

texts, and all the barking and bitterness of Protestant intolerance.

In those calmer parts of Missouri which the rage of fanaticism had not agitated, the sufferings of the miserable Mormons awakened interest and sympathy. They were informed by the Attorney General that if they wished to resume their lands exertion should be made by Government to restore them, and fire-arms distributed to organise a Mormonite militia. But at this juncture they received with rapture a letter from their prophet, explaining to their entire satisfaction the causes of the recent disasters. They had been punished by God for their doctrinal schisms and stubborn disobedience to a prophet's commands; they were now ordered to purchase land in Clay county and build two towns, and wait in patient resignation until God—as He assuredly would—came in person to conduct them back to their lost inheritance. In hasty obedience, they lost no time in buying land and founding two towns—*Adam on Adamant and Far West*. But though they paid for the lands, and built the towns, and waited patiently, they found with surprise that God neglected to come and lead them again to “New Zion.”

The establishment that was not visited by Heaven was visited by Joe Smith. He came, he said, to share in their toils and animate them by his presence. When this was accomplished his task was to organise a caravan—a piebald regiment of Mormons—which on the 5th of May, 1834, defiled from Clay county, and was seen slowly wending by toilsome marches to Illinois. The appearance of this column was very extraordinary. The younger pilgrims, with sunburnt faces and firelocks on their arms, trudged in the van; then a moving mass of blended greybeards and priests waddled forward, followed by a train of cracking vehicles of all descriptions, laden with baggage and women, and all the multifarious furniture and utensils of the colony. At sunset the caravan halted, and proceeded to encamp in the wilderness, when the trumpet blew, and all fell at once on their knees, and prayed simultaneously. When the morning dawned the trumpet once more sounded, and summoned the wayfarers to prayers, when they once more resumed their way, and plodded across a country almost desolate, at least very sparsely tenanted. The brown Indian or sun-burnt squatter paused to gape at the piebald procession, but the Mormonites, taught by experience, were silent as to their object and origin, until they reached Illinois. One evening they had pitched their tents on a grassy mound—the platform of an Indian sepulchre—the sun had set, and prayer was over when Joe Smith rose to preach.—He related the long history of the primitive inhabitants of America, as he had read it on the plates of gold. He then ordered the earth to be dug a foot deep. A skeleton, to the amazement of the camp, was drawn forth, with an arrow in its ribs. Joe Smith began once more to preach. He related the biography of him whose bones had been exhumed. This was a warrior whose name was Zeph. Zeph had been killed in battle while serving under the great prophet Ommandagus. The warrior Zeph had fallen in a combat between the Lamanites and Nephites, in which the former had been routed, &c., &c.

Their transit of the Mississippi, where the river spreads to the perilous breadth of a mile and a half, was the most grievous and appalling of the trials of the pilgrims. As their numbers were great—swarming on one margin, and their boats only two, toiling and heavy laden—the transit of the multitude was slow and painful, exposed as they were to enemies breathing fury and showering upon the pilgrims threats and missiles. One of their adversaries, named Campbell, bolder than his fellows, launched a boat, and swore, rifle in hand, to give Joe Smith's corpse to the wolves. But, in the midst of his rage, and perhaps in consequence of it, his boat upset, and Campbell was drowned. Joe Smith triumphed over the fate of Campbell.

From all this it appears—1st—That it was by preaching to the eye through the press as much or more than by preaching to the ear from the pulpit that Joe Smith spread his doctrines.

It likewise appears—2nd—That owing to the intolerance of their brother sects, the Mormonites found it impossible to indulge in these acrimonious dissensions which, under more favorable circumstances, must have torn their church into shreds.

3rd—It is also quite plain that the incidents which chequered his career were ably turned to account by Joe Smith, so as to extend his influence, and confirm it among his disciples.

