

ready so nobly tested, boarded her. The crew were disabled to a man; the hold was a sepulchre. Every assistance that could be procured, was speedily sent, and the ship was brought up the river. As it was found impossible to provide hospital-room for these new-comers at Quebec, the Rev. Bernard McGauran who had been the first at Quarantine, in the spring and the last to leave it in the fall, embarked with these last sufferers and had them towed up to Montreal. At their arrival, so indescribably loathsome was their condition, that as soon as the living had been extracted from the heap of death in which they had been buried for months, the vessel was burned to the water's edge, and sunk.

Now, who, think you, was the noble landlord who treated his tenants with such exemplary tenderness? Heard you of a British statesman, who, scarcely a twelve-month ago, endorsed a Pamphlet written by one of his former associates in the Ministry, on the cruelties, real, imaginary, or exaggerated, committed against a few political prisoners at Naples? who denounced those cruelties from his place in parliament, at a time when any means of getting up excitement against the people, or creating prejudice against Catholic cruelties, was deemed of paramount importance in England? Who sent copies of that same pamphlet, accompanied with an insolent official note, to all the Catholics of Europe? Who could suspect that this nobleman, this minister so jealous of the rights of liberty and humanity in other countries, so tender-hearted towards Sicilian political prisoners, would allow, if he did not order, the subjects of the Crown he served, his fellow-countrymen, his own tenants, to be shipped off more carelessly and treated more inhumanly than the slave-seller would ship off, or the slave-buyer treat, his cargo? What do you say if this man is Lord Palmerston?

But what was the behavior of the emigrants under privations and sufferings so unequalled? Let me state to you, that you will only get one answer from every point of the Provinces. The Prelates, the Priests, and those incomparable women whom I have mentioned, are unanimous in asserting:—"That such a spectacle of meekness, of uncomplaining, unwavering patience, purity, piety, and faith, they have never heard of, and had never hoped to see on earth."

This opinion had also spread among the country people; their priests had told them that those fever-stricken emigrants, were religious heroes; and hence the eagerness with which they took to their bosoms the Irish orphans, and the affectionate reverence with which they still regard them, as the children of martyrs in Heaven, the offspring of a martyred Church.

Turn we now to the Church of Ireland herself: what was her attitude all this while? That which we might expect from the mother of such a race; an attitude of moral sublimity to which nothing in any age can be found superior. Her fields were blighted; her populous villages had become a howling wilderness in which dogs fought for their masters' unburied bones; her high-ways were covered with multitudes, whose cabins had been levelled before their eyes, and themselves and their little ones left to perish with hunger and fever on the road-side, or to find their way, as best they might to the far distant coast of the Western World. There she sat, amidst solitude and sickness, surrounded with the corpses of one portion of her children and the ghastly forms of the remainder writhing in the last throes of starvation; her heart pierced with ten thousand sorrows, but her calm blue eye fixed with unflinching gaze on Heaven.

And this was the moment for the ministers of Victoria, to try again the policy of Elizabeth; this was the opportunity for Evangelical devotees, to step in between Ireland and her starving children, and buy their consciences with bread and gold; while the Government were making one last and mighty effort to coerce the agonised nation into their godless school-system.

History, inspired history, has preserved one other such example, in the mother who stood by, while her seven sons, were flayed alive, dismembered, and roasted with every circumstance of cruelty that a king could command, or his fanatic ministers devise. To each of the heroic boys, as his life ebbed slowly away, under the executioner's hand, did that mother address the most moving encouragement to suffer and to die for conscience sake.

The turn of the youngest had come; did the mother's heart grow faint, did her color change, as her only remaining child—her youngest, her best blood—stood up to confess his faith? Was it compassion for the tender youth, or pity for the mother? or was it rather the master stroke of the tyrant's fiendish policy? He speaks to the child of *Royal friendship*, of making him a rich and happy man, if he would turn him away from the faith of his fathers, and accept the brilliant advantage of a courtly education. How he plies the mother to beseech her son to listen to the impious proposal.—"So binding herself towards him, she said in her own language: *My son, have pity upon me that bore thee, and gave thee suck, and brought thee up unto this age. I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and earth, and all that is in them. And consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind also; so thou shalt not fear this tormentor, but being made a worthy partner with thy brethren receive death, that I may receive thee again with thy brethren.*"

Now, sons of Ireland, what say you to your mother?

