

dred years, since Protestants separated from the true Church, you have had six hundred and fifty-one changes in your creed!—that is, two changes and the fraction of a change every year!! These changes in your creed form the jibe of the infidel against you; and the Catholics meet you on your own ground; and ridicule you for pretending to follow the one law of Christ, while they see each of you differing more widely from each other in faith, than a set of strolling players differ in the various characters of their theatrical performance. How full of learning, you must be when you speak of your Church being a successor to the old Irish Church; but your zeal will cool very much, I fancy, when I fling at you my contemptuous sarcasm on your ignorance of the primary essentials of a Church.

Secondly—You are unable, as Protestants, to convince any man in your Babel, whether the Bible is the inspired word of God, or a human invention.

You have no authority to appeal to; you can make no case for your opinions; you are dumb as the statue of Lord Belfast, in your city, when I jeeringly ask you to tell me if your Bible be the Word of God.—You have no authority to support you; you have no Church to sustain you; you have no united congregation to join you; and when I press you, and really laugh in your face, you stand before me without a word in your mouth, as is clear from the echoes of Paddy Blake, which we heard in your reply to me on this very subject.

Thirdly—You have no pastors to instruct you;—they themselves publish this doctrine in all their speeches, where they tell that the Bible is the all-sufficient principle; they themselves admit this fact, when they assure the public that any man in his own house, following his own opinion, is perfectly secure in his salvation if he never entered what you call your churches, or received the smallest official service from a pastor. If this be your constant doctrine in all your Bible meetings, it follows, of course, that a person is an unnecessary supernumerary; he is even injurious, when, like Mr. M'Iwaine, he writes April letters, and preaches 5th of November sermons; it follows, also, that Bishops are a monstrous imposture, at a cost to these countries of eight millions and a half of money annually, the illegitimate hoard (not the *horde*) of English and Protestant cupidity. That you have no pastors, therefore, is your own admission; and hence it is clear, you are deficient in a second essential part of the definition of a Christian Church.

Fourthly—You are not ordained, nor is your Bishop (towards whom I, in common with the priests and Catholics of Belfast, entertain a distinguished respect) consecrated. In the year 1559, the second year of Queen Elizabeth, Barlow was the link between the old Catholic hierarchy and Elizabeth's Bishops; it was he who (as it is said) consecrated Parker, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. But hear me.—*Barlow was not himself consecrated*; and thus, Sir, the link in the episcopacy has failed. Yes, Sir, you are not ordained. The consecration of Parker is said to have occurred in the year 1559—thirty-five of the historians whom I have named, in my reply to you, say no; several of these lived in the end of the sixteenth century; not one historian ever contradicted these writers till the year 1613! when Mason fifty-four years after the supposed occurrence. It is rather a good joke to defend a supposed fact, fifty-four years after its supposed occurrence; when an answer could so readily be given during half a century previously. No, no, Sir—you are certainly not ordained; you are a layman; you have no congregation of Christian believers; you have no church; you have no authority; you have no government; you are, in a word, nothing more or less than Mr. William M'Iwaine of Belfast, publishing falsehoods of Catholics, spreading discord among Presbyterians, and grossly offending liberal Protestants, in a house called St. George's, and on a platform called a pulpit. No, Sir, you have no Church, or anything like a Church; and therefore your wild assertion, that you are as old as St. Patrick and Columbus, is quite as ridiculous as the Dutch tragedy, the "Creation," where Adam is represented as shaved, powdered, and dressed in doeskin, boots and spurs, coming out on the stage to be created.

So you intend, Sir, to address your jury in the Victoria-hall on next Thursday evening. Why not reply to me in some local journal, where every one could read your answer, and coolly judge your historical accuracy and theological learning? Why not have all Belfast a jury, from the evidence of a newspaper, rather than a mere handful of excited men, at eight o'clock at night? What a loss I shall have if I cannot be present on Thursday evening, if it were for nothing more than to hear your accomplished elocution, an improvement I should hope, on your orthographical attainments.

