

THE CARLETON SENTINEL



Published and Edited

"Our Queen and Constitution."

By James S. Segee.

Vol. VI.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

No. 6.

Popery at Home--Its Alarming Prospects.

It has of late been the fashion with some to underrate the efforts of Popery amongst us, and decried as "alarmists" the best friends of Protestantism. In all seriousness, we do entreat such persons to pause and ponder the following facts and statistics.*

In Scotland 70 years ago there were not more than 20 priests between the Tweed and the Solway, nor was there a Popish chapel save two small ones in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Now, in Glasgow alone, there are 2 bishops, 3 convents, and 20 priests; while in Scotland there are no less than 141 priests, and 150 chapels and stations. In England Rome's progress is still more wonderful.—Fifty years ago it contained but four vicars apostolic, with one or two hundred priests. Now it has a "cardinal prince," 12 bishops, and 1200 clergy, secular and regular, from the mitred abbot to the fathers of the Oratory. And what is yet more striking is the fact, that this progress is increasing at a fearfully accelerated rate. Even since the Aggression of 1850 there has been in England alone an addition of no fewer than 44 converts, 61 chapels, and 88 priests to the army of Rome; and thus, so far from the least check from all the excitement which that step created, with its numerous lectures, meetings, publications, and petitions it only seems to have nerved her with the firmer determination to let England see that as she had parcelled out the kingdom, so would she possess it.

Again, fifty years ago Rome's congregations in Britain were weak and struggling; its chapels few and rude, and generally found in some back lane, while a case of perversion to popery was scarcely ever heard of. But now you see its magnificent temples rising in all directions, and generally in the most public thoroughfares and commanding positions; you are struck with their gorgeous decorations, pealing organs, troops of priests, and immense congregations; and scarcely a week passes but you hear of perversions from every rank and profession. Nobility and gentry have been perverted by the score, and clergymen themselves by the hundred. Rome now boasts 80,000 adherents in Manchester alone, nearly 100,000 in Glasgow, and numbers proportionally great in many other towns. You meet her priests in every quarter—in London and its vicinity alone there are no fewer than 120. While her power and influence are now such that her most fiery zealots are fast filling up our places of trust in all parts of the Empire. Some of them are members of the government itself; and the Irish Brigade, pledged to do the Pope's bidding, and only that, can now sway the votes on many questions in the House of Commons, and therefore to some extent rule the country.

Farther, it is well known that Rome has long had her deadly eye upon Britain. For this end the propaganda annually pours enormous sums into this country. Societies have been formed in France, Belgium, Spain, and other lands, for the sole purpose of praying for its conversion. There is a network of Jesuit spies spread over the whole land, communicating with each other and with Rome. There is scarce a Protestant meeting at which some of them are not present; and so bold have they grown that they had persons employed distributing Popish tracts at the door of Captain Trotter's late meeting on behalf of the Madiai in Edinburgh. We have even heard of cases in which they have taken the covers off religious tracts, put them on Popish ones, and then sent them abroad under this disguise. Their "Jesuit Servant So-

*The facts here stated in regard to the progress of Popery in Britain, are generally taken from the Popish Almanacs for the year 1853.

cieties," for sending spies into Protestant families, in the guise of servants, are now well known. One such was lately detected in the house of an eminent minister. It has long been suspected that many of the Tractarians are Jesuits in disguise, and it is certain that Jesuits have in some cases actually been ordained as Protestant ministers.—Not long since a gentleman recognised in a Protestant curate the very man who had some time before shown him over a Jesuit College at Rome. Yet these are mere samples of the many cases we could adduce to prove that the country swarms with Rome's emissaries—and that these, in their fearful work, exhibit a restless energy and unscrupulous treachery which it is really frightful to contemplate.

