

flag of Great Britain was ever planted—that flag on which was emblazoned, not the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, but the one single cross—the universal cross of the Catholic Religion. Rome complained that she had been really conquered by the literature of Greece; and Judea sent her faith where it could never have been spread had Judea not been conquered by Rome. So the name of the God of Moses had a terror in Egypt. To some nations it was given to triumph in arms, to others in intellect. It belonged to Greece to imagine the most beautiful sensuous forms—to Rome to give municipal laws to Europe. France had a mission which it was yet hard to define. England had hers, and so had the smaller States, as might be seen by the eye of faith. For his part, he believed the two islands could not be separated. They could not in ancient times and still less now. Ireland was 'but half' the size of Great Britain, and not so rich in minerals, while the larger island also abounded most in the naval spirit which they derived from the Saxons and Danes. Great Britain was therefore destined by nature for the seat of a great commercial empire, while Ireland was as naturally that of intellectual domination.—She would be to England what Greece was to Rome, if a Christian could be compared with a Pagan nation. She had already conquered England spiritually. Would Cardinal Wiseman, did they think, be at Westminster that day if O'Leary had not preceded him—if the Irish of St. Giles had not preserved their faith? But for the Irish would there now be a Catholic hierarchy in Scotland? Who but the Irish had raised the Cross in Australia and the Cape of Good Hope? The moral conquest was achieved without the fact being known. The navies of England sailed to the ends of the earth, commanded by captains who had no idea that they carried anything but their cargoes, and some Irish passengers or Irish soldiers, whom they regarded only as so many heads upon which they received freight. There was an eye, however, who counted these passengers not as heads but as souls; and saw them carrying, wrapped up in their poor rags, that faith which, like the seed taken from the mummy, would germinate in far distant lands. They carried with them their religion, and with it a system of philosophy and a system of history. For all this England and the world was indebted to Ireland. Her children might say they had everywhere planted a tree that would endure for ever; and at last if the great Rewarder of all should think their acts worthy of his notice, they would be as ready for his decision as they had been ready to take the consequences of the maintenance of their faith.

Having, at the request of the Irish ladies of Montreal, consented to postpone his departure, and to deliver another lecture on—"Ireland as she is"—Mr. McGee again, on Monday evening, delighted a numerous auditory by a brilliant and a most instructive sketch of the present condition of Ireland—as it presented itself to him during a short tour through his native land in the spring of this year; concluding with a rapid glance at her future prospects, and an impressive address to Irishmen and their descendants in America, upon the duties that they owed to the land of their birth, or at least of their forefathers.

"The Ireland of 1855 was not," observed the lecturer, "the Ireland of 1845—the Ireland, no doubt, familiar to most of his hearers. Since the awful famines of '47, '48, and '49, great changes, social and political, moral and material, had occurred; and the results of these changes he would endeavor to lay before his hearers. He would assign for them three principal causes—1.—The Railway system; 2.—the loss of the old Irish Celtic Tongue; and 3.—the working of the 'Encumbered Estates Act,' for which Ireland was indebted to the late Sir Robert Peel.

"The immediate effects of the introduction of Railways upon an extensive scale into Ireland were visible in the changed habits both of the urban and rural populations, who were rapidly becoming assimilated to one another. By bringing the most distant parts of the land into immediate contact, the Railways had done much to centralise, to unite, and to accomplish that which King Brian in vain endeavored to effect—the formation of an Irish Nationality and the destruction of Provincial jealousies and sectarianisms. Irishmen now began to feel that they were all members of a common country. Cork sympathised with Belfast; and the Ulstermen took a lively interest in the prosperity of Connaught. Upon the farmers a great change was being wrought by the same potent agency of the iron rail and the fire king; before whose unwonted presence the fairies fled aghast, and the *skeheen* houses on the road side, long the bane of Ireland's peasantry, were fast disappearing. The farmer was brought within easy access of his markets; and as he was growing richer, so also he was becoming more prudent and a better cultivator.

