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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23.

NO. 2.

At the request of several of our subscribers, we have been induced to reproduce the lectures lately delivered at the Oratory, in London, by the Rev. Mr. Newman. We acknowledge our obligations to the *New York Freeman's Journal*.

## DISCOURSES TO MIXED CONGREGATIONS.

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

### DISCOURSE I.

THE SALVATION OF THE HEARER THE MOTIVE OF THE PREACHER.

When a body of men come into a neighborhood to them unknown, as we are doing, my brethren, strangers to strangers, and there set themselves down, and raise an altar, and open a school, and invite, or even exhort all men to attend them, it is natural that they who see them, and are drawn to think about them, should ask the question, What brings them hither? Who bid them come? What do they want? What do they preach? What is their warrant? What do they promise?—You have a right, my brethren, to ask the question.

Many, however, will not stop to ask it, as thinking they can answer it, without difficulty, for themselves. Many there are who would promptly and confidently answer it, according to their own habitual view of things, on their own principles, the principles of the world. The views, the principles, the aims of the world are very definite, are every where acknowledged, and are generally acted on. They afford an explanation of the conduct of others, wherever they be, ready at hand, and so sure to be true in the common run of cases, as to be probable and plausible in any particular one. When we would account for effects which we see, we of course refer them to causes which we know of. To fancy causes of which we know nothing is not to account for them at all. The world then naturally and necessarily judges of others by itself. Those who live the life of the world, and act from motives of the world, and live and act with those who do the like, as a matter of course ascribe the actions of others, however different they may be from their own, to one or other of the motives which weigh with themselves; for some motive or other they must assign, and they can imagine none but those of which they have experience.

We know how the world goes on, especially in this country; it is a laborious, energetic, indefatigable world. It takes up objects enthusiastically, and vigorously carries them through. Look into the world, as its course is faithfully traced day by day in those publications which are devoted to its service, and you will see at once the ends which stimulate it, and the views which govern it. You will read of great and persevering exertions, made for some temporal end, good or bad, but still temporal. Some temporal end it is, even if not a selfish one;—generally, indeed, such as station, consideration, power, competency, luxury, but sometimes the relief of the ills of human life or society, or ignorance, sickness, poverty, or vice—still some temporal end it is, which is the exciting and animating principle of those exertions. And so pleasurable, so fascinating is the excitement, which those temporal objects create, that it is often its own reward; insomuch that, forgetting the end for which they toil, men find a satisfaction in the toil itself, and are sufficiently repaid for their trouble by their trouble, in the struggle for success, and the rivalry of party, and the trial of their skill, and the demand upon their resources, in the vicissitudes and hazards, and ever new emergencies and successive requisitions of the contest which they carry on, though it never comes to an end.

Such is the way of the world; and therefore, I say, it is not unnatural, that, when it sees any persons whatever, any where begin to work with energy, and attempt to get others about them, and act in outward appearance like itself, though in a different direction and with a religious profession, it unhesitatingly imputes to them the motives which influence, or would influence its own children. Often by way of blame, but sometimes not as blaming, but as merely stating a plain fact which it thinks undeniable, it takes for granted that they are ambitious, or restless, or eager for distinction, or fond of power. It knows no better; and it is vexed and annoyed if, as time goes on, one thing or another is seen in the conduct of those whom it criticises, which is inconsistent with the assumption on which, in the first instance, it so summarily settled their position and anticipated their course. It took a general view of them, looked them through, as it thought, and from some one action of theirs

which came to their knowledge, assigned to them some particular motive as their actuating principle; but presently it finds it is obliged to shift its ground, to take up some new hypothesis, and explain to itself their character and their conduct over again. O my dear brethren, the world cannot help doing so, because it knows us not; it ever will be impatient with us for not being of the world, because it is the world; it is necessarily blind to the one motive which has influence with us, and tired out at length with hunting through its catalogues and note books for a description of us, it sits down in disgust, after its many conjectures, and flings us aside as inexplicable, or hates us as if mysterious and designing.

My brethren, we have secret views.—secret, that is, from men of this world; secret from politicians, secret from the slaves of mammon, secret from all ambitious, covetous, selfish, and voluptuous men. For religion itself, like its divine author and teacher, is, as I have said, an hidden thing from them; and, not knowing it, they cannot use it as a key to interpret the conduct of those who are influenced by it. They do not know the ideas and motives which religion sets before the spiritually-illuminated mind. They do not enter into them or realize them, even when they are told them; and they do not believe that another can be influenced by them, even when he professes them. They cannot put themselves into the position of a man simply striving, in all he does, to please God. They are so narrow-minded, such is the meanness of their intellectual make, that when a Catholic professes this or that doctrine of the Church,—sin, judgment, heaven and hell, the blood of Christ, the merits of Saints, the power of Mary, or the Real Presence,—and says that these are the objects which inspire his thoughts and direct his actions through the day, they cannot take in that he is in earnest; for they think, forsooth, that these points ought to be and are his very difficulties, and that he gets over them by putting force on his reason, and thinks of them as little as he can, not dreaming that they exert an influence on his life. No wonder, then, that the sensual, and worldly-minded, and the unbelieving, are suspicious of those whom they cannot comprehend, and are so intricate and circuitous in their imputations, when they cannot bring themselves to accept an explanation which is straight before them. So it has been from the beginning; the Jews preferred to ascribe the conduct of our Lord and His forerunner to any motive but that of a desire to fulfil the word of God. They were, as He says, like children sitting in the market-place, which cry to their companions, saying, "We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have lamented to you, and you have not mourned." And then He goes on to account for it: "I thank Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father; for so hath it been pleasing in Thy sight."

Let the world have its way, let it say what it will about us, my brethren; but that does not hinder our saying what we think, and what the eternal God thinks and says, about the world. We have as good a right to have our judgment about the world, as the world to have its judgment about us; and we mean to exercise that right; for, while we know it judgeth us amiss, we have God's testimony that we judge it truly. While, then, it is eager in ascribing our earnestness to some motive or principle of its own, listen to me, while I show you, as it is not difficult to do, that it is our very fear and hatred of those motives and principles, and our compassion for the souls possessed by them, which makes us so busy and so troublesome, which prompts us to settle down in a district, so destitute of temporal recommendations, but so overrun with religious error and so populous in souls.

O my brethren, little does the world, engrossed, as it is, with things of time and sense, little does it understand what is the real state of the soul of man, how he stands in God's sight, what is his past history, and what his prospects for the future. The world forms its views of things for itself, and lives in them. It never stops to consider whether they are true; it does not come into its thought to seek for any external standard, or channel of information, by which their truth can be ascertained. It is content to take things for granted according to their first appearance; it does not stop to think of God; it lives for the day, and (in a perverse sense) "is not careful for the morrow." What it sees, tastes, handles, is enough for it; this is the limit of its knowledge and of its aspirations; what tells, what works well, is alone respectable; efficiency is the rule of duty, and success is the test of truth. It believes what it experiences, it disbelieves what it cannot demonstrate. And, in consequence, it teaches that a man has not much to do to be saved; that either he has committed

no great sins, or that he has been pardoned for committing them; that he may securely trust in God's mercy for eternity; and that he must avoid anything like self-discipline and mortification, as affronting or derogatory to it. This is what the world teaches, by its many sects and philosophies, about our condition in this life; but what, on the other hand, does the Catholic Church teach concerning it?

She teaches that man was originally made in God's image, was God's adopted son, was God's friend, God's heir, heir of eternal glory, and, in foretaste of eternity, partaker in this life of great gifts and manifold graces; and she teaches, that now he is a fallen being. He is under the curse of original sin; he is deprived of the grace of God; he is a child of wrath; he cannot attain to heaven, and he is in imminent peril of sinking into hell. I do not say he is fated to perdition by some necessary law; he cannot perish without his own real will and deed, and God gives him, even in his natural state, a multitude of inspirations and helps to lead him on to faith and obedience. There is no one born of Adam but might be saved, as far as divine assistances are concerned; yet, looking at the power of temptation, the force of the passions, the strength of self-love and self-will, the sovereignty of pride and sloth, in every one of his children, who will be bold enough to assert of any particular soul, that it will be able to maintain itself in obedience, without an abundance, a profusion of grace, not to be expected, as bearing no proportion, I do not say simply to the claims, (for they are none) but to the strict needs of human nature? We may securely prophecy of every man born into the world, that, if he comes to years of understanding, he will, in spite of God's general assistances, fall into mortal sin and lose his soul. It is no light, no ordinary succour, by which man is taken out of his own hands and defended against himself. He requires an extraordinary remedy. Now what a thought is this! what a light does it cast upon man's present state! how different from the view which the world takes of it! how piercing, how overpowering in its influence on the hearts of those who admit it!

Contemplate, my brethren, more minutely the history of a soul born into the world, and then educated according to its principles, and the idea, which I am putting before you, will grow on you. The poor infant passes through his two, or three, or five years of innocence, blessed in that he cannot yet sin; but at length, (O woeful day!) he begins to realise the distinction between right and wrong. Alas! sooner or later, for the age varies, but sooner or later the awful day has come; he has the power, the great, the dreadful, the awful power of judging a thing to be wrong, and yet doing it. He has a distinct view that he shall grievously offend his Maker and his Judge by doing this or that; and, while he is really able to keep from it, he is at liberty to choose it, and to commit it. He has the dreadful power of committing a mortal sin. Young as he is, he has as true an apprehension of it, and can give as real a consent, as did the evil spirit, when he fell. The day is come, and who shall say whether it will have closed, whether it will have run out many hours, before he will have exercised that power, and have perpetrated, in fact what he ought not to do, what he need not do, what he can do!—Who is there whom we ever knew, of whom we can assert that, had he remained in a state of nature, he would have used the grace given him,—that if he be in a state of nature, he has used the grace given him—in such a way as to escape the guilt and penalty of offending Almighty God? No, my brethren, a large town like this is a fearful sight. We walk the streets, and what numbers are there of those who meet us who have never been baptized at all! And the remainder, what is it made up of, but for the most part of those who, though baptized, have sinned against the grace given them, and even from early youth have thrown themselves out of that fold in which alone is salvation! Reason and sin have gone together from the first. Poor child! he looks the same to his parents; or they do not know what has been going on in him; or perhaps, did they know it, they would think very little of it, for they are in a state of mortal sin as well as he. They too, long before they knew each other, had sinned, and mortally too, and were never reconciled to God; so they lived for years, unmindful of their state. At length they married; it was a day of joy to them, but not to the Angels; they might be in high life or in low estate, they might be prosperous or not in their temporal course, but their union was not blessed by God. They gave birth to a child; he was not condemned to hell on his birth, but he had the omens of evil upon him, it seemed that he would go the way of all flesh; and now the time is come; the presage is justified; the forbidden fruit has been eaten; sin has been devoured with a pleased appetite; the gates of hell have yawned upon him, silently and without his knowing it;

he has no eyes to see its flames, but its inhabitants are gazing upon him; his place in it is fixed beyond dispute;—unless his Maker interfere in some extraordinary way, he is doomed.

Yet his intellect does not stay its growth, because he is the slave of sin. It opens: time passes; he learns perhaps various things; he may have good abilities, and be taught to cultivate them. He may have engaging manners; anyhow he is light-hearted and merry, as boys are. He is gradually educated for the world; he forms his own judgments, chooses his principles, and is moulded to a certain character. That character may be more, it may be less amiable; it may have much or little of natural virtue: it matters not: the mischief is within; it is done, and it spreads. The devil is unloosed and abroad in him. For a while, he used some sort of prayers, but he has left them off; they were but a form, and he had no heart for it;—why should he continue them? and what was the use of them? and what the obligation? So he has reasoned; and he has acted upon his reasoning, and ceased to pray. Perhaps this was his first sin, that original mortal sin, which threw him out of grace,—a disbelief in the power of prayer. As a child, he refused to pray, and argued that he was too old to pray, and that his parents did not pray. He gave prayer up, and in came the devil, and took possession of him, and made himself at home, and revelled in his heart.

Poor child! Every day adds fresh and fresh mortal sins to his account; the pleadings of grace have less and less effect upon him; he breathes the breath of evil, and day by day becomes more fatally corrupted. He has cast off the thought of God, and sets up self in His place. He has rejected the traditions of religion which float about him, and has chosen instead the more congenial traditions of the world, to be the guide of his life. He is confident in his own views, and does not suspect that evil is before him and in his path. He learns to scoff at serious men and serious things, catches at any story circulated against them, and speaks positively when he has no means of judging or knowing. The less he believes of revealed doctrine, the wiser he thinks himself to be. Or, if his natural temper keeps him from becoming hard-hearted, still from easiness and from imitation he joins in mockery of holy persons and holy things, as far as they come across him. He is sharp and ready and humorous, and employs these talents in the cause of Satan. He has a secret antipathy to religious truths and religious doings, a disgust which he is scarcely aware of, and could not explain if he were. So it was with Cain, the eldest born of Adam, who went to murder his brother, because his works were just. So was it with those poor boys at Bethel, who mocked the great prophet Eliseus, crying out, Go up, thou bald head! Anything serves the purposes of a scoff and taunt to the natural man, when irritated by the sight of religion.

O my brethren, I might go on to mention those other more loathsome and more hidden wickednesses which germinate and propagate within him, as time proceeds, and life opens on him. Alas! who shall sound the depths of that evil whose wages is death? O what a dreadful sight to look on is this fallen world, specious and fair outside, plausible in its professions, ashamed of its own sins, and hiding them, yet a mass of corruption under the surface! Ashamed of its sins, yet not confessing to itself that they are sins, but defending them if conscience upbraids, and perhaps boldly saying, or at least implying, that, if an impulse is right in itself, it must be right in an individual, nay, that self-gratification is its own warrant, and that temptation is the voice of God. Why should I attempt to analyze the intermingling influences, or to describe the combined power, of pride and concupiscence,—concupiscence exploring a way to evil, and pride fortifying the road,—till the first elementary truths of revelation are looked upon as mere nursery tales? No, I have intended nothing more than to put wretched nature upon its course, as I may call it, and there to leave it, my brethren, to your reflections, to that individual comment which each of you may be able to put on this poor delineation, realizing in your own mind and your own conscience what no words can duly set forth.

His temporal course proceeds: the boy has become a man; he has taken up a profession or a trade; he has fair success in it; he marries, as his father did before him. He plays his part in the scene of mortal life; his connexions extend as he gets older; whether in a higher or a lower sphere of society he has his reputation and his influence;—the reputation and the influence of, we will say, a sensible, prudent, and shrewd man. His children grow up around him; middle age is over,—his sin declines in the heavens. In the balance and by the measure of the world, he is come to an honorable and venerable old age; he has been a child of the world, and the

world acknowledges and praises him. But what is he in the balance of heaven? What shall we say of God's judgment of him? What about his soul?—about his soul? Ah, his soul! he had forgotten that, he had forgotten he had a soul, but it remains from first to last in the sight of its Maker. *Posuisti seculum nostrum in illuminatione, vultus Tui;* "Thou hast placed our life in the illumination of Thy countenance." Alas! alas! about his soul the world knows; the world cares, nought; it does not recognize the soul; it owns nothing in him but an intellect manifested in a mortal frame; it cares for the man while he is here, it loses sight of him when he is there; he is going out of sight, amid the shadows of that unseen world, about which the visible world is so sceptical; so, it concerns us who have a belief of that unseen world, to inquire, How fares it all this while with his soul? Alas! he has had pleasures and satisfactions in life, he has a good name among men, he sobered his views as life went on, and he began to think that order and religion were good things, that a certain deference was to be paid to the religion of his country, and a certain attendance to be given to its public worship; but he is still, in our Lord's words, nothing else but a whitened sepulchre; he is foul within with the bones of the dead and all uncleanness. All the sins of his youth, never repented of, never put away, his old profaneness, his impurities, his animosities, his idolatries are rotting within him; only covered over and hidden by successive layers of newer and later sins. His heart is the home of darkness, it has been tainted, handled, possessed by evil spirits; he is a being without faith, and without hope; if he holds any thing for truth, it is only as an opinion, and if he has a sort of calmness and peace, it is the calmness not of heaven, but of decay and dissolution. And now his old enemy has thrust aside his good angel, and is sitting near him; rejoicing in his victory, and patiently waiting for his prey; not tempting him to fresh sins lest he should disturb his conscience, but simply letting well alone; letting him amuse himself with shadows of faith, shadows of piety, shadows of worship; aiding him readily in dressing himself up in some form of religion which may satisfy the weakness of his declining age, as knowing well that he cannot last long, that his death is a matter of time, and that he shall soon be able to carry him down with him to his fiery dwelling.