And now what is to be thought of those Protestants who still sleep while such an enemy is not only sowing tares all around them, but springing mines beneath their feet? Let but a distant rumor arise of a French invasion, and all Britain is astir; a militia is mustered, batteries are mounted, and war-ships are manned. Yet there is a foe in the very midst of us, more dangerous far—bound by no laws of war nor feelings of honor—never one known to give quarter nor to keep faith. Yet some still smile and cry, "No danger!" Fellow-Christians, is this judicial blindness? How many gracious warnings has God been giving this land that a fearful struggle is near; and we are daily startled by some portentous augury. As if he would leave us wholly without excuse, he has been of late bringing to light on our own soil a series of startling cases, such as that of Miss Talbot, Miss Sellon, and the Jesuit Gawthorne; nay, he has been making popery exhibit its worst atrocities before our eyes in every land on earth. Yet our nation sleeps on; Parliament continues in various ways to nurse the viper, which no longer takes pains to conceal its deadly designs. A country which would answer by a fleet or army an insult from the greatest power on earth, submits to be treated with contempt by the Pope alone. His insolent aggression she meets by a feeble bill, which has never once been enforced; and even this legislative abortion the Brigade now insist on having repealed.

Fellow-Christians! to you we turn in this our country's crisis. Shall we tell you that we have much cause to be ashamed when we contrast Rome's efforts, ay, and triumphs, with our own? In 1850, what did we not undertake to do? Alas, how short-lived and spasmodic the excitement of that year! Save that poor Aggression Bill, which our luke-warmness has already put in jeopardy, we have not gained one object we then set before us; while Popery is on all hands triumphant.—Maynooth was to fall; it still stands, and has since been enlarged and beautified. The convents were to be opened; they still are closed; and, as if in derision, Rome has since almost doubled their numbers. We proposed to have a Protestant church in Rome; the proposal has been treated with scorn; and, as if in taunting defiance, they are now rearing a gorgeous cathedral in London. Such has been our success; and we have detailed the enemy's.

Beloved Fellow-Christians, let us at length arise; and while we talk in glowing strains of our Cranmers and Knoxes, prove that we really breathe their hallowed spirit. We have the finest materials for vigorous action. In piety, wisdom, energy, and wealth, our country is unequalled. Oh, what a pity such vast resources should at a moment so critical, be going to waste, and that, from want of thorough organization, our best efforts hitherto should have proved like the confused movements of a crowd against a well-disciplined army. Then, Brother Protestants, organize associations, distribute information, pour in contributions, and give, above all, your prayers and exertions. If we remain inactive now, we shall deserve Heaven's judgements, and we may expect them. But if now we go forth in right earnest to the conflict, in the spirit of humble faith and prayer, our victory is as sure as God's promise can make it, and Rome's legions will as certainly melt before us, as did the Midianite host before Gideon's three hundred.—London Bulwark.

Communications.

WOODSTOCK, July 15th, 1853.

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel:

SIR,—Although an humble mechanic, I have for some time past been watching the course of public events, not an uninterested spectator, and having the luck (whether for good or evil,) to claim cousinship with a clerk in — no matter what public office—at Fredericton, who is admitted behind the scenes, and with whom I keep up a constant correspondence, I may possibly know more than most of your readers of the sayings and doings among the heard of corruptionists who assemble occasionally at Head Quarters, and of those who are there stationed. This (and an itch for scribbling) must be my excuse for requesting you to lay before your readers

A Mechanic's Letters on the State of the Province.

No. 1.

THE RAILWAYS.

Some of the letters I intend to write will be devoted to the enquiry whether the present Administration, since their advent to power, have properly discharged their duty to the public, and whether they have, or have not, redeemed their promises. To proceed systematically I should review their conduct from the first, but I choose rather to devote this epistle to a subject of the most pressing importance—I mean the Railways. When the Radical members retired from the late mongrel Government, and their places were filled by Messrs. Street, Wilmot, and Gray, the Conservatives were satisfied, because they believed there were men in the Executive Department who would not betray them; and the people generally were satisfied, because the new Government stood pledged to exert themselves in favor of Railways. It is unnecessary to comment upon the history of the line from Halifax to Quebec via the valley of the St. John, and the failure of the scheme, but I would draw attention to the present Railway laws for the construction of the European & North American Railroad, and the circumstances under which the Bills were passed. The route was defined from the Nova Scotia frontier to the city of St. John, and left indefinite from thence to the American frontier. Several members of the Assembly objected to this, but were met by the Government members with the reply, "Oh! the route has not yet been surveyed west of St. John, and therefore cannot be defined in the Bill." Still the members for York and Carleton were not satisfied, and then they were assured by the Government members that there was no doubt but that the Road would ascend the Douglass Valley, to Hart's Mills, and pass within a few miles of Fredericton. This promise was repeated more emphatically (so my cousin informs me) at the evening confabs, and in the lobby of the House by Government members, who left their easy chairs in the Council Chamber and came thither to canvass. Some members of the Government went so far as to express their "firm belief," that the route would be continued from Hart's Mills through Harvey Settlement, and thence direct to Lincoln, on the Penobscot.