Then, her spirits has not been broken—her soul has not grown old amidst the trials of centuries? Her teeming church-yards, her depopulated districts, where silence sits heavier on her heart than the earth on the bosom of the dead; the uncounted thousands of Grosse Isle, with the uncoffined corpses over which the spirits of the deep keeps respectful watch; all, all

this, has not then weighed down the heart of dear Old Ireland?—You are proud of her, it is a lawful and a holy pride.

For there is more than life in that heart so full of faith, and that unconquered soul, there is divinest charity.

There is divinest charity, you must now hear something still more sublime of your mother in these days of her agony, a noble son of England, the saintly Spencer, came to ask of that martyred church, to raise her hands to Heaven, while yet on the rack for conscience's sake and pray for the return of her persecutor to the Faith, what was Ireland's answer?—In every pulpit, in every country church to which the famishing congregation could scarce crawl,—his voice was drowned with the sobs and cries, that ascended to Heaven for the Church of St. Austin and St. Anselm.

This was Ireland's revenge.

And we have this generous heart in America.—We possess it in the hundreds of thousands of working men whom the Atlantic wave deposits yearly upon our shores; with their livery of abject wretchedness, it is true, and their awkward gait and unseemly accent; with their haggard look, their emaciated cheek, their fevered eye, it is also true; but with minds enlightened with the clear belief, and the understanding of the heart; with the soul capable—America will not gainsay me—capable of every ennobling virtue, of every duty of citizenship. We possess that pure, incorruptible heart, that patient, invincible heart, in these poor Irish maidens, the glory of Ireland, the Apostles of England in our day; who turn away from its Godless coal mines, and manufactures, from its pampered middle classes, and its self-adoring Aristocracy, the wrath of heaven; and draw on the land the eye, the love and intercession of the countless host of England's and Ireland's Saints. We, too, have them scattered through every house—hold these hard working daughters of holy poverty and honorable exile, who by their faithfulness, their generosity, their love of Ireland, their gratitude to America, by their self-denying spirit, their devotedness to the friends whom they have left behind them, and above all, by their lion-hearted chastity, teach woman where is her true sphere, and place; and on the basis of what virtue she can build up her empire over the respect and affections of the world.

No, Catholics do not expect the model woman the type of her sex. She has been found, since the Son of God was born of a woman; since lowly-mindedness, love of poverty, obscurity, and toil, and the spirit of sacrifice, have raised a daughter of mankind to be mother of the Most High. And to find her faithful followers, we have only to recollect our mothers, and sisters.

Yes, they are to be found every where, from the opulent mansions of New York, to the newest sheds of San Francisco and Australia, these daughters of St. Patrick, always and every where modest, mild and true to the service of their Heavenly Mistress, and the interests of their earthly masters.

Surely, the mighty heart of America, will not beat less free, or bold, or pure, because such blood will mingle with it.

Am I wrong then in supposing that the energies of this mass of men and women, unceasingly poured in upon our land, form a most important element in the future destinies of our Republic!

This is a fact already felt, acknowledged even, we have only to glance at its most obvious results.

There is, therefore, in the influx of strangers brought us by the famine and Emigration of 1847, an element of strength for the Constitution, as well as of prosperity for the land.

We are not dreamy, discontented, ever-seeking theorists in politics, no more than in religion. We have well defined, unvarying duties towards the Law, and the Magistrate entrusted with its execution. It is hard in any case to make us rise against authority; but when we have found rational liberty with Institutions that protect industry, and interfere not with conscience, then our hearts and lives are at the command of authority.

We find such here; liberty to worship the God of our fathers; liberty to advance in all the paths of honor and wealth; liberty for the exercise of every lawful faculty of mind, heart, and conscience. Our feeling, on seating ourselves at the hearths of the American people, in the Temple of the American Constitution, is much like the sensation of the bondsman in the olden time; when his Catholic master liberated him from the yoke, and brought him to the Baptismal Font. There he stood with his new and twofold liberty, near the altar, with the reflexion of heaven's glories around him, with God's Angels and Saints smiling on him from their places in the sanctuary and many colored windows; with the evidence in the demeanor of all present, that he was henceforth among equals and brothers; disenthralled, regenerated, free as the spirit of the Saint and the Seraph.

And freedom to become a saint on earth, a Seraph in Heaven, with no hindrance to take the means of becoming such, is all that man can ask, is as high as he can aspire; it is the end of liberty; it comprises man's holiest duties, and divinest rights.

If we have this freedom here, then we must be satisfied. If we have it not fully, we may soon obtain it by calm, united, persevering action. The indomitable persistence of the past, is a guarantee, that we shall, in the future, compromise or betray none of our conscientious rights.

But while enjoying this noble share of Freedom, or awaiting quietly, though watchfully, the balance of our Christian liberties, we never will join in any dissatisfaction from within, or sanction any unwholy agitation from without.