"The decay of the old Celtic tongue, as a living, spoken language, was another fixed fact; over which poets, historians, and sentimentalists might grieve—but which he (the lecturer) doubted not would ultimately prove materially beneficial to the people of Ireland; by bringing them into more intimate communion with the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, by whom, on the East and the West, they were surrounded. The Celtic tongue was dead; English was almost universally used upon all occasions throughout Ireland; and English literature, he hoped, would soon be greatly modified, purified and chastened by once again becoming the vehicle of Catholic thought, which, since the days of the Tudors, it had not been. Hence the grossness and obscenity of the literature of the XVII. and XVIII. centuries, from which, in some degree, that of the XIX. was beginning to clear itself.

"But above all, to the working of the 'Encumbered Estates Act,' did he (the lecturer) attribute the great change, and he would say, the decided improvement, that within late years had occurred in Ireland. The former proprietors of the soil were a race distinct from its cultivators; *nobles in blood, in language and religion; an aristocracy the most sordid, the most tyrannical and the most depraved that the world ever witnessed.* In the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors—during the Protectorate of Cromwell—and again in the days of Dutch William—the true Irish aristocracy, the rightful possessors of the soil of Ireland, were driven out of their property, to make way for the courtiers and vile sycophants of the Sovereign, or the degraded camp-followers and suttlers of Cromwell, or a 'Praise-God-Be-bones.' From such ignoble sources did the present Irish aristocracy take their origin; and well did they in the persons of their successors exemplify the truth of the old adage, 'Ill got, ill spent.' Addicted to sensual excesses of the lowest kind, these Irish landlords soon found themselves involved, over head and ears, in debt; and their estates were, in most cases, thenceforth, so to speak, with mortgages, as deeply as were the cottages of their oppressed tenantry with turf. For this crying evil a remedy was found in the 'Encumbered Estates Act' of Sir Robert Peel; by which, when an estate could be proved to be encumbered with debt to the amount of two-thirds of its assessed value—then, either upon the application of its proprietor, or of his creditors, it might be brought to the hammer either in whole or in part; and being sold, a good title was secured to the purchaser in fee simple for ever. Under the operation of this new law, four millions of acres—about one-fourth of the arable land of Ireland—had in the course of a few years changed hands. And though some of these four millions of acres had passed into the possession of Englishmen and Scotchmen, yet, he was happy to say, that, by far the greater portion thereof had been bought up by the Irish themselves; who hitherto had been unable to own one foot of land in the country which gave them birth. As a landed proprietor, the Irishman at once became a new creature.—He had now an object, an aim; and he now felt assured, for the first time, that there where he sowed, he might also hope to reap.

"With such mighty agencies at work, a great transformation was taking place in the character of Irishmen at home. It was also the duty of Irishmen abroad to profit, if possible, by this change. It was their first of duties to love and venerate the memory of their own native land, and to cause it to be respected by others. In America, especially, should they watch over, and endeavor to direct, the steps of the newly landed immigrant. They should exhort him too, to become as speedily as possible a landed proprietor; they should dissuade him by all means from lingering about the large cities on the seaboard; but should point out to him that in the interior, he would find millions of acres of unoccupied and most fertile land, waiting only for the first stroke of the axe, and the stirring of its surface, to yield a rich and abundant harvest to the hardy and industrious settler."

These remarks of the lecturer were listened to with deep attention by the audience; and, it is to be hoped, that they may bring forth good fruit in the shape of a Society for the protection of the Irish immigrant into Canada. The lecturer then resumed his seat amidst the loud and long-continued applause of all present, whom he had so long held enchanted with his impassioned eloquence, and who trust that, ere long, they may again have the pleasure of welcoming amongst them their talented and patriotic countryman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

"WILLY REILLY, AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN." A Tale founded upon fact. By William Carleton. Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

Mr. Carleton has long enjoyed a high reputation for his lively sketches of the Irish peasantry, and his delineations of Irish character; but we may be permitted to doubt if the above-named work will add to his fame as a writer. Unenlivened by a solitary gleam of humor, unredeemed by a single stroke of pathos, this tale of "Willy Reilly" is about the most mawkish piece of namby-pamby that we have ever met with; whilst, in many passages, to the Catholic it is positively and strongly offensive, though in this perhaps the writer has sinned more through ignorance than design.

