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THE CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

AND THE WORLD

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTRÉAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1856.

NO. 43.

REV. WM. M'ILWAINE'S REPLY.

*Continued from our last.*

Belfast, April 25, 1856.

TO THE REV. DR. CAHILL.

Rev. Sir—Your reply to my letter of Tuesday last, as published in the *Ulsterman* of this day, is before me, and I claim permission to offer a few remarks on its contents.

To the puerility of your insinuation, as to my being unable to spell correctly a common English word of two syllables, I trust it is unnecessary that I should make any reply: the good sense of the people of Belfast, both Romanists and Protestants, among whom more than twenty years of my life have been spent, will know how to estimate this portion of your bombastic epistle. No, good Sir, this will not answer your purpose. I offered to you a fair challenge; you are preparing a retreat. Indeed, you have virtually run away already, and in close accordance with your old habits, you think to do so in a cloud of Bilinggate and mystification. Let me tell you that you are too far north, at present, for the success of such attempts, as I hope to prove to the public and even to yourself.

It appears, then, that you decline to meet me in open, fair, theological discussion. At this I am by no means surprised. You dare not bring your new and false creed to the light of day and of God's Word. You prepare to ensconce yourself behind your earthworks of science, falsely so-called, rather than come out to the field of open controversy.—Dr. Cahill, you may mystify and abuse as you please, but you have run away, and this your co-religionists, as well as yourself, shall feel before I have done with you.

You condescend to tell us how you would have conducted the controversy, in case you had accepted my challenge. Thank you. "In the first place," you say, "in order to establish a peculiar advantage to myself in future positions between us, I would deny the inspiration, the authenticity, and the inspiration of all the Scriptures." (*Sic.*) To be sure you would. It is just the old trick of Rome, and you would, no doubt, have given it with effect. But what, I ask, will the intelligent members of the Church of Rome think of all this, and of the subsequent blasphemy against Divine truth with which you have swelled your runaway epistle? So, then, the peculiar vantage-ground of your Church against the Church of Christ is the denial of all that God has revealed to man, as most precious and necessary to salvation. Yes, there you are, on your own chosen and proper platform, alongside the scoffer and the infidel, in your miserable attempt to overthrow the foundations of the Christian faith.

Well, then, having declined the field of theological controversy, you entrench yourself, as you fondly dream, in the fortress of historical research. Dr. Cahill, in my opinion, you know as much about history as you do of science or of true religion either. You talk about Henry VIII., his plunder of your convents, and the revenues of eight millions and half a year of the Church Establishment. If that execrable tyrant did plunder those nests of moral pollution, and hordes of Church cupidity, I leave you and him to settle accounts between yourselves, well knowing (as you ought also) that he lived and died, if not a thorough Romanist, at least something between that sect and an infidel. And before you undertake to ventilate your false exaggerations of England's Church, just go and study the history, the statistics, and the revenues of that awful system of which you are professedly a priest, and when you have done justice to the true character of that harlot Church, "arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with the gold, precious stones, and pearls" of universal spoliation, then begin to throw stones at a sound branch of Christ's Catholic and Apostolic Church.

I shall not, however, waste any more time in the exposure of your fallacies, but return to the subject which originated the correspondence. It is quite plain that you fear to meet me on the ground proposed in my former letter. Perhaps the following may suit you better:—I undertake to prove, before any number of respectable witnesses, Romanists and Protestants of equal numbers—

1. That the creed of the present Church of Rome in Ireland is neither that of the ancient Christian Church, nor yet of the ancient Irish Church, but, on the contrary, a modern amalgamation of anti-Christian error.

2. That the Protestant Reformed Irish Church is a legitimate successor of the ancient Christian Church of this country, the Church of Patrick, and Columb, and Aidan; while the Romish hierarchy and priesthood in Ireland constitute a modern intrusion, their system being a corrupt importation of the Italian anti-Christian sect.

Now, Sir, you have told us what you would do, had you accepted my challenge; I tell you, here, what,

with God's help, I will do, if you continue to evade this my second proposal. During your stay in Belfast, I mean to invite the attendance of my fellow-townsmen in that very hall where you are now ostentatiously vending your scientific lore, and discuss before them, both Protestants and Romanists, the propositions from the discussion of which you are so shamefully skulking. A seat shall be set for youself—and I shall, then and there, expose not alone the soul-destroying errors and unfounded pretensions of your false system, but bring into the light of the day, and before an intelligent assembly of the inhabitants of Ulster, the miserable mis-statements, the deliberate historical perversions, and the blood-thirsty appeals of those inflammatory addresses, past and current, whereby you have so long endeavored to stir up strife and rebellion in this country. If you choose to attend, you shall have a fair opportunity of reply; if not, the public will be the better able to form a judgment of your real character.—I remain, Rev. Sir, your obedient, &c.,

W. M'ILWAINE,  
Minister of St. George's.

To Rev. Dr. Cahill.

DR. CAHILL'S GREAT LETTER.

TO THE REV. W. M'ILWAINE.

Royal Hotel, Belfast, April 29.

Rev. Sir—The public voice of this town and this province declare that you make an annual exhibition, as in the present instance, of certain rancorous attacks against the creed and practices of your Catholic neighbors; it is even said that your weekly addresses are correct abridgments of the persecuting harangues of your ancestors of the sixteenth century. You are quite right always to select the month of April for these public lectures and letters; it is an appropriate time for your correspondents to reply to you. I do not think, however, that you are entirely so great a "fool" as some people think you to be; for, although you cannot spell well, as the Editor of the *Ulsterman* has again proved from your second letter to me, you have sense enough to evade the question which a literary opponent fairly puts to you, and which every reader in Belfast (who has read my reply to your challenge) sees you can leave unanswered; while in your usual empty braggadocio, you again challenge me to meet you before your jury.—But you are caught in your swagger; you are, as your species ever have been, a hollow bully, and, as a matter of course, a mean, ignorant, shrinking coward when your antagonist appears before you on the ground.

You have called me a maligner of your Church; I said no, no, *not a maligner*; and I gave you reference to the historians and pamphleteers from whom I took the extracts, and the facts of my public letter to Lord Carlisle. In the face of the scholars of Belfast, where there are many men of learning, I freely admit, and in the presence of the host of books, which I cited, you repeat your original falsehood with dishonorable contumacy. Shame on you, Sir, to make a charge of "malignity;" and then, when you are confronted with the evidence of forty-one historians, whom I have named, you degrade your name, and you lessen the eminence of your brethren in your profession, by reiterating your former unsupported and contradicted assertion. You, in fact, repeat a charge which you know to be a falsehood, and which is proved to be a falsehood; and I am now at liberty, if I please, to insult you; and with the consent of this entire city, of every denomination, to write on the door of the pulpit of Saint George's, that the preacher, before he enters it, ought to wash his mouth and wipe out the visible, the thick, the palpable stain of historical falsehood, before he can make any reasonable men of his congregation believe one word of his assertions, in his hebdomadal bigotry, against the inoffensive worship of his peaceful neighbors.

And, pray, why did you not reply to my second position, in reference to the inspiration of the Scriptures? Your religion, in the year 1856, and, indeed, these some years past, is confined to the sole point of "reading the Scriptures"—in fact, the Bible is your Church. And your Bible-readers, in their bribing the poor, call on these creatures to "read the Scriptures," but, invariably, never insist in their believing in them, or practising their injunctions. In all the Bible meetings of which I have ever read, I declare I have never seen the idea of "belief and practice" put forth; it is all to "read! read! read!" and the result is, that the great mass of these people think that the mere reading the Sacred volume, and that the mere belief in the historical existence of Christ, is the sum of Christian duty. I repeat, Sir, this book, without a Sacrament, without a Priest, without a Bishop, is your entire Church. There is no use in talking of English Church or of Irish Church, or of any Church. This sacred book is, in

soul. Now, Sir, this book being so important to you, I asked you, how could you, as a Protestant, prove to an inquirer—

Firstly—Whether this volume was a human invention or a revelation from God?

Secondly—Whether the writers named in it really did or did not write it?

Thirdly—Whether the volume contains every word they originally wrote on the subject?

Fourthly—Whether additions or subtractions were made by any persons, during the lapse of all the past Christian ages.

Fifthly—Whether attested copies have been taken of the original autograph of these writers; and whether these copies have been kept, without any alteration, abrasion, interpolation, or interlineation?

And, sixthly—I asked on what proof do you rest the assertion, that the *Holy Ghost* inspired the writers to give it to mankind—as the immediate revelation of God!

I asked these questions in my reply to you. The entire city has read that reply, and has seen the questions which I put to you. I will venture also to add, that the entire population expected that the celebrated orthographist, preacher, elocutionist, controversialist, and April-exhibitionist of St. George's would say something in defence (not defense) of his Church—namely, the Bible. Although no human being ever heard of a book being a Church till lately, still such being the theory of the thing, we Catholics, and, as I am told, all your admirers (!), the Protestants? and as it is further hinted, all your former friends, the Presbyterians—all, all expected that you would come forth, in your usual brilliant style, like the gorgeous sunrise of a May morning, to make a burning reply to me on this vital point of your creed; when, lo! you replied to me, like Paddy Blake's echo in Killarney—that is, when Paddy shouted out on the hills of Killarney, "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" the echo replied, "Very well, I thank you;" Of course, this was a reply from the echo which the greatest admirers of the echo never expected.

In fact, Sir, so did you give to me an answer which no man living could have believed, if they did not read it from under your own hand. For the very fun of the thing, I shall quote this reply *in extenso*; and I undertake to say, that this unexpected response far surpasses the Killarney echo of Paddy Blake.—I should not wonder if the wits of this town called your sermons and letters, in future, "the echoes of Paddy Blake." Here, Sir, is your reply (?) to my questions, as every one in this town call tell with a smile:—

"You condescend to tell us how you would have conducted the controversy, in case you had accepted my challenge. Thank you. 'In the first place,' you say, (in order to establish a peculiar advantage to myself in future positions between us 'I would deny the authenticity and the inspiration of all the Scriptures.' To be sure you would. It is just the old trick of Rome, and you would, no doubt, have given it with effect. But what, I ask, will the intelligent members of the Church of Rome think of all this, and of the subsequent blasphemy against Divine truth with which you have swelled your runaway epistle? So, then, the peculiar vantage-ground of your Church against the Church of Christ is the denial of all that God has revealed to man, as most precious and necessary to salvation. Yes, there you are, on your own chosen and proper platform, alongside of the sceptic, the scoffer, and the infidel, in your miserable attempts to overthrow the foundations of the Christian faith."

This reply has not a word of an answer to my questions, as is evident; I shall, therefore, leave you to the sneers of the reader, and proceed to other positions of your Biblical character.

From an extract of a sermon of yours called—"Questions for Roman Catholics," your printed bill has the following words:—

"4. What must be the practice in that Church which sanction *Tax Books*, wherein tables are set forth, with rates regularly drawn up, at which crimes are to be paid for—as for example, 'For the murder of a father, mother, brother, sister, or wife, each,—£4 1s 8d., while 'for striking a Priest,' it is £6 2s 2d., and 'for striking a Bishop or Archbishop, £24 6s?' And will any Roman Catholic deny the existence of such Books?

"6. What must be the standard of practice in that Church which declares the Pope to be 'God's Viceregent on Earth,' and 'the Vicar of Jesus Christ,' and which yet has numbered among her Pontiffs, according to Cardinal Bonaventure himself, monsters, portents, thieves, robbers, assassins, magicians, murderers, barbarians, and perjurers?"

With great respect to the Protestant Bishop of Belfast, this sermon is a disgrace to his diocese; and when you once offend with impunity, truth, and com-

mon decency in these flagitious statements from a pulpit, you take a license to utter increased filth as you proceed in your missionary duties!

In fact, you have been permitted for a long time to run riot in this town, maligning the creed of Catholics in your foul speeches from your pulpit; and because you knew that no priest could accept the challenge of any modern novelist in religion, or expose his old legitimate title—possessed upwards of eighteen hundred years—to be scrambled for by a set of Evangelical Revolutionists, without a name, a religion, or a church; because no priest here, or elsewhere, could leave his holy sanctuary to meet an insane Swaddler in the streets calling for fight outside our churches, you have at length assumed a maniac phrenzy, akin to insolence, towards all creeds, as well Presbyterian and Unitarian, as Catholic. And while your former hearers have left you, and your former friends are ashamed of you, and the different religionists of this city are disgusted with you, you have compelled me, a stranger, to brand you with ignorance, and to treat you with my contempt and my scorn; firstly, for having gratuitously and malignantly assailed me; and, secondly, for having shifted in an ignorant subterfuge from the plain questions which I put to you—viz., "Whether your scriptures are a human invention, or the revelation of God?" No one can injure the creed to which you belong more than you can by your loathsome epistles; and I feel quite assured that your bishop could render no greater service to the interests of his profession, or to the good feeling of the city, than to keep you at home, at Windsor, for some time, till you have recovered from the dream of your absurd pretensions. In the meantime, if you would apply yourself to Walker's Dictionary, and learn to spell common English, you would not in future be made the butt of public ridicule to the composers of your manuscript, or have your letters and bad spelling carried about the town as a jibe among the Catholics. Everything seems to go wrong with you. Spelling, logic, theology, history, charity—all turn sour, once they enter your literary laboratory; your creed, too, must undergo a soul alteration while it escapes from your exposition. The words of the celebrated Pope to Dr. Dunn, the M'Illwaine of his day, may be well applied to you—

Faith passed through him, no longer is the same; As food digested, takes another name.

