

her oral testimony subsequently given, fully confirms the most important charges made against the Peeping Brigade. The details of this inquisition were correctly reported to us. The sink-lid was lifted, the cellar explored, the chapel invaded, the lady patted, the rosary handled, the worshipper disturbed at her devotions by loud talking. The peeping and the prying, the rudeness and rushing "up-stairs, down stairs, in a lady's chamber," are all fully confirmed by the affidavit of the Superior.

But Mr. Joseph Hiss, of Boston, figures as the Lothario of the scene. This venerable legislator's conduct was a queer compound of the official and the frisky. In the ardor of the investigation he forgot his own name, and called himself Evans. He professed to feel a call towards the Catholic church, the church of his childhood; he requested permission to visit the school at some future time, for pleasant conversation with the Superior. Mr. Joseph Hiss, we are grieved to say, received an awful snubbing, the visits of that youth, even in a penitent condition, not being very much desired in a school for young ladies. The simple language of the Superior settles Mr. Joseph Hiss for all time to come: "He shook hands with me twice, and appeared very familiar; I was much offended at his conduct, and feel more indignant every time I think of it." With this certificate of good conduct—this recommendation to good society—we leave Mr. Joseph Hiss to make his peace with the gentleman whose name he unwarrantably borrowed. We condole with Mr. Evans upon the spoliation of his patronymic, and hope he will not find that Mr. Hiss has taken a similar liberty upon other occasion.

April 11.—The Investigating Committee was yesterday again in session, and additional evidence was received. That of Sister Mary Joseph was particularly interesting, as it further developed the light and graceful eccentricities of Brother Joseph Hiss, who was again called upon to stand up, and again identified. The testimony of Caroline Crabb, the sick girl, whose room was invaded, was also explicit and conclusive. "Gentlemen," says Caroline, with a pardonable confusion in her idea of a gentleman, "came to my room and bent over me so that I smelt their breath." There is a sort of poetical justice in this fact. The smelling committee was also smelt.

"The rebutting testimony," as it has been called, rebutted very feebly. Really, if not technically, the witnesses are all on trial. "It is perfectly natural for them to think and to say that everything was quietly and genteelly done. Mr. May, as a matter of course, did not see anything improper in the least in the conduct of the Committee," he did not see the praying nun rush from the chapel, but fortunately Mr. Stetson, another "rebutting witness," did see her "start from the chapel," and did see "Mr. Hiss approach her." Mr. Stetson thus corroborates the testimony of Mary Joseph.

Mr. Vholes, in "Bleak House," had a father in the role of Taunton, and Mr. May has a sister in the Nunnery of Emmetsburg, Md. Mr. May piteously alluded to his sister, in away well calculated to draw tears from Know-Nothing eyes. Mr. May has been told by some one "not connected with the institution," that he cannot see his sister, and he therefore testifies that he cannot see her. He has no reason to suppose that she has been restrained against her will, "except the common belief that such things are done." He has received letters from her, but having been told that his answers would be kept from her, he has never written an answer! So that, upon the strength of hearsay and common belief, Mr. May has contrived a very pretty story without a shadow of foundation. Such nonsense might be tolerable if stitched in yellow covers and sold for sixpence, but when it was paraded before a Legislative Committee, we think Mr. Griffin ought to have suppressed it with unflinching sternness.

(From the Boston Chronicle of the 10th of April.)

The evidence will be read with much interest, and we think there can be but one opinion among all fair and candid minds—that the charges as made against the Inspection Committee by the *Daily Advertiser* are fully sustained by the evidence, and that no whitewashing can gloss over the deep disgrace which the Committee have brought upon themselves—and we are sorry to say it, the State also.

(From the same of the 11th.)

The Nunnery investigation goes on, but the increased light does the Convent Committee no good, but still further harm. The President of the Senate, if we recollect aright, at the commencement of the session of the present Legislature, intimated that that body would be the load star and chief point of attraction to the world generally during its sittings. His prophecy is likely to be verified. As the investigation proceeds, it begins to be pretty manifest that the Convent Committee were involved in the particular dirty and uncomfortable "fix" in which they now find themselves by the salacity and goatish propensities of a particular member of the Committee, who had "fired up" a little too extensively at the Norfolk House to render it prudent for him to venture even amongst cloistered vestals in the midst of their devotions. The Satyr could not help gloating and leering, even at chaste matrons and maids while kneeling at the altar. The brutal passions would display themselves, even on consecrated ground. As the Committee was a most nasty affair, even in its inception, as no sensible and high-minded man would ever have consented to be part and parcel of such a movement for any consideration whatever, we are glad that the individual, whose name an angry goose pronounces when he levels his long neck and opens his bill to vent his displeasure upon an intruder—we are glad we say that this goatish individual was present to involve his brother Prys in as dirty a "fix" as possible. His conduct has brought down upon their heads a just retribution.

