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THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CREDITUM EST.—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERY WHERE, AND BY ALL IS BELIEVED.

VOLUME II.

HAMILTON, [GORE DISTRICT] JULY 27, 1842.

NUMBER 46

THE CATHOLIC

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THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM P. MACDONALD, V. G.
EDITOR.

QUI PLANTAVIT AUREM, NON AUDIET? AUT QUI PINXIT
OCULUM, NON CONSIDERAT? P. 104.

Does he, who made the eye, not see?
Not hear, who formed the ear?
Is God, in whom we live, and move,
And are, not always near?

Not though an eye ball, form'd of clay,
Is spied the spirit pure;
Nor till the imprisoned soul has left
Her tenement obscure.

A veil of flesh all from her view
Now hides the mental scene;
Till death, at his appointed term,
Remove th' obstructing screen.

Then, she who but the surface here
Describes of grosser things,
Shall view the cause and end of all,
That now such wonder brings.

Still is her darksome prison house
Illum'd with reason's ray;
And revelation's brighter blaze
Turns all her night to day.

Dispels the deep sepulchral gloom,
And, in its light divine,
Shews prospects fair of endless bliss
Beyond the grave that shine.

E'en here, in all his wondrous works,
God's footsteps gives to trace,
And round our paths in hov'ring crowds
Displays th' immortal race.

PADDY O'RAFFERTY'S EXPOSTULATION.

Come, talk of your Catholic brethren with candour;
Nor pelt us thus ever with obstinate slander.
In falsehood's dark devious path would you wander
So wilfully headlong, cries Paddy O'Rafferty.

Don't you see, I'm in all things your poor fellow creature,
In intellect, colour, in size, shape and feature;
Nay, a Christian and countryman: more than by nature
Your own very brother is Paddy O'Rafferty.

Or would you upbraid me for creeds that are spurious,
Invented by malice; which bigotry furious
Would hang round my shoulders as labels injurious,
So cruelly to shame your poor Paddy O'Rafferty?

Still, trained by my church, have I patiently borne
These wrongs, and put up with unmerited scorn:
From the love of my country and king never torn,
So loyal withal is your Paddy O'Rafferty.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION DEMONSTRATED DIVINE.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL; OTHERWISE CALLED THE FIRST BOOK OF KINGS.

CHAPTER 17. Verse 4. In Goliath of Gath, the giant Philistine; the champion of the Heathen host; whose wondrous strength and armour seemed to make him invincible and invulnerable; vanquished, however, and slain with a stone slung from his scrip by David, a Shepherd boy: is found a figure of Pagan Rome; the most gigantic, mighty, warlike and invincible, of all the Heathen states; overthrown in the midst of its vain boastings, with one of those choice pebbles, or mystic stones, which the true David, the Saviour, had gathered from the Brook, and put into his scrip: with the one styled *the stone* by excellence; Peter, the chief of the fishermen Apostles, taken from the waters. With this stone, slung from David's scrip, that is, sent forth by the Saviour; or, as Daniel under another figure, prophetically describes the same event; with the stone detached *without hands*, (since by the mouth of Christ,) from *the mountain's side*; the huge and fearful statue is dashed down and destroyed: or, under the present emblem, the haughty giant is laid low: *his own sword*, that is, the Roman state's imperial and conquering weapon, at the conversion of Constantine the Great, is the very one that cuts off his head. And that weapon, the Giant's sword, is borne by David afterwards, and hung up his trophy in the sanctuary. And is not this literally fulfilled, in the transmission of the Roman sovereignty to the successor of St. Peter; the Vicegerent of the Saviour.

Verse 39. David put off the garments and armour of King Saul, &c. Christ here represented by David, was the Shepherd King: *the prince of peace*. He therefore doffs the habiliments of war. He declines using all wonted modes of defence and attack; and finally conquers by their opposites. "For the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, to confound the wise: and the weak things of the world, to confound the strong; and the mean things, and the things that are contemptible, hath God chosen; and the things that are not; that he might bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh might glory in his sight." 1 Cor. 1, 27, 28.

Verse 49. The stone struck the Philistine in *the forehead*, and was fixed there. It was against the seat of reason, that the mystic stone was slung. It was to the intellect that the Saviour's word was directed: that word, which smote idolatry in its most gigantic form; and brought it prostrate to the ground.

Chapter 19. Verse 9. "And the Evil Spirit from the Lord, came upon Saul," &c. This shows what influence, by the permission of God, the Evil Spirit may have on the wicked.

Verse 18. *Nagoth*. This was probably a school, or College of Prophets, in or near *Ramath*; under the direction of Samuel. D. B.

Verse 20. *Præphcying*; that is, singing praises to God by a divine impulse. God was pleased on this occasion that both Saul's messengers and himself should experience the like impulse, that he might understand by this instance of the divine power, how vain are the

designs of man against him, whom God protects. Ibid. Verse 24. "And lay down naked all that day and night." That is, only stripped of his upper garments; and probably dressed simply; like the prophetic band, whom he had joined.

Chapter 21. Verse 4. "If the young men be clean." If such cleanness was required of them, who were to eat that bread, which was but a figure of *the bread of life* which we receive in the blessed sacrament: how clean ought Christians to be when they approach to our tremendous mysteries! And what reason has the Church of God to admit none to be her ministers, to consecrate, and daily receive this most pure sacrament, but such as devote themselves to a life of perpetual purity? D. B.

Chapter 23. Verse 6. *Ephod*, is the vestment of the High Priest; together with the *Urim* and *Thummin*, by which some how the Lord gave his oracles. D. B.

Chapter 27. Verse 8. *Pillaged Gessuri*, &c. These probably were enemies of the people of God: and some, if not all of them, were of the number of those, whom God had ordered to be destroyed: which justifies David's proceedings in their regard. Though it is to be observed here, that we are not under an obligation of justifying every thing that he did; for the Scripture, in relating what was done, does not say that it was well done. And even such as are true Servants of God, are not to be imitated in all they do. Ibid.

Chapter 28. Verse 14. *Understood that it was Samuel*. It is the more common opinion of the Holy Fathers and interpreters that the soul of Samuel appeared indeed; and not, as some have imagined, an evil spirit in his shape. Not that the power of the woman's magic could bring him thither; but that God was pleased for the punishment of Saul, that Samuel himself should denounce unto him the evils that were coming upon him. See Eccli. 46, 23. Ibid.

Verse 19. *With me*: that is, in the state of the dead; or in another world; though not in the same place. Ibid.

Chapter 31. Verse 4. *Saul took his sword and fell upon it*. His last act, the dreadful sin of suicide, was the completion of his crimes.

Fanaticism.—Extract of a letter from a Correspondent, dated Sherbrooke, (E. T.) 30th June, 1842:—"There is a great excitement at present in the townships of Hatley and Stanstead, in relation to the doctrines of one Millar, who confidently asserts that the end of the world is fixed for April next. In these and some other townships there has been held, by one of Millar's disciples, a series of camp meetings, at which have been assembled from 3,000 to 5,000 persons. Some are so deeply impressed, and so far carried away with the doctrines and predictions of Millar, that they have given over all kinds of labour and business, having enough, they say, to live on until the end of all things. Several persons who went last Sunday from this place to one of their meetings, in Hatley, describe their conduct as extravagant in the extreme—such shouting, praying, and bellowing, as would frighten a sober man from the place. The countenances of those most affected by the excitement are pale, their eyes swollen, and their whole bearing indicating a state of mental derangement, rather than that of men assembled for the purpose of religious worship. I hope the reports of their coming to this place are not true, for the influence exerted on society is in the highest degree deleterious.—*Christian Guardian*."

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The annual meeting was held on Tuesday, June 7th, in the great hall of the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Innfields. The spacious hall was crowded to excess. The galleries, and a great number of reserved seats, were occupied by elegantly dressed ladies, amongst whom were the families of several of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry. The attendance of members of the Metropolitan Branch Institutes was very numerous, and afforded pleasing augury of the success of the Institute now that it is based upon the truly comprehensive and popular plan proposed by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Upon the platform, besides the Hon. Charles Langdale (the Chairman) we noticed the Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn, V. A.; Lord Camoys, Lord Lovatt, the Right Hon. D. O'Connell, Philip Howard, Esq., M. P., W. Witham, Esq., Captain Stapleton,——Huddleston, Esq., C. Addis, Esq., J. A. Cooke, Sergeant Shea, Charles Weld, Esq., F. McDonnell, Esq.,——Eyston, Very Rev. Dr. Kirwan, Dr. Magee, the Rev. Messrs. Wackerhata, Sisk, Robinson, Moore, Stanly, O'Neil (Cambridge) Cottar and a great number of other clergymen, whose names we cannot at present recall.

