

SICK EMIGRANTS.

A Correspondent from Dartmouth has sent us an affecting Letter respecting the poor Emigrants there, which, if true, merits the serious attention of the Government. Amongst other things he states that all the fever patients, without a single exception have died. He very simply asks us to account for the fact that no fever patient has yet recovered. All we can do is to refer him to the Doctors, though we fear he will hardly get an unanimous opinion from the Faculty. As we know nothing about medicine, we cannot tell "whether it is sound practice or not, to drug all the fever patients old and young with doses of Calomel!" We say that not Editors of Newspapers but Physicians are the persons competent to decide those important points.

From a Correspondent in the Tablet.
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CHURCH, HACKNEY.

The Church consists of a nave, chancel, north aisle, and sacristy. It has a bell-cot and spire of Corn stone, ninety feet in height, at the west end of the nave, surmounted by a gilt ball and cross, with the Agnus Dei in the cross. The bell-cot contains a bell with the inscription, "Venite adoremus Dominum. Sancte Joannes Baptista, ora pro nobis." In the north wall of the chancel is an elaborately carved sepulchre, and in the south wall a sedile for one Priest and a piscina. The altar of Corn stone has the edges of the slab richly carved with foliage grapes and corn, and it is supported in front by four columns, representing the four Evangelists with their emblems, and at the back with a slab-herald, with St. John the Baptist in a canopied niche in the centre, and the Agnus Dei and the pelican in her piety on either side. The reredos above the slab is divided into six canopied and richly decorated compartments, three on each side of the tabernacle and containing groups of figures representing scenes in our Lord's life and allegorical subjects. The tabernacle is surmounted by a canopied niche to receive the crucifix, or remonstrance, at Benediction. The ceiling of the chancel is richly emblazoned in colours and gold, and powdered with stars and the panels contain monograms of the Holy Name, our Blessed Lady, St. John the Baptist, the four Evangelists, Agnus Dei, &c. The ceiling springs from a cornice on either side, richly carved with foliage and bearing the inscription, "Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim inaccessibili voce proclamant Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth." The windows in the chancel are of stained glass. The altar window contains representations of the principal events of St. John's life; viz. his Nativity, Baptism of Christ, Preaching in the Wilderness, and Martyrdom. The floor is paved with mosaic tiles. Under the chancel arch is a rood-screen of carved oak, with the rood and figures of our Blessed Lady and St. John the Evangelist. The roof of the nave is open, the arches are of Corn stone. The church is built of Kentish rag stone and hassock, and it is, we believe, the first Catholic church in London or its environs built with a spire since the Reformation. The style of the building is of the fourteenth century. It will contain about 500 worshippers, and the total cost, including altar, stained glass, rood screen, &c., and all fittings, is about £2,000. The architect is W. W. Wardell, Esq., of Bishopsgate street.

We beg to call the marked attention of our readers to an extract from a communication which the Right Rev. Dr. Magin lately received from a highly influential personage in the Holy City:—

"The Earl of Shrewsbury sent over his letter against the Archbishop of Tuam to the Prince Doria to have it laid before his Holiness. The Holy Father treated the document with the greatest contempt, and did not deign to cast his eyes on it. The prince was greatly stung and complained bitterly. Letters also have been received here from the Countess of Shrewsbury, in which she boasts that her lord, for his letter to Dr. MacHale, has received the warmest congratulations of the members of the Cabinet. The poor 'pious fool,' as O'Connell called him, appears to be carried beyond himself by these interested adulations from the enemies of the Catholic Church."—*Precnan's Journal.*

BURNED TO DEATH.—On Tuesday, four inquests were held at the London Hospital on the bodies of children who had died in the above institution from injuries they had received by their clothes taking fire.—*London Globe.*

ST. JOHN'S, ISLINGTON—BAPTISM OF ADULT CONVERTS.

