

The Speaker proceeded to arraign the liberal press of France for the levity of its strictures on the "Papal Aggression." The French are incapable of a serious emotion, or they would feel the importance to England of the present movement, worthy of the great and thoughtful nation in which it occurs and caused by no trivial alarm. Let France look to her own condition; by what insidious arts and persevering craft has she not been pulled down from her social and European position to be a mere instrument of Papal tyranny abroad with a "Roman expedition à l'intérieur" in full progress at home. Here began a splendid and highly practical description of the great Norwegian whirlpool called the Maelstrom, buoyant on whose circling eddies the ship of France was yet visible, though every hour sucked closer and closer into the central vortex, where it was doomed to be engulfed and disappear. Such was his present position with reference to the papacy. Was not the British vessel sailing beyond the influence of this dread phenomenon warranted in crowding all sail to keep still further aloof from the focus of destruction? England sees the degradation of its neighbour, sees the operation of priest-craft, and sniffs the pestilential odour of the Vatican in the breeze that is wafted o'er the channel.

England instinctively feels that these foreign bishops bode no good either to her spiritual or temporal concerns. They come in flagrant violation or evasion of British laws; they enter not at the door, but, robber like, by the window—emissaries of a power which, like the "old man of the mountain," whose name is given to assassins, sends forth its satellites, if not to poignard kings, certainly to strangle the liberty of nations that are free; to act as a remora to the onward march of civilisation; a clog to progress; a drag on the social wheel revolving in its joyous gyrations. Discord has already been the first result; blood has been shed at Birkenhead. What heeds the court of Rome the social evil of her handiwork? She seeks the pomp and pride of her delegates, reckless of consequences to the land they invade. Wherever there is wealth to gain, whether from the imbecility of her viceroy when alive, or at the pillow of dying opulence, her agents are at hand—speculators when they are not spies. Men of England, bless your Queen for repelling in the face of Europe these skirmishers of the forlorn hope of a foreign power (cheers).

**MURDER.—THE CONFESSORIAL.—DR. WISEMAN.**  
To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir,—Since troubling you with a letter on the subject of the confessional, corroborating the testimony of the Rev. Dr. McNeile gave of that immoral tribunal in his just animadversions on Dr. Wiseman's late tirade against him, because he (Dr. McNeile) spoke the truth, as usual, in strong language. I have met with the following "passages," exemplifications of the astounding and terrific "teaching and practice" of the Romish Church in that secret, and often shocking, confabulation between priest and penitent; and, as I have myself, whilst an officiating priest of that church, been obliged, under pain of suspension, to carry out that teaching on two memorable occasions, I shall herein state them, and beg, sir, of you, in justice to the truth, Dr. McNeile asserts, to give all insertion.

The work I take the "passage" from is a classbook or examinations in all the Roman colleges on the continent, as well as in this country. It is P. M. Wigand's "Epitome Tribunalis Confessoriorum." I will give the Latin, and then its literal translation to prevent all cavilling.

In page 370, chap. xi., the following question and answer are met with:—"Quid faciet confessorius interrogans, quia peccatis auditus? Dicitur. Licet respondet Deo vicarius, imo cum juramento suum potest deponere, et mille potius mortis subire deheret, quam quidquam de auditu manifestare."—"What ought a confessor to do or say if interrogated on sins confessed to him? He can lawfully answer, don't know (I know nothing of them) because he is interrogated as man, and not as God" [which, by-the-by, implies there may be cases in which the priest can speak and act as God] "or God's vicar! Nay, even he can affirm his denial on oath, and he ought rather to suffer a thousand deaths than divulge a word of what he has heard." I need not offer one word of comment on the awful duplicity, impious evasion, and blasphemous mental reservation conveyed in this sort of moral doctrine. But it is to be reduced to practice in the following terrific case (found in page 327 of the same work), and in all similar cases:—"Item, sacrosdos, homicidium esse patrandum, potestne id iudicibus aperire? Respondeo, non potestneque enim licet delictum talem, ne penitentiam illatenus aliquid gravamen afferat, et provide monent doctores."—"In like manner a priest who learns in the confessional that on a certain night, murder will take place, in which the penitent was to be a party (it is asked), is he (the confessor) allowed to disclose either to the authorities? The answer is, he is not allowed! nor even to indicate the crime; because in this matter great care must be taken not to damage the penitent in any way, as the doctors (of the Romish Church) providently advise!" In page 369 nequidem in periculo boni communis, aut in quacunque necessitate, vel ad vitandum quoddam malum, licet peccatum revelare."—"The obligation of the seal (as it is called) of confession is so strict that not even in emergency, however great—nor to ward off danger from the state—nor to prevent any evil, however enormous—is it allowed to disclose the crime confessed!"