Mr. M'Iwaine, you commenced this correspondence—you began it by a most gratuitous attack on me; your townsmen will judge of the issue between us. I have written many controversial letters in my life; they were all replies. I have never, even in one instance, made an aggression on the creed of any man; and I never will, nor never shall, till forced by challenge; you have driven me into these replies; and as I have already told you, you would regret coming in literary contact with me—your co-religionists in this city say you are a person of shallow literary acquirements; others who differ from you in Belfast go further in their bitter censure of your presumption; and when I recollect your challenge to me, and when I read your reply, I must say, that your bigotry has no parallel in yourself except your *clear ignorance of history and theology*.—I am, Rev. Sir, most truly yours,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

Prejudices are the spiders of the mind, choosing generally the darkest corners to spin their cobwebs in.

THE TIMES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

So Exeter-hall has triumphed, and the working population of this metropolis is driven back to the public house. The Primate and Mr. Baines, with their well-organized army of Sabbatarians, have silenced the bands, cleared the Parks, and set the tap once more flowing. Their zeal has its reward.

Among the many precious things that are thrown away in this world—things sweet and unweet, there is nothing of which there is so little as religious zeal. In this metropolis, and everywhere else, we dare say, morality and religion are urged with a force which, were it only, so to speak, well engineered, would make this another paradise. Unluckily, it runs to waste like a mountain torrent or a marsh; and you have it either foaming with impetuous self-will or fermenting in idleness. This bad economy of virtue begins very low; where some would hardly think it existed at all. Go into any lane or court of this city, and the whole day long you hear mothers screaming the filial duties into their children, bawling obedience, inculcating quiet at the full pitch of their throats, recommending order with frantic gestures, and peace with blows. At another time you will find virtuous dames enforcing upon one another the Ten Commandments in the copious dialect of calmness and sneer. But it is the same everywhere. Wisdom cries in our streets. Fortiter in modo is everywhere the motto of virtue in these days. What magistrates, what goals, what punishments, what enormous expense in a State which maintains as a fundamental maxim that for every good purpose "Heaven's first law" is to let people alone! Our preachers somehow don't get the poor to church, but then they give it them well for not coming. Would they only come, they would hear a good account of themselves. In fact, religion is no longer a thing of grace, a home for the broken-hearted, a deliverance for the captives, or any of those sweet things it was once reported to be; it is all yelling and howling, abusing, stigmatising, denouncing, anathematizing, sending men the wrong way all round, and for every imaginable reason. On the first provocation you have your cantankerous agitators, with their armies of signatures and three whole columns of pious grimace, screeching against the poor creatures who try to refresh themselves somewhat less coarsely than usual. What a start the world would make for the better if but a hundredth part of all this energy were employed in raising the fallen, in strengthening the weak, in soothing the afflicted, or in doing some sort of positive good, instead of these perpetual prohibitions shouted in the ears of people whose whole life is one of privation and sorrow. But that is pretty nearly all that most religionists and moralists can do. They can attend a meeting and hear one speech more stupid and harsh than another; they can sign a petition in a dozen places, if necessary; but they cannot do good to a single soul, nor supply anything better in place of all the ordinary sources of recreation they are so industriously withholding.

Let us take the fact as it stands, or as it stood on Sunday last, and as admitted by all sides. About eight thousand persons went to hear the band in Kensington-gardens; as many, or more, in Regent's Park; and as many in Victoria Park. The great bulk of these were decent-looking people of the humbler classes, who came out to enjoy the fresh air and listen to music of the slow and solemn character. That a quarter of a million of people were all of them as holy, as pure, as benevolent, as wise, and as good as Mr. Edward Baines, would perhaps be an over-estimate of metropolitan piety; at the same time we must say that Mr. Baines has no right to describe them as consisting in great part "of vicious persons of both sexes, who came to seduce the young and unsuspecting." We do not see why apparel proper for the day is to be described as "Sunday finery," or why the wearers bring themselves into circumstances of extreme peril by standing for half an hour to listen to music among others also in their Sunday's best. Mr. Baines is pleased to consider the crowd to consist solely of seducers and those who are only waiting to be seduced; but we deny the fact that every one who listens to a military band is "lost to the sanctuary." Indeed, we know most excellent and even scrupulous people who on the continent, out of the reach of British twaddle and British hypocrisy, go as a matter of course to the parade or the gardens, where the poor benighted Papists and the Protestants, equally dark, it appears, walk up and down and hear military bands. They are not lost to the sanctuary, even though by force of habit they prefer themselves the English mode, when they are in England. As to the music, Mr. Baines may possibly be of a very susceptible nature. Very likely "the strains of martial music" may in his case "cause the pulse to bound, and fire the imagination," in a manner "wholly out of accordance with the sacred repose of the Sabbath." But we should think that the effect of a military march on most minds is not very different from that of an anthem, or even an ordinary psalm tune. It is notorious that the effect of music is generally much in accordance with the usual bent of the hearer. It is a species of stimulus which sets his imagination at work in its customary train; and, no matter whether it is a hymn or one of Handel's choruses, or an overture, or any slow movement from an opera, it simply gives a brighter hue, a warmer sentiment, and a quicker circulation to his ideas. When this sensation is enjoyed, with leisure and rest, on the green sward, in the sight of green trees, water, blue sky, and Heaven, it is at least much more likely to conjure up pure recollections and healthy associations than when it is experienced in the suburban concert-room, with the addition, imposed by the law, of spirituous liquors.

