

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM A PROTESTANT ON "KIRWAN'S LETTERS" TO BISHOP HUGHES.

State of New-York }
August 1st.

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal and Cath. Register:

DEAR SIR—I am almost tempted to order another of your Journals, for since the publication of Bp. Hughes' Letters to Kirwan, alias Mr. Nicholas Murray, mine is in such demand, that I can scarcely get a chance of reading it. It is curious to see a Protestant community, like this, sink in, with such zest, the Bishop's puerile slanders, of the wonderful reasons for such an individual leaving the Catholic Church. We consider ourselves rather a reading community here, and we have certainly a cultivated circle, but most of us have been in such entire ignorance of "the great men of the age," that we have never heard of Kirwan, alias Mr. Nicholas Murray, except through the Bishop's Letters. On reading his book, for myself, I find it too serious a matter to trifle with, for my religious and moral feelings are shocked at the tone of impiety that pervades the whole of it. Some remnants of conscientious fear and delicacy that would, it appears to me, deter any person of right feelings, from treating with such unbecoming freedom the holy subject of the religious belief, of so powerful, respectable and extended a part of our body politic as the Catholics have become, but in a man (I thank God not an American,) who professes to be a minister of God, and under the cloak of religion, it seems to me awfully offensive to every moral sense. I was born and educated a Protestant, I have never pretended to profess any creed, but the principles which were instilled by my parents, and which I caught from the influence of truly religious persons, and I trust my own sense of delicacy would always have prompted a respect and awe of the religion of others; and never, even in my most careless days, would I have received with complacency the coarse jeers, taunts, and mockeries that are contained in this book against the Catholics. And now that my mind has been turned to the subject of religion and my feelings tender in regard to it, it is vain for me to attempt to express my abhorrence and repugnance to such language. The great foundation of all religious principles seemed to me love and charity, and I believe so still in spite of the genius of Prosyterianism, as developed by this Kirwan, alias, Mr. Nicholas Murray. Perhaps, however, in writing in imputing it to Prosyterianism, for I can judge by Prosyterians themselves, in this quarter, those who are conscientious and upright, have no affinity with it, and the sin must lie at the right door and take its legitimate place in the infidelity of the author himself. Here is a man originally a poor obscure infidel Irish boy, with no education but such as he picked up as a Prosyterian since he had been in America, utterly unknown either as an author or a man of genius, with no claims, but those of a sectarian minister in a small town, over a small congregation, thrusting himself forward to public notice under a mask, to give his personal individual reasons, why he rejected the religion of a good mother, and became an infidel: and more than all, having the audacious impudence (betraying the coarseness of his training,) in addressing his details of private wickedness and obscure family stories to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, a name which the nation has honored, and of which every American feels proud. To one not knowing the circumstances it would be supposed of course that this Kirwan, alias Mr. Nicholas Murray, had at least an acquaintance with the Bishop, or had begged his permission, or was entitled in some way to take so responsible an act. Nothing of the kind, the very first thing he announces is his being an entire stranger to the Bishop. Stranger indeed, and stranger he will ever be, mentally and spiritually, to the character and all the elements that compose the character of such a man. In these letters he glaringly exposes his hatred of the Catholics, rendered desperate and savage by the successful establishment of a Catholic Church in Elizabethtown, and his envy and fear of the Bishop, is too apparent under his hypocritical and impudent professions of respect.

A grand theme of sectarian pulpits, in this region, is the alarming progress of Catholicity and its wide and steady spread in the far west. Religious calls are made by sectarian ministers to take some way to arrest its progress. It is especially obvious to those conversant with these letters that these letters put forth under a mask

addressed by SAMUEL I. PRIME, with the advice of addressing them to Bishop Hughes, is one of those tricks devised as a trial. To those who have had some experience in a western life, it is well known that the genius of Catholicity is making rapid strides and is admirably adapted to the state of the country. In the words of a Protestant writer, a late traveller in the States, "Its most extraordinary feature is its adaptation to all governments, all nations, all periods, all climates, all characters, with their vicissitudes and their attributes. In Europe both monarchies and Republics have professed its creed, and in America the purest of democracies is gradually recognizing its perfections. Its institutions are beyond comparison, the best adapted to curb the passions of a young, fierce, impetuous, generous, high-minded, democracy—to protect the religion of a Republic from annihilation—to subvert the struggling and discordant interests of an immense territory into harmony, and to enchain the sympathies of a whole people in one magnificent scheme of morality and devotion. 'They shall be one fold and one shepherd.'"