Let no one, therefore, be horrified when I state, that myself in the year 1832 evaded the law of God and of justice, and nature, in withholding from the arm of the forty-two or fourteen persons who had confessed to me their intentions of taking a part in the murder of that year at Carrickshock, near Knocktopher, county Kilkenny. These men came promisingly to me to confession, at the convent of Knocktopher, in which I was stationed at the time; each promising to have a hand in the murder in case the constabulary came, as was expected, to detain in his village; the sequel proved the murderous premeditation of each, for seven of the men were afterwards taken up and brought to Kilkenny, where two of them were hanged; the rest escaped justice, possibly through the least intimation as, had I been at liberty to give was (superstitiously) confessed to me two months before the murder. I would have been "bound over" to prosecute; these men would have been imprisoned, and the unfortunate victims who came, in the discharge

of their duties, to the fatal village, would have returned home with their lives. In all probability the same terrific tale could be told by the Rev. Mr. W. P.P. of Newtownbarry, where a like number of men were murdered some three years after, in a similar manner, and on a similar occasion; and I am confident there are priests in Ireland—yes, hundreds of them—who could, if they dare, tell us they have been cognisant, if not abettors, through the confessional, of the conspiracies and treasonable practices and intentions of their people towards the government of this country in the ever-memorable year of 1848. But it is nonsense of me to mention one year more than another, for this treasonable practice, under the cloak of religion, is perpetual; and let me not be doubted for a moment when I state that it is through this dark device, the soul-enslaving engine of priest-craft, that all sorts of treason against God and man are concocted, fostered, and slyly permitted to take their course. If St. Paul had not said, "Let not certain things be so much as named amongst ye," I could state innumerable cases in which the confessor (putting sollicitatio criminalis aside), became "particeps criminis" in another sense, by having a guilty knowledge of certain crimes which were followed by suicide, assassination, or (murder in) a duel; by guilty knowledge, I mean, learning through the confessional an intended seduction, a rape, or an actual adultery, and frequently the "habit" of these crimes—and yet taking no step, beyond a few discouraging words, either to prevent them or their natural but woeful consequences.

The confessor himself is habitually and deliberately in the proximate occasion of sin by not listening to, but requiring details of, acts and intentions of crimes of the foulest and most impure nature and description. He is but man, and he feels as man all the while, and his crime is greater than the one he impiously presumes to absolve from, for he must feel conscious that he has no warrant, before God, to keep himself in danger, and not to fly, as Joseph did, the moment sin presented itself. The confessional, therefore, though held up by Popery as blasphemously as unwarrantably, to be of Divine authority! and a spiritual washing-bath for sin, is nothing more than a cunningly devised instrument to cover, under its exteriorly moral and penitential name, the iron rod of tyranny and spiritual empire, with the temporal at its heels; for in it, over the Romish world, the pseudo-penitent or fanatic is told it is sinful, it is criminal, "to keep faith with heretics," to allow salvation to them, or to hold any unnecessary intercourse with them, much more so to intermarry with them, and that it is no sin to destroy and to extirpate them should the advancement of Romanism require it. All this and a great deal more is taught and inculcated in the confessional each time that any penitent speaks on the subject to his confessor.

Oh, if any of our Protestant rulers and nobles, in whose hands the destinies of this great empire are now placed, for good or for evil, were to know as much as the simplest priest on this painful subject, he would, were he a Christian true and loyal to his God and to his Queen, carefully adopt and firmly act on the "timeo Danno et dona ferentes," when ambitious priests and niggardly prelates present their sycophant faces to tell their distresses, or to offer their assurances that their acts are harmless, and their intentions good in all they do.

Here then, is before us a part, and a part only, of that infamous "teaching" from whence Dr. Wiseman's sense of the extent of Gospel precept, and of the spirit of the law of the land, took its influence with him, to cause him to denounce in the strongest terms he could find (for no phrase could be too forcible to express horror at) such monstrous, such murderous doctrine as that quoted above on the Romish confessional. Where lives the religious, the moral man who will be found denying that?—or where the jurist that will say to be "an accessory before the fact" is not to be found in the above Romish teaching?