The hero, Willy Reilly, himself is intended for a model Catholic; and the whole interest of the story turns upon his presumed attachment to his ancestral faith, for which he is represented as ready to sacrifice fortune, life, and, dearer than life itself, the heart and hand of "his dear Coleen Bawn." What manner of Catholic Willy Reilly is supposed by his biographer to be, may be judged from the sentiments which are put into his mouth.

A Sir Robert Whitecraft, the villain of the story, tries to ensnare Willy Reilly in his talk, and catechises him upon the subject of education. The following conversation occurs:—

"You would intrust the conduct and control of it"—education—"I presume, Sir, to the clergy?" asked Sir Robert insidiously.

"No, Sir," replied Reilly—"I would intrust the conduct and control of it to the State. I look upon the school-master to be a much more important character than the priest."

"Which description of priest do you mean, Sir?" inquired the baronet again.

"Every description, Sir. If the complete control of education were committed to the priests of any, or all creeds, the consequence would be a generation of bigots; fraught with the worst elements of civil and religious rancor. I would give the priest only such a limited control in education as becomes his position, which is not to educate the youth, but instruct the man, and only in those duties enjoined by religion."—pp. 92-93.

Now one cannot but wonder why, holding such opinions, so directly opposed to all the teachings of the Catholic Church, Willy Reilly should not have openly professed himself a Protestant, and thus at once removed the only obstacle to his union with "his dear Coleen Bawn." Again, in another passage, descriptive of one of the hiding places during which, in the last century, the Irish Catholic Clergy were so often compelled to seek refuge from the cruel persecutions of the Protestants, the hunted and persecuted priests are represented as regaling themselves like a pack of smugglers in a cave, and holding a regular jollification over a whiskey keg, after the fashion of Dirk Hatteraick; whilst a Catholic Bishop is introduced, a wretched caricature of Ephraim Macbriar, the crazy preacher in the well known story of "Old Mortality." But we have said enough, and more than enough, about this sorry production; nor should we have given it even a passing notice, had we not seen with pain and surprise that some of our Catholic cotemporaries had mentioned it in terms of commendation, to which, neither as a work of art, nor as a book fit to be put into the hands of Catholics, it is entitled.

"BERTHA; OR, THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR." An Historical Tale. By W. B. McCabe. Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

This work belongs to the class of historical novels, and is designed to illustrate the condition of European society during the Pontificate of the glorious and sainted Hildebrand. It has been objected to it, that it exaggerates the vices and profligacy of some of the higher dignitaries of the Church during that troublous epoch; thus countenancing the assertions of modern Protestants respecting the corruptions of Popery. This however is an unfair representation of the work; the tendency of which is to show that the corruptions then existing, and whose existence nobody denies, were the immediate and inevitable consequence of the intrusion of improper persons into holy things, by tyrannical princes; and that the one Reformation wanted to purify the Church of these corruptions, was to be found only in the See of Peter, whose prerogative was so gallantly asserted by Hildebrand against the Emperor Henry. The tendency of Protestantism, on the contrary, is to transfer all ecclesiastical authority to the civil power; and thus to perpetuate and aggravate, the very evils of which it hypocritically complains, and which have all proceeded from the aggressions of Cæsar upon the domain of Peter.

THE SCOTCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—In a late number of the *Catholic Citizen*, the Editor expresses his "surprise" that the Emperor, Louis Napoleon, has "given orders that a portion of the New Testament shall be translated into the Lowland Scotch"—reasons, true or false, being assigned for the determination. The Editor then assumes to himself the privilege of calling his Majesty's judgment in question in the matter; and although disclaiming all pretensions of being a "connoisseur in languages," nevertheless gives it as his "opinion" that his Imperial Majesty ought to have consulted the French Academy, as to whether the *gibberish* commonly called Lowland Scotch, may properly be classed in the list of—either—living or dead languages.

