

the Neapolitan Bourbons. 'Then your cortejo shall die,' replied the sergeant. 'Ho, ho! my lads; get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow's brain.' Munos was forthwith led to the wall, and compelled to kneel down,—the soldiers levelled their muskets, and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity: when Christina, forgetting everything but the feelings of her woman's heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming—'Hold, hold! I sign, I sign.'

NOTE.—A village dentist advertises that he will spare no pains in his operations to render them satisfactory.

ORIGINAL.

From a Shediac Correspondent.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The following brief particulars which were gleaned from a respectable individual, who was perfectly acquainted with the subject of this Narrative in her childhood, and who saw, and conversed with her a few days ago, may be received as perfectly authentic.

About twenty-six years ago, two female children, one aged nine, the other seven years, daughters of an indolent poor man named Kerh, residing at the Bateau Ridge in this County, were sent one morning by their parents to drive home their cows, which were browsing in the woods near to and adjoining their residence. After a considerable time had elapsed, and there being no appearance of their return, the parents became apprehensive for their safety, and concluded that they must have ventured farther into the woods, and lost or mistook their way, that several succeeding days and weeks were spent in a fruitless search by their afflicted parents and different others of their neighbors for their recovery, but in vain. Years rolled on; enquiries from time to time were diligently set afloat, and not the most minute trace or intelligence could be received of these dear children. Time at last seemed in a measure to reconcile the minds of the distracted parents, when finally the aged sire, bowed down by age and bereavement, bent like a lolly oak stripped of its branches, and was gathered to his fathers.

About ten days ago, the elder of these children, now a woman advanced in years, dressed in the habiliments of an Indian's Squaw, made her appearance at a house contiguous to the residence of her aged mother and brothers, accompanied by an Indian supposed to be her husband. The inmates of the house judging from her conversation, and other prominent traces in her manner, countenance and demeanor, that something transcendent of the Indian character was peculiarly developed in her, immediately figured to themselves that she bore a striking resemblance to the Keith family; recollections of the past flew to remembrance, and after a brief consultation with her, they finally determined with themselves to send for her whom they supposed to be her mother; who, on her appearance was instantly recognized, and both flew into each other's arms in a flood of tears. She and her supposed husband, were then conducted to that dwelling from whence she had been an involuntary exile these twenty-six years, where she then related the whole circumstances of her captivity: How that on the morning before mentioned, they were met in the woods by an Indian, who promised to conduct them to their parents; that after a long and tedious journey through the forest, they at last arrived at a River, when their supposed guide ordered them to embark in a canoe, from whence they were conveyed to an Indian encampment—taken to his wigwam, and severally introduced to the members of his family, from whom they received every demonstration of kindness and attention; that custom soon reconciled them to their mode and manner of living; that several means were resorted to, in order to give their complexions an Indian tinge; and that the utmost secrecy was preserved respecting them, especially when in the vicinity of white people; that they invariably accompanied them in their journeyings. She further stated, that after the lapse of a few years, her sister was separated from her; that she herself at last became the wife of her captor's son, by whom she had five children—three of whom, with their father, are now dead. She believes her sister to be yet living, and residing on P. E. Island; that she saw her repeatedly since their separation. She also states the Indian who accompanied her is not a second husband, although he positively asserts the contrary, and vows to be yet revenged if not given up to him. She has made some attempts at eloping since her return, but was persuaded and brought back again, and appears rather shy when accosted by her neighbors. She frequently speaks of her two children and her sister.

Information of these particulars have been transmitted to P. E. Island, with the hope that some clue may transpire in order, if possible, to effect the recovery of her sister. These transactions are in current circulation in this neighbourhood. Since the restoration of this woman, several of our neighbors have both saw and conversed with her; they may therefore receive a place in your Gleaner as indubitable facts.

Mr. Hudson's Letter Concluded. Notes on some of the most prominent errors in M. G.'s second letter.

