

king"—but that is no reason why the king should notice the eat, or why the Bishop of Montreal should condescend to reply to the vulgar diatribes of the conventicle. There is nothing else in our cotemporary's article worth noticing; we will only request of him, as we have not shrunk from answering any of his questions, to be kind enough to answer two, that we shall put to him:—

1. If the legitimate successors of the Apostles be not the divinely appointed, and supernaturally assisted body of teachers, commissioned by Christ Himself, to teach all nations, even at the present day, what proof can you adduce from the government version of the Scriptures, that Christ has appointed any way of preserving and promulgating His religion?

2. If an infallible body of teachers be not necessary to decide upon what writings are inspired, how is the fallible individual to ascertain, with infallible certainty, what writings are inspired? How, for instance—for we will restrict ourselves to a single case in point—how ascertain the inspiration of St. Luke? for our cotemporary must remember that every separate book of which the Bible is composed, stands on its own merits—that the proof of the inspiration of one, is no proof of the inspiration of another, and that the accident, that the writings of St. Luke are, by the book-binder, arranged in the same volume as the prophetic writings of Isaiah, is no proof of the inspiration of the contents of the former.

ORANGEISM.

We learn from a correspondent of the *Ottawa Citizen*, that the inhabitants of the Upper Ottawa district express a feeling of great alarm at the terrible tone of party spirit up the river. "The Orange procession of the ensuing anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, is the cause of the alarm," says the writer, and he seems to fear, that the Orange processions, if persisted in, will lead to riot and bloodshed. We trust that the writer's gloomy anticipations are ill-founded, and that, even if the Orangemen of the Upper Ottawa persist in insulting and outraging the feelings of their fellow citizens, the Catholic population will shew their good sense and Christian moderation, by refraining from all reprisals. Yet it cannot be denied that there is cause for anxiety, proceeding from the very nature of Orangeism, and Orange processions. These processions differ essentially from all other processions tolerated in this, or in any other country. The St. Jean Baptiste—the St. George's—the St. Andrew's and the St. Patrick's processions, are purely national demonstrations in which, French Canadians—Englishmen—Scotchmen, and Irishmen join together, in order to proclaim their love for, and their pride in, their native country; the procession of the *Fete Dieu* is a religious ceremony, the undisturbed enjoyment of which is guaranteed to the Catholics of this country, by international treaty; but an Orange procession is neither national, nor yet religious, and has no counterpart in any civilised community, either in ancient, or in modern times. Indeed, we believe that the Irish Orangeman is the only man on the face of the earth—so dead to every honest impulse, so lost to every noble and chivalrous feeling—the only man, in whose bosom the sentiment of patriotism, and love of Father-land has become so entirely extinct, as to celebrate the defeat and disgrace of his native country, and the subjugation of his fellow countrymen beneath the foul yoke of the stranger.—No Frenchman need be ashamed of the misfortunes that befell the gallant legions of France upon the field of Waterloo: but search France through, and amongst her teeming millions, we doubt if one man could be found, vile enough to rejoice in the success of the foreigner's arms. Scotchmen are justly proud of Bannockburn, but never did we hear of a Scotchman vile enough to celebrate the victories of his Southern foes, or to speak with exultation of the short lived triumphs of England over Scotland's nationality.—The Pole, if he bears submissively the Russian yoke, does not at least degrade himself by thanking his Russian master for having kicked him, or for having blotted out the name of Poland from amongst the nations of Europe; the Irish Orangeman alone, on the anniversary of the day when the Dutchman overthrew the liberties of Ireland—when foreign bayonets completed the subjugation of his native land, makes that defeat and national degradation a cause of rejoicing and revelling, and a pretext for insulting the memory of these brave but unfortunate Irishmen, who, on that fatal day, poured forth their hearts' blood in defence of their country's liberties, and their lawful sovereign's rights. To find a parallel to this conduct of the Irish Orangeman, we must search, not amongst men, no matter how savage, or how low in the scale of humanity. We find, indeed, the cringing, well-whipped, but well-fed spaniel, fawning upon his master, lumbly licking the hand upraised to strike him, and cheerfully submitting to hard blows and contumelious usage, for the sake of the broken victuals, and garbage, that are thrown to him from time to time; but even the mean, cringing, well-whipped hound is a noble animal in comparison with the Irish Orangeman; the former fawns, and makes itself vile, not because of the whipping it has received, but because of the pudding it expects; whilst it is the whipping—it is the humiliation—it is the defeat of his own countrymen, by foreign mercenaries—it is the misery and degradation of his native land, and her reduction to the condition of a petty province of the British Empire, instead of being, as she ought to be, and as, please God, she yet shall be, a free and independent nation—it is the cruel penal legislation of the last century—it is the destruction of Ireland's Legislature—the extinction of Ireland's nationality—his brethren's sufferings, and his own ignominy,—that the Irish Orangeman celebrates in his procession on the 12th July.