So, Sir, without replying to my questions, fairly put, you send me a second challenge to meet you before your jury, where, you say, you will prove "that the Protestant Reformed Irish Church is the legitimate successor of the ancient Christian Church of this country, the Church of Patrick, and Columb, and Aidan." You will soon see my letters to the English Reform anti-Church, "Protestant Association," in which I undertake to prove to demonstration that you have no Church, no Christian worship, no ministry, no Christian creed, in fact, no one mark of the essential Christian Revelation. For your instruction, and for the advantage of Catholics, I shall here state the grounds on which I shall join the labors of this powerful, rising party in England, which party will leave the Protestant preachers in Ireland something to do besides maligning the Catholics, bribing the poor, teaching perjury, and spreading discord amongst all classes of Irishmen.

Firstly—Then so far from your Church being the successor of any Church heretofore in existence, you have no Church. A Christian Church, according to all definitions, is "a congregation of Christians, professing the same doctrines, under the government of God, and instructed and led by lawful pastors on earth." If this definition be correct, you have not at present, or, indeed, never had, a Church. In the first place, you never had a congregation professing the same doctrine. In fact, the thing is morally impossible on your principles. Your essential proposition, as Protestants, is to leave every man to follow his own private judgment in the interpretation of Scriptures; with this first principle, as a Protestant axiom, you cannot have any one Protestant congregation in all mankind, who will believe the same doctrine. The license of all the congregation to believe as each man wishes, essentially excludes unity of belief; unity in any abstract principle, except the truths of mathematics, necessarily requires a governing principle, to coerce individual opinions; this principle being removed, and individuals being left to their opinions, it follows, as a matter of course, that the ignorance of some, the prejudices of others, the vicious bent of a third class, the want of grace, in a fourth, the obstinacy of a fifth section, the natural opposition of a sixth, and so on through all classes, will ultimately have the effect of producing a variety of opinions which clearly excludes the idea of "a congregation believing the same doctrine."

And the history of your creed proves the truth of this primary position. You never had a congregation united in the same doctrine. Within the three hun-

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

dred years, since Protestants separated from the true Church, you have had six hundred and fifty-one changes in your creed!—that is, two changes and the fraction of a change every year!! These changes in your creed form the jibe of the infidel against you; and the Catholics meet you on your own ground, and ridicule you for pretending to follow the one law of Christ, while they see each of you differing more widely from each other in faith, than a set of travelling players differ in the various characters of their theatrical performance. How full of learning you must be when you speak of your Church being a successor to the old Irish Church; but your zeal will cool very much, I fancy, when I fling at you my contemptuous sarcasm on your ignorance of the primary essentials of a Church.

Secondly—You are unable, as Protestants, to convince any man in your *Babel*, whether the Bible is the inspired word of God, or a human invention.

You have no authority to appeal to; you can make no case for your opinions; you are dumb as the statue of Lord Belfast, in your city, when I jeeringly ask you to tell me if your Bible be the Word of God.—You have no authority to support you; you have no Church to sustain you; you have no united congregation to join you; and when I press you, and really laugh in your face, you stand before me without a word in your mouth, as is clear from the echoes of Paddy Blake, which we heard in your reply to me on this very subject.

Thirdly—You have no pastors to instruct you;—they themselves publish this doctrine in all their speeches, where they tell that the Bible is the all-sufficient principle; they themselves admit this fact, when they assure the public that any man in his own house, following his own opinion, is perfectly secure in his salvation if he never entered what you call your churches, or received the smallest official service from a pastor. If this be your constant doctrine in all your Bible meetings, it follows, of course, that a person is an unnecessary supernumerary; he is even injurious, when, like Mr. McIlwaine, he writes April letters, and preaches 5th of November sermons; it follows, also, that Bishops are a monstrous imposture, at a cost to these countries of eight millions and a half of money annually, the illegitimate board (not the *hōrde*) of English and Protestant cupidity. That you have no pastors, therefore, is your own admission; and hence it is clear, you are deficient in a second essential part of the definition of a Christian Church.

Fourthly—You are not ordained, nor is your Bishop (towards whom I, in common with the priests and Catholics of Belfast, entertain a distinguished respect) consecrated. In the year 1559, the second year of Queen Elizabeth, *Barlow* was the link between the old Catholic hierarchy and Elizabeth's Bishops; it was he who (as it is said) consecrated Parker, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. But hear me:—*Barlow was not himself consecrated*; and thus, Sir, the link in the episcopacy has failed. Yes, Sir, you are not ordained. The consecration of Parker is said to have occurred in the year 1559: thirty-five of the historians whom I have named, in my reply to you, say no; several of these lived in the end of the sixteenth century; not one historian ever contradicted these writers till the year 1618: when *Mason* fifty-four years after the supposed occurrence. It is rather a good joke to defend a supposed fact, fifty-four years after its supposed occurrence; when an answer could so readily be given during half a century previously. No, no, Sir—you are certainly not ordained; you are a layman; you have no congregation of Christian believers; you have no church; you have no authority; you have no government; you are, in a word, nothing more or less than Mr. William McIlwaine of Belfast, publishing falsehoods of Catholics, spreading discord among Presbyterians, and grossly offending liberal Protestants, in a house called St. George's, and on a platform called a pulpit. No, Sir, you have no Church, or anything like a Church; and therefore your wild assertion, that you are as old as St. Patrick and Columb, is quite as ridiculous as the Dutch tragedy, the "Creation," where Adam is represented as shaved, powdered, and dressed in doeskin, boots and spurs, coming out on the stage to be created.

So you intend, Sir, to address your jury in the Victoria-ball on next Thursday evening. Why not reply to me in some local journal, where every one could read your answer, and coolly judge your historical accuracy and theological learning? Why not have all Belfast a jury, from the evidence of a newspaper; rather than a mere handful of excited men, at eight o'clock at night? What a loss I shall have, if I cannot be present on Thursday evening, if it were for nothing more than to hear your accomplished elocution; an improvement I should hope, on your orthographical attainments.

Mr. McIlwaine, you commenced this correspondence—you began it by a most gratuitous attack on me; your townsmen will judge of the issue between us. I have written many controversial letters in my life; they were all replies. I have never, even in one instance, made an aggression on the creed of any man; and I never will, nor never shall, till forced by challenge; you have driven me into these replies; and as I have already told you, you would regret coming in literary contact with me—your co-religionists in this city say you are a person of shallow literary acquirements; others who differ from you in Belfast go further in their bitter censure of your presumption; and when I recollect your challenge to me, and when I read your reply, I must say, that your bigotry has no parallel in yourself except your clear ignorance of history and theology.—I am, Rev. Sir, most truly yours,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

Prejudices are the spiders of the mind, choosing generally the darkest corners to spin their cobwebs in.

### THE TIMES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

So Exeter-hall has triumphed, and the working population of this metropolis is driven back to the public house. The Primate and Mr. Baines, with their well-organized army of Sabbatharians, have silenced the bands, cleared the Parks, and set the tap once more flowing. Their zeal has its reward.

Among the many precious things that are known away in this world—things sweet and unsweet—there is nothing of which there is so little thrift as religious zeal. In this metropolis, and everywhere else, we dare say, morality and religion are urged with a force which, were it only, so to speak, well engineered, would make this another paradise. Unluckily, it runs to waste like a mountain torrent or a marsh, and you have it either foaming with impetuous self-will or fermenting in idleness. This bad economy of virtue begins very low, where some would hardly think it existed at all. Go into any lane or court of this city, and the whole day long you hear mothers screaming the filial duties into their children, bawling obedience, inculcating quiet at the full pitch of their throats, recommending order with frantic gestures, and peace with blows. At another time you will find virtuous dames enforcing upon one another the Ten Commandments in the copious dialect of calumny and sneer. But it is the same everywhere. Wisdom cries in our streets. *Fortiter in modo* is everywhere the motto of virtue in these days. What magistrates, what gaols, what punishments, what enormous expense in a State which maintains as a fundamental maxim that "for every good purpose" "Heaven's first law" is to let people alone! Our preachers somehow don't get the poor to church, but then they give it them well for not coming. Would they only come, they would hear a good account of themselves. In fact, religion is no longer a thing of grace, a home for the broken-hearted, a deliverance for the captives, or any of those sweet things it was once reported to be; it is all yelling and howling, abusing, stigmatizing, denouncing, anathematizing, sending men the wrong way all round, and for every imaginable reason. On the first provocation you have your cantankerous agitators, with their armies of signatures and three whole columns of pious grimace, screeching against the poor creatures who try to refresh themselves somewhat less coarsely than usual. What a start the world would make for the better if but a hundredth part of all this energy were employed in raising the fallen, in strengthening the weak, in soothing the afflicted, or in doing some sort of positive good; instead of these perpetual prohibitions shouted in the ears of people whose whole life is one of privation and sorrow. But that is pretty nearly all that most religionists and moralists can do. They can attend a meeting and hear one speech more stupid and harsh than another; they can sign a petition in a dozen places, if necessary; but they cannot do good to a single soul, nor supply anything better in place of all the ordinary sources of recreation they are so industriously withholding.

Let us take the fact as it stands, or as it stood on Sunday last, and as admitted by all sides. About eighty thousand persons went to hear the band in Kensington-gardens; as many, or more, in Regent's Park; and as many in Victoria Park. The great bulk of these were decent-looking people of the humbler classes, who came out to enjoy the fresh air and listen to music of the slow and solemn character. That a quarter of a million of people were all of them as holy, as pure, as benevolent, as wise, and as good as Mr. Edward Baines, would perhaps be an overestimate of metropolitan piety; at the same time we must say that Mr. Baines has no right to describe them as consisting in great part "of vicious persons of both sexes, who came to seduce the young and unsuspecting." We do not see why apparel proper for the day is to be described as "Sunday finery," or why the wearers bring themselves into circumstances of extreme peril by standing for half an hour to listen to music among others also in their Sunday's best.

Mr. Baines is pleased to consider the crowd to consist solely of seducers and those who are only waiting to be seduced; but we deny the fact that every one who listens to a military band is "lost to the sanctuary." Indeed, we know most excellent and even scrupulous people who on the continent, out of the reach of British twaddle and British hypocrisy, go as a matter of course to the parade or the gardens, where the poor benighted Papists and the Protestants, equally dark, it appears, walk up and down and hear military bands. They are not lost to the sanctuary, even though by force of habit they prefer themselves the English mode,—when they are in England. As to the music, Mr. Baines may possibly be of a very susceptible nature. Very likely "the strains of martial music" may in his case "cause the pulse to bound, and fire the imagination," in a manner "wholly out of accordance with the sacred repose of the Sabbath." But we should think that the effect of a military march on most minds is not very different from that of an anthem, or even an ordinary psalm tune. It is notorious that the effect of music is generally much in accordance with the usual bent of the hearer. It is a species of stimulus which sets his imagination at work in its customary train; and, no matter whether it is a hymn or one of Handel's choruses, or an overture, or any slow movement from an opera, it simply gives a brighter hue, a warmer sentiment, and a quicker circulation to his ideas. When this sensation is enjoyed, with leisure and rest, on the green sward, in the sight of green trees, water, blue sky, and Heaven, it is at least much more likely to conjure up pure recollections and healthy associations than when it is experienced in the suburban concert-room, with the addition, imposed by the law, of spirituous liquors.

The question is one of simple expediency. Of course, there are plenty of people ready to catch at our use of the word, and consign us somewhere without a moment's delay. We mean that it is a question of expediency, in the same sense as when one decides whether to have a girl taught music at all; or, if any, whether any besides religious music. No law, human or divine, can be shown against listening to music of a soothing, refining, and elevating character on the Lord's-day. We have no occasion to discuss whether a man may lawfully listen to a waltz or a popular air on that day, for the music in question is of the slow, solemn sort. Taking then the sort of people that dress in "their Sunday finery," as Mr. Baines expresses it, and gather round the band, we have only to ask whether it is a gain or a loss that they are found there. We do not hesitate one instant to decide that it is an immense gain. On this point we fully believe the evidence of a clergyman who went to see for himself, and who says that of the vast crowd he witnessed in Kensington-gardens on Sunday

last "full 70 out of every 100 were such as would be found in places where they ought not to be, were it not for the innocent recreation thus afforded them." No doubt, he means that they would be in the so-called teagardens or the less disguised gin palaces, wholly beyond the influence of superior minds. Assuming this estimate, here were fifty or sixty thousand persons round one band alone, listening to solemn music just as sacred, in fact, as an ordinary chorus out of an oratorio under the soothing and purifying influences of nature, without any other stimulus, who would have been at the bar or in the gardens of a public house simply stupefying themselves. This which, were it only, so to speak, well engineered, would make this another paradise.

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**FATAL ACCIDENT—SKIBBEREEN.**—A melancholy occurrence took place here yesterday evening, which proved fatal to a respectable farmer, residing within four miles of this town; named John Collins, of Coonishal. As deceased was leaving town, when getting up on a young mare, she suddenly turned round, throwing him violently, and his head coming in contact with the ground, caused instant death.

**ATTEMPTED INCENDIARISM.**—A pauper inmate of the South Dublin Union, named Michael Blake, was charged with attempting to set fire to that establishment. The evidence went to show that at a late hour the prisoner got three beds, which he piled one above the other, and applied a lighted match. A flame was soon kindled, which threatened the most serious consequences to the entire building, and but for the timely exertions of the Wardmaster having charge of that department considerable damage would have been done. The prisoner, who was a man of very repulsive aspect, on being questioned as to the motives which led to the commission of the act, replied—“That he had heard convicts were better treated and cared for under the new system than they used to be, and that he desired to be transported.”

