

insults, refused food, not allowed to go to their own chambers, packed together in one room, and locked up as criminals; threatened with personal violence; and one, who had fainted from exhaustion, ridiculed and ill treated. And all this, I need not tell you, in direct violation of the law. The next day, after six and thirty hours without food and sleep, they were all driven from their homes, as convicted felons are taken to the galleys. I saw them to the last; through the kindness of an officer on duty I was close to the carriages as they got into them, worn down as they were by so many hours of anxiety and sorrow, by want of food and sleep, not even then did their self-possession leave them; their intellectual faculties were full of ardour indeed, and one very young man, leaving his "cara Napoli" and his still more dear and religious home, for perhaps the first time, was in tears; but not one brow had a trace of fear, or guilt, or shame, no, nor of anger or reproach; gently and courteously they took their places in the crowded carriages; whilst they made their last adieus to any friends near sorrowfully indeed, but tranquilly and affectionately. When I bowed to the good Padre Capellone, the dear old man even gave me his blessing from his carriage window, with the same sweet and gentle smile, with which I had ever seen him greet both high and low, when all thought it an honour and privilege to approach him. But I must speak of a more painful scene; the last Padre brought down was a very old Spaniard, so entire a cripple from rheumatism, that he was obliged to be carried in a chair,\* the door of the carriage was too small for the chair to pass through, and though the utmost care and tenderness was shown by the officers and attendants, the pain the poor old man was necessarily put to was so excessive, that after a time he fainted away; his cries were most piteous, and yet between the various attempts to get him in, he seemed to smile on those around him; as last they opened the head of the carriage, and so put him over the side: this lasted full twenty minutes. I quite pitied the officers on duty; they could not and they did not attempt to conceal their indignation and disgust at the whole proceeding; I am sure there is not one of these brave Swiss who would not rather stand under a whole day's fire of an Austrian battery than again go through a similar degrading duty. Twice, I am told, did the Spanish ambassador demand that old man to be given up to him, but he was refused. Had he been the subject of a stronger and more energetic power, would he have been refused? This was the last; the melancholy cortege moved on, as a funeral procession, through the streets of Naples to the harbour, amid, I must say, a most respectful silence from all, and the tears and reverent salutations of very many. Young men and old, the novice and the aged Priest, the strong and the infirm, the Neapolitan and the stranger, all were carried off as convicted felons, under a strong guard of soldiers and National Guard.†

I went down to the Mole, got into a boat and rowed to the place of their embarkation. It was blowing a gale of wind, not another ship was leaving the harbour, and it was such a day altogether, that even a good sailor would not have put to sea in it, except from necessity; and yet those poor Priests, who had perhaps never been in a boat before, were mercifully turned about to be exposed to the sea and storm in a miserable little steamer, without the smallest article of clothing except those on their backs. But not then did their calm courage fail them; no weather-beaten sailor could have stepped into a boat with more steady confidence than did the oldest and the youngest of that exiled band of Priests.‡ And thus they were sent as prisoners to Bona, there to wait the further orders of their persecutors. The next day, a large steamer was sent for their use, and they were also allowed to land, but still as convicted felons, they were sent to prison into the castle of Bona. Here passports were sent to them from Lord Napier for Malta, and I confess I did feel proud, and I do feel proud, that the only resting-place those poor persecuted Jesuits could and should have been under the flag of Protestant England, England the free, the loyal, and the just!

\* He was also covered with sores.  
† The old crippled father had to sit on the open deck in the torrents of rain which streamed down over part of him, being unable to get under cover.  
‡ They were kept on board the little steamer (used for the galley slaves), for three days and nights—their only food the mess of the galley-slaves, so nauseous that until starting some of the crew could not touch it, and some could not eat it at all.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 17.  
THE IRISH FELON.

Mr. Mitchell has been tried and convicted by a Packed Jury, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He was hurried off on the very day of his sentence, and is now in the midst of the Atlantic on his way to Bermuda. The Ministry and their adherents in England and Ireland are chuckling over this event as if it were a great triumph. We look upon it as a defeat, a crushing, disgraceful defeat. It proclaims to Europe, to the wide world, that English law in Ireland is not based on truth, or justice, or affection, or public opinion, but on the most atrocious tyranny. The Catholics of Ireland, that is, seven eighths of the Irish Nation have been insulted, proscribed and declared unworthy of credit on their oaths in the trial of a Presbyterian fellow-countryman, John Mitchell. The natural sequence of this vile and unconstitutional precedent will be, to exclude Catholics, and all Liberal Protestants from the Jury Box in every political trial, and to make a few thousand Orangemen of the Purple school, arbiters of the liberties and lives of eight millions of Irishmen. And this is called the pacification of Ireland, the triumph of law and order, the extinction of the Repeal agitation!

Why, we may say it is only now that the agitation has become really formidable. Now the question assumes a fearful aspect for the imperial despots, and now for the first time have the people been driven to such a pitch of fury and hatred, and dogged hostility, by the insane policy of the Government—if such a set of imbeciles can be called a Government—that England must either relax her robber grasp, or waive the bloody flag once more over the prostrate corpses of a million of Irishmen.