(From the same of the 13th.)

The secret is out. There was champagne on the dinner table at Roxbury. Divers members of the committee who were on the stand as witnesses owned up, on being sharply questioned by Mr. Hale, that the Commonwealth was made to stand treat by Mr. William B. May, who testifies that he ordered the dinner which was served up for the committee at the Norfolk House.

When it is stated that nearly all the members of this Convent Committee voted for the Maine Law in the House, and that Mr. William B. May, the member from Roxbury, has been noted for his fierce advocacy of that law, both in the Legislature and out, the public will be enabled to form some faint idea of the disgusting hypocrisy of this pious and abstemious Mr. May and his legislative dinner party at the Norfolk House, who made the Commonwealth a party to a breach of one of its own laws—for the wine was paid for out of the Commonwealth's treasury. Mr. W. May is now fairly entitled to take his place as hero Number Two of the Grand Legislative Inquest on Nunneries.

The *Lowell Courier*, of the 14th of April, thus concludes an article in reference to the Nunnery Committee at Lowell:—

"If a thorough investigation could be carried on here in Lowell, the affair merely hinted at in the evidence would be rather likely to prove one of the rarest bits of scandal that has recently leaked out; the 'gentlemen from Lowell,' alluded to, and the 'Mrs. Patterson' whom he seems to have forwarded to a member of the committee at the State's expense, and the preliminary night spent here before making the visit of perhaps half an hour at the school, are detached links in a curious chain, but their connection with the Nunnery Committee may yet transpire. The great questions of the day are: 'Has Mormonism been introduced among our legislative committees? Do our Maine law legislators always drink when the State foots the bill? Who is the gentleman from Lowell?' and who is 'Mrs. Patterson?' Is not the speaker right in calling this 'the reform Legislature?'"

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* says that the Massachusetts Nunnery Committee "merits, and will receive the condemnation of every Protestant citizen of the United States, inasmuch as it has, so far as any individual or body of men can do so, degraded Protestantism in the eyes of the world."

(From the New York Herald.)

The whole evidence has been published, and it now stands confessed to the world that a committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts have violated the highest laws of the land, by forcing their way into a private seminary at Roxbury, and trampled under foot the rules of decency by insulting the harmless, defenceless females whom they found there. The Legislature had no right to appoint a committee to enter any private dwelling house, whether used as a school or for any other purpose. Such an act was beyond their powers; and if the owner of the seminary they entered had shot them dead on the threshold, the law would have held him harmless. There was no danger of anything of the kind, the house being occupied by ladies, and the committee proceeded on their task fearlessly.

Having entered the building, they proceeded to acts of blackguardism and indecency which the worst mob could hardly have exceeded. Some scattered and searched the private rooms of the institution, leaving but one linen closet which happened to be locked unsearched. Others followed the Superior, questioning her in a rude indecent manner, and behaving as they might have done had the building been an asylum for penitents instead of a private school. One brute forced himself into a bed-room where a poor sick girl lay in bed, and approached her so closely that "she felt his breath on her face." Another actually placed his hands on the person of a female teacher. Several of the party thrust themselves into the chapel, and by their rude irreverent language frightened away a lady who was in prayer at the time. And the men who did these things are members of the Massachusetts Legislature!

(From the Buffalo Express.)

We have already referred to the proceedings of the Nunnery Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, and especially to the gallant performances of Mr. Hiss who figures conspicuously in his devotion to the other sex as well as to his legislative duties—keeping the two branches along parallel. The Boston Correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says: "This champion of Protestantism, whose zeal and activity against the harlotries of Rome is so conspicuous, in a tailor, a journeyman tailor, who when not employed in legislating for Massachusetts, or in reforming nunneries, occupies himself in cutting oil garments, to which particular branch of the art of tailoring he is devoted. He formerly lived in Barre in this State, which place he left suddenly to the grief of a large array of creditors. He is a great man among the Know Nothings, and their consternation at his improper conduct is inexpressible. He was secretary of their Great State Convention last fall, at which Governor Gardner was nominated. He is also Judge Advocate of the illustrious order for Massachusetts, or, as I believe they now call the office—he is State Marshal of the Supreme order of the Star Spangled Banner. His duty is to preside at the formation of lodges or councils, and to formally inaugurate them."