It appears to me, Mr. Editor, that when he of the *Catholic Citizen* penned this little piece of rallery, he was "indulging"—to use his own words—"in nothing beyond a contemptible feeling of ill-natured fault-finding," "reprehensible in the extreme," by which, if he intended to wound the *clannish* pride of the Scotch—to inflict a heavy

blow on their national conceit—their *amor patriæ*—and to take some of it out of them—to lower them in the estimation of themselves and the rest of the world; his shaft has missed the mark. Few Scotchmen, I am assured, would think it worth their while to consider what could have been his object in publishing such *badinage*; and fewer still would waste their time replying to it. To such individuals, however, as may have perused his "opinion," and who may feel interested in the subject in question, but who may nevertheless know little or nothing about it, I would wish, through your indulgence, to make a few remarks thereon.

It is possible that the idea was warmly cherished by the Editor, that by some fortunate combination of circumstances, the *Catholic Citizen* might fall into the hands of the Emperor himself, who, after having consequently perused the "opinion" therein—interesting to himself—would be struck with its novelty, its truthfulness, and importance, and forthwith issue a counter order to the printer. I don't think he of the *Catholic Citizen*, is the man to accomplish such a task, or to sway the purposes of the Emperor of France. It is barely possible that either Louis Napoleon or any other gentleman, will be deterred from studying the Scotch or any other language, if no better reason can be urged against it than that which the *Catholic Citizen* has offered—namely, that it is a "gibberish;" and even were the Emperor to read his "opinion," it is likely he would just look on it as a *morceau de langage des halles*; and that the writer knew nothing, possibly, of the "gibberish" he prated about.

According to his own admission, he is "no connoisseur in languages;"—that is, he is not a learned enough critic to pronounce what is a language, and what is not; that he has not the learning, the intelligence, or the skill to distinguish between a language, a tongue, a dialect, or jargon. If he lacks the learning, then to say whether sounds similar to those uttered by Indians, or even by "the lower animals themselves" that he talks of, can be entered into the category of languages or not—I say, if he is not competent, either by knowledge or intellect, to determine in the above cases, by what right does he presume to lecture the Emperor as to what language he should, or should not study; or to stigmatise as "gibberish" that which has been for so many centuries the vigorous vernacular of a vigorous minded, a clear-headed, and learned people.

The Scottish language for all social purposes, is, if I am to believe the declarations of learned men, quite as intelligible a language as is the English. "Such indeed is the copiousness of our vernacular language," says the erudite Dr. Jamieson, "that I am far from pretending that I have had it in my power to give a complete view of it." The learned Dr. has, nevertheless, done far more than enough to show to strangers that they will be amply compensated for a patient exploration of our national literature in our national vernacular.

Yes, amply rewarded. It is worth their while to investigate our national annals in our national tongue. It is a language in which kings and courtiers, statesmen and politicians, judges and poets, royal and loyal, have distinguished themselves before an approving world. It is a language in which kings have addressed their troops; in which noble knights and brave barons have cheered on their warriors to the contest; in which they beat back from the "Land o' Cakes" the usurping invader, who sought to "annex" them, at the cost of their freedom and their national honor. Old Harboursung the praise of these warriors, in his heroic strains in that expressive tongue—

"We hae the right
And for the right—aye, God, we'll fight."

And Wyntoun, and Sir Gavin Douglas—are not their works immortal in the old, "kindly" broad Scotch? And our own true King Jamie the Fifth, that any Scotchman may be proud of—are not his lyrics imperishable, abounding as they are in wit and humor of the raciest flavor? All in broad Lowland Scotch. And his excellent daughter, too, the ornament of Scotland—Mary the Queen of Scots, and Queen of France, of the most highly gifted and most accomplished princess in Europe—did she, when she conferred with the peeresses and the nobles of her Court, address them in other than in the homely and expressive language of her native land?

Sir David Lindsay, Alexander Scott, and a host of other poets, lyrists, and chroniclers whom I might name, gave a dignity and a completeness to our language that will for many ages render it acceptable to the antiquary and every lover and explorer of by-gone literature. Legislators, lawyers, theologians, physicians, have discussed knotty points therein. It was the language of Eugene's ancestors; and six hundred years ago, a Kilpatrick, one of the most intrepid of the name, and of Scotland's patriots, sealed the death of a traitor, uttering the memorable words, "I make siccar."

