

to Warsaw and make an attempt to recover it by a surprise; while others strenuously advised that they should clear a passage for themselves to Lithuania, revive the insurrection in that province, and sustain a war, while a third class insisted that the mountains of Cracow afforded the only and best ramparts for a protracted resistance. But none of these plans was adopted, and, after much fruitless parleying with the Russian commander, the Poles, closely pressed upon and harassed by the enemy's squadrons, gained the western frontier, and after some slight skirmishing with the enemy in order to secure their retreat, they took refuge in the Prussian dominions. There they were, of course, compelled to lay down their arms, and condemned themselves to a voluntary exile, but they had, at least, escaped the hated yoke of the Czar. At the moment when they crossed the frontier, the Commander-in-Chief of the Polish army addressed to all Europe these noble and touching words:

"Ere yet it bids adieu to its native land—to that beloved soil watered with the tears and the blood of her sons—the Polish army declares before God and the entire world that each individual Pole is as deeply impressed as he ever was with the sanctity and justice of his country's cause. We, moreover, consider ourselves bound to make this solemn appeal to the nations, and to the rulers of the civilized world, but in a more especial manner to those governments who, at the Congress of Vienna, displayed a peculiar interest in the cause of Poland. Confiding to them the destiny, and, in fact, the political existence of that nation, ever unfortunate but never subdued—a nation which is called, as we know and feel, to exercise a strong influence over the civilization, the equilibrium and the peace of Europe. The Greeks, the Belgians, and other nations have been in turn objects of solicitude to the great Powers. Shall the Poles alone be left to struggle unaided and unprotected? No; forbid it the majesty and the justice of kings!

"To you, then, powers of the earth; to you, and to the sympathy of your subjects, does the national army of Poland address itself in this hour of affliction, conjuring you, in the name of the most high God, in the name of humanity, and the inalienable rights of man, to take those liberties for which we have battled in vain under your protection, and to see that justice may preside at the new arrangements which will soon be made for our bleeding country. Be assured, that even ourselves are interested in securing the rights of Poland, so as to arrange with precision the balance of power in Europe. By restoring our drooping and long suffering nation to independence and prosperity you will necessarily promote the general good, for Europe is, and ought to be, but one great family, and that which promotes the well-being of one nation or member of the confederacy, ought more or less to benefit all.

"On the Prussian frontier, this 4th day of October, 1831."

The commander-in-chief, notwithstanding that the hardships and privations of a penniless exile stared him in the face, as it did almost every individual of the army, yet made it a point to remit to the Bank of Poland a considerable sum which he had drawn thence for the immediate wants of the army, at his departure from Warsaw; the funds belonging to the minister of war were also remitted in full. Thirty thousand Poles then passed into Prussia, a similar number having already taken refuge in Galicia. A sort of amnesty was then proposed to the privates and non-commissioned officers, who would have refused and remained in exile rather than give themselves up again to the Russians, but this the Prussian authorities would not permit, and they were driven once more into the power of their implacable foe. No sooner were they again on their native soil than they were laid hold of and drafted off to Russia proper where they were speedily incorporated into Muscovite regiments. The commissioned officers of every grade, being still menaced with the vengeance of the Czar, traversed Germany amid the loudest expressions of public sympathy, and entered France, where they were received with generous hospitality.

Raphael, as we have said, was obliged to follow the fortunes of the army, and was thus effectually separated from Rosa and her father.—With his heart torn by the most fearful anxiety on his account, and his health rapidly undermined by the weakness attending upon his numerous wounds, he was but ill able to encounter the harassing fatigue of that long, toilsome march, and he had sooner attained a place of safety beyond the frontier than he was attacked by a fever so violent that for some days his life was in danger, and for some months long its effects were felt in an utter prostration of strength, accompanied by a dull, heavy languor. Not a word could he hear of those beloved ones now so far distant, while every day his mind was tortured by the pitiable news from Poland.

But now, let us return to the Count and Raphael's young bride, that we may see how it fared with them during this long and dreary interval. At the moment when the Russians entered Warsaw (on the 8th of September) the Count, who had till then given all his time and attention to the defence of the city, suddenly appeared before his daughter, and even he, that gallant veteran, shuddered as he thought of the impending danger.

"What is become of Raphael?" demanded Rosa, when she perceived that her father was alone.