4th—The character of all religions in the course of time identifies itself more or less with the character of the founder. This is their universal tendency. All foreigners assimilate themselves inevitably to their leader. As every religion issues from its author's mind imbued with the character, the more his disciples study his work the more they resemble him.—Heresies participate in the vices and exhibit the morality of their heresiarch. Every Unitarian is another Dr. Priestly. Every Wesleyan, more or less, resembles Wesley. Every Turk is in some degree another Mahomet, and the Buddhist makes it his merit and glory to imitate Boodh. Protestantism, which in England was founded by a polygamist, which in Germany was cradled among Anabaptists, and fostered by the Elector of Hesse, who were all polygamists, necessarily and naturally eventuates in a sect which is profoundly polygamist. Luther laughed at vows of chastity as Joe Smith laughed at matrimonial vows. Every Mormonite is another Henry VIII., inasmuch as, like him, he possessed a plurality of consorts. Laws prohibitive of bigamy having originated in Catholic ages, are with consistency resisted by a sect which is the most Protestant of existing creeds, and Protestantism, which originated in impurity, logically results in a religion which is essentially impure.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday last letters were read from the altars of the several Catholic churches of Dublin from his Grace the Archbishop, announcing that the simultaneous collection throughout Ireland for the Catholic University, determined upon at the last Synod of the Bishops, would take place on the first Sunday in October; and that the jubilee, announced by the late encyclical letter of his Holiness the Pope, would commence in this diocese on to-morrow.—*Tablet*, 23d ult.

O'CALLAGHAN'S MILLS.—Through the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. Mr. Quaid, the zealous and patriotic parish priest, the three new chapels of Callaghan's Mills, Kilkishen, and Oatfield are progressing and will, with the aid of the liberal and charitable, be rendered available for public worship we trust before long. But to ensure this, combined efforts and contributions are required, and we have no doubt that these will be bestowed by the numbers who are acquainted with the worth of the clergyman and the wants of the parish. The Rev. Mr. Quaid has been the medium of rendering many a desolate home happy and contented. Through his exertions, in no small degree, no less a sum than £4,000 has been transmitted by the American emigrants for relief of their relatives in various parts of the country, and the three chapels now in course of completion, and for which large debts are incurred, are monuments of the zeal and success which have attended the ever active labors of the popular clergyman.—*Munster News*.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has gone to his seat at Port Elliott, in Cornwall, to stay there till November. It is believed that he will not return to Dublin, but that the new Viceroy will be the Earl of Elgin, who will be succeeded in Canada by Sir Edw. Head.

IRISH MILITIA.—A circular has been addressed to the colonels of the Irish Militia, preparatory to the enrolling and training of that force. Thirty thousand are to be enrolled; about 8,000 will be embodied next spring, and it is supposed that 15,000 will be called out for training this present autumn.

LABOR MARKET.—At no former season have the farmers experienced such difficulty in procuring laborers for the harvest work, and considerably increased wages are demanded and received by those who can be obtained. During the past week wages for reapers ran so high as two shillings a day with food and whiskey, and in the upper parts of the country even three shillings and refreshments was the usual rate.—*Sligo Chronicle*.

We have nothing fresh to say in regard to the potato disease. The accounts from Ireland are still of a conflicting nature, some of the reports stating that the loss will be greater than in any year since 1846, while others speak lightly of the extent of the injury.

The accounts from Ireland all agree in representing cholera as on the decrease. A Belfast paper says—that the “castor oil treatment” so much recommended in London has been perfectly unsuccessful.

Dublin remains free from Asiatic cholera, but there have been many cases of diarrhoea.

THE “ORANGE OUTRAGES.”—In answer to the memorial of the inhabitants of Newtownlimavady, nothing can be more shockingly and scornfully unjust than the reply of Lord St. Germans. The case laid before him, and which he does not venture to deny, is a statement showing that both magistrates and police have been wanting in their duty; have shown a partial animus; and cannot be trusted to protect the lives and property of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The Lord Lieutenant's answer is that these partisan officials have begun to inquire, and that the case, therefore, may be safely left in their hands. He has before him—I do not say proof but evidence—that the magistrates are not just, and that the police do not do their duty. His answer is that he will leave the magistrates unchecked, and that he will increase the number of the police. He talks indeed about a judicial inquiry. A judicial inquiry into what? A judicial inquiry like that which got Lieutenant Perry dismissed and left Colonel Garrett untouched. A judicial inquiry which places the aggrieved person on his trial, and lets the assailant go free. A judicial inquiry which, by its very nature, cannot probe and search deeply into the conduct of the magistrates; which must, by the very nature of it be confined to the acts of the person put upon his trial, and which can only glance indirectly upon the magistrates, however faulty their conduct may have been. A judicial inquiry! Yes, if the magistrates were to be put upon their trial! If they could be prosecuted! If twelve impartial men could pronounce upon their conduct! but it is precisely into their conduct that Lord St. Germans refuses any investigation; and so refusing he asks us to be content with a “judicial investigation” into the conduct of poor Father James Conway.—*Tablet*.

