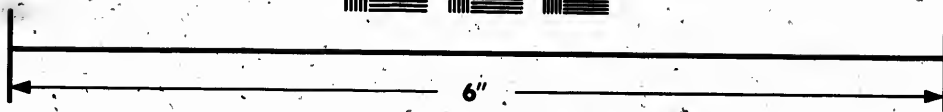
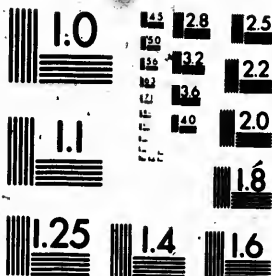


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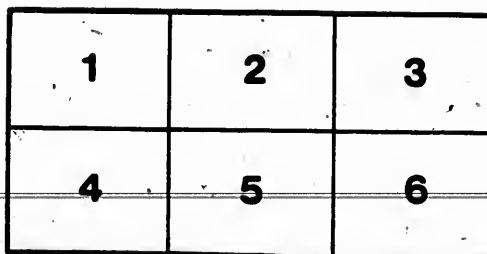
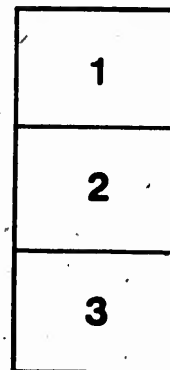
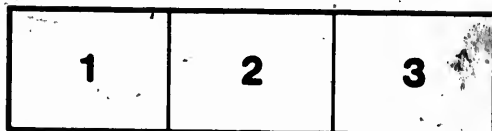
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OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

TWO SPEECHES

OF

JUDGE WILMOT,

DELIVERED AT THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, ST. JOHN,

On Thursday evening, the 13th, and Saturday evening, the
22nd January, 1859,

AND THE REPLIES

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND

THOMAS L. CONNOLLY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF ST. JOHN, N. B.,

ALSO, THE LETTER OF

A Cleric of the Catholic Church,

IN REPLY TO A LETTER OF

A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

PUBLISHED BY T. W. ANGLIN,
FREEMAN PRINTING OFFICE.

1859.



INTRODUCTION.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the SAINT JOHN BIBLE SOCIETY, held in the *Mechanics' Institute* in January 1858, Judge WILMOT made a Speech in the course of which he told, as having come within his own observation, a story of a boy who had been flogged by a Catholic Priest, in Miramichi, for reading the Bible. This story he elaborated and embellished with all his skill, telling that "the boy's father found him reading a Bible, and ordered him to read it no more. The boy refused to obey, and the father finding commands and entreaties unavailing called on the Priest, who, in turn, had recourse to expostulations, commands, and menaces all in vain. The boy persisting in his resolve to read the Bible, the father and Priest at length tied him to a tree, and the Priest flogged him, occasionally stopping to ask him if he would give up reading the Bible: the boy continued firm, and the Priest as he flogged him would say, 'How hard it is to beat the Protestant out of him.' 'How loud the Protestant Devil howls in him.' The Priest was at length exhausted, and the boy still resolute, was untied and turned from his father's door. Falling on his knees on the way side he prayed for strength, and then proceeded on his way, soon after reaching Fredericton, where he was taken care of by the Judge, and some others, and became a Methodist." Such in substance was the story. In the Report of the Judge's Speech, published in the *Church Witness* in due season, this story was not given, and it would probably have been soon forgotten, but that some months after a story somewhat similar was told in a paper in one of the Western States. The story was republished in all the St. John papers, but as names were given the contradiction quickly followed. The papers which gave circulation to the story took no notice of the contradiction, and in remarking on this the *Freeman* said that it was no wonder such stories were told in the far West, when, in our own Province, a Judge of the land stated at a Bible Meeting that a Miramichi Priest

had flogged a boy for reading a Bible. The Rev. Mr. EGAN, who had been for 25 years stationed in Miramichi, and who was at one time the only Priest in that district, as soon as he saw this, wrote at once to the *Freeman* to know what the story was, and who the Judge; and on being told, publicly, and in his own name, called on the Judge to give the name of the boy and of the Priest, and all the circumstances of the case. He named all the Priests who had officiated in Miramichi for the last twenty-five years, and asked which of them had flogged the boy. The Judge did not answer this letter. After waiting some weeks, the Rev. Mr. EGAN published another letter, branding the Judge a liar and calumniator. Many of the public journals took the matter up and much was said on the subject; but the advocates of the Judge dealt chiefly in abuse of the Rev. Mr. EGAN, and Catholic Priests generally, and of the *Freeman*. Several months elapsed, and then the *Colonial Presbyterian* insinuated that the boy's name was FREDERICK POWERS. The subject was frequently revived, and on the approach of the next anniversary meeting the rumour went abroad that the Judge was to speak at the meeting, and there explain what, according to his eulogists and apologists it would have been inconsistent with his position to have explained in the public papers when called on by the Priest he had calumniated. Instead of an explanation, however, the Judge treated the audience to a vehement attack on Catholicity, and challenged the Catholic Bishop to meet him in controversy, sneering at him as "Your Eminence, or whatever they call him." This attack drew a letter from the Right Rev. Dr. CONNOLLY. The Judge a few evenings after delivered a Lecture on the "Catacombs," alluding repeatedly to the Bishop's letter. The Bishop wrote a second letter, dealing ably with this subject also, and showing how completely the Judge had failed to do what he had undertaken to do. To meet the wishes of several persons, both speeches of the Judge and the letters of the Bishop are now published in pamphlet form, and the reply of a "Cleric of the Catholic Church," to a letter from "A Member of the Church of England," also published in the *Freeman*, is subjoined.

Judge Wilmot's Speech at the Bible Meeting.

(From the Freeman of January 15, 1859.)

As everybody in St. John must be aware the Anniversary Meeting of the Bible Society was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening. For some days previous a portion of the St. John Press was in a fluster about Judge Wilmot, on one day announcing as something wonderful that he was to be at the meeting; on another, informing their little public that he was unwell and unable to leave home on the day appointed; and on another, that he would be at the meeting after all, and the *Freeman* would be unable to exult at his absence. Then rumours of various kinds went afloat through the City, circulated by partizans of the Judge. He was, one said, to prove the story of the flogging true; he was, another had it, to explain away some error as to the place, &c., but to show that it was substantially correct. He was in short to prove to the satisfaction of the public that in telling that story he had done nothing unworthy of his position as a Judge, or of the character of a sincere Christian.

Having been always willing, as we professed to be, to publish any proofs or explanation Judge Wilmot had to offer, we thought it right and proper now, when every one expected that the Judge would say all that he could say on his own behalf, that his statement should appear in the same paper in which he was first called on to prove or retract the story, and then, when he could do neither, branded as a convicted liar. It had been said that the Judge, although he could with such facility tell such stories to a multitude, could not condescend to defend himself in the papers from the charge made against him by the clergyman, who, feeling that his character was impugned, believed he had a right to demand particulars and dates and circumstances—that the serious accusation levelled at him and his order may be fully proved or fully refuted. The Judge was deaf to demands obviously so just, and it was said by his apologists that it was beneath his dignity to do justice in this case. But no one imagined that it would be beneath his dignity to vindicate his conduct on the platform where he had first told the story, and his friends promised that he would there prove that he had spoken the truth.

Our reporter being a Catholic sought and, under the circumstances, obtained from his ecclesiastical superior permission to

attend the meeting. He next applied for a ticket at the drug store of the Hon. Mr. Tilley, but could not get one, as they had all been disposed of long before. However, determined to hear if possible what the Judge had to say, he made application at the door, and after some hesitation was admitted. He found the hall of the Institute crowded, and the only place he could obtain was a spot near the door to stand on, and so and hear as best he could through the crowd that stood before him.

There was a large number of clergymen and others on the platform. Judge Parker was in the chair, and Dr. Patterson was reading a report in a voice scarcely audible. This was very lengthy, and the patience of the audience gave way before the Doctor concluded, and a determined effort was made to put him down. He continued, however, until, as he stated, he had read all he intended to read.

Rev. Mr. Alves then spoke, asserting that the Bible is the complete and perfect revelation from God to man of all that is necessary for salvation. He compared the Bible to Solomon's temple in all its glory, and in carrying out the similitude he described the temple as a Gothic structure with nave and aisles and choir and steeple. He denied that the members of the Church of Rome have any right to the name of Catholic; those alone being Catholics who hold and profess the truth without distinction of denomination, and he asserted that in the Bible Society alone was the unity to be found which is a mark of the true Church. Popery, he said, was a dead plant, and yet he said it was spreading.

Rev. Mr. Albrighton followed, much to the same purpose, though in a different style. He too laboured to persuade his hearers that Protestants are the real Catholics; that the Bible is the only standard rule of faith; that it is intelligible to all, and can alone boast of universal adaptability; that the greatest mind can never soar above it, and the humblest can understand it; that the seraphim drops his wings in weariness over it, as he strives to fathom the immensity of the truths it reveals, and yet the most ignorant can derive pleasure and profit from its perusal. The Romish Church, he said, will not allow its members to read this book, and the nations in which its circulation is now forbidden are not Pagan nations, but those which dishonour the name of Christian. This and much more he said to the same purpose, and all the glory, and greatness, and "ecliptic pre-eminence" of England, he attributed to its having the Bible as the substratum of all its government and laws.

Judge Wilmot was next called on, and when he came to the front of the platform was greeted with a round of applause, which he acknowledged by bowing and smiling to the differ-

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cept parts of the room. When silence was restored he said that he thanked them for that reception, and accepted it in the spirit in which it had been offered. Last year he had made statements on that platform which had since been the subject of much animadversion. He came there a Protestant—a Bible Protestant, and the God of the Bible who saw his heart knew that he had never made a statement on that platform which he did not in his heart believe to be true. (Applause.) But there were amongst them advocates of that Ecclesiastical system who would ask them to believe that the fires of Smithfield never blazed; that their martyred forefathers had never been tied to the stake; and that the glorious isle from which they were all so proud that they had come, had never been ensanguined with the blood of their sainted ancestors. They would ask them to believe that all this was an illusion, a mistake, a misrepresentation; but history was there to contradict this; history was there to show what had taken place. And what was the *graven* of the charge against him? Was it any regard for Frederick Powers that drew upon him the frowns of those Ecclesiastics? No, it was that their system was assailed; their system which they would maintain by every means. What did these people mean? Did they hope to intimidate him? Did they think to deter him from attending that meeting? They had mistaken the place and the man, and he was there, and he thanked the Committee for inviting him to be there, and although he was suffering from illness, he was glad to be there, & it was only that he may raise his hands and ask God to bless the British and Foreign Bible Society. But one thing all this clamour had effected. It had caused him to look more carefully into their system. He had a secret to tell them; but not a secret of the Confessional, which goes down into a cesspool and remains there. Last year he lectured in that Hall on Ninevah, and in the course of his lecture invited any Catholics who may be present to study their Bibles, and offered, if they could not get Bibles, or would not be permitted, to procure them for any who would apply to him. He had no idea that this offer would be accepted, but it was, and next day two persons called on him—a man in the morning, and a woman in the evening—and they told him where their Bibles could be bought, and he got Bibles for them, and he had himself since that read over their Bibles carefully. He had searched and examined and explored it all carefully, text and notes, and he had discovered that nowhere was there to be found any one of their doctrines, or any part of their system. He would ask any Catholics who were present to get their own Bible and search it carefully through, and they would see that their religion was not to be found in it; that it was not in it. Those Ecclesiastics did well then—

he begged pardon—well from their point of view, and acted most consistently in forbidding Roman Catholics the use of the Bible, for it was wholly opposed to their system, a system which had well been called the “mystery of iniquity;” a system the most odious and detestable, excluding from man’s soul the light of God’s truth and crushing all his faculties. He had no ill-feeling towards Catholics. He had been on friendly terms with very many of them, socially, professionally, and politically, and had many friends amongst them still whom he would be sorry to offend. It was their religious system which he abhorred, and which he would never cease to denounce whenever there was fit occasion to express his opinion of it.

His brother, Judge Parker, had stated that Pius VI. once issued a proclamation in favour of the reading of the Bible, which Roman Catholics are not now allowed to read; but why was this done? It was to stem, if possible, the tide of infidelity which had then begun to rise. Voltaire and his associates were publishing books for the dissemination of infidelity, selling a portion at a high price, to meet the expense of printing, and then circulating the others free of charge; and ten years after came that living tide of fire which was the offspring and the consequence of Popery, and which swept the King from the throne, the Priest from the altar, and devastated France so cruelly. In all this the retributive justice of God was most manifest. Two hundred years before, the two Henrys had been assassinated by Clement and Ravaillac, both he believed Monks, and when on St. Bartholemew’s Day they had slaughtered fifty thousand true-hearted Protestants, then there were rejoicings at Rome, and a medal was struck on the occasion, and under the pictures of Clement and Ravaillac was placed the inscription, “Happy is the man who kills a King.” And when, 200 years after, those men assembled in that dark chamber in Paris, to plot the revolution, was it not strange that in that apartment should be the pictures of Clement and Ravaillac, with that inscription. If it were good to kill Henry why not good to kill Louis? And Louis was killed. He then went on to paint the horrors of that period, all which he attributed to Popery, and after having described Popery as a system most hideous and abominable, and applied to it all the epithets his imagination could suggest, he went on to say that he intended to deliver a lecture in a few days. He invited Roman Catholics to attend, and if they would allow him he would prove to them on the testimony of most respectable and trust-worthy witnesses that there was a Christianity existing before Popery, in the ages of persecution and suffering and bloodshed, and he would prove it by the tombs and monuments erected by Christians before Purgatory was ever thought of. (Loud applause.) He invited Catholics to attend that lecture.

He would be glad to see them on the platform, and to discuss the subject with them, if any of them chose. If his Eminence, or whatever they called him, came, he would be most happy to meet him. He would show them that Christianity never employed the rack or the gibbet; never forged one chain or rivetted one fetter; that it was a religion of love; that the sword was only once used when the impetuous Peter smote the servant, and this but gave occasion for a miracle of love. This idea the speaker elaborated considerably.

He had a long way to travel, and must hasten. He was bound to India but would leave his card at Rome. The Pope was so good a shepherd that he invited in the wolves to take care of the sheep, and the wolves not being sufficient, he invited the French wolves, who as they had so much money to spare were sent. Put that down, he said, for the "Freeman." (Loud, long continued and repeated applause followed this.) But unless they took care a most extraordinary thing would happen, for the sheep would devour the wolves (laughter and applause). He then went to India, as he said, described the state of affairs when Wilberforce sought to have Christianity tolerated by the Company in India. He described the Company's Government on the one side and their bristling hosts of Sepoys on the other as barriers in the way of Christianity, and the great mutiny as the Providential means of getting rid of both at once, and of opening the country to Christianity. He said the sufferings endured by the English in India were inflicted as a punishment for the national crime of the opium trade, and the sufferings of the women and children were meant as a means of arousing that national spirit that filled the army with volunteers. When England was at length brought to her knees and her cry went up to Heaven, then the Indian Empire was preserved. France and Russia looked on with secret pleasure, and awaited, thinking the ruin of England was inevitable, but they were disappointed. It was the will of Providence that the Indian Empire be consolidated and strengthened. Then came the massacre of Jeddah, intended to show France and Russia that Mahomedanism was an enemy to them all alike. France could not forget Waterloo; but if it desired another they had another Wellington now in India, and men were ready who would maintain the honour of their country, &c. He described some scenes in the war, the relief of Lucknow, the entry of the Highlanders, their kissing the children, the joy, the gratitude, the tears, and then Havelock giving all the glory to God, &c., and he described how comparatively free is Christianity now, how accessible the natives are, what a spirit of enquiry has been created, and how the Bible is sought after. Mr. Seaman, a missionary, had been present at a gathering of 500,000 pil-

grims who had come from all parts of India to worship the Monkey God, and had preached to them for five days, and had been heard attentively. The speaker had thought what good Christians these would make, as he had often thought what good Methodists his Catholic brethren would make. He had no doubt that the Priest Egan himself, if converted to Christianity, would make a very good Methodist—he would like to have him in his class. They did not want to force their religion on the Indians; they did not go to them with swords in their hands but with love in their hearts, and they followed the men of the sword. He then went on to appeal to the gratitude and generosity of the audience, and particularly of the women, to aid in giving the Bible to all. By the Bible alone he would crush the system and the errors of the Roman Catholics. Would they not aid in sending the Bible to India? Did they owe no gratitude for Havelock and Neil and Wilson and Lawrence, psalm-singing, Bible-reading, religious men, who had led their soldiers to achieve deeds without parallel, and had inscribed their names on the highest pinnacle of fame? He continued in this strain for some time, and concluded amid much applause.