But to return to Kirwan, only look at the manner of his approaching Bishop Hughes. To make the letters of any weight or value, or give them any sort of publicity, he has, as I remarked the gross impudence to address them to the Bishop. And here, if our disgust would permit, it is really curious to see how he tries to worm himself into the good graces of the Bishop, and bring himself into connection with him. First he tries to compliment him on his genius and learning, which he confesses is undisputed, and have placed him in a high position, and in the very next sentence has the unbiassing impudence to say "if he had been a Bishop of Mexico he might have lived unknown to fame, but as Bishop of New York it could not be expected." He then pretends to profess respect for the character of the Bishop, as unblemished, and knowing the difference between prejudices and principle, &c., and then, in the very next breath, makes him out a wicked hypocrite, and tells him "like the ancient priests of Egypt he has one class of opinions for the people and one for himself, as he could not admit that the Bishop himself believed the doctrines he preached." I can imagine a penitent awakened to the enormity of sin making such a confession of his past wickedness, but that it is the deliberate writing and publishing of a Prosyterian minister, in the nineteenth century can scarcely be credited, and is perfectly astounding and shocking to all sense of decency and morality. Such indications as these throughout the whole of these letters, show the true character of the writer, and have their full effect on all thoughtful and serious minds. That it is a sectarian effort, got up for effect, and levelled at the Catholics of this country, no one doubts, and, like the rest of such machinery, will soon fall to the ground and be forgotten.

As to the trick of converts being made, it is too much like the trick of those sectarian "awakenings" which some time since flooded the country, whose converts were never known, or who disappeared like the early dew. For a sincere person, who hesitates to doubt a Prosyterian clergyman, how to reconcile the sentiments of a pure religion with the expressions of Mr. Murray, is puzzling indeed. It is set forth in the purest schools as meek and lowly—that the poor of this world are generally the richest in faith—Christ himself chose poverty and obscurity. With these precepts, it is shocking and revolting to read his sneers at the Catholics (independent of their vulgar coarseness,) in such expressions as these:—"Compare the congregation at St. Patrick's with any large wealthy congregation in the city, as to fruits of holiness." If it is holiness he really means, what has wealth to do with it? And how can we compare holiness with wealth? Also, "if you want to know how many educated people go to Catholic Churches, stand at the door of St. Peter's or St. Patrick's on a Sabbath morning, and you will soon see!" (pretty employment for a Sunday morning, and a pretty admonition for a clergyman to give!) So we must stand outside of the Church door, and judge by the sight of our eyes of educated people, as to fruits of holiness! I am very much afraid that this is the only way Mr. Murray has ever known the fruits of holiness. He has been outside all his life, and these are the happy results!

Now, I have great reason to be thankful that I went inside of St. Patrick's with very poor uneducated Irish; but if it would give Mr. Murray any pleasure to know it, I could add, I went in my carriage, and I saw many other carriages at

the door, also very many richly dressed, apparently educated, people, but I could not tell by the sight of my eyes. And this I cared nothing about I went for other purposes, unbelieved as I was. I went to try and worship God and hear Bishop Hughes preach; and I heard such truths from that pulpit, and saw such devotion among that crowded people, poor and educated as part of them were, that I was deeply impressed with these holy subjects. I cannot describe the routine of the Altar, in the manner and style of Rev. Mr. Murray, but I can describe my own fears and tremblings when the Bishop, in the purity of the doctrine he was preaching, convinced me that I had no part nor lot in the matter. He insisted on prayer as the key to Heaven, through the merits of Christ, and if I have ever felt the power and sweetness of prayer, it was because I went inside the Cathedral, with an humble spirit, and it did not come into my heart to think the preacher had "one set of opinions for himself and one for me"—or that he "was prostituting his talents" by upholding the Cross, or that I among "a dumb herd." Oh, far from it I have great reason to think that mine, among the "blessings of unborn generations," will fall upon that great and good Bishop. If I have any sense of Divine things, any knowledge of the insufficiency and utter worthlessness of self, and all human pretention, and interest in higher and holier objects, it is through the power of his preaching and the influence of his holy precepts and example. I have great reason to rejoice that, although sectarian power has failed, (and I have had even the honor and advantage of hearing Mr. Nicholas Murray preach,) the Catholic Church, poor and despised and wicked as she is, in his eye, had yet in store so rich a blessing for me; and I can also assure him, although to my shame it might be spoken, I have never paid a penny.

SPAIN.

MOR. BURNELL.—The Archbishop Thessalonica has presented his credentials to the Queen as Papal Nuncio. Everything was done to render the ceremony as imposing as possible, and the Ministerial journals exclaim that the reconciliation of Spain with the Holy See is more than an equivalent for the suspension of diplomatic relations with England. We quote the following translation from the Morning Post:—

THE LEGATE'S ADDRESS.

Madam—After the sad vicissitudes which have so long afflicted Catholic Spain; after the lapse of more than a year during which, under your Majesty's august auspices, I have fulfilled in the capital of your vast dominions the important mission entrusted to me by the Supreme Patriarch and universal Father of the Faithful, having for its object the alleviation of the evils which have befallen the Church in the unhappy times which we have witnessed, I now present myself before your Majesty to deliver into your august hands the Pontifical letters which invest me with the sublime character of Apostolic Nuncio. Amidst the grave duties of my position, it is for me a subject of sincere satisfaction that I have been sent to a nation so noble, so generous, so firmly attached to the pure and holy religion of its fathers. I likewise feel great confidence in being near a throne on which have sat so many monarchs as famed for the greatness of their undertakings as for the magnanimous zeal with which they have propagated Christianity, maintained and defended the doctrines, the worship, and the inviolable rights of the Catholic Church. Your Majesty beholding from the elevation of your throne the bright examples of your illustrious ancestors, has not hesitated to promote the same object which is desired and appreciated by the ardent hopes of the noble Spanish nation. Thanks to the religious solicitude of your Majesty, the many churches so long deprived of their Prelates have converted into demonstrations of excessive joy the mourning and the sadness of their unhappy widowhood. By virtue of your Royal orders they have preserved their venerable prerogatives of ecclesiastical power and jurisdiction, and have a guarantee for the free exercise of the episcopal duties.