On Sunday last, at the Church of St. John's, Islington, took place the interesting and beautiful ceremony of the public reception of a whole family into the Catholic Church, their Baptism and Confirmation. High Mass commenced at eleven o'clock, the Rev. H. Lea being the celebrant, the Rev. Mr. Bonacina officiating as Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Lewis as Sub-Deacon. Previous to the Canon, the members of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, in red and white rosettes, entered within the altar rails, and held lighted candles till the close of the elevation. The Council of the Guild of St. John the Evangelist were also present, habited in their official cloaks. After Mass was over, the ceremony of the Baptism commenced. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman ascended the altar, attired in a violet cope and stole, and with a white mitre. His Lordship then delivered an eloquent address to the congregation on the ceremony they were about to witness. He pointed out the deep symbolism of every part of the ritual, which made it so full of meaning to the Catholic mind, however want of familiarity might make it seem strange to others. Such a ceremony, indeed, as the public baptism of adults had not taken place for many years,—here, probably, not since the Reformation. In explaining the reason of the many repetitions in the service, caused by the circumstance that these rites were distributed in the earlier ages over the whole of Lent, converts being finally received at the great seasons of Easter and Whitsuntide, but now are condensed into a single service, his Lordship beautifully showed the necessity of a symbolic ritual in those primitive times, when the great kings and the wise philosophers of heathenism were found in the crowd of catechumens, pressing into the portal of the Church. The deep, complicated rites would penetrate their soul with doctrine, and teach them how vast a thing it was which they were taking up, how complete and childlike the submission needed. To us the ceremonies were bright and strong links connecting us with the remotest past. The very sight we were about to see would convey to the mind the unity and identity of the Faith. We might see with our eyes the very scene of a Gregory or a Leo, in one of those old basilicas, receiving their converts into the Church, or, earlier still (for they only handed down what they had received), it would help us to realise what was done by the same Church in the age of such as St. Laurence and St. Agnes, and so onwards through the Apostolic times to its first origin and source. The Bishop then entreated the prayers of the Faithful present for these young plants who were just rooted in the Faith, and made holy exhortations to the converts themselves. After this the converts assembled at the door of the sacristy, and the first part of the service commenced: the various exorcisms, interrogations, professions of faith, &c., which are ordinarily performed in the porch. The converts being introduced into the church, they knelt down in front of the altar, in number, eight, two of them young men, and the rest females. Of the latter, five, we believe, were sisters. Then the Bishop, having put on a gold mitre instead of the other, and a white cope and stole, proceeded to baptise them successively. After the baptism followed the beautiful ceremony of giving each of the converts a white robe and a burning light, with the charge that they were to keep their robes without stain and their lamps burning unto the judgment-seat of Christ, that they might have eternal life, and live for ever and ever. To see those converts, most of them young, in their white robes and veils, kneeling before the altar, with lights in their hands, was a truly affecting sight, when we remembered what a great thing had been done, and what was before them. Immediately after this followed the ceremony of Confirmation, when the newly-baptised, and twelve others, also recent converts, received that sacrament. The Bishop then retired into the sacristy, preceded by the Council of the Guild above mentioned, the Acolytes, and the Clergy present. The service terminated at three o'clock. The congregation was very large, and a great portion of it consisted of Protestants. We did not hear the names of the converts, or of the sponsors, but we are informed the latter were persons of high rank. The ceremonies throughout were characterised by a certain purity of taste, which harmonised well with the beautiful simplicity of the church itself, and must have edified all who beheld them.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD STANLEY. LETTER III.

"The Confessional is conducted with a degree of secrecy dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer."—Vide reported speech of Lord Stanley, Nov. 23, 1841. Buncrana, Jan. 17, 1848.

My Lord—I stated at the close of my last letter that I would test your slander on the Confessional by the light of history, and thereby afford you an opportunity of judging whether, if you were able, (as, thank God, you are not) to pull down the Irish Confessional—the principal solace of our people, the refuge of sinners, of the afflicted, broken hearted, and disconsolate—you should hope to realise the bright prospect which, if we are to take your words as the evidence of your wishes, you fondly anticipate from its destruction—whether you should, with any certain expectation of success, promise yourself from this new seat of arms of Stanley, a new Eden in Ireland, with its "rivers of life" streaming from the place of pleasure—Dublin Castle, of course—and with its trees of life spontaneously yielding their twelve fruits—charity, joy, peace, patience &c. for the healing of the Irish people.

The warnings of history, my Lord, should not be disregarded. It is the record of experience, it is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, it places before us the faults and follies of nations—their wisdom and their virtues, it points to the rocks and quicksands on which the fleets of the earth were wrecked—the sure foundations on which thrones and empires being reared, were strengthened with time, and proudly survived the shock of ages; and, like the Spanish picture's mirror, by reflecting the past, it forewarns the future. Others, my Lord, in other days, and in other countries, impelled by the same feelings with which you are influenced, promised themselves halcyon days of prosperity and glory, they but succeeded, in degrading and debasing the Confessional. They made the converts of their respective countries, I regret to say, but too much success. Now, let us see what the golden produce of their labour of love is, whether they were the apples of the Hesperides or "Dead-sea fruits that tempted the eye and turned to ashes on the lips."

I regret, my Lord, that we can do no more than rapidly glance at a few of the European kingdoms. The Confessional was destroyed in portions of Switzerland. Master hands were employed in the work of destruction. They boldly, bravely, and unscrupulously executed it. What the consequences were I need not, my Lord, detain you by describing; your own Heylin, and much better still, M. Audin, in his "Life of Calvin," have given us faithful pictures of the chaos that ensued. Hypocrisy and spoliation, tyranny and base servility, outrage and immorality, public and private rights invaded, and all terminating in an end worthy of the beginning—the robbery of the Son of God of his Divinity, and the Catholic cantors of their independence. What Zuinglius and Carlostadius, and other enemies of the Confessional, did on the borders, Audin's "Life of Luther" pretty clearly intimates.