We can understand how an Englishman can sometimes be an Orangeman; for, alas! knaves and flatterers have long practised upon the Englishman's

naturally generous and unsuspecting nature, and have taught him to hate Ireland, and Ireland's children; we can understand how a Scotchman can sometimes be an Orangeman; for it is but natural that the descendant of the hypocritical, psalm-singing knaves, who sold their foolishly confiding sovereign to the stranger, and found a text of Scripture to justify their villainy, should be an Orangeman—though every true-hearted Scotchman throughout the world, must execrate the memory of the author of the massacre of Glencoe; we can understand how the mercenary, cold-blooded Dutchman can be an Orangeman, for your true Dutchman is ever ready to sell his king and country, his conscience, and his God; the man, who, for the sake of a market for his dry goods, will consent to trample under foot the symbol of man's redemption, and to deny the Saviour who bought him with His blood, is surely, by nature, an Orangeman.—But how an Irishman can be an Orangeman—how an Irishman can join himself with the enemies and oppressors of his country, passes our comprehension. We do not believe it possible—we do not believe that these men are Irishmen, or that in their veins flows one drop of Irish blood: they are mongrels, unworthy of the name of Irishmen—a disgrace to the land, that gave them birth, but which disowns them as her sons. No, they cannot be Irishmen. Orangeism is not indigenous to Ireland. Is it not written of St. Patrick—"That he banished all the varmint?" and that since his days, the soil of Ireland brings forth no noxious creeping thing? How, then, can an Orangeman be indigenous to Ireland?

If these Orange processions have no claim to be called "national," equally unfounded are their pretensions to be considered as "religious," demonstrations. A Christian religious procession is a procession in commemoration of the great mysteries of our holy religion; it is a profession of belief in their truth, and a peaceful celebration of the triumphs of Divine love, and of the Christian's faith; it is the outward and sensible expression of an inward and spiritual devotion. But what mystery of Christianity—what triumph of a Redeemer's love, or of the martyr's steadfast faith—what sentiments of piety towards God, or of peace and good-will towards men, do these Orange processions commemorate, confess, celebrate, or express? "Religious" they may be called, only in the sense in which the mystic rites of the Yezidi, or Devil Worshipers, are called "religious" rites; and, if offered up as a tribute of homage and propitiation to Moloch "bloody king." In his nostrils, the smell of human blood, steaming up from the fields of Rathcormac and Dolly's Brae, may be as an acceptable odor; pleasant in his sight, the orphan's tears, the widow's anguish, and the outraged maiden's agony of shame; and sweet to his ears the cry of despair, ascending from earth to heaven, from the victims of Orange lust, and Orange brutality; sweet to his ears the execrations, the hideous blasphemies and fetid orgies, with which these Orange "religious" processions are usually accompanied and concluded; but "religious," in the sense of the word "religious," as understood by the great majority of the Christian world, they are not.