O how awful! and at last the inevitable hour is come. He dies—he dies quietly—his friends are satisfied about him. They return thanks that God has taken him, has released him from the troubles of life and the pains of sickness; "a good father," they say, "a good neighbor," "sincerely lamented," "lamented by a large circle of friends;" perhaps they add, "dying with a firm trust in the mercy of God." Nay, he has need of some attribute which is inconsistent with perfection, and which is not, cannot be, in the All-glorious, All-holy God; "with a trust in the promises of the Gospel," which never were his, or were early forfeited. And then, as time travels on, every now and then is heard some passing remembrance of him, respectful or tender; but he all the while (in spite of this false world, and though its children will not have it so, and exclaim, and protest, and are indignant when so solemn a truth is hinted at) long ago he has lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and "lies buried in hell."

Such is the history of a man in a state of nature, or in a state of defection, to whom the Gospel has never been a reality, in whom the good seed has never taken root, on whom God's grace has been shed in vain, with whom it has never prevailed so far as to make him seek His face and to ask for those higher gifts which lead to heaven. Such is his dark record. But I have spoken of only one man: alas! my dear brethren, it is the record of thousands; it is, in one shape or other, the record of all the children of the world. "As soon as they are born," the wise man says, "they forthwith have ceased to be, and they are powerless to show any sign of virtue, and are wasted away in their wickedness." They may be rich or poor, learned or ignorant, polished or rude, decent outwardly and self-disciplined, or scandalous in their lives,—but at bottom they are all one and the same; they have not faith, they have not love; they are impure, or they are proud, commonly they are both together; they agree together very well, both in opinions and in conduct; they see that they agree; and this agreement they take as a proof that their conduct is right and their opinions true. Such as is the tree, such is the fruit; no wonder the fruit is the same, when it comes of the same root of unregenerate, unrenewed nature; but they consider it good and wholesome, because it is the produce of many hearts; and they chase away as odious, unbearable, and horrible, the pure and heavenly doctrine of Revelation, because it is so severe upon themselves. No one likes bad news, no one welcomes what condemns him; the world slanders the Truth in self-defence, because the Truth denounces the world.

My brethren, if these things be so, or rather (for this is the point here), if we, Catholics, firmly believe them to be so, so firmly believe them, that we feel it would be our duty to die sooner than doubt them, is it wonderful, does it require any abstruse explanation, that such as we should come into the midst of a population such as this, and into a neighborhood where religious error has sway, and where corruption of life prevails both as its cause and as its consequence;—a population, not worse indeed than the rest of the world, but not better, not better because it has not in it the gift of Catholic truth, not purer because it has not within it that gift of grace which alone can destroy impurity; a population, sinful, I am certain, given to unlawful indulgences, laden with guilt and exposed to eternal ruin, because it is not blessed with that Presence of the Word Incarnate, which diffuses sweetness and tranquillity and chastity over the heart;—is it a

thing to be marvelled at, that we begin to preach to such a population as this, for which Christ died, and try to convert it to Him and to His Church? Is it necessary to ask for reasons? is it necessary to assign motives of this world, for a proceeding which is so natural in those who believe in the announcements and requirements of the other? My dear brethren, if we are sure that the Most Holy Redeemer has shed His blood for all men, is it not a very plain and simple consequence that we, His servants, His brethren, His priests, should be unwilling to see that blood shed in vain,—wasted, I may say,—as regards you, and should wish to make you partakers of those benefits which we ourselves enjoy? Is it necessary for any bystander to call us vainglorious, or ambitious, or restless, greedy of authority, fond of power, resentful, party spirited, or the like, when here is so much more powerful, more present, more influential a motive to which our eagerness and zeal may be ascribed? What is so powerful and incentive to preaching as the sure belief that it is the preaching of the truth? What so constrains to the conversion of souls, as the consciousness that they are at present in guilt and peril? What so great a persuasive to bring men into the Church, as the conviction that it is the special means by which God effects the salvation of those, whom the world trains in sin and unbelief? Only admit us to believe what we profess, and surely that is not asking a great deal, (for what have we done that we should be distrusted?) only admit us to believe what we profess, and you will understand without difficulty what we are doing. We come among you, because we believe that there is but one way of salvation, marked out from the beginning, and that you are not walking along it; we come among you as ministers of that extraordinary grace of God, which you need; we come among you because we have received a great gift from God ourselves, and wish you to be partakers of our joy; because it is written, "Freely ye have received, freely give;" because we dare not hide in a napkin those mercies, and that grace of God, which have been given us, not for our sake only, but for the benefit of others.

Such a zeal, poor and feeble though it be in us, has been the very life of the Church, and the breath of her preachers and missionaries in all ages. It was such a sacred fire which brought our Lord from heaven, and which He desired, which He travailed, to communicate to all around Him. "I am come to send fire on the earth," He says, "and what will I, but that it be kindled?" Such too was the feeling of the great Apostle to whom his Lord appeared in order to impart to him this fire. "I send thee to the Gentiles," He said to Him on his conversion, "to open their eyes, that they may be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." And accordingly he at once began to preach to them, that they should do penance, and turn to God with worthy fruits of penance, "for," as he says, "the love of Christ urged him," and he was "made all things to all that he might save all," and he "bore all for the elect's sake, that they might obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with heavenly glory." Such too was the fire of zeal which burned within those preachers, to whom we English owe our Christianity. What brought them from Rome to this distant isle, and to a barbarian people, amid many fears and with much suffering, but the sovereign uncontrollable desire to save the perishing, and to knit the members and slaves of Satan into the body of Christ? This has been the secret of the propagation of the Church from the very first, and will be to the end; this is why the Church, under the grace of God, to the surprise of the world, converts the nations; and no sect can do the like: this is why Catholic missionaries throw themselves so generously among the fiercest savages and risk the most cruel torments, as knowing the worth of the soul, as realizing the world to come, as loving their brethren dearly, though they never saw them, as shuddering at the thought of eternal woe, and as desiring to increase the fruit of their Lord's passion and the triumphs of His grace.

We, my brethren, are not worthy to be named in connexion with Evangelists, Saints, and Martyrs; we come to you in a peaceable time and in a well-ordered state of society, and recommended by that secret awe and reverence, which, say what they will, Englishmen for the most part or in good part, feel for the religion of their fathers, which has left in the land so many memorials of its former sway. It requires no great zeal in us, no great charity, to come to you at no risk, and entreat you to turn from the path of death and be saved. It requires nothing great, nothing heroic, nothing saint-like; it does but require conviction, and that we have, that the Catholic religion is from God, and all other religions are but mockeries; it requires nothing more than faith, a single purpose, an honest heart, and a distinct utterance. We come to you in the name of God; we ask no more of you, than that you would listen to us; we ask no more than that you judge for yourselves whether or not we speak God's words; it shall rest with you whether we be God's priests and prophets or no. This is not much to ask, but it is more than most men will grant; they do not dare to listen to us, they are impatient through prejudice, or they dread conviction. Yes! many a one there is, who has even good reason to listen to us, on whom we have a claim to be heard, who ought to have a certain trust in us, who yet shuts his ears, and turns away, and chooses to hazard eternity without weighing what we have to say. How frightful is this! but you are not, you cannot be such; we ask not your confidence, my brethren, for you have never known us; we are not asking you to take for granted what we say, for we are strangers to you; we do but simply bid you first to consider that you have souls to be saved, and next to judge for yourselves, whether, if God has revealed a religion of His own whereby to serve those souls, that religion can be any other than the faith which we preach.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE ORATORIAN.

(From the Tablet of August 3.)

That the great Apostle of Rome, St. Philip Neri, is at present, from his throne of intercession in Heaven, exercising a remarkable influence on behalf of the Catholic Church in England, few observers of the state of religion will be disposed to doubt. Were it only the fact that some of the most powerful, devout, and generous minds among the recent converts have been congregated in his Order, this would be enough to show that England is indebted in a peculiar manner to that blessed Saint. Those conversions were indeed most unexpected and singular instances of grace, and, whatever circumstances characterized the movements which led to them, deserve attention and have their meaning. But, surely, there is more in it than the simple fact to which we have alluded. A particular Saint, hitherto not of extraordinary celebrity in England, suddenly comes into notice. He stands at the head of a body of religious men, who speak as his children; he energises by them; his name symbolises an extremely active system of operations carried on for gaining souls to the Catholic Church and rescuing Catholics themselves from the dominion of sin or the jaws of infidelity. Thus it is with the blessed Saints. They are not dead—or, rather, in death their real life has begun. Their relics are mighty—their spirits are full of influence and power. St. Peter is, in an eminent degree, an example of this throughout the whole history of the Church. When the Pope speaks, it is Peter who speaks; Peter, in fact, still governs the Church originally entrusted to him, and it is to Peter's chair we look when the Holy Father, as at this moment, is about to define any dogmas of the Catholic Faith. The Catholic Church speaks of Peter exactly as if he were (as, indeed, he is) still living and seated on his throne. So it is with the other Saints. No matter to whom we have a devotion, our Patron Saint will be near us, and sometimes startle us with what, in one point of view, is only a sweet and gracious coincidence, but which, to the eye of Faith, indicates that knowledge and love which the Saints possess by continually beholding the Blessed Vision of God. To have this fact drawn out in its fulness in regard to any one of those great patriarchs by whom the Most High moulds or changes the mind of whole orders, nations, or even ages, is full of edification; and we need only mention such names as St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, St. Alphonsus, and the like, and all that has been done in this way by their holy biographers suggests itself. It is the object of the remarkable work which has suggested this article, not merely to show that St. Philip Neri's intercession is at this moment effecting great things in the world, that it is unspent, or rather not withdrawn; but that, in a particular manner, his spirit and genius are fitted to effect those very things, and do effect them, by their singular adaptation to the spirit of the age, and of the English nation, by their power of seizing it, and making it do exactly the work destined for it by Almighty wisdom, as other ages and nations, in the history of Catholicity, have done theirs.

To accomplish this object, the Saint must evidently have been, in a singular degree, an imitation and expression of our Lord—which, of course, all Saints are, though some of them seem to be intended to preach one heroic virtue by example, and others another. Thus St. Aloysius is a very type of youthful purity, the St. John of modern times; St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi was called "the charity of the monastery;" holy silence was witnessed to by the martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene; and so for the rest. But those saints who seem to gather up a whole age into themselves, and to stand forth as the shining ideas of Christian perfection in general, do so in virtue of their being, so to speak, "portraits of Jesus" in their entire aspect—which, indeed, all Saints are, yet according to their various offices in the grand system of intercession. Such have been the founders of orders, great and heroic prodigies of holiness, called forth by God's Providence each in their own age—in one sense, the children of their age—partaking of its characteristics, and influencing it in their turn, but showing forth to that age the example of Christ, moving about in it like so many copies and images of Christ. Thus the feeble will and dull perception of humanity is helped onwards to that which is invisible.

The writer, therefore, having to show that St. Philip Neri's particular phase of saintliness makes him peculiarly adapted to the devotion of modern times—and, above all, of England—rightly begins by pointing out in what way this great Saint was an imitation of Christ. He makes this imitation to consist mainly in the fact that St. Philip was in so wonderful a manner at once a *viator* and a *comprehensor*—that is to say, that, like our Lord, he at once journeyed on earth and tasted the things of Heaven, living a life at once as ordinary as the most prosaic of the lives of the saints, and as abundant in the marvellous and supernatural as those of the most heroic—the Fathers of the Desert, or saints in later ages, in whom miraculous agency seemed a sort of efflux and spontaneous energy. He then enters into the biography of St. Philip, and points out other resemblances, such as his adopting not the exclusively active, nor yet the studiously contemplative life, but the mixed life, which St. Thomas considered the most perfect of all; his ardent desire for the conversion of the far-off Indies, and yet his perseverance in the charge over the sheep of the Holy City; his special and supernatural devotion to the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity;

his forming a school of men by the system of discipleship, yet without drawing up any formal rule; his seeking out for sinners; his strange insight into the hidden thoughts of men; the mysterious way in which his character was never completely understood, even by those who knew himself most familiarly—all this the Oratorian poet and preacher draws with wonderful fertility and beauty. We must not omit to mention an extremely picturesque parallel drawn in this sense between St. Philip and St. Francis, and to which the writer afterwards recurs with a kind of fondness:—

I will illustrate what I meant by an example. Shortly after the middle of the fourteenth century, the city of Siena, in Tuscany, even yet a strange medieval-looking place, seen far and wide with its uneven cluster of topheavy towers, sent forth into Italy, by a providential banishment, a little band of exiles, drawn in great measure from the middle classes. They were headed by the Blessed John Colombini. All they wanted was to be like Jesus; they were called Gesualti, from His name. The Blessed John went over hill and dale with his followers; they preached in the fields and in the streets; their sermons, as we read them in the pure old Italian at this day, were full of the unearthly sweetness and savoryunction of the discourses of our Lord. When they came to a town, they cried out, "Viva Gesù!" and when the startled inhabitants came out to look at these strange hermits, they preached repentance and the sweetness of Jesus. They were the poorest of earth's poor, yet kinder to the poor than the rich or noble were. When driven out of one city they betook them to another. Siena was their Nazareth, and Arezzo their Capernaum; and they had their Bethany, and their Bethphage, and their Bethsaida, and the rest, in Lucca, and in Pisa, in Pistoja and in Florence, in Corneto and Viterbo. And so they wandered on: their only passion was to be like Jesus. They were taken up as heretics: but the Cardinal of Marseilles and the Inquisitor acquitted them of the charge. Then Pope Urban favored them, and gave them a habit, and made them a religious Order, and they called themselves the "Poor Little Ones of Jesus." The blue waves of the Lake of Bolsena, with its heavenly island, and the fairy-land round about—these were to them the Lake of Tiberias, with its riodendron-covered shores. And they were blessed by God, because of their simplicity, and He gave a marvellous power to their interior doctrine; and barons and peasants, nay, churchmen and prelates too, were pricked to the heart, and put on the yoke of Christ, and paid obedience to the Blessed John and his rough Apostles. At last a fever came, and in the city of Aquapendente, a green, quiet, beautiful spot on the confines of the Papal states, the Blessed John gave back his soul to God, and went to see him whom he had been trying to copy with all the peculiar picturesque simplicity of the Middle Ages. Those ages present few pictures equal in beauty to that depicted in the tender quaint old Chronicle of the Blessed Colombini, and it was a book St. Philip was constantly fingering, and recommended to others as a simple tale that had the power to laugh all pride to scorn. Now, this was a copy of Jesus in a pictorial way, and in the external, objective style of medieval art. When I call St. Philip a copy of Jesus, I do not mean this, but something deeper and more significant.

We are then taken, in a second Lecture, over the field of modern times, as contrasted in character with the earlier ages of the Church; the age of the Catacombs; the Byzantine era; the medieval times; and, lastly, the Tridentine, which may still be regarded as the times in which we live. Changing circumstances, the phenomena on which the eternal principles of Catholicity had to operate, unquestionably have marked out the history of the Church into such epochs; and the sternness of a time and persecution, with its *disciplina arcanti* for the catechumens, and its severe penances for the relapsed, differed from an age of triumph, mingled with internal agitation, like that of the early Councils, as the latter differed from the gorgeous external development of the Church of the Innocents and Gregories, and that once more from the rich dogmatical expansion which has arisen from the conflict of Protestantism. Father Faber, with much originality of thought, points out the further distinction, of that spirit of love which carries out into action the great dogmatical decrees of the Church, which devises fresh and fresh applications of great Sacramental principles—the Perpetual Adoration for instance, the Quarant' Ore, the Benediction; and for the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, the Month of Mary, the devotion to the Immaculate Heart, and many others—all partaking of a certain character of freedom and joyousness, which the present epoch, in one sense, unquestionably exhibits, though it, too, may be viewed on its gloomy side. *Circumdanda varietatibus*; times change, the world grows worse; and yet she, the daughter of the King, shines more and more, as ages go on, and add successive Saints, and the virtues of successive generations of the Faithful, to that crown which shall adorn her in the heavenly Jerusalem.