"Raphael is safe and well," returned the Count, "but he is retained by honor and duty in the ranks of the army, which has made its retreat in good order, and will soon obtain advantageous terms (at least, I hope so) as the price of its submission. Fifty or sixty thousand Poles under arms may yet draw together, and the enemy has good reason to fear the despair of our soldiers. Thanks to this fortunate circumstance, we may yet hope that the reaction will be less dreadful than we had anticipated, and we have already the field-marshal's assurance that an amnesty will be offered to all those who in three days after its publication, will submit to the Imperial authority. Be of good heart, then, my child! for the next capitulation of the army will bring Raphael back again to us, and then we can patiently resign ourselves to the decrees of Pro-

vidence, while looking forward to the coming of happier days."

"May God in His boundless mercy, restore him to us, and then I can bear everything." And as Rosa spoke, she repressed, by a vigorous effort, the tears which were ready to burst forth. "But, do you think, father, that we can reckon on this amnesty?"

"I do," replied the Count, "and that because it is a stroke of policy rather than an act of mercy. If the marshal had made this promise previous to the surrender of the city, I might have regarded it simply as a bait; but it is since he entered Warsaw that he gave us this assurance, and hence I, for my part, have every confidence in its truth."

However plausible were these reasons, it is certain that the Count, in order to re-assure his daughter, expressed a greater degree of confidence in this promise than he really felt. The first and second day after the reduction of Warsaw passed away without any appearance that could shake the public faith in these assurances of the Russian marshal. The Russians were in calm possession of the city, and from their strict and formal observance of military discipline, fully justify that sad and celebrated bulletin of the French government—"Order reigns in Warsaw."

On the third day the act of amnesty was, indeed, proclaimed in favor of all who should come forward and make submission to the government. The Count was preparing to take this painful step, when one of his friends, who was a member of the chamber of deputies, hastily made his appearance and informed him of the arrest of one of his colleagues, Count Xavier Subotyn, which took place at the moment when he presented himself to obtain the benefit of the amnesty.

"So much for the honor and good faith of the Russians!" added the deputy as he retired, "and I would beg of you, my dear Count, to make your escape if you possibly can, or, at least, to keep yourself concealed."

"My dear father!" cried Rosa, who was greatly shocked by what she had heard, "you must instantly avail yourself of this friendly warning, and endeavor to elude the vengeance of these Russians."

"If it were not for you, my dear child! I would most willingly brave it. Every blow would redound to my honor and to their own disgrace, and I would have the satisfaction of dying for my country since I could not save her."

"No, rather preserve yourself for her and for your children, my brother!" said his sister-in-law, "for such is your bounden duty. Rosa shall remain with me till the storm is past and Raphael and yourself may with safety rejoin us."

"Yes, fly, fly, my father!" exclaimed Rosa earnestly, "the army cannot be far away, so that you may speedily join Raphael, and it will be so consoling for me to know that you are together. For us, we are in no danger, for surely even the Russians must respect our sex."

"For your sake, Rosa," replied the Count, "I will hide this aged head. But it must be within the city, as to leave it now would be utterly impossible. The sentinels are everywhere on the alert—there is not a gate or an outlet unguarded, and to attempt an escape would be certain death."

"We must then conceal you somewhere in the city," observed his sister-in-law, "and that will be no difficult task to me who am so well known in Warsaw. It is, however, necessary for us to make a prudent choice as every house will be open to the inspection of the Russian police."

"If you knew, my dear aunt," said Rosa, "any house of business where my father could be received in disguise, and pass for an assistant or accountant. No one would ever dream of looking for Count Bialewski under such a guise, and in a case of this kind the most preposterous plan is sure to be the most successful."

"You have just brought a capital idea to my mind, my dear Rosa!" exclaimed her aunt,—"there is a gardener somewhere in these suburbs to whose care I can entrust my brother's safety. He is a trusty patriot who has served his country on many a hard-contested field, so that I have every confidence in him, and I am quite sure that he will be overjoyed to receive the Count as a workman (provided it will be the means of saving him) while at the same time he will never for a moment lose sight of the respect due to him."

