

THE CHURCH AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

(From the Northern Times.)

There are to notice the position of Catholics in these realms... never appears to their credit; but only let the evil deeds of some unfortunate nominal Catholic come before the world, and they are immediately distorted and swollen with frightful malignity and to a gigantic extent...

We deeply deplore these awful outrages; we denounce all such revengeful acts with the strongest terms of reprobation; but we still more deplore, if it be possible, the existence of that injustice and of that unequal code of laws which is the only cause of such lamentable proceedings...

This confraternity is composed of men who profess themselves to be Catholics—who vaunt their tenets loudly, but seldom darken the church doors by their attendance at mass; who foolishly deem their society a sort of bulwark erected against heretical aggression...

Wherefore, in order, if huge prejudice will permit us, to check this popular error, and remove from ourselves its odious consequences, we here declare, that these Ribbonmen as they are called, are not Catholics—they are not members of our Church—they have no participation in her prayers, or in her sacrifices, but are outlaws of heaven...

her in 1731, excommunicate by the mouth of her Pontiff, Clement XII., all persons enrolled in the secret societies of Freemasons. Again, when secret societies were becoming rife in 1751, and silently but surely paving the way to the horrors of the French Revolution, she saw the danger, and Benedict XIV. extended the sentence of excommunication passed by Clement XII. to all secret societies...

It has ever been the study of the secret societies to shut out, from the dark recesses in which they plot and plan, the light of Catholic truth, and the reason is apparent. They know well that the noisome vapors with which they are surrounded would ignite at the touch of the torch she bears, and consign them to destruction...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to state that the Archbishop of Cashel is improving in health.—Limerick Reporter.

An abstract of the accounts of the Catholic University has been published, and it appears that within the last five years—but mainly within the first three of them—the sum of Fifty-four Thousand Pounds has been collected—in Ireland, America, and Great Britain...

The Rev. D. Flanagan, C.C., has been appointed by the Commander-in-Chief as Catholic Chaplain to Queen's county militia, at Mountmellick.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty has organised a movement at Tralee to withdraw the children from the local National Education schools, and to place them under the care of the Christian Brothers, at Id. per week each child.

We are glad to be able to state that the new Catholic church of Hackett's Cross, in the parish of Clogher, the foundation of which was laid about four months since, is now roofed, and that considerable progress has been made in plastering the interior. Mass was celebrated in it for the first time on Sunday week last.—Dundalk Democrat.

Mrs. C. Mahony was received into the Catholic Church at Adare, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Cregan.—Munster News.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—The Society of St. Vincent is one of those institutions to which every man of reflection and good sense, no matter what his peculiar opinions are, ought to wish success; but it is especially and pre-eminently Catholic, in its spirit, its objects, and its operations, that its active support by a Catholic community should be, as indeed it is to Cork, a matter of pride as well as duty...

Father Vladimir, Petcherine, the priest charged with burning Protestant Bibles at Kingstown, is a Russian by birth, and a native of Odessa. The other fathers of the same order are also foreigners, with one or two exceptions. Fathers Buggenoms and Vanderaa are Belgians; Fathers Theonis and Leon are Greeks; Father Bagshaw is an Englishman, and Father Harbison an Irishman, and we believe a native of Dunganon.

THE MEATH ELECTION.—A most influential and enthusiastic manifestation of the feeling of the people of Kells, Navan, and the surrounding districts of the county, in favour of Edward M'Evoy, Esq., the popular candidate for the representation of the ever-patriotic and independent county of Meath, took place on Sunday at Kells...

POOR MR. CARDEN!—The Nenagh Guardian states that "The Lord Lieutenant has refused to comply with the prayer of the memorialists on behalf of Mr. John Carden, stating that that gentleman on a former occasion was offered sufficiently liberal terms by the government for his liberation; but having declined them, his Excellency would not now interfere with the sentence awarded him, and that the law should therefore take its course. Mr. Carden's period of imprisonment will expire in August, 1856."

MILITIA IN IRELAND.—The Dublin Mail states that Government have resolved on sending upwards of 50,000 English militia to Ireland. It is well known that a great paucity of barrack accommodation exists in England, while in Ireland there are buildings going to ruin capable of containing a vast army.

THE LEITRIM RIFLES.—The complaint of the Town Commissioners of Naas against this regiment has had its effect; they have been removed to Cork, and marched from Naas on Tuesday morning. A second investigation took place at Naas Barracks on Monday last, before Arthur French, Esq., J.C.M.G., who was directed against Lieut. Betty, and the picket under his command, who so wantonly stabbed the man and boy on the night of Sunday, the 18th November. Several informations were taken, and Lieutenant Betty was bound over to stand his trial at Maynooth Quarter Sessions.—Packet.