It would afford us much pleasure to present what we saw and heard to our readers in the same ludicrous light in which it appeared to us,—to describe Judge Wilmot's pantomime—his hugging the imaginary baby, and clasping to his breast the imaginary Bible; to point out the absurdity of much of what he said, and probably our readers would be not a little amused if we did so; but our purpose in attending the meeting was very different. We wanted to hear and to report as faithfully as we could all the Judge had to say about the flogging case, and strange as the assertion must seem to our readers, we have done so. True, his style, manner, and matter were all very ridiculous, but with the laughable part we have nothing to do. All who went to the meeting expected to hear him make a defence of his conduct in telling what the Rev. Mr. Egan pronounced to be a lie, and many, no doubt, expected to hear a triumphant vindication of his own conduct and a crushing denunciation of the Priest who flogged the boy, and of all who would aid or abet him in his endeavour to escape the punishment public opinion should inflict; and almost every one at the meeting was grievously disappointed. The utmost he could say was to appeal to God that he had never spoken what he did not believe to be true, and his whole defence was a furious tirade about the fires of Smithfield, St. Bartholemew's massacre, and such like topics. He did not dare to assert that the story was true, or to attempt to prove it true by giving what any one would receive as proof. The excitement created when he made allusion to the *Freeman*, showed how anxious

his admirers were that he should offer something, even if it were but the shadow of proof that he last year told the truth, and how rapturously they would receive it: but he dared not attempt it; neither did he dare to act as a Christian gentleman would under such circumstances, and having failed to obtain during the long twelve months proof of the truth of his story: having, indeed, as was to be inferred from the way he put it, become satisfied that it was not true, retract the story and apologise for having been betrayed into such an error. He preferred to rant and rave, out-Heroding Herod, and surpassing all the other speakers in the virulence and absolute ferocity of his denunciations of Popery. Yet if all he said of Popery were true: if Smithfield fires had never burned any but Protestants: if the St. Bartholemew massacre were just what he described, and the Bible did not contain one particle of the system or doctrine of Roman Catholics, that surely would not prove his story of the flogging true, or render his telling a lie so infamous less criminal or shameful. He pretended to think that there was a design to intimidate him. The only appearance of intimidation was that manifested in the articles published in the *Freeman* some months ago, and they could only tend to intimidate him from coining or retailing any more lies of a local character. In this they have so far been partially successful.

Here we will drop the subject we hope for ever. It is at best most unpleasant to all concerned. The story it is now admitted is false and indefensible, and for this lie the Judge has been sufficiently humbled. We hardly know what to say of the language by the use of which he sought to hide his own degradation. Such language would disgrace the half crazy rauter known as the "Angel Gabriel," and coming from "a Judge of the land" was really horrifying, and we were glad to learn that it disgusted very many who heard it.

LETTER I.

From the Right Reverend Doctor Connolly.

To the Editor of the Freeman.

SIR:—After a residence of nearly seven years in the Province of New Brunswick, a sense of imperative duty constrains me to appear for a first time in the columns of a newspaper. With the consciousness of the grave responsibilities of my position as a Catholic Bishop and Pastor of eighty thousand people in a country where Protestants are in a majority, and where the demon of religious hate has done, and is still doing, his worst to provoke angry recrimination, I merged my own feelings as an individual, and remained silent amid every sort of provocation, in order to preserve the peace. This hal-
lowed rule I would have religiously abided by to the end, but for an extraordinary circumstance which has occurred within the past week, and which leaves me no alternative but to speak out. Sir, in your journal of the 15th inst., I find a Report of a Speech made by Judge Wilnot, at a recent Bible Meeting in this City, which in tone and character is like the Judge himself, and which, from his own silence on the subject, and that of the *Church Witness* and the other religious journals, I take to be substantially correct. In that speech he is represented as having said that—

“ He came there a Protestant, a Bible Protestant, and the God of the Bible who saw his heart, knew that he never made a statement on that platform, which in his heart he did not believe to be true. What was the gravamen against him? was it any regard for Frederick Powers that drew upon him the frowns of those Ecclesiastics? No, it was their system that was assailed. Did they hope to intimidate him? He had a secret to tell them, but not a secret of the Confessional, which goes down to a cesspool and remains there. Last year he Lectured on Nineveh, and invited any Catholics who may be present to study their Bibles, and offered, if they could not get Bibles, or would not be permitted, to procure them for any who would apply to him. Next day two called, a man in the morning and a woman in the evening, and they told him where their Bibles could be bought, and he got Bibles for them. * * * Those Ecclesiastics did well then from their own point of view, and acted most consistently in forbidding

Roman Catholics the use of the Bible, for it was wholly opposed to their system, a system which had been well called the mystery of iniquity, a system the most odious and detestable, excluding from man's soul the light of God's truth, and crushing all his faculties. He had no ill feeling against Catholics; it was their religious system he abhorred, and he would never cease to denounce it whenever fit occasion presented itself. His brother, Judge Parker, had stated, that Pius the VI, once issued a proclamation in favour of reading the Bible, which Roman Catholics are not now allowed to read. He invited Catholics to attend his lecture, in which he was to prove that there was a Christianity before Popery, and he would meet any of them to discuss the subject. If even his Eminence or whatever else they called him came, he would be most happy to meet him. The Priest Egan himself, if converted to Christianity, would make a very good Methodist," &c., &c.

If the man who uttered these sentiments belonged to the ordinary rank of citizens; if it were L. A. Wilmot, or the Rev. Mr. Wilmot, or, still better, Brother Wilmot, or any mouthing fanatic of that name, such harmless effusions would not disturb my equanimity for a moment; nor extract from me a single line in reply. Silence would infallibly consign such garbage to oblivion, as it would rot itself in that congenial quagmire to which so indecent and blasphemous allusion is made by the Judge in reference to one of the most hallowed institutions of God's Church. But if Judge Wilmot be no longer an ordinary citizen; if he has been raised up by the suffrages of a deluded people to the lofty position of a Judge of the land; if during the term of his natural life he is to be the arbiter of our lives and our properties; if eighty-thousand British law-loving subjects (even though they be Catholics) are taught by the Constitution to look up to him as a just Judge, whose mind is without warp or bias, and whose exalted character is beyond the shadow of the remotest suspicion, then indeed it is time for me and the public, Protestant as well as Catholic, to wake up and to enter an emphatic protest as I do now against an anomaly without parallel I believe in Britain or in any one of its numberless dependencies. New-Brunswick I believe is the only place outside of the neighbouring Republic that has the disgrace of seeing one of its own Judges coming down from his high place to play the buffoon and the religious maniac; to insult and trample under foot the third part of the whole population, and then, amid misrepresentations of every kind, to concoct against an unoffending clergyman a foul slander which, instead of being explained away or contradicted, is still standing out in clearer relief than before. The case (as the public understand it) is simply this:—Some time last year "his Eminence, or whatever they call him," the Judge Wilmot

made a furious speech at a Bible Meeting in St. John, in which he told a piteous story about a boy who some time before was whipped almost to death by a Priest at Miramichi, and simply because he refused to give up reading the Protestant Bible. Like all the tales that adorn these God-and-man-loving and Christian Associations, neither name nor date nor circumstance was given. The speech was printed in a few days, and strange to say not a word at all about the young Bible-martyr of Miramichi. Probably the Judge in his enlarged charity did not wish to damage the character of the "Priest Egan," or hurt the feelings of his friends, the Catholics, by giving it publicity. The story went abroad, however. Three or four of the Catholic clergymen who lived in Miramichi within the last twenty-five years were confronted, and then it was that the Priest Egan, the only one whom the cap could fit, thought it his duty in his own defence to ask the Judge publicly, whether he was the clergyman alluded to, and challenged him as to the truth of the whole statement. Months passed away, and the Judge was again and again taunted with having told a lie, and with being a public slanderer. His friends of the press in their charity came to the rescue, and did all they could but in vain to drag him besmeared and disgraced from his "cess pool;" yet not a word of explanation is uttered by himself until the terrible explosion of last week at the Bible Meeting when, instead of taking the beam out of his own eye, and proving first that he was not a liar before the world, he rather pronounced with the white of his eyes upturned, woe and desolation and ruin on Rome and all the benighted Papists.

Sir, the astute wriggings of the Lawyer, and the pretended enthusiasm and wild gesticulations of the religious maniac, and all the clap-trap of rapid and frothy declamation so discordant with the character of a judge, may win for him "loud and repeated plaudits" among the intelligent audience at the Institute; but outside they have deceived no man; they can neither consecrate a lie, nor whitewash a slanderer, nor can they restore back again a degraded man to the high estate he, perhaps once held in the esteem of a discerning public. It may seem hard I should speak in such terms of any man, and much more a judge of the land, but he it recollected it is in our own defense. It was he who, without any provocation whatever turned round on those who placed him in the position he now holds so unworthily, and insulted our religion, and villified ourselves, and capped the climax by telling what he fabricated himself,—at least what he knew to be falsehood, against the character of one of the most respectable clergymen in the Province. After twelve months for deliberation, to prove it if true, or to apologise as a gentleman and a Christian ought

to do if he were erroneously informed, imagine the only justification he gives to meet a charge of so grave a nature; he stands publicly accused of having told an injurious lie about the Rev. Mr. Egan, and all the public ever heard from him in reply are these half dozen words in his speech, "Was it any regard for Frederick Powers that drew upon him the frowns of these Ecclesiastics?" "Did they hope to intimidate him," &c. Not another syllable upon the only subject that compromised him before the public on a matter in which his character as a gentleman was at the stake, and which we all know galled and horrified him far more than all the spectrous abominations of Popery together.

The question is still unanswered as it stood twelve months since. Who is the miscreant Priest of Mirimachi that flogged the boy until he could beat him no more, and all for reading the Bible? Until this question is satisfactorily answered, *His Eminence*, the Catholic Bishop of this Diocese, who neither intimidates, nor is to be intimidated, plainly tells the Judge Wilmot that he ought to be ashamed to enter any assemblage of gentlemen. In his own "proud" England he must well know that an unanswered charge of that description would compromise even the mightiness of a Judge himself, and would pull down socially the proudest aristocrat in the land.

Nor is this his only misrepresentation regarding Catholics. In the same speech and almost in the same breath, he asserts that Catholics are not allowed to read their own Bibles, and that he bought several Catholic English Bibles in a store in this city, two of which he charitably presented to Catholics, and one of which he lately read from end to end,—as thoroughly I suppose as he read his law books, but without knowing, as I will presently show, even the contents of the first page. If he looked into that attentively he would certainly have perceived that it was translated by Catholics; that it was authorised by a Pope, and under the seal of a Catholic Bishop: and for whose use may I ask? Not, certainly, for twenty or thirty Priests in this Diocese, who have their own vulgate edition in Latin, and who recite a considerable portion of it, in that Language, every day in the sacred offices of the Church. If it be translated and printed by ourselves, and to be had in every book store, surely the Judge did not believe himself when he said that Catholics were prohibited to read the Bible. He well knows that these Bibles are to be found in most of the Catholic homesteads of this country.

I should have a fancy as *bizarre* as the Judge himself, were I to follow him up in his distortion of facts and his historical vagaries regarding the Catholic religion. If his testimony on what falls under our own observation be of such immense moment as is now proved, imagine what importance should be

attached to his critical acumen and high souled impartiality as a historian. In him whose lip-love for Catholics is pretty much akin to his regard for truth, we must believe that the knowledge of history, like that of religion and of law, is not only thorough and profound, but from the saintly breathings of his Gospel oratory we must admit him to be a man, scrupulously, nay *methodistically* nice and accurate, and guarded in not laying to the charge of Catholics more than they deserve. No, this cooing dove of the conventicle breathes nought but honeyed truth and amiability and love.

It is absolutely ludicrous to mark with what solemn pause he sets the seal of his learned approbation upon the recondite piece of intelligence communicated by a brother Judge in the chair, to the effect that "Pope Pius the Sixth once issued a proclamation in favour of reading the Bible." If he looked even at the title page of our Bible (as I remarked) without reading it "from end to end" he need not be under a compliment to his brother for this important piece of information. The wonderful document of Pope Pius is on the very first page of all our modern English Bibles.

May I here remind the learned Judge, for the enlightenment of many of his misinformed friends, that but for Popes and Bishops and Catholic laymen the world would have no authentic Bible at all at the present day. From the remote period in which the originals or the autographs of the inspired writers themselves were no longer to be found, it is to the fidelity and erudition and indefatigable zeal of Catholic copyists in every country, to which Protestants themselves are indebted for all they have of the New Testament, and for all that is critically correct in the old. It was Priests and Monks and Catholic scholars in every walk of life, who before the invention of printing, wrote tens of thousands of copies with their own hands, and carefully collated them with the more ancient manuscripts after, restoring the text to its original purity, and translating the whole Bible into every living tongue.

Long before the days of St. Jerome, who about the end of the fourth century translated the whole Scriptures, and left behind a voluminous commentary as an imperishable record of what Catholicity had done for the Bible at that early period, we know that the sacred writings in the first age of the Church were translated by a number of learned men into Latin, the prevailing language of nearly all civilized countries in those times. They (said St. Austin in his Book on Christian Doctrine) who translated the Scriptures into Greek can be counted, but the Latin interpreters are without number. In the first part of the eighth century the venerable Bede translated the Bible into the Saxon language, and for the use of the Saxon people of England. In the year 1284 Guiard de Moulins, a

Catholic Priest, translated the whole Bible into French, which was afterwards published in two folio volumes, A. D. 1488, full thirty years before the birth of the so-called Reformation. In Germany at the age of the dawn of printing several editions of the Bible were translated into German without date, but which were certainly printed before the year 1477; at that period and long before the mock discovery of the Bible by Luther, three different editions of a German version were published, one at Nuremberg, and two at Augsburg. A Polish version of the Bible was made by order of the Catholic Queen Hedwige so early as the year 1390; at a later period there was another version in the Polish language translated by order of Pope Gregory XIII, and published under Clement VIII, A. D., 1599. A Catholic version of the Bible was written in Iceland and in the Icelandic language so far back as the year 1279. Not to speak of the world-known Polyglot Bible of Ximenes, we have a printed edition of great celebrity in Spanish in the year 1478, and several other editions immediately before or at the epoch of the Reformation. To shew the Catholic spirit of these early times regarding the written word of God, we find a large portion of the New Testament translated into the rude dialects of the aboriginals of Central America, by the first Spanish Missionaries who landed on these shores. The version in most general use was written by Benedict Fernandez, a Dominican Father, who died in the year 1579. And what shall we say of Italy, the centre of Catholicity itself, where the whole Bible was translated into the Vernacular as soon as Latin ceased to be the language of the country, and as the modern Italian was little by little taking its place. A translation, two volumes in folio, was made by Nicholas Malermi, a Camaldolese Monk, which soon found its way among the educated classes of Italians—many years before the celebrated Council of Trent. After a lapse of two hundred years, during which there were several other Italian editions, came the celebrated version of Anthony Martini, Archbishop of Florence, 1769-1779, to whom the letter of Pius VI, was addressed, to which so learned an allusion has been made by the Judge. And now regarding our own many translations into English, surely his *Eminence or whatever they call him*, so skilled in Catholic affairs, must have heard at some time or another that there was such a thing as a Catholic translation of the whole Bible published at Rheims, so long ago as the year 1582, that is 150 years or thereabouts before Pius VI was born. We have had another in Douay A. D. 1609-1610. We have since had four or five other versions, and would have had as many more but for the mild and benignant sway of unpersecuting Protestant Rulers both in England and Ireland for the space of 300 years. Within the last half century we know that Catholic Bibles are literally dragged

with every fanciful variety of English Catholic Bibles and Testaments, and that they can be had and read and freely perused by all who can procure them and can read.

So much for misrepresentation No. 2, about the prohibition to read the Bible. And as in the case of the boy-beating Priest, I now challenge the Judge to give the name of the man or woman in this country who was ever forbidden by Priest or Bishop to read the Bible.

What becomes then of this bug-bear of the erudite and horror-stricken Judge, about the shutting out of the light of God from men's souls, and crushing their faculties. It were well for the Judge he had some of the heart, and even one half of the brains of many a one of these intellectual helots. Perhaps he is not aware that the pride and glory of the Irish Bar at the present day, and one half of the Irish Bench, are pre-eminently Catholic.

Besides the several Catholic Judges of distinction in Canada and in Newfoundland, there is another Catholic the highest legal functionary in the neighboring republic, Chief Justice Taney, of whom every educated American and every member of the legal profession is justly proud.