For want of time and space I cannot now say much about the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession; I may, however, just remind M. G. that it has not been invented, (as many persons assert) by the Tractarians; whatever persons circulate this idle report are guilty of a very pious fraud indeed, and which with some people is perhaps no fraud at all. The Doctrine of the Apostolical Succession is just as old as the Catholic Church itself. Dr Joseph Wolff, the celebrated Oriental Missionary, now Curate of High Wyland near Wakefield, in England, tells us that it is taught and believed in every Church in the East, and adds that he was very much struck when he saw that all the Churches of Abyssinia, Armenia, and Chaldea, had the three orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, regularly set up among them. The Rev. Dr. Buchanan, speaking of the Syrian Episcopal Church which he discovered in the heart of Asia says, that it traced up its Bishops, in regular succession, to the Apostolic age,—that in piety and purity it had maintained its faith in the wilderness, in short that its discipline was orderly, and its liturgy Scriptural. He narrates part of a conversation which he held with one of the Bishops who wished to know something of the other Churches (?) besides that of the Church in England. 'I mentioned,' says Dr. Buchanan, 'that there was a Kasseeha, or Presbyter Church, in our own kingdom, in which every Kasseeha (Presbyter) was equal to another;—and are there no Shumshans?' (Deacons in Holy Orders) 'none,'—'and what is there nobody to overlook the Kasseehas?' 'not one;' and who is the Angel (Bishop) of these Churches? (alluding to the form of the seven Churches in Asia, Rev. II.) 'they have none;'—'there must be something imperfect there,' said the Syrian Bishop. Comment upon this interesting conversation is needless, as it is evident that the Bishop did not consider this Presbyter Church to be Apostolical. M. G. is probably aware that Bishop Yohannan and the Clergy of the Nestorian Church derive their orders in an unbroken line from St. Thomas, St. Mark, and Thaddæus,—and it is well known that every Bishop, Priest and Deacon in the united Church of England and Ireland can (if he so pleases) trace his spiritual descent from the Apostles St Peter and St Paul! I have to assure you, Mr Souter, that this doctrine of the Apostolical Succession is beginning to regain its influence throughout all Christendom, and that it is at the present moment causing sad havoc in the ranks of dissent. As soon as the Editor of this paper commences the publication of his Extras you shall know something more about it, in the meantime let me advise you to peruse carefully (if you can get the volume) the honorable Mr. Percival's answerable little work on the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession, containing too a certain Chronological List. This is a most valuable Treatise, and is well worthy of being read and re-read by Churchmen and dissenters,—it has been the means (under God) of staggering the faith of several Presbyterians in Scotland, and causing others, not members of the Church, to feel very uncomfortable indeed,—though perhaps for these reasons I ought not to recommend to you an attentive examination of this celebrated volume.

In the concluding part of this same paragraph M. G. has been pleased to suggest one or two passages of Scriptures for my perusal; now every body says that he must ere long have intended the consideration of the lawless and rebellious majority of Preachers in the sister Establishment, the most violent, noisy, and notorious 'Brawlers' in the world; witness their demon-like conduct and read their demon-like speeches at the annual meetings of the Presbyterian General Assembly, a body usually superintended by a personage nicknamed 'a Moderator.'

In the ninth paragraph, there are horrid blunders; thick as leaves at Vallambrosa; a friend of mine stated that 'his hair stood on an end' as he read the appalling statements,—and he quoted Virgil's stanza,

'Steteruntque Comæ, vox fœcibus Equi' First of all M. G. endeavours to asperse the motives of the two distinguished individuals in Canada lately converted from the errors of Presbyterianism to the Old Church, meanly insinuating [I must say] 'that the whole truth is not known, and that it might be possible (just barely possible) Mr. Editor, to show that reasons of a substantial, as well as of a conscientious nature, have had something in this extraordinary event.' Now this was precisely the 'Hue and Cry' raised when the good Mr. Marshall of Edinburgh, quitted the ranks of dissent in which he had done faithful duty for more than twenty years, resigning a stated income of £600 per annum for £250. He left his brethren on discovering (through the help of God's holy Spirit and the study of Church history) that Episcopal Government was not only expedient, but co-eval, with the Apostolic times, and had the sanction of those who were divinely authorized to plant and model the Christian Church. Such is Mr Marshall's own memorable language. No sooner, however, was his determination made known to have valid orders in Christ's Church, than Committees and sub-Committees were appointed to shake out of him his pious resolution; but finding him immovable and 'obstinate,' the human law established Presbyterian Preachers, and the disloyal Pres. 'organs' commenced talking and writing about 'his sins,'

and being challenged to name them, they could not do so, but charitably threw a mantle over all!!! Let me also tell Mr Souter, that the Poor 'Episcopal Church' in Canada has nothing 'substantial' to offer to the Messrs. Leach & Ritchie; little indeed beyond a most sincere and hearty welcome; and let me further add in the words of another 'that if these individuals enter the Colonial Church it must be from a conviction on their part that they enter a purer communion, and one in which their activity, zeal and diligence in the Ministry will have ample scope, and be more fully appreciated.'