Silenced by these fine promises and specious flatteries, three of the York members gave in their adhesion and supported the Bill, but the other (Mr. Pickard) had formed a more correct estimate of the value of such promises. He sturdily maintained that the contemplated Railroad would never benefit York County, and opposed the Bill. The course of events will prove that he was right.

During the last six months several paragraphs have appeared in the *New Brunswicker*—the city

journal that was ultra radical for ten years, and then saw occasion in a moment to turn round and support a Government professedly Conservative*—puffing the Railway, the Contractors, the Government, and all connected with it, and treating a direct route from St. John to Calais as a matter of course. These were scarcely worth notice, except as additional proofs of the stupidity of the inhabitants of St. John in preferring a line that will make that city a mere thoroughfare for passengers and mails, to a line that would make her the terminus of a Railway securing a large portion of the trade of the Great West. Last autumn a party of Surveyors abandoned the Calais lower route, because the engineering difficulties were so great that the expenses must be enormous; but this season another party has been sent there, and a week or two since the *New Brunswicker* announced, with all the semi-official self-complacency of *Flunkeydom*, that a route was found by the way of the *Musquash Lakes*, and that although there were difficulties, they were not insurmountable.

I must say that I was somewhat startled at the semi-official character of this announcement—an announcement that treats the cost as unworthy a moment's consideration, provided a route can be established from St. John to Calais, via Musquash—but my Fredericton correspondent informs me that the matter is settled; the road is to be carried along near the Bay Shore as far as possible, cost what it may. A member of the Government, on being asked for an explanation, said *the people on the other side of the border had to be consulted on the route!*

What now becomes of the branch to Fredericton? Were the Government and the Contractors sincere in inserting a clause in the Bill providing for the said branch, or was it merely a piece of *finesse*? The advocates of the lower route say it will save five miles in the distance, but they do not deny that it will be more costly to construct. Let us compare the probable cost, and see the result:

UPPER ROUTE.	
St. John to Calais, via Hart's Mills, 85 miles, at £5,000 per mile,	£425,000
Branch from Hart's Mills to Fredericton, 19 miles,	95,000
	£520,000
LOWER ROUTE.	
St. John to Calais, 80 miles, at £5,000 per mile,	£400,000
St. John to Fredericton (branch) 65 miles, at £5,000 per mile,	325,000
	£725,000
The difference,	£205,000

Let any one look at these figures, and then ask himself when the branch from Fredericton to St. John is to be built! The whole affair is a Grand Humbug. If it was intended ever to build the Fredericton branch, it would be perfect insanity to dream of adopting the lower route to Calais, which leaves the branch 65 miles in length instead of 19 miles. But leaving the branch out of the question, the lower route will cost from £50,000 to £100,000 (perhaps more) over and above the expense of the upper route. Then another consideration arises. If the upper route was established, it would require but forty miles of Railway to connect with the St. Andrews and Woodstock railway, at or near the Shugomouche Lake, thus forming a direct route from St. John to Woodstock, and guaranteeing to the former place a fair share in the trade of the Upper St. John.

But the people of St. John (or rather those who take an active part in the matter) consider it necessary that the Trunk Railway shall run all the

*It must be admitted that the *New Brunswicker* is the only Government paper in the Province having the slightest claim to talent, but its antecedents most sadly weaken its influence.