The question is one of simple expediency. Of course, there are plenty of people ready to catch at our use of the word, and consign us somewhere without a moment's delay. We mean that it is a question of expediency, in the same sense as when one decides whether to have a girl taught music at all; or, if any, whether any besides religious music. No law, human or divine, can be shown against listening to music of a soothing, refining, and elevating character on the Lord's-day. We have no occasion to discuss whether a man may lawfully listen to a waltz or a popular air on that day, for the music in question is of the slow, solemn sort. Taking, then, the sort of people that dress in "their Sunday finery," as Mr. Baines expresses it, and gather round the band, we have only to ask whether it is a gain or a loss that they are found there. We do not hesitate one instant to decide that it is an immense gain. On this point we fully believe the evidence of a clergyman who went to see for himself, and who says that of the vast crowd he witnessed in Kensington-gardens on Sunday

last "full 70 out of every 100 were such as would be found in places where they ought not to be, were it not for the innocent recreation thus afforded them." No doubt, he means that they would be in the so-called tea-gardens or the less disguised gin palaces, wholly beyond the influence of superior minds. Assuming this estimate, here were fifty or sixty thousand persons round one band alone, listening to solemn music, just as sacred, in fact, as an ordinary chorus out of an oratorio under the soothing and purifying influences of nature, without any other stimulus, who would have been at the bar or in the gardens of a public house simply stupefying themselves. This we call a gain, and a very great gain, unless it be gain, as some people appear to think, to give everybody who is going the wrong way an additional shove, or at least let him go if he likes. Mr. Baines, perhaps, will say they ought to have been in a place of worship, singing a psalm or listening to a sermon. That, however, is not the question,—first, because they would not have been doing that, even if they had not been in Kensington-gardens; secondly, because it was quite possible to attend two services, hear two sermons, join in six psalms and hymns, and listen for a couple of hours to the band in the Gardens as well. The question lies between listening to a military band in a park and the pure selfishness in which the great mass of the London population spend the Sunday. On that question we have ourselves no doubt. The extension of the Windsor practice to this metropolis was not meant for those who have better opportunities of Sunday repose. Of course, we should ourselves prefer other modes of spending the leisure hours of Sunday. We should prefer walks in green lanes, in deep woods, by running streams, and through flowery meadows. We might prefer even a visit to the Sunday school, or a stroll through the village green. For music out of church we might prefer Handel, or Mozart, or Pergolesi, or Beethoven, well performed by an accomplished and feeling pianist. But this is not the present question, nor is it our case that Lord Palmerston has had to decide upon. It is the case of the London multitude, almost outcasts from religion, knowledge, taste, and all purer and higher sentiments. In their case it was a gain that they could be brought to listen to solemn music in our parks on a Sunday afternoon; and we much regret that the gain has been wrested from them.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A new church is about to be built at Kenmare, county Kerry, from a design of J. Welland, Esq., Architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whose skill and architectural taste on this style of building (so appropriate to Christian worship) is evident from the great improvement which has taken place in Church building throughout the country since that gentleman has become architect to the Commissioners. The site is well chosen, on the elevated ground opposite to the Marquis of Lansdowne's "nursery garden." It commands an extensive view from the sea as well as from the approaches to the town from Killarney and Glengarriff. It will add much to the appearance of the town, and is more convenient to the congregation than the old church, which is a considerable distance from it. The design is to be of the early Gothic. The spire will be 90 feet high, terminating with a cross and copper vane. Mr. D. W. Murphy, Builder, of Bantry is the contractor.