Already have the sons of Ireland approved themselves not unworthy brothers of the ancient Catholics of the land; steadfast friends of union, as well as determined foes to all revolutionary extravagance.

The prophetic voice which spoke from this same spot last year, is an illustrious instance of it.

We are patient of political errors and abuses, like the Church whose children we are.—She has withstood, or corrected the errors and abuses of 18 centuries; she has cured the wounds of every nation that did not repel her healing hand. With her is truth; and good; the fulness of life vouchsafed to mankind here below. She is calm, because she is sure of the means of salvation, she is patient, because she is immortal. Her children partake of her patience and serenity.

It is time that we should proclaim it; she, too, is the mother of Civilization and Liberty. The remedy for the social evils of a portion of our country, is not in agitation, in unjust and angry invective. The political quacks who have poisoned Jamaica, who allow Ireland's sores to remain without binding up, would not cure, but kill.

The balm is with her who is the spouse of the Crucified, of the Liberator; for with her is the tree of life, and the fruit that can heal the nations.

She alone can heal them; she alone has healed them. History is there to tell it, and the past is for us a sure pledge of the future.

I believe God has implanted the Church in this land, and sent the Irish Emigrant to multiply her temples everywhere, in order that when other doctrines will have borne and ripened their fruits of death and disorganisation, she may be there with her fruit of life and communion.

She will, in the hour given her by Providence, shed her softening, sanctifying influence, around the heart of the master and the slave. Let her only be allowed to send one Peter Claver, one Vincent of Paul, to take on themselves the infirmities of that race.—How soon their charity would possess itself of every heart! How they would raise these lowly ones to God's own bosom; and then bring them down filled with the love of that Lord and Father whose every good is theirs, with love and submission towards their temporal masters. Let the Church only place on the heart of all, of the white man and the black, that bread which knits souls in union with Him whom to serve, is to reign, whom to love, is to be merciful, meek and humble of heart, is to fulfil every duty to heaven and earth, to man and society.

And who can say how many Peter Clavers and Vincents of Paul, Providence may have chosen among these little children whom the tide of misfortune leaves on our coast, and whom misery scatters thro' the land?

They are no small gift, then, to this vast and prosperous commonwealth, these two millions of Irish hearts, of stout, loyal, loving hearts, which emigration has brought hither.

Prize them duly, cherish them well, O ye that boast their religion or their blood.

To you, gentlemen of the Catholic Institute, to your Sister Societies in New York and in every other city, to all the Catholic youth of America, be it a pleasing, a patriotic, a most sacred duty, to unite heart and hand, in protecting these crowds of strangers, who bear the not inglorious stigmas of sufferings and struggles, with which you deeply sympathise. Guide them, direct them, to a proper field of industry; counsel them kindly, treat their infirmities tenderly; what other people have endured so long and so much, and brought from the ordeal less of bitterness of temper, of distrust and hatred of their fellow men.—Beneath that rude exterior, that untutored speech and bearing, for which they have not to blush, there lies the soul of fire, the lofty mind, the eloquent tongue. Preserve from every danger these simple-hearted sufferers; in each one you save a treasure to God and your country. Provide for them, for their children especially, the means of an education which, while keeping before their mind's eye the Christian glories of the country they have left, shall omit nothing of what may fit them for the service of the country of their adoption; which shall, above all, place their faith in safety, and feed it with every suitable aliment; what a service to your country is this! What a consolation to yourselves! What a blessing to these poor exiles! And what a balm to the wounds of unfortunate Erin!

But will she have no other return to expect from us? Most certainly shall there be another. It is in this country, in every Irish—No! in every American heart, that providence elaborates and prepares, for its own good time, the freedom of Ireland. This is the debt America owes the Emerald Isle; and she will know when and how to pay it.

It is well then that God has allowed human events to hold on their course. The sufferings of 1847 will have had their own purpose, their own memorable result on both sides of the Atlantic.

Let us, children of Ireland, hold up our heads, and strengthen our hearts with the high hopes which I have set before you. When the Hebrew giant of old was compelled to the ignominy of the servile toil, deprived of his sight and show of the strength which he held from on high, he confessed himself justly punished for having betrayed the secret of that strength.

Ireland never has betrayed the secret. She will not have, like the Israelite hero, to sacrifice herself in order to pull down destruction on her oppressors. But, like him in his innocence, while walled in by the foe from every outward succor, and seemingly beset with inextricable difficulties, she may be seen bearing far away beyond the reach of the pursuers, the very gates of her prison.