The Count listened to these kind projects with a reluctance he could not conceal, but there was no such thing as resisting the united entreaties of Rosa and her aunt, and he was forced to accede to their wishes. Having put on the usual attire of a laborer (procured for him by the servants) he took under his arm some gardening tools, and walked unmolested through the streets to the house of the worthy gardener, who, on learning who he was, received him with the utmost respect, and with many protestations of entire devotion. A few hours after the Count's departure, a Russian officer entered the house he had left, followed by several soldiers, and demanded to speak with Count Bialewski, whereupon the lady of the house appeared.

"Madam!" said the officer, "I have received orders to secure the Count, and as all the outer doors and passages of the house are guarded it would be useless to attempt keeping him concealed from us, since he cannot escape."

"Sir, all the inner doors of this house shall be immediately thrown open for we have no cause to shrink from your investigation. But suffer me to tell you that you will search in vain, for Count Bialewski is not here."

The officer seemed a good deal disappointed by the assured manner in which the lady spoke these words; nevertheless, he proceeded to search the house (though preserving a show of politeness) questioning closely every individual he met. To Rosa he addressed himself more particularly, questioning and cross-questioning her with the hope of eliciting some hint as to the retreat of the Count. But Rosa met and baffled all his inquiries with singular presence of mind, and at last the officer withdrew to report his want of success. No sooner was he gone than Rosa and her aunt threw themselves into each other's arms, weeping with joy that the Count had taken their advice and escaped in time, though they still trembled with apprehension for his safety. From time to time they sent out messengers through the city to find out what was passing; but though they heard nothing that immediately concerned themselves or those they loved, yet they were grieved and even horrified by the accounts of the merciless punishment hourly inflicted on their fellow-citizens in direct disregard of the published amnesty. Towards evening they were startled by the intelligence that the house was again surrounded by Russian troops.

"Let us recommend ourselves to God, my dear

Count," said Rosa, "for assuredly some new misfortune awaits us. She had scarcely spoken, when the same officer made his appearance."

"Madam!" said he, in a tone that savored of kindness and compassion, "I regret that it becomes my duty to arrest the daughter of Count Bialewski, and conduct her to the castle."

"My niece!—oh, heavens! is it possible?"

"I think I am justified in informing you, Madam," stammered the officer, in evident embarrassment, "that the young lady will have to answer a few questions before the military commission, and will then be restored to liberty."

"I am fully aware, sir, that you are not to be turned from the execution of the orders you have received; but you will assuredly permit me to accompany my niece—I am responsible to her family for her safety while under my care, and I would wish to be near her in that fearful trial, that I may keep up her fainting courage."

"Madam! as I have no orders to that effect, I am compelled to refuse your request."

"In that case, my dearest aunt," said Rosa, in firm accents, "you have but to keep up your spirits as well as you can in my absence, and be assured that nothing shall be forced from me by intimidation.—Pray for me, then, it is all you can do—pray that strength may be given me from above."

Having tenderly embraced her aunt, she followed the officer from the room, and from the house, amid the tears and sobs of the assembled domestics. A carriage was waiting at the gate, into which Rosa was handed by the officer, for the authorities dared not take her through the streets on foot, justly fearing that such a sight would have roused the people to madness. The carriage stopped before the gates of the castle, once the residence of Poland's kings, and more recently the seat of the legislative body, but now entirely occupied by Russian soldiers—a barrack for them, and a prison for the patriot sons of Poland. Rosa followed her conductor into a large hall, where five or six officers of high rank were seated around a table, covered with papers. She took a seat, on the invitation of the president of the commission, and then calmly awaited the commencement of the examination. The judges took a rapid survey of her face and figure, and it was evident that they could not help admiring her very uncommon beauty, together with a lofty dignity seldom seen in one so young, and each in turn averted his gaze when he met the calm, soft eye of Rosa.

"We see before us, do we not, the daughter of Count Bialewski?" said the president, at length.

"The same, my lord."

"Your father, young lady, was yesterday within the city of Warsaw. How is it, then, that he has refused to acknowledge the imperial authority by coming forward to avail himself of the act of amnesty?—assuredly the Count must have known himself undeserving of pardon when he chose rather to seek safety in flight."

"My lord! my father was quite willing to present himself before you, for his noble nature was never prone to suspect the good faith of others; but having been warned of the fate awaiting all those who came forward to obtain the benefit of the so-called amnesty, he at length yielded to my pressing entreaties, and, as you say, sought safety in flight."

