

# The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.

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ship in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

Earl Derby and Pope Pius.

[From the British Ensign.]

Not a week passes without revealing new facts

of the most startling character touching the aims,

the principle, the spirit, and the progress of

Papery. The vast body of the British people

seem, indeed, as secure as if there were no danger;

but Popery been utterly uprooted they

could scarcely have been more indifferent. With

Rome, however, it is otherwise; she is wide

awake. Since 1820, her priests and chaplains

have been more than doubled. Monasteries, al-

though illegal, have increased to 34, and non-

neries to 110. Monks and Jesuits are perma-

menting the country. Guilds or societies for

Popish purposes are being organized. Ten

Popish colleges are planted in England and one

in Scotland. A military institution is to be

established in London for the training of military

men in exclusively Popish principles. There

seems reason to fear that amongst the upper

classes of British society—the classes that

supply Parliamentary representatives—the

spirit of Protestantism is rapidly dying out.

Their ignorance is incredible, and correspond-

ingly their want of sympathy with the earnestness of devout men

who learn both their danger and their duty from

the history of the past, and from the inherent

character of the Papal system.

All this, were there no more, is sufficiently

alarming; but when we add to it the spirit, the

policy and the conduct of the present Premier

and his Cabinet, the grounds for fear are in-

creased. Earl Derby is well known to be

a man without personal piety, and his rule

and Protestantism with equal indifference, if not

contempt. To this we undoubtedly owe what

we greatly fear, will turn out the most ruinous

event of our times, the lengthened sojourn of the

Prince of Wales in Rome—the last place under

heaven to which a Christian statesman and a

truly Protestant Premier would ever have been

able in sending England's future king.

But in full keeping with this ill-judged act is

the general conduct of Earl Derby towards

Popery both British and Colonial. Let us hear

our able and spirited contemporary the *National*

*Standard* :—

"Popery fondled and cherished, and partially

endowed in England, in India, in the Colonies;

in the Civil Service, in the Army; grants of land

and money, chaplaincies, schools, changes in

education, and various other matters, too nume-

rous to mention—to say nothing of the quasi-

Popish movement in our own Church—all these

have followed, surely and stealthily, no matter

whether the Government was Whig or Conser-

"Lord Derby's government, despite its ante-

cedents and notwithstanding its unhappy Irish

policy, has done more to establish a claim upon

the support of Catholics than any administration

in my memory. I do not except even Sir Robert

Peel's, and I speak with a full recognition of his

services in respect of Catholic Emancipation and the

Maynooth Grant. Questions of political

right and pecuniary emolument sink in the esti-

mate of a true Catholic into absolute insignifi-

cance before those which relate to the souls of

the poor. And here, I insist, that Lord Derby's

administration stands without rival. What care I

for all these specious professions and splendid

lures of the Whig dynasty in comparison with

such an act as that by which General Peel, in the

name and on the behalf of the government of which

he is so worthy a member, has supplied the

thousands of our Catholic soldiery with the in-

estimable benefit of regular and permanent

assistance? Who can fail to see in this act the

bold and generous liberty towards us which

contrasts strikingly with the reluctant and paltry

concessions of previous Governments?"

Let Englishmen ponder these words. Here is

a witness altogether beyond suspicion, and his

testimony is one of a most alarming character.

It ought to be the knell of the Derby Cabinet.

Five more years of Derby rule, and Protestantism

will receive a wound which a generation may

not suffice to heal.

Let us fairly understand the condition of

Rome in England. Having partitioned out the

country among a body of Bishops and Archbi-

shops, with a cardinal at their head, she now

looks forward with confidence to the day which

shall once more lift her up to pristine supremacy,

power, and glory. This is her ultimate object,

and nothing less will satisfy her. The Very

Rev. Canon Oakley puts the following remark-

able language into the mouth of his elector whom

he professes to counsel: "You would say that

the most formidable obstacle to the progress of

our religion in this country is the Established

Church, and that the Established Church must

sink just in the measure in which the government

is popularized. You consider, and very justly,

that all which the Catholic religion needs to-

wards its due influence and ascendancy is a fair

field and no favour; that its action is now ham-

pered by various institutions which are in process

under the influence of democratic influences, of

being annihilated, and you deem it therefore to

be your duty as a Catholic to accelerate this move-

ment."

Let men who have ears to hear, listen to these

portentous words! There is much in them.

This is new language in England. The Estab-

lished Church once extinct, and Dissenters si-

lenced, where will be the British Constitution,

and where the liberties of Englishmen?

We must no longer shut our eyes to facts;

if any power can keep in Lord Derby it will

be the Popish Priests. A most able writer in the

*National Standard* shrewdly remarks:—

"An examination of the Peerage List will

show how powerful an influence Rome exercises,

by means of the aristocracy of Great Britain, in

the Councils of the State, in the proceedings of

our Parliament, in the disposal of public and

private patronage, in the bestowments of fash-

ionable life, and in approaches towards the Throne.