The Bishops of Cork and Ossory have arrived in the Eternal City, having travelled by Lyons, Genoa, and Civita Vecchia.

TENANT RIGHT.—The Meath demonstration in favor of Tenant Right was held on Tuesday, and proved, as was expected, important and enthusiastic. The speeches were most powerful. It rests with the people to sustain such representatives as Mr. Moore, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Swift, and Mr. M'Evoy, by agitation and petition.—*Nation*.

THE LONGFORD ELECTION.—Mr. Hughes has been returned for Longford without a contest. The probability of a general election at an early date, seems to have influenced proceedings in Longford; but even Mr. Hughes found it necessary to declare himself an earnest advocate of Tenant Right principles—on the true faith of a Saddleier.—*Nation*.

The intelligence conveyed by the *Reporter and Indicator* of Saturday morning as to the free pardon of W. Smith O'Brien, was received by his old neighbors and friends in the town and vicinity of Rathkeale with the most joyous enthusiasm. Immediate preparations were made for the purpose of giving expression to the ardent feelings of joy by which all classes in the town are actuated. There was a general illumination on Saturday night—nearly every house in the town shone with the emblems of congratulation, including the residences of the Venerable Archdeacon, &c., &c.

I may state that the announcement in a cotemporary to the effect that Mr. Smith O'Brien may be immediately expected home is incorrect. He is not expected till the middle of July when he will be received by his friends and tenantry in the neighborhood with every demonstration of unabated regard and warmth. There has been no better landlord; and in all the relations of private life no more estimable gentleman.—*Limerick Reporter*.

The Monster houses in Dublin are increasing in business. At Cannon & White's alone, there are 299 Assistants employed.

THE GALWAY EVICTIONS.—MR. POLLOCK.—Mr. Pollock, has addressed the following letter to the *Times*:—"Sir—Residing in a distant part of the west of Scotland, I did not see the report in your paper of the debates in parliament of the 29th ult., until the beginning of last week; and, greatly to my surprise, I read therein, under the head 'Constabulary Force (Ireland)', the speeches of Mr. M'Mahon and others, and immediately come up to London to give the statements made by them regarding myself and the management of my estates in Galway the most unqualified contradiction, but found, to my regret, the houses of parliament were on the eve of adjournment for the holidays. As it is impossible for me to rest under the serious imputations contained in the speeches referred to, of which I am wholly innocent, and as I intend to bring the matter again before parliament, with a view of vindicating my character, I beg, through your columns, to request the public to suspend its judgment on the undeserved charges that have been brought against me.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,"

ALLAN POLLOCK

"22, Suffolk street, Pall Mall, May 13."

DEATH OF R. M. FOX, M.P.—Wee deeply regret to announce the death of Richard M. Fox, Esq., one of the members for the county of Longford, which took place at St. Leonard's on Saturday last. Mr. Fox has been in declining health for a long period.—*Drogheda Argus*.

O'CONNELL'S PISTOLS.—The pistols which O'Connell used on the occasion of his celebrated duel with D'Esterre, were sold by auction in this city last Thursday, by Mr. Coleman, at his auction mart, to Mr. Gleeson, P.L.G., for 27s. the pair. This case of pistols was purchased previously at the Cahiroon auction by a person present, and were subsequently pawned in Limerick.—*Limerick Observer*.

Vegetation is somewhat backward, and the 1st of June will hardly present its characteristic appearance—namely, that of "leafy June." The wheat crop generally looks splendid in promise, and it is this year an unusually large crop. A very large breadth of ground is under potatoes, and Paddy's peace commissariat is not likely to be deficient in this esculent for the current year, and for several months to boot in the year 1857.—*Newry Examiner*.