If any of these men came down from his high place to tell lies; to defame his neighbor's character, and under the canopy of religion to preach a crusade against Protestantism, as a system that was odious, abominable, and soul destroying: if their Bibles and every thing they held dear were flung into a "cess pool," and themselves decried as little better than degraded slaves and savages, would not the blood of every honest Protestant in the land curdle at the thought of having such a man upon the Bench as the arbiter of their lives and property, and every thing they hold most dear. I for one, as Catholic Bishop, would be the first to disown the fellow, and to say of him what I now say of the Judge Wilmot—"Sir, you have soiled your character; you have fouled the fountains of public justice; you have disgraced your ermine; come down!"

What happens at the hands of a Methodist Judge in New Brunswick to-day, with this sad precedent before us, may happen again and again, here or elsewhere; the partizan Judge may be a member of the Church of England this year, and a Catholic the year after. We may one day have a Catholic Governor here, and with eighty thousand of the population we are bound to have a Catholic Judge at no distant day. The evil, therefore, should be now cut at the root. Judges may become religiously serious, and turn to be Priests or to be Parsons; but every man, Protestant or Catholic, whose liberties are at stake, and who prides in British freedom, must see that they take off their ermine first. Here we want no two-faced Cerberus to bark at us in the Conventicle and bite us in the

Court House. If I mistake not the temper of the times, the day is fast approaching and must soon come, even in New Brunswick, when Judges, like Governors and Bishops themselves, must keep their own place, and behave themselves, and play no more "fantastic tricks before High Heaven."

The Judge Wilmot may call our system odious and soul-destroying, but I say to him that the system which would thrust upon the people of this country an unprincipled, ignorant and fanatical Methodist Parson, as Judge of the land, is far more odious and man-degrading. If the Catholic Bishop of this Province were to come out of his own Church, and rush madly into the arena of religious controversy, and bandy nicknames and disgraceful epithets at the Protestant people of this country, as may be so easily done, and with terrible retribution, what a war-whoop would there not be raised from one end of it to the other. Still worse would it be, if I were openly to enter into politics and harangue eighty thousand of my people into political frenzy against those for whom I have perhaps a little respect as the Judge has for "his friends the Catholics." I would have the power, and with good and sufficient reasons I would have the right too; for, unlike the Judge, I depend not for my appointment upon any man in this Country, nor do I draw, as he does, six hundred pounds a year, from the pockets of men of all religious creeds without distinction. Yes, I feel I would be amenable to a higher tribunal than the Judge practically acknowledges. I would have to fear God for the consequences: I would have a conscience to dread; and the hideous spectre of a divided people and embittered feuds and animosities, and perhaps bloodshed to haunt me as the result of my own rashness; I would have the deencies of civilized society and of public life to stare me in the face, and the strong voice of public opinion to cry shame upon me, and consign me, mitre and all, to that *cess pool* where the character of the Judge is now hopelessly buried in dishonor.

Sir, I fear I have already drawn this letter to a greater length than I at first intended. However opposed I am to newspaper controversy, yet I will be happy to follow up this amphibious and erratic Judge as circumstances may seem to dictate. One thing I will say to him before I conclude. If the opinion of many of the best men of the New Brunswick Bar be of any weight, it would be far more honest and more conscientious in a religious man like him, to devote any spare time he has to acquire a knowledge of the profession for which he is so well paid, than to the frothy preaching of religion of which he knows so little, and which would be far better in other hands. Though he is more than Pope, I believe among the Methodist body, yet if his dogmatic teaching be as hollow and as fallible as his senseless babblings on all other subjects.

then I say God help the poor people who are his dupes. He is not only an Evangelist, but he wishes to become a prophet too, and is equally false in both Characters.

He never was so mistaken as when he prophesied that the *Priest Egan* would make an excellent Methodist. No! no!! his phrenology here is utterly at fault; he did not know his man. The "*Priest*" Egan looks too straight into one's face; he is too honest; too outspoken, and he *hits* too hard to be over a good Methodist of the Wilmot type. With the Judge I never had a word of difference: I must thank him therefore for his sneer at "his Eminence." I would not be surprised if he were ignorant enough not to know that a Catholic Bishop had a position and a title long before a heraldic name was known in Britain, and more than a thousand years before a puiſne Colonial Judge had a questionable entree at Government House. His lecture on Friday evening on the dark and the long buried recesses of the Catacombs, which I myself visited some months since, must be luminous in the extreme, or in the lucid phraseology of the Rev. Mr. *All-Bright* must be "pre-eminently ecliptic." I hope his antiquarian lore is not like the metaphysics of the Irish *Philemath*, who defined them to be a science by which a man who knows nothing at all upon a subject endeavours to explain it to others who know less.

Your obedient Servant, &c.,

† THOMAS L. CONNOLLY,

Bishop of St. John.

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The Church in the Catacombs.

JUDGE WILMOT'S LECTURE.

On Saturday evening, Judge Wilmot delivered his promised Lecture on the Church in the Catacombs. The Judge had given warning that he meant to prove that Christianity existed before Popery, and that the Monuments of the Catacombs were erected before Purgatory had been heard of, and this attracted many, while others went under the impression that on this evening he was certainly to make a full explanation about the boy flogging story. As our "Reporter," who was unavoidably somewhat late, approached the Institute, a loud clapping of hands &c., announced that the lecture had commenced. He made all possible haste, and found the house so crowded that it was difficult to get even a standing place near the door. The Judge was on the platform concluding the opening passage of his lecture, and behind were ranged about 50 diagrams. At such a distance, only the outlines of some of them could be distinguished, and it was impossible to make out what the inscriptions were. For all this, "our Reporter" had to depend entirely on what the Judge read or stated, and—whatever the cause—he often failed to distinguish clearly the names as read by the learned Judge. In order to make up for these drawbacks, we, with much difficulty obtained the loan of a copy of Dr. Maitland's book on Monday about noon, and sought in this such of the inscriptions, &c., as we could remember the Judge to have referred to on Saturday evening.

As well as we could learn, the Judge began by saying he was not down yet, and could not easily be put down; but that if no alternative were left, he was prepared to leave the Bench, and to take the platform. He thought he would prefer the platform. Put that down! He assured his audience that the representations, inscriptions, &c., were all correct, and that he would be able to tell them correctly what they meant.

But to the subject; he said: Augustus boasted that he had found Rome a city of brick, and left it a city of marble. In order to procure materials for the buildings in the city and particularly the sand employed in Roman cement, vast excavations were from time to time made under the city and in the immediate neighborhood. It was about the year 75 of the Christian Era that these sand pits first began to be used by the Christians as a place of refuge from the cruel persecutions.

which from time to time raged against them, and they continued to be used until the end of the fourth century as places of refuge and abode. Probably the Arenarii, or sand diggers, first showed the Christians the entrance into these subterranean cities and conducted them through their dark and intricate passages. Gradually the Christians improved and extended them until they attained their vast dimensions, of which perhaps they would form some idea when told they were supposed to extend 100 (900?) miles. At various times the Christians of Rome took refuge in these, and, secure there, heard the rumblings of the persecution which raged in the city over their heads, and it was computed that the number of those buried there amounted to seven millions. They extended to a great distance along several of the great roads leading from the city, for instance, ten miles along the Appian way, and they were not merely one range of passages and chambers, but in some cases there were two stories, one under the other, and in some cases three stories. The diagrams would give them a good idea of the entrance to the Catacombs, and of the appearance of the galleries. He did sometimes turn away from his law books and take delight in hanging up these diagrams in his library, and, without seeking permission from his ecclesiastical superior, studying earnestly these wonderful evidences carved with a pen of iron on the living rock. An hour of such study afforded him more real happiness than could be derived from all the works of fiction that had ever been published. He was not, perhaps, a very learned man. He was never in the Catacombs himself, although, as they knew, there is one amongst us who was. (And the learned Judge at this made a grimace, "over the left," and gave a shrug, and used a tone that set all the portion of the audience so peculiarly intelligent as to relish this sort of display, in roars of laughter.) He received no knowledge by inspiration. He had to read the works of others and glean from them all the information he could, and store it away there, (pointing to his head,) and then draw it out and use it as he may require it. But he would now show from the evidence engraven on the rock that nothing was known of Purgatory in the Catacombs; and that the doctrine of Justification by Faith was held by the early Christians precisely as it is now held by Protestants. Virgil spoke of Purgatory, where miserable souls are bleached in the winds—he could not remember the exact passage now—but the early Christians knew nothing of Purgatory, and the Catacombs said nothing of it. He must be very particular, and give them all the information he could on the subject, as perhaps they were to have another letter.

For the modern discovery of the Catacombs we are indebted to Bosio, Aringhi, Maranghoni, Raoul Rochette and others.

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(you see said the Judge, in his most ludicrous tone of voice, we know the names though we were never at Rome) who devoted many years to the work of exploration and investigation. Bessio, after spending over thirty years in this work, died before the work he had prepared was published, and it was afterwards edited by another. So with Boldetti; and another who spent 30 years at this work, also died before his book was published. Several collections of inscriptions, monograms, basso relievos, &c., were made in Rome in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican in the Christian Museum and other places, and it was there that Dr. Maitland, from whose work these diagrams were taken, and who was his authority, took drawings. He had obtained permission to copy in the Lapidarian Gallery, and had applied himself closely to the work for about a month, when a dispute of some kind arose between the Jesuits and those who had charge of the Gallery, and one day the Dr. was told that he must not copy any more. He said very well. Next he was told he must give up the copies he had taken. Then the proud spirit of that Englishman rose, and he answered "Never! What I have copied was done by permission; the copies are now my property and I will never surrender them," and the matter was compromised by allowing him to retain them on condition that they were not to be published in Rome. He had obtained enough, however, as they would shortly perceive.

The Judge then proceeded to explain the various monograms, emblems, basso relievos, &c., and whenever he thought he made a good hit, he would point his long bony finger in the direction where our Reporter stood, and shaking it at him violently would shout in thunder tones, "Put that down," "I want that down," "Mark that—put that down," &c., &c.

One of the diagrams, he said, showed the entrance to one of the Catacombs; another would give a good idea of the galleries. They would observe the rows of graves in which the bodies were deposited. The Christians did not use the word buried; but "deposited," or "laid to rest," thus expressing their belief in a resurrection, and that the bodies were but laid there for a time to repose. And they called the places where they were deposited not burial places as the Pagans did, but "cemeteries" or sleeping places. In some of the galleries were two rows of graves, in some three or more. Some of these are now partially open, and some entirely open, as that in which a skeleton may still be seen. To the right was a representation of Diogenes, the "Fossor," or grave digger. These fossors then an inferior order of clergy were employed in preparing the graves and burying the dead, and these were the implements used in their business. Another diagram represented a grave digger, with a grave open before him, his pick-axe on his shoulder, &c. In some of the graves two bodies

were deposited, and such a grave was called a Bisomum, and sometimes persons made their own graves—of course while they were alive—as was shown by the inscription—"Sabinus Bisomum; se vivo fecit sibi in cemeterio Balbinæ in crypta nova," translated—"The Bisomum of Sabinus. He made it for himself, during his lifetime, in the cemetery of Balbina in the new crypt," and another was the inscription explaining that the price paid to the fossor Hillarus was 1,400 folles (about £12s. 7d.) in the presence of the fossors Severus (the learned Judge made the *e* of the second syllable short) and Lawrence. Two diagrams further to the right represented two slabs, about which there was for a long time a great dispute among the learned doctors of the church. These doctors do differ sometimes. They would observe on these figures of an adze, a saw, a mallet, a pincers, &c., and it was asserted that the graves enclosed by these were graves of martyrs, and that these were the instruments with which they had been cut and pinched, and pounded and sawed. He would explain by and bye why there was so much anxiety to make out that they were the graves of martyrs. The relics of martyrs brought a high price. Now there is no difference at all about these slabs. It is agreed on all hands that these figures were meant merely to show the trade or calling of those buried there. Put that down!!

The monograms represented on the diagrams to the left he had found very interesting objects of study. In one they saw a cross something like the St. Andrews cross, with the Greek R (P) rising out of it. The cross stood for the Greek Chi, and this, therefore, meant Christos, and then on one side they had Alpha, and on the other Omega—Christ, the Alpha, and Omega; the beginning and the end. No Purgatory there; no intercession of the Saints there:—Put that down!! Afterwards the cross assumed more of an upright form; and in another it was surrounded by a circle denoting the eternity of Christ. Another with the words Spes Dei within the circle, the whole meaning, My hope is in God Christ. No Purgatory there; no intercession of the Saints there!! They had other symbols also, and a favorite one was a fish. And why a fish? He would tell them. The Greek words Iesus, Christos, Theou, Uios, Soter, meant Jesus Christ the Son of God the Saviour, and the initial letters of these words put together make Ichthus, which means a fish. They would see in others that this word itself was used; another was a ship in full sail bound for Heaven. Nothing of Purgatory in this. There was also the Anchor of Hope found on many of the graves. The learned Judge then read a number of inscriptions. "Valeria sleeps in peace," and many others ending in the same formula, "in peace," or with the words "in Christ the first and the last." In the peace of Christ," &c., and as he read the words "in

peace," he would turn round and shout—put that down. Others, if we understood him correctly (we could not find these in our cursory examination of Dr. Maitland's works) were "absent with the body, present with the Lord," "I am the resurrection and the life," &c.

He next told what the inscriptions on some tombs of the martyrs were. These inscriptions he said were made by rubbing in a red pigment after the letters were cut. One, as we understood him, stated that the martyr surprised by the soldiers of the Emperor while on his knees about the sacrifice to the God of the Christians, had his head severed from the body. The only inscription like this we could find in Dr. Maitland's work is thus translated by that author—

"In Christ, Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He lived under the Emperor Antonine, who foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For while on his knees and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times, in which sacred rites and prayers even in caverns afford no protection to us. What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? when they could not be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkled in Heaven. He has scarcely lived who has lived in Christian times."

This also the Judge read—

A very curious inscription, he said, was one in Latin, written in Greek characters, and badly spelled. The translation is, "Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered with all his family for the faith; they rest in peace. Theophila his handmaid set up this."

For some time the meaning of this was not fully understood; but manuscripts have come to light showing that Gordianus had come up to Rome from Gaul, and with his family, 53 in all, had suffered for the faith. Cæsar, in his commentaries, tells us that the Druids of Gaul used the Greek characters, and as the instruction of youth was confided to them, it is probable that Theophila learned letters of the Druid, and having while in Rome learned something of Latin, was able to scrawl this inscription, although she could not use the Roman characters. The Judge drew quite a melting description of the handmaid carrying the bleeding remains of her master to the Catacombs.

The graves of converted Jews bore representations of the seven branched candlestick of the temple, with the flask for oil, &c., and on these, too, were the words "In Peace."

One beautiful monument he was particularly fond of seeing, because it bore testimony to a most important fact. It was to Flavia Jovina, who lived 3 years and 30 days, and baptised,

(the original has it, Neofita—a Neophyte) died in peace on the eleventh Kalends." He would make no further observation on this, but there it was: 3 years and 30 days, and baptised: died in peace.

It was asked how so many persons living in the Catacombs could support themselves; but it was known that two charitable ladies in Rome (and no doubt many others) devoted all their property to the support of the Christians in the Catacombs, sending them down food and clothes. And sometimes these dared to venture into light in search of food, or more often to get possession of and bear to the Catacombs the bodies of those who had perished for the faith. While below they of course had much time to spare, and it was not to be wondered that they sought to give expression in bas-reliefs and paintings to their ideas and opinions and hopes. The learned Judge then drew attention to the figure of our Saviour, represented in one place as the good shepherd; in another as changing water into wine; in another multiplying the loaves and fishes, and with much noise and more than one "put that down," to the fact that there was in all those instances no "nimbus" or "aureole" about the Saviour's head, though he did not afterwards say what he thought this would prove. He pointed out the representation of Daniel in the Lion's Den, a subject that would naturally be a favourite with the Christians, circumstanced as they were; and of Jonas thrown ashore by the Whale and sleeping under the tree, typical of the resurrection, and of Elias going up in the chariot and dropping his cloak on Eliseus,—all showing how intimate a knowledge of the Scriptures these Christians possessed; and of a triumphal procession in which the Roman soldiers bore on their shoulders the seven branched candlestick, the trumpets, and the sacred vessels of the Jewish temple. He directed attention particularly to a representation of the Sacrifice of Abraham, and to another of Moses receiving the Law, to prove that in those days no one dared attempt to give shape or form to the Almighty, whom it was given to no man to see. Here the Almighty presence was indicated only by a hand emerging from the clouds. He wanted that put down. On the left was a representation of a young woman in prayer, and from this the ladies could learn how the young women of that period dressed. Next this was a figure of "Paulus Pastor et Apostolus." No Saint there. He wanted that put down. Nothing but plain Paul, Pastor and Apostle. He was evidently in the attitude of prayer with uplifted hands, the attitude described by Tertullian, of the noble passage in whose apology this always reminded him, (we may as well say that the passage referred to, and which the Judge repeated, is given at length in Dr. Maitland's work.)