On the motion of Lord Camoys, the Hon. Charles Langdale was called to the chair amidst loud cheers.

After a few speeches and resolutions,—

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin then rose, and was received in a manner which baffles description. When the cheering had subsided, he said:—I believe you all know that I am a moderate man—(laughter)—that I am easily contented. All I want is to hear high mass in Westminster Abbey. (Laughter and loud cheers). It was often said there before. The abbey was built for that purpose, and it would be a pity not to apply it to its old object. Yes! I do want to hear high mass in that venerable abbey; and looking at the progress of events around us, both at home and abroad, I do feel convinced that the period is fast approaching when I shall hear mass there. (Loud cheers.) That will be a glorious day for England. Oh, when shall we again see the priests of God arrayed in their sacred vestments at the altar tomb of Edward the Confessor, for it was there they vested themselves—at the altar tomb of him who was not more remarkable for the practice of religion than he was for the free institutions which he established—when we shall see the priests descending the steps from that altar tomb, with canons, and deacons, and acolyths, and thurifers spreading incense around, to offer the holiest of sacrifices at the altars which have so long been desecrated—who will not fervently, and in rapture return thanks for this mighty and glorious regeneration of our Catholic England? (Loud cheers). The right hon. gentleman proceeded to say that God's hand was abroad; and the period was, he really believed, not distant, when triumphant England would again enter the fold of the one Shepherd.

If the change were to be purchased by one act of fraud—by denying any one point which Catholics believed—or by the compromise of any one tenet which she holds, he—humble as he was—would sooner perish on a scaffold than consent to the change so purchased. Nor would he consent to a change of one act of persecution—of any penal law, or one restrictive enactment of any kind, were to be the price. (Cheers.) No! the change must come from spontaneous conviction—spontaneous, he meant, in its proper sense, for there was no spontaneity but from God. He believed the time for this change was coming. Everywhere—in every land—he beheld cheering promise of its advent; and soon he trusted that Catholicity would spread and reign throughout the universe. (Cheers.) They had heard what the American (Mr. Tyng) said about it. He came to England to curse and deride Catholicity, and yet he was obliged to admit its hundred fold increase. (Hear, hear.) In stating this, he (Mr. Tyng) had not gone to the extent of the truth. He had stated that there are in America 15 bishops, whereas the real number is 22; and if the same arithmetical increase be applied to Mr. Tyng's estimate of the number of Catholics, as is applied to his statement of the number of bishops, it would appear that Catholicity and America would soon be identified. (Loud cheers) Miss Martineau and captain Maryatt—Tory as he was—were obliged, with Mr. Tyng, to admit the rapid advancement of the Catholic religion in America. (Loud cheering.) Look next to Europe, and there again consolation and hope arise on every side. Portugal, abandoning its schism is re-entering into union. Even Spain—at the atrocities committed in which he shuddered—in spite of the power of the tyrant Espartero, gave grounds for hope. Espartero could not carry his measures; the going out of one minister after another—these and other events, were but the upheaving of the Catholic mind in Spain—the dawn of the coming day of peace and piety; and he (Mr. O'Connell) hurled defiance at Espartero. (Loud cheers.) Yes; all around was consolation. Even the *Times*—that *Times* which so recently had no other name for the venerated clergy of their church than "surpliced ruffians," and a "demon priesthood"—that *Times* itself is now a witness to the glorious revival and spreading of Catholicism. What did he read in that paper, only a few days ago? He read of 1800 persons going to communion, in one week, in one of the churches of Paris. (Loud cheers.)—He read of more than one thousand youths of the Polytechnic School—amongst whom, not long ago, religion was made a mockery, and the priests held in abomination—he now found a thousand of these youths forming themselves into a confraternity to observe the feasts, and not only to adhere to religious practices themselves, but to administer the consolations of piety to others, by instruction and exhortation. (Loud cheers.) This was the cheering scene exhibited in the very metropolis of immorality and infidelity—which, indeed,

could not be separated. He would next turn to Germany. Five years ago, and Catholicity was tyrannized over there; but it had now shaken its fetters off, and enjoyed equality; with less than which it would not ask.—(Loud cheers.) In Holland, a few years ago, the Catholics were not 5 per cent, of the population, and there was no Catholic bishop. At present, the Catholics are half the population, and there are seven bishops. (Loud cheers.) His authority for this was a document lately laid before the King. He had shown there was a hope from abroad; he would now advert to the sources of consolation at home. Many events were conspiring to afford it. Mr. Laing, a Presbyterian, and a man of talent, had raised the question of contrast between Catholicism and Protestantism. How often had boasting Protestantism associated the growth of crime with the Catholic religion, and how often did it claim for Protestantism the absence of both. But Mr. Laing had settled the matter. What did he say of Sweden,—of Sweden, where there are more Protestants, and where they are less disunited, than in any other country,—what did he say of them? Why, that Sweden was the most immoral nation in the world. (Hear, hear.) Then came the Rev. Mr. Gleig, a Peninsular hero, who fought at New Orleans, but who is now chaplain at Chelsea—what did he, high Tory as he was, say of Prussia? Reluctant as he must have been to tell it, he states that, next to Sweden, it was the most immoral country. (Hear, hear.) And did the Protestant clergy here, in England, do their duty in impressing religious knowledge on the minds of the young? He would give them a specimen of the state of the children in the mines. (Hear.) He had extracts there, into which that name at which every knee should bow was freely introduced. It was a strange mixture of what was awful with what might be regarded as ludicrous. In reading the extracts, he would not mention the sacred name, but only the office, viz., the REDEEMER. Mr. O'Connell then read extracts from the evidence given before the commission by children working in mines. It appeared that some of them had never heard of God or the Redeemer, and were totally ignorant of the existence of a future state.

[Similar extracts—from the reports of the children's employment commission—have been already published in this Journal, so that it is unnecessary to repeat them.—*F's Journal*.

The right hon. gentleman here said he really could not bring himself to go on with these statements. They paid the clergy of the establishment six millions a year for instructing the people, and that is the value they got for it. [Hear, hear.] They saw how they instructed these poor creatures—Mr. Addis had referred to Dr. Bagot, the Bishop of Oxford. He [Mr. O'Connell] was not inclined to be angry with the bishop for abusing Popery. On the contrary, he was very willing to forgive him. The time had come when the Catholics should be most vigilant and circumspect, lest they did any thing to curtail or check the mighty movement now in

progress. [Hear, hear.] No harshness should be used to those who differ from them. Catholics should thank God that, by his favor, they are themselves so—and they should cherish the fulness of affection for those who are not. [Hear, hear.] For what they do for us, the Catholics should be thankful to them. [Hear, hear.] For what they do wrong, Catholics should pity them. [Hear, hear.] Catholics should pray that the work should not be half done. When a disposition to the truth is manifested, Catholics should pray that it may be fully recognised, and that the work of conversion may be made complete. [Hear, hear.] To show the necessity of this forbearance and charity, he would ask where was Mr. Sidthorp two years ago—and where is he now? [Loud cheers.] Then he was amongst the enemies of their faith; now he is one of its ministers. [Loud cheers.] Oh, there was many an incipient Sidthorp, many who were undergoing the labour of thought, who, if obstructed by harshness or reproach, would be turned from the path of inquiry—but who, if treated with charity and kindness, would yield to truth and grace, and enter the one fold. [Loud cheers.] Mr. O'Connell next referred to a recent charge delivered by the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Bagot.

There are passages in the Bishop of Oxford's charge which fill my mind with consolation; he acknowledges this great movement; indeed, man might as well deny the sun at noonday as deny the progress of the restoration of Catholicism, and the increasing desire to return to that church which existed a thousand years ago, but which is the same now as she then was; and it is one of the charges against popery that she is unchangeable, and always the same. Why so we are, ever the same—and is not truth always the same? [Cheers.] Dr. Bagot begins his address to the Clergy of Oxford by saying "Since I last addressed you collectively from this chair, four years have elapsed, and although it commonly happens that men are disposed to exaggerate the importance of events occurring in their own time, and in which they are themselves more or less actors, still I cannot but think that these four years will hereafter be looked upon as the commencement of one of the most eventful epochs in the history of the English Catholic Church." He should not forget that there were two great events before; there was that great epoch in which Pope Gregory sent St. Austin to convert England, and the other,

"When gospel light shone forth from Boleyn's tower.