A writer in *Saunders' News-Letter* says:—After great changes of opinion on the part of the military authorities and the government with respect to the continuance of the militia, and after instructions which led to the conclusion that the force would be continued for at least another year, a peremptory order was issued to the colonels of militia in this country on Wednesday evening, apprising them to be ready to proceed with their regiments to their respective counties, in order to be disembodied, and the colonels of the English regiments in this country have also been apprised that transports will be sent very soon to remove the men to the other side of the Channel. The notice, in point of fact, apprises the regiments that they may cease to exist as a corps of soldiers after the lapse of fifty-seven days. It is also stated, but no mention is made of this in the orders, that all the officers and men are to expect after disembodiment is thirty days' pay."

RAGGED SCHOOLS IN DUBLIN.—In the House of Commons on the 9th ult., Mr. De Vere said that he had received an advertisement, stating that a bazaar would be held for the benefit of certain ragged schools which had been established for the purpose of proselytizing the children of the poor; and it was stated that that bazaar would be held under the patronage of the Lord-Lieutenant. He wished, therefore, to ask the Secretary for Ireland if there was any truth in that announcement? Mr. Horsman stated that there was not the slightest foundation for believing that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in any way countenanced the placard to which he (Mr. de Vere) had alluded. The principle which the Lord-Lieutenant laid down for his own conduct, and which he impressed on all those officially employed under him in Ireland was that they should not associate themselves, directly or indirectly, with any religious society the proceedings of which were calculated to give pain or offence to any of those whom he was sent to govern. The facts of the case were these—there were in Dublin ragged schools established both by Catholics and Protestants. Early in the year the Lord-Lieutenant received a communication from the managers of the Catholic ragged schools, stating that they were going to open a bazaar for the benefit of the schools, and requesting his patronage. He replied that he would willingly give his name, but could not attend in person. Very recently he had a similar application for a bazaar for the Protestant managers; and he returned the same answer in the same terms. But the latter society, in advertising the bazaar, placed the Lord-Lieutenant's name very conspicuously at the head of the placard, the rest of which (and it was a very lengthy one) was filled with extracts from documents of a controversial nature on the subject of proselytism, and calculated to give offence to the Catholics of Dublin. He (Mr. Horsman) would only assure his hon. friend that the association of the Lord-Lieutenant's name with the offensive matter in that placard was without his knowledge, and certainly did not meet with his approval.

DISCOVERY OF A HUMAN SKELETON.—LONDONDERRY, MAY 9.—A good deal of interest has been excited here by the recent discovery, near Claudy, in this neighborhood, of a human skeleton, popularly supposed to be that of an Excise officer, for whose murder, at the same place three brothers named Mathews were tried at Derry more than twenty years ago. The skeleton was found about two feet below the surface of a bog in the townland of Upper Alla. It is wrapped up in a coarse blanket or horse rug, and the covering was fastened round the skeleton with wooden skewers. The person whose murder was alleged to have taken place at the period in question was a Mr. Lambkin, an officer of Inland Revenue. The brothers Mathews kept a paper mill at Claudy, and shortly before the commission of the imputed crime had been fined £800 for a breach of the excise laws, in consequence of information given by Mr. Lambkin. Shortly afterwards this gentleman was missed, and suspicion at once fell on the owners of the mill. The last time Mr. Lambkin had been seen he was observed by a woman to enter the mill, and after a short interval she distinctly heard a shot. The unfortunate man was never afterwards seen alive, nor could the body be then found, although the most extraordinary means were taken to discover it, bloodhounds having been brought over from England for the purpose. Having been taken into custody the trial of the brothers Mathews for the alleged murder came on at the assizes in Londonderry, and true Bills were found by the grand jury. There was, however, no evidence to insure a conviction, the absence of the body being fatal to the case for the prosecution. The men soon afterwards left the country, and emigrated to America, where their career was not a prosperous one. The latter circumstance confirmed the popular notion as to their guilt. The skeleton is in a fair state of preservation, the teeth and hair being perfect. An inquest has been held in order to see whether any further information could be gained relative to the skeleton lately discovered in the bog near Claudy. One witness was examined who was well acquainted with Mr. Lambkin, the excise officer, whose skeleton it is supposed to be. The man swore that that gentleman had often expressed fears that he would be waylaid by the Mathews, because he had not screened their shortcomings in connection with their paper mill. A medical gentleman was examined, who said the remains were those of a human being, and that the hair appeared to be that of a male. It was also deposed that the cloth in which the body was enveloped, was a kind of coarse wrapper sometimes used of the manufacture of paper.