The representation of the Love Feast of the Christians of the Catacombs had much interest for his Methodist friends. They saw on either side the matrons of the feast at the table, on which was the cup, &c., and by it a jar. Around were the guests, and over it the words Irene, (or Peace,) give hot water; Agape, (or Love,) give wine. After Christianity became the religion of the Empire it was found that many of the Pagans were so attached to their games and amusements that their conversion was very difficult, and when this was represented to the Emperor he directed that the Love Feasts should be employed to attract them. This was done, but they quickly became such scenes of disorder, and such resorts of the dissolute, that they were even in the reign of Constantine put an end to by edicts.

He spoke of the contrast between the Pagan and the Christian side of the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican. On the one you saw beautiful works of art, inscriptions written in the highest style of elegance, all the titles of the dead, and nomen, prænomen, cognomen and agnomen all set forth. No bad grammar, or bad spelling there; nothing to offend the critical taste. On the other side rude inscriptions and bad grammar, and bad spelling; but the submission and confidence and trust and love and peace and the hopes of a resurrection of the Christian; occasionally, perhaps, an expression of sorrow, while on the Pagan side may be seen inscriptions declaring that wine and love, though they shorten life, alone make life pleasant, and on one is an uplifted arm and the inscription, "I — raise my hand against the God who has snatched me away doing no ill." (This inscription we could not find in Dr. Maitland's work.)

Running over portions of the several inscriptions, "In Peace," "in Peace," "in Christ, the Alpha, and Omega;" "Absent with the body, present with the Lord;" "Above the Stars;" "Irene in Pace," &c., he cried out repeatedly, put that down, and asked what was there of Purgatory in all this? There was confidence in Christ, peace, love, hope, but no Purgatory.

If what was said of these monuments and inscriptions were not true, he would like to see it proved; he would like to see the Church which claimed to be the Church of the Catacombs prove the goodness of its claim, by showing any proof from the Catacombs that its doctrines were held by the early Christians. One man who lives in London, Cardinal Wiseman, (in uttering this name the learned Judge stood on the extreme edge of one corner of the platform, bent forward so as almost to disturb his own centre of gravity, as he sought to upset that of the audience, and pointing forward, with strange grimaces prolonged each syllable until the word almost grew into

a howl, an exhibition which drew down the applause of that small portion of the audience whom the Judge's monkey tricks delighted above all things,) had published a book called "Fabiola, or the Church in the Catacombs." One of his friends lent it to him a few days ago, and he found that the name was most appropriate, for it was a mass of fables and nullities, (?) some fact and some fiction. It was published to counteract the effect of Dr. Maitland's work, but it did not give as he did copies of the paintings, &c., from the Catacombs, or from their own Vatican Gallery. It gave Diogenes, the fossor, and one or two inscriptions about refreshment and peace, and some inscriptions from fragments, and that was all.

Having to his own satisfaction proved that there was nothing of Purgatory known by the Christians in the Catacombs, he next proceeded to show that the forced Celibacy of the Clergy was unknown to them. The several orders of the Clergy at that time were the Fossor, the Lector, the Exorcist, the Deacon, the Sub-Deacon, Priest and Bishop. He then read the inscription on the tomb of Terentius, a fossor, and Primitiva, his wife, and exclaimed, "Put that down," and then added, What, a Fossor have a wife? Oh, there is more than that. Another was, "Januarius, the exorcist, made this for himself and his wife." He read others to show that a Lector had a wife; that a Deacon had a wife and a daughter, and that a Priest had a wife, and after each he would cry out, extending his arm, "Put that down," and add, what a Deacon have a wife, &c.? At last, declaring that he had something greater still, he read the inscription of an old Bishop who had a wife, and then looking at the audience he said, after a pause, "a Bishop have a wife!" Then shrugging up his shoulders and grimacing the while, he repeated in the tones of the "Bones" of a troupe of Nigger Minstrels "a Bishop have a wife!" Ha! ha!! ha!!! Then he capered to the end of the platform and repeated the same buffoonery, and when he laughed some of the audience laughed too, and he hobbled about with toes turned in, and knees bent as you see a Clown at a Circus. Then he strutted back to the table, and with a look of awful solemnity, he took up a book and said, "Yes, and you will find it in your own Douay Bible." "Let a Bishop be the husband of one wife."—There it is, but there is a note explaining that this meant he must be married only once before he is a Bishop.

In the Catacombs then there was no authority for the enforced Celibacy of the Clergy as there was none for Purgatory. But he must pass on. Diocletian and Galerius having conquered all their enemies met for a grand purpose. Mighty events were about to take place. The fourth seal was about to be broken. They resolved to suppress Christianity, and

after ten years of persecution they supposed they had succeeded, and erected columns declaring that it was destroyed; but Christianity could not be destroyed, and in a few years after, Constantine being converted, it became the religion of the Roman Empire. Then the Catacombs were no longer necessary as places of refuge; but they were regarded with much reverence and carefully preserved until after the incursions of the Barbarians, who forced an entrance into them to ransack them for treasures they did not contain. Gradually they became neglected, until at length they were entirely forgotten, and for one thousand years—from the sixth century to the sixteenth—they remained closed, visited only by wild beasts, and perhaps by robbers in quest of booty. In the sixteenth century the entrance to some of them was again discovered, excavations were made, and then troops of Monks and Friars may be seen rushing down through those galleries, tearing open a grave here, plundering the bones of the dead there, and carrying them off to make of them merchandise, and this continued until seventy thousand were opened, and the inscriptions being copied, the slabs, &c., were removed or destroyed. Then the trade in relics began, and when they found any grave bearing marks or symbols that would warrant them in declaring it to be tomb of a great Saint, the contents were divided, and a bone was sent to one and a tooth to another, until, in a little time, some of these Saints had as many as five heads, and arms and legs without number. Forgetting that there is but one Mediator, they became so anxious to find imaginary mediators that they fell into numberless absurd errors.

In Spain some persons had met with a portion of an ancient stone inscribed with the letters "S. Viar," and concluded that it was the epitaph of St. Viar, and it was so considered for some time, until at length application was made to have indulgences granted in his name, and then the Roman Antiquaries had to examine the stone, and they discovered that it was a fragment of a stone erected to a "Præfectus Viarum," or prefect of the roads, and so this Saint, so long honoured, was dethroned. In another case the bones found in a tomb erected by Julia Enodia to her mother, were by a mistake of the date for the nominative case, thought to be the bones of the daughter, and revered for some time until the mistake was discovered. If you go to the Cathedral of Cologne, the sexton will for a small price show you the relics of the eleven thousand virgin martyrs. Yet it is now admitted that there were but eleven. The mistake was owing to the inscription, which stood thus:—

VRSVLA ET XI. MM. VV.

and was read, "Ursula and eleven thousand virgins," instead of "eleven virgin martyrs." "Put that down." When Mr. Seymour, the Rev. Mr. Seymour, visited the Catacombs, his guide told him the story of these virgins, who were martyred, he said, because they refused to marry the legionaries. But how, asked Mr. Seymour, were they all brought from Britain. This the guide said he did not know. The guide also, in reply to his questions, said the grave of a Saint was easily known, as when opened it emitted a most delicious odour. (laughter) and once they found only a head, which spoke and told them his name and how he died. In the Salisbury Missal of 1655 (?) ("Put that down,") was a prayer asking the intercession of these 11,000 virgins. This the learned Judge read, (but he carefully omitted the words, "through Jesus Christ, our Lord," &c., with which such prayers almost invariably conclude) and then he gave vent to his amazement at such an infringement on the mediatorship of the Saviour.

He proceeded: a cloth with a face said to be the imprint of the Saviour's, was called the handkerchief of St. Veronica, and the worship of this handkerchief was the most gorgeous of the Roman ceremonials; yet there was no such person as Veronica, and the name owed its origin to a misreading of the words, "Vera icon," a true likeness which was painted under the face.

He asked them if they had ever seen a relic. He had in the Bishop's Church in Montreal, where he was shown what was called a back bone, &c., and in front he himself saw on the railings a short prayer asking the intercession of the patron Saint, and a promise of 60 days indulgence to all who repeated the prayer "with devotion." After saying that the subject was a solemn and awful one, he then described a painting he saw on the ceiling representing in an alcove, surrounded by rows of angels, the Holy Trinity: the Father as a venerable patriarch; the Son as a young man, and the Holy Ghost as a dove, and then, within the alcove on her knees, as if privileged above all others, the Blessed Virgin. This they may see for themselves.

An Indulgence he said is a remission of a portion of Purgatorial punishment. For the power of granting Indulgences claimed by the Church, there is not a shadow of authority from Genesis to Revelations. He then proceeded to read from Burnett's History of the Reformation, vol. 2, page 38, an account of Indulgences granted by various Popes, beginning at 300 days and swelling step by step, with many ejaculations of horror and amazement, and many a cry of put that down, until he got to one who granted an Indulgence of 62,510 years for the repetition of certain prayers in honour of the Virgin. Nothing he said could be found in the Catacombs to show that they knew any thing of indulgences there.

The Crucifix, he said, was not known in the early ages. Two cross sticks answered at first. In the year 406 a lamb was introduced at the foot of the cross, and this continued so until 706, when a man was introduced standing at the foot of the cross; then the man was placed on the cross tree, and it was not until the fourteenth century the portable crucifix was introduced.

Perhaps the Church would claim that it had preserved the Catacombs; but they did not know what use would be made of those testimonials, and for a 1,000 years they were covered up and concealed by the providence of God until the age of light had dawned, and the thick darkness which, as historians relate, had settled down, growing darker and more dense, as the light of the gospel gradually faded away, and which had brooded over the world so long was penetrated by its ray. Had the discovery been made sooner they might have gone in and altered, defaced or removed all that bore testimony against them.

In a letter lately, they had been told that they owed the preservation of the Bible to a certain Church. (The learned Judge at this shrugged and grinned as before.) Well perhaps they did. He did not want to deny them any of their merits and was willing to admit that there had been many great and good men and glorious spirits in that Church—the Venerable Bede, who had translated the Bible into Saxon, and when dying embraced the last page of his work, and De Sassey (?) who made the translation now circulated in France by the Bible Society, and the Nuns who kept up constant prayer while he was engaged in that work. He made various allusions to "the letter," saying amongst other things that when the Commander-in-Chief comes to the front you may depend on it the shell has fallen near the citadel.

He had looked at the first page of the Douay Bible to which he was referred in "the letter," and had found there more than the letter of Pope Pius the VI., viz., an admonition that the Scriptures in the vulgar languages should not be read without the advice and permission of their Pastors or Spiritual guides, either by the illiterate or learned. He read this at length, and argued from it that the reading of the Scriptures is forbidden. He thanked God that Protestants need not ask permission from any one to read the word of God; that Protestantism made men free, and when 1,500 good men and women met there to hear what was to be said about the Bible, no Protestant need ask his ecclesiastical superior, "Sir, may I go," as one amongst them called a "freeman" had to do. Oh, ignorance itself was not as blighting as when the iron enters the soul and makes man so regardless of the glorious liberty the Gospel confers. They are free whom the truth makes free.

Wickliffe too belonged to the Church. He told how Wickliffe was accused, tried, and condemned at the Monastery of the Blackfriars, and showed a picture representing him before the Council there declaring that truth would prevail. He told how Tyndal had to fly across the channel for making a translation of the Bible; what efforts were made to smuggle his translation into England; how Cardinal Wolsey bought up some, and caused search to be made for others, and he showed a picture representing the discovery of some copies in the rooms of students at Oxford, 18 of whom were cast into prison for the offence, and four perished there from miasma. He held up another picture which showed, he said, Wolsey at St. Paul's cross when Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, preached against Luther, and after the sermon Protestants were compelled to take up baskets with copies of Tyndal's Bible, and after walking around to cast them into the fire. (These pictures did not cause much sensation.) All this he related to show how steadily the reading of the Bible was prohibited, and what those who would read the Bible in those days had to endure.

The Judge then proceeded to read various passages from the "Sacred Writings," giving chapters and verse, &c., and asking that each "may be put down;" but we have neither time nor space now for what is already so familiar to our readers. He argued briefly that by these texts were established the sole mediatorship of Christ, the doctrine of justification by faith, and the privilege of obtaining eternal life without money, confessions, absolution or indulgences—gratis, as the Douay version has it. One text, he said, if placed over the Confessional, would prevent any one's ever again approaching it, &c., &c. All these he wanted "put down" and spread abroad, they were the best part of the lecture. Reading a text expressive of confidence in Christ, he exclaimed, Thank God for that confidence!! no doubts here; no speculations here; no vain imaginings of men, or uncertainty as to the future; but confidence. Thank God for that glorious Christian confidence, (and drawing himself up, he threw back his head, fixed his eyes on the ceiling, inserted his thumb between his waistcoat buttons, and using this as a pivot pounded his breast with his hand for some seconds, to the edification of some, and the amusement of others of the audience. After an earnest exhortation to Catholics to take their own Bible—the text without the notes, as their rule of faith, he again spoke of himself, declaring that he was not to be put down. His constant prayer was that he might be permitted to be useful. He was here through circumstances he could not controul. He had no animosity or ill will towards any one. He never lay down at night with such feelings. He loved all,

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and he was determined to labour for the good of all; but he was not to be put down until his tongue was stilled in death. He was not to be intimidated by letters and denunciations. Put that down again (and he struck his fist on his open palm and his heel on the platform with such force that the noise startled the ladies). Once when in Boston he had traced his lineage back to the Mayflower; that would tell them what sort of man he was. But to go back from the man to the Catacombs. In the Catacombs, as he had showed them, there was nothing of Purgatory, nothing of intercession of the Saints, nothing of the forced celibacy of the Clergy, nothing of the Mass, which was not introduced until the 6th century; not a picture or image of the Virgin Mary, nor even her name, to be found any where. In all the collection at the Vatican there was but one stone on which were to be found the words, Ora Pro Nobis; there was not a trace of any thing that could be adduced as proof, in the remotest degree, of the existence of a belief in Purgatory. He held the doctrines of the Christians of the Catacombs, and so did every Protestant before him, who, although they may differ in what he would always regard as non-essentials, such as Baptism, all agreed in the doctrines of Justification by Faith and a sole mediatorship, as expressed in these memorials of the primitive Christians.

He thanked the audience for their liberality to the Orphans, and he thanked many of them for the sympathy expressed for him in the storm now blowing. He was accustomed to storms all his life, but they did him no injury, and he was there still, and would be amongst them again as often as duty called.

The assemblage then quietly dispersed—those who went to hear all about the boy, feeling grievously disappointed.

We are sorry that we have been obliged to condense the lecture, and particularly that we had not space to describe more minutely the extravagant gestures, kickings, thumpings, and holy pirouettes of the learned lecturer.

LETTER II.

From the Right Reverend Doctor Connolly.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

To the Editor of the Freeman.

"He came there a Protestant, a Bible Protestant, and the God of the Bible saw that he never made a statement on that platform which in his heart he did not believe to be true * * * What was the gravamen of the charge against him? Was it any regard for Frederick Powers that brought upon him the frowns of these Ecclesiastics? These Ecclesiastics did well from their point of view in forbidding Roman Catholics to read the Bible, for it was totally opposed to their system, which had been well called 'the mystery of iniquity,' a system the most odious and detestable, excluding from man's soul the light of God, and crushing all his faculties. He had no ill-feeling towards Catholics. It was only their religious system which he abhorred, and which he would never cesso to denounce whenever there was a fitting occasion to express his opinion of it.

"He invited Roman Catholics to attend his Lecture on the Catacombs. In that he would prove to them from the most respectable and trustworthy witnesses that there was a Christianity existing before Popery, and he would prove it by the tombs and monuments erected by Christians before Purgatory was ever thought of."—Elegant extracts from the Speech of a man who is a Judge of the Supreme Court in the Province of New Brunswick.