And love taught Henry to be most unwise."

[Laughter.] The Bishop then goes on: "The last four years have witnessed the rapid development of those principles which the world, though untruly (for they are of no locality); oh! I thank him for the word, [Laughter and cheers,] "for they are of no locality, has identified with Oxford, and to which I felt it my duty to advert in my last visitation. Those principles have during this short interval spread and taken root, not merely in our own neighbourhood and in other parts of England, but have passed from shore to shore, east and west, and north and south,

wherever members of our Church are to be found; nay, are unquestionably the object to which, whether at home or abroad, they eyes of all are turned who have any interest or care for the concerns of religion." I wonder whether the Bishop himself fasts on a Friday. [Laughter.] I ask any man whether this is not directly the reverse of Protestantism and Protestant practice, and whether Oxford and its bishop are not proclaiming the one and rejecting quietly the other? In another part of his address he says, "And let no one think this is an imaginary evil, or that there is no danger at the present time of a secession from our ranks to those of Rome." Of course there is; did he not know that that which had happened once may happen again, and there would be no very eminent danger if it was not about to happen again? [Applause.] "I do not mean that I anticipate any defection, my reverend brethren, from those of our own profession; I trust and believe that the clergy generally are too fully persuaded in their own minds, that the church, in which they exercise their ministry, has all the marks of a branch of the true church," ay, a branch rotten and broken off. [Cheers.] It did belong to the true church, and, with the blessing of God, it will belong to the true church again. [Applause.] "My fears, however, as I have already observed, are not with respect to the clergy, but to the rising generation." He is afraid of the rising generation, and so he may be. "They see on all sides a spirit at work which nothing human can quell"—they are right, the hour of mercy is approaching this great land; the horrors of 300 years' desolation have fallen over her—300 years of the bitterest and most treacherous persecution—300 years has she been afflicted. Oh! the Bishop of Oxford is right: here is the movement that nothing can stop, and the fixed time (I hope I am not too bold in saying it) is arrived, and we will all hear high mass in Westminster Abbey. [Immense applause.] I looked over the meetings of the great Protestant Reformation Association, with all the other *ations* and *bolherations* [laughter] and I never felt any thing to disappoint me so much; I was so vexed, there was not any one good bouncing lie to be found to grapple with. [Laughter.] Last year the Reformation Society announced that after being 16 years in operation, they had influenced 11 Catholic persons of whom some had shown a *disposition*, others an *inclination*, to be converted; but it ended with one real convert; and who was that? why a *French lady* [loud laughter]; and now this time I looked over the account of its operations, and there is not even a "French lady." [Applause.] No, there is not one this time. [Continued cheers.] I remember a friend of mine who had been for 13 or 14 years constantly fishing in a pond; and on being asked whether during that time he had had good sport, "Yes," said he, "I have had three nibbles and a bite" [laughter]; but there is neither a nibble nor a bite for reformation folks. [Continued laughter.] It appears they said something about Ireland,—and what rejoiced them much was

that there is no Catholic Institute in Ireland: why, all Ireland happens to be a Catholic Institute. [Great cheering.] Well but they had something to boast of; there was Lord Kenyon, the man who is called "the last of the pig-tails" [laughter], and Mr. Plumptre—what is he a branch of, I wonder! and there was Dr. Stowell, and these three held a great meeting [much laughter], and they told their mournful ditty to one another. Lord Kenyon began by saying that he looked at the dangers to which Protestantism was exposed, but one consolation was that a Protestant Bishop, with his wife [laughter], had been sent out to Jerusalem, and another that the King of Prussia had come over to assist them.

Of the King of Prussia it was said at this meeting that he had "shown by the whole course of his life that the cause of Protestantism is fixed in his heart, and that there was nothing within his power that he would not do to promote its interests." It showed the ignorance of the Plumptre's and parsons to call the King of Prussia a friend to Protestantism. What his father began, the present king completed. Protestantism in Prussia was split into some 18 or 19 classes, when the king determined that, as his regiment had but one uniform, the same should be the case with Protestantism in his dominions. [Laughter and cheers.] Accordingly, as the regiments wheel round at his bidding, so the Calvinist, and every other *ist*, at the word of the king, turned round and became "Evangelicals." [Laughter and cheers.] Why these excellent friends do not like even the name of *Protestant*. [Cheers.] As regards education in Prussia, he would give them Mr. Laing's opinion, observing by the bye, that as man is more a creature of the heart than the head, unless education is based upon morality, it often only enables a man to be the more mischievous. [Cheers.] Mr. Laing says of education in Prussia, "The great proof of the deteriorating working of the Prussian educational system upon the public mind is, that the public mind lay torpid and unmoved when the religious establishments of the Protestant churches were abolished by a royal edict, and a third thing—a new Prussian church, neither Lutheran nor Calvinist—was set up and imposed by the edict of civil power upon the Protestant population. The abolition of the religious observances and modes of public worship in which they had been bred was quietly submitted to by an educated population of eight millions of Protestants, as a matter of policy, not of conscience; as a matter quite as much within the right and power of their government as a change in their custom-houses—so low has this educational system reduced the religious and moral sense in Prussia, and the feeling of individual right to freedom of conviction. And except from the few villages in Silesia, which refused to abandon the Lutheran liturgy and observances, scarcely a murmur was heard at a measure not only destructive to the Protestant religion, but the most arbitrary and insulting to freedom of mind and conscience that has occurred in modern

history." These were the *staunch* Protestants upon whom Kenyon and Plumptre relied. Poverty brought them acquainted with strange bedfellows. [Laughter.] They boasted of these Prussian Protestants, but how long would they keep them. [Laughter.] Why, perhaps till the next edict which ordered them to wheel about again. [Laughter and cheers.] The right hon. gentleman said he had now shown enough of Prussian Protestantism, and what a prop it was to the Kenyons and the Plumptres. [Laughter and cheers.] Mr. O'Connell next referred to what, he said, was really a mockery. He meant the sending out, under the commission of that admirable little lady the Queen, a bishop to the Holy Land. They had made him bishop of no place, and he was to be bishop over what stray Protestants he could catch in Palestine. [Laughter.] It was said the King of Prussia had contributed £10,000 towards the fund for sending this bishop out to preach the 39 articles, one single word of which the King of Prussia himself did not believe. This comical left-handed marriage between the King of Prussia and the Archbishop of Canterbury, was enough to excite a laugh, if it did not give rise to higher thoughts. It showed that the whole system was going to decay; that inquiry leading to truth was abroad; and that many good and virtuous persons had entered or would soon enter the one fold—the only haven in which, when the tempests of passion of error, rise, they harm not the sheltered bark, but pass it by and leave the pious christian in security. [Loud cheers.] He [Mr. O'C] was there to rouse them to proper exertions. They had made rapid advances, but he wanted them to go further. They were now on the sliding scale. [Laughter.] Providence would not help those who did not help themselves. England, after having been tossed for three hundred years upon the waves of error, was now about to settle on the Ararat of truth. They would be guilty if they did not use the means to aid the restoration.—Sixty years after the Reformation, Protestantism ceased to expand. But in that sixty years it got great power, and circumstances occurred to uphold it. But now it was on the decline. It was growing less to the eye, and diminishing to the touch on the one hand, and, on the other, both by those whose confidence in it was diminished and by those who had already been received with welcome into the Catholic church. The learned doctors of the Protestant Church were explaining Catholic doctrines, and convincing others, though they would not be convinced themselves. [Hear, hear.] Who now would dare at Oxford to treat with ribaldry the real presence? [Hear.] He would be immediately met by the Tractarians, who, though not belonging to us, are defending our doctrines. [Hear, hear.] This, then, was the time for exertion.