And then that master of the human heart—that nature's nobleman, the immortal William Shakespeare,—that poet for all nations and for all time;—he did not disdain to explore our repositories of learning, nor to pore over our parchments in search of a subject over which to throw the halo of his dazzling genius, and make it shine through future generations. And he found one in the story of Macbeth. He has made that the subject of one of his most thrilling dramas; he has given to that episode of Scottish history an interest and a reputation, world-wide and lasting as his own deathless name.

Antiquarians in their quiet retreats find profitable recreation in the contemplation of our ancient chronicles. The monks who penned these annals, preached to the people, and taught them their duties in that language with as much success, at least as preachers do in modern English at the present day.

If our classical Doric appears quaint *outré*, and obscure to foreigners, that is no argument for its being a "gibberish." There is a quaintness in the language of Shakespeare, and much more so in Spencer and Chaucer, and other earlier English poets; yet the works of these poets are beautiful, notwithstanding, and have gained them a universal and imperishable renown.

If Scotchmen may, for various reasons, choose to express themselves in the English tongue, it by no means follows—and let not foreigners imagine it—that it is because they find it to be superior to their own. Far from it. Scotchmen, when it suits them, can, in each other's company, discuss as lucidly all that is transpiring in the world—they can explain or investigate questions the most abstruse—as well and as effectively as any learned Theban of them all can do in English or Irish, or any other language. The *Catholic Citizen* declares he is no connoisseur, I mean, no "connoisseur," &c. I well believe him. He is, therefore, the less able to controvert what I say. I, also, am no Philologist; but I speak on the authority of men who are. More than that, if any of his readers have been conjured into the belief that he is really a "connoisseur," and ought to know—just let them go over to Scotland, mix among the peasantry, listen to their conversation, and they will find these same peasants, and the mechanics, and the artisans of Scotland, discussing politics, poetry, and other topics in their old mother tongue (which he calls a "gibberish") with most surprising, and possibly unlooked for, intelligibility. When he gets over there, he will find that language spoken fluently, and of course intelligibly, by a most clear-headed and perspicacious people, who understand their native tongue grammatically. There he will find that a Scottish working man can explain, in Lowland Scotch, to his conferees, what he has read in English, of the passing events of the day, quite as intelligibly and briefly as the working men of England can in their own tongue.

Notwithstanding all that carping cavillers may say of it, the Scotch are very well contented to view their language as Sir Lucius viewed Bob Acres' quarrel—"It is a very pretty language as it stands."

If by the course of events it is falling somewhat into desuetude, it is not the less a language worthy of respect;

for so have other languages fallen into disuse. The Greek and the Latin, and other excellent languages of peoples, important in their day, are now no longer the vernaculars of any living nation. They are "dead languages, and will therefore always live."

If then, Mr. Editor, what I have said above is correct, the *Catholic Citizen* should, being no "connoisseur," &c., be careful how he stigmatizes as a "gibberish" any language whatever. If he does not know any better, not being a "connoisseur," he should be silent;—if he does know better, he is then writing what is not true; and he that "writes not truly—lies."

He also makes an attack on the Gaelic of the Highlands, which he calls a "barbarous dialect of the original Irish." This is news to me, for one. But I will leave him to be dealt with by some Scottish Celts, and there are plenty of them learned enough to stop both his mouth and his pen.

In conclusion, I would beg to remind the *Catholic Citizen*—if he knows it not already—that there is a *charmed circle* round our national shield, which bears the following *charming inscription*—claiming, in so far as it bears a charming and significant relation to a huge *thistle* that surmounts that same royal arms:—"Nemo RE INVENIAT LASCIVIAM," which I have been assured (for, as I have said, I am no philologist) is *real Latin*, and which being freely rendered into the Lowland Scotch, means, "I'll no tak a poke, but I'll gie a thrust."

JOHN O'BADENYON.

Montreal, Oct. 27, 1855.