And this is all that has been achieved by the trial and expatriation of John Mitchell.

Every heart that is not steeled by the ferocity of faction against the dictates of humanity must feel deeply for the hapless gentleman himself and for his bereaved widow and orphans. Even "Our Sovereign Lady the Queen" in whose name this legal tragedy has been enacted must sympathise with Mrs. Mitchell.

We need not repeat that we do not subscribe to all his doctrines and opinions. We believe some of them would lead to universal anarchy. But all his errors of judgment are now forgotten. We feel that he "loved Ireland not wisely, but too well," and we know that he is the victim of English oppression. His conduct in many instances seemed to us so rash, some of his doctrines so dangerous:—his connections were so suspicious, and his attacks upon the memory of Ireland's greatest Benefactor, were so unwise and impolitic—not to speak of their injustice—that we confess we could not, at this distance from the scene, make up our minds upon the sincerity of Mr. Mitchell's character. But all doubt on that point is now at an end. He has passed through the ordeal with undaunted bravery and credit. He has confronted tyranny in high places; he has exposed his manly breast to the enemies of Ireland; he has perilled his all:—life, liberty, domestic endearments, wife, children, family, friends and country has he forfeited through his love for Ireland. We say life, because the inhuman sentence of fourteen years' exile upon a man of his delicate constitution, and cultivated mind is, to all intents and purposes, a sentence of death. Who then can doubt his honesty? What Irishman can be so base as to carp at his errors of judgment instead of admiring the noble and patriotic feelings of his truly Irish heart? He is not of our religion it is true, but this does not diminish in aught our sympathy for his fate. He is a Presbyterian, but we thank God that he has not been sent to the felon's cell, nor manacled with the felon's gyves, nor doomed to the felon's hard lot, by the finding or sentence of his Catholic fellow countrymen. We use the legal fiction when we call him a felon; his admiring countrymen have already elevated him to the dignity of a martyr. His name has become another watchword for Repeal and National independence, and the brutality with which he has been treated will recoil with terrible effect upon the heads of the oppressors. A conviction by a packed Dublin Jury has never been accounted a disgrace in Ireland, and never will be. More robbery, oppression and murder have been committed in Dublin under the cruel mockery of legal forms than in all the cities of the world. And as for the Juries, we are certain that if the Redeemer of the world

was brought to trial for any imaginable offence a Jury could be easily packed in Dublin who would convict him and consign him to an ignominious death with far more celerity than the timid Judge who washed his hands and declared himself innocent of his blood. A Dublin Jury would beat Pilate hollow, as well as "out-herod Herod."

### IRELAND—PROSPECTS OF UNION.

It is passing strange that John Mitchell, whose name produced nothing but discord a few weeks ago, is now likely to prove a magical charm for the accomplishment of union amongst all classes of his brother-repealers. Nothing is spoken of but fraternization, oblivion of past differences, renewed and combined exertions for the common cause of Fatherland. Conciliation Hall has, in the name of Ireland, adopted the widow and orphans of the Patriot "Felon" and placed them under the supreme protection of the Irish nation. Subscriptions for Mrs. Mitchell and her family are pouring in from all sides. The noble-hearted Lord Concurry has sent £100 and Richard O'Gorman and Son £75 to this benevolent and patriotic fund. John O'Connell and his amiable Lady have also subscribed, and the good example will, we are sure, be generally followed. This "Mitchell Fund" will accomplish two objects. It will afford substantial relief and consolation to the bereaved family of "the poor Exile of Erin" and it will convince the English Government that the National cry for Repeal is not to be put down by packed Juries, or partizan Judges, or brutal Policemen, or "all the pomp, pride, and circumstances of glorious war." The "Saxon" cannot say that there is any conspiracy, or secret plotting, or private oaths, or badges or passwords in the present Irish movement. All is open and avowed. The people have announced their firm determination; they have given their challenge, they have named their terms. They have declared they will not submit to be starved or plundered or trampled upon or murdered any longer in their own land, and they are all uniting to carry out their resolve. John O'Connell has been at the bedside of Smith O'Brien to take counsel for the national weal, and we may speedily look for a thorough union between all true Irishmen, and this is the first loss England has gained by the Mitchell triumph! Add to this another item—the various Chartist outbreaks consequent upon Mitchell's trial, and we will see how much reason she has to boast of this great victory!

### WHITSUNTIDE.

The Grand Festival of Pentecost was solemnized at our Cathedral on Sunday last, when the Bishop offered a Pontifical High Mass, assisted by the Vicar General and the Rev. Messrs. Hannan, Lyons, McIsaac, and Madden. The usual Easter offerings were made also on that day at all the Churches, and the zeal of the Catholics of Halifax for the respectable support of their Bishop, Clergy, and Religious Establishments, was manifested with all their wonted liberality.