Behold, then, the inanity, the rank malignity, of a man calling himself a Christian archbishop and cardinal too, vituperating a minister of the true Gospel of Christ, merely because that minister, true to his fame, as the "Lion of Judah," hurls his just, his indignant anathema at a tribunal set up by Satan—supported by his agents for the foulest purposes, and productive of the most diabolical, because the most murderous habits in man, to soul or body, a tribunal, in a word, that virtually breaks, as we have just seen, the law of God and man—"thou shalt do no murder;" and alas, defies it, I would seem, with the consent of our Christian rulers!—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most humble and obliged servant,

RICHARD SWAYNE, M.S.T.,  
(Late a Priest of the Church of Rome, now under the P.P. Protection Society.)  
Dublin, Jan. 27, 1851.

**UNREGISTERED JESUITS.**  
When, on Tuesday week, Mr. Grogan excited the ire of Messrs. Keogh and Anstey by his motion for a return of registered Jesuits, Sir George Grey poured oil on the troubled waters, by assuring the mover and the opponents of the return, that the result of the motion would simply be "Nil." And so, no doubt, it would have been; for in this, as in other respects, the provisions of the Act of 1829 have been suffered to remain a dead letter. This fact, seasonably suggested by the Home Secretary, was no doubt a sufficient reason for desisting from the official inquiry contemplated by Mr. Grogan; but it does not supersede, on the contrary, it enhances the necessity of some investigation as to the number of unregistered Jesuits permanently or temporarily resident in this country.

By way of assisting the public in forming an opinion on this point, and aiding the dim perceptions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, we feel it our duty to give publicity to the following fact, for the truth of which, from the quarter whence our information is derived, we can undertake to vouch.

An English gentleman, not long since, whilst travelling on the Continent, happened to be taken ill, and during his sickness received great kindness and attention from a Popish Priest, who visited him as a stranger. The acquaintance thus commenced, however, proceeded no further; the Englishman, on being restored to health thanked his new friend for the kind interest he had shown him, took his leave, and returned home. The same gentleman, a short time ago, went to look over the new Houses of Parliament, when, as he passed along, he observed among the labourers a man whose countenance struck him as being familiar to him. He paused and looked again; and the more he looked, the more certain he felt that the man he saw before him in the garb of a labourer, was no other than his friend the Priest, of whose kindness he had preserved a lively recollection. Imagining that his friend had, from some cause or other, been reduced to a state of distress which compelled him to have recourse to a menial occupation, and acting under the

first impulse of a mind conscious of an obligation, when an opportunity of repaying it presents itself, the gentleman accosted the Priest, and, after a few words of condolence on the condition in which he saw him, proffered him his good offices. The reply was that the only service he could render him, was not to know him, and to let him alone.

Here, then, we have the Jesuit Priest prowling about the Parliament Houses under the disguise of a common labourer, mixing with the workmen, many of whom, in all probability, are Irish (Roman) Catholics, picking up information, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, hatching plots. Conjecture might not be far wrong, perhaps, in connecting the circumstance now brought to light, with the fire which took place in one of the towers of the new palace at Westminster some time ago, the origin of which has never been satisfactorily explained. But conjecture, however nearly it may approach to probability, is not proof; and therefore we shall say no more on that head. The undeniable fact, however, remains, of a Popish Priest having been recognized under the disguise of a working dress among the labourers employed in the Houses of Parliament; and that fact, of itself, is pregnant with suspicion. Nor is this an isolated fact. Our readers will remember the Popish Post-office arrangements at Rugby, to which we called attention some time ago. The public press, as far as reporting and the collection of news is concerned, is, notoriously, to a very great extent, in the hands of Papists. Into families they find their way as teachers and servants. A Correspondent, whose letter will be found in another part of our columns, informs us that they have crept into Cathedral libraries, as librarians. And it is no very great stretch of imagination that at a Cabinet dinner the footman at Lord John Russell's elbow, or, at the Palace itself the attendant behind the Royal Chair, may be a Jesuit Priest in uppers of gold-lace and netters of plush.