"The detection of the true character of such a dignitary is, of course, making a great row in the Protestant ranks, and startles not a little the weaker brethren among the pious deacons and clergymen who have headed and stimulated the crusade against the Catholics. They begin to see that, after all, a man is not necessarily a good Christian because he is loud in denouncing the Papists, or active in orga-

nizing the Protestant movement. The shrewder members of the party seem to have made up their minds that, as Joseph has been caught, he may as well be used as a scape-goat. In the House, this morning a resolution was adopted, authorising a formal inquiry into Mr. Hiss' doings at Lowell, and there is much talk of expelling him from the Legislature."

The course pursued by the Massachusetts Legislature under the proscriptive promptings of Know Nothingism, has resulted, as might have been expected, in its own disgrace and discomfiture. While our sympathies are not with the Catholic faith and form of religion, not having been reared under its influence, we cannot but regard the consequences that have attended the recent investigation, as a just and merited retribution. This pursuing defenceless females, invading the sanctity of school-rooms and insulting virtue in its own habitations, on account of a bigoted hostility to the religious sentiments of the persons thus approached, insulted and persecuted, will only strengthen the bonds of Catholicism and cause its faith to strike deeper into the hearts of its believers. Proscription and persecution have in the history of the past revealed the fact that no form of religion was ever yet weakened or overcame by their active agency. The Catholic Church is stronger to-day in the United States than it would have been if the Crusade of Know Nothingism had not been pushed against it. This is the natural result of a bigoted and proscriptive pressure upon the outside of that religious sect. They cling to the crucifix with a more fervent and active faith—schisms are forgotten and heart blends with heart in a spirit of defence for their ancient religion. In this way the Church is made strong daily. It is irrigated and rendered more productive within itself by this effort of politicians who bear no respect for any religion, to oppress and harass its members. The policy is short sighted—inconsistent with the genius and spirit of our institutions—at war with freedom of religious opinion, and must fail, and ultimately recoil, as it has in the Boston affair, upon the heads of the crusaders.

THE MAINE LAW; OR THE MORALITY OF THE STICK.

(From the London Nonconformist.)

The more intently we reflect upon the matter, the more reason we do see for dissenting from the proposal to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks by force of law. Such a step, as it appears to us, would infallibly prove to be one of those short sighted expedients, by no means uncommon in the annals of society, which in too hasty a pursuit of admitted good, disregards some leading principle of God's moral government, and in the end, introduces greater confusion than it corrects. We are sensible, indeed, of the profound disadvantage under which men labor, when opposing an immediate practical benefit in deference to a general theoretical standard of right and wrong. We know how captivating to benevolent enthusiasm is the short method of putting an end to a present evil by stringent authority—and how tedious it must appear to eradicate a moral disease by moral remedies alone. But we have learnt, notwithstanding, to attach a higher importance to a strict observance of first principles, than to any temporary gain to be derived from a violation of them. Neither in surgery, nor in social economy, are we enamored of amputation, and, as in the first so in the last, violence is often a substitute resorted to by those who are short of faith and patience. Several of our correspondents have charged us with inconsistency, because we have encouraged the suppression of betting houses, but refuse to concur in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. One of them has furnished an amusing plea from our own works in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, by simply exchanging the words "betting" for "drunkenness." Now, the radical difference between betting and drunkenness may not be much—for vice is vice, however one may call it. But the proper parallelism between the two cases is concealed by a dexterous misapplication of terms. "Betting" should be put on a par with "taking alcoholic beverage," and "betting houses" should be paralleled "by places where beverage may be obtained." Betting is a vice—drinking beer, or wine, is not a vice, it often leads to it. A betting house is a place set up for making a profit by the indulgence of vice. A public house is established for the sale of malt liquors, wines, and spirits. We consent to attack the one because it is *per se*, and in its own nature evil. We decline to attack the other, because it is not evil *per se*, but is only liable to be made an occasion of evil. Betting is not a vice arising out of an excess in what is itself to be condemned; drunkenness is purely a vice of excess arising from inadequate self-control. The moral state of society revolts from putting into the category of vices the mere act of taking a vinous or alcoholic stimulant, and until our correspondents learn to distinguish the difference between a lawful indulgence and an intemperate gratification we fear we shall not be much enlightened by their lucubrations. To return however, to the main position, from which the foregoing paragraph is a digression, we observe that providential law invariably proceeds upon the principle of improving men by self-discipline—that human law, in its design essentially and exclusively protective—and that the supercession of the former by the latter can only be justified when society is threatened by a general breaking down of all the safeguards of restraint. At once, then, and without qualification, we reject all the arguments in behalf of the Maine Liquor Law, grounded upon the misery produced by drunkenness and the personal degradation, which when habitually indulged in, it invariably entails. Excesses of all kinds are appropriately punished. Violated nature avenges herself, God has inscribed upon all his gifts to man, what man's experience soon renders visible: "This far you may use them, but no further."