"So you confess that you did connive at his escape, Mademoiselle?" demanded the president in a severe tone.

"How could I make you believe, even if I sought to do so, that a daughter would look coldly on her father's imminent danger?"

"Lady, you have yet to learn that the rights of the Emperor are far above those of a father. From the moment when Count Bialewski was called to render an account of his conduct before the representative of our gracious sovereign, to turn him aside in any way was a grievous wrong—nay, a crime."

"I have only to say," replied Rosa with virtuous indignation, "that I have been brought up in a different way of thinking."

"Oh certainly," returned the president with cutting irony, "we all know the sentiments which the worthy Count was likely to instill into the minds of his children. He that was ever on the watch to foment rebellion could not be expected to preach loyalty to others."

"Count Bialewski has ever taught his children to be true and faithful to their God, their country, and their honor."

"Enough, young lady! it is not for you to bandy words with your judges."

"I shall be truly sorry to be found deficient in the respect due to your high station, gentlemen," replied Rosa with admirable composure, "but nothing in this world—no earthly presence—could deter me from defending the reputation of my father."

"Beware what you say," said one of the other members of the commission, who evidently took an interest in Rosa, "your words may be taken as justifying treason."

"Treason!" she replied with emphasis, "no, treason pursues a different course, and sacrifices neither poise, nor fortune, nor blood. Pursuing ever his own poor aggrandisement, the traitor works his own deeds of darkness and infamy—far different was the course adopted by my father."

"He who raises his arm against his sovereign is a traitor!" resumed the president quickly.

"Against his lawful sovereign, my lord!—there I quite agree with you."

"This goes beyond all bounds!" cried the president with rising fury. "Do you then dare to deny the authority of the Emperor?" Rosa was silent.

"Now, lady! the matter is just this—I am not at all surprised by your frankness, and it is, after all, more pleasing than hypocrisy, even though it does let us see your political opinions in all their naked deformity. Pass we over this, then, and let us return to the primary cause of your arrest. Your father cannot have escaped from the city—of that we are convinced—and there is every probability that the place of his retreat will not be long unknown to us. Will you, therefore, prevail upon him to appear before us? Such an act of submission on his part would gain the Emperor's favor, and, moreover, place you beyond all danger."

"How I would you ask me to deliver up my father to you?" Rosa exclaimed, with a look of contempt which she could not repress. "Are you not aware that you address a Christian daughter?"

"Consider what I have told you, Mademoiselle that the rights of His Imperial Majesty go beyond every other! We have means, too, for forcing obstinate criminals to confess—beware, I charge you!"

"Oh no! my lord!" replied Rosa with a celestial smile of triumph, "you have no means that can force from me what you may judge my father."

"And is this your final decision, young lady?" Rosa made a gesture of assent.

"Well, then, you shall go to prison, and if the reflections of to-night do not alter your decision, to-morrow you shall undergo the ignominious torture of the knout. The lash will perhaps force you to open your obstinate mouth?"

"Oh, my God!" cried Rosa, as they led her away, "Thou thyself hast been cruelly scourged, and shall I shrink from following in Thy blood-stained traces?"

(To be continued.)

M. DE MONTALEMBERT.—The *Globe* correspondent states that although Count de Montalembert described himself on his trial as a Parisian, the parish register makes him an undeniable Cockney, marking his birth in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, on the 18th of April, 1810, his mother being Eliza Forbes, daughter of James Forbes, F.R.S., author of *Oriental Memoirs*. His father, Captain Montalembert, had just returned from his regiment in India, where, as well as previously under the gallant Abercromby in Egypt, he had served in the British Army; fighting subsequently at Corunna; and enduring the hardships of the Walcheren expedition.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES MAHER TO THE REV. J. P. GARRETT.

