop, insisting that all pastoral addresses whatsoever should be submitted to the approbation of the Civil Authority. Mgr. Marilley firmly but temperately declined this infringement upon his Episcopal rights. Matters got worse, the Grand Council became abusive, and even ferocious, and the end of it has been that they have taken advantage of an *emeute* among the peasantry, caused by indignation at this unworthy interference with their pastor, arrested the Bishop on the 25th ult. at two o'clock in the morning, and carried him off under guard to Lausanne, from whence, it was said, to be transported to the Castle of Chillon. Next week, we hope to give further details of this event, or course of events, of such great interest and moment to the cause of the Catholic Church.

RELEASE OF STATE PRISONERS.—Previous to his Excellency's departure for England, an order was issued to admit to bail the following persons, now suffering imprisonment under the Corpus Suspension Act.—William Matthews, Charles Taaffe, Patrick Marron, James Crony, William Walsh, James Baker, Coll. R. Harford, Owen O'Neil, Francis Gabbett, Justin Sullivan, James M. O'Connell, and a number of