The loss of reason, of speech, and at last of sensibility—the heaving stomach—the aching head—the trembling hand—the collapse of animal spirits—to say nothing of the graver physical evils which follow a long course of intemperance, and all of divine teachings addressed to the conscience, and they impressively warn men to govern their appetites, and put a bridle upon their passions. And mark! the self-command which grows out of trial, is a higher result in all respects than the non-indulgence, which is the consequence of the absence of temptation. To

nourish us into strength in the government of ourselves is the only visible reason for leaving us exposed to such a multitude of evils. Not to cut off opportunity but to arm the man to meet it, is the method, so far as we can see, of infinite wisdom, and our impatience with the present mixture of evil and good, argues nothing but our own distrust of his plan of administration. But again by attacking the outward occasions of mischief, instead of dealing with the internal cause of it, we do but alter the form of depravity, and seldom diminish its vicinity. It is easy to drive vice beneath the surface—not so easy to staunch the sources of it. We may prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks, but are we certain that we shall not drive men to the use of stupefying drugs? But if not, if a Maine Liquor Law for Great Britain should prove a decided success, may we not reasonably fear the applications of so efficacious a remedy in many other directions? May we not see it right to regulate marriages, to compel literature under a censorship, and to ward off from society, all the evils which can overtake it by reason of the imprudent conduct of individuals? What would be the result? As a community, we should suffer less, and we should be less. We should escape some mischief, and we should lose more good. We should retreat towards a second childhood, and be for a second time put under tutors and governors. May it never be our lot to live among a people made virtuous by law—a people whose minds and morals are kept straight by the irons and pads of civil law—a people who have no falls because provided by Parliament with go-carts—a people of passive and negative worth of character only, kept orderly while the eye of a governor is upon them, but, when left to themselves, helpless as Russian serfs! Do not our friends know that "out of the nettle, danger, they must pluck the flowers, safety?" In truth, we are alarmed at the tendencies of the times in these respects. We see an increasing penchant for legislative preventatives of moral wrongs. Results are everything now-a-days, and processes nothing. Superficial cuttings and scarifications are quick nostrums for diseases bred in the constitution. Would it not be better, if possible, to put one-half of the community into prison, and employ the other half in watching over them? From what a world of license would such an arrangement as this save us!—Aye! But while men gather up the tares they would gather up the wheat also. On the whole perhaps the wisest method is that of letting "both grow together until the harvest." No preponderant good comes out of forcing humanity to be virtuous.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

"The [Indian] tribes evangelised by the French and Spaniards subsist to this day, except where brought in contact with the colonists of England and their allies or descendants; while it is notorious that the tribes in the territory colonised by England have in many cases entirely disappeared."

"The Abnakis, Canjowagags and the new Mexican tribes remain, and number faithful Christians; but where are the Peguods, Narragansetts, the Mohegans, the Niatowat, the Lenappe, the Powhatas?" *Hist. of Cath. Missions. By J. C. Shea.*

As a commentary on the above we copy from the *Lake Superior Mining News* the following lament over the rapid destruction of the Indians—destroyed by a "moral cancer," a "plague which the white man has communicated." How is it that it is the Protestant white man only who "communicates this plague?" How is it that Catholic colonisation has not exterminated the aborigines of the North American Continent?

Diminution of the Indian Tribes.—There is in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their rude atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere at the approach of the white man they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwags and the fire of their councils rose in every valley from Hudsons Bay to the farthest Florida—from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rung through the mountain and the glade. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forest; and the hunter's voice and the glowing encampments startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down, but they wept not; they would soon be at rest in the fairer regions where the Great Spirit dwelt; in a home prepared for them beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived, truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance beyond most of the human race.—They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave no injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity was unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are their villages, their warriors, and youth; their sachems and their tribes, their hunters and their families! They have perished—they are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not done the mighty work. No, nor famine nor war among themselves. There has been a mighty power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their very heart's core; a plague which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison which betrays them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. We can see them, leaving their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the woman and the warrior; few and faint, yet fearless still. The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls around their lonely cabins. They move on with slow and unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels for terror or dispatch; they heed him not. They turn to take a last fond look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears, they utter no cries, they have no groans. There is something in their looks, not vengeance or submission, but