It is, unhappily too easy to trace the close con-

nexion of many of our nobility and wealthiest

commoners with Rome, by marriages, by per-

verted heads or cadets of families; and, includ-

ing dignitaries of our own Church, by personal

think, will she be to disengage herself from that

Whig connection upon which she has been de-

pendent in this country. She has been driven, against

her nature, to make common cause with principles

with which she has nothing in common, and to

associate herself with friends to whom she has

no tie but that of 'misery,' which, as the proverb

says, is the parent of incongruous alliances."

We confess we do greatly admire the frankness

of the foregoing, which is very unlike the bulk of

Romish documents. It here comes fairly out

that Popery and Liberty, Popery and Progress,

not only have no natural affinity, but are strong-

ly antagonistic. Thanks for this confession! It is

time the hypocrisy should end. From the days

of O'Connell the welkin has rung with the false

and deceitful cry of "Liberty and Rome"—a cry

as false and as deceitful as "Sanctity and Satan!"

"Holiness and Hell!"

The Death of Havelock.

Giving the women, and children, and sick

one day's rest, the Commander-in-Chief pre-

pared, on the 24th, to set out for Alumbagh.

But in the midst of their buoyant hopes, joyful

anticipations, and general delight at their newly

recovered freedom, there came a sudden sorrow.

The last few days of toil and excitement had

proved too much for the exhausted frame of Ha-

velock, and now that the final deliverance of the

women and children was secured, the unbending

will that had kept him up, seemed no longer to

sustain him. He was taken seriously ill the

night after they reached Dil Khoosa. He had

complained of indigestion before, but on mid-

night of the 20th he was taken with dysentery.

The next forenoon he was better; but his re-

moval at midnight to Dil Khoosa doubtless ex-

acerbated his disease.

From this time he continued to grow rapidly

worse till the 23rd, when it became evident that

he was fast sinking. He himself was perfectly

aware of his approaching end, yet he met his fate

with the same composure with which he had

before death so often on the battle-field. He

thought of his wife and children far away on the

Rhine, whom he should never see more, and felt

that it would be a relief to die in their midst;

but in this as in everything else, he cheerfully

submitted to the will of God. He lay on a litter

in a common soldier's tent, and would allow of

no attendance but that of his wounded, gallant

boy. On this, the last day of his life, Outram

came to see him. The two friends had often faced

death together, and passed through trying scenes

side by side, and a warm affection had sprung up

between them.

Outram approached the side of the dying war-

rior and inquired how he was. Havelock replied

that he should never be any better, "but" he

added, "for more than 40 years I have so ruled

my life that when death came I might face it

without fear. I am not in the least afraid," said

he; "to die is gain. I die happy and contented."

"So be it," was the grave and solemn reply of

Outram as he turned sadly away.

Soon after Mr. Gubbings, the financial com-

missioner of Oude, called to see him. As he

entered the low tent, he saw the doctor and one

of his aids whispering in a low voice together.

A curtain separated the litter on which Ha-

velock lay, from them, and as Mr. Gubbings went

behind it and caught a glimpse of the altered

countenance of the veteran, he knew at once

that death had marked his victim. He lay ap-

parently asleep, while on the ground beside him,

sat his son Henry, pale from his recent wounds,

his arm in a sling, gazing mournfully on the face

those grim Highlanders on whom he had so nobly

relied in his march of fire. The body was car-

ried with the retreating army to Alumbagh, and

once more, for the last time, Havelock moved

with his brave columns; but the eye that was

wont to scan their ranks so keenly, was now

lifeless and dead, and the calm voice that had

so often roused them to deeds of daring, hushed

forever, for the warrior had gone to that still land

where the tread of armies is never heard and the

sound of battle never comes.

They made him a grave in the beautiful ground

of the Alumbagh, and the next day he was fol-

lowed to his last resting-place by the command-

er-in-chief and by the staff, and his companions-

in-arms. He sleeps on the field of his fame, and

his lonely tomb beneath the tropical grove, is

hung around with unfading laurels, and never

will the Christian traveller or soldier pass it

without dropping one tear for him who sleeps

beneath. His greatness and goodness will al-

ways be kept fresh in the memory of man, and

the time will never come when the English mo-

ther, as she clasps her babe to her bosom and

thinks of Lucknow, will not murmur blessings

on his name.

Although advanced in years, Havelock died

in the noon of his glory, and before envy and

malice could cast even a momentary shadow over

the splendor of his renown. He had attracted

the eye, and enlisted the heart of the civilized

world, and a nation paused in its swelling shouts

of joy and praise, to shed tears on his

grave, and shower honors on his name. He lived

just long enough to know this, though not to

reap its fruits.

Words for Wayfarers.

Followers of Christ! WHAT ART THOU DOING

for thy fellow men? Daily one and another, and

another, snatched from beside thee, sink beneath

the dark waters of eternity. Hidden from thy

sight, by those sullen, speechless waves, they

mysteriously, noiselessly hurry whither thou

canst not follow them. Many who commenced

this year with thee, are now seen no more.

Eternity veils them from thy sight. Their

season of probation ended, they have gone to

their reward. Their pilgrimage over, they have

entered upon their irrevocable doom.

It may be that as one or another rises before

thy memory, a consciousness of guilt makes thy

soul quiver—and as conscience holds that one

before the shrinking eye, uncalled by thee the