

boast and falsehood of the last two years, of which we of the Confederation were far from guiltless. If the people deceived us, we deceived them, for we too often, in the forum and in our journals, let our imagination run riot, when awed by the greatness of our aims, and, sobered by the sense of the responsibilities we voluntarily undertook, every assertion should have been based on fact, and every fact sifted to the bottom before we accepted it. We stand accused before the world as windy babblers and wordy vulgar boasters, and not without cause. It will not do to shift the blame of our failure hither and thither, sometimes on the leaders. We are guilty, and if our present degradation and shame would effect a radical cure in this our worst and most besetting sin and teach us the true value of words, or rather the great "invaluable talent of silence," the improvement in our national character would hardly have been purchased too dearly.

We have been beaten this time without a blow. Why should we not confess it; not in fear or servility, indeed, but as men whose first effort would be to discover all the false steps they had taken in order to retrace and retrieve them: who had closely watched the tactics of their conquerors in order to defend every weak point, and to guard against every surprise in the next struggle. I have been disgusted with the vaunting and vulgar bravado of some of the Irish American journals which reached me here; and I am told that these are exceeded by some at home which I have not seen. Are these men mad? Do they know the truth? or are they incapable of distinguishing it through the medium of their pastoral passions. Had they taken counsel with Maghera as I did in his narrow cell, he would have told them that even when the electric enthusiasm ran like wild-fire through the clubs, the real country was dull and unpenetrated by it. That the peasantry he encountered or addressed on his fatal journey to Ballingarry, were often until then ignorant of his existence, always indifferent to his appeals; that even John Mitchel's name fell on their ears like a black stranger's; and the man who had so lately devoted himself for them, and whose words of fire would have burnt into their souls, one would think, if they were not duller than the clay they dig! "In short," he added, "they knew or cared nothing in the world about any of us, except, perhaps, Doherty and one or two men of their own country; and the priests suspected and distrusted us everywhere." The thrilling eloquence of our glorious young tribune, which, when addressed to men, used to sway their souls like the trumpet of an archangel, (a messenger voice from God,) fell powerless on these peasants. And if this picture were true of the country, then, how much deeper and darker have its shadows become since. Ruin and defeat instead of rivetting the sympathies of the people, on these men have, with the singular perversion of ignorance, only served to confirm them in their prejudices. It is only last night a friend of mine was telling me, that in July, '48, he was present in a chapel near Drogheda, in the county Meath I think, when the priest denounced from the altar, the Young Ireland leaders as paid spies and agents of the government, whose sole object it was to entrap the Irish people into their wiles in order to deliver them over to the English for extermination.

And the saddest part of the business is, that this priest and hundreds like him throughout the country, conscientiously believed this monstrous fabrication. One good at least must spring from the sufferings of our party the unanswerable testimony it bears to their truth. Better than any logic words, it will sweep away the tissue of cunningly-devised misrepresentations woven around them. It is singular with that tenacious grasp men hold to a slander. They will maintain it for choice against all proof. It is with the reluctant sulky snarl of a hungry dog yielding up his prey they finally abandon it. It has been extensively propagated since Smith O'Brien was carried off to Van Dieman's Land that his trial was a sham, that he had merely gone to take possession of a colonial appointment, the price of his treachery. The same was said of Mitchel.

But why linger on these hideous calumnies which are common as the air we breathe, and have sprung up, God knows how. They have fallen in turn on almost every member of our body.

I thought we had reached the lowest point of contempt when I was in Dublin last winter, and rumours were busily carried through town day after day of a rising of the city on such a night, and such a night, and such a

night. Dublin Castle we were assured was to be taken, the prisoners liberated, &c. &c. Magnificent schemes of school boys, to make their companions stare and clap their hands. Oh! it drives me mad to hear the trumpet tones which used to ring forth tumultuously from the hearts and consciences of men, full of deep meanings to the ear of faith which drank them joyously, thus feebly echoed, when belief in them has clean gone out from amongst us. If Irishmen will not resolutely shut their ears to this cheap valour and swaggering gasconade which reminds one of the drunken ravings of some maudlin wretch who threatens in his cup to commit suicide, and whose too credulous friends are kept in hot water, lest he should really wound himself before he happily falls asleep, there is little hope for them. The only sovereign remedy for this as for most of the evils of life is truth. Truth in word and deed. Let that be proclaimed from your journal at any cost—whether it seem to make for us or against us—proclaim it. Harsh and disagreeable it may first appear to eyes all unused to its severe lineaments, but coming to look on it long and steadily its loveliness will grow on us, and we shall turn away with repugnance from its caricatures and counterfeits.