If, continued the Rt. Hon. gentleman you had but churches enough—if you had but priests enough—you would be realising my day-dream, and we should soon be hearing high mass in Westminster Abbey. [Applause.] Where is there a

priest settled, or where is there a chapel established, that a flock does not rush into that chapel and surround the priest? [Hear, hear.] You want nothing but resources. I may be told you are not rich enough;—look to Ireland, [cheers], she is poor—the poorest of the poor,—why she supports a church which she does not belong to; it is a complete incubus upon her—it does her no good, and she expects none from it. [Cheers and laughter.] Is she content with this? no, but she is obliged to endure it. Yet is there another church; there are four archbishops, twenty-three bishops—in all twenty-seven; a thousand deans and archdeacons; four five, or six thousand parochial clergy, and many convents, both of nuns and clergymen, who support that hierarchy glorious and unbroken: it never was trenched upon from the days of St. Patrick to the present time. [Loud cheers.] A man of a philosophic mind might contemplate this as a traveller does the ruins of Palmyra in the desert—there are the splendid columns reaching towards the skies—there are the magnificent palaces—there remains everything of architecture that can be exhibited most beautiful—there they remain in the midst of the desert, and the unbroken columns of Catholicity stand in the moral desert of Ireland: there they are with their bases on earth, and their heads in heaven, uncontaminated, and undefiled. [Great and prolonged applause.] But who supports the clergy and supports them in comfort? Why the poor of Ireland. You may say there is a secret and some magic by which they are enabled to do this; I tell you it is a secret, and as there are enough of you here to help to keep that secret I will tell you. [Laughter.] It is that every body contributes; there is the secret; there is the magic: let everybody in England contribute, and you will soon have the same result. [Hear.] One shilling a year is all the poor Irish people can give; a farthing a week, a penny a month, and four weeks in the year for nothing. [Laughter.] Thus they support the clergy in comfort, having no wants but the wants of others; having no regret but that they have not more means of affording more relief to the poor and destitute. They do so, and why should not Englishmen do so! Tell us what that thing is that England cannot achieve? [Great applause.] Tell me of anything that other nations have done which England cannot equal? and why should she keep back in the great question of salvation, when the millions of human beings are concerned who are to re-people England with saints? One of the finest characters the world ever produced was that martyr to liberty and religion, Thomas a Becket: he was an Englishman.—What sacrifices ought not his countrymen to sustain in order to erect again a shrine where God will be invoked by his patronage and his prayers? I have seen the steps that lead up to that shrine, and they are worn to shreds (though they were hard as granite) by the congregated thousands that frequented that shrine; again that shrine will echo with the name of the Lord of Truth and Verity! [Cheers.] I have knelt down and kissed with enthusiasm the spot where he shed his blood,—that spot which shall again re-echo with the hymn of praise, and where God shall again be invoked in the sanctuary to bring blessings. [Continued on page 363]

Original

AGAINST MATERIALISM.

Hæc cogitaverunt, et erraverunt; exprobravit enim illos invidia eorum. Et non fuerunt experimenta Dei; neque mercedem speraverunt justitie; nec judicaverunt honorem animarum sanctarum: quoniam Deus creavit hominem inextinguibilem; et ad imaginem similitudinis sue fecit illum.—Sap. Cap. 2. v. 21. &c.

"These things they thought, and were deceived; for their own malice blinded them. And they knew not the secrets of God; nor hoped for the wages of justice; nor esteemed the honor of holy souls. For God created man incorruptible, and to the image of his own likeness he made him," &c.—Wisdom, ch. 2, v. 21.

There are no notions so very absurd and extravagant, that man, when left to his own conjectures on his origin and last end, has not entertained of himself. I need not mention the dreams of a Pythagoras, and of other Pagan philosophers, whom our modern freethinkers, so barren in conceits of their own, seem proud in following. Even the *Metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, not only of one human being into another; but of men into brutes, birds, insects, and fishes; has found in all ages down to the present times, persons capable of adopting it for their creed, in spite of all its revolting absurdity. Indeed, what is it that man has not fancied and believed of himself, except what he really should have fancied and believed?

There are however two points, which the ancient Pagans broached; and which our modern infidels seem more fond of inculcating than any thing besides: *the eternity of matter*; and *the materialism of the soul*. Though these are too absurd to require serious refutation; yet, as they are so often urged upon us by our modish theorists, who would have their admirers more remarkable for their credulity than they themselves are for their incredulity; it may not be amiss to say a few words on these heads.

The Pagans from mere ignorance ventured these conjectures; having lost amid the plurality of their Gods the proper notion of the Deity; with nothing to guide them in their researches after truth, amid the murky mazes of long established superstition, but the distorted rays and faint glimmerings of their clouded reason; they saw this mighty universe, in the midst of which they found themselves placed; and could distinguish among all the Gods they worshipped none so great as in their conception was able to cope with such immense materials: to mould the boundless whole in its present perfect form; much less to give birth to it, and call it up from nothing. It was therefore quite impossible for such not to imagine it eternal. Who, in their ideas, would give it a beginning? Which of all their Gods could originate and realize the stupendous design? It was therefore natural for them to suppose it self-existing; prior even, and though passive, in some sense superior to their imaginary Deities. A Spinoza's boasted system of Materialism, and all the extravagant notions of his followers, are but grounded on the ignorant surmises of the benighted Pagans, groping their way, and reasoning at a venture amid the thick incumbent and settled gloom of Idolatry.

What more exalted notions could these entertain of the soul? Or what could they suppose it to be more excellent than a refined portion of the eternal mass? A *tenuis aura*, or a light and subtle vapour? A *scintillula quadam ignis ætherii*; a small spark of ethereal fire, uniting itself after death to the original whole; and losing itself as a diminutive stream, in the universal abyss? And is not this the very idea which our modern Infidels have taken up; and, decking it forth, according to their own fancy, they offer it to the public as a precious and important discovery of their own.

The truth is, these silly reasoners, who must think those even sillier than themselves, who are capable of crediting their strange assertions; advance their ridiculous absurdities, not from ignorance, for the undeniable, though confounding truths of revelation have flashed full upon them; but from a wish still, if they only could to persuade themselves and others, (for who could like to stand alone in his opinion on subjects of such momentous import) that there is no God to punish after death the crimes, of which they feel themselves guilty. *Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus*. The fool said in his heart, that is, in his wishing, not reasoning faculty, *non est Deus*, there is no God: or that the soul is such after its separation from the body, as to preclude the possibility of its being subjected to pain. It is a fatal truth, confirmed by experience, that what we earnestly wish we are easily led to believe; and the more we bring to be of the same way of thinking with ourselves, the more we are encouraged and confirmed in our error. But whatever may have been the internal conviction of those, who could broach such enormities, that of many of their followers may be a thorough conviction. We shall therefore add a few observations on these two heads, with the view of helping to undeceive them.

Every thing that is, if not eternal, must have had a cause capable of producing it. But it is evidently absurd to suppose that matter, or any thing, could have produced itself; for, to produce itself, it must exist before it exists; which, I need not observe, is the height of absurdity.

Besides, matter being by its nature passive and inert, could never of itself, and without the operation of some external agent, have been brought to assume any regular, fixed, and determined motion or form. But is it then eternal?—And shall we give to it an attribute, which can belong only to that supreme intelligence, which moulds and directs it at pleasure: to which it is subject in all its parts; and consequently in its great universal whole; but with which it is repugnant to suppose it endowed in any of its portions, or in its vast totality. Does not reason then, and nature compel us to ascribe this attribute to a distinct and more excellent principle, which is seen and felt by common sense to exist apart and uncombined save in its operations; nay uncombined in any degree with matter in all its possible forms. I perceive this intelligence in every modification of matter; and can plainly read its design. Who sees it not displayed in every object of nature, where

every thing is regulated with order, weight and measure; and best adapted for its own particular end? I can perceive it in the least as well as in the greatest objects: in the figure and progress of a snail, as well as in the brightness, immensity, and velocity, of the celestial orbs.—It is visible even in the wing of the smallest insect; where, besides the delicate texture & wonderful mechanism; we cannot help admiring its nice proportion to the body it suspends. I see it carefully clothing, according to the temperature of the climates in which they are intended to reside, the various animals, who cannot make coverings for themselves; and either arming them with the fittest weapons for their defence; or affording them sufficient swiftness & sagacity to elude their pursuers, and secure their retreat. The same is observable in the inhabitants of the deep; and every creature in all this vast univers is found fitly furnished with every thing best adapted to its line of life in its own native element.

Need I mention the equal wisdom and design displayed in the inanimate part of the creation? The reproduction of the seed and roots in the vegetative kingdom? The formation of the leaves, flowers and fruit? The wonderful care and skill with which the precious principle of reproduction, the seed, is folded up, each in its own distinct envelope, and securely fenced against the destructive influence of the wintery cold, till the genial season return? It were an endless, but a needless task, to enumerate every thing, in which the skill and wise design of the Supreme intelligence evidently appears. And is all this the scheme and effect of matter working upon itself? It were truly wonderful, if the horn of the horses' hoof should fashion itself into so fit a defence for his foot against the ruggedness of the roads, on which he has to toil and travel. Then might even an oyster boast its intelligent shell, that so opportunely forms itself round its delicate body, to defend it from filth and friction, and the devouring attacks of hungry fishes. It is really humbling to have to notice such free thinking dotage and mental aberrations.