The Hon. Mr Spencer, who entered into Holy Orders of the Church of Rome some Twelve or Thirteen years ago, is a brother to the Earl Spencer (Viscount Althorp), and is therefore, very remotely connected with, and, not as M. G. states, a brother to the present Bishop of Newfoundland. I have not heard that this gentleman succeeded in making any 'Converts' (to use M. G.'s expression) from the Protestant Church in Ireland; he may, however, have gained some from the Presbyterian ranks. [By the way, will it be considered offensive, if I ask my neighbor over the way, how many Presbyterians have joined the Roman Catholic Church at Nelson, since he commenced sowing Tares in Newcastle? I have been told of some in the former named Parish.] But to proceed: of the Clergyman named King I know nothing, nor can I credit the bare statement of M. G. (with me a very doubtful authority) that the Church did lose this gentleman. The two, not three, alleged Clergymen who are said to have lately quitted the Church in England, were the eccentric Mr Wackerbrath, who quarrelled with his Diocesan, because the Bishop would not permit him to wear an unauthorized ornament upon his surplice during Divine Service, and the Rev. R. W. Sibthorpe, who was ordained as Curate to Mr Scott, of Holl, a near relation of the celebrated Calvinistic Commentator of that name,—when sojourning in London I think that this gentleman occupied the pulpit of the hon. Mr Baptist Noel, who has lately advised the Clergy and dissenters 'to pocket their differences.' In short, as we shall presently see, poor Mr Sibthorpe has been blown about with the blast of every strange doctrine. Some 20 years ago, during his academical residence at Oxford, he showed a very strong inclination towards the Church of Rome,—but a member of the family, aided by the Christian endeavours of the Reverend Mr Biddolph of Bristol, saved him at this period. He then became an exceedingly low Armenian, an off-shoot of Methodism, and while in his parish, in the county of Lincoln, had band meetings, prayer meetings, class meetings, &c. &c., and was guilty of other irregular proceedings, and though still calling himself a clergyman, was just as surely as I am not, a true follower in the ways of John Wesley, the venerable Father and Founder of Methodism.' Some years after this, by way of another change, he became strongly Calvinistical in his views, and employed his eminent talents in fruitless endeavors to propagate the extraordinary and unscriptural opinions of Genevaism, or Presbyterianism, now actually degenerating into Socinianism. During my residence in the Isle of Wight in the winter of '41, I formed a slight personal acquaintance with Mr Sibthorpe, and heard him deliver seven or eight sermons at his chapel in Ryde, which was proprietary or private property, and unconsecrated; (I pray you, M. G. not to sneer at this Ecclesiastical deficiency), but in these discourses (which resembled the most of our present Church sermons) I did not hear the least mention made of 'the Peculiarities' of Christ's one Holy Catholic Church. I must also add, that he did not use in this Proprietary Chapel the authorized metrical version of the Psalms of David, but an unauthorized selection of Hymns, or Whims, and at times while the congregation was retiring from the Church, strange to say, he used to direct his Choristers to sing our very beautiful and very ancient Communion Hymn, 'the gloria in Excelsis Dio,' in the Latin language. This circumstance occurred during my presence in the Chapel one Sunday at the close of Even Song; and I was consequently sorely puzzled to know what to make of the restless Mr Sibthorpe, (at that time very strongly suspected) and some of his anti-Scriptural and anti-Anglican ways. From the foregoing statements, and from the fact that this nominal Clergyman was for a long time an active Secretary to the Religious Tract Society of London, and a very warm friend of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and other no principle institutions, to which no consistent member of the Anglican Church ought to belong. It will be perceived that Richard Waldo Sibthorpe, altho' one of the most holy living men in all England, yet never was at any period of his life a true Catholic Churchman. The Church has, therefore, lately all but lost, not a Clergyman, but a dissenter,—the Church of Rome has then almost gained within the past twelve or thirteen years, three Clergymen from a body now numbering in England and Wales sixteen thousand strong, all engaged in selling and saving the land.

