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Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, and General Intelligence.

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"Our Queen and Constitution."

[By James S. Segce.

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Volume 5

The Carleton Sentinel

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VALUABLE PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

THE following properties are offered for sale on very moderate terms—
The Lot of Land fronting Brunswick Street, and adjoining the new Gaol in the City of Fredericton, having a front of 66 feet, and extending in rear to the lot leased to Thomas Sweede.
The lot leased to the said Thomas Sweede, fronting 30 feet on St. John Street, and extending in rear of the above-mentioned lot to the Gaol lot.
The leasehold property in the said City, known as No. 11, block No. 1, under lease from the Church Corporation, at a rent of £3 2s. 6d. per annum, with House, Shop, and Barn thereon, at present occupied by Mr. R. Forman.
The lot of land in the Hanwell Settlement, Parish of Kingsclear, County of York, No. 15, containing 200 acres more or less, about eleven miles from Fredericton.
The Farm formerly owned by Benjamin Yerxa, Junior, on the Keswick, County of York, being lot No. 40, in the grant to the New York Volunteers, containing 150 acres more or less.
The block of land in the Parish of Dumfries, County of York, on the south side of the river Saint John, and adjoining thereon, formerly in the possession of Asa Dow, and next adjoining the property of Mr. John R. Patterson, containing 1013 acres, besides allowance for roads, &c. The land is laid out in 3 lots, each containing 115 acres more or less, and will be sold separately or together, as may be required.
The Farm situate in the Parish of Dougias, in the County of York, about 3 miles above the City of Fredericton, formerly owned by Wellington Yerxa, and containing 500 acres more or less.
The Farm, with valuable buildings and improvements thereon, on which Henry Baird, Esquire, now resides, in the Parish of Andover, in the County of Victoria, containing 100 acres.
100 acres of land in the said Parish of Andover, in the Salmon River Settlement, near the Grand Falls, granted in the Military grant to John Smith.
670 acres of wilderness land, of fine quality, in the Green Settlement, Parish of Kent, County of Carleton, granted to Robert Kerr.
100 acres of land joining the American line, on the Arestook River, granted to Robert Eggan.
400 acres of land with improvements, near Eel River, in the said parish of Woodstock, known as the Chapman Farm.
The lot of land and Store thereon, in the town of Woodstock, near the Upper Corner (so called,) formerly owned and occupied by the late A. S. Carman, Esquire.
The lot of land on Little River, in the parish of Waterbury, Queen's County, formerly owned by Joseph and Samuel Estabrooks, containing 800 acres, and described as lots Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, in the grant to Elijah Estabrooks and others.
All these properties will be sold very reasonably, and information regarding them can be procured on application to
W. F. DIBBLEE, Woodstock,
G. W. RITCHIE, Fredericton, or
ROBERT RANKIN & Co. St. John
April 30, 1851.

KINGSCLEAR TANNERY.

THE subscriber returns his best thanks to all his friends and customers, for past favors, and hereby solicits a continuance of their patronage. He also begs leave to inform the public, that he will in future pay cash for Hides, when requested; or manufacture them on the shares, as formerly.
WILLIAM GIBSON.
Kingsclear, Nov. 10, 1852.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

PIERCE CONNELLY'S LETTER TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY.—The friendship with which you have honored me for more than 15 years, from the day when your kind courtesy first brought you to my modest apartment in "Via della Croce," and subsequently led you to stand sponsor for me upon entering the Church of Rome—which at last placed me in the confidential relationship of your domestic chaplain and in close intimacy—a friendship proclaimed so honorably to me in my absence, and ever proved so affectionately at home, and which on an occasion of great affliction, supported me by a sympathy given with manly frankness, but with all a woman's gentleness—such a friendship, deeply felt, and dearly remembered, imposes it upon me, almost as a duty, to offer you public, if not an apology, at least the reasons, for my renouncing, as much against my feelings as your own, not only a position of much happiness and many worldly advantages, but the religion, which at one-and-thirty years of age I had deliberately chosen, and to which you solemnly took upon you to answer for my fidelity.

You doubtless will remember my printed letter to my Bishop, when I gave up my preference in the Protestant Church in America, long before taking a more decisive step. You will remember the principle which lay at the bottom of all my dissatisfaction with Protestantism, and what dear Bishop Otey called, my horror of the restless spirit of democracy in Church and State.

I am not ashamed of that principle, however I may be of the conclusions to which it led me. Nor am I ashamed of having been deluded into thinking purity and charity to be synonymous with morality in a Church which showed me such living examples as Gwendoline Talbot and Carlo Odescalchi.

Hierarchical subordination, whether in State or Church, in a kingdom or in a family, I still consider the only basis for a community to be built upon, the tranquility of order, the only tranquility that deserves the name. And the virtues of the angelic persons I have named, (and of others I could mention, not yet gone to their reward,) seen so nearly as I saw them, were enough to establish Rome's claim to sanctity, if they had only been Rome's real coinage. But they were not. They were the pure gold that counterfeiters show you to make their base coin current.

But what I saw required a constituted 'power' as well as commission, a human Head with a Divine authority; and such an authority—an authority which could make doubt, anathema—to be just or valid, must be infallible. I wanted supernatural attributes embodied visibly. I started with wholly mistaken notions of the Church of Jesus Christ on earth. I was more than half a Romanist before I ever dreamed of Rome. And when at last I avowed myself to myself, it was upon no examination of such dogmas as transubstantiation, the merit of good works or the like; it was in submission to a policy which I believed to be divinely established upon earth, and to stand upon the same level as the highest dogma. I became a Roman Catholic wholly and solely on the ground of there being among men a living infallible interpreter of the mind of God, with divine jurisdiction, and authority to enforce submission to it. Well do I remember the elaborate argument of one of the most distinguished—of the canonists of Rome, which convinced me of the right and duty of papal persecu-

tion. And I defy any honest man of ordinary capacity to resist the argument, if he once acknowledged the lowest pretensions of the Papal Church. To harn heretics whenever practicable and expedient, (and it is now inculcated on the Roman Catholic children of England by command of Dr. Wiseman,) is as binding as abstinence on a Friday.