Our Toronto cotemporary had better take heed what he says about the Scotch language, or he will have a hornet's nest buzzing about his ears, for Scotchmen, and there are many in Canada, will not patiently hear their language, of which they are justly proud, reviled. True, Lowland Scotch is now no more spoken, save by the peasantry of Scotland, and by them not at all in its original purity. But before Scotland lost her independent national existence, and became degraded to the rank of an English Province, the Lowland Scotch "gibberish," as the *Citizen* calls it, was the language of kings and nobles, and high-born dames, of warriors and statesmen, of poets, and divines. It was the language of the Court, the Camp, and the Senate; of a nation, whose youth received their education in the most polite countries of Europe, and who, when they returned to their native land, certainly spoke something better than a mere "gibberish." Will the *Citizen* pretend that Marie Stewart, Queen of Scots, the most accomplished, as well as the most lovely woman of her age, was a mere "gibberish" speaker!

No language can be called "gibberish" or even a dialect of another, which, like the Lowland Scotch, is rich in a literature of its own, which can boast amongst its writers, a Dunbar, a James I., a Sir David Lindsay, an Allan Ramsay, and last, though not least, a Burns. The Lowland Scotch was no doubt formed upon the same *Tentonic* basis as the more modern English with a greater admixture of words of Gaelic, French, and perhaps Norwegian extraction; yet was it as much an independent language as that of a Shakespeare or a Milton. The *Toronto Citizen* need not therefore feel at all surprised that L. Napoleon has expressed a desire to have a version of the Sacred Writings in the "Lowland Scotch;" seeing that this "gibberish" was the Mother tongue of the ancestors of the Empress Eugénie—who would not feel gratified at the anything but civil comments of the *Citizen* upon the language of her forefathers. We fancy however that our cotemporary's philological studies have been much neglected.

The poems of Thomas the Rhymer are older by a century, than those of any English poet extant.

DARING ROBBERY.—On Friday forenoon of last week, two men entered the office of Mr. Smith, Broker, St. F. Xavier Street, and presented to the office lad—the only person in the office at the time—a letter to read. Whilst occupied with the letter one of the scoundrels took the boy by the throat and held him fast, whilst the other rilled the premises. In the meantime, a third accomplice kept watch outside. The villains then decamped with a large sum in coin and notes, but two of them were arrested within a few days and committed to jail. Their names are James Murphy and James Gibson.

"ANGLO-SAXON" CIVILISATION.—As a fair specimen of the "superiority" of the "Anglo-Saxon" race over all other races, we copy the following from the Liverpool correspondent of the *Middlesex Prototype*.—He says:—

"I regret to have to tell you that that horrible crime of wife beating and wife murdering is immensely on the increase in London and the provinces."

His Excellency the Governor-General should certainly not have overlooked so strikingly a proof of the natural "superiority" of the Anglo-Saxon race."

NEW PROVINCIAL REGIMENTS.—Parts of the Military quarters are already being vacated for occupation by the new Provincial corps in this city, and before long all the different companies will be efficiently organized. We understand that, pursuant to orders from the Imperial Government, arms and complete equipments for fifty mounted troops and a battery of 6 pounder field pieces have just been surveyed by the proper officers of the Ordnance Department, and handed over to the Provincial authorities for the Quebec force. Captain Gamache's troop of Horse Artillery all dressed in the new Albert tunic, have been drilling in the Royal Artillery Park since Monday last. Capt. Boomer's company of Foot Artillery and Capt. Cornhill's Rifle company hold good muster rolls, and will shortly be uniformed and receive their accoutrements and arms. The Volunteer Cavalry drill every evening at Government House at six o'clock.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

LABEL CASE.—The prosecution instituted by the Crown against the Publishers of the *Hamilton Banner* for a Libel on Sir Allan McNab relative to the Hamilton Debentures, and the Bill introduced by M. Cayley to give currency to them, was tried at Hamilton on the 6th, when Sir Allan McNab, Mr. Inspector General Cayley, and Mr. Attorney General McDonald were examined as witnesses. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Cameron, and the defence by Dr. Connor. The jury having been locked up all night and not being able to agree, was discharged.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Died,

In this city, on Friday the 9th inst., Anastasia Muldowney, wife of Mr. John Sheerman, aged 54 years, a native of Grange, County Kilkenny, Ireland.