We are then brought back from dead unthinking matter to a distinct intelligent principle, which we are thus forced to acknowledge; but which our infidel Theorists were seeking to avoid. Shall we then to humour them, allow matter to be at least coeval with this principle; though we have already proved that to be an absurdity? If we even did so, in what would they be the gainers? They have still left in all his dreadful might and majesty the same supreme Being to judge and condemn them for their guilt. Where then is the advantage to them, or what is the necessity of acknowledging matter to be eternal? Or are we, without any possible reason or motive, to make so blindly bold an assertion? If this is their boasted philosophy, it is evidently the philosophy of fools; which no one in his right senses would listen to for a moment.

I need not therefore enter into any further argument, to show the extravagant absurdity of such a hypothesis. My observations are directed only to common

sense, without any wish to dive into abstruse reasonings on a subject, which indeed does not require them; though there are not wanting able authors, who have carried their proofs upon this score nearly as far as the human intellect can follow them.

Let us next consider for a moment the other notable assertion, that the soul herself is material. I should begin by asking those, who hold such an opinion, why they have chosen to adopt it; and what their views are in maintaining it so strenuously. Is it not evidently from the wish, and in the hope to convince themselves that they may escape the punishment of their guilt; to lull their ever chiding conscience, and blunt the scorpion sting of inward thrilling remorse, by reasoning themselves, if they could, into the belief that their souls are but matter, destructible and doomed to perish? Thus, while they assert matter to be eternal, only in order to avoid the terror of an offended God; they at the same time, with surprising inconsistency, but in conformity with the dictates of common sense, maintain it to be perishable; and on this opposite principle they ground all their hopes of future impunity: for, if not, then I would ask them again, where is their gain, by supposing the soul material, since, if not destructible and perishable, as matter, it may still exist after death, and if so, why may it not be subjected to all the punishment it deserves for having acted in this life against the strong felt moral sense of justice and virtue, implanted in the mind of every one; and what we may justly call the instinct of reason. For if the soul is punishable here for what she does amiss, even by the inward, painful and abashing sense of shame; by regret, sadness, remorse and despair: or, should the guilty succeed in extinguishing in their minds by long habit in vice all sense of horror at their wicked and infamous deeds; at any rate by the very pain of disease, the frequent consequences of their dissolute conduct; by sickness even, and sufferings of every kind, to which in their present state they find themselves occasionally subjected; they may learn, in spite of their Hypothesis, that as their souls, whether material or not, are punishable here, and subjected to pain, so they may be in another state of existence hereafter. Here again they are drawn back by the very means they had planned for their escape, to that adjudging principle of intelligence; whose dreaded grasp they endeavour so to shun; and they are shewn that, as they must bear its chastising influence in this life, so may they have to feel its more rigorously exerted influence in a life to come.

But some will have it only the body that feels; and when it has lost its vital warmth, after ceasing to breathe, that all its feelings and sufferings are at an end. It is but building castles in the air, to make suppositions unsupported by known facts, or probable arguments. We often see the body during life, as but the organ of a distinct and thinking principle, enlivened or depressed by mere mental affection, originating not in any accident or alteration in its own state; but in that of its reflecting and invisible manager and mover.

It reddens with shame; and grows pale with apprehension. It smiles or dances with inward joy; or droops dejected, sheds tears, and often wails aloud, not from any hurt it sustains, or pain it suffers, but from deep thought and abstruse cogitation. How a faint glimpse of hope, which has no reality but in thoughtful anticipation, can brighten up its looks, dry up its tears, and still its lamentations on such mournful occasions! And after all these evidences of a distinct principle from the body, is it rational to suppose this last the only one that suffers and feels. Why, in this supposition, should not the body, still remaining after death, feel and suffer as before? Because its animating principle is fled; something they must own, infinitely exceeding what it has left behind; and essentially different from its perishable organ of clay; which, as henceforth useless to it, in its new state of existence; it drops on taking its flight to the region of spirits; leaving it to moulder away and mingle with its native earth; till the Omnipotent, who made and linked it with the soul, restore it to her in a state of merited bliss or misery interminable. It is therefore the soul, a distinct principle from the body, that suffers and feels in this life, and which may equally or more intensely be made to suffer and feel in a state of separation from its earthly organ, which had been adapted to it for the temporary purposes of its short sojourn in this place of probation.

Yet how, it is often asked, can a spirit, not matter, be punishable, according to the gospel threat, with material fire?—But is not the soul a spirit in her present state? and still, though by the medium of her organ, the body, she feels all the scorching effect of material fire, as well as all the pleasing or painful influence of the material elements surrounding her.—As God has tied her thus down to the earth, so may he chain her down to fire and link her if he chooses, to her own merited torment, for who can say what he can, or cannot do with his creatures? Or shall man with his short-sighted reasoning presume to limit his infinite power; or set bounds to his inscrutable justice? All we know from the certain idea we have of his justice and goodness, is, that he will inflict no punishment on the soul, which she herself is not at the time conscious of having deserved. That his wish in creating her was to have rendered her finally happy; for which purpose, without forcing her will, the free choice of which was to constitute her merit or demerit in this life, he afforded her more or less the means, if well improved, of securing to herself that perfect bliss, for which he had called her into being.—Looking, as he does, from eternity to eternity, he foresaw, if you will, her fate, and permitted it. But his foresight no more caused that fate, than my seeing any action done causes that action to take place. Is he then, as infinitely good, obliged to prevent it? But he is infinitely just, as well as infinitely good; and owes to his rational and immortal creatures the display of his dreadful as well as amiable attributes. Besides, where were that full freedom of willing and

choosing betwixt good and evil, granted to his creatures, after warning them sufficiently as to the choice they should make which he does by the internal moral sense implanted in them, as well as by external means; should he thus preclude the possibility of their choosing wrong?

This, however, is an awful mystery, not farther to be sounded by the human intellect, but sufficiently grounded on all the proofs adduced in support of the Christian Revelation; proofs, which the greatest and wisest of mankind have considered as unanswered and unanswerable; and therefore conclusive on the subject in the opinion of all, who reason as they ought, not on bare suppositions or fanciful theories; but on what we actually feel, and on matters of fact.

I need not here stop to expose the absurd consequences of the ridiculous hypothesis, which I have been refusing; or to prove the folly of the attempt to account for the very thoughts and volitions of the human mind, by the curlings, for instance, of a vapor; the corruscations or scintillations of an ethereal spark; or the various conglomeration, evolutions, separations, or conjunctions of material particles, all which has been abundantly held forth to public ridicule by those who have condescended to follow such argumentative maniaes through all the perplexed and bewildering mazes of their random conjectures. I shall therefore conclude with a quotation from an ingenious author, particularly adapted to our present purpose, that of demonstrating the absurdity of the supposition that the soul is material.

“She cannot be material, the soul; that can lodge within herself the whole mass of sensible things, which taketh up so much room without her: And when she has piled them upon one another in such vast and prodigious numbers, is still as capacious of more, as when she was altogether empty. In a word, that can grasp the universe with a thought, and comprehend the whole latitude of Heaven and Earth within her own invisible centre: who, though she takes in objects of all sizes; yet, when once they are in, they are not, as bodies, in a material place, where the greater take up more room than the less; for the thought of a mile or of ten thousand miles, does no more stretch and fill the soul, than that of a foot, an inch or a mathematical point. And whereas all matter has its parts, which extend, the one beyond the other in length, breadth and thickness; and so, is measurable by inches, yards and solid measure; there is no such thing as measurable extension in any thing belonging to the soul: for in cogitation, which is the very essence of the soul; there is neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness; nor is it possible to conceive a foot of thought; a yard of reason; a pound of wisdom; a quart of virtue. Then, if what belongs to the soul be immaterial; the soul herself must be immaterial: simple, therefore, indivisible, unalterable; incorruptible; therefore immortal and everlasting.”—SCOTT.

From “The Churchman.”

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF ST. AGNES.