When the dawn of that blessed day will have come to gladden our hearts, when the young giant of Ireland's liberty, will wake with his tread the echoes of the American hills, on that day we shall not forget the "Famine and Emigration of 1847."

THE CATHOLIC PRIMACY OF IRELAND—CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. DR. DIXON, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.—The solemn ceremonial of the consecration of the Most Rev. Doctor Dixon, as Archbishop of Armagh, took place on Sunday the 21st ult., in the chapel of Maynooth College. An event of this character, witnessed not oftener, perhaps, than once in a life-time by Catholics in those countries, was fraught, as may be imagined, with intense interest; and we may be pardoned for expressing some regret that a scene so impressive and edifying was not witnessed by a larger congregation in one of our metropolitan churches. The chapel of Maynooth College—designed only for the accommodation of the students, professors, and *habitués* of the institution—afforded, of course, but very meagre accommodation, and therefore the number of the lay congregation was small indeed, as compared with the overflowing crowd of the Catholic gentry and citizens who would have been present if the consecration had taken place in any of the metropolitan churches. However, even as it was, the College gates were besieged from an early hour in the morning; and long before the commencement of the ceremonies the chapel was filled in all the departments accessible to the laity with a congregation comprising a large number of the *élite* of the Catholic gentry, not alone of the counties of Kildare and Meath, but also of Dublin city and its vicinity. The body of the chapel was filled with the students of the College—all costumed in soutans and wearing the clerical band; and, if we may be pardoned the digression, assuredly we can agree with the expressed opinion of many visitors—a more splendid *corps* of intellectual looking young Irishmen—a nobler assemblage of young Celts it has never been our lot to see collected together.

The sanctuary—which occupies a larger space than usual in this college chapel—was occupied by the various arrangements for the ceremony. The high altar blazed with waxen lights, and the preparations on either side displayed the usual glittering array of altar plate, comprising all the *matériel* necessary for the coming ceremony. The side altars—or oratories—one for the archbishop celebrant, and the other for the archbishop elect, were duly prepared according to the rubric.

Shortly after ten o'clock the procession issued from the sacristy at the left of the sanctuary, the choir of priests leading the way, preceded by the crucifer bearing a cross, then followed the body of clergy, and then the prelates representing the four provinces of Ireland. Each bishop was attended by his chaplain, and followed by his train bearer.—There were fifteen bishops present besides his Grace of Dublin and his Grace of Tuam. As the prelates were conducted to their *sedilia* around the sanctuary we noticed them as follows:—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam; the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe; the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Lord Bishop of Ardagh; the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath; the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; the Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick; the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Lord Bishop of Cork; the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; the Right Rev. Dr. Haly, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Ossory; the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Lord Bishop of Elphin; the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert; the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Bombay; the Right Rev. Dr. Errington, and the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore.

Amongst the dignitaries present we noticed the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, V. G.; the Rev. Dr. Kiernan, V. G. Armagh; the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, the Rev. Dr. Haly, S. J.; the Rev. B. Russell, O. S. D.; the Rev. Mr. Cavanagh, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Lennon, P. P.; the Rev. Mr. Marmion, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Loughran, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Campbell, P. P., parish priest of the Ulster district. The attendance of dignitaries and other clergy of the secular and regular orders officiating in Dublin and in the neighboring counties was most numerous.

The officiating prelate was his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, and the Right Rev. Dr. Errington. The Masters of Ceremonies were the Rev. Dr. Ford and the Rev. Mr. Keogh. The Very Rev. the President of the College, and the other principal dignitaries of the institution were present, and assisted at the ceremonial.

The ceremonial commenced with the usual preliminaries, the solemn mass proper to the occasion; and, after the *Intruit* and *Gloria*, the Archbishop elect was led forth, robed in a new vestment, &c. He knelt before the officiating Archbishop, who took his seat in front of the altar. The necessary documents were then read; setting forth the authorisation by the Holy See of the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon. The form of postulation was then gone through, the solemn interrogatories and pledges were put, and replied to by the Archbishop elect, who knelt prostrate in front of the altar and at the feet of the officiating Archbishop. Nothing could be more impressive and sublime than the portion of the ceremonial which involved the performance of the rite of consecration over the person of the Archprelate elect.

Grand and significant of holy things as are all the ceremonies of the Church, yet none seem to partake of such awe-inspiring solemnity as those which are prescribed for the induction of a prelate into his sacred office—the sacred pledges which are demanded, and given of purity of heart, uprightness of intention, and holiness of purpose—the imposition of the sacred volume upon the shoulders of the prostrate