But to proceed: Father Faber sketches in an extremely suggestive way several points in which the present times, to a Catholic, differ from other times. Such are the two features we have mentioned; the increase of dogma and consequent enlargement of ceremonial; the fading away of nationalities by the progress of civilisation, and the incessantly increasing facilities of transit—a thing certainly most providential, when we reflect if Australia, for instance, had been colonised in mediæval times, how enormous would have been its distance from the Chair of Peter; again, the manifest greater hold now possessed by the principle of Ultramontanism, both from this and other causes, the immense increase in the numbers of the Catholic Episcopate; the absolute and relative increase of the Catholic population over the world; and lastly, above all, for the object of the Lecture before us, the increased *subjectivity* of modern times; such are some of the points in reference to which the Oratorian looks upon his great Patriarch as peculiarly the Saint of modern times, as peculiarly qualified to deal with and impress them. It is on the last head—viz., that of the *subjectivity* of modern times—that he appears to us to argue most successfully. It

\*Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri, Founder of the Oratory. By Frederick W. Faber, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: Burns and Lambert, 1850.

is obvious that modern times have more of this attribute than earlier ages. The "Confessions of St. Augustine," a book loaded with searching inquiry—the diary of a gigantic Christian intellect, incessantly at work analysing itself in its relation to God—this, indeed, is the great exception, but an exception which proves the rule. Earlier ages had little of self-consciousness; of later ages, for good or for evil, self-consciousness is the prominent characteristic. Hence direction has grown into a science of such vast dimensions, and of such increasing necessity. This idea Father Faber presently brings into juxtaposition with St. Philip Neri's life, and shows how the characteristics of that Saint, and of the disciples and scholars he gathered round him, or inherit his tradition, was adapted in a very special way to grapple with the subjectivity of the age, and to apply to it exactly what it wants—viz., personal influence, as the means, under grace, in contradistinction to other means, of imparting the Catholic character, and of training a highly civilised people in the science of salvation. We have left ourselves no space for commenting on the third and concluding part of this book, in which the lecturer argues the same conclusion still more fully in regard to England in particular.

On the whole, the work before us, combined with Father Newman's Lectures on the difficulties felt by Anglicans, must be regarded certainly as of the utmost interest and importance. Without accepting every view in the Lectures on St. Philip Neri, since of necessity an Oratorian, just like a member of any other order, will affectionately extol his patron, and never weary of proclaiming his praises, we think Father Faber has added a highly remarkable work to our Catholic literature, and has furnished abundant matter for holy meditation to every Catholic heart, and, indeed, to every heart at all interested in England.

These lectures are just the sort of thing, and brought out just at the right time, to take a hold of the young intellects that are being tempted by the glare of Carlyle, Emerson, or the kindred phantoms on Mr. Chapman's publishing table. They are the beginning of a really Catholic literature, in which England has naturally enough been so greatly outstripped by France of the present day. But such works are not merely literary productions; they are important public acts, influencing vast numbers by their determination, and influencing them, too, in spite of protest and resistance, into the attraction of the love of the true Mother of us all.

From the London Correspondent of the Tablet.

London, July 30.

There is not any new news in the Catholic world of London. The *Times* of to-day, in reference to a promised letter from its Roman correspondent, speaks of a list of Cardinals who are to receive the red hat at the same time with Dr. Wiseman. It is a prevalent belief that Dr. Wiseman will be detained abroad, at least for some time; but I do not find the opinion that he will not return anywhere entertained. One statement is, that he will return with the Rev. Dr. Grant, Rector of the English College at Rome, as his coadjutor Bishop. But these rumours I quote merely that you may know what is said upon the subject. We are more liable to unauthorised rumours, as there is less than usual of really interesting matter to engage the mind; it is nearly all retrospect, the First Communion of the young Prince, the grandson of Louis Philippe, standing first in interest. Indeed, that scene appears most strongly and strangely to have impressed the minds of those present: the old King leaned on living crutches, unable to walk, I am told, without the aid of the arms of two friends; the Queen was less failed, but looking old and weak; the Duchess of Orleans fully inspired with the dignity and reverence of the occasion; and that crowd of the short-lived nobles of the Philippean period manifesting no less interest. It was an interesting occasion. The legitimate pretender to the throne of France is the heir of one removed by a violent death, inflicted by a democratic and popular agency; while the Orleans heir is the son of a father no less suddenly removed, by an accident of no such character, but still removed by the visitation of Heaven, and the sorrow of a people who had no respect for his race. Each has his party in France, and it is impossible to say how long the present temporary arrangement may hold, or how suddenly one or other of the aspirants to the throne may be summoned to his seat. A stronger interest was added to the solemn act by the place and time of its occurrence: That England should be the scene of such a ceremony was curious, and the extent of the feeling with which it was observed still more so. Many vows were offered up for the young stranger in the interest of a course which, too swiftly or unadvisedly followed, may prove the rock on which his fortunes may be wrecked. The family are enjoying perfect repose at St. Leonard's, with only questions of the future to agitate them. But even in that quiet retreat, the nucleus of an entangled policy is formed, and the careful observer can trace its gradual unfolding in the events that pass around him, or in the caprices of the statesmen under whom France is really governed.

The Duchess is said to contemplate a visit to her brother-in-law and his Royal bride, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier; but it is not probable that the heir of France should take his way into Spain under existing circumstances.

Circumstances seem working marvellously and mysteriously for the conversion of England. Within and without the church the manifestations are extraordinary. The singular fact of the performance of a religious rite in which the Count de Paris took part, has turned the attention of numbers to the act

itself and its meaning, and the number of conversions promises an early and considerable increase, arising even out of this circumstance. Without the meeting of the Clergy of the Anglican Church, what was there said, and who were there present, with what was unsaid, and with who stayed away, are topics of conversation fruitful of good, in which those who take part foresee no end of difficulties to the Establishment.

#### THE APPROACHING NATIONAL SYNOD.

(From a Correspondent of the Tablet.)

Sir,—As the day of the grand opening of our National Synod draws near, a very important question is frequently asked by the well-wishers of Catholicity in Ireland, and that question is—"What will the Synod decree concerning the ancient Religious Orders in Ireland; will it give them a stimulus to a more perfect status in the country?" The condition of these bodies, so long the sustainers of Catholicity in Ireland through every species of trial and cruel suffering, is truly deserving of the deepest considerations. Want of means to reinstate themselves in the full practice of the solemn and sublime offices of their vocation, has retarded their emersion from the waters of tribulation, into which long-existing persecution has plunged them.

The spirit of religion is, as regards these bodies, to have houses called Religious filled up with communities, and to have these communities practise, in strict discipline, the rules laid down by the founders of each Order of Religious. Now, at the present day, the people of Ireland can form no real estimate of the true sense of the religious life, save in a few cases. The Nuns of Ireland, in their own sphere, do afford a grand exception to the general rule. They are in a condition to practise, and they do practise, their duties. But take a view of the Friars of Ireland, Mount Mellerey excepted, and you see no trace of antiquity in their mode of life. They dress after the fashion of Secular Clergymen. The life they pursue, though virtuous, however, is yet, not the life of the Friar. No one feels this discrepancy between profession and practice so strongly as the Friars themselves. I am a Friar, and I do really long for that happy day when again shall be restored to Ireland the reality of the Conventual life. I am, too, a Prior; but I have no subject present to commune with in spiritual matters, to sustain me by his good example, and to make me feel that I am a Friar. No; and my case is not an exception in Ireland. Here and there, upon the ruins of our old establishments, we are scattered, striving to work out an existence, and to keep alive—alas! how long must that be the phrase?—to keep alive those Institutes that once shed such a lustre over Ireland.

The Friars of Ireland do not ask money from the Synod; but they ask its sanction of their existence, and its protection of their interests. They ask for an encouragement of their labours in such a way as to make them enabled to progress to something like those blessed men whom they succeed in the Church of Ireland.

#### DEATH OF THE LATE REV. DR. FLEMING.

(From the St. John's, Newfoundland, Patriot.)

DIED.—On Sunday night, the 14th instant, at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock, at the Franciscan Monastery of this city, the Right Rev. Michael Anthony Fleming, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland, after a prolonged illness of nearly two years, borne in a spirit of Christian fortitude and resignation. The Rt. Rev. subject of this obituary was born at Carrick-on-Suir, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1792; hence was he at the period of his decease in the fifty-eighth year of age. In early life he was distinguished amongst his school-fellows for an agreeable person, engaging manners, an aptitude for learning, and a mild disposition; his thoughts were directed towards religion by the instructions of his uncle, the Rev. Martin Fleming, a zealous and pious clergyman of the Order of St. Francis, and at his sixteenth year he was received as a novice of that Order in the Franciscan Convent of Wexford, at the hands of the Very Rev. Dr. Scallan, then superior of the house, and subsequently Vicar-Apostolic of Newfoundland. Having finished his studies at an early age, he was ordained some months before the canonical time by special indulgence from the Holy See, and placed at the Convent of Carrick-on-Suir, under the government of his uncle; here he passed some eight years an active missionary, distinguished by his zeal, and earning the love of all around him.—While at Carrick-on-Suir, he re-edified the old Convent Chapel, replacing the dilapidated building by an erection remarkable for the taste with which it was executed; and although this was the first exertion of his singular architectural abilities, its beauty has hardly been eclipsed by any of his subsequent efforts, however numerous.

We have noticed before that his former Superior, the Very Rev. Dr. Scallan, had subsequently been raised to the episcopal dignity, and was appointed to preside over the Roman Catholic population of this Bishoprick; and it will not appear surprising that, finding so few priests in Newfoundland, he should be solicitous to induce a young gentleman whose progress in college he had witnessed, and who had even then awakened his esteem, to join him; but although for years he sought to bring about this happy consummation, it was not till the year 1823 that he finally succeeded; but so tenderly was the Rev. Father Michael Fleming loved, not only by his good and kind uncle, his beloved parents and family, but by the entire population of Carrick, of every religious persuasion, that in order to save the finer feelings of his nature, he secretly took his leave of his native country.

In the fall of 1823, therefore, he first set his foot on the soil of Newfoundland, who was pre-ordained to advance, in an unmeasured degree, the general interests of the country, and until the year 1829 he continued to win the love of all around him in the zealous discharge of his arduous duties of missionary in St. John's.

On the 28th of October, of the last-mentioned year, he was consecrated bishop of Carpasia, "in partibus Fidelium," and appointed Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Newfoundland, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Scallan having previously postulated for him, and shortly afterwards, on that Rt. Rev. Prelate's having died, Dr. Fleming assumed in full the onerous duties of the episcopacy.

From that until the present period, Dr. Fleming lived not for himself, but for his people; for their advantage he put forth every energy; all his exertions were devoted to the amelioration of their moral, their religious, their social condition; he was amongst the earliest to arouse by his example the public attention to the importance of agriculture; his unwearied efforts to procure the formation of roads, when land communication, even to the nearest settlements, was all but impossible; his noble sacrifice in establishing schools, in multiplying the means of communicating religious instruction to his people, even in the most remote districts; his general and untiring desire to promote a taste for architecture, both civil and ecclesiastical, his labors to call the attention of distant countries to the condition of long-neglected and almost unknown or forgotten Newfoundland; all these testify the deep debt of gratitude due to the memory of this truly great man.

How could we in a moment review his touching letters, teaching all countries the story of the wants, the neglects of our poor country! How shall we be expected to delineate the single-minded prelate, attracting to our rude shores, and entirely at his own expense, those talented and gifted ladies of the Presentation Order, and, again, of the Order of Mercy, to diffuse a sound, a virtuous, a religious, and withal an elegant education amongst the female portion of the community! But above all, and before all, how is it possible to impart even an idea of the sacrifice made by Dr. Fleming in the erection of churches? Before his time there was not in the entire island an edifice that merited the name; all were of wood, and indeed of the most unpretending character.

We have seen how, in a very few years, he raised very beautiful churches at Petty Harbor, Portugal Cove, and Torbay; and how under him arose the exquisite churches of Brigus and Bay Bulls—nay, in almost every district of the island. The Cathedral, however, has been that building upon which he seems to have staked all—for, in his zeal for its construction, we have little hesitation in saying he sacrificed a life so valuable. We have seen him living weeks together at Kelly's Island, assisting the laborers in quarrying building stone, and then up to his middle in water, helping them to load the vessels with materials. We witnessed his voyages across the Atlantic, wherein he sailed over sixty thousand miles of ocean for its accomplishment—could all this have been, and not wear down even an iron constitution!—He has at length failed under these superhuman exertions—and when he insisted on being brought to assist in the public opening of this magnificent temple, in January last, we saw bowed down before his time, and as if seeking a place to deposit his remains, the wreck of him who had sacrificed all for the good, the welfare, and the happiness of the people, for the promotion of the knowledge of his Heavenly Master. Shortly after this he resigned all the temporalities of the See into the hands of his distinguished coadjutor, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mullock, and retired into the beautiful Monastery which remains as an additional memorial of his piety and taste. And now it only remains for us to turn to profit all his instructions, and to endeavor to fulfil his wishes, by lending our special co-operation to the successor he has specially chosen—a prelate distinguished alike in religion and literature.—Communicated.

DEATH OF THE REV. EDWARD FOX.—The Rev. Edward Fox, late Pastor of the United Missions of Lynchburg and Wytheville, Va., departed this life on Saturday 3rd inst., in the 40th year of his age, and the eighth of his ministry. He was born in Croon, county of Limerick, Ireland.—*New York Freeman's Journal, August 17th.*

We have just been informed that his Grace, the Lord Primate has signified to the government his refusal to accept the situation of Commissioner of Charitable Donations and Bequests—vacant since the death of His Grace, the late lamented Dr. Croly.—*Dublin Nation, August 3rd.*

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM.—Two distinguished converts have been received into the Catholic church by the Rev. Dr. Crowe, native of Limerick, now attached to the English mission, and officiating in Bath; the Misses Woodwards, highly respectable, amiable, and accomplished ladies, nieces of Lord Middleton, and of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Broderick, Rector of Abby Church, Bath, are the parties. The Rev. Mr. Crowe was presented about three weeks since with a splendid piece of plate by his grateful and attached parishioners; and converts are every day flocking to the Rev. gentleman's fold.—*Limerick Examiner.*

On Sunday, the 28th ult., the sacrament of confirmation was administered to nearly 500 children in the parish church of St. John's, Kilkenny, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. The entire ceremony was of the most interesting and impressive character.—*Tablet.*

THE INFALLIBILITY AND MARKS OF THE CHURCH—PROVED FROM CHRIST'S INTENTION IN ITS INSTITUTION.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal, August 17th.)

[We received the following from a Rev. and respected correspondent.]

Christ has established a Church for ALL generations, because He died for all, and, in order to answer this purpose, His Church must never cease to teach His doctrine.—Christ's doctrine is infallible; hence a church, that never ceases to teach it, is infallible.

There cannot be two infallible doctrines on the same subject, because either one of them would prove the other to be fallible, or both would be the same, and they would not be two, but one doctrine. Hence there cannot be two infallible churches, and consequently the infallible Church of Christ is essentially ONE.

The unholliness of a doctrine necessarily involves the denial of truth, which is essentially holy, as coming from God. Hence an infallible church, that cannot teach but the truth, can never teach an unholy doctrine, and she is essentially HOLY.

Christ has established His Church for all, as we have observed, and therefore He intended that she should be Catholic or universal. But Christ can never fail in His purpose. Hence His Church is Catholic.

The Apostles were the first Pastors of the Church, which, according to the will of Christ, must have continued constantly teaching His doctrine to every generation. Therefore we must commence from the Apostles, and continue to the present day, in order to find out the Church of Christ. Hence the Church of Christ is APOSTOLIC.

Hence the Church of Christ is infallible, and she is ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC.

Inferences.—None of the Protestant churches are infallible, and, moreover, all of them deny the infallibility of the Church. Hence none of them is the Church of Christ; and consequently none of them can be holy, for holiness is only from Christ; neither can any of them be Catholic, for their fallibility prevents universality, and moreover we know their recent commencement, which also proves that they are not Apostolic. But Christ has a Church on earth, and none is left to be that, but the Roman Catholic Church. Hence she is the Church of Christ, of which many other proofs have been given by the theologians.

#### JUSTICE IN ULSTER.

Our attention has been drawn by a correspondent to the sentences passed by Judge Torrens in a couple of cases of manslaughter, tried at the late assizes—the one at Lifford, Donegal, the other at Derry. The convict in the first case was a Roman Catholic, named William Downes; in the second, the criminal, whose name is Ross, was, we are told, an Orangeman. The former was indicted for manslaughter, and was, with great difficulty, convicted of that offence, after the jury, who wished to find a verdict for riot only, had been thrice remanded by the learned Judge. The indictment in the second case charged the crime of wilful murder; the evidence was clear and conclusive; but as the crime appears to have been committed without premeditation, a verdict of manslaughter was returned. Accordingly, Mr. Justice Torrens sentenced Ross, the Orangeman, to twelve months' imprisonment, and Downes, the Roman Catholic, to ten years' transportation.