“I was exceedingly interested a few days ago by a visit to the catacombs of St. Agnes. I went in company with Mr. —, the American consul, and Mr. —, lately a member of Parliament. You have read that the early Christians of Rome were subjected to a series of violent persecutions, particularly under the reigns of Severus, Decius, and Valerian; when Irenæus, Victor, Fabianus, Cyprian, and others of great eminence, as well as innumerable private Christians, received the crown of martyrdom. These catacombs are the places in which they interred their dead; and in the time of those dreadful persecutions, sought refuge. For a long time, indeed, the ceremonies of their religion were performed in those dark and subterranean chambers which had been used for sepulture. The Campagna of Rome is formed almost entirely of volcanic ashes, which is called Pozzolana, and Tufo Rock, which appears of the same material, but hardened into soft kind of stone; in this latter the excavations of the catacombs were made. Into the catacombs we descended from a vineyard two miles outside the walls of Rome, by a flight of steps, (the catacombs are now being opened, and rubbish, &c., removed. The padre who accompanied us has the superintendence of the work;) we then entered narrow excavated passages—extending and ramifying in every direction; in the sides of these passages are cells excavated, some large enough for a human body to be laid, others for several bodies, and many smaller ones for children. Here we saw the mouldering remains of those whose great grandfathers saw the apostles. Many of the bodies (of course the bones only) rest as they were laid 1600 years ago. Many of them are now fast mouldering away, since the admission of the air, and the marble slabs or tiles which enclosed their cells (which are ranged one above another and within a foot or two of each other in every part of the catacombs) were closed after the body was deposited, and a piece of marble or more generally several large tiles were used for this purpose, sealed up with cement, so that the air could not enter, and this accounts in some measure for the perfect preservation of the bones. Many of these have been taken down, yet some of the cells are sealed up, and remain just as they were at first, and the mortar that was used appears as if it had only been spread a few weeks ago; the marks of the trowel are as fresh as ever, and in this mortar, inscribed while it was yet wet, is frequently to be found the name of the individual interred there, and the words (in pace) in peace, or sleeps in peace—an epitaph simple, but in those times of trial and tribulation, wonderfully expressive.

There are the bodies of many of the early martyrs; they are known by having a small lamp at their feet, inserted in the mortar whilst wet, and a small vase or vial at the head; the vial contained their own blood, which it was the practice of the surviving friends to obtain from

the body, and preserve in this manner; some of the lumps remain, but the vials have been removed—but the impression in the mortar where they were set yet remains. There are also impressions of the coins of the time in which the bodies were interred; by these the date of the interment is known. There are several small chapels, which are extremely curious; the walls are painted, and many of the pictures are quite fresh: the subjects are in general scriptural. I was pleased to see these pictures, which were painted in the early part of the third century, and the fact will be a good argument in favor of picture in churches. We remained in this city of the dead two hours, walking at least an hour and a half of the time.—There must be thousands of bodies. The extent of the catacombs is not yet known. In these gloomy regions the early Christians took refuge in times of persecution, and the mind is overwhelmed with the multitude of associations that arise. We ascended—the sun was shining gloriously and the mountain that surround Campagna looked bright and calm, as they did when the dead thousands sleeping beneath our feet gazed upon them.”

FRANCE.

We extract the following statement of the numbers of the Catholic clergy in France, and the provision made for them, from the budget of the Ministers of Public Worship. The total amount of these ecclesiastics is 36,014. They comprise fifteen archbishops, of whom the Archbishop of Paris has at present an income of 25,000*l.* a year, which, however, is proposed to be increased to 40,000*l.*, and the other fourteen have from 14,000. to 15,000*l.*; sixty-five bishops, having 10,000*l.*; but the three cardinal bishops of Rouen, Lyons, and Arras, have an additional 10,000*l.* Such prelates as have two departments in their diocese receive 1,500*l.* for the expenses of their visitations, and the rest have 1,000*l.* Sums of from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* are granted to archbishops and bishops towards the charges of their establishments. There are 175 vicars general. Those in the bishopric of Paris receive 4,000*l.*, in the other archbishoprics 3,000*l.* and in the bishoprics 2,000*l.* for each; 661 canons—those of Paris having 2,400*l.*, and the rest 1,500*l.*; 3,301 cures, with incomes of from 1,200*l.* to 1,500*l.*; 25,000 desservans or curates, such as are under sixty years of age receive 860*l.*; between sixty and seventy years, 900*l.*; and of 70 and upwards, 1000*l.*; 27,600 cures are established or authorized: 5,765 vicars, with allowances of 350*l.*—(6,276 are authorized); 21 bishops' canons, having 8,000*l.*, being dignitaries and canons of the second order, belonging to the chapter of St. Denis. There are also 3,000 seminaries.—Galigiani.

Abdication of the King of Hanover—We take the following from *Le Commerce* of June 7:—“A report is again spread of the approaching abdication of the King of Hanover. It is added, but less confidently, it is true, that his Majesty thinks of allying himself by marriage with the family of a sovereign count of the German Confederation.”

(Continued from 363 page.)

to the Catholic Church of England.—[Cheers.] The resolution which I have to propose, and to which this long speech is an inadequate preface, is one which has reference to penny monthly subscriptions, giving everybody an opportunity of subscribing. There are two millions of Catholics in Great Britain; now if one-half would give one shilling a year, that would raise a sum of £50,000 [hear, hear], so that in the next year many a Christian heart would be glad—many an altar would be raised—and many a sacrifice offered in propitiation to God, who alone can make this conversion universal. It is this therefore that made me wander through Catholic history as it exists at present, and made me triumph [I hope with no unholy joy] at the contrast between the Catholic and Protestant Churches; the one fading—diminishing—lessening—decreasing—and perishing; the other spreading its angel wings daily and hourly, holding within its heavenly circle the nations of the earth and the mighty of the land [great applause]; and this is to be realized by the sacrifice to which I have alluded. Let every Catholic man, and I may say every Catholic lady, for to them in particular I direct my appeal, become an apostle to the doctrine I preach; let the question be in every company "Have you as yet contributed to the Institute? Is it not a work worthy of your best feelings? Are you not pained at the grievous state of danger in which those are who have not the benefit of the sacraments to mediate between them and their God—to mitigate his wrath and to obtain his pardon?"

Do you not feel for those who are involved in error, and who, though following the true church in affection, thought, and desire are not as yet freed from the camp of the enemy?" Is there a human being that does not desire this mighty change?—a change that our forefathers wished for, but never saw—a change over the anticipations of which our ancestors rejoiced, yet lived not to see realized, and which it only requires us to be just and generous in order to consummate in that most blessed revolution which must eventually come over the nation—Pardon me for so long trespassing on your time, (cries of "no, no, go on,") but my heart is full of the subject, and I am counsel to-day for Protestant England; I come here and address you as I have addressed many a jury. All that is wanting is your own exertion to consummate this desired blessing, to show that error is diminishing, and that the feet of clay have given way, and the brazen head has fallen to the pavement. (Loud cheers) The period is come when every one of you shall proclaim around the facility with which this great effort may be made. I do not exaggerate its potency: I am not here to give you a view of that which cannot be realized, but to show you that it has been realized in Ireland, and England shall realize it too (Cheers.) Oh! that I had words and thought—Oh! that I had the power and the eloquence—Oh! that I could animate you with the spirit which now lifts up my sluggish nature, and makes my bosom expand, and my heart throbs with delight at the thought of contributing to the mighty work, and the restoration of faith and truth to the greatest nation on the face of the earth. [Immerse applause, during which the right hon. gentleman sat down.]

Lord Lovatt seconded the resolution. His Lordship said, that after the very eloquent and impressive address which the meeting had heard, he felt that he ought not to say one word more than merely to second the resolution.

ORANGEISM.

"The Orangemen of Birmingham having forwarded an address to the Home Secretary for presentation to the Queen, in which they express their abhorrence of the late attempt upon her Majesty's life, and pray that the same Divine Providence which has thrice protected her Majesty from the hand of an assassin, may continue to watch over and protect her Majesty from treasonable violence and popish Machination. Mr Phillips, in acknowledging the receipt, says: 'And I am to inform you that Sir J. Graham is of opinion that this is an address which he ought not to present to her Majesty for acceptance.'"

The preceding extract is worthy of observation on two accounts. First, as indicating the determination of Orangemen to infuse the spirit of religious dissension into every proceeding with which they are connected. And, Secondly, as a proof that this determination, and the disastrous results to which it must lead, if encouraged, are fully understood and decidedly condemned by the highest authority in the realm. Deeply grateful as we are that it has pleased the all-ruling Deity to deliver our justly beloved and respected Queen from the vile attempt of a desperate assassin, we still cannot refrain from expressing our entire condemnation of that political animosity, which would seek to convert a time of universal congratulation into an occasion of party triumph. Every good subject will certainly pray that Her Majesty may be delivered from "treasonable violence" and "machinations" of every description; but it is surely the part of one striving to excite dissension rather than promote peace, to endeavour, by casting an unjust imputation on any religious body, to irritate and provoke them into some expression of hostile feeling.