I think, Mr Editor, that there must be a great many Typographical errors in the next passage of this same alarming paragraph, in which M. G. alludes to 'the hundreds of Puseyite Clergymen, &c. &c.' Perhaps Mr Souter here refers rather to the manifold inconsistencies (to use no harsher expression) of the Low Church, or as I call them the 'No

Church Clergy, or as they charitably style themselves to the exclusion of their unconverted Brethren, the 'Evangelical' Clergy, associating more than they ought with Ultra-Protestant Dissenting Teachers of every shade, patronising the 'Bible Society' [so called] and every Anti-Scriptural and Anti-Catholic institution established throughout the land. Why these men do not join the Presbyterians or some other branch of Ultra-Protestantism, is to me a most marvellous mystery.

The Tractarians in England have just as much intention of accepting Dr. Wiseman's kind invitation, to enter the Church of Rome as she is, as the writer has of becoming a disciple of Calvin or Knox; and the statements contained in the next paragraph, are, as every body knows, mere inventions of a dissenting enemy. Pray, friend M. G. where didst thou meet with the dishonestly garbled extracts from the Puseyite writings (so called), thou hast taken the pains to furnish the faithful with fifteen of these quotations, to six of which the references are attached? now didst not thou gather these extracts [so called] from a dissenting newspaper? But I will explain and discuss these points with thee, friend M. G. by and by, in a pamphlet or octavo volume, the printing expenses of which will, I hope, be defrayed by thyself and thy Reverend brethren.

Mr Hudson has not boasted of the unity that prevails in the English Church,—the article alluding to the opening of the Parish Churches of Richibucto and Weldford closed with beseeching the faithful 'to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, that peace might prevail within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces.' The majority of Bishops, both home and colonial, are 'upon the whole, favorable to the old [not new] views, and I am sure that there are not more than two or three members of the Episcopal bench who have not meted out some portion of praise to the shamefully vilified and slandered Dr. Pusey and his friends.' It scarcely becomes one holding such a humble station in the Church as the writer, to criticise 'the learning and the excellence of Dr. John Bird Sumner, Bishop of Chester, but I may here remark, that Dissenters of all sorts have for his Lordship, a love 'surpassing the love of women.' This is ominous!

I may now inform Mr Souter, no, not him, but the members of the Church to which I have the high honor to belong, that I am neither a 'Puseyite' (to use the nickname) nor a Tractarian, nor yet a member of any Theological school in particular; but a CHURCHMAN (in principles at least) and CATHOLIC, as well as PROTESTANT. Let me also inform him, in a plain and honest way, that I have the same love for Presbyterianism that he has 'for the Church of England;' and let me further tell M. G. and his learned and tolerant Brethren, that what they are pleased to call 'Puseyism' was taught to me some five and twenty years ago, upon a gentle mother's knees.

Ere, I put my name to this communication, let me state that there are in this district many Presbyterians, as well as others of all denominations, whom I not only respect, but also esteem; but notwithstanding all these things, I must add that it is quite possible for a man to dislike collectively the respective isms of Calvin, or Knox, or Wesley, or Brown, and others, perhaps well meaning, but certainly mistaken zealots, and yet he may honestly regard the individuals who adhere to these 'isms' and with your permission, Mr Editor, I will explain my meaning on this important point, in the words of one, the publication of whose name is not of the least consequence to you or your readers—'Captain Shandy was walking one day with his faithful Trim—they met, on the way side a half starved man, in a tattered French uniform, reclining on a crutch, one foot being maimed,—with down-cast eyes, and without speaking, he took off his hat—but his careworn countenance spoke for him.

The Captain gave him more shilling than I well can tell; Trim took a penny out of his pocket, and said as he gave it to him, 'French dog!' The Captain was silent some seconds, and then said 'Trim, it is a man and not a dog.'

The lame Frenchman had limped after them,—at these words of the Captain, Trim gave him another penny, and again said 'French dog?' 'And Trim the man is a soldier,' Trim looked at him fixedly in the face, and gave him again, another penny, and said 'French dog!'

'And Trim, he is a brave soldier: see he has fought for his country, and been severely wounded.' Trim squeezed his hand as he gave him another penny, and said 'French dog!' 'And Trim, this soldier is a good and distressed father of a family, and has a wife and four helpless children.' Trim, with a tear in his eye, gave him all that he had in his pocket, and said somewhat lower, 'French dog!'

When the Captain came home, he talked of this incident with Yorick, and Yorick said, 'it is plain Trim hates the whole nation, which is at enmity with his country; but he can love every individual in it, who deserves to be loved.'

Your faithful Servant,
JAMES HUDSON,
A member of the Presbytery of Miramichi.