Brief reports of both trials will be found in another column. Our readers will, we think, be puzzled to discover what it was which constituted the extra enormity of the offence which Judge Torrens visited with a long transportation, unless it were the difficulty his Lordship found in extracting a verdict from the jury. To a non-legal mind, the crime of Ross—that of stabbing, with scarcely the slightest provocation—seems far more heinous than that of Downes, who was simply convicted of participating in a party riot, in which the life of a man was unhappily lost. It may be perfectly just and necessary to repress party rioting by the strong arm of the law; but that is not to be done simply by making a severe example of one unfortunate rioter, and letting hundreds of others, who are equally guilty, escape scot free.

The following Memorial from the jury who convicted Downes has been presented to Mr. Justice Torrens. We trust it may have the effect of staying the execution of a sentence which seems so vastly disproportioned to the offence, especially when contrasted with the very lenient punishment inflicted in the other case to which we have referred:—

The Queen against William Downes.

We, the members of the jury who tried the prisoner in this cause, and returned a verdict of guilty against him for the manslaughter of Robert Clarke, beg to represent to the Hon. Judge Torrens, that we believed he had not any direct participation in the assault made upon the deceased Robert Clarke, and that he was not the person by whom the stone which took away his life was thrown; but we were satisfied, upon the evidence adduced before us, that he did participate in a breach of the peace which took place after Clarke received the injury, and therefore found him guilty of riot, which finding, we changed into a verdict of manslaughter entirely under the direction of your lordship, and being informed that, being guilty of riot, he was guilty of the manslaughter, which was committed in the riot.

Many of us are acquainted for several years with the prisoner. We know him to be a quiet, inoffensive and well-conducted man, and therefore respectfully recommend him to your lordship's merciful consideration.

(Signed)  
Bernard Doherty, Mathew Murray,  
Foreman, Richard Gregg,  
Robert Russell, Samuel Kennedy,  
Robert Graham, James Blackwood,  
Finley Gregg, Moses Gregg,  
John Doherty, Joseph Scott,  
Andrew Glass.

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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTRÉAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1850.

### WHO ARE THE MARONITES?

This question has been repeatedly asked, to our own knowledge, within the last few weeks, by certain of our people who, though well disposed to give their mite for their relief, yet knew nothing more of them than that they are Catholics, and in distress. All have seen Father Flavianus—assisted when he offered up the Holy Sacrifice in one or other of our churches—and all have, we trust, given more or less towards relieving the extreme wants of his distant flock. Yet still they ask—“Who are these Maronites? We answer in few words, they are a nation who have nothing in common with us, except humanity, and faith. They are the ancient and Apostolical Christians of Syria—the remnant of one of the churches founded by the Apostles. They are poor, and persecuted, and shut in from all the rest of Christendom, by mountains, and seas, and rivers, and, worse still, by the tyrant power of the infidel, yet have they preserved pure and unsullied the faith transmitted to them from the Apostles, and such being the case, they are our brethren in the faith—attached as we are to the Chair of Peter—having truly “the one faith,” than which there must be, can be none other. They are almost entirely unacquainted with human learning, but they are versed in the science of the Saints—little know they of the various nations of the earth, for they are not allowed either rest or means that might enable them to study. Few amongst them know any thing of these remote climes of ours, but they know—for faith teaches them—that the Church of which they are members, is spread over all the earth—one, great, and universal,—and so, in their distress—when the rod of the oppressor smites them most heavily—when their churches are pillaged and destroyed—their altars overthrown, and their sanctuaries defiled with all abomination—they raise their voice and cry aloud to their brethren in the faith,—beseeching the nations of the Catholic World that they put forth a hand to save them from the common enemy. And why should their cry be heard without emotion? What catholic heart does not beat, responsive to their piteous lamentations? True, they dwell—these Maronites—where flourished of old the cedars of Lebanon—true, they differ from us in language, in customs, in lineage—nay, in what do they agree with us as far as worldly things are concerned?—but still they are our brethren—our very dear, because persecuted brethren—they have their hopes anchored, like ours, with the fisherman's bark—Pius the Ninth is their father, as he is ours. They, like us, offer up the daily sacrifice—the clean sacrifice of the New Law, although the ceremonies accompanying that august act of commemoration are with them somewhat different, and the service recited in a different language—but what of that?—the belief is still the same. They, too, have their faith nourished and strengthened by the bread that giveth life to the world! and we, therefore, may reasonably hope that with us they shall “rise on the last day.” They are, in short, members as we are of the one great society, of which Christ's Vicar is the visible head—they, in their Syrian deserts, form part and parcel of the living body of the faithful, and are embraced within the vast circle—the earth-grasping circle of the Church Catholic and Apostolic. Let us, then, reach out the hand of succor to these suf-

fering members of Christ—they are truly in a militant condition, for with them the age of martyrdom is not yet past, though for ages they have been tortured, and persecuted for the faith—yet are they still under the arm of the tyrant, and the Ottoman government of to-day is pretty much to the Christians of Palestine—to these good and faithful Maronites, what the Roman emperors—the Diocletians, and the Neros, and the Trajans, were to the primitive faithful. They are in the hands of the enemy—we are free: they are poor and downtrodden—we have received wherewith to relieve them—let us then do it, remembering always St. Paul's injunction, to provide, in the first place, for the wants of “the household of faith.”

What proud and triumphant thoughts filled our minds, and lifted them in thanksgiving to Heaven, as we assisted at the mass when offered up by this Syrian priest!—this messenger from the far-off east. Truly the occasion was and is one of great interest to our Catholic community, since it may remind us of the fidelity with which the promises have all been fulfilled for us—how our faith has been taught, as commanded, to “all nations,” and how the Gentiles have come in from the east and from the west, and sat down at the table of the Lord. How the Eucharistic Sacrifice is offered up daily—as the inspired Malachi foretold—even to the uttermost ends of the earth, and how Christ himself—the vital principle of the church—keeps the faith he planted alive in the minds and hearts of men throughout all the world, notwithstanding the united efforts of the world, the flesh, and the devil—heresy and infidelity—to destroy it. And then what a beautiful proof is the thorough orthodoxy of this Syrian Church, of the extreme antiquity—the Apostolic origin of our holy faith! Here they are, and have been—shut in amid the deserts of Palestine, from time immemorial—debarred from contact with their co-religionists to any considerable extent—reviled and persecuted for the faith, yet believing precisely the same now as we do—we, the dwellers in the frozen north—the children of “the isles of the sea.”

We now give an article on this subject, which recently appeared in the *Mélanges*, going somewhat into detail on the history and position of the Maronites. Be it also premised that our venerable Bishop has put forth an earnest appeal to his people on behalf of this suffering portion of the church. Let us all then give what we can—much or little as it may be—and let all join in prayer that God may look down with pity on these desolate Christians of Palestine. Let us invoke for them the Mother of Our Lord, She to whom “none ever sued in vain”—beseeching Her to assist them by Her powerful intercession, that their enemies may no longer triumph over them, and ask deridingly “Where is their God?”

We analyse a touching letter of the Bishop of Lida, an excellent speech of M. de Montalambert in the French Tribune, and several articles from various journals, which have sent forth to the astonished world, the piteous cry of an expiring nation, that of the Maronites. We must be forgiven if we give but a rapid sketch of a subject which ought to be given in detail. But our readers can, if they will, have recourse to the same sources whence we have drawn, and refer to the 9th vol. of the *Mélanges Religieuses*, page 49, 545, and 724. We have, however, to premise that our whole object is to prove that the Maronites are thrice worthy of compassion; because that their position, geographical, political, and religious, renders them trebly unhappy.

1st. *Their geographical position.* The Maronites inhabit Mount Lebanon. The hapless remains of the ancient Christians of Syria, and ever true to the faith, they sought in the rocks and precipices of that famous mountain, a shelter from the cruel oppression of the Saracens, against which they had long struggled with success. The Drusians, a barbarous and infidel nation, have gradually made their way into the Maronite country, so that Lebanon is now inhabited by two distinct races, and is divided into the Drusian district, the Maronite district, and the Mixed district. This mixture goes far to shew what the Maronites have to suffer on the part of the Drusians. What we are about to say of their political and religious position will make it still more evident.

2nd. *Their political and religious position.* The Maronites and the Drusians were independent till towards the end of the sixteenth century, when Amurad the Third, Emperor of Constantinople, reduced them under his domination. He at first gave them as governor a Musselman Prince; but, soon finding that it could not always restrain them in obedience, the Turkish government concluded that the wisest course was to give them rulers of their own nation, reserving over them the rights of sovereignty.

It may be easily imagined that the Turkish government, the sworn foe of the Christian religion, would give every advantage to the infidel Drusians over the Maronite Catholics, in making choice of the princes who were to govern both nations. This was actually the case; but through the intervention of France, the Drusians who ruled the little state of Libanus, were at length forced to choose Maronite ministers. Certain noble Mahometan families, established in the country, having embraced the Catholic faith, and

having subsequently attained power, the Maronites were so fortunate as to be governed, for about forty years, by princes of their own religion. The Emir Bechir having been dethroned by the fall of the Egyptian government, the two Christian princes who succeeded him were princes but in name, and were never able to recover the supreme authority.

The Turkish government not finding itself yet strong enough to make the Christians of Lebanon subject to the Drusians, sought in the meantime to carry out its designs in part. To that end they created in 1843, two princes, one Maronitish, and the other Drusian. Then, by a stroke of policy worthy of the Sublime Porte, it brought thirty thousand Maronites under the dominion of the Drusian prince, hoping thereby to enable him to crush the Christians. Such was the origin of the war which broke out between the rival nations, and the cause of the existing misery of the Maronite Christians.

But the Turkish government went still further with its oppressive intervention. They marched their troops through the country, suffering them as they went to perpetrate such cruelties as had not yet marked the civil war. So far, therefore, from restoring order, their progress did but loment and increase the existing anarchy. Yet even this was not enough to satisfy the gloomy hatred of the Turks for these Christians of Lebanon. Under pretence of seeking to reconcile the two races who were waging deadly war against each other, the government sent an agent to the belligerent parties, invested with high authority. Chekil Effendi, as this perfidious diplomatist was called, had no sooner arrived in Syria, than he ordered a general disarmament.

He commenced operations on the 16th of October, 1843, by disarming the Maronites, giving warning at the same time to the Christian Cheicks, and he proceeded in this way. The census had been taken in 1840, previous to the breaking out of the civil war, which had of course grievously thinned the population. They calculated in this manner—each village had then 150 guns. Now in 1843, the inhabitants of course said: “We have not now more than fifty or sixty warriors, and how can you require of us 150 muskets?” The answer was: “Give us 150 muskets! if you have not so many, you must go and buy them; otherwise, you shall be beaten and tortured, every one of you—priests, women, old men, and children!” But what aggravated very considerably this odious extortion, was the fact that the Maronites had been already disarmed. The worst of all was, however, that the Drusians were only disarmed in a sham way, notwithstanding that they, being the aggressors, should have been first deprived of their arms. It was a strange sight, surely, to see the Maronites going to purchase arms of the Drusians to give up to the Turkish government; and be it remarked that it was their own arms they were thus buying back from their enemies.

As, notwithstanding all that, the number fixed by the Ottoman ministry had not been obtained, the authorities, under pretence of recovering concealed arms, poured in on this unhappy people bodies of regular troops, who, with the assistance of the Drusians, carried fire and sword to the very heart of their country. Horrors probably unknown in the most barbarous ages were then unscrupulously perpetrated. Women were violated, and put to the torture, priests were scourged, and hung with their heads downward, the Bishops were bastinadoed, and the holy Sacrament dragged through the mire. At Balda, the infidels amused themselves with whipping the monks, and compelling them to dance the dervish. These torments were repeated even to the tenth time.

These distressing details are confirmed by the English, French, and German journals, and even by the Franco-Turkish, published at Smyrna. Let it suffice to quote here the testimony of the famous Napier, who was, as every one knows, the principal actor in the expulsion of Mehemet Ali from Syria, and who figured most prominently in the bombardment of Beyrout in 1840. Here is what he said in Edinburgh, when they gave him there the freedom of the city:

“The government sent us into Syria to deliver that province from Mehemet Ali; but I regret having to declare that its inhabitants have fallen under a despotism ten thousand times worse. The most painful recollection of my life is my having assisted in expelling the Paeha of Egypt from Syria, and aiding the Turks to establish amongst the Christians of Lebanon,—that last and truly noble remnant of Asiatic Christianity—the most inimious government which has ever existed.”

The diplomatist, Chekil Effendi, who is said to have been of Lord Palmerston's school, has joined to the most grievous wrong, insult and outrage the most revolting. For, having gathered together the remains of the Maronite nation, he assured them, in fine official slang, that the Grand Signor, who was “as wise as Solomon and as valiant as Alexander,” would grant them a general pardon, because “he would not that his subjects should have aught to suffer.”

Now it is easy to conclude what is the situation both political and religious, of the Maronite Christians. On the one side, they have to live among the Drusians, who have no other religion than a remnant of paganism; and on the other, they are under the Ottoman yoke. They are besides open to the great schism of Russia, who, as all the world knows, exercises her colossal power in the East for the purpose of snatching from the bosom of Catholic unity any nation that she can seduce. But this is not all: the Biblical Missionaries are there, like elsewhere, laboring with their tracts to destroy Catholicity. The Drusians pay their court to them, accepting their books, in which they have no belief, and receiving in return all sorts of caresses. This is, no doubt, a grievous temptation for the poor suffering Maronites, for it may be easily understood that they are ex-

remely ignorant, especially now that they have been so long the victims of cruelty and oppression the most unheard of. Persecution, misery, and ignorance weigh, therefore, with fearful weight, on the unhappy Christians of the Levant. They stand in need of assistance, and to whom shall they call if not to their brethren, the Christians of the West? We shall now leave the Bishop of Lida to paint their wretched condition, in a letter which he addressed to a Maronite priest, then in Paris:

“It is impossible to form any just idea of the losses we have sustained, since our enemies have a second time ravaged our country—are we not entirely in the power of these cruel foes, the spoilers of our little wealth? They have, a second time, burned the buildings of the Episcopal residence, and also our school, which you and I had rebuilt on the original plan. They have once more robbed us of everything, and also of what belonged to the school. The value of the different articles which they have carried off, may amount to \$150,000, exclude of the chalices reserved for the use of the Episcopacy. All—all—is now in possession of the unfeeling Drusians. We find ourselves alone amongst our enemies, deprived of all things, excepting only the garment which we wear. *May the name of the Lord be blessed!*”

We can add nothing to these words, which rend the very heart, and inundate the soul with the bitterness of grief. Our only solace is that we have it in our power, by our generous contributions, to give some relief to these our suffering brethren. Give them, let us conclude with our Bishop, and God himself will restore what you give—you, even an hundred fold!

### LAYS (?) OF THE COLPORTEURS.

Aut.—“Here's one to a very doleful tune: How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adder's heads and toads carabadoed.”  
Mor.—“Is it true, think you?”  
Aut.—“Very true; and but a month old.”—*Winter's Tale.*

Now Autolychus was a Colporteur: altho' he is irreverently put down as a rogue amongst the *Dramatis Personæ*: however, *l'un n'empêche pas l'autre*. More lucky than his brethren in Canada, inasmuch as he found no difficulty in disposing of his trumpery, whilst the poor Canadian Colporteur is hardly able to get rid of the contents of his pack, even when offered as a gift. Evidently the Bohemians were more easily gulled than are the French Canadians: at least, such was the impression made upon us by the perusal of the *French Canadian Missionary Society's Record* for the month of July, 1850.

But what is this same F. C. M. Society? may be asked by some of our Catholic readers.

The F. C. M. Society is a society which professes, funny enough, to be formed upon a Catholic basis:—its object, the converting of us poor Papists to some undefined phase of Protestantism:—its weapons, the dissemination of Tracts and Scriptures amongst the Catholic laity, and the periodical publication of calumnies against the Catholic Clergy of Canada. Pretty little Autolychian ballads these latter, whose “delicate burden” consists of anathema of Pope and Priest, with cruelly sarcastic allusions to the Scarlet Woman of Babylon.

The Society numbers amongst its members gentlemen of whom we have no intention to speak with disrespect—gentlemen who, we are sure, would not, knowingly, lend the sanction of their names to the silly falsehoods; a few of which we intend to lay before our readers. We are pretty certain that the majority of those whose names appear as office-bearers and committee-men of the F. C. M. Society, were ignorant of the contents of the *Record*, until it was delivered at their doors, and that they never gave themselves the trouble to enquire into the truth or falsity of its contents. No, we do not tax these gentlemen with the intention to deceive. We believe rather, that they are themselves deceived; that they are what our old friend, Tony Weller, calls, “Victims of Gammon;”—deceived by their Agents, and, perhaps, a little blinded by the ridiculous aversion they bear towards Catholicity, and to all that is called Priest.

But from the Society itself, let us turn to the *Record* of its transactions.