It is, however, quite apparent that the object of the Orangemen is thoroughly discerned and most justly appreciated at the palace; and we sincerely trust, that when a similar attempt is made it may be attended with a similar decided and humiliating rebuke. Had there been the least necessity for such an expression, and their existed the most remote probability that the Roman Catholics were concerned in the attempt on Victoria's life, there would have been an excuse for their conduct. But, as it is, we must regard it as dictated solely by that virulent spirit which marks every word and action emanating from that institution.—*Examiner.*

Lord Morpeth.—This celebrated nobleman, distinguished as well for the amiability of his disposition and his high moral worth, as for his enlightened education and the liberality of his political opinions, passed through this city yesterday afternoon. His Lordship purposes making a tour to the Manitoulin Islands, via Lake Simcoe, in order to witness the distribution of the Indian presents. This will afford him an excellent opportunity of seeing some of the finest parts in this beautiful country.—*Ibid.*

His Lordship, the Right Rev. Doctor Power, Catholic Bishop of Toronto, left this City yesterday, accompanied by his Secretary, the Revd. Mr. Hay, on a tour to the Manitoulin Islands.—*Mirror.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

An able contemporary, the [Halifax Register, has the following remarks upon the recent erection of a Bishopric in that province.

DIocese OF HALIFAX.—Although aware of the honor which the Court of Rome had conferred upon this Province and upon the pious Prelate who presides over the Catholic Church within it, we felt disinclined to make an announcement from our altar, the subject of a newspaper paragraph, until it would come before us in such a manner that our use of it would be conformable to our notion of respect for Religion. A communication in one of our contemporaries, and an editorial in another, remove the cause of our delicacy; and we now congratulate the Catholics of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, upon the distinguished honor conferred upon them—the Bishop—and the Catholicity of the country. Doctor Fraser's piety makes him worthy of every honor to which piety can lay claim; and his well known devotion to the chair of St. Peter is meetly acknowledged by this manifestation of Papal regard—Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, too, the newly consecrated Coadjutor to this See, must feel flattered, that this peculiar jecture is chosen for conferring dignity upon the Province—given, as it does, to him, a succession to a regularly constituted Diocese, rather than to a Vicariate Apostolic. To be sure neither his power nor his privileges will be materially augmented; but yet, when we recollect that to England, much as she has progressed in Catholicity, the Sacred Court would not yet impart a like distinction—that all her Bishops are only Vicars Apostolic, and her districts merely missionary,—we may conclude that the Holy Father esteems very highly the Prelate and people whom he favours, as he has been pleased to favour us.

A PREDICTION

On the 26th of last March, in commenting on some apprehensions expressed by the Secretary of War in relation to the defences of our sea board, our readers may remember the following among other suggestions which we then advanced through the columns of the Courier:

"We will venture to suggest that, in the possible event of a war, there should be some mines sprung, some explosive exhibitions that would at least serve the purpose of intimidation. The ingress and egress of our rivers would be in all probability obstructed by so many and such appalling obstacles, in the shape of young earthquakes, as would be very apt to render an enemy exceedingly cautious and careful."

THE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

A correspondant writing from on board the U. S. Line of Battle Ship North Carolina, in the harbour of New York, on the 4th inst., says:—"12 o'clock having arrived, a salute was fired from the Battery on Governor's Island. This was followed by one from this ship and this again by another from the Columbia, and this again by one from the British Razeo, the War-spire. These salutes over, Mr. Colt having his magnetic battery ready on board

the quarter deck of this ship, the wires from which having been passed, under water, and connected with the explosive machine under the fated vessel—said, 'Gentlemen, I am ready—look out.' When with the quickness of the electric flash the vessel was blown up, into ten thousand fragments, which were seen amidst a vast column of water thrown up to the height of some 200 feet, looking like a great water spout, when the whole, water and fragments fell, as does water from a jet d'eau, or fountain, though in a less regular form. The suddenness with which the vessel, which I suppose to have been of some hundred tons burden, disappeared—was more like an optical delusion than reality—for in the twinkling of an eye the form and fashion of the boat was changed into a column of water and fragments.

"Shouts broke from the multitude that lined the shores. The band, as if electrified by the suddenness of the destruction of the vessel, struck up 'Yankee Doodle,' which was as much as to say 'beat that who can.' And the scene was closed, all hands awarding to Mr. Colt the praise of having struck upon a device that will be a more certain protector to our ports and harbors, against invading fleets, than would scores of batteries and men of war; for against the visible agents of defence, power can be employed and applied, but against this immersed, hidden, and invisible agent, with power enough to blow to atoms the proudest navy in a moment, no power can be applied, and no vigilance can guard against its devastating effects. Ah! such discoveries are but the messengers of security and peace. For no commander will have the temerity to navigate his ship into waters, where these hidden agents for her destruction are known to be concealed."—*Saturday Courier.*

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

The last *Times and Seasons*, the Mormon paper edited by Joe Smith, the Prophet, contains the following:

Notice.—The subscribers, members of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, withdraw the hand of fellowship from Gen. John C. Bennett as a Christian; he having been labored with from time to time, to persuade him to amend his conduct, apparently to no good effect.

Joseph Smith,
Hiram Smith,
Wm. Law.

The following members of the Quorum of the Twelve concur in the above sentiments:

Brigham Young, Heper C Kimball,
Lyman Wright, William Smith,
John F. Page, John Taylor,
Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith,
Willard Richards.

We concur in the above sentiments:
N. K. Whitney, V. Knight,
George Miller,

Bishops of the above mentioned Church. This identical John C. Bennett is the same distinguished Mormon that Judge Douglass appointed master in chancery for Hancock county, over the applications of several of the most reputable citizens

of that county. The office was bestowed as part of the price agreed upon by Douglas, Ford, and others, to be paid for the Mormon vote at the approaching election. For the good of the country, and the safety of the state of Illinois, we hope he will not succeed; but that the truth will now be made apparent.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

The Acadia arrived at Boston on Wednesday last at eleven o'clock at night. She left Liverpool on the 5th July and brings London and Liverpool advices to that date.

Lady Bagot, Miss Bagot, Miss G. Bagot, and Miss F. Bagot, the family of His Excellency the Governor General came passengers in the Acadia. We do not notice in the list of passengers any other name connected with Canada.

London papers state that Sir Robert Peel's health has become greatly impaired and that his indisposition is making alarming strides.

The Weather and the Crops.—From all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland we hear of copious falls of rain accompanied with thunder and lightning, after a long continuance of dry weather. The crops are said to be forward and promising, and in some places, rapidly improving, and giving fair reasons to expect, if not an abundant harvest, at least an average one of corn, potatoes and hay.

Another Attempt to Assassinate the Queen. The convict Francis, who fired at the Queen, has been reprieved. There does exist a doubt that the pistol was loaded with a destructive substance. He still asserts that he had not intended to injure Her Majesty, but did it with a view to get provided with a home for life similar to that

The announcement of his reprieve had scarcely been made known when the public were alarmed by a report that another and exactly similar attempt had been made upon Her Majesty's life. The details are almost too fanciful for notice.

IMPORTANT FROM INDIA & CHINA.

The Indian Mail arrived at Marselles on the 20th of June. A telegraphic despatch reached London on Friday. General Pollock had joined Sir R. S. at Jolissahad, re-establishing on his march the authority of Thomas Khan Sullpoora. He was to march on Cabul as soon as he was joined by Colonel Boulton. General England had re-united the troops, forced the passes, and joined General Nott, at Candahar. Captain McKenzie had arrived at Jellalabad, with offers from Akbar Khan to release his prisoners on conditions. The answer was not known. General Elphinstone died on the 23rd of April.

The destruction of the garrison of Ghuznee is confirmed. Colonel Palmer left the citadel on the 26th of March, and took up his quarters in a portion of the town. There, as in the case of Cabul, the Ghuznees, apparently without orders, attacked the troops, and a frightful slaughter ensued. The leader of the insurgents, Shunshooden, interferred and took the officers under his protection, and they are described as now living as prisoners in the citadel. About 100 only of the sepoy's are supposed to have escaped.

The accounts from China are interesting. On the 18th of March, the Chinese, 10,000 or 12,000 strong, tried to retake Ningpo, while another force attacked Chinghao. In both instances they were repulsed with considerable loss.