From the moment that I accepted infallibility and a visible supreme headship over Christendom, I frankly and deliberately gave up my reason, or at least, in all matters of faith and principle, solemnly purposed to renounce it.—From that moment, I never examined one single doctrine of the Church of Rome with any other view than to be able to defend it against heretics and other 'infidels.' And I not only gave up, body and spirit, but, God forgive me, I gave up all that was entrusted to me, all that was dear to me, to my new obedience. I believed myself to be the most thorough of Roman Catholics, a very fakir in my allegiance; and my ecclesiastical superiors believed me to be so too.

How often the strange unreality of this deep conviction must have occurred to you, dear Lord Shrewsbury, since our sad parting! Like the infallibility on which it was founded, it was a delusion. I never was wholly a subject of the mysterious Church of Rome, no more than tens of thousands of others who live and die in her.

I had put my natural affections under ban, I had renounced the senses which our Lord himself bade his Apostle, St. Thomas, appeal to finally. I had renounced much of private reason. But I had never let go my conscience.

And so I never was—you are not, my Lord, you never can be—truly a Romanist. No man can be truly a Romanist who is not so unlimitedly and without reserve. Conscience and Pins IV are contraries, contradictories. To make a consistent, congruous Roman Catholic, there must be unreasoning submission in morals as in faith.

But though my allegiance to the Church of Rome was a delusion, and a culpable delusion,—for it had its origin in carnal-mindedness and pride,—it was most sincere. The sacrifices which I made, and the ways in which I proved my devotedness, you my dear Lord, and many other illustrious Roman Catholics, will not need to be reminded of, and will not allow to be forgotten. At the time I made those sacrifices, they were the almost involuntary expression of my passionate love to the Church of my imagination and my hope. They are even now my poor excuses to myself. Devotion to any cause, as to any person, finds its natural utterance in sacrifices. And to the last it was not from sacrifices nor sufferings that I drew back—I drew back from nothing, even in my most secret thoughts until I was required to be a conscious partaker in undoubted sin.

There is, blessed be God, still power for good in the Roman priesthood, and hundreds of its members, there is a desire only for what is good. But great as may be the power of an individual priest for good, it is infinitely greater for evil. Sincere as may be an individual priest's desire for good, in the great policy of which he is an agent, often a blind agent, the good itself is always, and necessarily, a means of evil; nay its chief value is as a means of multiplying evil. I have had experience in the confessional, from princes downwards, and also out of it, such as perhaps has fallen to the lot of no other living man, and my

solemn conviction is, that celibate priesthood organized like that of Rome, is in irreconcilable hostility with all the great human interests.

Go from one corner of the globe to the remotest corner opposite; take the experience of families in the highest or the very lowest rank, of the most cultivated or the most barbarous nations;—the same strange concord of result wherever Papal influence predominates, shows a still more strange unity of purpose.

Men may be kept like domesticated animals as in Paraguay, like savages, as in Ireland, or, as in France, they may be covered with every comfort and every luxury of material, aesthetic civilization; they may be democrats, as in America, or democrat-hating absolutist anywhere; but no more in the land of Gableo than in the Rocky Mountains, no more at Oxford than at Timbuctoo are they left with the intellect unfettered, or the moral sense at large, no where is individual or even universal conscience recognized as an authority; no where is a government of laws attempted or even possible; no where is sacredness of person any more respected than sacredness of soul. The liberty of common men—is the liberty of beasts within a park; the liberty of kings—a sort of game-license from the "Supreme temporal governor of Christendom."

Inborn reverence for man's fellow-man or self respect, is incompatible with spiritual subjugation. And, while the most unnatural incest, committed with a dispensation, ceases to be sinful, the tie that binds a woman to her husband, a son or daughter to a parent, a mother to her child, is venerated only according to an hostile priest's notions of expediency; as for loyalty to a native sovereign! in Rome's philosophy it is a baby's fondness for a doll, something to be grown out of along with spiritual babyhood.

I knew this same Church of Rome, in its pretty schemes of anarchy in families, more hateful and more devilish than when it deals with nations.

I have seen priests and bishops of the Church of Rome, their own convictions disregarded and all responsibility to God and to society thrown off, and in the instinct of hostility to man's natural relationships, (in spite, too, in one instance, of the private commands of the Pope himself,) I have seen them band together for the mere sake of a legacy or a life interest, to break down laws which are looked upon, even by savages as the most sacred of all, divine or human. I have known a husband taught and directed to deal double in the sacred matter of religion with his own high-born sisters, wives with their husbands, and daughters without number with their trusting parents. I have known, in Derbyshire, a young lady not eighteen years of age, the daughter of widow mother, the mother also a Roman Catholic, seduced into a convent under false pretences, kept there in spite of every effort of her family, with the approbation of the papal authorities, and only delivered by my own public threat, as a priest, of application to the civil power and consequent fear of scandal. I have seen clerical inviolability made to mean nothing less than license and impunity. I have read to the pure and simple minded Cardinal-Prefect of the Propaganda, a narrative, written to a very pious lay friend by a respected Roman Priest, of such enormities of lust in his fellow-priests around him, that the reading of them took away my breath,—to be answered, "Caro mio, I know it, I know it all, and more, and worse than all; but nothing can be done." I