However great the expectations, the performance has been meagre enough. With little cause for exultation over the past, there is—as, of course, there always is—a lively hope for the future. As far as we can judge from the *Record* now before us, it seems that about sixty persons have given evidence of conversion, that twenty have left the Church, and that seventy-six children of both sexes are actually undergoing the process of a Protestant education in the Schools connected with the Mission, of whom five have given evidence of a change of heart, and have been admitted members of the little Church at the Institute; whilst at the School at Belle Rivière a few little girls are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, needlework, and the way of salvation.

By means of the Colporteurs, or Bible Pedlars, within the last seven months and a half, 4 Bibles, 73

Testaments, 7 Volumes, and 396 Tracts have been distributed, and a large amount of libels against the Catholic Clergy collected. And here we would remark that in this branch of the business the Colporteurs have not used their employers well. We do not know how they are paid—whether by the month or the job:—but they are dear at any price.

We saw, some time ago, an advertisement, by which the Committee of the Bible Society announced their desire to job an Apostle for Canada East, at the rate of £150 a-year: said Apostle, we suppose, to find himself in tea and sugar:—from which it seems that Evangelization is a very profitable speculation in this country. Now, we offer to furnish, by means of the little boy at our office, any number of lies against the Clergy, that may be required, upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest possible notice, and which, in addition to an unlimited amount of effrontery, shall possess a merit which the Colporteurs' stories have not, viz., a semblance of truth. We would add, a large amount of well-authenticated cases of Catholic persecutions against Protestants, always on hand.

In perusing these Lays of the Colporteurs, we find ourselves irresistibly carried back to the days of our tender infancy. The Nursery rises vividly before us, with all its bread and butter, and the voice of that good old lady who used to initiate us into the mystic lore of Jack the Giant Killer and Puss in Boots, is again ringing in our ears. The names alone are changed: Jack has subsided into a Colporteur, whilst the Ogres, horrid monsters, who retire to rest with gold crowns on their heads, and their stomachs oppressed by a too hearty meal on underdone roast children, are represented by the Priests. We recommend these legends to all lovers of light fiction. Light they are! Oh! how very light. Exciting, and yet the excitement is never carried to an unhealthy pitch. Here will they read—How big stones were thrown into a house, "one of which fell at the feet of a little child, two years old, which would have killed him!" how a whole family was left entirely destitute of privileges, and, oh! unheard of calamity, subsisted for some indefinite period on the Word of God, and on prayer." What were the sufferings of Ugolino and his sons compared with this? The reader's feelings will be excited when he sees how dogs were set upon Colporteurs; only the dogs—certainly they must have been dogs of Evangelical principles—did not bite. But it is time to let the Colporteurs speak for themselves. Listen then to

*The first Colporteur's story.*

"The master of the house told us of several miracles which had been recounted by the bishop and the vicar-general in the church of S., which will give the friends of the gospel an idea of what these poor priests teach their parishioners to lead them in the way of salvation.

"Two boys were playing on a Sabbath day, or holiday, in front of a church. One of them, from some cause, becoming angry began to curse and swear, when the other reproving him said—how is it that you are not ashamed to swear in that manner before the house of God, in the presence of the good God? (this was a statue placed on the front of the church.) In his anger, the wicked youth seizing a stone, threw it with such force against the image, that it broke off one of the arms. The moment that it fell, the young man sunk down into the earth up to the girdle. The priest came in order to convert him, but without success—he only swore the more terribly.

"At length came the bishop, or vicar-general, for the same purpose, but found himself equally powerless. After many ineffectual endeavors, this dignitary, perceiving that there was nothing but a medal that prevented him sinking into the earth altogether, took it away, and he was swallowed up in a moment."

Why, oh! why, did not the F. C. M. Society give us the name of the parish where this is said to have occurred? also, the name of the Bishop or Vicar-general who narrated the above legend? Is it that they were afraid? or, were they ashamed of their precious bargain, D. Amaron, Colporteur? Did they expect rational beings to believe, upon the bare assertion of such a thing as this D. Amaron, Colporteur, that Bishops of the Church would be guilty of such absurd falsehoods? No, they hoped it would pass current without any enquiry. We call upon them to give the names of the parties alluded to, or else we will give an appropriate title to the legend itself.

D. Amaron is a sanguine man, as witness.

*1st. Colporteur disposes of some Testaments, and hazards a conjecture.*

"The Lord, by His grace, gladdened our hearts by inclining several persons to procure for themselves His precious word. If 14 New Testaments should be the means of bringing eternal life to a number of souls, the joy will be great in Heaven."

We cannot say what may take place in heaven; if 14 or any number of the mutilated versions of Holy Writ, which the Colporteurs distribute, be the means of bringing one soul to life eternal, great will be our surprise upon earth.

*1st. Colporteur transacts a little piece of business, and babbles about the love of the Holy Book.*

"We found a shoemaker at St. D. who had a small

New Testament. It was given me by a Protestant, said he, 'and there are some who say that it is a Protestant book.' The name Protestant, said I, is one that has been given to it by men, for the book is the Word of God—it is the Christian's treasure, and the best that he could have given you. After a little further conversation, he asked me if I would give him a Bible for two pair of shoes. Those who love the holy book of God will understand with what pleasure I agreed to his proposition."

We knew that in China Protestant Bibles were in great request, as the covers suited admirably for making slippers, and thus enabled the Chinese literally to fulfil the apostolic precept of being shod "with a preparation of the Gospel of Peace." We did not expect to find a very similar process established in Canada. We only hope the shoes were a good fit, and then how beautiful must have been the feet of D. Amaron.

But we must hurry on in order to introduce to our readers, certainly the most remarkable man in the country, Antoine Moret.

*2nd. Colporteur's story.*

"A habitant who has given attention to the Gospel for some time, and who begins to understand something of the truth, stopped one day at a house where he had business to transact, some two or three miles from his home. Scarcely had he entered when the master of the house said to him, 'You receive this Bible-reader into your house?' Yes, replied the other, and what do you think about it? Do you believe it is well to do so? Certainly, he replied, 'I must believe so. I have heard him also, and he reads nothing but the Gospel, and those who do as he teaches are sure to be saved.'"

There is infallibility for you—no longer residing in Pope or Council, but in the person of Antoine Moret. Oh! F. C. M. Society—F. C. M. Society, oh! what have you been about? Why has your light been so long concealed from mortal ken, beneath a bushel. "Wherefore," would we ask with Sir Toby Belch, "are these things hid, and wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?" And yet even the infallible Antoine Moret seems to have lucid intervals, and an occasional consciousness that he well deserves to be written down an ass, as for instance when he uttered the following prayer, to the conclusion of which we say—Amen, with all our heart.

*2nd. Colporteur, feeling himself pious, utters a prayer.*

"Oh! that the Lord would . . . give wisdom and prudence to those who carry about His word and read it."—AMEN.

So would Colporteurs refrain from writing and F. C. M. Societies from publishing such trash.

André Solandt stands next in order amongst these farcical gentry. He is much puzzled by the conduct of an old lady who sings a comic song, and professes to be more willing to see her son a drunkard than a Protestant. The old lady was right. Drunkenness is a vice more easily cured than is spiritual pride, the root of all Protestantism. But, there is Balm in Gilead, even for André Solandt: he soon meets with a mother who makes a better choice, that is, who refuses to have her child baptized by a Priest. Here is the story. In a certain family an interesting event had just occurred. The "guide wife" found herself in a "situation which," as Mrs. Gamp would say, "happy is the man which has his quiver full of sich;"—in other words, an interesting stranger had just made his first appearance upon the stage of this world. The gossips were, as may be supposed, much excited and sent for the Priest; though the midwife, to our fancy, would have been "more convenient." But we must let André Solandt tell it in his own language.

"June 1. I set out for S. R., where I found our friends truly rejoicing. They have had severe trials since I saw them last. The priest has paid them a visit. What took place on that occasion follows. A young member had just been added to the family. No sooner was this known to the neighbors, than, unknown to the mother, they called in the priest. The first thing he did, on his arrival, was to administer the sacrament to all who would receive it."

Now, this did puzzle us. What sacrament could the good man mean? Evidently, not the Sacrament of Baptism, for the mother refused to have the child baptized: nor of Confirmation, for none but a Bishop can administer the Sacrament of Confirmation; and it does not appear that the Priest laid violent hands on those within the house: nor of the Lord's Supper, for the Church never permits this to be administered in private houses, unless as the Viaticum, or in cases of extreme urgency; besides, from the second century at least, She has always insisted that its recipients shall have fasted from the previous midnight, and shall be in a state of grace: nor could it have been the Sacrament of Penance, of which sacrament the principal part—Contrition, cannot be given by the Priest, and the second—Confession, requires a degree of secrecy and retirement which a lying-in chamber can never afford: nor yet of Extreme Unction, for nobody in the house seems to have been in immediate danger of death; nor of Holy Orders,—none but a Bishop can confer these; and our Evangelical friends would do well to remember that

with Catholics, Ordination is a more serious affair than the farce which they enact upon occasion of a Harmonious Call. Neither could it have been the Sacrament of Matrimony: however willing the young ladies might have been to enter upon the Holy State, we do think that they would have objected to the unceremonious mode of its administration. Much were we troubled for a season, until we remembered that André Solandt was a Colporteur, and that it in no way appears in their agreement with their employers, that Colporteurs are bound over to keep the truth.

Some Colporteurs have the gift of preaching and making converts: that is, they have the "gift of the gab very galloping," as Tony Weller says. Other Colporteurs have the gift of disposing of Bibles—for old shoes—we suppose, like D. Amaron. Would the F. C. M. Society inform us what they suppose to be the special gift of André Solandt?

André Solandt then continues his legend.

*3rd. Colporteur's story continued.*

"When this ceremony was finished, he approached the sick woman and asked, if she did not wish to have her child baptized? She replied, that she did. Upon which the priest advanced to take up the child; but the mother, putting her arm over it, said, 'It is not for you to do it, Sir, but for a minister of the Gospel.' 'But,' said the priest, 'if your child should die without being baptized, are you willing to suffer the consequence?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I put my child into the arms of Jesus, that He may take care of its salvation—for, you know, it is his blood that washes away sin; and, further, that it is written that he who believeth and is baptized, shall be saved.' 'That,' said the priest, 'is in your Bible, but it is not in ours.' 'Sir,' said she, 'give me yours, and I will shew you that it is in that also.' 'In mine,' said the priest, it is 'He who believeth that he is baptized shall be saved.' 'Wretch,' said she, 'how dare you wrest the Word of God in such a manner; and even if it were so, my child could not believe that he is baptized, for he does not know as much as that he is in the world.' On this the priest went away."

The shortest way of dealing with such nonsense, is, to give it the lie at once.

A. Solandt makes a serious charge against a Priest;—the *onus probandi* rests with him or with his employers. Let them give the names of the parties,—let them speak out like men. Call things and places by their right names. Call Montreal—Montreal, and Quebec—Quebec: but don't call Trois Rivières—T. R., and the parish of Sorel—a Cauliflower. But we think our readers have had enough of Colporteurs' stories. See one, see all. A terrible accident occurs to a Colporteur, Baptiste Aubin, who presents the word of God to something or another, as a soldier would his "piece."

*The Story of Baptiste Aubin.*

"Thence continuing my journey, I stopped at a house and presented the word of God to them, but they did not wish to receive it. A man who was holding a pipe in his hand, was so enraged, that he bruised it to dust; [whether the pipe or the word of God, is not very clearly set down.]"

Much more there is of terrible contests betwixt Priests and Colporteurs, in which the latter are always victorious. Much is there of the usual slang of the Conventicle, which we have not time to notice. We must conclude, for the present, with noticing a theological contest between a little girl who had been two years at Mrs. Tanner's school, and the priest of her parish. The little girl makes two important revelations, communicated to her, doubtless, at Mrs. Tanner's school: one is, "that Luther was a great man and a servant of God." From which we conclude that Mrs. Tanner does not use Luther's Table Talk, as one of her school books, and that Luther's peculiar opinions upon marriage, as evidenced in his correspondence with Phillip, of Hesse, and his famous sermon preached at Wurtemberg, All-Saints Day, 1522, are not made the subjects of the Saturday night's exercise. We should like to see our Evangelicals reproducing the Table Talk, the Correspondence and the Sermon alluded to. We suppose a regard to decency will prevent that. We would furnish them with a few extracts, only we fear they will not bear translating.

The other important revelation is, "That the New Testament itself says that nothing is to be added to it, and nothing taken away." This statement the little girl, parrot-like, repeats after what she has been taught at Mrs. Tanner's school,—the voice is as the voice of a little girl, but the words are as the words of a missionary,—and they certainly presuppose that somewhere or other in the New Testament is decided what is and what is not to be considered as the Canon of the New Testament; for to forbid to add to, or to take away from an unknown quantity, is an absurdity. Well, we did try to find out where the passage alluded to occurs. At first we suspected that some body had been imposing on the little girl, and taught her to believe that the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the 22nd chapter of the Apocalyptic Vision contained the injunction in question,—that, taking advantage of the circumstance, that printers and book-binders place this book last in order of the Canon of Scripture, and in the same

volume, he had persuaded this poor girl that the passage had reference to all the preceding books, and not to "the book of this prophecy," as expressly stated. But we scouted this hypothesis as too improbable; for, surely, we said, missionaries,—evangelical men, would never be guilty of such a monstrous, such a palpable lie,—such an impudent perversion of scripture. We, therefore, take this opportunity of requesting of the F. C. M. Society, to inform us where in the New Testament "it is forbidden to add to, or to take away from" the books of the New Testament. As the most important literary discovery of the XIX. century, it ought to be made public, and not kept hidden for a long time, like the infallibility of Antoine Moret.

Here endeth the first Fytte of the Lays of the Colporteurs.

(To be continued.)

We have inspected with more than usual pleasure, mingled with no little pride, a BOOK OF SPECIMENS OF PRINTING TYPES, cast at the Montreal Type Foundry, of which Mr. Palsgrave is proprietor. In these young days of Canada, when all our manufactures are in their infancy, it is most encouraging to find a branch of art of the delicate and complicated nature of type founding, advanced to the state of perfection to which Mr. Palsgrave has brought it. Certainly, those who sneer at Canada, and always seek to depreciate her in comparison with her republican neighbors, can find nothing to sneer at here. We can say confidently that in a large number of the different descriptions of types of which Mr. Palsgrave has submitted specimens, the Montreal Type Foundry is not to be surpassed by anything the States can produce. Already this is a fact practically acknowledged by a large number of the printing establishments in the country, which use Mr. Palsgrave's types; and is one which, in a very short space of time, no one will attempt to deny. To Mr. Palsgrave the printers of the colony are infinitely indebted, and we trust to see them eventually repay him for all the trouble and difficulties he has had to encounter in placing Canada in an independent position as respects this most important branch of manufactures.—*Montreal Transcript.*

[To this we can add nothing, save a remark that, if our Journal possesses any merit for the beauty of its type, as has been admitted by one of our contemporaries, the praise is entirely due to the establishment above mentioned; and to whose spirited proprietor we beg leave to offer our sincere thanks.—Ed. T. W.]

The proprietors of this Journal, thankfully acknowledge their obligations to the artistic skill of Mr. George Matthews, Engraver, 19, Great St. James Street.

"A Subscriber's" letter in our next.

We acknowledge the receipt of \$22 from the Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton.

FIRE.—We regret to state, that the machine factory of Messrs. Paige & Co., in Wellington street, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning, about three o'clock. The fire, we understand, originated in a stable adjoining.

The whole of the premises, comprising a finishing and carpenter's shop, foundry, out-buildings, machinery, prepared lumber, &c., were insured at the Protection Office for £500, and their premises for a small sum in the United States; their loss, however, amounts to about £2,500.

Notwithstanding the above heavy loss, we are happy to learn that Messrs. Paige have a stock of machinery on hand on other premises which they occupy, sufficient to supply any immediate demand.

We are sorry, likewise, to state, that Mr. Cullin, butcher, Queen street, lost five small dwelling-houses by the same destructive fire, and that he was only insured for £100—too small to make up for his loss.—*Montreal Transcript.*

The *Minerve* says that the new Montreal Court House is to be commenced on the site now occupied by the ruins of the old one. The design selected is that of Messrs. Ostell and Perault; Mr. George Brown taking the second prize. The cost of the building, we learn from the same paper, will be £235,000, and in the meantime the Courts are to be held in the Old Government House. From other sources we are informed that the two prizes were given to Montrealers in spite of a competition from eight or nine other architects, in Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton.