"Dear friends, rest not satisfied to be safe yourselves; have compassion on the ignorant and deceived of your country. Of the Irish speaking population above 100 are calculated to die every day. Consider how soon you will have to meet them at the bar of God. Let them not reproach any of you there with unfaithfulness; think of a lost eternity—Satan is still triumphing, hell is filling, and God is appealing to us. Oh, how can the servants of the Lord remain indifferent? Then, in God's name, 'Go forth to duty, go.' Then, let us enlarge our subscriptions, let us be more valiant for the truth—more full of love and faithfulness to our Catholic fellow-countrymen.—*Abridged speech of the Rev. J. P. Garrett, before the 'Safe servants of the Lord,' in the Assembly Rooms of Carlisle, at the Irish Society meeting, October 30th.*

REV. SIR,—You make in the above extract the awful announcement that "hell is filling," but as you have forgotten, in enthusiasm of the moment, to state what it is filling, you will perhaps permit me to supply the omission. Sir, hell is filling the hearts and tongues of fanatics with cant and lies, deceit and all uncharitableness. Satan triumphing, Heaven appealing to the Bible-reading population at the rate of more than one hundred a-day, is all vulgar cant and wretched clap-trap; but good enough—no doubt you thought so—for those to whom it was addressed. I have read the speeches and reports which, as honorary secretary, you made at Carlisle, and volumes of the furious and wildly rhapsodical of other biblical orators, at their meetings; and I have come to the conclusion that the interest of religion, truth, and morality will be served by fairly exhibiting the folly and fanaticism, the fraud and falsehood, of those irreligious and most mischievous associations. If you, rev. sir, had confined your preaching, psalm-singing, and vituperation of Catholics within the walls of your church, for the edification of those who regard you as a minister of religion, I would not at all feel justified in noticing you: but as you have left the pulpit for the platform, the church for the town-hall, for no reason that I can discover but that of disgorging more conveniently the perilous stuff of a fanatical mind upon Catholics, under the pretence of saving souls, it cannot be justly said that the task of repelling aggression and reproving folly and arrogance has been undertaken without sufficient provocation.—The fanatics who compose those modern mongrel societies for evangelizing the world describe themselves as—"the children of grace." They are the special servants of God, ever doing his work, miraculously sustained by his power, and under the extraordinary guidance of a Divine Providence; whilst the rest of the world—whether Protestant or Catholic—are backsliders, lukewarm professors of orthodoxy, lovers of themselves and not of God, sons of Belial. These society-men, moreover, affect a peculiar illumination of the spirit, a confidential acquaintance with Heaven's counsels, and a most irreverent familiarity with the Deity. These characteristics of the body, this irreligious fanaticism, is strikingly exemplified in your last speech, wherein you address the Almighty, not as the Lord of the Universe, who receives honor and adoration from the throngs and principalities of Heaven, but as one whom you meet upon something like an equality of terms; you offer him the expression of your thanks, pretty much in the words of a post-prandial oration—"on behalf of the Carlisle auxiliary, and personally on your own behalf," and then with a canting chuckle exclaim, "what a privilege to be a fellow-workman with God." So satisfied are you and your hearers with this unbefitting and irreverent language that you hesitate not to repeat it. In another speech, after saying many very harsh things of Catholics, you boast of your society "as ordained and honored by the God of love," and again, "that God has honored its work with an almost miraculous success." Its success in deceit and in circulating falsehood is, indeed, somewhat wonderful! And another biblical person designates the society as "our dear old God-honored Irish society," "which knows how to teach the Irish heart, and whose works God has blessed with signs following"—(1) St. Paul, who was caught up to the third Heaven, and heard secret words which it is not given to man to utter, simply declares that he discharges, in his apostolic character, an embassy for Christ—"Pro Christo legationem fungimur"—whilst in vain, illiterate, and non-descriptors of the Irish Society boast with impious levity, amid the applause of Carlisle Bible-reading, of being fellow-workmen with God and workers of miracles. There is, Rev. Sir, much to be apprehended from this kind of fanaticism let loose on society. When once a man has left common sense to run after illuminations, and has been taught to view the fancies and prejudices of men as the counsels of God, there is nothing so wicked or extravagant to which he may not be led. The Puritans of the 17th century were all children of grace and fellow-workers with God. "All their measures (says Hume) were revealed from above, and confirmed by heavenly sanction; and under this conviction those God-honored people overthrew all order, and fulfilled their divine mission by bringing the sovereign of the realm." The blessed King Charles (so styled in your Book of Common Prayer) and the Archbishop of Canterbury to the block. Those societies designated "biblical," in the sense of perverting the sacred scriptures, are ever putting forward in their reports and monthly extracts false, exaggerated, and ridiculous statements of their wonderful success, slanderous and malicious libels against religion, accompanied by appeals for money, principally from the over-credulous people of England. In the reports of past years, which I have perused most carefully, Ireland is represented as being in the throes of spiritual regeneration—the godly work is always fast extending—the masses of the people are being gradually leavened—"pupils and converts as tarlights illumine the darkness around them?" (2). All are hungering and thirsting after bibles. "The work is advancing, notwithstanding all the monks and nuns do to propagate error and uphold ignorance: both are fast giving way before the light of the gospel," (3); and nothing now is wanted to bring the nation out of bondage but money for the society. Ten years later the same glorious work is in progress. There is a great awakening in the dense ranks of Popery—the converted "carry the word as a lighted torch to every dark dwelling and benighted abode they visit" (4). Bibles without number have been distributed, and yet there is a call for more, the people read them openly, spreading alarm and dismay in the ranks of the Romish hierarchy. "It is impossible, I explain a biblical orator, "you should not see in this state of things a mighty motion of Divine Providence." (5). Another declares that "the Bible Society is certainly the angel flying in the midst of the heavens, having the everlasting Gospel to preach," (6)—"that it is the most blessed and meritorious institution that ever advanced the eternal interests of man since the foundation of Christianity—that it was little less than a standing miracle—and you yourself affirm with wretched flippancy "that God has crowned your society's work with almost miraculous success," and "shall we not (you exclaim) pour forth our money to meet the urgent need of this society, which is used by God to drive away spiritual bondage from our shores." Later, the throes of parturition have become sharper, and have brought the nation nearer to a spiritual birth. Bible readers and schools and other biblical organizations, are being tried in the fires of Romish persecution—"The good seed of the gospel has taken root, which defies priests, Pope, and Popery to root it out" (7); but what can be done without money? Somewhat later the taste of the nation has undergone a change. The people have taken a fancy to Irish bibles. Nothing else will do. The old English version was not at all the thing. The Celtic dialect has a charm in it; the hungering and thirsty for the pure Celtic "word" are indescribable.

