

Conceal it as they will, the cloven foot protrudes at every point. Protestant England laughed and chuckled over the apparent prostration of the head of the Catholic religion. She had prepared a deep pit for his ruin, but an invisible hand guarded and defended his ways. A cloud of temporary humiliation will shortly give place to a sunshine of well-merited triumph.

A great deal has been said and written in the foreign newspapers as to the repudiation of the Papal government of all liability to the payment of interest on the national debt during the period of the so-called Roman Republic. This turns out as well as most of the other accusations to be absolutely false. According to a notice in the official journal, all arrears of interest will be strictly paid up; the delay in hitherto doing so is accounted for by the entire penury of funds in the Roman Exchequer at the period of the restoration. One can well imagine that the Mazzini Government would have forfeited all esteem amongst respectable Socialists if the last solemn duty of sweeping out the exchequer had been neglected.

A novel course has been adopted here by some of the many sufferers by the robberies and devastations of the revolutions, in order to obtain compensation for at least a portion of their heavy losses. Actions have been brought against the members of the Triumvirate and Constituent Assembly, in order to reach the property of Lawyer Armellini. The Prince of Canino and some few other individuals are reputed rich amongst the motley crowd of famishing wolves who constituted the reputable Roman Republic.

"Nare nantes in gurgite vasto."

I am told that several decrees have already been obtained against these parties. This will prove a severer lesson than all the sanguinary measures unjustly laid to the charge of the Commission of Cardinals.—*Corresp. of Dublin Freeman.*

## THE MISSIONS OF JAPAN.

From the recent No. of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*

Upon the 15th of August, 1549, St. Francis Xavier landed at the port of Cangoxima, and opened the mission of Japan under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin Mary, but without any other human co-operation than that of two religious and three neophytes. The first results were worthy of the Apostle of the Indies. He preached in the public places of Cangoxima, Amanguchi, and Figen, in the midst of an immense crowd astounded at the sanctity of his person and his doctrine. Although indeed he could not secure a hearing in the town of Miaco, which was then desolated by civil war, he made a creditable appearance in the presence of the King of Burgo, confounded before him the bonzes, and converted one of them, in whose wake five hundred persons petitioned for baptism. His preaching was confirmed by such striking miracles as God hath often permitted in order to forward the Gospel among those people where it penetrates for the first time.—(p. 220)

The mission prospered, and converts became exceedingly numerous and edifying, so that nearly the whole of Japan became Christian. At last the tempest raged, and it is sad to confess that it deprived its first impetus from the carelessness of European Catholics.

Portuguese merchants had come and settled with the missionaries in the ports of Japan, and whilst the conduct of some reflected honour on Christianity in the eyes of the Pagans, others astonished them by dissoluteness and irritated them by their disloyalty. To these original causes of distrust were superadded the rivalry of the Spanish colonists in the Philippine Islands, the attempt to push the introduction of their trade forcibly or otherwise, and lastly the imprudence of one of their pilots. This man, whilst debating some knotty questions with the Japanese officers, thought he could intimidate them by boasting of the power of the King his master, who, said he, first despatched Priests to barbarous nations to convert them, and then soldiers to subdue them. Such statements being caught at by Pagan malevolence, roused terrible suspicions. About the same time the Dutch India Company commenced forwarding its enterprises to the extreme verge of the East; its directors entertained all the passions of nascent Protestantism, together with hatred of Spain, whose yoke they had just shaken off, and were eagerly bent on maintaining the great interest of that trade which could only be based on the ruin of rival establishments. Their emissaries reached Japan and sought to foster the apprehension of the superior

authorities by the disclosure of true or false conspiracies, which they alleged to exist between the Neophytes and the Court of Madrid. This odious policy even led them to the act of delivering up to the Japanese two Spanish religious whom they found upon a vessel captured by one of their pirates, and these men were burned alive. However, no nation should be accused for the wrongs and crimes committed by its representatives. Then, as now, Holland contained a number of Catholic inhabitants who were horrified at such perfidiousness. Protestants also blushed at such atrocities, and one of their class, the historian Kæmpfer, expressed openly his unmitigated indignation.

