

avail to guard the rights of the people of India?

When I look at England erecting in India a great military power, for the purpose of protecting her subjects in that vast Empire from foreign aggression, and procuring for them the enjoyment of that British freedom which has secured to England herself happiness so unbounded—greatness so unparalleled—I strive not to repress that patriotic pride which I am free to confess I cannot control. But when I behold a British Governor of British India—when I see the man chosen to bear the message of peace and freedom from the English nation to their fellow subjects of India—when I see that man placed the military power of England under the control of a blood thirsty tyrant, not to secure those blessings of peace and freedom, for which it was designed, but to the end that that tyrant might, in a moment without control, pour all the horror of Indian warfare upon the happy valley of Rohilkund. When I see a British army placed under the command of an Indian despot, that the noble, the happy, the peaceful Rohillas, might, at one blow, be subjected to the sway of a ruthless, a debauched tyrant. I ask myself is this responsibility to England then, the guarantee offered to us for the preservation of our rights?

What! when I see the Majesty of England condescend to receive with favor the man guilty of all these enormities, when I hear that the man who perpetrated these foulest crimes against the people of India, was pronounced by the nobles of England to have committed no crime against the laws of England, no crime against the justice of the English nation. When I read these things, shall any stigma which the foul breath of scandal can fix upon me—shall any punishment, which the frail arms of mortality can inflict, deter me from asking whether we have not a right as men to demand some other guarantee for our liberties? Shall any man dare to tell me that I must not ask the people of this Province whether they are prepared to relinquish that control over their servants, which the reason and justice of England has conceded, and to accept in its stead a responsibility to the people of England of which we have been considering the baneful results? Did I believe that the people of the Province would hesitate for one instant on the alternative (hear, hear,) sad would be my forebodings. But it is because I am confident that the mind of this people is fixed. It is because I am conscious that the demand of this sacrifice is not the demand, is not the language of England, but of men resident amongst us, traitors to their country and their rights. It is because I entertain the utmost confidence, in English love of justice, and Canadian love of liberty, that I am enabled to address you in this crisis of our affairs, full of cheering hope (enthusiastic cheers.) The loud complaints which are uttered against men no ask nothing but their undoubted rights, is not the language of genuine love of British greatness and British liberty, it is the foul offspring of flattery and slander. It is the language of men who being conscious that they have no place in the confidence or affection of the people of the Province, strive to acquire place and power by means as little known to the Constitution as they are base—by flatteries, to the Colonial Minister, as degrading as their slander of their fellow subjects is malignant (loud bursts of applause.)

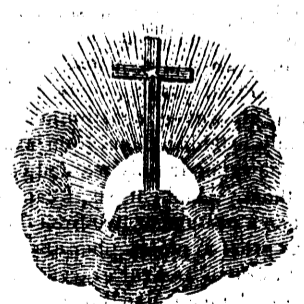
But, Sir, hardly can we make mention of the rights of Canada. Scarcely do we speak of a constitutional struggle for the preservation of our privileges, before the finger of scorn is pointed at us, as though this Province were so degraded in the scale of things, that every attempt to make its voice heard amongst the peo-

ple of the earth, had only rendered it a fit object of ridicule. (Hear, hear.) We have indeed been told by one eloquent, and I suppose I ought to add, "noble hearted Governor," (hear, hear,) that a single parish in London; nay, a single English noble is possessed of more wealth than our poor Province can boast. And, because I suppose it would be disloyal to allow the hints of "those noble hearted English gentlemen" to be thrown away, it seems to have become a fundamental maxim with a certain class of politicians, that the connection of this Province with the British Empire is a good of such infinite magnitude as to supercede the necessity, nay, to leave no room for the assertion of those COMMON PLACE blessings of liberty, for which the nations of the earth have ever struggled. (Loud cheering.) Allow us, say they, to continue an integral part of the British Empire, and all other privileges are in our estimation light as air. Let us but form a portion of that glorious Empire—to the winds with that liberty which England herself so dearly prizes. To the wind with that portion of it which the justice of England has already conceded to us. Let it too be resumed. Only permit us to call ourselves an integral part of the British Empire, and it is enough. (Loud cheering.) Sir, appellations have been freely applied to us for the assertion of our honest convictions—we must not condescend to bandy names with any man or body of men, no matter how dignified their station. But thus much we may venture to say, that this is not language to be listened to by freemen, (hear, hear,) those are not the sentiments of Britons; those are not the sentiment which have laid so deep the foundation of British liberty, upon which the splendid fabric of British greatness has been reared. (Loud cheers.)