But these spiritual "luxuries," alas! cannot be had without money; hence the necessity of redoubled exertions and increased funds. "Such of the people as went to America feel such a hungering after the Irish that they send home for Irish books" (8); the Rev. John Winthrop Hackett, who came as a deputation to the last Carlisle meeting, assures his auditory that "we find the Irish language possesses such an affection for the Irish peasant, that we feel we are armed with a mighty agency, and that God has put into our hands a powerful instrument (viz., the Irish language) for the conversion of souls." It would be hard, I imagine, to equal the absurdity and deceit of this rhapsody. The Rev. deputy assures his auditory that it is the language that has an affection for the peasant, and not the peasant for the language; and all this spiritual rhapsody about the mighty agency and the powerful Irish instrument for saving souls, coming from the deputation was received with loud applause by the Bible-loving shopkeepers of Carlisle, over whom old Major Stack so properly presided. A little later, we find not only Irish bibles, but spiritual placards, and controversial hand-bills, a fresh source of expense, are in great requisition.—They have been posted up on every wall, and scattered in myriads along the road, shaking everywhere it is said the strongholds of Popery. Priests and nuns are fast retreating before the army of the Lord, the pioneers of the word; but, alas! funds are wanted to carry on the war. Coming nearer to the present day, the scriptural bill-stickers and placards have become necessary, especially those of the Celtic breed, from the mountains of Kerry. To furnish with script and staff this hungry band of gossippers money must be forthcoming—hence the necessity of appealing again to English friends. "Past experience (see Rep. B. Society, 1856, p. 23) inspires a confident hope that the English hearts which so warmly sympathized with us, and English bounty, which has so liberally sustained our cause, will not be wanting when we seek its exercise." More money, more money, more English cash! How long, alas! will England be the dupe of such transparent hypocrisy? How long will bigotry and jugglery of the coarsest kind be practised with success? and, whilst England is thus appealed to, its bishops, and their organ, the *Times*, assures us that thousands upon thousands not only never go to church, but have never been baptised, and have no better title to the name of Christian than the natives of Guinea.—See *Times* article, April, 1858, on the motion of the Bishop of Exeter, for a committee "on spiritual destitution." Other topics in these reports require to be treated with great tact. To keep the funds for the conduct of this enormous biblical swindle, the public must be impressed with the notion that the number of converts is something extraordinary, and that their sufferings for the faith are unparalleled. To avoid, however, being detected, and to escape the risk of libel, names must be cautiously suppressed, and vagueness in statement diligently cultivated. Hence the reports run thus:—

"The work in the parish of B—has obtained much consistency. The readers are received in every second house. At no period was there exhibited so great an anxiety to learn the Irish. The spirit of inquiry is excited, and neither priests nor nuns can restrain it."—*38 Rep. Irish Society*, page 18.