THE CABINET COMPLETE.—We are gratified to learn that the vacant places in the Cabinet have been filled, and in a manner which we are confident will be highly satisfactory to the friends of the Administration throughout the country. The first, the Department of the Interior, by the tender of the office to the Hon. Thomas M. T. McKennan, a sterling and well known whig, of Western Pennsylvania; the second, the Department of War, by the selection of the Hon. Charles M. Conrad, a distinguished citizen of Louisiana, formerly a Senator, and at present a Representative from that State.—*National Intelligencer.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[About the end of January last, the Rev. Mr. Bond stated, at the anniversary meeting of the French Canadian Missionary Society, that four hundred converts had lately left the Church to join the church of England, in Connemara. Shortly after a pamphlet appeared, containing a communication from the Rev. Mr. Flannelly, denying the statement, and impeaching the validity of Mr. Bond's authority;—to which appeared an anonymous letter in the *Montreal Gazette*, accusing the Rev. Mr. Flannelly with being an *obscure priest*. To this anonymous correspondent, we oppose the following communication from the Rev. Mr. Flannelly, to which the editor of the *Montreal Gazette* has refused insertion.—ED. TRUE WIT.]

Ballinakill, Clifden, Co. Galway,  
(Ireland,) May 17th, 1850.

To the Editor of the *Montreal Gazette*.

SIR,—Whereas you have permitted an unknown scribe, under the signature "Verax," to assail me before the American public, I trust you will do me the justice of publishing my reply to his erroneous statements. If "Verax" had a good cause to defend, why conceal his name from the public; but, "he who does evil, hates the light," and so it is with him. He thinks he will refute my arguments, by calling me an "obscure priest." I admit I am a humble and an insignificant individual; but I have, notwithstanding, presumed to write a small pamphlet, to fill it with facts, which remain as yet uncontradicted, and I have authenticated them with my humble name and address.

Your readers will easily understand that men, who prevail on starving creatures to abjure their faith and trample on conscience, by soup, money, raiment, and bribes of all kinds, and who derive large emoluments from this inhuman traffic, can have no difficulty in *swelling numbers*, to delude their fanatical supporters and fill their own coffers with plenty of money.

Monstrous lies, and unheard-of cruelty and intolerance, are the foundations of the base system of proselytism in which these modern Pharisees are now so actively engaged. Among the latest of their "ingenious devices" to procure money, is the false statement now paraded for a purpose before the American public, of having *four hundred converts* to the Protestant Heresy, in Connemara. My knowledge of this parish, and of all Connemara, enables me to give the most unqualified contradiction to this lying and unblushing assertion. They leave nothing untried, yet their harvest is small; and so lost are they to make up a flock that, this day Jos. Higgins, a poor naked cripple, came to my house and made a declaration to the following effect: "That he was offered a shilling every Sunday, and a new suit of clothes, on condition of attending their Conventicle, and in the event of the *Donkey* dying which carried him about, another *Ass* would be bought for him by the Bible Society." This is a novel mode of argumentation—asses, indian meal, stirabout, soup, old clothes, &c., &c.

As they are going about from hovel to hovel, "seeking whom they may devour" in this manner, it is no wonder, if some few bad and abandoned Catholics,—rocks of scandal to the faithful, and the noxious weeds that were plucked up and cast outside the walls of the "one true fold,"—would be picked up by those wicked and mercenary men. I have met those creatures, and they all admit the misery of their state, and hope never to die in this horrible condition.

"Verax" says the story of four hundred converts must be true, "as the protestant Bishop of Tuam would not suffer his name to be mixed up with what was incorrect." "Verax" may assume, if he likes, the infallibility, aye, and the impeccability too, of the said protestant Bishop; but the mere circumstance of his Lordship's connexion with this or any similar project, is far from being conclusive evidence of its truth. And to illustrate this for "Verax!!! and your readers, I beg to call your attention to the following fraud with which the said protestant Bishop of Tuam was connected.

About five years ago a placard was printed and circulated in this parish, stating "that there were one hundred protestant families located here, and that they stood in need of a church and protestant minister," &c., &c. To this was added a list of subscribers, among whom was the name of the protestant Bishop of Tuam, giving a donation of £5. Knowing that there were no more than three families, at the time, in Ballinakill, professing the protestant heresy, I exposed the *cheat*, in a letter addressed through the English and Irish press to the protestant Bishop of Tuam. This story is another like the four hundred converts!!! They have succeeded, through the powerful agency of the Exeter Hall spouters, in pouring heaps of English money into the pockets of those traders in souls; but I hope they must show work for the American people, before they persuade them to unstring their purses and advance their money. They are, however, making a noble effort to get at the cash.

I remain, your obdt. and humble servant,  
WILLIAM FLANNELLY, P.P.,  
Ballinakill and Boffin.

P.S.—I pass over in silence the blasphemous allusion "Verax" makes to the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, and challenge him to name the "Priar," the woman who was converted, the village, the parish, and the time of the occurrence. No such thing has been heard of in Connemara.

Wm. FLANNELLY.

To the Editor of the *True Witness and Catholic Chronicle*.

SIR,—Would it not be well to give a little information to the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, concerning the Society of the Jesuits? The poor creature! Sure he would not, for the world, be willingly guilty of mortal sin, by calumniating the unoffending Jesuits! Yet this crime he has committed; but, of course, it was from an erroneous conviction. For God's sake then, try to save the poor editor of the *Montreal Witness*, from falling again into so great a sin. He stated that the Indians drove the Jesuits out of Paraguay. Where is his proof? Tell him to read *Robertson's History of Charles V.* He will there find the following: "But it is in the new world that the Jesuits have exhibited the most wonderful display of their abilities, and have contributed most effectually to the benefit of the human species. The conquerors of that unfortunate quarter of the globe, had nothing in view but to plunder, to enslave, and to exterminate its inhabitants. The Jesuits alone have made humanity the object of their settling there. About the middle of the last century they obtained admission into the fertile province of Paraguay, which stretches across the southern continent of America, from the bottom of the mountain of Potosi, to the confines of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements on the banks of the River de la Plata. They found the inhabitants in a state little different from that which takes place among men when they first begin to unite together; strangers to the arts; subsisting precariously by hunting or fishing; and hardly acquainted with the first principles of subordination or government. The Jesuits set themselves to instruct and to civilize these savages. They taught them to cultivate the ground, to rear tame animals, and to build houses. They brought them to live together in villages. They trained them to arts and manufactures. They made them taste the sweets of society, and accustomed them to the blessings of society and order. These people became the subjects of their benefactors, who have governed them with a tender attention, resembling that with which a father directs his children. Respected and beloved almost to adoration, a few Jesuits presided over some hundred thousand Indians. They maintained a perfect equality among all the members of the community. Each of them was obliged to labor, not for himself alone, but for the public. The produce of their fields, together with the fruits of their industry of every species, were deposited in common storehouses, from which each individual received every thing necessary for the supply of his wants. By this institution, almost all the passions, which disturb the peace of society, and render the members of it unhappy, were extinguished. A few magistrates, chosen by the Indians themselves, watched over the public tranquillity, and secured obedience to the laws. The sanguinary punishments, frequent under other governments, were unknown; an admonition from a Jesuit; a slight mark of infamy; or, on some singular occasion, a few lashes with a whip, were sufficient to maintain good order among these innocent and happy people."

REASON WHY THE JESUITS LEFT PARAGUAY.

"A notion had been generated in the imagination of Pombal, the Portuguese minister, that in the region of these happy settlements, there were mines of gold unknown to the inhabitants. On these he cast his eyes, and commenced an intrigue for exchanging that territory with Spain for others at the immense distance of three hundred leagues. This being effected, he resolved, that the whole Indian population of Paraguay should be transported. The Jesuits were ordered to dispose the people to transigrate. They at first ventured to represent, modestly, the difficulty of such a removal, and to conjure the officers of government to consider what an undertaking it was to transport, over such wildernesses, 30,000 souls, with their cattle and effects, to a distance of nearly 1000 miles. They were sharply told that obedience, not expostulation, was expected. The consequences present a history that might draw tears from the most obdurate.

"Now would have been the time for the Jesuits to establish their empire, had the project imputed to them, been founded. What was their conduct? Rather than become rebels, these faithful and humble subjects labored earnestly to prevail on the Indians to obey the mandate. Their exertions, however great, were not satisfactory, and new commands for haste were issued. A few months were allowed for an undertaking, which, if it could be executed at all, required years. This precipitation ruined the whole. The poor creatures, who were to be torn from their habitations, driven to extremities, began to distrust their own missionaries, and suspected them of acting in concert with the officers of Spain and Portugal. From that moment they looked upon them only as so many traitors, who were seeking to deliver them up to their old inveterate enemies. In the course of a short time, peace, order, and happiness gave way to war, confusion, and misery. These Indians, previously so flexible, so docile, insensibly lost that spirit of submission and simplicity which had distinguished them; and they every where prepared to make a vigorous resistance. The contest lasted a considerable time, during which the Indians experienced some success, but were ultimately defeated. Some of them burnt their towns, and betook themselves in thousands to the woods and mountains, where they perished miserably."—See *Memoirs of the Ministry of Carvalho*, Marquis de Pombal.

Why should the editor of the *Montreal Witness* be guilty of the lying insinuation, that the Jesuits, by misconduct, so provoked the natives of Paraguay, as to bring about their own banishment? It is not without reason you give your journal the title of TRUE WITNESS.

PADRUIG MAC GEARL.

## O'MEAGHER'S MESSAGE TO IRELAND.

(Continued.)

Three days having elapsed, I woke up, gave a great yawn, and drove off to Ross—a little apology of a town, seven miles nearer than Campbell Town to the seat of Government.

The visit I paid it, short as it was, convinced me that Ross was a far more preferable place to take up my quarters in than Campbell Town: the latter place has too much of the vulgar, upstart village in it; contains too much glare, dust, and gossip, and it would be hard, I think, to do anything else than yawn, catch flies, and star-gaze in it. Here one can be more to himself; therefore, more free; consequently, more happy.

To Ross, then, I removed in all haste, and lost no time in looking out for a little cottage, or half a one, if a whole one was impracticable.

I was not long in fixing upon the one in which I now write this letter. The appearance of it was most prepossessing and the interior arrangements singularly inviting. Just fancy a little lodge, built from head to foot with bright red bricks; two flower-beds, and a neat railing in front; a laburnum bush in each bed; a clean smooth flagway, eighteen inches across, from the outer gate to the hall door; two stone steps to the latter; a window, containing eight panes of green glass, on each side of the same; and then, four rooms inside, each fourteen feet by twelve, and an oven in the kitchen; just fancy all this, and you will have a pretty correct picture of the establishment in which, with a domestic servant of all work, and a legion of flies, I have now the happiness to reside.

At first, I had only the two front rooms. At present, I have the whole house to myself, and the use of a cultivated plot of ground in the rear, where a select circle of cabbages, a few sprigs of parsley, a score of onions, and a stone of potatoes, with a thistle or two, get on very well together, and have no one to touch them.

My landlady is a devout Wesleyan, an amiable female of stupendous proportions, and proportionate loquacity—her husband is a Wesleyan too, a shoemaker by trade, and a spectre in appearance; so much so, indeed, that the wife may be styled, with the strictest geometrical propriety, his "better half" and three quarters. Upon coming to terms with them in the first instance—that is, when I had the two front rooms, and they the two back ones—an agreeable dialogue took place, of which the following may be considered a fair report:—

"Sir," said Mrs. Anderson, sticking a pin into the sleeve of her gown, and spreading down her apron before her.

"Well, Ma'am," said I.

"Why, Sir," says she, "You see as how it is, me and my husband be Wesleyans, and we don't like a-cooking on Sundays, and so if it don't matter to you, Sir, we'd a' soon not dress you any meat a' that day for we're commanded to rest and do no work upon the Sabbath, and that you see, Sir, is just how it is."

"As to that," I replied, "I don't much mind having a cold dinner upon Sundays, but then, there are the potatoes! Potatoes, you know, Mrs. Anderson, are very insipid when cold."

This was a difficulty of great magnitude. Mrs. Anderson paused, and swelled up instantly. When the swelling subsided a little, she cast an inquiring glance at her husband, as if to implore him for a text, a note or a comment, to help her out of a difficulty, in which, like a sudden deluge, the conflicting ideas of a boiled potatoe and the Day of Rest had involved her.

The glance had the desired effect. Mr. Anderson took off his spectacles, held them with crossed hands, reverently before him; threw back his head; threw up his eyes, and fixing them intently upon a remarkable constellation of flies, close to a bacon hook above him, seemed to inquire from it, in the absence of the stars, a solution of the difficulty.

A moment's consultation sufficed—a new light descended upon Mr. Anderson, and yielding to the inspiration of the moment, he pronounced it to be his opinion, that a boiled potatoe would not break the Sabbath, and "in that, or any other way, he'd be happy to serve the gen'lm'n."

Well, in this little cottage I manage to get through my solitary days cheerfully enough. It costs me an effort, however, to do so; for, I am sure, nature never intended me for an anchorite, and often and often, I am as companionless and desolate here as Simon Stylites on the top of his pillar. Only one human being, for instance, has passed by my window to-day: he was a pedlar, with fish and vegetables, from Luncannon, and wished to know as he was passing, if I wanted any fresh flounders for dinner.

On the whole, I must say, the Government have acted towards us, ever since our conviction, in a fair, mild, honorable spirit. Sending us out so many thousand miles away from our homes and friends, to this cheerless penal settlement, was to be sure, a measure of great severity; yet, it would be hard to say, they could have done less. As a Government, holding themselves to a very large extent responsible to the people of England, and, for the most part, shaping their councils and acting in accordance with the known opinion of that people, it would have been difficult for them to adjudge a lesser punishment to those, against whom, in England, the public sentiment ran so high and so determinedly. For my part, though I feel sorely, I conceive it would be unmanly and unjust to complain of it with bitterness. We played for a high stake—the highest that could be played for; we lost the game by a wretched throw, and with a willing heart and a ready hand, we ought, like honorable men, to pay the forfeit, and say no more about it.

I write thus frankly to you, my dear Duffy, upon the subject, for it often pained me to observe the querulousness and spite with which the Government were abused in Ireland, whenever they adopted measures to repress the spirit which aimed and struck at their existence. A fairer and a nobler feeling would more gratefully befit a nation whose soul is in arms against a *rule* which humbles her attitude before the world, and proscribes her flag. Calmly to foresee, and, with patient generous courage, to accept the sacrifices which defeat imposes—to bear the Cross with the same loftiness of soul as she would wear the Laurel Crown—this should be the study and ambition of our country; and if it were so, believe me, her struggle would assume a grander aspect, and excite, through the world at large, deeper and more enduring sympathies than those which have hitherto—in our time, at all events—attended her.

So far then, you see, I have no complaint to make with regard to our present fate—dull and bleak, and wearisome as it is. But, I do complain, that, having separated us by so many thousand miles of sea, from all that was dear, consoling, and inspiring to our hearts;

they should have increased the severity of this punishment by distributing us over a strange land in which the most gratifying friendships we could form would compensate so poorly for the loss of the warm familiar companionship we so long enjoyed. There is M'Manus away in New Norfolk, O'Donohoe in Hobart Town, O'Dogherty in Outlands, Martin in Bothwell, Meagher in Campbell Town, O'Brien off there in Maria Island! Each has a separate district, and out of that district there is no redemption.

Now, generally speaking, "a district" is about the size of a respectable country parish at home. Mine, for instance, extends from thirty to thirty-five miles in length, and varies from ten to fifteen in breadth. At the end of a fortnight I came to the conclusion, that between a prison and a "district" there was just about the same difference as exists between a stable and a paddock. In the one you are tied up by a halter—in the other you have the swing of a tether.

Within the last five weeks, however, Martin, O'Dogherty, and I, have discovered a point, common to our three respective districts, at which, without a breach of the regulation prohibiting any two or more of us from residing together, we can meet from time to time.

This fortunate point is on the edge of a noble Lake, twenty-four miles from Ross, up in a range of mountains, known as the "Western Tier." O'Dogherty has to ride twenty miles to it, and Martin five-and-twenty. Monday is usually our day of meeting, and eleven, or thereabouts, the hour at which we emerge from three different quarters of the "Bush," and come upon the ground.

The point itself is a small cozy, smoky bit of a log-lia, inhabited by a solitary gentleman named Cooper. The hut is fifteen feet by ten, and high enough to admit in an upright position, of any reasonable extension of legs, spine, hat and shirt-collar. The furniture consists of a something to sleep on—I don't know what to call it; a table, very weak in the extremities; two stools; a block for splitting chops upon; a shelf, three feet in length, and furnished with a couple of pewter plates; a gunpowder flask, full of pepper; three breakfast cups; a carving knife; a breakfast knife; forks to match; a tract upon Foreign Missions, and two columns of a *Sunday Observer*, bearing a remote date.