There are two men in custody on suspicion of being engaged in the conspiracy to murder Mr. Callaghan. One of the Galway papers intimates that there will shortly be made some disclosures in connexion with this tragedy which cannot fail to surprise the Government.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

**INCREASE OF CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.**—Since the emancipation so gloriously obtained by O’Connell, twenty-five years ago, Catholicism has been on the increase through all the British Empire; not only in Ireland, but in England, and even in Puritan Scotland, and still more especially in the English colonies, where the number of Catholic dioceses, parishes, churches, monasteries, and religious congregations, increases rapidly and steadily. In London, in one of the most conspicuous points of one of the populous suburbs, the astonished passenger sees a vast assemblage of Gothic edifices, an admirable church, an episcopal residence, a parsonage, schools, and an establishment of the Sisters of Mercy. This is St. George’s, Southwark; this is the sanctuary where, under the name of the patron of Old England, the triumphant flag of Faith and religious liberty is raised in the centre of a busy neighborhood, and in the midst of a noisy, and either hostile or most indifferent crowd.—*The Political Future of England, by the Count de Montalembert.*

**DEATH OF THE REV. THOS. CODY.**—This estimable clergyman breathed his last at his residence in Monteith-row, London, on the 8th ult., after a short illness. Father Cody was born in the city of Cashel, in Ireland, about thirty-eight years ago, in a city which has given saints to the church, as it gave monarchs to the country.

In England the great event of the day is the trial of William Palmer. The newspapers are filled with the evidence and the speeches, and minute descriptions of the prisoner’s dress and appearance. Dozens of lead pencils are every day employed taking hurried sketches of his every look and pose, and likeness or no likeness, anything bearing the name of William Palmer is greedily bought up. The interest in Mr. Palmer, however, is not confined to the lower or least educated classes; on the contrary, he has the honor of being stared at by Lords, Dukes, and Earls. We are told that among the distinguished persons who were present at the opening of the Court were the Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Lucan, Lord Denbigh, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lord W. Lennox, Lord G. G. Lennox, and Lord H. Lennox. The Lord Advocate of Scotland sat by the side of the Attorney-General during the trial. This lionizing of the wretched man, it is to be feared, will produce an evil effect in England.—*Nation.*

The connection of the *Morning Post* with our meddling Premier makes its tone important when we see it laboring to get up an excitement for the emancipation of Italy. Whether as a ruse to strengthen a tottering Minister, or because a move in that direction is really contemplated, it announces that England will lend the force of her moral support to the Sardinian proposals for dethroning the Sovereign Pontiff; and that, if necessary, she will “back her opinion in the manner she has lately shown she knows how to do.” If this means anything, it must imply that England is about to send her gun-boats and her seventy-fours, her Grenadiers and her Light Cavalry, to assist in inaugurating the reign of democratic revolution throughout the Peninsula. For this design we shall need all available auxiliaries; the opposition of Austria is certain, the consent and co-operation of France doubtful.—*Weekly Register.*

**BIGOTRY v. SIR BENJAMIN HALL.**—A placard thus headed is being extensively circulated throughout the metropolis, of which the following is a copy: “No law, human or divine, can be shown against listening to music of a soothing, refining, and elevating character, on the Lord’s Day.”—*Times*, May 14, 1856. Are Scotch Members of Parliament and country parsons to govern the conduct of the people of London? Is music a good thing under church roofs, and a bad thing under the open canopy of Heaven amidst trees and flowers? Do Kensington Gardens and the Parks belong to the public or to the Premier and the bigots? People, on Sunday next, come in your “Sunday Finery” to your pleasant grounds, and by your presence decide these questions. Be cautious, and scrupulously avoid every word or act that the special pleading of bigots use against you.”

**DIRECT TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND ST. PETERSBURG.**—Since the re-establishment of commercial relations between Great Britain and Russia, the Electric and International Telegraph Company have received despatches direct from St. Petersburg, within a second of their leaving that capital the length of wire being about 1,700 miles. The medium by which the messages were conveyed is the printing telegraph, and simultaneously with the necessary touch of the finger on the instrument at St. Petersburg the words indicated appear on a similar instrument at the Lothbury or Strand stations in London. This is the greatest telegraphic feat yet achieved through the medium of the submarine wires, and indicates the progressive and rapid extension of instantaneous communication. The direct transmission of messages between London and the other principal continental cities, is now a matter of daily occurrence.

**EMIGRATION.**—Eighteen hundred passengers for Canada and New York went by Railway from Ireland, since January, for embarkation at Liverpool. Four hundred persons from the vicinity of Kilrush have left for America. Four hundred passengers left Cork on Saturday, the 3d of May, in the Bittern, for Liverpool, chiefly en route to America. The total number of emigrants who have taken steerage passages in Liverpool ships for all foreign ports during the past month has been 13,759, against 27,935, or more than double the number in the corresponding month of 1852, and against 15,873, or 2,114 less than in the month of April 1855. To the United States there were twenty-seven ships, carrying 12,414 steerage passengers. Of the former, 3,943 were English, 325 Scotch, 7,848 Irish, and 298 foreigners. To Canada there were 587 steerage passengers and 1 cabin passenger, the former including 238 English, 74 Scotch, 246 Irish, and 32 foreigners. To Australian colonies there have only been two departures—both for Melbourne; a less number in one month than has been known for several years. They were the James Baines, conveying 449 steerage and 62 cabin passengers; and the Mindora, conveying 309 steerage and 5 cabin passengers. The total number of persons who have proceeded to Australia during the month was, therefore, only 67 cabin and 758 steerage, of which latter class 421 were English, 33 Scotch, 215 Irish, and 89 foreigners. The number of emigrants from the United Kingdom was 118,582 in 1841; reached the minimum of 57,212 in 1843; sprung up to 258,270 in 1847 (the potato failure and commercial convulsion); reached the maximum of 369,764 in 1852 (the rush for Australian gold); and was down to 176,807 in 1855. The great increase for 1847 went entirely to America the number both for the States and for British colonies being then trebled; but the American emigration was last year only about half of the ordinary number previous to 1847. In 1847 the emigration to America was 250,000; in 1855, 18,000; To Australia the emigration in 1852 was 87,880, or about quadruple the average of preceding years; in 1854, it was 83,273; and in 1855, 52,308.

**EMIGRATION FROM THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.**—The spring fleet from the north of Scotland for Canada has taken out above 1,000 passengers to Canada this season. Most of them are agricultural laborers and small farmers, whose friends, having gone out before, encourage others to follow.

**BRITISH AGGRESSION.**—Sir William Williams, of Kars, is the title bestowed on General Williams by Queen Victoria. By what right it remains to be seen, and it appears the Emperor of Russia means to inquire. Generals have now had foreign titles, but then they were bestowed by the Sovereigns of those foreign countries. To take a military title from any town, city, or tract of country without the knowledge or consent of its owner, seems to be an extraordinary proceeding. We may expect to hear a little more concerning it.—*Nation.*

**A “SHAM” ORDINATION.**—“Sham” as everything is in the Protestant Establishment, one would scarcely expect to meet with such an imposture as the following. We quote from a Welsh paper, *The Star of Gwent*:—“A young gentleman, a graduate of Cambridge, has been for some months past residing with a clergyman not many miles distant from Newport, in the capacity of lay assistant. His ordination would have taken place in September, but the gentleman received a letter, purporting to be from the Bishop’s chaplain, appointing certain books to be read. Our hero fagged with most earnest zeal, and, at the specified time, forwarded a notification to the pretended chaplain that he was ‘ready.’ The reply fixed a day for his appearance in Chester. Flushed with hope our hero, or victim, arrived at the appointed place, which was an imposing-looking house, and which he supposed to be the Bishop’s palace. There were too other candidates for episcopal honours. Anxiously were the papers scanned, and boldly did they advance to the assault; abstruse points of theology, posers in ecclesiastical and biblical history, were disposed of, and the papers handed in to the examining chaplain who politely informed the young gentleman that his lordship would be happy to see them at dinner at seven o’clock. Our hero, though the last on the list, had passed, and dressed, with the nicest care, was with the others ready to refresh exhausted nature with his lordship’s mutton at the appointed time. Excellent was the dinner, unexceptionable the wines, and grave though profitable discourse beguiled the fleeting time. The ordination took place the following morning, at which time our hero and his colleagues, their minds pregnant with the important ceremony they were shortly to undergo, were ready. The Bishop, arrayed in the paraphernalia of his order, administered the solemn rite, and afterwards (shame that we record it) administered the holy Eucharist. In the course of the day our hero and the rest departed with their letters of ordination to their respective destinations. Innocent and unsuspecting, they proceeded to the discharge of their newly-acquired functions. An anonymous letter was received by our hero’s vicar, stating that the writer much regretted that both himself and his vicarate had been the victims of a hoax. The letter went on to state that chaplain, bishop, examination, ordination, waiters, &c., all were a sham, got up by some Cambridge ‘gents.’ An ecclesiastical commission is sitting for investigating the whole affair.”

The following “livings” are stated by the *Daily News* to be in the market:—The rectory of Guestling, Sussex. Population 800. The rent-charge £610 per annum, independent of tithes on hop-grounds, consisting of about 80 acres. There are 47 acres of glebe. The rectory of Christleton, near Chester. The gross income £900 per annum. Population about 1,000. The rectory of Ipplepen and Woodland, Devonshire, stated in the *Clergy List* to be in the gift of the Dean and Canons of Windsor. Tithe rent charge £680, with rectory-house and 100 acres of glebe. The rectory of Kingsworth, two miles from Ashford, Kent, with house and glebe land, containing about 23 acres, also the tithes of the parish, which have been commuted at £645 per annum. The rectory of Cooling, near Rochester. The income, exclusive of fees, is £600 per annum. Population 150. The rectory of Wyberton, Lincolnshire. Net income, about £620 a year. Population 600. The rectory of Clyst St. Lawrence, Devon, worth £370 a year. Population 184. The rectory of Hartshorne, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Net income, about £508 per annum. The rectory of Pertonhall, near Kimbolton. Annual value £500. Population about 400. The rectory of Martinhoe, Devon.

**THE TRUE STORY OF THE SILENCING OF PARK BANDS.**—The *Daily News* says:—Truth compels us to state that the mild and gentlemanly appeal to the Premier which importunities extorted from the Primate, had comparatively little to do with the ultimate decision of the former respecting the band—a much more powerful engine was brought to play. It is a matter of notoriety that in the present nearly balanced state of parties in the House of Commons, the votes of the friendly Scotch members are indispensable to Lord Palmerston, and it so happens that in the beginning of the week an irruption of the aggregate Scotch representatives into the presence of the badgered and baited Premier was held by the most solemn of the free Kirk leaders—the Lord Advocate—Lord Palmerston it seems was bluntly told that unless he immediately commanded Sir B. Hall to silence his bands, he could no longer count on a single Scotch vote. The Premier might have defied the Archbishop, but to be left in a minority in the House of Commons was a much more serious matter than clerical censures and he yielded with as good a grace as he could.

**LOCK AT HOME.**—It is a somewhat ungracious task, to perpetuate the memory of the crimes and disgraces of our own Government and country. Our excuse must be, “not that we love our country less, but that we love our religion more.” If in speaking of Rome and Naples and Austria, and other continental countries, our statesmen would confine themselves to considerations of their political position and conduct, and compare these with our own, we should have no cause to complain. But not content with that, they must needs attribute all evils in Catholic Governments to the Catholic religion. We are bound then to ask, Is there anything in Catholic countries of the present day half so oppressive and so wicked as the penal laws against English and Irish Catholics half a century ago. Even at this day, with all our boasted liberality, a Catholic is restricted from leaving property which he has honestly gained, and which is absolutely his own, for objects which he considers conducive to his own spiritual advantage, and to the furtherance of his religion. He cannot bequeath a farthing to procure Masses for his soul. This we might fairly set against what the *Times* complains of so bitterly, the exclusion of Protestants from Catholic burial grounds on the Continent. The Catholic grievance outweighs the Protestant grievance, as much as the soul is more precious than the body. Even at this hour, too, a Catholic cannot legally be appointed guardian to the orphan child even of a Catholic. When done, it is done against law. No doubt even the law (to say nothing of its execution) is much improved of late years. It is but yesterday that Catholics were subject to the penalty of whipping for not working on holidays, on which the Church bids them abstain from work—9 Will. III.; that Catholic soldiers were compelled to attend the Protestant worship; that Catholics were prohibited from keeping schools, or procuring the education of their children at home, or from sending them beyond seas for education—2 Geo. I.; 32 Geo. II.; or from keeping any horse of a value exceeding £5—7 Will. III. If a child conformed to the Established religion, he might force his father to surrender his estate to him—2 Geo. I.; or a younger brother becoming a Protestant might deprive his Catholic elder brother of the legal right of primogeniture—1 Geo. II. and again, no Catholic could serve on juries in actions between a Protestant and Catholic—29 Geo. II.

We might very much increase the list. But let these instances suffice. They are abundantly sufficient to show that bigotry and intolerance are not confined to countries in which the Catholic religion prevails. But perhaps it will be urged, These laws no longer disgrace our statute-books; we have got rid of them, and are thereby entitled to urge analogous improvements upon others. At least Englishmen should speak on such a subject like men who have themselves offended: not in the pride of the Pharisee, but in the spirit of the penitent Publican. How long is it since we disburdened our statute book of these enactments, far more vile and oppressive than are to be found in any Catholic country at this day? A bare five and twenty years is a short time to entitle us to become universal reformers of other men’s affairs. Besides, we boast that we are far in advance of other countries. Well, if so, why not remember that they must have a little time to overtake us. It will be observed that these monstrous enactments were no obsolete remnants of barbarous times, but were actually passed in the “enlightened” days of William of Nassau, Somiers, and the rest of Macaulay’s heroes. It would not be wonderful if nations so far behind us had as yet failed to overtake the enlightenment of these “great men.” Whatever we may think, there is nothing that will so much qualify Englishmen for the task of benefiting others as a just and modest estimate of themselves.—*Weekly Register.*

Punch contains an amusing drawing of France as a good-natured young lady coaxing John Bull, by no means in his blindest mood, to come out and see the fireworks, while she sticks a palm branch into his button hole.

