

FATHER BURKE ON THE PROTESTANT SYNOD.

On Friday evening (May 2nd.) Father Burke preached in Dublin to a large congregation upon the attributes of the Catholic Church. In the course of the sermon he said:—

The Church had the divine commission that she was to last to the end of all time, and no power on earth or hell has ever been able to destroy her. "Behold me," she says to the whole world, "and see if I am not one—one ever the same; those who try to contradict one iota of my doctrine I cast them off, for they cannot dwell in the unity of the Church, for what is the faith of one is the faith of all;" one Catholic cannot differ from another Catholic in point of faith. The moment he differs from the faith, he ceases to be a Catholic. "See," she says, "if I have ever given forth a false or uncertain sound; see if I have ever allowed any man, no matter how learned, or powerful, to stand up and deny one word of what I say? Am I not universal? what land does the sun shine upon but has not seen the sign of my cross, and the uprearing of my altar; has not my voice been heard in every clime under the sun, has not my tongue been heard amongst the barbaric nations: behold my record of two thousand years! I have never been afraid to speak the truth, say, Oh! say, if I have changed or altered one single word? Say, if when kings and mighty potentates assailed me and sought to coerce and force me to admit some false principle and unholy element; when they assailed my visible Head on earth, my bishops and priests, have I listened to their blandishments, or have I truckled to the threats of tyrants?" Her unity! Where is that amongst those opposed to her in our day? Every day, in this city some men assemble for what is called a Synod, to define what it is that the Protestant Church does not believe and should believe. They present a shameful, contemptible, and ludicrous exhibition of disunion. No sooner is one opinion advanced than it is contradicted. One man says there is some kind of real Presence, a Protestant layman says that it is flat idolatry, and it is not true at all; a Ritualist says He is here and is to be adored; and then a Bishop says He is there, but is not to be adored? And then comes the grand conclusion that they do not know anything of what they are arguing about. Three hundred years ago Martin Luther introduced a baptismal service into the Protestant Church, in which occurred these words—"Now, this child is regenerate;" so showing that their ministrations are false, and so giving the direct lie to their 300 years' teaching which lands them into the abyss in which is the father of the lies from the beginning. There never was a greater mistake than to say that the Catholic Church was afraid of reason, and that she is afraid of the keen inquiry of man. To all assaults she was ever prepared to present an invulnerable breast, and outlives every attack, being the only religion founded on the word of God, and on the foundation stone of Jesus Christ our Lord. There should be great thankfulness for belonging to this Church.

THE GOVERNING CAPACITY OF IRISHMEN.

THE Freeman's Journal of Sydney, in an introduction to a series of sketches of individual character of the Irish abroad, writes:—"I referring to the ancestors of such men as Marshal M'Mahon—that is, to the Irish abroad during the last century—our object is not one of self-laudation, but of simple self defence. We wish to meet the prevalent anti-Irish feeling—fostered for their own purposes by such papers as the 'Herald'—proceeding as much from ignorance as from prejudice, which would depreciate everything Irish, with what we consider unanswerable arguments: the arguments of truth and rigid fact. Nobody is offended with the men who form a German Verein or a Highland Brigade, or who even celebrate yearly St. David's Day. Even the clan Campbell held jubilation all over the world because one of their tribe married a daughter of the Queen. So it is, and so it ought to be; and when it is so there is surely reason why Ireland should feel proud of her sons.

The governing capacity of Irishmen in every ruling department in America and Australia is partially acknowledged. At home the idea is gaining fast, that not only can Irishmen govern themselves, but somehow—so far as their race is concerned—nobody else but an Irishman can govern them. They have forced on the overthrow of a foreign church, obtained a good deal of what they want in the management of their lands, and succeeded in getting a Lord Chancellor and a Crown Minister in the Imperial Government, of their own nation and faith. The time is believed to be not far distant when, instead of being dependent upon, they will be the allies of England, as Hungary is of Austria, under the one crown, but with their own internal government.

Our present object in writing under the head of "M'Mahon and France" is, while giving current information, to recall from the past, proofs that whenever and wherever the unconquerable love for their religion did not bar their advancement, by penal laws, the exiled Irish, while transmitting the love of fatherland from generation to generation, yet blended with the lands of their adoption, and manifested a natural genius, a nobility of soul, a surpassing courage, and an indomitable energy of character, which everywhere caused them soon to pass the crowd and ascend to eminence in every walk of life. This they proved in the gloomiest period of their history. After the Williamite wars, when they saw the last sod of their lands confiscated to the sweepings of the great cities of England, when the worst laws ever concocted "by the perverted ingenuity of man"—as Burke expresses it—ground them into one mass of poverty and ignorance, the very same people,—men from amongst them, who spent half their lives under the baleful effects of such laws, rose in every country of Europe to rank amongst the first men of the age.