CATHOLIC FRANCE—PROTESTANT ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The following beautiful tribute to the character of the people of France, we find in a work recently published, entitled, "European Life and Manners, in familiar letters to Friends," by Rev. Henry Colman, (a Protestant minister), who lately died in England, on his return to the United States.

"I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke or some indecent leer; at least, it has happened to me many times; and seldom without being solicited for something, 'to drink your honor's health;' and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, barefooted, ragged and dirty. In France, it is the reverse; they are well clad, with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats; I have scarcely ever seen a barefooted or bare-legged woman in France; let them be doing what they will, they are always tidy, the address even of the poorest (I do not exaggerate) is as polite as that of the best people you find in a city; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have refused it in repeated instances, when for some little service, I have offered some compensation; Count de Gourcy told me again, that even the most humble of them would consider it an insult if offered to them. I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French; drunkenness is entirely unknown among them; and they are pre-eminent for their industry and economy. I went into one field, with a farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to have met at table, or in any other situation.

I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to church-going, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them; and in no places of religious worship have I ever seen more attention, more decorum, or more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches, too, are all free. You may make some contribution at the door, if you choose, but nothing is demanded.

A very well-informed and most respectable American of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty five years, in Paris and in the country, says, "he does not believe that there is in any country more conjugal fidelity, or stronger domestic affections; and that in this respect, the best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been in French society for seven years, and he emphatically confirms the statement."

In short, he characterizes the French, in general, as the best behaved, best dressed, and most economical, most industrious and most sober people, and at the same time the happiest he has met with.

From Manchester, in England, he writes thus:—"I have seen enough already in Edinburgh to chill one's blood, and make one's hair stand on end. Manchester is said to be as bad as Edinburgh, and Liverpool still worse. Wretched, defrauded, oppressed, crushed

human nature, lying in bleeding fragments all over the face of society. Every day I live I thank Heaven that I am not a poor man with a family in England."

SUNDAY AT CLAPHAM.—RECEPTION OF CONVERTS.—To the Editor of the TABLET.—Sir—A beautiful ceremony took place at St. Mary's Chapel, at Clapham, on Sunday last, namely, the reception of two converts into the Holy Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Petcherine, who addressed these happy souls in the most affectionate and appropriate manner. It is a touching sight at all times to see the children of error reclaimed, but to see the Rev. Father, who had been himself reclaimed, bringing others into the true fold, with a heart full of heavenly joy, a joy felt and understood only by converts, was a scene not to be surpassed. Previous to this ceremony a young Priest gave instructions on the Catechism to the boys of the congregation, and such instruction that it was worth going miles to hear. In the evening there was the Rosary and Benediction, with an excellent sermon by Father Petcherine. The chapel was full to excess, with the addition of many Protestants, who appeared to listen with breathless attention to that soul-stirring text, "Many are called, but few are chosen." The subject was beautifully treated, and most instructive for all. The service ended with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, sung to the sweetest toned organ and voices I ever heard. I was told that several Protestants had applied for instructions to the Rev. Father, so that we may hope to see this ceremony often repeated.—I am, &c., A VISITOR.

An honest corporation is the heart's-blood of the city or town that owns it—the object of a patriotic allegiance firmer and fonder than any that monarch ever has hoped or attained. If the Municipal Councils of a people struggling for freedom be composed of brave and patriotic men, no one need despair of that country's ultimate success. For amid the many means which God has given men of working out liberty in ordered detail, there is no one which has been so often and so successfully tried as that legitimate and banded power which the fathers of a city can best evoke.—Nation.

Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 3.