#### UNITED STATES.

**PAUPERISM IN NEW YORK.**—From the annual report of the Secretary of State we glean the following interesting facts relative to pauperism in the State of New York:—“204,000 have been relieved at the public expense in 1855, against 137,347 the previous year, while the whole sum expended amounts to \$1,379,954, against \$1,121,604 the year previous, an increase of over a quarter of a million. The census of this State from 1831 to 1851, and the pauper statistics during the same period show the following results:—Increase of population in 20 years, 61 per cent. Increase of pauperism from annual tables during the same period, 706 per cent. In 1831 there was one pauper to every 123 persons; in 1841 there was one to every 38 persons; in 1851 there was one to every 24 persons, and this year there is one to every 17. The nativity of the paupers is given as follows:—United States, 80,324; Ireland, 76,792; England, 5,685; Scotland, 1,896; Germany, 23,306.”

**A HINT TO THE MISSIONARIES.**—A Buddhist Temple was opened last month with great pomp, in San Francisco. At the Anniversary meetings of the Bible Societies no notice whatever was taken of this startling fact. The Reverend orators were too busily engaged in calumniating Catholics, to see the idol raised on some common soil. Truly, bigotry is blind!—*American Celt.*

The ship Jeremiah Thompson, Captain Blake, which left Boston last week, for Liverpool, took out one hundred steerage passengers.

**ANOTHER CASE OF SHOOTING AT AN IRISHMAN.**—The spirit of rowdyism seems to be at its height in these days, and the facility with which deadly weapons are used against Irishmen upon the slightest provocation almost justifies the belief that the lives of that class of our fellow-citizens are held very cheap. But a few days ago we beheld an “honorable” member of Congress shooting down an Irish waiter at the breakfast table, because forsaking his manner was insolent, according to the nice standard of a California rowdy. And a more shameful sight still the country was compelled to witness, when the murderer’s peers in the House of Representatives refused to hold him accountable for the act. We have now to record another outrage of a similar character, though happily, owing to an accident, not so fatal in its results; it occurred in Chicago a few days ago. The facts are these. A steamboat clerk named Fielder from the notorious city of Louisville, animated no doubt by the ferocious Know-Nothing spirit of that locality, attacked an Irish gentleman, a clerk in the Chicago post-office, Mr. Mathew P. Rierdon, with a revolver which, it was sworn, he snapped twice at his breast, but both times without effect. It appears from the testimony that the ruffian came to the post-office after it was closed, and dashed his fist through the window. Mr. Rierdon immediately went out and remonstrated with him, when he received a blow in the face, which he very properly returned. Whereupon the Kentuckian drew a revolver and did his best to shoot Mr. Rierdon. The affray was witnessed by two or three parties, who testified to the above facts; yet, strange to say, the jury could not agree, and were discharged; though no testimony was produced in any way contradicting this statement of the case. We have no hesitation in concluding, under these circumstances, that the jury were influenced by their political opinions; and that had the position of the two men been reversed, they would have had no difficulty in finding a verdict; just as in the shooting affray at Washington, if the waiter had shot Herbert he would be lying now in jail, and a popular clamor would be raised, promising him but little justice when the cause came on for trial. If a few more such cases as these occur, Irishmen will begin to arm themselves for their own defence—despairing of protection either from law or public opinion! —*N. Y. Citizen.*

**NEWSPAPER DESTROYED BY A MOB.**—A despatch from Erie says that a mob has destroyed the office of the *Constitutional*, a paper advocating railroad interests, and had further threatened to destroy the railroad property.

Counterfeit \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5 bills on the Manufacturers’ Bank, Providence, R. I., altered from worthless bills of the Manufacturers’ Bank, Georgetown, D. C., are in circulation.—*Boston Pilot.*

**SYMPATHY FOR MR. SUMNER IN MASSACHUSETTS.**—The citizens of Boston held a meeting last week at Tremont Temple, to express the popular sentiment regarding the assault on Mr. Sumner. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Deacon Samuel Greele presiding. Over two thousand persons were present, and general indignation was expressed. The excitement on the subject is intense throughout the State. Speeches were made by Rev. W. Freeman Clark, Wendell Phillips, Judge Russell, Rev. Theo. Parker, J. M. S. Williams, of Cambridge, Rev. Lyman Beecher, John L. Swift and W. B. Spooner, of Boston. The speeches of Messrs. Phillips and Parker were almost purely political, with minor references to the objects of the meeting. Hissing and other marks of dissent interrupted the latter several times. Mr. Spooner dissented from the declarations made by both, that men not of the Free Soil party rejoiced at the assault on Mr. Sumner and justified Mr. Brooks.

In Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina, contributions are being taken for the purpose of presenting Mr. Brooks with a testimonial, for the services he has rendered the South, in caning the Hon. Charles Sumner.

The following are the comments of the Richmond, Va., *Whig* on the outrage committed by Mr. Brooks on the person of the Hon. Charles Sumner, in the Senate House, Washington:—

**A GOOD DEED.**—As will be seen by telegraph, Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate on yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious and foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an elegant and effectual caning. We are rejoiced at this. The only regret we feel is, that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horsewhip or a cowhide upon his slanderous back, instead of a cane. We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next.

**DIGNIFIED AND IMPARTIAL—UNMITIGATED IRISH.**—The Boston *Transcript* publishes a biography of Bully Brooks, from which it appears that he is of Milesian origin.—“On his father’s side he is Scotch-Irish, and on the maternal side, ‘unmitigated Irish.’ The *Daily Times* of Monday prints the above. We wonder why the genealogy of ‘Bully Herbert’ is not given with as much exactness! Now Sumner has not been ‘done to death,’ Keating has. The former will recover. The latter never. The one was caned on the head; the other was shot through the heart. But, alas! alas! for the moral dignity of human nature, Sumner is a Senator, Keating was ‘mere Irish waiter!’ Whilst on this subject we must quote the *Sunday Courier* in its notice of the article on this subject in the *Irish News* of last week. Speaking of the sympathy which Meagher says is to be found everywhere for Keating the *Courier* says:—“In Congress the feeling was quite the other way, and Herbert walks into the House of Representatives with the blood of Keating on his hands, and mingles in the business of the Congress as though nothing had happened. When one of the members offers a resolution of inquiry into the circumstances of the killing of Keating, it is promptly and indignantly voted down, every Southern Democrat in the House voting against it. Not a word of sympathy was expressed for Keating’s family, nor a syllable of condemnation against Herbert. A gentleman recently from Washington says that the sympathy was all on the side of Herbert; and, it is very certain that not one of the Washington papers has expressed the shadow of an opinion in condemnation of the murder. When Earl Ferris shot his servant in a quarrel in London, in a fray very similar to the case of Herbert, he was promptly arrested, confined in Newgate like a common criminal, tried by the House of Peers, sentenced to be hung, and hanged at Tyburn; and, though Horace Walpole says he was hung with a silken rope, yet his nobility and wealth gained him no other consideration than that of being tried by his peers instead of a common jury. In our Democratic Congress when one of its members commits a murder, they simply refuse to take any notice of it.”

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1856.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The steamer *Indian* arrived in port on Wednesday. Her news is unimportant.

There have been public meetings at Boston and in New York, in which the assault of Mr. Brooks upon Senator Sumner has been denounced as "murderous, brutal, and cowardly." It is said that the House of Representatives of which Mr. Brooks is a member, have adopted a Resolution for his expulsion.—There is no doubt however that he will be again returned; as, by the Southern men, his attack upon the Massachusetts Senator is loudly applauded as a noble chivalrousfeat. Excitement upon the slavery question and the Kansas disturbances in the United States, is very great. There is in short every prospect of a "jolly row" betwixt the Northern and Southern States. Mr. Crampton, and the dismissed Consuls left New York on the 4th inst., by steamer *Canada* for England.

In another column will be found a letter from a correspondent upon the subject of Mr. Drummond's proposed amendments to his "Religious Corporations" Bill. We say Mr. Drummond's amendments, though perhaps it would be more correct to call them Ministerial amendments; and to treat the entire Bill as one which has been introduced with the sanction of the late, and is destined to receive the support of the present Ministry. One thing at all events must have struck the readers of the *Journal de Quebec* as ominous—we mean the mysterious silence held upon the subject by that journal, once so honest, bold, independent, and truly Catholic in its tone;—so ready to denounce every measure insulting, or menacing to the interests of the Church; but now alas! so servile; and in its style, as subdued as the most abject of those ministerial lick-spittles, who write for their daily pittance of broken victuals. Men already speak of the *Journal de Quebec*, as they have long spoken of the drivelling *Mirabeau*.

Apropos of the *Journal*, there is a strange *on dit* in circulation, not very creditable to its Ministerial editor. When Mr. Drummond's amendments made their appearance, the *Journal de Quebec*—as from its honorable antecedents might have been expected—fully realised the hopes of its friends, by speaking freely and strongly against the obnoxious clauses.—Since then, however, it is said that the Commissioner of Crown Lands has interfered; and from his bureau in Toronto has issued instructions to his Quebec *collaborateur*, that account for the change of which we, in common with all the old friends of the *Journal*, have such good reason to complain, and which we fear must be attributed to the corrupting and deleterious influences of Ministerial existence. It is with pain that we have been compelled to come to this conclusion; for we could not readily bring ourselves to believe that the once ardent champion of the rights of the Church in Canada, had subsided into a mere bireling—a tame "Jack-in-Office"—whose highest ambition is to retain his portfolio, and whose political creed may be summed up in the short but expressive formula—"I believe in sticking to my quarterly salary."

Without however analysing too closely the causes of the disgraceful apostacy of the once respected editor of the *Journal de Quebec*, there can be no reason to doubt of the fact of that apostacy; or of the fact that, yielding to the clamor of the factious demagogues of Upper Canada, the entire Ministry are prepared to outrage the liberties of the individual, and to sacrifice the interests of the Church, rather than risk the loss of office. Whatever they may be in private life, it is clear that they are, as politicians, without principle, without honor, and unworthy of the confidence of any honest Catholic.—It is also certain that, unless the Catholic constituents of Lower Canada bestir themselves in the matter, the Bill, with its most obnoxious clauses, will become part and parcel of the law of the land; a law indeed, which, even if enacted, it will be easy to evade, but of which it would of course be far better to get rid at once, by the exercise of our Constitutional privileges at the polling booths. It is always a misfortune, always dangerous to the cause of morality, when human Legislatures enact laws which no honest man feels himself bound *in foro conscientia* to obey; which every one knows he has always the right, and as a Christian may often be bound, to disobey. Of this nature are all laws prohibiting individuals from giving of their own to God, and the service of the poor. To such laws we owe no respect, no obedience; and were it for no other reason, we

should feel called upon to raise our voices against all such legislation—because the surest method of indoctrinating the people with a contempt for all law, is to inscribe upon the Statute book, laws which impose no moral obligation, or are not binding *in foro conscientia*.

It is with much pleasure therefore that we give insertion to the communication above alluded to; as showing that amongst our Irish Catholic population, at least, a strong feeling of generous indignation has been aroused by the scandalous attempt of a corrupt Government, to deprive the individual of his natural, and therefore indefeasible, right to do what he will with his own; and to give, sell, or bequeath, it to whom, and as he pleases. This attack, though apparently directed only against the Church, is in reality an attack upon all personal liberty, and upon the rights of property. If in any one instance the State has the right to say to the individual, you shall not leave more than a certain percentage of your property for any particular purpose—not in itself, or essentially evil; if it has the right in any one instance to limit or define the right of the individual, (being of sane mind,) to do what he will with his own, provided of course that he thereby inflicts no injury upon the rights of others—it (the State) must have the same right in all cases, and to any extent; nor is it possible logically to defend the proposed amendments to the "Religious Corporations" Bill, without laying down the principle that to the State belongs the right of dictating to all its subjects the terms in which their Wills shall be drawn up—or, in other words, without denying the fundamental principle of all personal liberty—that, as against the State, the individual has the right to do what he will with his own—provided always that he transgress not the limits of the natural law, or devote his property to an object *malum per se*—e.g., to the erection and endowment of brothels or houses of debauch. In such cases, and in such cases only, would the State have the right to set aside or disregard the intention of the individual, respecting the disposal of his own, unencumbered, private property.

It is upon these grounds, that as laymen, we oppose Mr. Drummond's Bill. We assert that the "right of testament" is a natural right; a right that we hold, not in virtue of any positive enactment, but as inseparable from the very nature of private property. To deny this, or to assert that in any conceivable instance, the State has the right to interfere with, or to set aside, the disposition that the individual makes of his own, is to deny "private property," and to assert "Communism." The fundamental principle of the "No-Slavery" agitation on this Continent, is, that the individual has a natural, inherent, and indefeasible title to his own labor—and consequently to the profits of his own labor—a title of which the State therefore has no right to deprive him. Now, however, the pretended friends of civil and religious liberty in Canada tell us, that, if a man by his own honest labor has created for himself a fortune, he has not the right to dispose of, or bequeath, it as, and to whom, he will. What is this but to assert that the State has the right to step in, and deprive the individual of the fruits of his own toil and honest exertions? wherein in principle, does such legislation differ from the Slave laws of the Southern States, which say to the black man—"you shall work, but over the profits of your work, you shall have no control?" If there be one proposition in political economy self-evident, it is this—that the right of the individual to dispose as he will of the profits of his own labor, is as his right to dispose as he will, and to whom he will, of his labor itself. If therefore the State has no right to prescribe to the individual upon what terms he shall dispose of his labor, it is self-evident that it has no right to prescribe to him the conditions upon which he shall dispose of the fruits of that labor; it can have therefore no right to say to him—you shall not give more than 25 per cent. of your property to any particular purpose. A man's property is but his labor capitalised; and over the disposition of his labor the individual has the inherent and indefeasible right of absolute control.