We could prove all this, with great ease, from authorities upon our own side; but we prefer going to the other side. Lord Macaulay cannot be suspected of partiality to the Irish. In speaking of the

Irish expatriated—and that not only soldiers, but as head workers, as men, rulers—that great writer, after drawing a terrible but a perfectly true picture of the condition of Ireland after the breaking of the treaty of Limerick, says:—

"There were, indeed, Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy, and ambition; but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland,—at Versailles and at St. Ildefonso; in the armies of Frederick and in the armies of Maria Theresa. One exile (Lord Clare) became a Marshal of France; another (General Wall) became Prime Minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squires who drank to the glorious and immortal memory. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the Ambassador of George II. Scattered over all Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish knights of St. Lewis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece,—who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been more than ensigns of marching regiments, or freemen of petty corporations."

While Lord Macaulay says more than we have advanced in this extract, yet he says less than the truth. Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, writing from the Corsica in 1765, gives a cutting rebuff to sneerers at the Irish—for, having seen their condition abroad, he says: "Whatever may be the rough jokes of wealthy insolence, or the envious sarcasms of needy jealousy, the Irish have ever been, and will continue to be, highly regarded on the continent." To this we may add the testimony of the celebrated Dean Swift, who so little loved Ireland that he resented the idea of being considered an Irishman as an insult, and said that he should "think himself as little an Irishman because of being born of English parents in Dublin, as he should think himself a Hindoo, if born at Calcutta from the same parentage." Of the Irish abroad, however, he writes: "I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations."

An extract from a Vienna paper of March, 1766, will give us an idea of them, even as they were outside France, and of the esteem they were held in, so justly spoken of by Boswell. It was copied by the London papers of the day, and is as follows: "On the 17th of this month his Excellency Count O'Mahony, Ambassador from Spain to the Court of Vienna, gave a grand entertainment in honor of St. Patrick, to which were invited all persons of distinction that were of Irish descent,—being himself a descendant of an illustrious family of that kingdom. Among others were present—Count Lacy, President of the Council of War; General M'Donnell, General Brown, General M'Guire, General M'Junkett, General O'Kelly, and General M'Elliot; four Chiefs of the Grand Cross, two Governors, several Knights Military, six staff officers, four Privy Councillors of Austria, with the principal officers of State—who, to show their respect for the Irish nation, wore crosses in honor of the day, as did the whole Court of Vienna."

REDUCTION OF PYRITES.

THE Thames correspondent of an Auckland journal thus describes an establishment at the Thames for the reduction of pyrites:—"The new plant of the establishment of this kind, over which Mr John Masters presides, is in a forward state towards completion. The reverberatory furnace that I reported upon some time ago is quite finished, and as far as may be judged is perfectly adapted for the purposes it is intended to serve, viz., sublimating the sulphides with which pyrites abound. I visited the works yesterday, and spent a profitable hour listening to the lucid explanations on this and other subjects of the manager. The furnace is of large size, its interior measure not being less than 50ft. 6in long by 10ft. wide. It is constructed in five compartments, the compartments, however, being merely defined by 2in. steps. There are thus five floors, each 10ft. square, leading down to the lower end of the furnace, where the fire-place is situated, and also the outlet for the treated pyrites, which, by the time they reach it, will be almost in a fluid state. There are two small openings, closed by iron doors, one on each side of the furnace to each compartment, and through these the pyrites will be stirred about, so that every part of them will be brought under the influence of heat. The process, as described to me, is simple enough. A quantity of the substance to be treated is thrown on the top of the furnace, and there spread about and thoroughly dried. A certain portion, termed a charge, is then thrown into the upper, or No. 1, compartment through a small orifice in the roof of the furnace. From the No. 1 compartment, where the heat is somewhat modified, the charge is raked down to No. 2 compartment, and another charge placed in No. 1. The first charge is then passed to No. 3, the second charge to No. 2, and a new charge to No. 1, and so on until each of the five compartments contains a charge. By that time, or soon after, the first charge will be "cooked," and will be run out on to a platform of bricks, faced by cement, whence it will be transferred to another part of the works, there to undergo another process. Meantime the other charges advance a step, a new one is inserted, and so the work of roasting goes on continuously. A long flue connects the furnace with the smoke-stack, which is 70ft. high, and in this flue is an ingenious contrivance for condensing the sublimed parts of the pyrites which, but for this precaution, would pass off in the form of mephitic vapour, and possibly act deleteriously upon the health of the residents in the neighborhood. But more than this is to be attempted, Mr Masters being determined to, if possible, make the furnace consume its own smoke, and thus abate, so far as he is concerned, one of the great nuisances inflicted upon the inhabitants of Grahamstown. I may mention that the furnace rests on a foundation of Haps Creek stone, and is constructed partly of common brick, and partly of fire-bricks and fire tiles. A substantial shed roofed with corrugated iron covers it in. When completed these pyrites works will be amongst the most extensive, elaborate, and perfect of any of their kind to be met with in the colonies."