"This school is extremely persecuted; many of the pupils very promising, but in great fear, they are so much exposed to the priest's fury." (8)

"This school defies any persecution, the old people (who all go to school) are so far advanced in the knowledge of the scriptures." (9.)

"This man's labor has been evidently blessed; he and many of his pupils are built upon the rock of ages." (10.)

"This school is extremely persecuted, the people are ordered by the priest to scold the teacher." (11.)

"Persecution is great against this school; many of them prayed for the prosperity of the society for enabling the poor orphans and their widow mothers to live by the means which the society left within their reach." (12.)

"Twenty-two years of fierce and formidable persecution have, through the mercy of God, failed to extinguish the work in this interesting district."—*Ac. port for 1857—see the Worker*, April 18.

This is a pretty full and safe account of persecution on the part of the Romish clergy, without the mention of one name or place. It would be easy to fill a volume with extracts of this kind, every line of which contains its well-guarded falsehood, its libel against the religion of the people—an insult to common sense—an affectation of Scriptural phrase, such as characterized the regicides of the seventeenth century, and an effort to raise money upon false pretences. Indeed, it is a barefaced imposture. How lost to all sense of honor—how steeped in hypocrisy must men be, who attend annually at meetings to carry on and sanction so ill-disguised a swindle, proceedings so dishonorable, so full of trickery and deceit, as would make an honest Pagan blush; and in these proceedings the Bible-reading of Carlisle hesitate not, with disgusting irreverence, to proclaim themselves fellow-workmen with God. The reports and correspondence of those societies, whilst showing that conversion is taking place to a marvellous extent, assign a number of reasons why such a result is never visible. "The people, who have every reason to believe (say the Bible-reading) are gradually freeing themselves from the thralldom and blind control in which they were formerly kept by the priests. But it is a difficult and trying thing, and requires strong faith for any one to come out of Romanism publicly." (13).—We are not, thank God, to measure our success by the absolute renunciation of Popery by a few, but by the leavening of the population, which on all hands is agreed upon as being extensively the case." (14). Thus we may have the conversion of thousands without any outward change in the condition of the people. Again, it is observed that "many have become inquirers," and, through the instrumentality of blessed handbills, "some awakening has been felt on the part of Roman Catholics." The handbills have been carried to the homes of many, who have read them in bold defiance of their spiritual despots" (15). "As to our success," says another Biblical agent, "as far as it is visible, whilst we have a conditional increase to our numbers of converts, we cannot say that this has enlarged our Protestant population, owing to the emigration of our older converts, and to others having left this locality to fill government and other situations." Another agent observes—"After all who have left us by emigration, the average congregation was about the same as the year before" (16). Again—"The majority of those who emigrate from Ireland are persons who have been induced to read the Scriptures, and who have received the truth (they are all converts), but who have not courage to brave anathema and persecutions" (17). Another Gosseller says—"Even in more distant lands the priest pursues his victims" (18). What an exhibition of fraud and chicanery in every line of these extracts! What intense malice against the Catholic priesthood! What food for knaves, and fools, and bigots! Hearts have been softened—the masses leavened with the word—inquirers brought forth—spiritual despots overthrown by the powerful agency of biblical handbills—the work is blessed by a miraculous success. But there is a fatality about it—it never appears. The converts are carried off by emigration—they are absorbed in the militia, or shot in the Crimea, or drafted off to government situations. The constant influx of Popery by no means increases the Protestant population. The country remains as Popish as ever.

The schools, too, have, in great part, like the hosts of inquirers and converts, become invisible. This is satisfactorily accounted for by the reverend deputy, Mr. Hackett. He tells the Carlisle saints, at your last meeting, that to erect substantial and lasting school-houses "would be a wretched way of carrying out your operations." He knows a plan worth two of that! He will get up fairy, invisible schools, which Popery cannot lay a finger upon. "Our schools," he continues, "are frequently held on the house tops, by the highway, or at the back of a ditch—