Since writing the above we have read in the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* full confirmation of our worst suspicions against M. Cauchon of the *Journal de Quebec*. This political Iscariot has sold himself to the enemies of his Church for a paltry mess of Ministerial pottage; and, owing, as he does in a great measure, his elevation to the patronage and countenance given him by the Clergy of Lower Canada, he takes the first opportunity that presents itself to show his gratitude to his patrons and benefactors, by grossly insulting them. We trust that the Catholic electors before whom he will have shortly to present himself, will give him to understand their candid opinion of his mercenary and dishonorable conduct.

The question at issue betwixt the *TRUE WITNESS* and the *Protestant*, is a very simple one; and may thus be stated:—

"Did Christ establish or appoint a Church, or body of men, to teach all nations, and with which He promised to be present all days even to the consummation of all things?"

If He did so appoint such a Church, or body of teachers—of two things one. Either that Church must be in existence now—or His promise has failed; and Christianity itself is but "an idle fiction," unworthy the serious attention of any rational being.—But, if, as the Catholic contends, the Word of Christ cannot fail—and if there be in existence now a society by Him commissioned to teach, and by His presence continually assisted—then we still maintain that, in implicitly submitting to the teachings of that society or Church, man makes the best and highest use of the reason with which he has been endowed by his Creator.

The *Protestant* may call our argument, for the continued existence of a body of divinely appointed

teachers—(to which we give the name of Church)—"an idle fiction," if he will; for it is easier to call names, than to controvert our logic. Fiction, or no fiction, however, we still maintain that it is impossible to prove from any reliable, contemporary history of Christ, that He Himself appointed any other means for promulgating and perpetuating amongst all nations, and to the end of time, the knowledge of the doctrines by Him revealed to man; doctrines by Him revealed, because undiscoverable by human reason, and because hidden from the beginning of the world. If the *Protestant* objects to this, and as no one can be called upon to prove a negative, it is for him to shew that Christ did appoint some other channel, or medium for transmitting to all subsequent generations a certain knowledge of the contents of His Revelation.

"Did the Apostles," asks the *Protestant*, "say—you must receive our statements because 'the Church' has so decreed it? Did they not appeal to the *Scriptures*; and did they not desire that by these, and these alone, all their teachings should be tested?"

No, certainly not. The Apostles required their hearers to receive their statements because they were themselves the Church—in the sense in which we use the word Church; because they were the divinely appointed teachers of all nations, to whom, and to whose authority, all men were bound to submit themselves. Neither did they appeal to any *Scriptures*, or writings, by which their teachings could be tested—for the sufficient reason that no such *Scriptures* or writings were then in existence. To what *Scriptures*, for instance, could St. Paul have appealed as a test of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the Divine Personality of Christ, or the Procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son? To what pre-existing *Scriptures* could the Apostles appeal in support of the doctrines embodied in subsequent centuries in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds? or in that shorter symbol commonly known as the Creed of the Apostles? They might indeed, and no doubt did, when disputing with bearers of their own nation—who received, as of divine authority, the *Scriptures* of the Old Testament—appeal to the prophecies contained in those *Scriptures* in support of their assertion, that Jesus in spite of His humble exterior, was the Messiah therein spoken of, and had fulfilled all that was therein predicted. But to assert that they appealed to those *Scriptures* in support of the truth of their peculiar teachings—and in their days there were no other sacred writings to appeal to—is tantamount to asserting, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity are contained in the Old Testament, which is absurd; as in that case there would have been no need of another revelation by Christ. That the New Testament does not contradict the Old, is no doubt true, as both are from God. But it is equally certain that the former contains much important doctrine that is not to be found in the latter; and as in the days of the Apostles, the latter only was in existence, or recognised by any portion of their hearers as of divine authority, it is also self-evident that the Apostles could not, even when preaching to the Jews, have appealed to the *Scriptures* as the test of the truth of the peculiar doctrines by them taught.

If it was thus with the Jews, how must it have been with the Gentiles, who, until converted to Christianity, recognised no *Scriptures* whatsoever, as of divine authority? To what writings could the Apostles, or primitive teachers of Christianity, have referred the men of Athens, or of Corinth, whilst still heathens, as tests of the truth of their Apostolic teachings? Besides, the writings, or scriptures, themselves, require some one to vouch for them, that they are of divine authority; and until the Church, which our contemporary calls "an idle fiction," had decided what writings were of divine authority, it was impossible for any uninspired person to know with certainty what writings he was to receive as a test of Christian doctrine. "I would not believe the Gospel," says St. Augustin, "unless the authority of the Church" (the "idle fiction" of the *Protestant*) "moved me thereto." Alas for St. Augustin!—Alas for the *Scriptures*!—Alas for Christianity itself then! if the Church, upon whose authority alone the *Christian* *Scriptures* can be received as of divine authority, be, as the *Protestant* says, but "an idle fiction!" We exhort our cotemporary then, in no unfriendly spirit, to examine well the grounds of his faith; to look closely to the foundations of his belief; for if these be in an unsound condition, he need not be surprised if, ere long, the whole superstructure come toppling down. He will tell us perhaps that his faith is based on the divine authority of certain writings, which he calls, *par excellence*, the *Scriptures*. But on what authority do these rest, except the authority of the Church, which, speaking by the voice of her Pastors in Council assembled, has declared certain books, selected out of a large mass of other writings, to contain the inspired Word of God? And if the Church be but "an idle fiction"—if it be unbefitting the dignity of an intelligent being to accept implicitly the authority of that Church—may it not chance that the writings or scriptures to which the *Protestant* refers us, are themselves but "an idle fiction?" even as is the Church from which we receive them, and whose authority alone can move us to accept them as the Word of God!

We are pleased to see by the Boston papers that Mr. Charles Ferguson, the distinguished performer on the Irish pipes, now in their perfected form, known as the "Union Pipes," is about to visit Montreal.—We have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ferguson's pibroch discourse "sweet music" in New York on more than one occasion; and each time with renewed gratification. We are quite sure that his unrivaled performance on this charming instrument will be productive of pleasure to every genuine lover of music.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following Pastoral from His Lordship the newly consecrated Bishop of London:—

### PASTORAL LETTER OF THE FIRST BISHOP OF LONDON, C.W.

PETER ADOLPH PINSONNEAULT, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND THE APPOINTMENT OF THE HOLY SEE, FIRST BISHOP OF LONDON.

To the Clergy and Laity of our Diocese, health and blessing—DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST—

It has pleased His Holiness Pope Pius IX, by his Apostolic Letters of the 21st of February last, to separate from the See of Toronto the most western portion of Upper Canada, and to erect it into a new Bishopric.

Our common and most beloved Father, the Supreme Pastor of the Catholic world, considering the vast extent of territory heretofore placed under the jurisdiction of our venerable brother the Rt. Rev. Dr. de Charbonnel, has graciously vouchsafed to grant the request of the late Council of Quebec, by erecting the new See of London, and appointing us First Bishop of the Diocese of London, and Suffragan of the Metropolitan See of Quebec.

A sense of propriety forbids us from alluding to our own urgent expostulations, previously made, that the choice might be made to fall upon one better qualified to bear the responsibility, and to fulfil the heavy duties of that awful charge; but we may venture to tell you candidly that when the Apostolic Letters, bearing the will of the Head of the Church, were delivered into our hands, we retired to kneel in prayer and to relieve our feelings, and pressing them with deep reverence to our lips, in proof of submission to the Supreme Pastor, bowed our head to receive the yoke of the Lord, saying, with our holy Patron St. Peter,—

"At thy word I will let down the net."

For though saddened, and all but disheartened, at our physical and moral deficiencies, and fully conscious of our unworthiness for this high dignity, yet are we much consoled and upheld by our obedience to, and our faith in, the following words of the Bull of our Canonical Institution;

"Therefore, having assumed, with prompt devotedness the yoke of the Lord imposed upon your shoulders, endeavor to govern and administer with such fidelity and prudence that the Church may rejoice, . . . . . and that you may deserve to receive more abundantly the favor and benediction of the Apostolic See and ours." Bearing also in mind the words of the Apostle,—

"The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak that he may confound the strong,—that no flesh should glory in his sight."

And yet, dearly beloved brethren, so deeply did we feel our inability, that up to the moment of our receiving the Apostolic Letters, fear and trembling, anxiety and doubt, with many other conflicting thoughts, well nigh overpowered us; indeed, we had no rest but in pouring out our heart before the Almighty, and "praying to our Father in secret." How many times, in our dismay, did we not cry to the Lord God,—

"Behold! I cannot speak, for I am a child. My heart is troubled within me. Fear and trembling are come upon me."

Whence, therefore, our sudden change? Whence our present resignation—nay, our firm confidence, our fond hope? Is it that we do not form a just estimate of our new situation? Can it be that we are blind to our many deficiencies? or that we purposely overlook them, as well as the trifling difficulties we shall have ere long to grapple with? Not so, beloved brethren; we need not be reminded that the Diocese of London is but in its very infancy; whilst we its first Bishop,—besides being utterly destitute of all worldly means, and deficient in many other ways,—labor moreover under the disadvantage of being entirely unknown to you all; our very name—for aught we know—telling against us.

Again, we are deeply sensible of the difficulties we shall encounter even at the very outset; and we anticipate a thousand others yet unknown, against which we must be prepared to struggle in the administration of our high office. Nay, we clearly foresee that difficulties of all kinds will soon thicken around us; that we shall be troubled with doubts, thwarted in our undertakings by the "enemy," yea even by "false brethren,"—involved in cares, bowed down with unceasing anxieties, and finally pressed on all sides, and hemmed in, as it were, with most painful trials. In a word, we see surging up from afar the threatening tide of many and various tribulations,—

"combats without, fears within,"—which shall possibly try both our mind and heart to the very utmost.

No wonder if we should quail before this sad prospect, which, we apprehend, is not overdrawn; and yet, beloved brethren we dare contemplate it even without a shudder, and—unheeding this gloomy future—we remain undisturbed in our confidence, unmoved in our hope.

God forbid we should be presumptuous and ever forget our own weakness?—"far from me be this sin." How then, can we be so sanguine, and whence the secret of this our present fortitude?

Behold! Our most beloved Father Pius IX stands before us, his hallowed face beaming with a heavenly benevolence; with that bright and sweet countenance—upon which we gazed with rapture some years ago—he looks down upon us; and methinks whilst his hand, which holds the keys of Peter, is uplifted to bless the New Diocese of London and its first Bishop—thrilling words fall from his lips which bid us to be of good cheer, and impress upon us the noble duty of generously responding to his sacred call, and if need be, of sacrificing our very life for the Church and the salvation of souls;—and lo! all the gloomy shadowings of our future prospects fade away as the morning mist before the rising sun.

Such is the bright vision conjured up in our mind by the Letters of the Holy Father, such the soul-inspiring instruction we derive from them.

Indeed in perusing them with deep reverence, a new light shines at once into our mind; the sphere of our ideas is enlarged; new and higher thoughts spring up and drive away the overwhelming anxiety which was preying upon our mind; our soul, soaring in the highest regions of faith, is filled with heavenly fortitude: and now, with a deep but calm earnestness, we stand prepared to confront the stern realities of our awful charge, and cheerfully enter into the feeling which prompted the Apostle to exclaim,—

"I fear none of these things, neither do I count my life more precious

than myself, so that I may consummate my course, and the ministry of the word which I have received from the Lord Jesus."

And for this we claim no credit; we are simply doing our duty towards the Church, in whose service we have enlisted. We have heard the voice of Peter—as it comes down by a long and unbroken succession through our illustrious Pius IX.—calling upon us to go and labor in that remote part of the vineyard of the Lord; and that suffices us, for our sense of duty to the Supreme Pastor forbids us all further hesitation. In this matter, as well as in all others appertaining to his spiritual supremacy, we submit at once and with deep reverence, regardless of all other considerations; for our motto is the one proclaimed of old by the great Bishop of Hippo,—“Rome has spoken, there is an end of the matter.”

Hence it is that we do not allow despondency to steal upon our heart; we know that “unless the Lord build the house, he who attempts to raise it labors in vain.” Our trust, therefore, is not in our own strength and wisdom, but solely in the promises of God, and in the blessings which must needs flow from our obedience to the Supreme Pastor. Yes, beloved brethren, our faith in the sacred mission with which the Sovereign Pontiff has thought proper to invest us is the holy source from which springs this our strong hope; against this hope the waves of tribulation may, indeed, dash again and again, but it can never sink for its anchor rests safely on the unshaken rock of Peter—“that . . . we may have the strongest comfort who have fled for refuge, to hold fast the hope set before us, which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and firm.”

Since, therefore, the present Head of the Church,—to whom it appertains, by the special dispensation of Jesus Christ, to settle the affairs of the Church, as of old did a St. Clement, a St. Leo, a St. Gregory, his glorious predecessors in the See of Peter,—has so ordained it, let us all bow with the utmost reverence before that divine authority; let us all render our tribute of homage to his final decision, opening docile ears, and yielding willing hearts, to the entreaties of our common Father; let us all become as so many witnesses to the perfect understanding which there is between the Supreme Pontiff and the faithful, who profess their belief in these words of Jesus Christ to the Papacy, in the person of the Prince of the Apostles,—“Confirm thy brethren.”

So much for the profound respect, love and submission, we all owe to that Holy See of Peter, to which alone were made the never-failing promises of the Redeemer. We would fain dilate more upon that vital point, the main-spring of our Catholic Faith, but we must check ourself, lest we go beyond the limits of a Pastoral.