SIR:—If the person who uttered these sentiments came down from the Bench and took to the Religious platform, as he threatened to our dismay last Saturday evening, I would be spared the very irksome task of again obtruding on the patience of the public. His unprovoked attacks, and proven slanders, against Catholics, the prostitution of his high office, and his unblushing disregard for the decencies of life would be our triumphant vindication without one word more. But as he is still on the Bench; as his magnanimous avowals of holy disinterestedness regarding the loaves and the fishes—the idols of his whole life, are even more unreliable than his assertions on all other subjects, I must follow him up as long as he has the weight of judicial character, and the weapon of public justice to do us harm, where his sectarian gall and personal malignity would be of no moment whatever. My displeasure and that of 85,000 insulted people, and shall I say it, of the whole Province, is not towards L. A. Wilmot, or the Rev. Mr. or Brother Wilmot, but a self-degraded Judge of that name, who is now a public eyesore and a sitting disgrace on the Judicial Bench. Let him come down from that Bench, and then, though we are not Christians, (as he asserts) nor Wesleyan Methodists, (thank God,) yet we will stretch out

to him a hand of forgiveness and of manly forbearance, but not a hand that was ever lifted up to Heaven in attestation of what we did not believe to be true. He may rant and rave, and pour out all the vials of his puritanic wrath, and strut the platform at the Institute with all the grimaces of the harlequin, and the uncouth gestures and ground and lofty turnblings of the Merry-Andrew; he may build up falsehood on falsehood, and retail his trashy anecdotes by the bushel, but old Catholicity will be still as it was, rather improved than weakened by the struggle. The church has passed unscathed through millions of such ordeals. She has had kings and tyrants and persecutors and heresiarchs to shake her to her centre. Even in the land of boasted freedom of conscience, our churches and colleges and monasteries have been pillaged and confiscated and burned down; our Priests and people hunted and butchered like wild beasts; our religion proscribed full 200 years by a cruel and Draconian code, equalled only by the blue laws of the Judge's forefathers in Connecticut; yet, thanks to God and the undying tenacity of our faith, here we are to-day to meet himself in argument, and to confront him likewise in the Court House, as Catholics will do for all time to come, as the worthy son of his sires, and a man whom they can never look up to as a just Judge. He may still continue to try Catholic criminals and decide records, but as well, may better, we should be tried at a drum-head court-martial. From the lips that have already spat out so much venom against us, we expect nothing but the seethings of a spiteful heart. Rightly or wrongly the Catholic will feel that trial by Jury before such a Judge is but a mockery, and that he is but the victim of a despotism more grinding than any we know of under the most arbitrary Governments elsewhere.

Say what we will of the palladium of constitutional liberty, as long as we have a Judge of that description on the Bench eighty thousand of a peaceful and loyally disposed people in this Province are practically helots. The impartial administration of public justice is not only the corner stone of true liberty, but it lies at the basis of social order and civilized life, and hence it is that under despotic forms of government as well as under constitutions and in republics all courts of law are looked after with a jealous and watchful eye, and guarded and fenced around with all the securities that law can devise in order to preserve and place them beyond the range of the remotest suspicion. For the honour of the Bench of New Brunswick be it said that, with the solitary exception of "our friend," we have a judicial corps of which any country may feel proud. As a Catholic Bishop I may be better pleased to see all our Judges away from every agitation that would give umbrage to any portion of the people; but I bow to the

prestige of acknowledged worth, of honesty of purpose and an unblemished life. While impeaching the public conduct of the Judge Wilmot, I deem it a duty to express my whole confidence in the unbending rectitude and high honour of the Venerable Nestor of the Judicial Bench in St. John, and still more, if possible, for their Honours the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Ritchie, for whose exalted position and personal merits of the highest order I entertain the most profound respect. With any of these gentlemen on the Bench, and an exclusively Protestant Jury, I live in the conviction that a Catholic Bishop would be sure of impartial justice whenever the occasion may be presented. Not so however with Judge Wilmot; and this is the cause and the only cause of my complaint. A few weeks will tell how far these feelings are shared by others in every part of the Province. The dearest rights of a whole people will not I am sure be lightly treated either by the Government or the Legislature. As Catholics we look for no privileges; we require no favours; we ask only for what is enjoyed in all other countries that we know of, and what the Protestants of this country would insist on probably at the risk of their lives. We wish not the defamer of our Priests, our every day traducer, our avowed and uncompromising enemy to be at the same time the arbiter of everything dear to us. We wish to have no longer upon the Judicial Bench a man in whose honour we have no confidence and for whose character we have no respect. What would be granted in a day to any other denomination with such a grievance on hands should not be withheld from us. We pay our taxes; we contribute to the revenue; we respect the laws; we are loyally devoted to the constitution of the country. Amid misrepresentations of every kind at home and abroad our best blood has crimsoned every battle-field of England for so many hundred years. Our heroic soldiers, with priests and nuns in their midst, have borne the brunt of every fight, and in the hour of England's death throes have rallied around her flag and poured out their life gore with all the valour and desperation of men who were fighting for their *own* country and liberties. Why, therefore, should they not share in the spoils and in the honours of her triumphs? Why should not the Catholics of the gallant 64th and 32nd receive their merited meed of praise amid all the blazonry that encircles the name of a Havelock or a Sir Colin Campbell? Why should their co-religionists throughout the Empire not feel that they were living in a prized and cherished home, with all the rights of freemen and all the privileges enjoyed by any other class of her Majesty's subjects? Is it that we are Catholics? "Hath not a Catholic eyes? hath he not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" Fed with the same food, hurt with the

same weapons. If you prick us do we not bleed? If you poison us, do we not die?

If we are, as we ought to be, on a level with all other classes in the country, we put the common sense issue to every dispassionate Protestant in this Province—"if the Hon. Mr. Watters or any other Catholic were a Judge, would you allow him to do with impunity what Judge Wilmot has been doing more or less since his elevation to the Bench, and more particularly within the past year? Would you allow him to play the part of a fanatical Priest, to malign your Ministers, to turn yourselves into ridicule and contempt, or call your faith odious and unchristian, and soul-degrading, and then promise that he would devote the remainder of his life to denouncing and decrying it, while he pretended to dispense justice to you, and was paid for it out of your own pockets at the rate of about eight hundred pounds a year? Would you allow him to tell a palpable falsehood, seriously affecting the character of one of your most respectable clergymen, and then, instead of retracting or apologising when convicted, rather make it worse by calling God in attestation before an audience of a thousand people? If you would, I mistake you much, and would deeply deplore the low tone of public feeling in any country where such a nuisance would be tolerated a single day, and were I to stand alone among thousands, I would still be of the same conviction. The course of action you would adopt with reference to a Catholic Judge, should be equally extended to a raving fanatic of any other denomination; for your honour as well as your interests are at stake. The day must soon come when this stab at our dearest rights will be quoted as a precedent in justification for the fanaticism and offensive intermeddlings of other Judges, and when, with this example before us, all redress will be unjust, as it will be hopeless.

Our friend, the Judge, is now convicted of having uttered a deliberate falsehood against the character of a Clergyman; he has sworn it in the name of God, (which by legal fiction is no oath,) and neither he nor all his friends together have one word to say in explanation. His sin has been brought home; it is a hideous spectre which he would fain tear from his vision. But no! Our harpoon is in the writhing leviathan! and we shall hold him fast until his gall shall have passed away; until his teeth shall have been extracted; until the terror of his jaw and the deep roar of his mouthings will be comparatively innocuous. If the Duke of Cambridge at the head of the British Army were in the humiliating position the Judge now occupies, his commission would not be worth a day's purchase. Even amid the humble and unpretending Catholic congregation of St. John, if the Bishop of the Diocese or the Pope of Rome uttered a calumny from a plat-

form, which he could neither explain nor decently apologise for, there would be an end to his position in their esteem. Such a man may live, but his life, like that of the Judge would be a burden and a degradation to himself, as it would be a curse for those who spurned him.

So far with L. A. Wilmot, Esq., Judge. I shall now come to Parson Wilmot as the great Corypheus and mouth-piece of Methodism in this country, the man deeply skilled in all the mazes of controversial dialectics, and devoted, as he promises, during the remainder of his life to the Godlike mission of denouncing "the mystery of iniquity," in true Gavazzi style, in order that he may win our sympathies and convert us, (the rogue ! !) He did not and he does not believe a word of it, unless indeed he be a hopeless lunatic, as many thought who witnessed his last exhibition at the Institute. If he be really a madman of the Angel Gabriel type, (which I doubt,) God forbid that I should pursue him another inch beyond what is barely unavoidable for our own protection. If the suspicion be well founded, this is only another and a stronger reason why he should be taken at once from the fearfully responsible position he now holds. But my impression is that he has another and, as he imagines, a higher and more congenial game to play, and the sooner he comes down and commences the better. It was not fair play the other evening to preface his great lecture by proclaiming that he was not yet down, before he uttered one single word in defence. It must have been to the Judicial Bench he referred; not certainly to his woefully altered position in public esteem. It is no wonder he should not think himself down, while by a fiction of law he is yet in his high place at a salary of £800 a year, extracted from the pockets of a people that despise him. As may be expected, his opening remarks are a most happy and appropriate introduction to the remainder of his discourse.

Sir, I read over your lengthy report this morning, and at the first view I am free to confess that I felt aghast at its vastness and boundless variety. Were I even competent and willing to give in fifty newspaper letters the Catholic views on all the topics referred to, and to analyze the whole lecture fragment by fragment, a mountain difficulty meets me at the outset as to where and how I should commence. The lecture, as reported in the Freeman, is a "rudis indigestaque moles," a vast heap without order, a huge fabric without a suitable foundation, without gateway or portico to mark where you can go in. Like the speech at the Bible Meeting, in which he made a sudden transition, by telling them that "He had a long way to travel: he was bound for India and would leave his card at Rome," so on the present occasion historical facts, and anecdotes, and personal experiences, and Catacombs, and

the Bishop's Church at Montreal, and Boston, and the May-Flower, and Purgatory, and Methodist Love Feasts, and the sale of relics, and indulgences, and the intercession of the Saints, and the sacrifice of the Mass, and Crucifixes, and the worship of Veronica's handkerchief in St. Peter's, and the wives of Bishops and Priests and Fossors, and the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican, and the superiority of Pagan Grammar, and the preservation of the Bible, and venerable Bede, and Nuns, and DeSacy's translation, and the Commander-in-Chief in terror, and the Douay Bible, and Pius VI., and Wickliffe, and Wolsey, and Luther, Fisher and the Confessional, and the burning of Tyndal's Bibles, and his own confidence in Christ, and the certainty of his salvation upon which there could be no doubt whatever, and Justification by Faith alone, and the unity of Protestants, and his good will for all, and his determination to labour for all till death : all these and ten times more irrelevant topics are huddled together in such a manner as to make any attempt at a categorical reply hopeless. If he first proved the authenticity of his sources of information, and then gave an accurate history and description of the Catacombs, and drew his own conclusions, his plan would be simple and complete, and his cause *with truth on his side* would be triumphant. But here we are left as we were before the lecture, without a single argument being attempted, and consequently without anything tangible to grapple with.

A gentleman named Dr. Maitland went to Rome, visited the Catacombs, and wrote a book. The Judge read it as he read the Catholic Bible, I suppose, gave the Doctor's sole authority for the truth of one half his long string of anecdotes, and his own modest and notorious veracity as a guaranty for the remainder. Whoever consented to accept two such authorities as these, must, like the fuglemen scattered around the Institute on Saturday evening, have been convinced long before the lecture began. Did it ever occur to the Judge, who seems to know very little of Hermeneutics, that it would not have been at all out of place to let the public know who this Dr. Maitland was. As the lecture was more the property of Dr. Maitland than of the Judge, it would have been proper at the outset to let us know whether this Doctor was a celebrated man, a Linguist, or Antiquarian of acknowledged merit. Was he a well known European character? Was he long in Rome? Did he spend years, like Bosio and Arringhi, in the Catacombs? It may be also of some interest to people in this Province called Catholics, to know to what religious denomination he belonged. Was he a soul-crushed Catholic who did not know how to write? or was he a man who, like Mr. Aminadab Slick, the Methodist Pastor of the Serious Family, did all his praying outside, and everything else behind

the scenes, where there was no danger of detection or exposure? Did he take a bird flight to Rome, like Dickens and other literati, look in at St. Peter's, step down to the Catacombs, see the Tiber, and come back declaring he understood everything and approved of nothing at all? I have seen legions of these fastidious and fault-seeking gentlemen in Rome, who left it as they came, stolidly ignorant, and whose authority on anything connected with the Catholic religion is of as little weight as the vaporings of the Judge himself. To return to the lecture, therefore, there is not one word in proof of Dr. Maitland's being any authority on the subject of the Catacombs; consequently there can be no attempt at argument, and therefore the whole superstructure falls to the ground. It is significant that the learned Judge, instead of lecturing on something practical and nearer home, and within the reach of ordinary people, should always select some big and high sounding theme, and invariably in the distance.—Witness his far-seeing and able dissertation on Russia, his lucubrations on Ninevah, and now his deep researches into these caverns which are so euphoniously named "the great Catacombs of Rome." To him, Layard and Maitland were what some Puritanical Tracts were called in Cromwellian times, to wit, "spectacles for the blind," and a "pair of crutches for a limping sinner." Knowing nothing himself as a scholar, he read one solitary book on each of these subjects, and then, as I said in my last letter, explained it in metaphysical fashion to those who understood less.

About Dr. Maitland's authority as an antiquarian, I will tell what the Judge neither knew nor had any opportunity of knowing, *i.e.* that the said Dr. Maitland was afraid to enter the Catacombs at all on account of the danger and difficulty attending it. The Rev. Spencer Northcote, M. A., Scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, by far a better and more general scholar, and a sounder authority (chap. 4, page 50) on the Catacombs, taunts him with his cowardice in this respect. Dr. Maitland (said he) talks of the danger of penetrating into them (the Catacombs) beyond the mere entrances left open to general inspection, and it is sufficiently manifest from his work that this, or some other cause, had deterred him from making any satisfactory examination of them himself; and yet this is the much vaunted Maitland, the only crutch on which the limping Judge depended for getting through the darksome and mazy labyrinths of the Catacombs. It is not a Frenchman, nor an Italian, nor, still worse, an Irishman: it is an Englishman who spent years in Rome, who holds a very high position as a gentleman and a scholar, who tells that Dr. Maitland never saw the interior of the Catacombs at all, and had made no examination for himself. (Mark that down.) Take Mait-

land away then and what becomes of the "baseless fabric" of the Judge's vision and of his whole lecture on Saturday night. What importance must be attached to the story of the Jesuits, who I well know have no more to do with the Catacombs or the Lapidarian Gallery than the Judge himself. What a laughing-stock he would have made of himself before an enlightened audience in Europe while descanting on Maitland's British pluck in not giving up any notes or sketches he might have made on subjects which during my time in Rome were sketched and copied by artists and writers and virtuosos and visitors from every country in Europe, especially from Germany and France. Sir, I tell the Judge quite plainly that there are two Clergymen now in the Province who, within the last twelve months, have seen ten times more of the Catacombs than Dr. Maitland, and whose authority is quite as respectable as his, and that is saying very little. If the Doctor told the whole truth and did not write for pelf and to pander to English Protestant prejudice, it is most certain that his book would never have been popular in England, and never have found its way into the hands of the impartial Judge. But granting, for argument's sake, that Maitland's authority was unexceptionable, what is attempted to be proved? Mark the logical force of the argument—Dr. Maitland went to Rome, visited the mere entrances of the Catacombs left open to the general public, Catacombs which, according to the best authority, have 900 miles in length of subterranean streets, and contain as is believed not less than seven millions of graves. The Doctor stopped at the entrance, jumped from that to the Lapidarian Gallery and the Christian Museum in the Vatican, copied, like hundreds of other strangers, Inscriptions, Monograms, Bas-relievos, Diagrams, &c., &c. The Judge does not tell us whether he copied all that were to be had in Rome, or only a portion of them. They could not have been even one-millioneth part of them. And pray, good friend Judge, did he select those that were favourable to what you call Popery, or did he honestly cull them out according to his feelings for a little disinterested purpose connected with his pocket? Dr. Maitland has not copied any inscriptions in which there is a shadow of Popery—therefore the religion of the Popes did not exist before the 4th century. How convincing and how profound? It was believed in St. John that after the lecture Purgatory would be eliminated for ever. In looking over the lecture, however, I was pleased to find it still remained unextinguished as on Saturday morning. It was gravely stated that modern Methodism, all bashful and unpretending as it is, got up by John Wesley during the last century, was the primitive state of Christianity before Catholicity commenced. If John Wesley himself came back to the world how he would bow in

admiration to the Judge for this exquisite and more than Newtonian discovery.