Here we dine, and spend the evening up to half-past five o'clock, when we descend the "Tier," and betake ourselves to our respective homes. Whilst the preparations for the dinner are going on—whilst Mr. Cooper is splitting chops, shelling peas, washing onions, and melting himself away in a variety of labors by the log-wood fire—we are rambling along the shores of the Lake, talking of old times, singing the old songs, wearing fresh hopes among the old ones that have ceased to bloom.

You cannot picture to yourself the happiness which the days we have spent by that lonely, glorious Lake have brought us. They have been summer days, all of them; and through the sunshine have floated the many-colored memories, the red griefs, the golden hopes of our sad, beautiful old country.

Oh! should hearts grow faint at home, and, in the cold, dark current of despair or grief, fling down the hope they once waved, like a sacred torch, on high; tell them that here, in this strange land, and in the loneliest part of it—here, by the shores of a Lake, where as yet no sail has sparkled, and few sounds of human life as yet have scared the wild swan, or startled the black snake from its nest—tell them that here, upon a lone, lone spot in the far Southern Seas, there are prayers, full of confidence, and faith, and love, offered up for Ireland's cause; and that the belief in her redemption and her glory has accompanied her sons to their place of exile, and there, like some beautiful and holy charm, abides with them; filling the days of their humble solitude with calm light, and joyous melodies, and visions of serene and radiant loveliness.

Previous to the discovery of this celebrated point—a point, by the bye, which would have done credit to the ingenuity of Sir Colman O'Loghlen—O'Dogherty and I used to meet at another place.

His district adjoins mine, about seven miles from Ross, at a convict station called Tunbridge. A river, known by the name of the "Blackman's," forms the boundary of the two districts at this point, and over it, close to the convict station, a pretty bridge has been lately built.

One-half of the "Blackman's" being in the Campbell Town district, and the other half belonging to that of Outlands, the middle pier of the bridge in question was, of course, our point of contact; and here, consequently, we "hung out" four or five Mondays successively, and spent a few hours with the utmost hilarity. At our second interview, we christened the point of junction. The ceremony, as you may well suppose, was divested of all solemnity; but in a very copious libation, we toasted the "The Irish Pier!" enthusiastically receiving from each other the highly constitutional sentiment, that the *Peorance* of the "Blackman's" might long continue to resist the current which opposed it, and, standing erect amid the worst of storms, guarantee to us, for many days to come, the right of public meeting!

A few hundred yards above the bridge, on O'Dogherty's side of the river, there happens to be an inn. This inn is built of timber, and washed over with a pale salmon color. It is a very, very old establishment, indeed; and with all the scars and bruises left by a long life-struggle, exhibits, likewise, all the crankiness and extreme debility of age. When the slightest breeze comes by it, it whines, and groans, and growls, in the most dismal manner; and rattling the windows, as if they were so many teeth set loosely in its aching head, shakes from head to foot, and threatens to wind-up and settle its last account at once.

Old, weak, infirm as it is—spite of all its ailments—a portion of sound life remains within it still; and with that residue of life, many good qualities to recommend it to the public favor. On our several days of meeting it furnished us, for instance, with first-rate dinners. To be sure, the passage through the air, for upwards of five hundred yards or so, condensed the steam of the potatoes, and solidified the gravy somewhat; but the old salmon-colored inn was not to blame for that. In all these cases, the Home Office spoiled the cooking.

One very hot day—the bed of the river being almost quite dry—we dined under the bridge; having, first of all, erected something like a Druid's altar, on the top of which we laid the cloth. The seats were constructed much after the same fashion; and the hamper which brought the ale, the plates, and cheese, being emptied, kicked over, and turned up-side-down, served in the capacity of a very respectable dumb waiter.

So much, then, for O'Dogherty and Martin, both of whom are in excellent health. Now for the rest.

M'Manus, as I have already mentioned, is in New Norfolk, and, in consequence of his not having been

able to start any business there, employs himself from morning till night, shooting, fishing, and riding. You will be delighted to hear he is as stout as ever, and though he has little or no society, his spirits appear to have lost not a particle of their vivacity and heartiness.

O'Donoghue was permitted to remain in Hobart Town in consequence of his having represented to Sir William Denison that unless he was permitted to stay there he would find it impossible to support himself—his livelihood being dependent upon his professional labors exclusively.

At first he had hopes of getting into some Barrister's or Solicitor's office, but there was no opening for him; and so, as a last resource, and with the view of realising an honest maintenance, he started a weekly newspaper, a few weeks ago. It is called the "HUSH EXILE," and, from all I hear, appears to be succeeding extremely well.

When he first thought of it, Martin and I tried to dissuade him from the project. Martin urged several objections to it, I believe; and I gave it as my opinion, that whilst we were in such a colony as Van Diemen's Land, we ought not to mix in politics. Standing aloof from them in such a place, I conceived would be the most dignified line of conduct we could pursue; and if it would not promote, would at all events protect from mockery and slander the cause of our Native Land.

There are no sympathies here to which one could appeal in behalf of the Irish Nation. I do not mean to say there are no kind, generous, gallant hearts to be found in this colony. Far from it. Of such hearts—and they are English, too—I have felt the warm throbs. But these are few indeed; and in a community, three-fourths of which consist of convicts and officials, their influence would be completely lost. Before the leering eyes of such a community I would rather die than unveil the bleeding figure of our poor country, and for her wounds and agonies beseech a single tear.

Strongly influenced by this feeling, I urged O'Donoghue not to go on with the "Exile." In replying to my letter—as also in replying to Martin—he admitted, almost fully, the justness and propriety of our objections, but still maintained that since there was only this one channel open to him for the realization of an honorable livelihood, he was bound to avail himself of it, regardless of all other considerations. Well, this was a view of the matter which could not be effectually opposed; which could not, certainly, be opposed with any degree of delicacy or kindness. I therefore wish O'Donoghue the best success, and will use my utmost influence to procure him subscribers.

Farther than this, however, I feel the deepest repugnance to act in support of his paper. I cannot bring myself to write a word for a public amongst whom, if it were in my power to leave this evening, I would not remain another day. And most painfully does this repugnance act upon my heart, for it would delight me to assist O'Donoghue, and by ever so slight an effort, conduce to the success of his fair and manly enterprise. Martin, however, is contributing a series of papers upon the Repeal movement.

Having written thus far upon the subject of our engaging in colonial politics, it is unnecessary for me to contradict the report which appeared in one of the South Australasian papers—the absurd report, that I had assumed the management of one of the Catholic colonial journals! I did not trouble myself to contradict it here, being perfectly indifferent what became of it at this side of the Equator, whether it sank or floated, having made up my mind to be quite composed, and, in either case, to repress the slightest emotion.

But I did feel uneasy lest it might be believed in Ireland. Not that I consider it would be in any degree discreditable to assume the management of such a paper; but I feel it would be somewhat unworthy of me. Unworthy, for in this case I should have to turn my thoughts from Ireland, and devote them to a subject, or rather, to a number of subjects, none of which could interest me like the former; and in dealing with which, I could work, I am sure, with no greater heart than a dull, plodding, fagged mechanic. Be assured of it, I shall never tie myself down to such a tame, insipid business.

For Ireland alone—for the liberty she has prayed, and struck, and bled for, year after year—for the glory which in many a bright creation of her genius she has seen, and sung, and proscribed—for this alone will I write, and speak, and act. In the morning of my life, whatever gifts of mind and heart Heaven had blest me with, I dedicated to this beautiful, righteous, noble service; and in this service, until Death leads me to another world, they shall faithfully abide.

I now come to poor O'Brien; and of him I have much to say that will distress you painfully.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROSELYTISM IN CLIFDEN.

(From the Tablet, Aug. 3.)

When the Legends tell us of the Evil One having come upon earth, in person, to deal with some reckless or despairing wretch for the purchase of his soul, we are invariably informed that the price demanded by the seller, for consigning himself to eternal perdition, was such, as, from its enormity, to threaten the exhaustion of the resources even of Satan himself. Thus we read of gold beyond calculation—magical, aye, and regal power without limit—and the possession of all that the passions of man, depraved and abandoned, could desire, being bestowed by the Tempter on a single hapless criminal, as the consideration for the unholy bargain. But in this age of economic science, even the transactions between the Fiend and his votaries seem to partake of the influence of that disposition for diminished expenditure, which now hangs, like a threatening cloud, over so many of the salaried great ones in these lands. It is true, he does not now work by the same means as were reputed to him of yore. In the middle ages, if we believe the olden stories, the Spirit of Evil came himself in mortal form to him he desired to clutch, and so made his terms. Now, he finds it more for his interest to send forth prowling bands of his disciples, carrying in their hands the Word of Life, mutilated and perverted, and some of its most precious portions torn away to meet its ends, fully committed to buy-up souls; the purchase money he levies upon his worshippers in the Sister Kingdom. Little of it, indeed, reaches those whom he succeeds in ensnaring; and in this lies the main

difference between his fabled and his true method of conquest. The Legends tell us that he lavished wealth on those whom he bought. Not so now: the wealth he bestows on his apostles; his victims he barely keeps from starvation.

Among the many evidences which have reached us of the deplorable condition of that ill-fated portion of the west of Ireland, in which the Exeter Hall Ministers of the Spirit of Evil are endeavoring to establish one of their chief stations, we have seen nothing more powerful than the rental of the Clifden properties advertised for sale in the Court of the Commissioners of Incumbered Estates. There are few of our Irish readers who are not aware that Clifden is a romantic seaport town at the extremity of Connemara, more than 180 statute miles from Dublin, situated in a wild and mountainous district, which it pleased the Almighty to visit with a severity almost unexampled in any other part of Ireland during the recent famine. The town, and many thousand acres surrounding it, and tracts situate in other parts of Connemara, having been about to be brought to the hammer through the Court for the Sale of the Incumbered Estates, this rental has been published by the eminent Protestant solicitor conducting the sale. Notwithstanding the policy which in such a case naturally dictates that the property should be brought before the public in as favorable a light as possible, for the interest of every party concerned it, the frightful condition of the estate could not be concealed. Whole districts depopulated by famine—tracts lately cultivated, even in this mountain region, now lying bare and waste—townlands without a tenant—such are the inducements for investment of capital which present themselves to any one desirous of purchasing. We have extracted some of the statements to which we refer:—

"Mounreen.—The land was at one time cultivated, but is now nearly unoccupied.

"Augnismore.....is now nearly unoccupied, several of the tenants having lately died off, or emigrated.

"Gannoughs.....The late famine has swept off most of its inhabitants. The same observation will apply to its sub-denomination, Barnarashreen.

"Claddaghduff.—This townland was, up to the period of the late famine, thickly inhabited, but now nearly the entire population has been swept away."

Such is the locality in which proselytism has of late been riding rampant among a starving people. Where whole districts have been left unpeopled from absolute want of food, is it to be wondered at, that the soul-buyers should have succeeded in betraying some few of the human skeletons who could not withstand the convulsive effort to cling to life in this world, even at the expense of everlasting misery in the next? We know and feel it is a disgrace to our common humanity to behold these wretches practising their unhallowed vocation at such a time and in such a place; holding forth to the famishing men and women bread with one hand, and with the other beckoning them to follow in the broad road which leads to destruction; demanding the souls of their little ones more especially, as the price of their miserable mess of pottage; and, should any refuse to betray their Saviour as the price of the relief, leaving him and his wife and children to faint and die. Many such, no doubt, were among those above recorded as having "died off," or been "swept away," who are now reaping the reward of their constancy among the martyrs and confessors of the Faith of Christ in the other and better world.

One fact appearing upon this rental is well worthy of consideration. On the face of it there appears to have been a lease for ever, made by the proprietor, to the Rev. Anthony Thomas, on the 6th of April, 1850, of three roods and ten perches of land, at the annual rent of ten shillings. We learn that the Commissioners have been in the habit of breaking all leases made by proprietors of insolvent estates, subsequent to the date of the creation of the incumbrances, if for a longer period than the usual term of thirty-one years, or at a less rent than the full annual value. We are, therefore, greatly at a loss to know how the Commissioners can have sanctioned and established a lease made long after the property had been brought into their Court, for such a term and at such a rent, and for the purpose of the endowment of such a curse to the district as a proselytising school. Of the lands of Knockawally there appears to be another lease, for ever, of a piece of land on which a school-house has been built, to the same personage, at the rent of a shilling a-year, the date of which is not given. Altogether on this estate there appears to be three proselytising school-houses, besides another at Streamstown, not mentioned in the rental, which, we understand, is held under a middleman. We are satisfied that the Commissioners would not connive at the making of leases on insolvent estates in perpetuity, after the property has come into their Court, to any one, or for any object; and that their impartiality in the administration of their important office will always prevent them from countenancing a system repugnant to every feeling of humanity, such as has been attempted in this neighborhood for the last few years, and by which the misery of those districts, where famine and pestilence have raged in their fiercest violence, has been greatly augmented, and, now that their attention has been called to this particular instance, that they will be prepared to guard against such occurrences in future.

We will conclude by hoping that brighter days are about to open for this wretched and oppressed district, and that the new proprietor of Clifden Castle will bestow as much pains on the physical and social improvement of his tenantry as the late one is reported to have done on the furtherance of the machinations of the soul-mongers who invest Clifden and its vicinity. The ancient family of the Darceys, of Kiltula, whose descendant the late proprietor of Clifden Castle and estate was, having weathered the storms of the penal enactments, and preserved their Faith pure and inviolated down to a very recent period, we

learn on unexceptionable authority that the father of the present proprietor abandoned it, and apostatised, to qualify himself for the paltry dignity of High Sheriff, and of late Clifden Castle has been the headquarters of proselytism. How far these events have pleased the Almighty, appear to us to be strongly evidenced by the fact of the present proprietor being deprived of his paternal mansion and estate, and these transferred to other hands by the strong arm of the law. While we cannot withhold the expression of our regret at the fall of an ancient and respectable Irish family, we sincerely trust the incoming proprietor will protect his tenants from the nuisance and intrusion of "Scripture readers" and hypocritical adventurers, and the persecution of having their children brought up in a system of belief which they abhor; and that the inhabitants of this tract of country, which has suffered so much, may look forward to a speedy termination of many of the trials they have so long and patiently endured.

FRUITS OF PROSELYTISM IN CROAGH.

(From the Limerick Chronicle, July 31.)

Public declaration of some of the unhappy perverts in Croagh Chapel, on Sunday, July 28.

"I am ashamed to appear before this congregation whom I have so much scandalized by my late disgraceful conduct. I now solemnly declare before God and you, that from the time I apostatised from the Catholic religion, about a twelvemonth since, I was, all along, acting the hypocrite. It was for the mere sake of lucre I did so. The pay I was getting from the Parson was what tempted me to become an apostate and outcast from that old and ancient faith, in which alone I knew that I could hope for salvation. I am now most heartily sorry for the scandal I have given, not only to this parish but neighbourhood, and am determined to die in the poor-house rather than have the misfortune of ever again relapsing into so great a crime, or leading others by my evil example, into the path of perdition. May a Most Merciful God look down with compassion on me a sinner, and may my example be a warning to the few remaining renegades who, I have reason to know, are yet acting hypocrites, for the sake of the wretched, miserable pay they are getting for their apostacy.

MICHAEL CONNORS & SON, Croagh, July 28, 1850."

DR. PUSEY'S PRESENT VIEWS.

(From the Tablet, Aug. 3.)

There was a passage in the speech delivered by Dr. Pusey at Freemason's Tavern, which struck us as melancholy, considering his antecedents, and the measure of light he has certainly had in regard to Catholicity. He said:—

The Protestant bodies on the Continent were looking with amazement at the conduct of the Church of England in that conflict; and they would not unnaturally inquire, how is it that truth and heresy could be taught side by side? for such would be the necessary inference, should the Church remain passive.

Thus the wheel has come round again. In 1828, or thereabouts, Dr. Pusey commenced public life as a mere Protestant and Evangelical, provoking a sharp castigation from the late Professor Rose, then just beginning to see his way to the movement of 1833. Dr. Pusey, much to his honour, or, rather, much to the glory of God's grace, was afterwards led, step by step, a great way in the direction of Catholicism. As we all know, he used Catholic books, Catholic devotions, Catholic customs, and tried to be as like a Catholic director as he possibly could in a heretical position. Whether he had that degree of grace which extinguished invincible ignorance; whether he has "apostatised," as a man may apostatise even outside of the Church—that is to say, draw back willfully from grace given to lead him onwards—it is not for us to say. But the passage we have quoted looks as if he, whose great boast it is, or was, to live in the atmosphere of the Fathers, and day by day to adopt some new token of identity, in feeling at least, with the Church, at length looks for sympathy to "the Protestant bodies on the Continent," sees, at last, distinctly and unmistakably, that Zuingle and Luther are the companions of the children of Cranmer and Latimer. It is well that a heresiarch thus declares himself; it is well that the simple among our separated brethren, who had learned to shrink at least from foreign Protestant names, should thus see whither they are going. Seeming orthodoxy is no protection. The writer of the famous tract on Baptism, and the sermon on the Holy Eucharist, wishes to be well with "the Protestant bodies on the Continent."