We cannot, however, resist quoting the sound and thrilling thoughts suggested on that subject to one of the two hundred Bishops who had just witnessed the magnificent spectacle of the great Festival of the Immaculate Conception:

“It is Jesus Christ, in Peter, who governs the Church; it is Jesus Christ, in Peter, who perpetuates the true worship of God; it is Jesus Christ, in Peter, who teaches holy morality.”

“Jesus Christ launches on the ocean of ages a vessel which bears his elect to their eternal home. With a mighty and invincible arm he directs it over the waves swollen by passion and error. That arm is the arm of Peter, and that vessel shall never be wrecked.”

Jesus Christ builds to his Father’s glory, on the ruins of the idolatrous world, a temple cemented by his blood, whose summit must reach to heaven, that the voices of men may mingle with the harmony of angels. This sacred edifice needs an immovable foundation: that foundation Jesus Christ has declared to be the faith of Peter, and against it shall all the powers of hell be broken.

Jesus Christ raises in the sight of all mankind a chair whence he will speak to all generations, until the end of time, to perpetuate himself the teaching of his Gospel. But men have need of a sensible language to preserve them from illusion. Jesus Christ will speak by the mouth of Peter; and the chair of Peter shall be the indefectible and infallible chair of Jesus Christ.

“To Jesus Christ, in Peter, belongs the primacy of the Priesthood; to Jesus Christ, in Peter, appertains the dominion of souls.”

To Peter belongs the supreme judgment, because supreme judgment belongs to Jesus Christ. Peter absolves, it is Jesus Christ who absolves. Peter opens or shuts heaven, it is Jesus Christ who opens or shuts. Peter anathematizes errors, the anathema is pronounced by Jesus Christ. If Jesus Christ stays the incursions of hell, it is by the ministry of Peter. If Jesus Christ extends the limits of his empire, it is by the missionaries of Peter. Jesus Christ gives mission to whomsoever it is given by Peter. Peter can never misgovern the Church, because Jesus Christ is the eternal wisdom. Peter can never teach error, because Jesus Christ is the eternal truth. Peter can never be overcome, because Jesus Christ is the strength of the Most High.

“Jesus Christ ever conquers in Peter, ever reigns with him, ever commands by him. When Peter seems weakest, then he is strongest. Emperors and philosophers, kings and politicians, all the oppressors of truth, all the public corruptors of morals, may combine against the Lord’s Christ, they may rage against him in the person of Peter, they may drag him into exile, they may calumniate him, they may insult him, they may spit in his face, they may crown him with thorns, they may kill him; but at the very moment when the madmen are publishing their triumph they shall be vanquished. When they shall cry out to the world: ‘He is dead!’ Peter, like Christ, shall arise from the tomb, overthrowing his enemies in the dust, and they shall pass away in their shame, they, and their might and their systems; but Peter shall remain till the consummation of ages, greater and more glorious until the end. He shall behold, successively, empires decay, power, into whatever form philosophy may mould it, crumble to dust; the fragments of thrones and republics float upon the tide of revolutions; while safe amid all these wrecks, tranquilly seated on the vessel of the Church, with his firm hand upon her helm, he shall offer the one only hope of safety for expiring human society. Then shall the nations cry as they grasp his sacred vestments: ‘Thou hast the deposit of eternal truth; teach us the ways of the Lord, O Supreme Pontiff of his Church, and let thy hand uphold our ruins.’”

“O Rome! home of our souls, immovable pillar, centre of the Catholic universe, where Jesus Christ lives and reigns in the person of Peter and his successors, we cleave to thee with all the powers of our being, with the deepest and most intense energy of our heart!”

Thanks be to God, you have kept faithfully, ye sons of Martyrs,—that old Catholic Faith for which, rather than give it up, your noble forefathers preferred to die manfully. May you also transmit it to your children—as their most precious inheritance—as whole and entire as you have received it!

Thus, dearly beloved brethren, we shall be placed in the midst of you, unworthy as we are, yet vested with Apost-

olic power, which we have received from the Saviour through his Vicar on earth.

Hence it is that we address you, for the first time, as our dearest children in Jesus Christ,—“for God is my witness, how I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.” From this day forward, our mission will be to feed you with the bread of life,—to teach you the Holy and Apostolic doctrine of the Catholic Church,—to labor incessantly for your eternal welfare,—to further all your interests,—to promote and secure the faith of your children by a safe and sound education,—to share in your sorrows as well as in your joys,—to adhere to you “through good and evil report,”—to stand by you in the day of trial,—and finally, to spend our very life in unceasing solicitude for the salvation of those souls now committed to our fostering care.

Such are our feelings towards you, beloved brethren, “for the charity of Christ presseth us,—our mouth is open to you,—our heart is enlarged,—be you also enlarged.”

Alas! we are but too sensible of our utter inability to make amends for the heavy loss you are sustaining by your severance from the See of Toronto. We feel, perhaps but too deeply, how unfit we are to replace that most zealous and able Prelate whose substitute we now are amongst you!

And here, why should we withhold the expression of our mutual grief? Well may you lament your separation from one who has exhibited towards you the love and virtues of the good Shepherd; but beloved brethren, if your loss is great, ours is not less so,—if your grief is keen, ours is keener still.

For, waiving all mention of our separation from our family and our much esteemed friends, both of the Clergy and Laity, how many other deeply-rooted ties shall we not be compelled to break asunder in obedience to that command of the Lord,—“Go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father’s house, and come into the land which I shall show thee.” Ah! the last adieu to that most honored and endeared Bishop! —the bare mention of his name would cause the tear to start and the lip to quiver. But we forbear, and beg your indulgence for this weakness, if weakness there be.

How, indeed, can we repress our feelings, when our heart is overflowing with the sweet memories of that kindness, that intimate confidence, that honored friendship, which for many a year we have been so favored as to enjoy? Would that we had profited by the innumerable examples of self-devotion, of piety, of zeal, and of unrivaled charity, which have made that most venerable Bishop an object of admiration, of love—I would fain add of worship—to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Montreal! May this outpouring of our feelings be acceptable to him, and to all our friends,—for it is a message of deep and tender affection, and a last parting farewell!

And now, beloved brethren, having mingled our common grief and sacrifices, we shall henceforth be the more united in the holy bonds of charity and mutual good will, and the better enabled to fulfil our respective duties towards God and his Church, for our mutual salvation.

As for us, we cannot but say with the Apostle,—“Forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I pursue towards the mark for the prize of the supernatural vocation of God in Christ Jesus.”

And inasmuch as our only aim is the saving of souls, we shall endeavor to discharge our various and arduous duties with fidelity and zeal, leaving the success in the hands of God, whilst we confidently and humbly expect his blessing upon our exertions.

But beloved brethren, we most earnestly entreat your co-operation; for it depends upon you to lighten the heavy burden of our responsibility. Hence, whenever we point out to you the path of duty, we conjure you to walk faithfully therein. What we have already learned of your past conduct, and of your Christian dispositions, has filled our heart with joy, and leads us to cherish the hope that you will listen to our voice as becomes dutiful children, for “I rejoice that in all things I have confidence in you.”

Relying on these sound dispositions of your Catholic hearts towards the new Bishop whom the Holy Father sends you, we address you with all confidence and simplicity—less to command than to implore,—and we entreat you, above all, to adhere firmly to the teaching of your holy Church—to frequent the Sacraments, as the only channels of grace and of true happiness,—to discharge all your duties towards God, His Church, and Society, as it behoves true disciples of our Redeemer.

Let the virtues of temperance, justice, benevolence, charity, piety, order and peace, be paramount amongst you; keep aloof from all the allurements and snares of the evil one, who “as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour.”

Finally, beloved brethren, using the words of the Apostle,—“I beseech you through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me, that I may come to you with joy, by the will of God, and be refreshed with you.”

And you, our venerable co-operators in the holy ministry, who are bearing “the burden of the day and heats,”—you need not our exhortations to encourage your devotedness to your dear flocks. Continue then, in union with your Bishop, and consequently with the Supreme Pastor, to instruct your congregations with sound and practical discourses, according to the direction of the holy Council of Trent,—to catechise the children and to preserve them from all contamination in faith and in morals,—to protect the widows and orphans of your respective missions,—to visit the sick with assiduity, teaching them to bear all their sufferings in union with Him who died on the cross for our redemption, comforting them with the Sacraments of the Church, and preparing their departing souls for a happy passage into eternity.

We look with a full confidence to your perseverance in this holy course, which will secure the prosperity of religion, and maintain the dignity of your character as Ministers of Jesus Christ. In a word, “Be an example to the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in chastity,—for in doing so, you shall both save yourselves and those that hear you.”

We shall not detain you longer, dearly beloved brethren, although there are several other topics upon which we would fain address you; but we forbear at present, leaving them for some future opportunity. For, though it would not be amiss to call your attention to them, since

they concern the welfare of your new Diocese, yet perhaps it might be premature, and consequently without any practical benefit. We trust that ere long we shall have occasion to lay them before you more in detail; and meanwhile do most earnestly entreat you to pray fervently and frequently for our own particular wants, and those of the Diocese of London.

But we cannot close this Letter, beloved brethren, without adverting, at least for a moment, to that most solemn definition which still vibrates throughout the world, and causes the heart of the faithful to throb with ineffable joy.

Over two hundred Bishops gathered from every quarter of the globe, and assembled around the rock of the Vatican—the fixed and immutable centre of Catholic unity—with one heart, one faith, one enthusiastic acclamation, having entreated the Supreme Pastor to declare

“THE BALLADS OF IRELAND.” Collected and edited by Edward Hayes. Boston: P. Donohue.

In two handsomely bound volumes, Mr. Hayes has presented us with a choice collection of the songs and legends of the Green Isle. The title of the work should recommend it to every one, in whose bosom beats an Irish heart—of every one who takes pleasure in the recital of the bold deeds of his forefathers, or who has a tear to shed over the wrongs and sufferings of his native land.

#### THE “RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS” BILL.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, June 3, 1856.

DEAR Sir—It is with a mixed feeling of shame and regret that I approach a subject which, however, from its vital importance, cannot be too much known, or too much discussed. I allude, as you will at once understand, to the “Religious Corporations” Bill, now before our legislature, and especially to that section of it which pretends to restrict charitable bequests. I repeat, Mr. Editor, that no Catholic can either speak or write of this matter without a blush of honest shame—shame that such a measure should emanate from a Catholic statesman, and in a Catholic country. If the far-famed editor of the *Toronto Globe* had been instrumental in framing or bringing forward these disgraceful clauses, we should not have wondered, nay, hardly complained; because it would have been in perfect keeping with the man’s whole political course, and conformable to his openly expressed opinions. But for a Catholic member of the Canadian Ministry to come before a legislative body with such a measure, is as surprising to us, as it is discreditable to him. Does the framer of this most offensive clause believe that there ever existed in Canada, or does exist, any necessity for such an enactment? Is he aware of the sanction which his Bill affords to the vile calumnies wherewith unscrupulous Protestants incessantly attempt to blacken the character of the Catholic Clergy, and the Catholic Hierarchy? Surely, he could not have thought of it in this light; for, if he has even a moderate portion of Catholic feeling within his heart, he would cut off his right hand before it penned such a foul libel on the venerable body whose reputation is at stake, both individually and collectively. But alas! for the consciences of statesmen! they are rather too elastic for Christian principles. Religion is with them but a mere secondary consideration—very useful at times on the lips, but never meant to impede any favorite scheme, or to exercise the smallest influence on right honorable minds in the framing of their legislative enactments. Of this, our Canadian Bequest Act is a melancholy proof. But fortunately for the credit of our whole body, there is such a thing amongst us as public opinion; and our truckling politicians shall find that the Catholics of Canada can and will bring them to reason. They shall be taught a useful lesson in this very matter, or I am greatly mistaken.

Your article of last week on this subject, Mr. Editor, has given unbounded satisfaction to your readers; but will they let the matter rest here?—will they suffer these most mischievous clauses of the “Religious Corporations” Bill to become the law of the land—to disgrace the Statute book of this Catholic province?—will they leave room for the black-hearted persecutors of their faith in this, or the adjoining country to point with an exulting smile to the galling chain wherewith drivelling Ministry, in their insatiate folly, would fetter the free Church of Canada?—will they leave it in the power of “Know-Nothing” spouters to say—“Look at Catholic Canada, where the Government has found it necessary to interfere between the duped laity and the rapacious, all-devouring clergy!—Blame us now, if you dare, for seeking to repress the rising power of this ambitious priesthood?”

Mr. Editor, if ever there was a time when the Catholics of Canada were bound to make a grand, a simultaneous demonstration, it is now—now; a little longer, and it will be too late. Let them, for the present, cast aside the idle distinctions of country and of race; and unite heart and hand to hurl back the foul calumny on the heads of its concoctors. Let them get up public meetings in every city, town, and village, to protest against this vile Bequest Act; interfering, as it does, with their rights as Catholics, and as citizens; and giving, as it likewise does, the sanction of legislative enactment to one of the vilest calumnies ever promulgated in the world. The Catholics of Canada know exactly whether such a Bill was necessary; they know exactly whether their Clergy stand in need of such legal restraints. Let them meet, then, in every locality, and state their convictions;—let them not stand idly by with folded arms, whilst their entire Clergy and Hierarchy are maligned in the presence of their enemies, and that by those who know them, or ought to know them, as well as any of us. The clergy cannot, and, I am sure, will not, make any remonstrance themselves; but the laity can do it, and are bound in the sight of God and man to do it. Let us, then, be up and doing. Let us show the framers of the Bequest Act that they must go across the lines, if they wish to commence their penal legislation. Catholics in Canada are free—free to do as they will with their own, and will not be trammeled by the speculating projects of any public officer, be he Attorney-General or Governor-General, or any other General, who may find it convenient to make friends with the enemy at their expence. The Church of Canada is free, and so she must and shall remain, if the people are only true to themselves and mindful of their own interests. Let them only act now as men and freemen; and the Ministry will shrink abashed from their first open attempt at the framing of penal laws. We have had enough of such legislation in our own dear Ireland. Let us endeavor to repress its first advances here.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,  
AN IRISH CATHOLIC.  
Mount St. Joseph Montreal, 18th May, 1856.