Sir, on the historical portion of the lecture on the Catacombs, I have nothing more to say than that it is simply what is found in every hand-book on the subject, with a few inaccuracies of no moment in reference to the questions at issue. I have been myself in the Catacombs of St. Agnes and St. Calixtus. I did not stop at the door. I walked for hours within their sacred labyrinths, and instead of being afraid, I felt my heart within me bound with joy at seeing the thousands of time-honoured monuments on every side, proofs of the antiquity and the unchanged and unchangeable character of old Catholicity. At every twenty paces, or at the length of every ten tiers of graves, on each side of the narrow passages, I entered into a capella or chapel or chamber, of which there seem to be hundreds in each of the Catacombs, in different stages of preservation; and in several of these I have seen as many as two altars, with the sarcophagi or the graves of martyrs under them, and there they have stood for sixteen or seventeen hundred years, as a proof admitted by all antiquarians that the Christians of the olden times had incontestably their sacrifices and oblations too, without which these altars would have been without object, as they would be without meaning. On the ceilings and on the walls at every side wherever they were not defaced, I saw frescoes representing the several historical personages and scenes of the Bible: the ark of Noah, with the dove having a branch of olive in its beak, Moses striking the rock, Daniel in the lion's den, the three children in the fiery furnace, Jonas (as far as I recollect) delivered from the whale's belly, as a type of our resurrection, and the Saviour of the world with his blessed mother at the marriage feast of Galilee; in another the good Shepherd, and in another chapel the scene of the last supper with the twelve Apostles seated round the table, having (Ichthus) the fish as the symbol of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Saviour before them. In another of these painted chapels, having an altar, were life-size figures of Saints Cornelius and Cyprian, the one a Pope; and the other the celebrated Bishop and Doctor of that name. They are both robed in the full pontificals of Bishops, and have underneath the inscriptions, *Sci Cornelii*, *Sci Cypriani*. Further in on the opposite side is the Chapel of St. Cecily, where her body was found, and over it on a lofty carved ceiling are seen her portrait, life sized, in good preservation, and two other figures of Saints, whose names are now beyond my recollection.

To enumerate all the other paintings and altars, and typical inscriptions and monuments of Christian art of every description is more than I would dare attempt from memory. For

the satisfaction of the Judge, and the public, I will set down therefore my own testimony and that of another Clergyman now in this Province as an equivalent, at least, for the authority of Dr. Maitland, whose fame as a linguist and antiquarian is by no means unquestioned, and whose knowledge of Rome, and of every thing about it, is not to be compared with the longer and more intimate experience of persons who went there for the express purpose of study, who lived there for years, and whose only recreation it was to visit from week to week some old monument of the Eternal City.

In justice to the Judge, however, and to the public, we will waive our own authority for the while, and fall back on the testimony of men whose fame as writers and antiquarians is beyond all question. Arringhi in the whole of his Third Book, and Philip Buonarroti in his work on the Antique Vases of Glass, (Florence 1716,) after quoting numerous writers of antiquity to explain the meaning of the symbols discovered by Bosio, and others, in the Catacombs, go on to say that they consisted of marble slabs, and lamps, and precious stones, and pictures of the various scenes taken from both the Old and New Testament. There was the image of Christ on the mountain, from which flowed four rivers in four different directions, as the symbol of the universality or catholicity of the Christian religion. There was, besides, the image of Christ, the Shepherd, bearing a sheep on his shoulders, either painted or sculptured, on glass, on lamps of different forms, on tomb-stones and sarcophagi, on the walls all round, on stones, and on the chalices in which the blessed blood of our Lord was consecrated. On these chalices Tertullian, writing in the third century, says (*Lib. de Pudicitia vii., c. x.*)—"Let the pictures on your chalices be presented, and the meaning of that sheep will appear. You paint the Shepherd on the chalices, in order that he may protect you."

Besides the figures of Christ in the Catacombs, there are also to be found innumerable symbols and monuments on which are painted or engraved the figures and names of the Blessed Virgin and of the Angels and Saints, of which, besides our own testimony, we have Blanchinius tome ii. cap 1; Fabretti cap viii. page 8; Foggini on the Apostolate of Peter, page 453; Marangonus *Delle cose gentilesche* cap 72. D'Agnicourt *Storie dell arte*, vol. iv. page 69, relates that several of these images made during the time of the first persecution under Nero, were found in the Roman Catacombs by himself. The style and form of these images he compared with those found in the family sepulchre of the Nasci, to wit of Ovid, immediately outside the Pincian gate—"Whence he says we infer two things—first, that the use of images was universal in the Church from the first and the

second century : and secondly, that the veneration for images prevalent in these early times preserved from destruction the Fine Arts, both painting and sculpture, of which Protestants themselves are most studious at the present day." Winckelmann, the celebrated German writer, in his *History of Ancient Art*, Prato 1832, tom. iii., cap 2, praises highly as a work of art the statue of St. Hypolitus, martyr, in a sitting posture, which was made about the time of Alexander Severus, Emperor, A. D. 205.

Crosses of all forms are also to be found there : of all descriptions, without number. That they were used by Christians in the earliest ages, not only in the Catacombs but every where else, is evident from the accusation made against Christians by Cecilius, a Pagan, in the work of Minutius Felix *Biblioth. Patrum*, edit Venet tom. ii., page 386. "To the man who suffered justly for his crime they erect altars, that they may worship that which they deserve." Julian, the apostate, also reproached them because they adored the cross and made the sign of it on their foreheads, and engraved it on the door-posts of their houses, so universal was their reverence for the cross in those days.

Many Pagan writers in the first ages thought that all people crucified were adored by Christians, as can be seen, apud Origenem, lib. ii., 47. So much, upon crosses. Boldetti, lib. i., cap 4, says, that so early as the third century the images of the Virgin, with Jesus in her arms, and the heads of both figures surrounded with an aureola, or crown, all on ancient glass, were to be found in the several Catacombs of St. Calixtus, St. Agnes, St. Priscilla, &c. Mariani Lupi, another most distinguished antiquarian, tom. i. dissert. viii., page 243, describes a Vitrum found in the cemetery of St. Callixtus, all stained with blood spots; in which the Blessed Virgin is represented sitting upon a throne holding her babe Jesus on her knee.

In order that we should leave nothing undone to please the Judge, as far as the limits of a newspaper letter will permit, I will now pass from the testimony of all these learned foreigners, with whose works he is so conversant, and come back to the Englishman already quoted, the Rev. Mr. Spencer Northcote, Scholar of Oxford, formerly a Church of England Minister, and now (don't faint) a Roman Catholic Priest, stationed in some part of England. He, too, went to Rome to examine for himself, but he had a very different pair of spectacles from those of Dr. Maitland. Page 50, he tells us that in these Catacombs he found small lamps of terra cotta, (which the Judge so well understands,) and which are now in all the Roman Museums; also specimens of the ampulla, or glass vessel, with the red stain of the martyr's blood which it for-

merly contained. Where the martyr was put to death, without the shedding of blood, a palm branch served the same purpose. Besides the subterraneous chambers, he says (page 54) used for burial places, there are others in great numbers where the holy mysteries of the Mass were offered up: there were two galleries, *vis a vis*, one for men and the other for the women of the congregation. Prudentius, he says, describes the tomb of St. Hypolitus, above referred to as an altar, whence "the bread of life was distributed to the faithful who dwelt on the banks of the Tiber." St. Maximus, St. Ambrose, St. Austin, and many others use the same language, and it is certain that the practice of offering the Holy Sacrifice at the consecrated graves of Martyrs was almost universal in the Church from the time when the beloved Apostle, from his exile in Patmos, "Saw under the altar the souls of those that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." There can be nothing clearer.

Beside these altars were, what in all Catholic Churches are called credence tables, of cut stone, or projecting rock, where the elements of bread and wine were placed until given to the Priest for consecration. So far on the multitudinous and varied evidences about the antiquity of Catholic worship, as found everywhere in the Catacombs.

Northcote tells us a few more particulars of great interest, to which we must briefly allude. Pope Alexander the First, he says, took refuge in these Catacombs from the persecution under Adrian, A. D. 110. A hundred years after several Popes in succession used them as a hiding place. Here remained for a while the Pope St. Calixtus, from whom that Catacomb derived its name; here St. Urban, another Pope, baptised the husband and brother-in-law of St. Cecelia; here also took refuge Popes St. Pontian, St. Antherus, St. Fabian, St. Cornelius, all of whom succeeded one another without interruption in the See of Peter, from the year 198 to 252. About the year 252 the Emperor Valerian expressly forbade the Christians "to hold assemblies in, or even to enter those places called cemeteries, *i. e.* the Catacombs. After this another Pope, Stephen, lived in the Catacombs, and administered the Sacraments there and held Councils of the Clergy, and was at length discovered in the act of saying Mass there, and was martyred on the spot. Sixtus, who succeeded him, was in the Catacombs, and thirty years later Pope Cajus, who lay concealed there for eight years and was brought out at last to share the fate of those who went before him.

Now, a hurried word on the inscriptions about Purgatory, and I have concluded. I never saw Dr. Maitland's work, and in this I feel I have but little to regret; but if he undertook to give a fair account of the inscriptions in the Catacombs, and

did not copy one at all having reference to Prayers for the Dead, and inferentially to the doctrine of Purgatory, then I tell the Judge he is but a narrow-minded scribbler, a mere literary pirate. A gentleman who had the book in his hands for a few hours assures me that there are some inscriptions, and other scraps of information, which the Judge did not allude to at all, and which distinctly prove the very reverse of what he was endeavouring to establish the whole evening. Was it to hoodwink the audience or the Methodist body that he so innocently withheld the few remaining inscriptions copied in Dr. Maitland's book? There are a few, (page 234,) which escaped his notice altogether—"Vivas Vincas:" "May you live, may you conquer." "Faustina Duleis Vivas in Deo:" "Sweet Faustina may you live in God." "Zotica may you live in the Lord." "Bolosia may God refresh thee." "Ameninnus to Rufina—my dearest wife may God refresh thy Spirit." If all these were dead before their Epitaphs were written, it is proof No. 1, that they prayed for the dead in those early times. For this piece of information the public are indebted, not to the Judge, but to Dr. Maitland. However, thank God, within the range of our own small collection in New Brunswick, we have as many of these inscriptions as make us perfectly independent of both. I will give all that are needed for my purpose in rapid succession. "Victoria refrigerer. In spiritus tus in bono." "Victoria—may thy spirit be refreshed in good," (i. e.) in God and in the sweets of Heaven. "Aur. Ailianos Paphlagon Theou doulou pistos Ekkoimethe en Eirene Mneste auton o Theos eis tous aionas." Aurelius Elianus of Paphlagonia—a faithful servant of God. He sleeps in peace. Remember him O God for ever. "Kalemira—may God refresh thy spirit, together with your sister Hilara." To my well deserving sister Bon (osa.) May Almighty God Christ refresh thy spirit in Christ. "Demetrius and Leontia to their well deserving daughter Syrica. Remember O Lord Jesus our child." "Eternal light be to thee Timothea in Christ." Zozimus—mayest thou live in the name of Christ. In the Gallery of the Lateran Musuem there is another inscription from the Catacombs:—*Domine ne quando adumbretur spiritus Veneris de filiis ipseius qui superstitiis sunt Benerosus Projectus.* "Lord let not the spirit of (our mother) Venus be at any time in darkness." In the Catacombs of St. Nereus and Achilleus is the last line of an Epitaph—*Vivas in pace et pete pro nobis.* "Mayst thou live in peace and pray for us."

Passing from the Catacombs to Holy Fathers in true Judge Wilmot fashion, I will now quote a text from two of the most distinguished Christian writers of the third century, on the subject of Purgatory and praying for the dead, which I think ought

to settle all reasonable doubt on that subject. I will commence with the Judge's friend Tertullian, with whom the Judge seems so familiar and one of whose volumes I believe he never opened in his life. Lib. de Corona Mil. ciii. "We make oblations for the dead on the anniversary day of their birth;" and Lib. de Monagamia ciii., he writing about the duty of a faithful widow towards her deceased husband says:—"She prays for his soul, she begs refreshment for him and a happy union (with Christ;) a happy companionship for him in the first resurrection." St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, about whose picture in the Catacombs we have already spoken, speaking of the merit of Martyrdom says—Ep. 52. ad Anton. "One thing is to be obliged to wait for pardon, and another to come immediately to glory. One thing to be kept in prison until you pay the last farthing, and another to is to incontinently receive the reward of virtue and of faith. One thing to be cleansed and purified a long time by fire, and another to have expurgated, atoned for all your sins by martyrdom." But why multiply quotations any more and needlessly trespass on the patience of the public. Let the Judge send any of his friends to my residence, and I will shew them in print all the inscriptions and texts above quoted, and if need be, five times as many more. It is now for the reading and dispassionate public to decide between the Judge and myself, whether the Catacombs of Rome clearly prove, as he pretends, that there were no Popes, no popery, no pictures, no statues, no crosses, no altars, no mass, no church ornaments, no episcopal or priestly vestments, no prayers for the dead, no middle state, no purgatory, no veneration for Jesus and Mary pictured together or for the apostles and martyrs and saints of God, no respect for their relics, no symbols, no doctrine of the catholicity of the present day before that brilliant period when Constantine the first Christian Emperor entered the city of the Cæsars under the Labarum of the Cross; and when primeval Christianity sprang up as if from the tomb to assume a visible and more glorious form throughout every Province of the Empire. Is there anything on the other hand to shew that the cold and whitewashed walls of the Methodist Meeting House without inscription, or painting, or statue, or ornament, or baptistery, or an altar, or a sacrifice, or an ordained Priest, or the cross of Jesus, the emblem of salvation and the christian's glory in every land; and then with a snug parsonage along side and well furnished apartments and a sweet little cozy family—ah! ah! ah! is there the smallest imaginable evidence I ask to prove that this was the Church of the Catacombs; the Church of the early Christians, the Church of the Popes of Rome; the Church of ten millions of martyrs; the Church of holy confessors and virgins and an-

chorites; the known Christian Church of the Roman Empire, and therefore the only Church of Jesus on the earth for three hundred years? Could that be the Church, which, as if by magic, built up in so short a time these magnificent piles of Christian architecture, with their painted walls and decorated ceilings, with their reliquaries of the sainted dead, and their baptismal fonts, and sarcophagi, and glorious altars, of which we have so many still extant, as imperishable and undoubted memorials of the Oneness and the perpetuity of the Religion of the Catacombs now and to all time? Is this—I will appeal even to the seared conscience of the Judge, who is no scholar—is this the Church that within a year after its deliverance from the Catacombs sent its three hundred Bishops from every part of the Globe to meet in general council in Nice in the far East, under the presidency of the Legates of the Pope Sylvester, where Constantine himself attended, and where the primacy of the See of Peter in Rome was declared by the unanimous consent of all the Eastern Bishops to be a portion of the universal faith of the Christians of every country at that early period? I pause, and I fear I will have to pause a long time, for a reply from this new-born Apostle of meek Methodism, who thought he demolished Popery altogether in his last unfortunate lecture.

Not Methodism, therefore, or any other Ism, but "the Roman Catholic religion alone" which, in the words of Macaulay, a Protestant, and one of the first literary men in Britain, whose authority even the Judge himself can scarcely gainsay:—"The Roman Catholic Church alone joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity; but the Republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains, not an antique, not in decay, but full of youth and vigour. The number of her children is greater to-day than at any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World are greater than what she lost in the Old. The members of her community are certainly not less than 150 millions (I say 200 millions), and it will be difficult to shew that all other Christian sects united amount to 120 millions. Nor do we now see any signs that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the Governments and of all the Ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world (Judge, mark that down), and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all."

Here is, therefore, the contrast between Catholicity and

Methodism; between the Bishop in his own place and the Judge where he ought not to be. At an unguarded moment for himself and his friends, and especially the Methodist body, whom he represents, he threw down the gauntlet, and I took it up, not for display, as the world knows, but in vindication of an outraged people, and then in defence of the glorious Church of the Catacombs; the Church of the Popes; the Church of Constantine and Theodosius and Pepin and Charlemagne; the Church of the Lombards and the Franks and the Saxons, and of the middle ages; the Church of Englishmen and of all Britain for eleven hundred years; the first, the last, the only Church, established by Jesus, and which as his own work is necessarily true and therefore immutable, and enduring to all time.

Your obedient Servant, &c.,

† THOMAS L. CONNOLLY,

Bishop of St. John.

P. S.—Mr. Maturin's reasons for abandoning Protestantism and becoming a soul crushed Catholic, at the sacrifice of social position and independence, will be published in a few days. I recommend it to the perusal of all impartial men who wish to see both sides of the question. What a noble theme for the Judge on the occasion of his next visit. He may then have an opportunity of accounting for the conversion of Lords Fielding, Dunraven, and Camden, the Duchesses Argyle, Hamilton, and Buccleugh, the Marchioness Lothian, the Newmans, and Wilberforces, and Fabers, and Manning, the Queen's own chaplain, who received about three hundred Protestants last year into the Church of the Catacombs, and of the thousands of the great and intellectual of the land who became soul crushed Papists within the last twelve years.