GENTLEMEN,

As I have got away among Protestant spires at all, I may as well drop a few words about the far-famed Chapel of St. Anne. This is the place, you must know; which has set the "big Wigs" at daggers' ends for the last couple of years. The old staunch Tories, true to the first reformation, got terrified at the thought that Dr. Medley was going to fence them in, nolens, volens, with the black thorn hedge of Popery. This was their notion when St. Anne was in course of erection. They were convinced of it when the building had been completed. Pens, ink and paper in enormous quantities were therefore, immediately procured, and drawn up in martial array. Doctors of physic and Doctors of Divinity led on the forces, and a disastrous discomfiture of the unsuspecting Lord John was determined upon. 'T would take a long sheet to tell all they did, and a much longer one to show what they intended, but the chapel in the meantime remained; and the Rt. Rev. Doctor was not recalled, and awful reports of the superstitious edifice were put in circulation; and—and—but the story is a long one, and the stars would wane, as Virgil says, before the end of the Chapter. Knowing, then, all the circumstances of this case, as I did, and taking these honourable gentlemen's words as a safe guarantee for truth, I thought in no manner of harm, or matter of heterodoxy to take a peep into this ominous pile, cycled St. Anne's. A brace of us, accordingly, entered it at a convenient time, when we could behold all its horrors to advantage. Gracious! 'twas no wonder these Cranmerians of the High School did get a start! Why, we almost had knelt down

to say a Pater and Ave, the time and scene looked so appropriate. We only recovered from the blunder when looking farther on we saw no altar. But there was the Baptismal Font—a beauty too, solid marble—and there was the Charity Box in its proper place, with "Remember the Poor," in large gilt letters—and there was "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" like our own—and there was I. H. S. in its radiant glory full flaming on the sight—and there was a surplice on the pulpit—and there were crosses here and there and everywhere—and all round the walls, there were little "Lambs of God," looking so innocent, and displaying banners just as we sometimes see in our processions—and there was every thing but, but—the altar of Sacrifice alone. Other people may think as they will, but I could not refrain from thinking, while gazing on that structure, that if I only had but liberty and five minutes, I should be able though no carpenter, to raise an altar there, at which High Mass might be sung with as pleasing echoes as ever rang through the aisles of old times. But "were I Brutus"—were I a Protestant, I can assure all whom it may concern, that I should try hard to have that gigantic "imposture" uprooted from the earth.

But we are long enough ruminating here, proceed we now to Holy Ground. Yonder is the thing we have been looking for—the true Cathedral of the true Bishop, the place where crosses, and lambs and lights and shrines are no harm, no inconsistency. Here it is, then, in the very best location, as usual. It has a most noble spire with its cross high towering above, and glittering like the hope it lights to. Without a doubt, notwithstanding the difference of cost and material, it looks a thousand times more majestic and chaste, than its pseudo reformer below. But we must look within. 'Tis a spacious circuit truly—eighty by fifty five. There are galleries all round resting upon gracefully turned pillars. The pews are most tastefully finished and large. The lamp of the Sanctuary hangs here with glorious effect. The sanctuary itself extends from side to side, excluding, as it ought, from the holy precincts, all feet and looks profane. I cannot bear to see, as it too frequently happens, in many churches, clumps of pews intruding inside the altar-rail. There is every thing but reverence about such a fashion. It is the style of Protestantism, but of nothing else. Here, then, there is freedom and propriety, and all appears just as it should. I have seen nothing of the kind to equal the Bishop's chair in this place. It is certainly worthy of those who placed it there. It is the gift of the people of Fredericton. It is large and high, covered with crimson silk velvet, and has in bold relief the crosses, mitre and cross carved on the top. On the epistle side there is another chair for the celebrant, not much inferior, and also the gift of the people. The altar is high. The altar piece is very elegant indeed, and the tabernacle is of a formation that is much admired. The crucifixion is certainly the best by far, that I have ever seen.* It crowns the whole. The price of it was fifty pounds. There is no pulpit in the Cathedral but there is no necessity for one. The building is of such a style, and the arrangements are so well ordered, that the officiating priest can be seen to the fullest advantage from any part of the church. This is none of your dark smothered up places. The pomp of noon blazes through its aisles. The galleries stand not in an attitude of threatened collision as they do in some parts. There is full scope for voice and instrument here. The choir is the best in New Brunswick. Neither do I say this from mere rumour, my ears bear testimony to the fact. I happened to be in St. Dunstan's upon Sunday, and in all sincerity I was delighted with the music. The singing of the celebrant was good and that of the choir was grand. They sang Webbe's Mass. The leading bass was infinitely better than

* It was painted in Paris by a first rate Catholic artist, Mons. Lafon.