When Ireland comes to sum up her share of the blood and treasure laid down as the price of the present war, observes the Express, it will be found that her domestic capabilities far outnumber the proportion of her people to the entire population of the country. Their name is legion. In every rank and grade of life, in every town and village from Cork to Antrim, and from Westford to Mayo, the outward symbols of inward suffering eloquently too plainly the havoc made amongst the peaceful homesteads of this fair island...

THE DOWNFALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—The following extracts is from an article in the new National paper, the Dublin Tribune:—"Stricken down from being a first-class to the position of a second or third-rate military power, she is now completely at the mercy of her 'august ally,' France, her ancient rival, and still her implacable and deadly foe. She is threatened with invasion from the North (Russia), and from the West (America), either of which, if successful, would seal her destruction as a commercial State, and neither of which she could repel without immense loss, perhaps total ruin... Her Colonies, too, are in revolt. With a Santhal insurrection, troubles in Oude, Scinde mediating another spring, with the fanaticism of the Mahomedan population excited almost to frenzy, we know not the day on which we shall hear the British rule in India is extinct. Australia is on the watch for the proper moment to seize her independence. A net-work of secret societies covers Canada, China, takes unkindly to her poison, and Ireland—land, for the present tranquil—that, we believe, is the usual phrase. And if England has rebellions abroad, she has discontent threatening worse than rebellion at home. All the premonitory symptoms of a revolution, the like of which from the degradation, poverty, and vice of her urban, and the brutality, and ignorance of her rural population, the world has never witnessed yet: a fierce social war raging in her bosom, the gulf between her aristocratic, monied and lower classes ever growing wider, deeper, and more impassable. These lower classes, maddened and rendered desperate by low wages and famine prices, while stagnant trade, decaying commerce, increasing taxation, and overwhelming debt, all portend an approaching commercial crisis, inevitable bankruptcy, and an universal smash. Even our boasted Constitution has been proved to be what we always knew it was, a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. Witness the recent expulsion of the French Refugees from Jersey; by order of Louis Napoleon; even the 'last plank' has been taken from under their feet. And we request all men to take notice that there is now in these countries, no law, no liberty, no constitution, save and except what Louis Napoleon, or his faithful Henchman, Lord Palmerston, may graciously permit. So that we expect it will be some time before we shall hear again of our 'glorious Constitution,' and it is well to have this miserable delusion dispelled for ever. Tried by the stern test of war, the British government in every department of the State—turns out to be a grand imposture—an imposing sham—a gigantic lie. In the presence of an imperious necessity, the whole system has collapsed and failed—utterly, ingloriously, ignominiously failed. Until, in every part of the civilized, aye, and of the uncivilized world, her Government, and Constitution, and power, have become a laughing-stock and a bye-word—a mark for derision and contempt. From all of which it is quite clear that the British Empire is doomed: that its destruction is near, is at hand, even at our doors. And now, in the crisis of England's fate, in the hour of her stern calamity and of her sore distress, she has no quarter to turn for sympathy and support. She has no statesman, or general, or man, to whom she can look up, or look upon whom she can rely. Smitten with paralysis, struck with judicial blindness, laden with the curses and execrations of the nations she has plundered, and the kingdoms she has oppressed, she reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man; and the prediction of the most philosophic of her statesmen seems about to be fulfilled. When neither God nor man will longer endure her, nor will she long endure herself; but she shall be cast out in the face of the sun, a bloated and noisome carcass, full of stench and poison—an offence, a horror, a lesson to the world! Thus, then, this war has done, up to the present, what neither famine, nor bankruptcy, nor Chartism, nor Repeal agitation, nor monster-meetings, could effect. It has dealt a mortal blow to the vilest system of despotism that ever cursed this earth—a system which, not content with rapine, plunder, and spoliation, must needs rob and murder under the pretence of advancing the interests of Civilization and Religion—and it has given to the victims of English misrule in every part of the world an opportunity of recovering the rights and dignity of Freeman. But to the noisy demagogue, to the brawling agitator, to the shrinking coward, such Heaven-sent opportunities ever come in vain. For the last fifty years we Irishmen have been for ever boasting about our wrongs, for ever like beaten spaniels, whining our complaints; for ever reciting the tale of our miseries and our woes, until the world grew sick of us, and then; for ever accusing fate, fortune, circumstances, leaders, England. Blaming everybody and everything, but ourselves and our own cowardice, where alone the blame really lay. We were for ever begging, entreating, and praying for 'our rights,' no less 'as if we had any, or deserved to have any'; or, like braves, we were for ever boasting of our numbers, our intelligence, our strength, our respectability, our moral force; or we were for ever threatening England that her difficulty was our opportunity, and what dreadful things we would do, should that difficulty ever arise. And now, now when that difficulty has come, with a vengeance, when the enemy of our race and country is in her death-struggle, we stand by with folded