The details have been received. The mail is despatched from Bombay on the 23rd of May, ten days earlier than usual, in order to avoid the monsoon. The Chinese were allowed to enter Ningpo without opposition, but upon reaching the market place were attacked on all sides by the British troops and instantly routed. When they got within one hundred yards of the British guns, a terrific fire of grape and canister was poured down upon them. They fled in confusion, leaving about 250 dead. The 49th regiment was then sent in pursuit, but up to the last accounts had not yet returned. A simultaneous attack had been made upon Chinghao. The enemy were again routed. The British did not suffer a single casualty at either place.

Meeting of the Provincial Parliament.

The Canada Gazette of Saturday last contains his Excellency's proclamation, summoning the Provincial Parliament to meet at Kingston, on the eighth day of September next, for the dispatch of business.

We have just received "THE GREEN BOOK," a work composed by J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq., Barrister. No Irish Catholic, indeed no friend to Catholicity and Catholic long-suffering Ireland, should be without it. We can do no more at present than thank the publisher, Mr. Fishian, for his kindness in presenting us with a copy of it.

RECEIPTS FOR THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton—W. J. Gilbert, 7s. 6d.
Toronto—William Murphy and William Kennedy, each 7s. 6d.
Ingersol—Jas. Murdock, 10s.
London—Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer, for Patrick Dohany and Peter M'Cann, each 7s. 6d. Thomas Cattle, Warwick, 7s. 6d. Patrick Burns, 15s. and William Cusey, 7s. 6d. St Thomas.

An Inquest was held on the 14 instant, at Gates's tavern in the township of Scarborough, by George Duggan, Esq., Coroner, on the body of the Rev. Alexander Kiernan, a Roman Catholic priest. It appeared that, as he was travelling the day before to Toronto, he stopped at Gates's to water his horse; the hostler got a pail of water for his horse,—he did not get out of his gig,—said he would give the hostler a glass of beer for his trouble. There had been a horse race near Gates's that day, and in consequence a number of persons were gathered about the door. It appears that he had a very spirited horse. On his way to town about a mile and a half this side of Gates's on descending the hill he drove very fast: there were two lumber waggons coming up the hill on a walk, the drivers saw the gig approaching very fast, and allowed two-thirds of the road for the gig, so that it might pass without danger. The gig passed the first waggon, and, by some means, the horse turned in towards the other waggon—one of the wheels of the gig came in contact with the fore wheel of the waggon, by which Mr. Kiernan was thrown out of the gig, falling on his head. It was then about six o'clock. He was taken back to the tavern speechless; a doctor was immediately in attendance, and remained with the sufferer till his death; he died about 12 o'clock the same night.—No blame could be attached to the teamsters.—Verdict Accidental Death.—Toronto Herald.

GENUINE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
(WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.)

M. C. GREEN,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has just received a extensive and general assortment of **DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Paints, Oils, and Dye Stuffs; English, French and American Chemicals, and Perfumery, &c. &c.** which he will sell by **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,** at the smallest remunerating profits for Cash.

M. C. G's thorough knowledge, combined with his experience in the Drug business, warrants him in saying, that all those who may favor him with patronage may confidently rely in procuring at his Store, almost every article in his line of business of very superior quality. He would, therefore, earnestly solicit a share of public patronage.

M. C. G is Agent for the American Phrenological Journal,—and keeps constantly on hand Fowler's System of Phrenology, and Busts accompanying the work, with the organs raised and marked; Fowler on Matrimony, Temperance, the Phrenological Almanac, and the Phrenological Characters of Fanny Elssler, the Actress, and J. V. Stent, the Sculptor,—all works of acknowledged worth.

Hamilton, July 22, 1842.

GREAT WESTERN AMPHITHEATRE.

WILL BE EXHIBITED AT HAMILTON

On Tuesday and Wednesday, 2d & 3d of August.

FOR TWO DAYS ONLY ON THE COURT-HOUSE SQUARE.



MR. S. H. NICHOLS

Proprietor of this Establishment,

IN offering to the Inhabitants of Hamilton and Vicinity, these varied scenes of novelties and amusements, has the pleasure of saying to them that in addition to his superior and unrivalled Equestrian Company, he has united it with a Stage department of superior talent, with a Splendid Selection of Scenery, Wardrobe, Trappings, &c. &c. calculated to introduce Historic, Dramatic, and Equestrian Performances, in a style never before attempted by any travelling Company.

This Company is the largest that has ever been presented to the public, being composed of over Twenty-five Performers, and 150 Ladies, Gentlemen, and Horses, with a selection of the best Talent in the world; with a most beautiful Stud of high trained Arabian Horses, and all necessary equipments and decorations, which, at the present day, the Proprietor defies the world to equal. During the stay in this place there will be presented the Dramatic Spectacle of **TIMOR THE TARTAR, and ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON;** with an extensive variety of new and unprecedented Equestrian performances.

To enhance still more the above entertainments, a superior BAND of Twelve members is attached to this Company, and will lead the Grand Procession of Twenty one New and Splendid Carriages of the most costly description with mounted Horses, &c. and will present a scene never before witnessed in any other Establishment.

Doors open first day at half-past 7 in the evening. Second day at 2, p. m. and at half-past 7 o'clock.

C. CRESWOLD, Agent.

The above will be exhibited at WELINGTON SQUARE, on Monday the 1st of August.

CABINET, FURNITURE, OIL AND COLOUR WAREHOUSE.

KING-STREET, HAMILTON, Next door to Mr. S. Kerr's Grocery.

MESSERS. HAMILTON, WILSON, & Co., of Toronto, desire to announce to their friends and the public of Hamilton and its vicinity, that they have opened a Branch of their respective establishments in this place, under the direction of Messrs. SANDERS and ROBINSON, and that they intend to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet and Upholstery Goods, after their present acknowledged good and substantial manner.

—ALSO—

Painting in all its branches, Gilding in oil and burnished do., Lettering Signs, &c. &c., Paper Hanging, Rooms Colored, &c. &c., which they will execute cheap and good. To their friends, many of whom they have already supplied, they deem it superfluous to give any further assurance; and to those wishing to deal with them, they would respectfully say *'Come and try.'*

Also, a quantity of Berlin Wool and Ladies' Work Patterns, kept constantly on hand.

King street, [next door to Mr. Kerr's Grocery.]

Hamilton, June 28th, 1842.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscribers respectfully intimate that they have now removed their entire stock of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES'

to their new brick premises, Nos. 1 & 2, Victoria Buildings, corner of King and James streets, (near the Market,) where they will carry on the Dry Goods and Grocery business by Wholesale and Retail, as formerly.

OSBORNE & McINTYRE.

Hamilton, June 20, 1842. 42 Im

THREE OR FOUR respectable gentlemen can be accommodated with BOARD at the white Cottage on King William street, between Houghston street and the Bell-House.

Hamilton, June 29, 1842.

INFORMATION WANTED of John Casey, who left the County Kerry, Ireland, in 1834, and has not since been heard of by any of his relations. He has a brother and sister, (Patrick and Johanna Casey) arrived this summer from Ireland, who would be glad to hear any tidings of him. Address to Hamilton, Canada West. **JOHN LANE.**

June 28, 1842.

CANADA FALLS BOARDING-HOUSE.

M. TRUMBULL,

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public, that his house, the residence of the late General Murray, is now open for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen visiting the Falls, who may prefer a private Boarding-House to the bustle of a Hotel. They can be accommodated by the week, day or month on reasonable terms; and from the invariable attention paid to the comfort and convenience of those who may frequent his house, he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

Niagara, June 22, 1842.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING

E. MCGIVERN

BEGS to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has engaged a first rate Carriage Trimmer, lately from New York, and is now prepared to execute all orders in the above line in the newest styles and on the most moderate terms, at his Shop on King street, second door from Houghston street, opposite Messrs Ross & Kennedy's store.

Hamilton, June 3, 1842

REMOVAL.

Saddle, Harness and Trunk Factory.

E. MCGIVERN respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he has removed from his old stand to the new building, opposite to the retail establishment of Isaac Buchanan & Co., on King street. In making this announcement to his old friends, he most respectfully begs leave to express his grateful thanks for past favors, and hopes that unremitting attention to business will insure him a continuance.

Hamilton, Feb. 22, 1842.

PRINTERS' INK.

LAMB & BRITTAIN, Manufacturers of Lam's Blacking, begs to inform Printers in British North America, that they have, after considerable labour and expense, with the assistance of a practical and experienced workman from England, commenced the manufacture of **PRINTERS' INK.** They are now prepared to execute all orders which may be sent to them. Their Ink will be warranted to be equal to any in the world and as cheap.

Ink of the various **FANCY COLOURS** supplied on the shortest notice.

Corner of Yonge and Temperance Sts., Toronto, June 1, 1842.