† T. L. C.

Letter from a Cleric of the Catholic Church.

To the Editor of the Freeman.

Your blunderer is sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A mulctee's the man to set him right;
First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.

SIR:—From the number and length of all the newspaper leaders and anonymous communications that have appeared on the never to be worn out subject of Dr. Connolly's letters within the last three weeks, I had vainly hoped that, the controversy was at an end, and public opinion already formed on the merits of the whole question. In the *Freeman* of Thursday, however, I find that after an incubation of three weeks, a member of the Church of England, true to nature, has succeeded, with evident pains and labour, in bringing out two mortal columns in the *Church Witness* of the previous week. I have the honour of knowing Dr. Connolly intimately, and I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that with all the experience derived from his long residence in America, he had no idea of the high-souled honour and fair play he was to meet from all quarters in New-Brunswick, when he accepted the pointed and insulting challenge of Judge Wilmot. The poor man in his good faith thought he had gentlemen to deal with; he believed what nearly all the Protestants of the country thought, till the memorable lecture on the Catacombs, that Judge Wilmot was by far the ablest exponent of Protestantism in the Province. He saw clergymen of every denomination, including some of those of the Church of England, bow to him as a demi-god, and acknowledge him practically as their *best man*, and the champion of their creed, against a class of people who not only never assailed them, but who, up to that moment, never opened their mouths in their own defence.

Under these circumstances the Bishop became assured of fair play. He foolishly thought that the great Judge, a host in himself, who gave the challenge would be the only man to grapple with. But lo! his disappointment; this great "Will o' the Wisp" was found to be nobody at all, "*erupit! evasit!*" Beyond the few clap-trap common-places of "Exeter Hall," and the "waving of the British Flag," and "we won't give up the Bible," to throw dust in the eyes of the blind, and

teare old women and children; he dared not offer one word in reply to the two public letters, which, to say the least of them, have already dealt a heavy blow to his cause, and destroyed forever his own reputation. If he could not write, (as his friends well knew,) and had nothing in him to come out, the host of scribes who hurried to his rescue would have acted a more manly part, and done far better for the cause of Protestantism to have repudiated him altogether. As the Bishop had the manliness to meet the challenge, and come out in his own name, there is but one word in the English language to fit the man who would assail him anonymously; and yet in this land of fair play there have been not less than one hundred of these unprincipled and miserable scribblers,—shame upon them—to attack one man who stood up in his own defence. It was at a moment like this that the calm, the dignified, the cautious and studied “Member of the Church of England,” redolent with the “fumes of the midnight lamp,” came out at the tail of the hunt, as it were, to join echo after three weeks of learned and laborious preparation.

Bishop Connolly read the report of Judge Wilmot's Speech on Tuesday; his reply, covering three columns of the *Freeman*, was in the office at 2 o'clock on Wednesday; the Speech on the Catacombs which was under the file for several months appeared the Tuesday after; the Bishop's Reply, nearly six columns in length, was in the office before 3 o'clock the following day. I counted not less than seventy references and quotations, from all kinds of authors, in both these letters, and the “Member of the Church of England” well knows the difficulty and the danger of such a delicate operation, where time pressed and where all was to be ready for type within the space of twenty-four hours.

Yet, strange to say, after the critiques of a host of literary pretenders, and the whole Press of the Province, not a single statement has as yet been disproved, not a single quotation falsified. The last correspondent in the *Witness*, who is evidently a scholar, and the only scholar of the whole tribe, has put his finger on the two apparently weak points in the Bishop's second letter which, as explained in your paper of Thursday, turn out after all to be but merely typographical errors, having no bearing whatever on the subject in dispute. Unlike all others who have so far taken part in this controversy, the *Witness* correspondent is unquestionably both a gentleman and a scholar, and therefore it is that as one interested in this I deem it a duty to scribble these few lines, as the Bishop himself has so wisely determined on not replying to any anonymous communication. The first fault I find with the writer in the *Witness* is, that his production, with all its unquestioned merits, labours under the singular disadvantage of

being uncalled for and out of season. Bishop Connolly, outside of his own Church, has always been the consistent and avowed enemy of religious controversy. In all the relations of business and social life I venture to say that there is not another man in the Province who has given so many telling proofs of his being above any narrow minded or sectarian prejudice in this respect.

In the employment of mechanics, in his dealings through the city, in his care of the orphans during cholera times, in his contributions for charitable purposes neither creed nor denomination was asked or cared for. Amid all his predilections I know for certain that his sympathies with the members of the Church of England especially, were always marked, and in public as in private, he did not fail to give expression to them. Notwithstanding the incessant tirade of abuse which has been poured out for many years on the Catholic Religion and often on himself in the *Church Witness*, the organ of the Church of England in this country, yet until the Bazaar of last year, he never wrote or said a word in retaliation, and simply for this reason, because he knew the stupid and wrathful evangelicalism of the *Witness* had nothing in common with the intelligence and the manly independent feelings of those whom it pretended to represent. Neither would he have made allusion to the Church of England upon a late occasion, but that it became unavoidable. The Judge spoke in the name of a common and united Protestantism. With a Church of England man in the chair he was sustained and bounded on by Church of England men on all sides. He had received a complimentary address from several of them but a few days before. The most unchristian speech made in St. John for years against Catholics was by a Church of England minister; who, to the honour of that Church be it said, is almost a solitary exception to the rule. Up to the moment of the controversy, Catholics had been more unsparingly abused by the *Witness* than by all the other papers in the Province. There was a provocation therefore, and what is more the provocation was great. Under these circumstances it is not much to be wondered at that the Bishop should have made some passing and delicate allusion to people of the Church of England in common with other denominations. To prove that Catholicity was not the absurd and soul-debasing religion the Judge described, there could not have been anything more to the point than the Bishop's reference to Mr. Maturin's case, which is so near home, as also to the many and exalted personages in England who have embraced Catholicism within the last 12 years. Besides, the *Witness* had already come out with three ponderous editorials in reply to the Bishop on all the passages of his letter which could in any way affect the interests of

the Church of England. The Bishop did not wish to hurt the feelings (as is evident) of a single member of that body, except where their cause was inseparable from that of the Judge. The last communication in the *Witness*, therefore, with all its ability, was uncalled for, and as the hundred and fourth anonymous of a series on the same subject was at least one fortnight after date, and this is its first and, as I consider, a most damaging fault.

Without presuming to follow the writer through each of his learned quotations on the many irrelevant topics to which he alludes, I will now deal with the few arguments of his letter which I consider to have any bearing on the Wilmot controversy. The Bishop does not even insinuate in either of his two letters that Church of England people are not Christians. He may have some doubt, as I have myself, of the manner in which some of the Evangelicals in that Church administer the Sacrament of Baptism, but if they be baptised as they may and ought to be in the Church of England, the Bishop I am sure has not the smallest doubt that they are Christians.

Dr. Maitland's name is totally beside the question. His Lordship says himself he did not read Maitland's little handbook, but he laughs at the idea of a man being quoted as the only authority on the Catacombs, which he admits he never entered. The Bishop was amused at the boasted pluck of a man who, in his insatiable thirst for knowledge, was afraid to go in where even ladies are not afraid to venture every day. By a quibble the merest sophist can attach any meaning he pleases to the most emphatic teachings of God's word, and outside of the Catholic Church there is no logical nor possible remedy. The dissenter most consistently uses this argument against the Church of England herself—

As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our fairy faith will no foundation find—
The word's a weathercock for every wind.

The Trinity in God, the divinity of the Redeemer, the truth of the Incarnation, the doctrine of original sin, and of man's redemption, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the prerogatives of Bishops to rule the Church, the faith of the four first Councils which the writer so illogically distinguishes from all the other Councils of the Church, in a word, every truth revealed by God not only may be, but has been gainsayed a million times over on the same principle. If a man of common sense cannot logically conclude the belief in a middle state, from the numerous inscriptions in the Catacombs, I will ask what other meaning can be reasonably deduced from them. "Kalemiria, may God refresh thy spirit;" "Remember, O Lord Jesus, our child;" "Eternal light be to thee, Timothea, in Christ;"

"Lord, let not the spirit of our mother (Venus) be any time in darkness;" "Mayest thou live in peace and pray for us." If, as the Bishop argued, these epitaphs were written after the death of the parties referred to, it is proof positive that the faithful at this early epoch of the Church must have been in the habit of praying for the dead; not certainly for those whom they believed to be already in heaven or hell, which would have been absurd; therefore the common sense conclusion is inevitable. All this may or may not be a proof of the doctrine of Purgatory, but it is a most triumphant vindication of the Bishop's position against the Judge, who, true to his character, withheld the few inscriptions in Maitland which, if read out at the lecture, would have destroyed the very theory he so dishonestly laboured to establish. It was the Judge who selected the Catacombs, of all other subjects, to prove that there was no belief in Purgatory in those days. The Bishop met him on his own ground, and the Member of the Church of England has so far failed in bringing forth one single argument to show that he has not triumphantly held his position.

Our correspondent solves the enigma, and in an off hand style explains away the meaning of all these inscriptions with an adroitness worthy of a better cause. Oh! said he, they mean nothing at all, they "amount" to no more than a pious wish in some cases, a brief prayer in others, that the departed relative may "sleep in peace," "rest in Christ," may not be at any time in darkness, I have seldom met with many Protestants who would be offended with a passing tribute of this kind, "Requiescat in pace" is common enough as an epitaph. But pray what connection has this with Purgatory?" "In all this we have a fair specimen, though prettily spoken, of the evasive and ever illusory answer of the Protestants when they are brought to a fixed point. Having no anchor of faith, no determined and everlasting principle like Catholics to hold fast by, they say and unsay, assert and deny, and Proteus like wriggle into all shapes and forms and wriggle out of them again, and appear and disappear almost in the same breath. This lame attempt at a reply, though a whit more dignified in tone, is yet apiece with the clumsy efforts of the nameless scribes in all the other papers. "He was an honest poor fellow," I hope he is all right; "good luck to him, poor fellow, wherever he is gone." To return to the question, therefore, what have these inscriptions and this "Requiescat in pace" to do with Purgatory? If they mean not Purgatory what do they mean at all I will ask? What did they at all times, and what do they mean at the present day in all the Catholic cemeteries of the world? If every one goes immediately to Heaven or to Hell the moment he dies, your "Requiescat in pace" is but

a hollow mockery, to be discountenanced by all means, as the symbol of a grievous error in faith. The prayers of Projectus and Benerosus that the soul of their mother Venus, after she died, may not be any time in darkness, would not only be inexplicable, but in the supposition would be diametrically opposed to the prevailing belief of all Christians in those early times. The writer asks what have they to do with Purgatory? and I ask what have the office and the Mass for the dead in the Catholic Liturgy, and the epitaphs in all the Catholic cemeteries of the world at the present day to do with Purgatory? I do not recollect a single instance in which the word Purgatory is found in our missals or engraved on our tombstones. Is that a reason, therefore, why our epitaphs have no meaning, and why Purgatory, of which no mention is made, is to be discarded as an essential part of the belief of all Catholics at the present day. We still write the same epitaphs over our dead, and use substantially the same prayers, and, in many instances, the same expressions that were hallowed in the Catacombs, and, what is more, without a single mention of the word Purgatory; we offer up the same sacrifices for the faithful departed which were offered up on the altars of the numerous chapels of the Catacombs, which continued ever since the universal practice in God's Church, and to which St. Cyprian, in the same epistle to the clergy and people of Furni about the year 250, makes so emphatic and beautiful an allusion in the words quoted in the *Freeman of Thursday*;—"The Bishops, our predecessors, thinking religiously and making salutary provision, determined that no one when dying should appoint a cleric to the office of warden or administrator, and if any one did this *there should be no offering made for him, nor no sacrifice celebrated for his repose*." *Episcopi antecessores nostri religiose considerantes et salubriter providentes censuerunt, ne quis frater excedens ad tutelam vel curam clericum nominaret, ac si quis hoc fecisset, non offeretur pro eo, nec sacrificium pro dormitione ejus celebraretur.*" St. Cyprianus, Ep. ad cler et plebem Furni. There is the quotation, text, translation and all, about which our correspondent complains, and which, without saying it, he would fain make the public believe was not to be found in the epistle referred to. But now to return the compliment, what shall I say to my friend's own translation and interpretation of the other text of Cyprian, ep. 52 ad Antonianum? Here is the Latin:—"Aliud est ad veniam stare, aliud ad gloriam pervenire; aliud missum in carcerem non exire inde donec solvat novissimum quadrantem, aliud statim fidei et virtutis accipere mercedem; aliud pro peccatis longo dolore cruciatum emundari et purgari *DIU igne, et aliud peccata omnia passione purgasse*; aliud denique pendere in diem judicii ad sententiam Domini, aliud

statim a Domino coronari." "One thing is to stand (waiting) for pardon, another to arrive at glory; one thing being sent into prison not to go out thence till one pays the last farthing, another to receive at once the reward of faith and of *virtue*: one thing being tortured by long anguish on account of sin to be cleansed and purified (*diu*) a long time by fire." Where did my accurate friend leave *diu*, or did he forget it. He may say the omission is a matter of no consequence, but in my opinion it very materially affects the strength and the meaning of the whole text. It is one mode of expression *to be purified by fire*, and another to be purified *for a long time* by fire. And what fire may I ask? Is it the fire of Hell? That will be burning for a long time with a vengeance. If we are to burn not always, but only for a *long time*, it cannot mean the fire of hell which we know neither *cleanses* nor *purifies*. Why therefore did not our correspondent come out at once and say honestly what St. Cyprian meant by the fire? He complains of the context and scope of St. Cyprian being ignored or not attended to by the Bishop. Why then did he not come out himself and explain it?

Without wishing to offend charity, I guess that, like the Judge in his withholding the few inscriptions that told against him, the writer in this instance found nothing in the context of the epistle that could serve his purpose. But I will tell the public what my friend well knows, that there is not a word in the context which does not go to prove that St. Cyprian in this passage meant the fire of a purgatorial state after this life, and no other. In this whole letter he urges the necessity of relaxing the severe discipline of the early Church regarding those who fell away from the faith through fear of persecution. He insists on the Christian propriety of receiving them again to penance and to communion with the faithful, as all other sinners were received. "The Devil," says he, a few sentences before, "endeavours to kill those whom he has wounded; Christ exhorts (on the other hand) that he whom He redeemed should not perish. - Which of these two do we assist? Whether do we favour the Devil, that he may perish, and, like the Priest and the Levite in the Gospel, pass by our brother lying down and half dead, or whether, as the Priests of God and Christ, * * * do we snatch him wounded from the jaws of his adversary, that so cared for we may reserve him for God, the Judge. Nor should you imagine the virtue of the brethren to be diminished, or martyrdom to cease, because penance may be relaxed for those that have fallen. Truly the strength of the confident remains unshaken. * * * Integrity endures strong and unmoved in those who fear and love God with their whole heart. A time for penance and peace is granted by us to the unchaste; it does not, therefore,

follow that virginity ceases in the Church, or that the glorious design of continence languishes through the sins of others. The Church flourishes, crowned by so many virgins, and chastity and virginal modesty preserve the (even) tenor of their glory; nor is the vigour of continency impaired because penance and pardon are extended to the adulterer." And then he goes on, like any Catholic Theologian of the present day, to show that though the impure man and the adulterer and the apostate would be pardoned, through God's mercy and penance, as to the guilt of their crimes and the eternal punishment due to them, yet their condition at the moment of death would be vastly inferior to that of the many glorious virgins and martyrs of God's Church, who suffered as much nay more than sinners in this life, but who yet remained pure and holy and faithful to the end. And to show the more effectually the disparity in their condition, not in this life, of which he does not speak at all, but in that life to come, he tells us that though both were in communion with the Church, and as it on the same level in this life, yet after death, as the text itself emphatically proves, their condition would be unequal. The adulterer and the apostate and the sinner though reconciled to God, were yet to wait for pardon, while the virgins and the martyrs and the holy ones of Jesus were immediately to arrive at glory. The sinners were to be cast into prison till they paid the last farthing; they were to be cleansed and purified a *long time* by fire till they fully satisfied the justice of that God, who rewards and punishes every one "according to his works," who assures us that we shall have to account for every idle word, who will not receive us into his kingdom until we become perfect as the father, while the Saints on the other hand were at once to receive their reward. Such is the text and the context, such the meaning of St. Cyprian, and I fearlessly say that in the mind of any intelligent and unprejudiced man they can have no other.