The same melancholy phenomenon seems to be occurring among the Puseyites of America. We observe that Dr. Ives, Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, who, a year or two ago, might be called the Pusey of America, was lately called upon by his Clergy, to clear himself from the charge of Catholicising:—

After much deliberation had, and much discussion, it was suggested that the diocese and the whole American Church, had a right to ask a distinct disavowal of every doctrine taught assimilating him to Romanism. This suggestion was adopted, and a committee of five appointed to meet the Bishop. Accordingly, he introduced in his address an unequivocal disclaimer of Transubstantiation, Auricular Confession, and Absolution, as held by Rome, and Invocation of the Virgin and Saints.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

(From the Same.)

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, for July, 1850, contain many articles of interest. There

is a letter from the Abbe Dodot, Catholic Chaplain at Lahore, giving information with which our readers are already partly acquainted. It appears that in Lahore there are not less than 8,000 Catholics—natives, soldiers, and others—and only four Priests (three of them French, and one Irish) to look after them. The Right Rev. Dr. Carli, who has succeeded the Right Rev. Dr. Borghi (transferred to Cortona, in Italy) in the Vicariate of Agra, is making great exertions, with no resources but the alms of native Christians, Irish soldiers, and certain Protestants less hostile than others to Catholicity. At Peshawer, the first advance post of the English army, is stationed the Rev. Dr. Bertrand, who at the last battle with the Sikhs, showed himself a worthy imitator of the heroic Monk who was slain in the exercises of his sacred office, at the battle of Moodkee. Then, near Jhelum, is another French Priest, Dr. Moria, and at Lahore is our respected friend, Abbe Dodot, with a flock of about 1,800 Catholics. Fifteen leagues south of Lahore is a zealous Irish Priest, "worthy of the generous but too-unfortunate Ireland. Thus there are few missionaries, no schools, almost no chapels, no resources to build some church worthy our holy religion on a soil where heresy is beginning to scatter gold and silver by handfuls to pervert souls."

We read also with interest a letter from the late Rev. Mr. Favre, giving some information about the Mission of Malacca. The letter is of rather late date, Aug. 25, 1848; but the subject of the Goa schism is an important part of the contemporary history of the Catholic Church in the East. We therefore make a short quotation:—

"Malacca, which is spoken of a great deal in the life of St. Francis Xavier, a land that has been four times trodden by the feet of the Holy Apostle, and bedewed with his sweat, was a long time under the dominion of the Portuguese, and afterwards occupied alternately by the Dutch and English governments. It is subject to this last since 1825. The Holy See erected there, in 1553, a Bishopric, and constituted it as suffragan to the Archbishop of Goa. In 1838, it underwent the lot of all the former Portuguese possessions, which are now under the British flag—that is to say, it was reduced to the state of a Mission, and administered by a Vicar Apostolic. These changes, that had been made partially some years before by particular decrees, was at length carried out in a general manner in virtue of the Bull, *Multa praeclare*, given at Rome the 24th April, 1838. The two Indo-Portuguese Priests, who at that time administered the Christian settlement of Malacca, refused to submit to the commands of the Holy See. From that time up till the year 1845, the Vicar Apostolic, the Right Rev. Bishop of Biele, and afterwards his successor, the Right Rev. Dr. Boicho, Bishop of Athalie, never ceased, by all the means which prudence could suggest, to try and reclaim back to submission these poor creatures who had gone astray, but always unsuccessfully. At last, in the month of May, 1845, I received an order to go to Malacca to exhort them anew to obedience, furnishing them at the same time authentic copies of the Bull, and, in case of their refusal, to declare that they had no longer any authority, and that I would take care of the Christian settlement. From that moment these unhappy beings declared themselves independent of Rome, and drew the Church of Malacca into schism. I was then obliged to address myself to the Christians. Some of the better informed and more respectable families looked with great horror on the rebellion of their former pastors, and ranged themselves under the authority of the Vicar Apostolic. Thanks be to God, their example was followed by some others, and, in a few months, I had a small flock, composed of the best part of the Christian settlement. Their number is continually increasing, although slowly, which leads me to believe that if we cannot hope for a prompt termination to this schism, at least we can foresee its entire extinction at a somewhat more distant period."

Lastly, we may give a short, but very distressing, letter from the good Bishop of Chicago, Illinois, U. S. His Lordship writes under date December 13, 1849:—

"Since my consecration, I have visited nearly the third part of my new diocese. The episcopal visitation, which was equal to a voyage of 1,200 French leagues, exhibited all the misery of the flock which is confided to me. You will judge, gentlemen, by this simple observation, how I have verified with my own eyes its stern reality.

In general, the emigrants who arrive in this country, and form almost all the Catholic population, are not in a condition to supply their own wants. Poverty is so prevalent that there is not one of the oldest parishes sufficiently provided with those things most necessary for the celebration of the holy rites. One Priest has sometimes to attend as many as eight churches, and as he does not possess for the different stations more than one chalice, one missal, one vestment, one alb, and an altar-stone, he is obliged to carry with him all these things, no matter how laborious or how long the road may be. As for remonstrances and ciborium, these sort of things are almost unknown in this diocese. I have only seen in all the parishes which I have visited, over a space of 4,700 English miles, but three remonstrances and five ciborium. For want of a sacred vessel, the Blessed Sacrament is preserved in a corporal or in a tin box, or in a porcelain vessel. After these details, I believe it superfluous to give you a description of my episcopal residence; it accords in every point with the remainder. I do not know if there is a more humble one in the world, but at least it is certain that there is not a poorer one in America."

THE DEVIL'S RELIGION.—According to the Syracuse Standard, the following is the latest teaching by the spiritual knockers:—"Angels are spirits that once lived in the flesh. There are no other, and there is no devil. The word 'devil,' vicious, wicked and evil; refers to spirits of the lowest sphere, called ignorant ones. We are taught that the churches are all wrong; that sectarianism and creeds are an abomination; that there should be one universal church of the brethren, including all without distinction of cast or color."

NEWS.

**SETTLEMENT OF THE SAGUENAY.**—We are informed that the Rev. Mr. Boucher, Curé of La Jeune Lorette, arrived on Friday, to pay a hurried visit to his parishioners, from the Saguenay country, whither he has conducted a party of about one hundred young men, for the purpose of opening lands in one of the lately erected townships in that locality, having volunteered to be their pioneer through the wilds of the forest. Mr. B., in the curly part of his ministry, was engaged in the missions of the Red River, and possesses considerable experience in travelling through unsettled countries, which renders him a most valuable guide to this enterprising and industrious band. On Sunday last, in giving a short account to his congregation of the doings of the young settlers, some of whose parents were among the anxious hearers, he stated that he felt much pleasure in being enabled to report to them that they were all in good health, and none of them had met with the slightest accident. They had encountered no difficulty in reaching their destination, had but one "portage" to make, where they had met several last summer, and had arrived on their respective lots with their provisions and necessaries, six days after they had left Quebec; in fine, everything wore a most encouraging aspect. The Rev. Mr. Hébert, Curé of St. Paschal, has also an establishment of young men from his parish, within a few arpents of theirs, and has taken charge of Mr. B's associates during his short absence. The reverend gentleman returned to his labors to-day by the steamer Rowland Hill. This is a very promising beginning of the colonization of the townships. How much better for the surplus of the population of our country parishes to follow in the train of the Rev. Mr. Boucher, than to go over to our neighbors, to be very often engaged by them in the most menial employments. We wish this noble and generous enterprise all the success it so justly merits.—*Quebec Mercury.*

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**—Mr. George Duberger, Surveyor, while employed on the Crown Lands in the Saguenay county, has lately discovered, on the Roman river, in the new township of Ibeville, several descriptions of earth fit for the use of painters, and which from their colors and superior quality, are likely to prove of considerable value. Three specimens, which have been submitted to some of the first artists of the city, have been pronounced equal in quality, if not superior, to the same colors of the best European manufacture. They are to be obtained in abundance in the locality, which is situated some thirty miles from the river Saguenay, on its northern bank. The government has already forwarded instructions to Mr. Duberger to take possession of a certain portion of the land as Crown reserve.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

Mr. David Solomons is invited to stand for the borough of Lambeth.

**ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA AT HALIFAX.**  
ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

**HALIFAX TELEGRAPH OFFICE,**  
Tuesday Morning, Aug. 20.

The steamship Europa, from Liverpool, on Saturday week, 11, A. M., arrived here at half-past 10 o'clock last night. She took in about 50 chaldrons of coal, and sailed for Boston with a northerly wind, at half-past 12.

The Atlantic arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday, at midnight. Her running time from dock to dock, is stated at ten days, eight hours and twenty minutes. Thus beating all previous passages by many hours. The Hibernia arrived on Sunday evening.

The Packet ships Constellations from New York, and Parliament from Boston, were passed at the Bell buoy going into Liverpool; also Anna Tiffe. The steamship Washington arrived at Southampton 4th inst., and at Bremen 6th.

Business in the manufacturing districts continues brisk. The prospect of an abundant harvest is generally good, except for potatoes, for which serious apprehensions are beginning to be felt.

**SECOND DESPATCH.**

The Irish tenant right conference meeting now being held at Dublin, is said to be a noble assembly, and though its declarations are somewhat staggering, its orderly and business-like attitude is suggestive of success. What Sir Robert Peel over and over again in late Sessions asked for Ireland, a comprehensive legislation, the conference certainly offers; for their proposal is equivalent to a social revolution, the placing of the land in the hands of the people.

The conference is composed of the ablest men of the country.

The announcement of the end of the repeal movement was premature. At a meeting last week, the rent was declared at twenty-eight pounds, and it is now said the society is nearly out of debt.

The Gorham controversy has been brought to a close, the Reverend gentleman having gained his point in every respect.

**MONTREAL MARKETS.**

[Compiled expressly for this Journal.]

MONTREAL, 23rd August, 1850.

Our market for Breadstuffs remains in the dull state before noted, the business being confined to local wants, which are very limited.

We quote Flour, fancy brands, 22s.; No. 1, 21s. 3d. a 21s. 6d.; No. 2, 20s. 6d. Fine (none here at present) would fetch 19s. 6d. a 20s. Black Sea 20s. a 20s. 6d.

WHEAT.—Lower Canada Red, 4s. 6d. per minimot, PEASE.—2s. 7d. per minimot.

OATMEAL.—19s. per 224 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess \$13, Prime Mess \$11, Prime \$10. Beef, Prime Mess \$7½.

BUTTER.—Without change.

FREIGHTS.—Most of the vessels in the Harbour are engaged.

**MARRIED.**

In this city, on the 19th instant, at the French Cathedral, by the Rev. Mr. Connelly, Mr. M. P. Ryan, to Miss Margaret Brennan, all of this city.

**JOHN PHALAN'S,**  
TEA, SUGAR, AND COFFEE STORE,

No. 1 St. PAUL STREET,  
Near Dalhousie Square.



**YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL.**

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Members of the YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL, will be held at their ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, the 27th instant, at EIGHT o'clock.

A full attendance is requested, as matters of importance will be brought before the Meeting.

WILLIAM MOONEY, Secretary.

23rd August, 1850.

**ATTENTION!!**

Cheap Dry Goods & Groceries.

**FRANCOIS BRAIS**

WOULD respectfully inform his Friends and the Public, that he still continues to keep on hand a large and well-assorted STOCK of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, which he will dispose of at a moderate price, for Cash. He also continues his

EVENING AUCTION SALES,

Corner of St. PAUL & BONSECOURS STREETS,  
OPPOSITE THE BONSECOURS CHURCH.

23rd Aug., 1850.

**BONSECOURS SCHOOL.**

THE re-opening of the Bonsecours School will take place MONDAY, the 2nd SEPTEMBER. August 15th, 1850.

**THOMAS BELL,**

Auctioneer and Commission Agent,

179 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

EVENING SALES OF DRY GOODS, BOOKS, &c.

**GROCERIES, &c.**

THE Undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he still continues at the Old Stand,—

Corner of McGill and WILLIAM STREETS, where he has constantly on hand a general and well-selected assortment of GROCERIES, WINES and LIQUORS, consisting in part of:—

SUGARS—Refined Crashed and Muscovado

TEAS—Old and Young Hyson, Gunpowder and Imperial Hyson, Twankay and Twankay of various grades, Souehong, Pouchong and Congo

WINES—Maderia, Port and Sherry, of different qualities and various brands, in wood & bottle

LIQUORS—Martel's and Hennessy's Brandy, De-Kuyper's Gin, in wood and cases. Old Jamaica Rum, Scotch and Montreal Whiskey, London Porter and Leith Ale

FLOUR—Fine and Superfine, in bbls.

SALT—Fine and Course, in bags

MACKAREL—Nos. 1 and 2, in bbls. and half-bbls.

HERRINGS—Artichat, No. 1, and Newfoundland Cassia, Cloves, Allspice, Nutmegs, Indigo, Copperas, Blue, Starch, Mustard, Raisins, Macaroni, and Vermicelli

All of which will be disposed of cheap, for Cash.

JOHN FITZPATRICK.

August 16, 1850.

**CATHOLIC WORKS.**

JOHN McCOY has on hand the following STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS:—

Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels, delivered in Rome, in the Lent of 1837, by Nicholas Wiseman, D. D.

A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Turton's "Roman Catholic Doctrine of the Eucharist Considered;" Philalethes Cantabrigienses; The British Critic, and the Church of England Quarterly Review,—by N. Wiseman.

Symbolism; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings, by Jno. A. Moehler, D. D., 2 vols.

The History of the Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Foundress and first Superior of the Order of the Visitation; collected from original documents and authentic records, by the Revd. William Henry Coombs, D. D., 2 vols.

History of the Reformation in Germany, by Leopold Runke, translated by Sarah Austin, 2 vols.

The Lives of the Saints; compiled from original Monuments, and other authentic records, by the Rev. Alban Butler, 12 vols. bound in 4, Turkey Morocco.

No. 9 Great St. James Street.

August 15, 1850.

**SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.**

A LARGE assortment always on hand, at very moderate prices.

JOHN McCOY.

August 15, 1850.

**R. TRUDEAU,**

APOTHECARY AND DRUGGIST,

No. III SAINT PAUL STREET,  
MONTREAL.

HAS constantly on hand a general supply of MEDICINE and PERFUMERY of every description. August 15, 1850.

**AMERICAN MART,**

UPPER TOWN MARKET PLACE,  
QUEBEC.

THIS Establishment is extensively assorted with WOOL, COTTON, SILK, STRAW, INDIA, and other manufactured FABRICS, embracing a complete assortment of every article in the STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS LINE.

INDIA RUBBER MANUFACTURED BOOTS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING, IRISH LINENS,

TABBINETS, AND FRIEZE CLOTHS,

AMERICAN DOMESTIC GOODS,

of the most durable description for wear, and economical in price.

Parties purchasing at this house once, are sure to become Customers for the future.

Having every facility, with experienced Agents, buying in the cheapest markets of Europe and America, with a thorough knowledge of the Goods suitable for Canada, this Establishment offers great and saving inducements to CASH BUYERS.

The rule of—Quick sales and Small Profits—strictly adhered to.

**EVERY ARTICLE SOLD FOR WHAT IT REALLY IS.**

CASH payments required on all occasions. Orders from parties at a distance carefully attended to.

Bank Notes of all the solvent Banks of the United States, Gold and Silver Coins of all Countries, taken at the AMERICAN MART.

Quebec, 1850.

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14th August, 1850.

**INFORMATION WANTED**

OF GEORGE TERA, a native of Freiberg, Upper Swabia, Kingdom of Bavaria; he is a mason by trade, and is supposed to have been in Montreal about 3 months since.—Any information of him will be thankfully received by his mother, Agnes Tera, care of Madame Provandie, Notre Dame Street, Montreal, C. E.

OF JOHN MITCHELL, a native of Ireland, County of Galway, Parish of Portumna, who left for New York about nineteen years ago, and was last heard of in Montreal; Canada.—Any information will be thankfully received by his Sister, if directed to Catherine Mitchell, Buffalo, N. Y.