Nay, Sir, it is not the language of England towards this Province. For she has solemnly and repeatedly conceded to us, that right of control over our Provincial Executive, without which we are but slaves. (Great applause.) We, therefore, tell those reasoners that they belie the greatness and the justness of England, in attributing to her such sentiments. We solemnly protest against the violation of our sacred rights, in direct opposition to the wishes of the English nation.

Let us then hear no more of our insignificance in this our struggle for freedom. No man, no body of men, contending for liberty can ever be regarded as insignificant. Such a spectacle is insignificant, only to the coward slave, who knows not wherein the true dignity of man consists. (hear, hear) It will be hailed by every true hearted Englishman as a spectacle the most significant. He will rejoice to see the budding forth of those seeds of liberty, which it is the glory of England to have planted over the globe. (Cheers.) Were we to apply to an English Statesman to know whether it became us to surrender the rights which England herself had conceded to us without raising an opposing voice—lest forsooth our insignificance should excite a smile of contempt. The magnanimity of the English Statesman would inform us, that a million and a half of men must not silently witness the spoliation of their property, least of all of their rights. It would point us to Prussia, resisting such a combination of Europe and Asia, as in the estimation of some men, had rendered her truly insignificant. The English Statesman would tell us of that country with a population of less than 5,000,000 struggling with the combined forces of France, Austria, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and the States of Germany. Struggling, during seven

years, of bloody wars with a population of one hundred millions, over which it eventually triumphed. (Loud cheers.) Or perhaps, we should rather be pointed to England herself, when, after ten years of unceasing war—after a struggle, marked by great misfortune, as well as unparalleled burthens—she not only found herself, after the defection of all her allies, opposed, single handed, to the giant strength of France—but saw moreover a combination of all the Northern powers—of Russia, her former ally, of Prussia whom she had protected, all leagued as one man, with France, her implacable enemy, and striking a death blow at her naval greatness. [Enthusiastic cheers.] Did England shrink from a view of her own insignificance? Let the cannon of Copenhagen—let the immortal triumphs of the immortal Nelson answer the enquiries. [Thunders of applause and cheering.] These, Sir, were the armed struggles of nations for existence. But surely our peaceful constitutional struggles for our rights and privileges should not be regarded as less noble. I require not, Sir, to be informed of the greatness of Britain, or the weakness of Canada. Born and educated as I have been on British soil, I take a pride in the power of Britain, which few of those who assail us can be expected to feel. [Cheers.] Nor do I require to be TAUGHT to love British connection, to seek the perpetuation of British greatness. These sentiments have been ingrained in my very nature. They have grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. They are ties, Sir, stronger—dearer than I dare venture to express. [Loud cheers.] The hand of tyranny may rudely sever the bond which unites this land of my adoption to the Empire, it can have no power to rob me of those filial feelings towards Britain, my country, over which I fondly hope that the grave itself shall have no control. But shall I permit those sacred considerations to be profaned by being used as arguments to induce me to surrender my essential rights as a freeman? England cannot wish, and certainly she has no right to preserve the integrity of the empire by such a sacrifice. And I hesitate not to declare that much as I glory in the power of Britain, much as I admire her unparalleled greatness, I had rather see them mouldering in the dust, than supported by an infringement of those Constitutional principles of liberty upon which they were founded, and with which I even dare to hope that they will fall. [The eloquent and learned gentleman sat down amidst loud and long continued bursts of applause.]



ECCLESIASTICAL.