Several of the unfortunate Catholics who were waylaid and who got their heads broken by the bludgeons of the Orangemen have been summoned by the constabulary for rioting in the streets of Newtownlimavady, on the memorable Sunday, the 3rd of September! They are to appear before the same magistrates who ought to have protected them, and will, in all probability, be sent to gaol, as they had not the good fortune to be killed off! What fraternisation we have now in Newtownlimavady! Presbyterian Ministers and their flocks amalgamating with Episcopalian—Methodists and Unitarians joining the “Evangelical Alliance.” Sermons are being preached in all the conventicles, and long-winded orations are made at the “corners of the streets” by dubious looking characters in dirty neckties. Lazy Rectors who have been vegetating undisturbed for years in their fat livings are now summoned from a distance of thirty or forty miles to do battle against Popery.—But that Church which has withstood the united shocks of the united forces of error and heresy for eighteen centuries has nothing to fear from these pseudo preachers.—*Cor. of Tablet*.

We copy from the London *Times* an account of the attempt, or reported attempt to upset the Enniskillen excursion train, laden with a cargo of drunken Orangemen; and the remarks of the *Ulsterman* (Catholic) upon this melancholy transaction:—

“The attempt at wholesale assassination which has just been made between Derry and Enniskillen is one of the most purely horrible transactions which it has ever been our duty to record. Some few ruffians—they could not have been many, for we will not bring ourselves to believe that our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects will not shudder at the deed as we do ourselves—absolutely planned the destruction of well nigh a thousand of their countrymen in open day, as

far as they could. As far as depended upon them, the catastrophe was brought about. We fully believe and freely admit that this demonstration of the Enniskilleners and of the ‘prentice boys of Derry was an arrant act of tomfoolery, totally out of character with modern ideas and with the political exigencies of the time. But is every man who is a buzzard in politics or an enthusiast in historical tradition therefore to be visited with the penalty of death? In the earliest days of history, when our ancestors had scarcely washed off their blue woad, it would be difficult to find a parallel for this act of supreme atrocity. It is true that the injury inflicted has been slight—slight, indeed, in comparison with what it might have been—but it is impossible not to imagine the consequences, had the result been what was anticipated by those who formed the design. The result, however, of this calamity was but as a drop of water in the sea, compared with what the event might have been in the present instance, had not the very malignity of the demons who conceived the outrage overshoot its mark. They failed by doing too much, just as the poisoner fails who administers so strong a dose of poison that the stomach of his victim rejects it; or as men who overload a gun, stuff it with the agents of slaughter until it bursts, instead of carrying death to those whose destruction was intended. The story appears to be somewhat as follows:—About 900 inhabitants of Enniskillen and its neighborhood set out on Friday last by train to Derry, to have a grand Protestant and Orange jollification with persons of the same way of thinking as themselves in that ancient town. We cannot reprobate these demonstrations too strongly in a country like Ireland. The follies of the stronger party deserve no more merciful judgment at the hands of the public than the absurdities of their weaker fellow-subjects. What a pothor was made when the dignitaries of the Roman Church in Ireland some little while back met in solemn conclave, with their banners, and their incense-pots, and what not for the purpose of advocating their view of the question? One would have imagined that the home of every good Protestant in the empire was threatened with instant destruction. Certainly we do not stand forth as their apologists; but we should be curious to know in what respect these Romanist demonstrations can be more offensive to the opinions and feelings of the Protestants than are those of the Orange Protestants of Ulster to their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. Well, these 900 fearless Enniskilleners, with the Earl of Enniskillen at their head, reached Derry on Friday last, at ten o'clock, and were welcomed by a numerous array of Derry apprentice boys and others, with Sir Robert Bateson, who should have been ashamed of his own share in the proceedings, at their head.—When these Enniskillen and Derry columns had effected their junction, they moved in combination round the walls to the place where Walker's Pillar stands. Here there was plenty of shouting, and spouting, and enthusiasm, of Kentish fire, and waving of banners, on which were inscribed the words ‘Derry,’ ‘Enniskillen,’ ‘Aughnam,’ and ‘Boynes.’ Then Sir Robt. Bateson made a speech, the burden of which was ‘Peace on earth and good will towards men;’ how appropriate to the occasion we leave it to the speaker himself to determine. Then there was a lunch and toasts and more speeches, and, above all, more Kentish fire; and the whole assembly roared out, ‘No surrender!’ No, whatever came, they would never surrender. It puzzles the reader not a little to discover what it was these worthy persons were called upon to surrender, unless, indeed, it was the bottle to their nearest neighbour. Be this however as it may, all things, even folly must come to an end. The time arrived when the liquor was all spent and the Kentish fire exhausted, and the heroes must needs return to their own homes, and to the care of their wives, who, we trust will put their famous cry to the test, and keep them for the future where all decent men, not overburdened with discretion should be kept—in the sacred security of their own homes. From what we have said it may readily be imagined that we are not commenting upon this outrage in the spirit of Orange partisans; but had the parties to this nonsensical demonstration been ten times more silly than they were in effect, that is no reason why they should be murdered in cold blood upon their return to their own town. When the train arrived within five or six miles of Enniskillen it encountered an obstacle which caused it to run off the line. This obstacle consisted, it is said, of large fragments of rock placed upon the rails. One always suspects exaggeration in the first tidings of an incident of this kind; still, the effect produced upon the train would appear to denote an obstruction of a serious character. Such was the weight of these rocks or stones, or whatever they may have been, that the engine was not only thrown off the line, but rebounded from the shock, and when it sprang forward again the chain which connected it with the train was snapped. The stoker was killed, and another servant of the company severely wounded; Lord Enniskillen was slightly bruised; injuries, besides, of a more or less serious nature, were inflicted upon the other passengers in the train. The ruffians who planned the outrage chose their spot with a certain degree of skill and forethought, for it was just where the road passed over an embankment; so, had all the carriages fouled each other, and toppled over the bank together, the consequences could not but have been of the most awful description. We trust that the authors of this frightful scheme of wholesale massacre may soon be discovered by the practised intelligence of the Irish police, and brought to justice. The Orange demonstration was an act of sheer foolery, but this is one of the foulest crimes upon record in the criminal annals of any country.—*Times*.