The Jesuits are moving about, openly and in disguise, here and there, and everywhere, more Societatis it is impossible to doubt. We need no further proof of it, than the admissions which occasionally escape from the lips of the mouthpieces of the Papacy themselves, in the unguarded hour of irrepressible exultation. What was "JOHN OF TAMM'S" boast the other day to Lord John Russell? That "the exiled (Roman) Catholics of Ireland," who, he it remembered, are not all fresh from the mud cabin, will ere long "address us 'from every quarter of England in the language of Tertullian:—'We have filled your cities, towns, fields, armies, Senates.'" And, talking of the Senate,—who has forgotten that notable sally of the late Master of the Mint, now the Queen's representative on a clandestine errand to the Pope,—the Jesuit who removed Her Majesty's religious titles from the coinage of this realm,—when he, a Legislator and a Member of the Queen's Government, had the indecency before the assembled Commons of England to challenge the law officer of the Crown, to put the law in force, if he dared, against the Jesuits? Such, let it never be forgotten, are the fruits, not, as Lord John Russell falsely, as well as sneakingly, insinuates, of the theological extravagancies of a few wrong-headed ecclesiastics, but the results of a system of base and treacherous concession and connivance towards Popery, long pursued,—in consideration of the political support of the Papists, which alone maintains the Whigs in power,—by the responsible advisers and counsellors of the Queen. And this monster-evil, which has taken such deep and extensive root, and of which he himself has sown the seed, and carefully nurtured the growing blade, Lord John Russell pretends,—yes, pretends, and only pretends,—to cure with that useless bit of parchment, his "Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Bill." Familiarity breeds contempt; and Lord John has so long and successfully hood-winked John Bull, that he thinks it superfluous to put himself to any great expense of ingenuity in practising upon the credulity of "public opinion." He feels persuaded that any humbug, however gross, will go down, provided it be stamped with the name of the illustrious champion of "civil and religious liberty." His Lordship may,—we trust he will,—find himself mistaken. John Bull is very good-natured, and remarkably gullible; but he is not a fool.—John Bull.

Another job has been perpetrated by Earl Grey. The Clergy Reserves in Canada, after being partly wrested from the hands of the Church, and the spoil divided among the sects, have been handed over, without other reservation than the protection of existing life interests, to the free disposal of the Canadian legislature for any purposes whatever. The lesson is an instructive one. It shows what is likely to become of Church property, when once its sacred character is lost sight of. From a latitudinarian division between truth and error to absolute spoliation, there is but a short and an easy step.

The Earl of Enniskillen has put forward a second manifesto, in consequence of the refusal of Sir G. Grey to present the address to the Queen from the Loyal Orange body, which we noticed a short time ago. In it, the Noble Earl traces the history of Ireland from the voluntary dissolution of the Orange body, in consequence of the resolution of the House of Commons in 1836, to the present time. The event was followed by the "General Association," changed in 1826 to the "Pre-emptory Association," and by the monster meetings of 1843, which led to the reorganization of the Orange body as a necessary measure of self-defence in 1845; since which time its signal services to the cause of loyalty and order have been graciously acknowledged, through the very functionary who now revives the fact of the dissolution in 1836, as a reason for intercepting its addresses to the Throne.

Mr. Chisholm Anstey has been played like a shuttlecock this week, between the broadsheets of the Times and the Globe. The latter declares the letter which has gone the round of the papers, announcing his proposed acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds to his constituents, to be a forgery. The Times vigorously asserts that the Globe has been hoaxed, and that Mr. C. Anstey positively has resigned; the Globe returns to the charge, and as positively maintains that the Times has been imposed upon, and that the Honourable and Learned Member has not, nor ever had, any thought of resigning. When newspapers disagree, who shall come at the truth?

A correspondent of the Morning Post, a Roman Catholic Executor and Residuary Legatee, finding the estate bequeathed to him burdened with an excessive legacy for masses to extricate the soul of the testator from purgatory, is anxious to avail himself of the statute which makes all such bequests unlawful, for the purpose of reducing the one in which he is interested, to reasonable dimensions. The priest tells him that if he seeks protection from the law of England, he shall be excommunicated and handed over to perdition. The Executor and Residuary Legatee wants to know what he is to do. We cannot undertake to advise

him; but this we know, that if the law of England is not to be made the very scorn and derision of Papists, it must be made strong enough, by some means or other, to prevent intruded Priests from levying contributions upon Her Majesty's subjects under false pretences.—John Bull.

**Colonial.**

**DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT CARLISLE.**—The most distressing and destructive fire that ever took place in this borough, broke out on the morning of the twelfth at Carlisle, Pa., between twelve and one o'clock, which originated in the stables attached to Scott's Hotel. The fire spread with frightful rapidity: the wind blowing quite fresh from the Northward. The flames soon spread to the adjacent buildings, and in the course of a few hours not less than fourteen dwellings, twenty stables, and two warehouses were consumed, besides several horses and cows, &c. The fire was not subdued till four o'clock this morning. No lives were lost, though several persons were seriously injured. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.—Globe.

**FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.**—On Saturday last, as Andrew Hewie, a person in the employment of Mr. Morton, the proprietor of a saw-mill at the village of Trent, was tending a circular saw, when one side of the breast of his coat was caught in the rotatory wheel, which jerked him round and drew him on the saw; the wheel was then in full operation. His stomach coming in contact with the saw, his bowels were literally dragged out of his body and thrown amongst the saw-dust on the spot where he had been the minute before standing. Of course his death was instantaneous.—Chronicle & News.

We understand that preparations are making to open the Welland Canal on the 25th inst. It is now so free of ice as to insure this being done, should the weather continue favourable.

**OPENING OF THE NAVIGATION.**—The steamer Despatch, Captain Baker, cleared from Port Dover, on Saturday the 15th, for Windsor. We understand that the steamers Wave and Commerce, are to ply between Buffalo, Dunkirk, and Dover, during the present season, but we have not as yet heard of any further regulations.

**CUSTOM HOUSE DEPARTMENTS.**—We understand that Mr. Pring, formerly of St. John's and lately of Hamilton, will succeed Mr. Hamilton as surveyor at this port.—Montreal Herald.

**COUNTY OF HALDIMAND.**—Mr. McKinnon, of Caledonia, a gentleman extensively engaged in manufactures, and who has long resided in the County, is in the field, although his opponents have circulated reports to the contrary. Having been almost absent from the County on business for ten days past, he has yet taken no active part in the election, but will probably be at work during the coming week. On the Ministerial side we have Mr. George Brown, Editor of the Globe. Mr. Turner, of Seneca, who will not allow a tool of the Administration, from Toronto, to crowd him off the track, and Mr. W. L. McKenzie, who appears to be running on his own hook. Mr. Horace Case, a Radical, is also out.

We are told, that when Mr. Hincks was closeted with Daniel Webster, the American Secretary of State, at Washington, the latter, who was taking notes of the conversation, looked up, and, in a tone that might have been taken for either irony or simplicity, asked, "Where, sir, is your Seat of Government?"—Montreal Gazette.

Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, several persons having imprudently ventured on the newly-formed ice bridge, it suddenly moved a foot or two, the ice breaking up, near the wharves, into small pieces. Immediately numbers of people, who were on the wharf, alarmed the persons on the ice by calling out that it was moving, and the latter, panic-stricken, rushed suddenly and together to the ladder by which they had descended to the point from the Napoleon wharf, which they succeeded in reaching with the exception of one person, a young gentleman of twenty-five years of age, Mr. David Bissett, nephew of Mr. George Bissett, Iron Founder, and the manager of his business. Mr. Bissett remained above water for about four minutes, and then sank in the presence of hundreds of people, and never rose again. We regret to learn that some canoe men who were near in their canoe, manifested criminal callousness, and made no exertion whatever to save the unfortunate gentleman, so much so that the infuriated people on the wharf pelted them with coals. The body was grappled for, but has not been recovered. Mr. Bissett was an exemplary young man, and leaves a wife and child to mourn his untimely end. Not a rope was to be had; nor indeed was there anything at hand to throw to any person who might have the misfortune to fall into the water.—Quebec Chronicle, 15th March.

**At the City Council, on Tuesday evening.** Mr. Alderman Beard moved the adoption of the Report relative to the Mechanics' Institute, and the occupancy of the basement story as a refectory. The two propositions contained in the Report were in effect, that Smith having violated the terms on which he acquired the privilege of converting the lower portion of the premises into a place of refreshment, should not be confined to his tenancy, and that steps should be taken to ascertain the amount of his expenditure in the improvement of the building, with a view to compensate him for the same. Several suggestions were made, and ultimately, the Report was adopted, with a slight modification in the nature of the second proposition.—Globe.

**THE FORGERY CASE.**—Matthias Ingram, remanded from Monday on a charge of forgery, was again brought up yesterday, when the prosecutor, Mr. James Foster, was examined. He stated that to the best of his belief the indorsement of the note which forms the basis of the charge, was not in his handwriting, and he stated various circumstances to show that the terms of the note differed materially from those of a note which he did indorse. Several of these statements were corroborated by the prosecutor's wife, who was present when Foster put his name to the genuine note. His son was called, and also expressed his belief that the signature on the note produced, was not his father's as it purported to be. The magistrate intimated his determination to send the case for trial to the next assizes, and refused to admit the prisoner to bail, recommending, however, that an application for bail be made to the Judges sitting in Chambers.—Globe.