"POPISH PRACTICES."—Extensive arrangements having been made in Charleston to celebrate the visit of Mr. Clay to that city (expected to be on Thursday in Holy week) by a grand ball the same night, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop promptly issued a circular letter to the members of his communion warning them against desecrating the holy season by participating in the intended festivities. He tells them that nothing would afflict him more than the knowledge that any one of them would consent to countenance in the least either a public or private entertainment

in the week before Easter, and especially on Friday—the day of the death of our blessed Lord; or on Thursday, the day on which He went into the garden of Gethsemane.

The Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Michael, urging the letter of the Bishop upon the attention of his congregation, goes still further, and threatens to refuse the Eucharist Communion to and who disregard the admonition. His address is most earnest. This is all well enough. It is a return to good principles, and is inasmuch a cause for rejoicing. "Tantum in Italiam" is still the word. But, what a clamor there would be about "Priestly interference," "Popish arrogance," and all that, if a Catholic Bishop and Priest attempted such a warning under such circumstances!—Telegraph.

From the Catholic Telegraph.
We are indebted to a friend from Derry for the following notes; as some members of his family were formerly old school Presbyterians in that country, he is the better qualified to give testimony on the subject.
SHORT NOTES OF THE REV. MR. SIMPSON'S LECTURE ON IRELAND.

- Falsehoods innumerable, two truths, and one miracle.*
 - Falsehood first.*—That 200,000 Protestants were murdered in the rebellion of 1641 in Ireland.—Sir W. Petty says there were but 225,000 Protestants in Ireland at that time.
 - Falsehood second.*—That a Protestant was ever denounced from any altar in Ireland, and the people forbidden to trade or deal with him, because he was a Protestant.
 - Falsehood third.*—That the Bible is not studied at the College of Maynooth.
 - Falsehood fourth.*—That Catholics believe the Pope can absolve from the oath of allegiance.
 - Falsehood fifth.*—That a plenary indulgence is a wholesale licence to commit sin—to be "a devil in human form."
 - Falsehood sixth.*—That in the Chapel, in Parsinstown or in any other Chapel in Ireland, there is hung up a printed table of the prices of indulgences.
 - Falsehood seventh.*—That Catholics believe absolution can be purchased by money; or that any power in heaven or on earth can forgive sin without contrition, satisfaction, and a sincere purpose of amendment.
 - Falsehood eighth.*—That any Scotchman or any other man was ever kept by the sisters of Charity in the Hospital at Baltimore without as much as a drink of water, for six days and nights, because he would not become a Roman Catholic.
 - Falsehood ninth.*—That the Catholic faith is in any manner concealed in this country, or differs in any thing from the Catholic faith in Ireland or in Italy.
 - Falsehood tenth.*—That the Catholic religion, or popery, as it was called, is the cause of the poverty in Ireland.
 - Falsehood eleventh.*—That the Catholic religion and liberty cannot exist together.
 - Falsehood twelfth.*—That the rebellion of 1773 was connected by Catholics or withdrawn from by the Presbyterians of the north, because they discovered that it was not liberty but an ascendancy which was aimed at by the Catholics.
 - Falsehood thirteenth.*—That 68,000,000 of Protestants have been put to death by Catholics, and that the Catholics wish to make up the even number of 70,000,000 by the massacre of 2,000,000 of Protestants in Ireland, or put "to dance knee deep in Protestant blood."
 - Besides so many more falsehoods, that as his countryman said, "he must have got one of his own plenary indulgences from his master."
 - Truth first.*—That as the speaker stood on the summit of the highest mountain in Tipperary, and looked upon the beautiful valley of the Shannon, he raised his hands to heaven, and begged of God to give that fertile land to the Presbyterians—True as gospel surely!—It was a genuine Presbyterian prayer.
 - Truth second.*—That in all the missionary tours of the speaker through Ireland, even to the "Devils bit in Tipperary," he never received a harsher or more unkind word than "God save you."
 - Miracle.*—The mother of a large family in the neighbourhood of Mullingar could not read whilst she continued a Catholic, but soon as she became a Presbyterian, presto change, she could read her Bible.
- The above notes of the rambling discourse of the Irish Calvinist will give our readers some idea of the meanness of his soul. Such