The *Ulsterman* says:—“Our Catholic countrymen have a duty in reference to this case, and that duty we hope they will discharge. No Catholic Irishman, impressed with the lessons which his divine religion teaches, would for a moment sanction so abominable an attempt on the lives of his fellow-men, however bigoted and foolish those men might be. God forbid that the Catholics of Ireland, however much and naturally they detest the blind, rancorous Orangemen from which they have suffered so much, should be tempted by that feeling into the commission of a crime from which the heart of every Christian man revolts with inexpressible horror. No; we are sure the Catholics who reside in the vicinity of the place where this unhappy affair occurred, will prove their true character by giving every help in their power to trace out the mystery, and bring the offenders, if offenders there be, to condign punishment. They may feel anger and bitterness when their co-religionists are brutally assaulted on coming from their place of worship. They may be indignant at the spectacle of their opponents ostentatiously parading their sham

loyalty amid offensive emblems of party warfare; but sure are we that nothing would ever tempt them to commit a crime so atrocious as is laid to their charge by the Orange newspapers who chronicle the lamentable occurrence at Trillick.”

The *Belfast Daily Mercury* (a Protestant journal) has the following caustic remarks:—“What will they think of us in England, when they read the account of the public inauguration of the railway from Londonderry to Enniskillen? We shall learn that by and bye; but in the meantime we owe it to the reasonable portion of the public to give utterance to our astonishment at the disgraceful factious orgies in which the Enniskillen Orangemen, led on by Lord Enniskillen, have ventured to indulge, and the still more disgraceful conduct, if that be possible, of the mayor and others of Derry. We believe that the records of faction and ignorance in Ireland will be sought in vain to discover anything to match this affair—this scandalous performance in Protestant Ulster—this scandalous performance which sets all Protestantism and all common propriety, and, still more, all religious feeling at utter defiance. A great social and industrial benefit had been provided for a portion of the west; a railway had been opened from Londonderry to Enniskillen; and how was that great fact to be marked and recorded? Was the line to be used as a bond of industry and peace, or was it to be taken advantage of for the purposes of party triumph or factious excitement? The latter is about the last thing that might have been expected, but it was among the first things that occurred. No sooner had this been opened than the Orangemen of Derry and Enniskillen conceived the brilliant notion of baptising a public railway with Orangeism! Complimentary visits were to be paid; and on Friday last the Enniskillen Orangemen were to visit Londonderry, when the day was to be desecrated by the silly performance of an Orange faction. We would be glad to learn from any person, whether in the history of public undertakings he has heard of anything to approach to this. An occasion of the kind is, perhaps above all others, that which should unite persons of all creeds and political party into one. What is the railway destined for? To convey persons and goods without any reference to party or creed; and yet, here we have Lord Enniskillen and a body of factious going down upon a sectarian mission, to cast mockery upon those who differ from them. We could understand how people might fight in a church, a chapel, or a conventicle; but how any set of men, and especially men headed by a peer of the realm and others of high rank and influence, could disgrace themselves and be parties to a mere Derry factious exhibition in connection with a large and important public work, is vastly more than we can conceive.”

“CORN AND CATHOLICS.”—Under this head the *Evening Mail* thus alludes to the bright prospect of the harvest, now fast yielding before the sickle:—