St. Cyprian therefore manifestly acknowledges and teaches the existence of a Purgatory, and that same Purgatory of the Catholic Church of the present day, "where the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly by the sacrifice of the altar." It is to that Purgatory he referred, and of that sacrifice he spoke throughout his whole epistle to the clergy and people of Parni, and to that Purgatory and to no other, could he have alluded in the memorable passage of his epistle to Antonianus.

The address to Demitrianus is answered in a few words. "Once gone out" of this world in a state of sin, with the guilt of crime on the soul, the whole Catholic Church, in common with St. Cyprian, proclaims that there will be no further room for penance, or pardon, or satisfaction. "Wherever the tree

falls, whether to the north or whether to the south," whether in friendship with God or in his anger, and the indelible guilt of sin, "there it shall remain;" but all this has nothing whatever to do with the question; it does not contradict in the smallest iota the waiting for pardon, the paying the last farthing, the fire that was to cleanse and purify and burn for a long time, to which St. Cyprian so pointedly refers in his other letter to Antonianus. That this was St. Cyprian's own meaning is patent from the context. Here he was not addressing either a virgin, or a martyr, or a repentant sinner, but a man who was an infidel, a man of ferocious disposition, a ruthless persecutor of the Church of God. He clearly proves to him, in his own happiest style, his injustice against Christians, the madness of Pagan superstition, the truth of Christianity, and then exhorts him in his old age to come to the only true God, to repent, to believe, to seek pardon for his crimes, which could not be done in the other world. This is a doctrine as well known and as universally acknowledged as the Catholic Church herself, and the man who wrote it believed as firmly and as consistently in Purgatory as any Catholic of the present day. "No satisfaction can be accomplished" (as the writer has it) is very far indeed from being either the literal translation, or the sense of that passage "*Nullus satisfactionis effectus*." In that world there will be no room for repentance, "The effect of satisfaction none." Though he must suffer to satisfy God's justice, yet his sufferings, unlike those in Purgatory, will have no cleansing or purifying effect. The sufferings in Hell can never satisfy God, and this is the meaning of the passage, "The effect of satisfaction none." He uses the same expression in the beginning of his letter, "*Irritus labor nullus effectus, offerre lumen cæco, sermonem surdo, sapientiam bruto*."

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have already drawn this letter to too great a length for your valuable space. There are a few other points in the letter which require a few words in reply, and I will have concluded. In sound logic the testimony or admission of your adversary is always equivalent to truth, and makes your position far stronger than the asseverations of your best friends, and in this respect the Catholic Church has received abundant and overwhelming testimony on all points of doctrine from Tertullian, even after his apostacy, as well as from all the heresiarchs that have gone out from her for the last eighteen hundred years. His testimony, after his fall, instead of being impaired, has only become stronger, and is of greater value to the Catholic side of the question wherever he continued to agree with Catholics in doctrine. If his outspoken and evident belief in Purgatory were the cause of his seperation from the Church, the Member of the Church of

England would be right. But on this all antiquity is silent. I challenge the writer to point out one author in these early times who among the many and well known errors of Tertullian made his expressed belief in Purgatory a cause of reproach; as the Member of the Church of England, therefore, admits that Tertullian, who wrote about the year 200 of the Christian Era, believed in and taught the doctrines of a Purgatorial state in the next world, I claim him as a witness of the very highest order in favour of the doctrine of Purgatory, and above all, of its antiquity in the Church of God, which (as may be recollected) was the only point in dispute between the Bishop and the Judge. These are the words of Tertullian and they should not be forgotten—*Lib. de corona*, "We make oblations for the dead (*i. e.* offer up the holy sacrifice of the Mass) on the anniversary day of their death." And again in speaking of the duties of a faithful widow—*Lib. de Monogam. cap. 10*, "She prays for his soul, she begs refreshment for him and a happy union with Christ, and has offerings made for him on the anniversary of his death." There can be nothing clearer. If the "Member of the Church of England" will look into the history of these early days, he will find a minute account of the primitive belief in Purgatory, he will read of the heart sighs to God, the tears and the prayers of the people, and the sacrifice of the Mass which were invariably offered up for the repose of the faithful departed. Let him read the beautiful description of the funeral obsequies of Constantine the Great, A. D. 337; Eusebius *Lit. iv. cap. 71*, when he was laid out in state in the public Church with a whole people around him in tears offering up together with the Priests heartfelt prayers for his soul. We read the same of Arcadius and Eudoxin, the parents of the younger Theodosius, *Apud Thodoret Lib. 5 hist. Eccles. cap. 36*; also of the Emperors Valentinian and Theodosius, and Satyrus the brother of St. Ambrose, and the ~~Sister~~ of Faustinus and Paulina the wife of Pamphilus (St. Jerome), and Monica, the mother of St. Augustin, who, speaking of her funeral, *Lib. 9 confess.*, says—"Behold the body has been carried forth (to its resting place), we go and we return without tears. Neither did I cry as I stood by her dead body near the sepulchre while the sacrifice of our ransom was being offered up for her according to custom. Inspire O Lord thy servants my brethren who shall read these my words, to remember thy handmaid Monica at thy altar." The definition of Purgatory, therefore, by the Council of Trent, as my friend must see, is not an invention of yesterday, it is manifestly old and universal and unchanging as the Catholic Church of God.

The allusion to the Liturgies of Egypt, is utterly without point. In the Dipticks of the early centuries there were,

what Catholics still retain in another form, commemorations for the living and the dead. For the living we still pray, both in public and private. Of the dead as of old we still make commemoration, but, like the Churches of Egypt and of all antiquity, we make a vast difference between them. We make mention of the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, and the Martyrs, and the Canonized and the Sainted dead for a different purpose from those whose unquestioned sanctity is not juridically known nor publicly acknowledged by the Church. St. Augustine gave a most satisfactory solution of this difficulty fourteen hundred years since, where, *Euchiridion* c. 110, he says that *the sacrifices and prayers* that are offered up for the faithful departed are not a relief, but only "a giving of thanks for the very good," *pro valde bonis*, that is for those who are already in Heaven; and again, *Serm 17 de Verb. Apost.*, he says that "when the names of Martyrs are called aloud at the altar, we do not pray for *them*, but only for the dead who are commemorated." So much on the naming of the Patriarchs and the Prophets and the Apostles and the Virgin Mary, who are mentioned and prayed to by us as Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and Samuel and David and Jeremy were under the Jewish dispensation. *Exodi 32*, "Remember, O Lord, Abraham and Isaac and Israel thy servants. Turn from thy fierce wrath and repent of this evil against thy people." Theodoretus, on this passage, *Questione 67*, says that Moses fearing and believing his own prayers to be insufficient, had recourse to the better and more efficacious prayers of Abraham and Isaac, &c., who died several centuries before. *Memento Domine, David, Psalm 132, King James' Bible*, "O Lord remember David and all his afflictions. Arise, O Lord, and thy rest. For thy servant David's sake turn not away the face of thy anointed." These are the words of Solomon praying through the merits of his father David, who was already dead as may be seen, *Paralipomenon, Lib. ii. cap. 6*. From this, my friend in the *Witness* and the public at large can form an accurate idea of what was meant by the mention of the names of the Patriarchs, and the Apostles, and the Virgin Mary, in the ancient Liturgies of Egypt, as well as in all the other Liturgies of the Church. Is my friend satisfied? He may be convinced—yes! and he writes very like one who is convinced; but to be satisfied, to carry those convictions into action like Mr. Maturin, at the sacrifice of everything dear and near to him, is for God alone to consummate. The misnomer of Sylvester for Sylvester is already explained. I heard the Bishop more than once allude to his interesting history, and describe his visit to Mount Soracte in the Roman campaign.

Vides ut ultra stet nive candidum,
Soracte:

where St. Sylvester lay concealed for a considerable time, before Constantine entered the Imperial City. The primacy of the Pope of Rome, which was only incidentally alluded to in the Bishop's letter, properly speaking, formed no part of the controversy with Judge Wilmot. I know the Bishop well enough from what I have heard him preach, to say that without looking at a book he could write a volume on the subject, and notwithstanding his Lordship's known aversion to controversy, I think, as I fondly hope, that the occasion will soon present itself when he will be able to come out as he did before, in his own name, and meet the writer in the *Witness*, and all the other writers and speakers in the Province, on a subject fraught with so much interest to the intelligent and to the well disposed, and so hopeful for the Protestant as well as the Catholic people of this country.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

One who is not afraid to avow himself

A CLERIC OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ANOTHER LETTER.

THE following letter, which also appeared in the FREEMAN may, perhaps, be considered not undeserving of a place in this collection :—

To the Editor of the Freeman.

Dixeris egregie notum si callida verbum
Reddidit junctura novum, si forte necesse est
Judiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.

SIR :—Like all the great men and the “Johns of all trades” with whom this enlightened Province is now swarming, I too, donned in Achillean armour, and furthermore secured as to my extremities in the manly buskin of the invulnerable anonymous, will, with your permission, rush for a moment “where Angels fear to tread.” In the Freeman of Thursday I perceived that a Mr. Smith Reid, having quaffed copious draughts of classicity from the Heliconian fountains of up river, was shocked at Bishop Connolly’s allusion to the “two-faced Cerberus.” For my own part, though I have been taking an occasional peep at classical authors since my boyhood, I cannot for the life of me see any incongruity in the expression.

If Cerberus had three, or three hundred heads, or only one head as represented by the several classical writers with whom I am acquainted, the term “two-faced Cerberus” was, under the circumstances, not only appropriate, but, in my opinion, most happy.

The Bishop wished to represent Judge Wilmot in the two-fold capacity of a brawling Methodist Parson and a Judge of the land. If he called him a “two-faced man,”—though, Mr. Editor, as you well know, honest men have but one face,—it would not be more accurate, and not one-millioneth part so trenchant as “two-faced Cerberus,” which told with such tremendous effect. School-boys up river, in their superior enlightenment, may think that the “real Cerberus” had three heads, but with my imperfect recollection of the classics, I could not put my finger on a single line in Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Perseus, &c., &c., where he is so represented.

There are numerous passages where he is described with three mouths, three tongues, &c.; but as to the number of his heads, ancient authors are as discordant as Judge Wilmot and Mr. Smith Reid himself would be, if questioned on the doctrines of the Bible.

Horace (Lib. iii. Ode 11) talks as if he had but one head—

"Cerberus quamvis furiale Centum
Muniant angues Caput ejus."

Virgil (*Æneid* vi., 419) admits he had several necks, three throats, and (*Georgics*, Lib. iv., 483) three mouths; but perhaps Mr. Smith Reid will tell me what every up river school-boy knows, where in Virgil or in Horace, or in any of the classical authors, is it stated that the "real Cerberus" had exactly three heads, and not two nor less. Hesiod in his *Theogony* gives him as many as fifty heads, and Horace, who, in the lines above quoted, speaks of but one head, must have been more at fault in making the Bishop, for in (*Ode* xiii., Lib. 2) he spoke of him as having less than a hundred heads—

"Demittet atras bellua Centiceps."

If Smith Reid or the boys up river be right, not only is Dr. Connolly wrong, but Horace himself must have been an *old fool*. In my humble opinion both one and the other used master Cerberus pretty much as the ancients did their fabled Gods, *i. e.*, made them suit their own purpose, by metamorphising them into every fantastic and imaginable shape, as illustrations of whatever subject they intended to represent. Like a true painter, old Horace describes Cerberus not with one or two but with a hundred heads, encircled with as many hissing serpents, in order to pourtray to us more poetically the magic effect of Sappho's lyre and the golden harp of Alcæus in having so mollified and subdued this hideous monster, in hell, amid all the terrors of his spell-bound ferocity.

He is again represented as having three mouths to express the Pagan idea of the different modes of men's death, *i. e.*, sickness, accident, and violence. He is moreover described by nearly all ancient writers as a dog stationed at the gates of Hell for the two-fold purpose of biting all those who made the vain essay to escape, and of barking at and scaring away all those who attempted to go in. (*Vide Lempriere's Class. Dict., Tooke's Pantheon passim.*) In order to perform this double function, it must be patent to every one who knows any thing of Optics, that Master Cerberus should have, if not two heads, at least two faces to look in and to look out, and two mouths likewise for the respective operations of barking and biting. It must have been the remarkable similarity between him and Judge Wilmot in this respect which caught the fancy of the Bishop I presume; and as the number of heads as of faces is arbitrary, and may be one, or fifty, or a hundred as assigned by various classical writers, so there could not have been a more life-like portraiture of the Judge in his two-fold

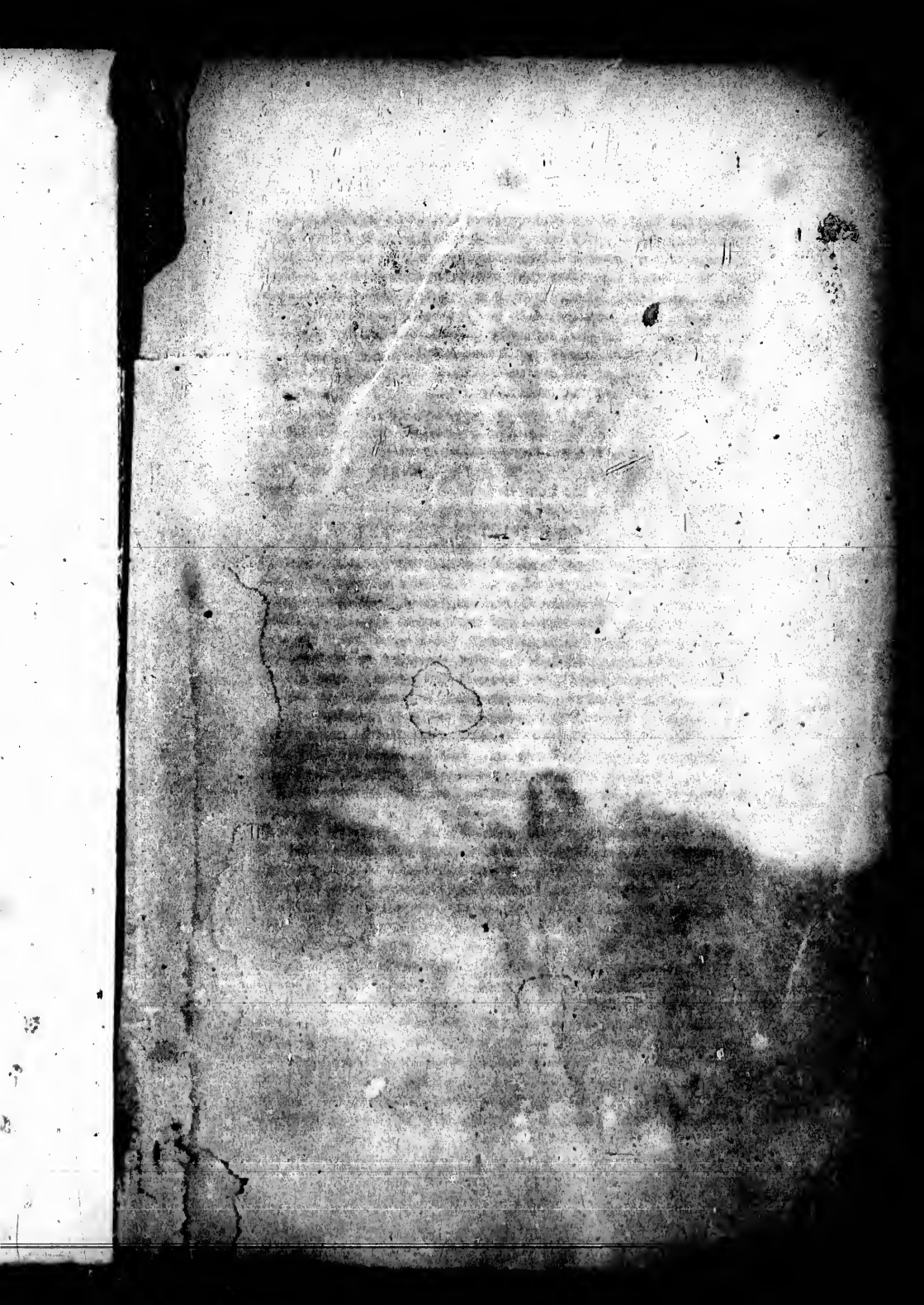
capacity, barking, as the Bishop describes, at Catholics outside of the Court House, and biting them with Hyena tooth within. However anti-up river and shocking this may be to the refined taste, *the love of fair play*, and the unprejudiced mind of Mr. Smith Reed, until I hear from him again, I shall continue to look on the Bishop's allusion to the "two-faced Cerberus" as purely classical and philologically correct, and in my opinion one of the happiest hits of the whole letter.

With Horace I too believe that a man cannot express himself more beautifully than when by

"A dextrous combination,
He gives the grace of novelty
To a well known word."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

ONE WHO IS NOT YET GONE.



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