At the first grumbling of the storm the Christians prepared for martyrdom by prayer, penance, and almsgiving. They confessed their faith more undisguisedly than ever: the men sent in eagerly their names and those of their families to be enrolled in lists taken by the magistrates, whilst women of quality worked beforehand those dresses they wished to wear on the day of sacrifice in order to make a more decent and solemn appearance, and the youngest children took delight in the thinking that they would accompany their mothers. At last, upon the 30th of December, 1596, the sovereign of Japan waived all temporising in this matter, and issued sentence of death against six religious of the Order of St. Francis, three of whom were children under fifteen years of age, "for having preached the Christian law in contravention of the order of the ruler." Upon the 5th of February 1597, the martyrs were led forth to one of the eminences overhanging the city of Nangazaki, where they gazed upon an innumerable assembly of bystanders, and six and twenty crosses ready for execution. When they were fastened to them and the executioners began to erect them, one of them intoned the canticle of Zachary: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, in peace!" All the rest continued the canticle, and whilst the executioners pierced them with lances, they closed their hymn in Heaven.—(Pp. 222—224.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE CROSS.

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 4.

GENTLEMEN,

In this letter I intend to be an Editor, for the great and desirable purpose of avoiding the frequent occurrence of that shameless egotistical personal pronoun which is ever standing in the way. We therefore, shall proceed. With a light little waggon and a tight little mare we took our departure from the Capital on our way to Miramichi. If one intended to write an essay on patriotism we should have an excellent opportunity now, because you will please bear in mind that we were wending our way fast to the place where, as the ballad says, "we was born on." It will be no harm, at all events, to say that on our setting out, no man living ever felt more happy. If we had been dwelling at home since our infancy, these feelings of happiness would not be so strong; but our extreme delight upon this occasion will be accounted for in the fact that we had been absent from his same sweet home for the last twenty four years. 'Twas, therefore, a romantic trip and time.

"The voices of my home!—I hear them still! They had been with me through the dreamy night, The blessed household voices, wont to fill My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight! I hear them still, unchanged:—tho' some from earth Are music-panied, and the tones of mirth— Wild, silvery tones, that rang thro' days more bright! Have died in others,—yet to me they come Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

How the time flagged! We were at the goal five hundred and fifty thousand times that day, though not in reality. This is a matter of fact world, and consequently the free unfettered mind an abridged distance and anticipated pleasure, in vain. We had to wait till we got there in reality. We passed the beautiful Nashwalk in

quick time—got along through a certain part of the Country where miles of Raspberries reddened upon our right and left. Then we vanished amidst forests deep, dark and dismal, where the trees were so huge and towering, that you would fancy they had been there since eternity. After travelling for about forty miles through alternate woods and clearances we emerged at last into an open country which brought over us feelings of a very melancholy nature. This was the place where the great fire of twenty five swept along, destroying almost every thing in its raging career. On us the traces of its ravages, had more than ordinary effect, because that was the fire which compelled us to take refuge for the span of a whole night neck-deep in the river and which afterwards banished us from *natale solum*. By a road on either side of which we beheld nothing but branchless, barkless trees and barren, all the sad remains of that fatal conflagration—we got upon the banks of the south west branch of the Miramichi. At a place adjacent to this, and called "the Forks" there is a neat Chapel forty five by thirty feet, but not being immediately near us it did not meet our view. We were delighted with the scenery around this lovely stream. The soil looked rich and luxuriant to the highest degree, and there was a softness in the air hereabouts so salubrious that we quaffed it with all the greediness and gusto with which a Toper would his wine. In a short time after, we gained the ferry opposite Nelson and Newcastle. Here was a scene fit for the eye "in fine phrenzy rolling." Free and broad and bright the river dashed out here, looking magnificent, with "skies in it shining more bright than the skies." New Brunswick! then should it be called Land of Streams? Ay—because wherever we take our way—'tis streams, still, streams. From this exact point the Miramichi widens and widens as it runs, until at last it displays itself at the mouth in a brilliant sheet of waters twenty miles in breadth. We crossed over to the Castle—then on to Douglas Town—then over the river a second time, when to our great joy and satisfaction, we were told that we were standing in Chatham. Indeed! And this is the place that we so much sighed to see? And this is the place to which our heart true as the needle to the pole, ever, ever turned? And this is the place that so often shone though dimly, in our dreams? And this is the place—the place where we were born? Home! home, sweet home. Ye twenty four years all passed and gone! like the waters of the Jordan on a memorable day, ye now flee back as it were, to your beginning and we are a boy again.