“For the first time for many years every kind of agricultural produce flourishes in abundance in Ireland. The staple food of the peasantry, though it has experienced the annual attack to which, since 1845, it has been subject, continues for the most part sound in quality, and the supply is large. Oats present a more than twofold increase upon the production of last year, and wheat is really a solid grain this year, weighing down the stalk, and promising ‘bread to the eater.’ Of late seasons straw and chaff were the principal inducements which this crop offered to the enterprising cultivator, and it was considered a kind of flying in the face of Providence to commit the seed to the ground. Now all that seems necessary, in order to crown the year with plenty, is a sufficient number of hands to gather in the harvest, during the propitious weather with which we are blessed. The fields are literally white, and the full ears bursting in many places where a man would be almost worth his weight in meal.”

The *Mail* then proceeds to express its intense Protestant disgust at the infatuation of the Papists, who, it seems, are more intent upon the salvation of their souls, than careful for the profits of their landlord masters. We have seen the same complaint urged against the Popishly inclined habitans of Lower Canada; for assuredly the man who neglects earth for heaven, is but an arrant fool in the eyes of Protestants, whose maxim is—“seek first what belongs to the belly, but give to God what you have to spare.”

“And this is the time which the Church of Rome selects, to take the whole community from the fields, and set men and women, maidens and children, running after rosaries and confessionals. The Pope has proclaimed a jubilee, with a full remission of sins to all such as shall perform their ‘duty,’ which duty consists in going through a course of penitential expurgation, and attending morning and evening every day for a fortnight upon the preachings and genuflections of vagrant ecclesiastics of all nations, who traverse the land to stimulate the devotional energies of the people, and aid the parish priests in kindling up a ‘revival.’ Household servants abandon their occupations, and laborers throw aside the sickle to follow these missionaries of idleness, and seize the kingdom of Heaven, thrown open through their means. Greater fanaticism never was exhibited than that which now appears to pervade all classes; and the bonities with which a merciful providence has covered the earth seem to be forgotten in the midst of the excitement.”—*Evening Mail*.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE IRISH PROTESTANTS.—The “Protestant cause” in Ireland having been for some years in want of a recognised ‘leader,’ and the Irish market being at present, it would appear, in a rather depressed state, certain parties, comprising laity as well as clergy, have turned their eyes towards the right hon. member for Bucks as the coming man for a pressing emergency. The Dublin Protestant Association were the first to hail Mr. Disraeli as the modern Moses—the style and title by which the late Mr. O’Connell was distinguished by his co-religionists. Liverpool promptly followed the example of the Irish metropolis, and now the Protestant county of Down (the “Kent” of the green island) has come forward to pay its homage to the leader elect, as well as to his trusty supporter, Mr. Richard Spooner. The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the committee of the Down Protestant Association, Mr. J. W. Maxwell, D.C., J.P., in the chair.—“Resolved;—That the members of the Down Protestant Association have seen with great satisfaction a public recognition of the value of our Protestant constitution by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., in the House of Commons on the 3d of August, 1854, and earnestly hope that one of such transcendent qualities as Mr. Disraeli, rightly seeing that all other political questions are of secondary importance compared with the