On Tuesday an interesting and beautiful ceremony, one seldom witnessed in these parts, took place at St. Mary's. This was the consecration by the Bishop, assisted by the Clergy, of several portable Marble Altars. On each altar was sculptured five Crosses, and a small repository or Sepulchre for the Relics of the Martyrs, which are enclosed with grains of Incense in every altar. Water, salt, ashes, and wine, were exorcised, blessed, and mingled together. With these the Altar Crosses were signed, and the Altars themselves sprinkled. They were then twice anointed with the oil of Catechumens, and also with the sacred Chrism, and their entire surface anointed with the mixture of both. The Sepulchres were also blessed and anointed, and each of the Altars several times incensed. A Cross of grains of Incense was formed by the Bishop on each of the five Crosses of every Altar, on each Cross of Incense was formed another Cross of four lighted wax tapers, all of which were lighted, and, with the Incense, consumed, as a holocaust on each Altar. The relics of various martyrs, procured at Rome, were reverently enclosed in each with three grains of Incense, and carefully sealed up. On the whole, we have never witnessed a more instructive or impressive ceremony. The various allusions to the Altars and Sacrifices of the Old Law, and above all to the Adorable and Unbloody Sacrifice of the New, for the offering of which those Altars are consecrated, were significant and beautiful in the highest degree. The multiplication of Catholic Churches in the Diocese created the

necessity of consecrating those new Altars. We may soon expect to behold another solemn rite of our holy Religion in the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. The stone has been laid and the foundations built, and the walls erected, and the roof finished, and the altar set up, and many of the interior arrangements completed, and all it now requires is the solemn dedication to the Honour and Glory of the Eternal True and Living God, under the invocation and hallowed name of Ireland's great Apostle, whose majestic and venerable figure in the Eastern chancel meets the eye on entering the sacred edifice.

Jam omnia prima novo surgunt fundamenta templo  
Attolluntque Crucem, sacra in veste sacerdos  
Spargens rore levi, sacraque aspergino lymphæ  
Lustrabitque locum, fundetque precantia vota,  
Ac silicem inscriptum faustis pro muro sequetur  
Ominibus, stabilemque petet per secula sedem,  
Sed cum delubri se jam fastigia celo  
Extulerint, et digna Deo domus auspicio stabit,  
Quid memorem rursus longo celebrata parata  
Prima loci auspicia, et solemnem ordinem ritus,  
Jejunasque preces, olei et libamina sacri,  
Et super aurato lucentes stipite ceras,  
Inspersosque solo cineres, inscriptaque signa,  
Præsul ubi arcanas voces, tacitusque precatus  
Fundit humi incumbens, ab verba potentia dicit.\*

### \* Pontificale.

### EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Abbe Lacordaire has resigned his seat in the French National Assembly.

The Archbishop of Cologne has been elected to sit in the Constituent Assembly at Berlin. What a change in ten years, since the brutal imprisonment of his illustrious and holy predecessor?

The Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel have ordered Prayers for the Pope in their respective Dioceses.

On the authority of letters received from France it is said that the persecution against the Christians had ceased in Cochin China, in consequence of the death of Thieu-Tri.

The Bishop of Quimper has declared that after the present Session of the National Assembly he will return to his Diocese, and come back no more.

The Evangelical Church founded in Prussia by the late King has nearly fallen to pieces. The present Sovereign is attempting to cobble it up, but without any success. The result of the present European revolution will probably be to divide the masses into two parts, viz., Catholics and Unbelievers.

The Archbishop of Paris has published a new Regulation concerning all the Parochial Clergy in that City. The Cure of St. Roch has resigned his Parish to the great regret of his flock.

The National Bard of Erin, Thomas Moore, is engaged, it is said, in writing a Poem illustrative of the principal events in the life of O'Connell.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Protestant has given us his name, and we will attend to some of his objections next week. We might refer him to various authorities on the mooted subjects, but perhaps they may not be within his reach. We will therefore print some of them for his perusal, as well as for that of other Protestant readers. We must again beg to be excused from inserting any allusions to the Chapel of Ease. In every society, and especially in Religious bodies, there are always some brawlers and dissentients. No arrangements or administration can satisfy all parties, and as for those Religious and Church squabbles which from time to time break out amongst Christians, we think any interference from parties not immediately concerned, to be totally uncalled for. We have received various communications relative to the recent trial and other events in Ireland. They do not disturb in the least the equanimity of our judgment on public men and things. We do not require on the one hand to be told that Mr. Mitchell practiced some very dangerous dogmas, nor on the other that that gentleman is an honour to his country and a man of undoubted heroism. Our estimate of England's "Felon" and Ireland's "Patriot" is almost identical with that formed of him even by some of his admiring brother Confederates. The time however for descending on his imperfections has gone by, and we would not only gratify the common enemy by alluding to his errors. His bitterest opponents must admit that he met his fate like a brave man—that he was cool and collected throughout the recent trying scenes, and that when the heart-rending moment of separation arrived

"Atqui crebat que sibi barbarus  
Factor parat—"  
he quitted the land he loved so dearly, with as much staid fortitude as Regulus himself.