Messrs. Editors,—Do ye think that we in such circumstances, though our heart thro' troubles to toils and tears and this wicked world, had ground as hard as hickory, do ye think that we could stand amid such a scene and feel no inspiration? Impossible. And so we took up our old rusty lyre, almost stringless, and we struck out of it this voluntary, to which we are sure you will give a corner.

### HAIL TO CHATHAM.

And this, ye say, is Chatham— My darling, native spot, Both me and mine forgetting But not by me forgot. Oh! little cherished village I hail thee with that joy, Which blessed me in thy borders When roved I there a boy. Who can describe the feeling, That o'er cometh me now, Filling with light, with rapture My heart and brain and brow?— None—none but him who wanders And wanders far away, And lives in other circles Thro' many a fleeting day. My own—my native Chatham! Twice twelve long years have passed The sweetest of my being,— Since I beheld thee, last. But oh! thou art so changed now, So all unlike the same; That I no more could love thee, If 'twere not for thy name. And sure a name is something

There's magic in the sound, Now, at its vary echo Sweet thoughts come crowding 'round, It banishes late seasons, And brings about a dream, Where buried boyhood waketh Bright as the morning's beam And present cares and sorrows Are banished from the heart And all man's dark existence No longer holds a part. And childhood's guileless gambols, And youth's bright dreams sublime, Again are taken—tasted— And bring back vanished time.

What! am I told, delighted, A sweeter thing is there, To bind me to this hamlet So long, long lost and dear? Yes—hard by yonder alley, The old roof standeth, still, When I first started forward Life's fleet task to fulfill. Old roof! I gaze upon thee, With fondness none may know. Old roof! old home! I hail thee, With joy words cannot show. And is there yet another— Another link to bind Existence to existence And growing mind to mind? Ay—he is here who saved me, When o'er my brow were poured The blest baptismal waters That cleansed me for the Lord. But all the rest are vanished Unknowing and unknown, And in my own loved birth place, I stand alone—alone! And so, the name, the roof-tree, The sponsor, and—no more! Are all, O Chatham! left thee To greet me on thy shore! But there are sweetest witch'ries, My joy—my bliss supreme, Making ideal, real, And life a blessed dream. Then hail to thee, fair Chatham! My darling, native spot, Tho' thou hast me forgotten Thou shalt not be forgot.

But we are forgetting what should be uppermost in our mind. We think it is time to visit the Church. We saw it long ago—we saw it three miles from Chatham. As we remarked once before about our sites, it is just in a place where a man with dimmer eyes than ours might see it—exactly overtopping the town like a citadel. It is a most respectable edifice. The dimensions are sixty by forty. As regards vestments, vessels and all other religious service, 'tis about one of the best stocked churches in the Diocese. We think the side galleries are too prominent. The crucifixion, too, we consider rather agonizing. The vestry is a splendid one. It has apartments and compartments for books, robes, flowers, censers, all that is needed. The bell is the best in the town. The choir is good. If we begin to speak of the graveyard and glebe house, and the ground, we would scarcely have time to do so at one sitting. The shortest way, we think, of giving a full description would be this. Imagine to yourselves one of the airiest, prettiest, sunniest scenes in the regions of fancy—that done, get an accurate idea of a handsome, new, spacious house such as a man of taste and judgment would be likely to build for his own comfort and convenience—there think of an appropriate green spot surrounded by a neat white pallisading and divided evenly by a right good gravel walk, shaded on either hand with the choicest trees—when your brains will have been filled with ideas such as these, then add whatever spare notions you may have of the comfortable, serviceable and requisite, and then you will be merely at the suburbs of the city—the shadow of the reality—that's all. We are not praising up Chatham because 'tis our native place. Don't believe a word of it, but if you do, let your own eyes assure you. In the mean time, before we bid adieu to Chatham, we should suggest to you the propriety of calling on the Rev. incumbent there, and we will be guaranteed that for hospitality you never meet the 'beat' of him "since you were boys."

Yours, &c.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Sept. 28, 1849.