But abandoning their pretensions to "nationality" and "religious," perhaps we shall be told by the advocates of Orangeism, that their processions are "loyal" demonstrations. Loyal, forsooth!—we know what Orange loyalty means—for history,—for the records of the British Parliament, can throw some light upon the subject. We still remember the disclosures elicited by Mr. Hume's select committee, on the *Orange Conspiracy*, and we know, that, if Queen Victoria wields the British sceptre to-day, it is not owing to the loyalty, but in spite of the machinations of Orangemen, and of their grand master. Of him we will not speak: he is gone to his account; charity forbids us to speak harshly of the dead, but stern truth compels us to assert that he was a true and worthy scion of the house of Brunswick—a most worthy and worshipful grand master of Orangemen. Luckily for the cause of freedom, fortunately for the cause of humanity, the leading conspirators were as destitute of prudence, as of honesty—their folly was as great as their knavery, and the loud cackling they set up over the iniquity they had concocted, led to its discovery, and to the suppression of Orangeism. With these facts yet fresh in our memory, with the proceedings of the Parliamentary committee before our eyes, it is "coming it a little too strong" for Orangemen to boast of their "Loyalty."

And now, having shown what an Orange procession is not—that is neither "national," nor "religious," nor yet "loyal," we will say, what, in the opinion of every honest man, no matter of what politics, or of what religion, an Orange procession is—it is a disgrace to the community—a foul outrage upon humanity—treason towards Ireland's nationality, and an insult to the Majesty of heaven.

INCENDIARISM.

On Sunday evening, about half-past nine, a fire was discovered in the cellar attached to the block of buildings situated at the corner of McGill and Commissioner streets, the lower part, of which is occupied as a store, and the upper part as the printing office of this paper, and the dwelling house of Mr. Gillies.—The alarm was given by one of the men belonging to the office, and the engines were quickly on the spot, through whose exertions the fire was extinguished before the flames had time to spread.

There can be no doubt that this fire was the work of an incendiary, though what the object of his nefarious attempt, it is impossible for us to tell. It is the interest of the Insurance companies, many of whom must have suffered severely by the late terrible conflagration in St. Paul street, and it is the duty of the civic authorities, to cause investigation to be made into this affair. Incendiarism is, we fear, by no means an uncommon crime in this city; and unless prompt

and active measures are taken to bring the guilty to justice, it is to be feared that the torch of the incendiary may again be seen in our streets, setting the law at defiance, as during the melancholy and disgraceful scenes of 1849. We say again, that we hope the authorities may deem it their duty to order an investigation into the origin of the fire on Sunday last, for there can be no doubt but that it was the work of an incendiary. Our thanks are hereby tendered to the fire companies, and their chief engineer, Mr. Perrigo, to whose timely assistance the property of this office was saved from destruction.

ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL.

In our last, we published the report of a meeting of the friends of this institution, in which report it was stated—"that a large outlay was necessary," in order to enable the committee of management to put the interior of the St. Patrick's Hospital in a fit condition for the reception of patients. We have this week the pleasing task of reporting that the liberality of the Irish Catholics of Montreal has amply provided the committee with the funds necessary for carrying out the designs of the founders of the St. Patrick's Hospital. On Sunday, and again on Tuesday, the Festival of S.S. Peter and Paul, a collection was taken up at the doors of the St. Patrick's Church, and, despite the pressure of the times, despite the numerous calls upon the charity of the congregation, a sum exceeding £250 was the result of this appeal to the charity of Irishmen and Catholics. The intended purchase of iron bedsteads, for the use of the Hospital, has been completed, and the internal alterations are progressing rapidly, so that, in a few days, we hope that we shall have it in our power to announce that the new Hospital is open for the reception of patients. We may mention that the collection will be resumed on Sunday next at the door of the St. Patrick's Church.