Your Majesty, deeply lamenting the deplorable destitution to which public events had reduced worship and the clergy, has honoured with the most gracious reception the respectful petitions which have so often been addressed to you, and, in conformity with your royal promise, have resolved, as far as possible, to restore the altar and its Ministers to the propriety and decency of their original lustre and splendour. Fulfil,

Madam, bring to perfection, and crown the memorable work which will ensure to your Majesty the love, respect, and sincere obedience of our people, will render eternal your glory amongst wise and enlightened nations, will form the most precious ornament of your royal diadem, and will become the most powerful support of your sceptre. I, in the name of the enlightened man, who from the Vatican, sheds the benefits of his rule over all parts of the Catholic world, assure to your Majesty the earliest concurrence and faithful application of the power of the Apostolic See. A faithful interpreter of the sentiments of the Supreme Pontiff, my first and most grateful duty on this happy occasion is, to express his fatherly affection and tender benevolence for the august person of your Majesty, and his sincere desire that you should place confidence in the interest which the immortal Pius IX. takes in the happiness, repose, and peace of Catholic Spain."

THE QUEEN'S REPLY.

"Senor Nuncio.—This day is most welcome to me, on which the relations between the common Father of the Faithful and Catholic Spain, interrupted for so many years, are again linked together for the advantage of the Church and State. From the pious and elevated sentiments of the enlightened Pontiff who now occupies the Apostolic See, I could do no less than hope that he would give me this proof of his fatherly love to a nation eminently Catholic, which, in the midst of the lamentable vicissitudes it has experienced, preserves in its purity the faith of its ancestors. The fulfilment of this hope has filled my heart with joy, and will be hailed by the Spanish nation with the satisfaction to be expected from its piety, and will be regarded as a sure presage of happier and more tranquil days. For my part, I will strive to follow the illustrious example of all those Catholic Kings, my august predecessors, who have regarded that title as the best of the treasures of their crown. As for you, Senor Nuncio, who for more than a year have exerted the most praiseworthy zeal and discretion to heal the difference which from this day forward must be considered as at an end, I assure you that it will afford me the most perfect satisfaction when you shall behold your noble efforts crowned with success, and that you may long display in my Court the eminent rank with which you are invested, and I am convinced that the Church cannot fail to find in you a representative as efficacious as illustrious."

Births.

- August 28—Mrs Flanigan, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Buckley, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Dullard, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Kelly, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Healey, of a son.
- " 28—Mrs Walton, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs Tobin, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs Nowlan, of a son.
- " 29—Mrs Murphy, of a son.

Married.

- August 28—Mr John Kehoe, to Miss Helen Butler.
- " 29—Mr Lawrence Kavanagh, to Miss Helen Carey.
- " 29—Mr Michael Delany, to Miss Mary Mulgan.
- " 29—Mr John Walsh, to Miss Catherine Roach.
- " 29—Mr John Geary, to Miss Ann Corbett.

Died.

- Aug. 26—Patrick, son of John and Ellen Hunt, aged 9 months; Mary, wife of John Mueahy, native of Tramore, County Waterford, aged 86 years. 28—Michael Byrne, native of the City of Dublin, aged 67 years; Michael, infant son of John and Ann Mahony, aged 8 months. 29—Nicholas, infant son of John and Margaret Healy, aged 3 days; Eleanor, infant daughter of John and Margaret McDonnell, aged 3 months and 17 days; John Rice, native of Ireland, aged 70 years. 30—Thomas Kehoe, native of Thurles, County Tipperary, aged 50 years. Sept 1—Richard, infant son of John and Mary Walsh, aged 6 months.

Saint Mary's Catechetical Society PIC-NIC.

THE MEMBERS of the above Institution have arranged that a PIC-NIC be given to the Children under their superintendance, on TUESDAY the 5th September, at Melville Island, which has been kindly granted for the occasion. A Boat conveying the Children and those who have undertaken the charge of them, will leave BAUERS' Wharf at Ten o'clock. Additional Trips will be made at Twelve and Two for Visitors. By the kind permission of Major Lowth, the Band of the 38th Regt will be in attendance. Mr. Heine will be on the ground, who will supply Refreshments for Visitors. The charge for Visitors will be Is. 3d., and for Children, not in connection with the Society, 7d.—to be paid on entering the Boat. Should the weather prove unfavourable, Tuesday, the Pic-Nic will take place the next day after. Chron & Rec. Sept. 1