His Lordship the Bishop of Arichat, who for some weeks past has been an inmate of the St. Patrick’s Hospital of this city, and under the care of Dr. Howard, has, we are happy to learn, completely recovered from the severe affection of his eyes under which he was suffering. His Lordship started for Arichat, via Boston, on Monday last; and was accompanied by four of the Nuns of the Congregation, who are about to establish one of their excellent female schools in his Diocese.

(Until the Anniversary of our Consecration.)

Sacerdotes, in missis tam solemnibus quam privatis, quotidianis dicunt orationem “pro Episcopo,” justa rubricas.

6. This our Pastoral Letter shall be read at Mass, in all the Churches, Chapels and Stations, as soon as possible.

Given under our hand and seal, on the day of our Episcopal Consecration, being the Festival of Holy Trinity.

ADOLPHE,  
Bishop of London.

Mount St. Joseph Montreal, 18th May, 1856.

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His Lordship the Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese starts next week on his annual visit to the parishes of the Diocese of Montreal.

PARLIAMENTARY.—The result of the “Want of Confidence” vote was to leave the Ministry in a majority of FOUR! They persist however in sticking to office with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. The talk is still that we are to have a general election; but the precise date is not fixed.

We have excellent authority for saying that B. Devlin, Esq., has no intention, at present, of accepting the situation of Recorder of the City of Montreal. Conscientious scruples stand in the way of his acceptance of the office.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A Quebec Subscriber is informed that we can take no notice of anonymous communications.

We regret that *Viator*, Port Hope, was received too late for this week’s issue. It shall appear in our next.

The funeral will leave his late residence, No. 10, Bonaventure street, for the Parish Church, from thence to the new Burying Ground, at eight o’clock on Saturday morning. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend without further notice, as no cards will be issued.

Yesterday morning, Mr. Thomas Gillies, a native of Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland; aged 85 years.

Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the funeral, without further notice, on Saturday morning, at seven o’clock, from his son’s residence, Place D’Armes.

In this city, on the 2nd inst., John Henry, youngest son of Mr. W. McNally, aged 10 months and 13 days.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

It is reported that the treaty entered into on the 15th ult., between Austria, England, and France has given great offence to the Czar, who, it is expected, will demand explanations from the two latter Powers for such proceedings, which was altogether unknown to Count Orloff until some days after it had been signed, when this diplomatist expressed his disapproval of it. Another rumor is that the object of General Ney's mission to St. Petersburg is to explain away all difficulties and suspicions connected with the said treaty, in the hope of appeasing the anger of his Imperial Majesty.

Count Orloff recently had an audience of the Emperor, to ask for explanations on the subject. The Emperor Napoleon protested against any anti-Russian interpretation. Count Orloff replied with much vivacity. During this interview the Emperor Napoleon III. preserved that calm and impenetrable demeanor for which he is so remarkable, while Count Orloff scarcely concealed the excitement and surprise which the new situation had produced in his mind.

The *Univers* announces that the Roman Liturgy is now to be adopted throughout the whole of the Archdiocese of Paris. This subject, so long desired, has at different times since 1849 occupied the deliberations of the Chapter of the Archdiocese, but many circumstances have occurred to prevent this happy consummation. It has now, however, at length received the desired solution, and the unity of Liturgical rites will be carried out by an Ecclesiastical Commission.

With great and sincere regret we state that the disease which afflicts the Empress of the French is severe and serious. It is a terrible malady in the limbs, and we lament to say that this illness is of a nature that may demand years to undermine it.—*Morning Herald*.

It is rumored that the Emperor of the French will visit Ireland in July—he will arrive in one of his 74 gun ships.

**THE ITALIAN QUESTION.**—*L'Assemblee Nationale* has the following remarks in reference to the proposals of Count Cavour:—"We have read the verbal note and fail to find terms energetic enough to express the sentiments inspired in us by the document, and by the publicity given to it. We perceive in it nothing more than a demand, as perfidious as unjust, addressed to an independent sovereign; and the sovereign thus menaced is not alone in the full enjoyment of the rights which constitute the independence of States, but he is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church. Even the note handed to the Divan by Prince Menschikoff did not approach in language that which the Sardinian government has thought proper to adopt in reference to the Holy See; and the concessions demanded of the Sultan by Russia were far from placing the head of Islamism in the position to which it is sought to reduce the head of the Catholic Church."

## GERMANY.

**MEETING OF CROWNED HEADS.**—The rumor of a reunion of foreign sovereigns, in the course of the present summer, at Berlin, is again revived with more explicitness. Among those named are the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Russia.

## RUSSIA.

The following is from a letter of the *Times* correspondent, dated (Thursday), 15th ult. Some surprise is expressed that no Russian Ambassador has been as yet named for Paris, and the displeasure excited by the suspicion that there is something more behind, is considered as the cause of the delay. It is certain that the Russians make no secret of their feeling as to the manner in which they have been treated, and they look very sulky when the subject is mentioned.

The *Czar* of Warsaw announces that Russia is to commence a campaign this summer against the Caucasus. Gen. Chiruleff will have the command of the expedition under the superior direction of General Mouravieff. The expedition will extend to Daghستان, a distance of about sixty miles from the Black Sea coast.

## ITALY.

When Sardinia joined the Western alliance, many honest persons asked themselves what could have induced that pugnacious power to step in among the mighty combatants. Simple people said it was a high sense of honor and a most noble ambition—to chastise the aggressor, the disturber of the public peace, and to win a place among the great nations. Shrewd persons thought there must have been something more than this fine sentiment in the matter; but all have been enlightened by the Sardinian notes on Italy, made public this week. In them is raised the cry of disappointment; a sad complaint is made of the Paris Conferences; and England's bigotry and the revolutionary spirit of Italy are powerfully appealed to. When Sardinia joined the Western Powers a war with Austria did not appear exceedingly improbable; and had such an event taken place, Italy would undoubtedly have been the theatre of action, and—A dazzling dream was that of the Sardinian monarch. The Austrians chased from every foot of Italian ground; the Pope degraded or in exile; and Victor Emmanuel King of Italy! A charming vision that, and not at all impossible, mused that ugly mortal, as he stroked his long mustachios. England certainly would support him; for had he not robbed the Church, and imitated her good example as far as circumstances would permit? and France would support him because of the alliance, and because Frenchmen could not do otherwise than

fight and rout the Austrians. But that bright vision faded—the Russian war came to an end—and Austria stood armed, but unassailed. The Conferences began, and ended, but Count Cavour in vain endeavored to get up a discussion on Italian affairs. Bad news, sad thoughts for Victor Emmanuel! It is only too probable that all the benefit he will reap from his Crimean campaign, is the rather clumsy present he has been made of one of the British batteries on the heights of Inkermann. What considerably adds to the value of this article, is the well known fact, that the British would leave every gun they have behind them only for the shame of the thing. In Paris, the gift is considered an excellent joke, and Lord Panmure has risen wonderfully in French public opinion.—*Nation*.

In a letter from Rome to the *Gazette de Liège* of the 8th May, it is stated:—"The Belgian Brothers of the Order of Mercy have just undertaken the direction of the prison of Termoli. Thus almost all the Houses of detention in Rome are now confided to the care of these good Religious Brethren, whose inexhaustible charity is working wonders. The prisons for females are entrusted to the care of the Belgian Sisters of Providence. A prelate, very near the person of the Holy Father, and who bears a name venerated in Belgium, is the very soul of these good works."

## CRIMEA.

(From the *Times Correspondent*.)

**THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.**—CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, MAY 3.—At no period of my acquaintance with the British army have I ever known the officers to be in such a state of profound dissatisfaction as they are at present. The indecent haste with which the reductions were announced, the injustice of the order relating to horses, and the mode in which the instruction have been conveyed to them, rankle in their hearts. Nothing else is talked of, or apparently thought of, by all classes of officers. The ink is not dry on the Treaty, the news of its ratification is not received, and yet the army is at once made the victim of the most pinching, niggardly, cold economy. They are, as it were, told that their day is over,—that their services are of so little consequence that the authorities can afford to disregard their feelings. If the smallest conceivable portion of the good wishes uttered for the temporal and eternal happiness of "they" should ever be realised, I cannot well imagine more miserable beings than "they" will be. In the army it is always "they." "Have you seen the general orders?" "No. Is there anything in them?" "Yes; 'they' have made Jones, and 'they' are going to send home the supernumeraries at once," and so on. Some of the reductions are of course unavoidable but the cases of individual hardship and ingratitude are not the less striking and painful. While the struggle was still going on nothing was too good for the army—the country felt for its sufferings and admired its calm endurance. From the highest to the lowest in the land there was but one sentiment and one expression of feeling. The Government, at first supine and supercilious, became energetic and sympathising.

One does not know whether the admiration of the country for the army after the Alma and Inkermann, or its effervescence of pity, sorrow, and aid when made aware of the condition of its countrymen, was the stronger or more touching and genuine. The country cannot be in the least degree aware of the indignation, the bitter resentment, and the sense of injury which a few words have caused among those she has praised and honored.

The Rev. Mr. Strickland, Catholic chaplain, has died of fever caught in the French hospitals, where he was discharging his duties with his usual zeal and devotion. His remains lie on Cathcart's hill, and his funeral was attended by a great number of officers, without any distinction of creed. The health of our troops, in spite of some cases of scurvy, is excellent, and the French are in a much better condition than they were. They are shifting their camps towards Kamiesch, and the plateau of Inkermann is nearly bare.

## CALLISTA.

**SKETCH OF THE THIRD CENTURY.** London: Burns and Lambert. 1856.

In the series of publications of which *Fabiola* forms a part, the new volume of "Callista" has made its appearance. It is from the pen of Dr. Newman, and perhaps if we said just so much and ended our notice we should be doing what was most just towards the book. We are obliged, however, to attempt, in the present and a succeeding notice, to enter somewhat in detail into the structure and the merits of this little work. The story is partly interwoven with historical facts, but its author professes, at the outset, that as a whole it is "a simple fiction from beginning to end." However that may be, as an instrument of conveying a real and genuine historical knowledge of the days of which it treats, in their aspect towards Christianity, it will probably remain without a rival in the literary world. The author of the "Last Days of Pompeii" has attempted a novel of the times of ancient Rome, and has made good use of his antiquarian knowledge of the discoveries of that buried city, so far as such researches could carry him. But the tradition of the Catholic Church contains in itself a principle of life and light which has opened the eyes of the author of "Callista," and enabled them to read by its light the manners, the modes of thought, the feelings, and the doubts of those wonderful times, during which Christianity was dawning, not on the world, for that was over, but on the perceptions, prejudices, and fears of society as it then existed.

The great object of the story is to endeavor to illustrate the appearance of Christianity, not only to its professors, but to the surrounding heathens of that day. The time is about the middle of the third century, and the incidents of the interest in the story centre in the opening of the Decian persecution. The Christian society of the lesser towns of Proconsular Africa presented that dead appearance which

has spread over Catholicism at some periods of later times. Seats had become vacant, Ecclesiastics scarce, vocations rare. The author shall speak here for himself:—

"The relaxation which would extend the profession of Christianity in the larger cities would contract or extinguish it in remote or country places. There would be little zeal to keep up churches which could not be served without an effort or without secular loss. Carthage, Utica, Hippo, Milevis, or Curius, was a more attractive residence than the towns of uncouth African names which amaze the Ecclesiastical student in the acts of the councils. Vocations became scarce—sees remained vacant—congregations died out. This was pretty much the case with the church and see of Sicca. At the time of which we write, history preserves no record of any Bishop as exercising his pastoral functions in that city. In matter of fact, there was none. The last bishop, an amiable old man, had in the course of years acquired a considerable extent of arable land, and employed himself principally, for lack of more spiritual occupation, in reaping, stacking, selling, and sending off his wheat for the Roman market. His Deacon has been celebrated in early youth for his boldness in the chase, and took part in the capture of lions and panthers (an act of charity towards the peasants round Sicca) for the Roman amphitheatre. No Priests were to be found, and the Bishop became *parchus* till his death. Afterwards infants and catechumens lost baptism; parents lost faith, or at least love; wanderers lost repentance and conversion. For a time there was a flourishing meeting-house of Tertiulians, who had scared more humble minds by pronouncing the eternal perdition of every Catholic; there had also been various descriptions of Gnostics, who had carried off the clever youths and restless speculators; and there had been the lapse of time, gradually consuming the generation which had survived the flourishing old times of the African Church. And the result was, that in the year 250 it was difficult to say of whom the Church of Sicca consisted. There was no Bishop, no Priest, no Deacon. There was the old *mansionarius* or Sacristan; there were two or three pious women, married or single, who owed their religion to good mothers; there were some slaves who kept to their faith, no one knew how or why; there were a vast many persons who ought to be Catholics, but were heretics, or nothing at all, or all but Pagans, and sure to become Pagans on the asking; there were Agellius and his brother Juba, and how far these two had a claim to the Christian name we now proceed to explain."—(Pp. 15, 16.)

Times were coming on which were to sift the Church, and to purge it from the lukewarmness of years of peace, and the author has thrown himself into the state of public feeling with regard to a religion which presented this harmless, unchallenging front to heathenism, which was in reality its deadly enemy.