Dr. Brownson has been lecturing with great success at New York: his subject was—*Protestantism incompatible with Liberty*. Of course the announcement of such a thesis must seem very extraordinary to the majority of Protestants, who, with the good sense, modesty and accurate acquaintance with the history of the middle ages, for which they are so generally distinguished, flatter themselves that they enjoy a monopoly of the commodity in question, and imagine that the liberties of England date from the days of bluff King Harry, of pious and reforming memory. Catholics, however, who believe, that freedom existed in England, long before she had been subjugated by Dutch William, and his foreign mercenaries—that the principles of true liberty were well understood, and thoroughly carried out, by Popish Kings, Lords, and Commons, many centuries before the days of Luther and Cranmer, can at once see that the learned Doctor would have no great difficulty in supporting his thesis. We would not undervalue the effects of the Reformation—to it we owe many great, and singular blessings, amongst which may be enumerated—Poor Laws, Pauperism, and Work-Houses—the ignorance and depravity of vast masses of the population, and the intense hatred with which the poor regard the rich—a hatred, which, in a few years, will discover some very significant way of expressing itself; for all these we are indebted to Protestantism, and it would be unjust not to acknowledge our obligations. But when Protestants ask us to give them credit for being the founders and protectors of our liberties, they are really a little too exorbitant in their demands: we cannot, even to oblige them, shut our eyes to the fact, that the Catholic England of the Plantagenets was a more moral, a more prosperous, and in a mere wordly point of view, a far more powerful and influential country, than the Protestant England of the Tudors, the Stuarts, or the Hanoverians—that her people were far better fed, and far happier in every respect, than the miserable abortions who swarm, now-a-days, in our densely inhabited manufacturing districts—and that the Legislators to whom we are indebted for *Magna Charta*, Trial by Jury, and *Habeas Corpus*, were, to say the least, as sincere admirers, and as conscientious advocates of true liberty, as the passers of Penal Laws, or the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of last session.

The object of Dr. Brownson's lecture was to show that Protestantism was opposed to *intellectual, religious, and civil liberty*, because Protestantism, by substituting the principle of the "private judgment" of the individual, for the principle of obedience to authority, has left no choice between despotism, or anarchy—"between these two the Protestant world has been swinging, as a pendulum, for the last three hundred years." He admitted that Protestantism was compatible with *license*—but *license* is not *liberty*, any more than *authority* is *despotism*; on the contrary, *license*, as well as *despotism*, is incompatible with the idea of liberty, both asserting the supremacy of the *will*—the *ope*, the will of the individual, and the other, the will of a majority, but in the words of the lecturer—The supremacy of the *will* of a majority is as much despotism, as the supremacy of the will of the individual.

The *American Celt*, a journal well known to most of our Irish Catholic readers, and justly appreciated by all who read it, for the soundness of its religious principles, and the zeal with which the cause of Ireland and Irishmen is advocated, has been removed from Boston to Buffalo, where it will continue to be conducted by its present talented editor, Mr. Darcy McGee, as the official organ of the Bishop of the diocese. Though called upon to labor in different fields, or rather, in different portions of the same great field, still the office of Catholic journalists in Europe or in America—in the United States, or in

the dominions of her Majesty of Great Britain—is one and the same: their task is still to wage unceasing war with heresy, and infidelity—with cant and hypocrisy: their duty is ever to oppose Protestantism, in all its forms, whether protesting against the Church, or against the State—against society, or against the family—thus having the same great objects in view, they should be animated with the same spirit, and ever ready to extend to one another the right hand of fellowship. The editor of the *American Celt* well understands this; above all petty rivalries and jealousies, he has always shown his desire to avoid all bickerings and contentions with his brother editors, and to devote his great talents to the service of God and of His Church. In noticing the change of the *American Celt* from Boston to Buffalo, we are happy to have it in our power to assure our cotemporary of our best wishes for his success, and to congratulate the Catholics of the latter city upon the acquisition of so able, and so zealous a champion of their cause.

SINGULAR FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Mr. Lucas, the well known editor of the *Tablet*, at an address to the electors of the County Meath the other day, mentioned some curious facts in natural history, which are worth preserving. He said, that it was a remarkable circumstance, that whilst the young of a sheep was a lamb, the young of a mare a foal, the young of a cow a calf—the young of a Protestant Bishop in Ireland was an "Archdeacon." This breed is a bad breed, but, unfortunately for the happiness of Ireland, very numerous; it is to be hoped, that through the exertions of the Catholic Defence Association, it may soon become extinct, for both the parent bishop, and its progeny, the archdeacon, are remarkable for their insatiable appetites; nothing can allay that voracity, and what is perhaps still more singular, is the extraordinary partiality they manifest for devouring widow-houses, and swallowing the substance of the poor.