We know from equally authentic sources what the destruction of the Confessional produced in other parts of Germany. We are not, my Lord, ignorant of the doings of these non-confessing gentlemen, Kings Beccold and John of Leyden, nor of the less celebrated exploits of Stork and Moyer, in Sraubia and Mulhausen. The blood of the hundred thousand peasants, led on by these non-confessing furies, and of the fifty thousand opposed to them slain in many sanguinary battles—add to this the carnage of the 30 years' war—rests with the whole weight of its guilt on the shoulders of the reckless innovator who gave you the principal articles of your creed. He first pulled down with a rebel's arm the chair of mercy—the refuge of sinners—and after having tried the experiment, and found it resulting in abominations that would disgrace the worst of Pagan empires in universal depravity, confusion, and rebellion, he would willingly raise it up again; but God, in his wrath, who permitted him, for so good to a wicked race, to lay his sacrilegious, ruffian hand on the Confessional, allowed it to be carried away from the presence of its destroyer, and from the counties he cursed with his opinions on the very torrents of blood accumulated by its subversion. We know, my Lord, what the neglect or the contempt of the Confessional produced in Holland and in Belgium, a civil war, the

episcopal murders of the cruel Spaniard and the equally truculent Dutchman—the alternate persecutions of the Gomarists and Arminians—the inhuman butchery of the unhappy Baptists—the murders of the Catholics by Vandermeek and Sonon, at Oudenarde, Ruvermond, Dort, Middlebourg, Delft, and Shovenon, and the not less atrocious retaliations by the Duke of Alva on the rebels. Kerouy and others thus describe the atrocious barbarities of Sonon on the peasants of North Holland. They say, that some of these, after undergoing the torments of scourges and the rack, were enveloped in sheets of linen that had been steeped in spirits of wine, which, being inflamed, they were miserably scorched to death; others, after being tortured with burning torches and sulphur in the tenderest parts of their bodies, were made to die for want of sleep, executioners being placed on guard over them to beat and torment them with clubs and other weapons whenever exhausted nature seemed ready to sink into forgetfulness: that several of them were fed with nothing but salt herrings, without a drop of water or any other liquid until they expired with thirst, finally, that others were stung to death by wasps, or devoured alive by rats which were confined in coffins with them. Feller says, in the year 1572 that the 18,000 executions by the merciless Spaniard were far surpassed in number by the murders of the rebel Vandermeek. Had the Confessional, my Lord been left undisturbed, would the historian have to blush for human nature when recording these bloody, barbarous transactions?

We know, my Lord, what the neglect or degradation of the Confession has produced in Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, &c.; scenes of shame lately unveiled by master hands, crimsoning the face of common Christianity, and making even Germany, notwithstanding its proneness to sin, blush for her bare contemplation.

We know, my Lord, what occurred in France when the old confession-going custom began to be neglected by the innovators of the sixteenth century. That beautiful land was made an Hades—a confusion, sedition, and rebellion spreading like a desolating fire over the face of the whole kingdom—disloyalty preached as a virtue; sedition, sacrilege and murder, hallowed as the works of God—256 secular Priests, and 112 regulars massacred while discharging the most solemn religious observance, by the Baron des Adrets—the Catholic peasants forced on the pikes of the non-confessing insurgents—the children of the Baron (the heart of man revolts at the thought) invited by their truculent parent to wash their hands in the reeking blood of his victims—the peaceable inhabitants of the city of Pamier butchered in open day while paying their homage to the God of the Eucharist—the streets of Montauban, Rodes, Valens, &c., swimming with innocent blood—2,900 churches either wrecked or burnt to the ground—the sacred things of the altar of God perverted to the vilest purposes, and one of the most holy things on earth or in heaven, with an impiety that made the very devils wonder at human audacity, trampled and desecrated as something the most abominable—and 5 years afterwards, the not less shocking reaction of St. Bartholomew's Eve—blood revenged by blood, and scenes of hell on all sides enacted by monsters in human form—by men made in God's image, with the hearts of demons. The unsettling of the Confessional here, my Lord, you must admit, was anything but conducive to "the good of civil government or peace of the community."

It is needless, my Lord, to refer you to a more recent period in the history of that country to show you what would occur in Ireland provided you were able, as you are willing, to pull down the Catholic Confessional. You know it, my Lord, the world knows it, for the fall of the chair of mercy in that kingdom was followed by a moral earthquake which shook the world to its centre. The bridge on the heart of man was broken, and once freed from the restraint, it furiously rushed headlong into atrocities which no imagination could conceive, nor a pen of steel describe. Kings, priests, nobles, young and old, without distinction of age or sex, inhumanly immolated—the guillotine fatigued with its work of death, and the rivers dammed up with the bodies of the dead—thrones overturned, and sceptres broken like rotten reeds; rabid reason and licentiousness apotheosised, and the vilest passion of the human heart—the filthy Cyprian substituted on the altar of the living God for the holy emblem of redemption—and, as the climax of impiety, the name of Jehovah blotted out from the memories of men, and by acclamation, effaced from the records of this unhappy country.