A parallel forces itself on the mind of the reader, in the state of Catholicism in modern days of unearnest peace. In the midst of Protestantism, which looked on it as a dead, contemptible superstition, Catholicism was in a poor plight some years since in Great Britain. Of course, no two periods are reproductions of each other, nor in Protestantism, with all its heartless infidelity, what heathenism is seen to be by the sort of glimpse at it afforded by the narrative before us; still there is much in the picture so powerfully drawn by it to give food for reflections on some features of our own times. To this, however, we do but allude for the present.

The story is this: Agellius, a Christian of Sicca, baptised in early youth, is left one of the handful of Christians living under the widowed church of that see, without Pastor or Sacraments. His uncle, a rich heathen, tries to shake the "nonsense" out of him by promoting a marriage with a beautiful Greek, an artist in his establishment for the sale of idols, and named Callista. Callista, a heathen, has felt the bitter emptiness of the popular idea of happiness. She has seen in Agellius something that speaks of nobler things, as he has found an unaccountable sympathy in her. Still she is a heathen. He half persuades himself that she will become a Christian to marry him. She reproaches him with the earthliness and selfishness of his love, and her refusal is his salvation. The Decian persecution breaks out. St. Cyprian, under the name of the Priest Cæcilius, takes refuge with Agellius, nurses him under the fever that follows his rejection by Callista, and effects his thorough conversion. Juba, his brother, has never been baptised; he remains the embodiment of pride and self-reliance, and refuses to listen to St. Cyprian. A temporal calamity—a plague of locusts—described with great power, leads to famine and pestilence, and rouses the fanaticism of the city. The mob starts the cry "Cristianos ad leones." Agellius escapes, but Callista, in the endeavor to warn him, is taken. She has warned St. Cyprian, and, in a short interview with him, has had the path opened to her inquiries which she has long sought. He escapes after some peril by a kind of heather generosity on the part of Juba, but she is taken prisoner, and refuses to sacrifice to the idols, though still declaring that she is no Christian. In the moment of flight St. Cyprian had entrusted to her the Gospel of St. Luke. At length in her prison she opens and reads it; it converts her. From their place of concealment the Bishop and his Deacon visit her, baptise her, and give her the Sacraments of Confirmation and the Eucharist. She is arraigned the following day, and dies a martyr. Her relics are obtained and conveyed to a place of refuge analogous to the Roman Catacombs, and by their touch Juba is freed from a possession by the Evil One, and by a second miracle, but years after, restored to his senses. The history of Juba's possession is the most terrible, but one of the most powerful, narratives we have ever read. Indeed, we know no parallel to it; for we must not put it in comparison with the description of Saul, or the cases of possession in the Sacred Scriptures.

We shall have to enter into the account of Callista's martyrdom and death, her body after death lying on the mountain side, with the beasts of the forest prowling in awe about it, and the rabble stealing from the city to gaze on it, and returning again and again with thoughts which they cannot analyse or account for. But we must reserve any further remarks for a subsequent notice.—*Tablet*.

## DRINKING STATISTICS OF THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

We clip the following from the *N.Y. Times*:—

"One of the apparently chronic thirst of the inhabitants. To drink appears to him to be the chief end, in life of the American. Every undertaking, no matter how grave, must be baptised in cocktail or a sling. Every sentence a man utters must be moistened with a julep or a cobbler. All the affairs of life are begun and ended with drinks. Is a project of any kind to be started, the first word is, "Let us go to the Astor and talk it over." So, the capitalists leave their quiet offices, where one would suppose business would be more easily transacted, and betake themselves to a reeking bar, where they stupefy themselves with liquors fearfully and wonderfully made. The old formula of salutations such as "how d'ye do," &c., seem to the European to be entirely banished from the American vocabulary. When men meet, the greeting of "what will you take," supplies the place of all other phrases of courtesy. It is the same with all; a continual and never ending "drink all round?" Merchants, students, authors, editors, stevedores, loafers, men of "elegant leisure," actors, artists, all tend towards the bar-room as inevitably as matter tends towards the centre of the earth. Brandy, like death, extinguishes every error, and veils every resentment. Is it to be wondered at that the European, at the first glance, should look upon us as a most bibulous people?

In no other civilised nation does the bar-room play so conspicuous a part. The English, it is true, frequent taverns and swell enormous quantities of beer and gin. But this only occurs in the evening, and during the daytime it is only the most degraded of the population that one finds haunting the fatal glo-palace. The Londoners of the better class—even the young men—rarely drink by daylight. The merchant probably drinks his half-pint of sherry with his beef-steak in the city, but as for entering a tap-room for the sake of drinking without any particular object, he never dreams of such a thing. The general temperance of the Continental nations is so well known that any comment on it would be superfluous. One may see a Frenchman gay and exhilarated, but you rarely see him drunk. It is only the thieves, and scoundrels who frequent the *tapis franc* that drink brandy in any quantity. The rest of the population take that liquor in thimble-like glasses, that to an American or English eye seem preposterously minute.

Now it is not at all an uncommon thing to hear a young man in this country, when he is summing up his expenses, say, "By Jove, how money does go! Why, although I don't drink very much, I find that my weekly expenses for drinks and cigars amount to something more than the sum I pay for my board." He is surprised, but he does not recollect that his life is nothing but an intermittent drink. A well-known proprietor opened an up-town hotel and bar-room the other day. On the opening day he took in over four hundred dollars at the bar alone, and his gross receipts on the entire establishment for the first week were sixteen thousand dollars. Say that out of the four hundred dollars received at the bar fifty dollars were spent in cigars, that leaves a sum equal to 2,600 drunks. So that on the day in question the drinking done at that single bar amount to what would supply the population of a small town with a drink to every inhabitant. If we had it in our power to deduce from reliable statistics the amount of money spent in bar-rooms in this City in the course of the year, it would, we are confident, amount to a sum that would astound our readers.

This indiscriminate drinking must eventually make its mark upon our City population. We can see it already betraying itself in the rising generation. It is impossible for any man to drink even pure liquors six or seven times a day, without suffering fearfully in constitution. And when he transmits this impaired constitution to his son, who in turn impairs it still further by the same courses, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities that will not in physical frame be much better than those wretched children called Aztecs who were exiled here some years ago.

This love of drink and bar-rooms is every day increasing. Every day sees fresh poison-saloons springing up in various parts of the City. Every day sees our youth becoming more and more the victims of this habit; for really we think it is more a habit than a passion. It is no love for joviality that tempts them. It is not the hot exuberance of youth. It is not the evanescent impulse of the gay young fellow who is sowing his wild oats. It is a cold, deliberate, confirmed habit. No atmosphere of recklessness or jollity surrounds the drinking groups. No peals of merriment alone for the act by proving that at least it is unusual. A grim and melancholy air pervades each countenance. The drinks are poured out, the glasses raised and touched with a loathsome air of custom, and each man swallows his potion with the same impassive countenance he would wear if he were drinking a glass of plain water. All the concomitants that partially redeem or excuse drinking, as far as it can be redeemed or excused, are wanting in this sad and formal ceremony. The actors drink not because they love it and want to be merry, but because they have been accustomed to do it ever since they were boys, and it has now become a habit which is more imperious than if it were a passion.

## SWAY ON RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES

The most enthusiastic revival ever witnessed by me had its inception amongst the Baptists. It commenced somewhere in the West, and spread in an incredible short space of time over a large portion of the Northern States, embracing at last the adherents of almost every sect within its influence. The source of this moral perturbation was an Elder belonging to the denomination named, who made the tour of the North and North-west. Wherever he went, he soon managed to engender a perfect *furore*, thousands flocking to hear him rave, and hundreds being almost daily frightened by him into repentance and regeneration. A large proportion of the residents of each town in which he pitched his tent for a time were excessively annoyed, inconvenienced, and scandalized by the proceedings which accompanied his sojourn, and one had cause to be thankful in walking the streets if he escaped impudent encounters by the way. I was myself frequently stopped on the public pavement by parties whom I knew not, and admonished to repent, and go and be baptized. On one occasion I was met and accosted by the Elder himself.

"Young man," said he, stopping me, and laying his hand, paternally upon my shoulder, "how's your soul?"

"Quite well, I thank you," I replied, "how's yours?"

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

"Bless the Lord!" he continued.

"Amen!" I responded.

"You're an heir to damnation," said he in great haste, after apparently measuring me from top to toe with his eye.

"The idea seems to give you positive pleasure," observed I.

He looked at me again for a few moments, after which he told me in great confidence that the sons of Anak would be brought low. To this I replied that, not knowing them, I could not be expected to feel much interest in their fate.

He looked hard at me again for a few seconds, and then shouted so as to attract the attention of the passers-by—"You're a Scribe—you're a Scribe!"

"Anything but a Pharisee," I replied, and walked on, leaving him to make what application he pleased of my response.

He was very successful in his agitation whithersoever he went, throwing town after town into paroxysms of excitement, and securing in each a great many converts for the nonce. The percentage of them who shortly afterwards became backsliders was very great. It seemed to be his peculiar delight to vulgarize religion as much as he could, frequently making use of similes which bordered on ribaldry, and sometimes even on blasphemy. On one occasion, being tired of the Gospel, he betook himself to slander, telling his hearers in one breath to forbear and to love one another, and in the next indulging in the most uncharitable suspicions of his neighbors. Amongst others whom he slandered was an hotel-keeper, who also became the victim of the malicious inuendoes of his chief disciple. This gave rise to two parties in the community, the enthusiasts rallying round the Elder, and the "ungodly," as they were termed, ranging themselves under the standard of the injured party. The more orderly and decorous portion of the inhabitants kept themselves aloof from both parties. At length the time for the Elder's departure drew near, and it was known that his chief disciple was to accompany him. A disturbance of the public peace was apprehended, and the friends of order advised them to depart secretly. This they refused to do, persisting in their resolution to go at the time fixed upon by the regular stage. The morning of their departure was one of commotion bordering on riot. The "ungodly" had procured a wagon, which they filled with musicians, who rode up and down the street where the obnoxious individuals were lodging, playing the Rogue's March. It was not until both got into the stage and were about to depart, that the disciple was arrested in an action of slander, at the suit of the aggrieved inn-keeper. Both he and the Elder, as well as their numerous abettors, glared in this; it was persecution, and of itself testified to the high origin of their mission. Bail was soon procured, and the parties permitted to proceed on their way, the musicians following them out of the town playing no very complimentary airs. Some months afterwards the action came on for trial in the same place. The Elder was the chief witness on the part of the defendant. When in the witness-box, he was asked by the Counsel for the plaintiff, if he had not had reason to believe that his departure, unless private, would occasion some display inimical to the public peace? He said he had been informed to that effect.

"Were you not advised to depart secretly?" he was asked.  
"I was," replied he.  
"And why did you not do so?" was the next query put to him.

"Because I was determined to have my way," he replied, "and to let the devil have his."

In commenting upon this part of the evidence, the counsel for the defendant emphatically approved of the Elder's determination to make an open and public exit from the town, even at the risk of a disturbance of the peace, citing the conduct of Nehemiah in his justification, who, when advised to fly from the enemies of the Lord, refused to do so. But the opposite counsel was not to be put down by such authority as this, and contended that if scriptural precedent was to be relied upon, it must follow the rule of precedents in other cases, which is that, *ceteris paribus*, the latest shall rule. The case of St. Paul, he maintained, was more binding because more recent than that of Nehemiah, the great Apostle having been let down from the walls of Damascus in a basket, when his exit otherwise from the city might have involved a violation of public order. In the sight of the audience this gave the whole matter rather a ludicrous turn, judges, jury, bar, and spectators smiling at the jest. It was received by the community in the same spirit, and treated as a good joke, and did much towards undoing the effect of the Elder's preaching. It is not always that revivals lead to such scenes; but they are generally accompanied by a degree of fanaticism and intolerance truly deplorable. They disturb the peace of families and unsettle the ordinary relations of society. Happily their effects are evanescent, or they would be the more to be regretted. Nor are they always so violent as some that I have seen. Occasionally they are what would be denominated failures, from being attempted when the public mind is not in proper tune for them. The most devious are those which originate with the Presbyterians.

**THE CHAMPIONS OF THE "HOLY PROTESTANT FAITH" DESCRIBED BY A PROTESTANT.** — The combination lately formed to degrade Catholics below the rest of mankind, is certainly nothing to the credit of Protestant churches. The statistics show in how small a minority Catholics are in this country; and Protestants, of course, maintain that they have the truth, whilst Catholics are in error. The former have the truth and overruling Providence on their side, and one would suppose they would feel no apprehensions of failure; but it is a fact, that the mass of the Protestant clergy have lost faith in themselves—lost faith in God and truth. They are eager to add to the sword of the spirit other weapons, not only of a different but of an opposite class. They have written, preached, and prayed, and exhorted, and are supported by about ten or twenty to one of our population, and still they are not ashamed to confess that they have lost courage; they are not ashamed to confess that even though its supporters are few in numbers, Catholicism is gaining upon them. They cry aloud for help; not upon God, but the world, the flesh, and the Devil. — The clergy of the Protestant Church have been, in numerous instances, foremost in proclaiming the weakness of their cause, and betraying it into polluted hands. It is a mortifying spectacle to see a Protestant minister stealing away, under cover of night, into some hiding place, and there surrounded by crafty

politicians, infidels, blacklegs, and vagabonds of all sorts, exchanging mutual pledges against the Pope, and his religion. Charming conservators of the Protestant religion, we have these days. Certainly Protestants must feel flattered when they looked around at their champions, and contemplate the means employed in their behalf. How much they resemble those established by the Prince of peace?

He looked at me again for a few moments, after which he told me in great confidence that the sons of Anak would be brought low. To this I replied that, not knowing them, I could not be expected to feel much interest in their fate.

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