The new Protestant sect of "Spiritual Rappers" is progressing rapidly in the States. We read as follows in the *Marshall (Wis.) Democrat*:—

"Some of the clergy in the eastern part of the county (Clarke) say that they are inspired by the spirits, and that their sermons delivered out of the pulpit are not their own, but that they are the instrument through which the spirits operate upon the mass of the people. We understand that these divines, or rappers, through them, say, that the Millennium has commenced, and that in less than five years the wicked are to be swept from the face of the earth, and the righteous are to inherit it forever. It is reported that one of the divines said, on Sunday last, while preaching to a crowded house, that no more than a dozen of his audience would ever pass through the shades of death. It is also said that the spirits have informed the people, through the mediums, that the old way of baptising is all wrong, and that they should use water instead of wine for sacramental purposes; and we are informed that the people are following the directions to the letter. A new church has been organised, called the Church of Christ, and a meeting is now being held, which commenced one week ago, and is to continue until the spirits tell them to stop. We are told that some are so infatuated with this new religion that they do not do a single thing without first consulting the spirits. The excitement in the neighborhood is great, and some of the best men in the country are mixed up with it."

ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL.—We understand that Dr. R. L. MacDonnell, the Surgeon of this Institution, left Montreal for Quebec on Thursday evening, in order to purchase 150 iron bedsteads, for the use of the Hospital; the patients, now in the temporary buildings in the St. Mary's Suburb, will be removed to the magnificent building, lately the Baptist College, in St. Antoine Suburb, in about a fortnight, when the Hospital will be ready to receive, in its various wards, two hundred patients. The admirable internal arrangements of the New St. Patrick's Hospital, the alacrity of the situation, and the well known abilities of its Medical Staff will, ere long place the Institution among the first of its kind in North America; it has already been resorted to by persons from every part of the Province, and the success of the treatment will without doubt spread far and wide the reputation of the medical gentlemen under whose care it is, and induce persons laboring under severe surgical complaints to seek relief by operation or other treatment within its walls.—*Montreal Courier*.

Parliament is further prorogued until the 5th of August next, not then to meet for the despatch of business.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Maskinongé, Rev. L. E. Bois, 15s; Prescott, B. White, £1 11s 3d; Hamilton, P. S. McHenry, 15s; Jersey City, Rev. J. Kelly, 6s 3d; Norton Creek, A. McCallum, 6s 3d; Perce, Rev. Mr. Gingras, £1 10s; Beauharnois, H. Bogue, £1; Three Rivers, J. Keenan, £6 5s; Westmeath, P. Flanagan, 6s 3d; Covansville, D. Durack, 12s 6d; Toronto, W. Hally, 15s; T. Hayes, Esq., £12 10s; Aylmer, J. Doyle, 15s; Buckingham, W. Russell, 6s 3d; Howick, J. McGonigle, 7s 6d; Ogdensburg, A. R. McDonald, 12s 6d; Bytown, E. Burke, £2; Merrickville, M. Kelly, £1; St. Polycarpe, R. McDonald, 6s 3d; Quebec, M. Enright, £5; Pakenham, D. McGillis, Esq., 6s 3d; Fort William, W. McSorly, 6s 3d; Picton, Rev. M. Lalor, £1 12s 6d.

Died.

On Sunday, the 20th ult., after a lingering illness, at his residence, near Peterboro' the Rev. Hugh Fitzpatrick, Parish Priest of Douro, aged 47 years, much regretted by his parishioners and a large circle of friends.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF ROBERT JACKSON, native of Queen's County, Ireland, who emigrated to Canada in 1842. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his brother, THOMAS JACKSON, Holliston, Mass., U.S.