

Very Rev. Mr. Connolly and Rev. Mr. Daly, whilst at St Patrick's Church, the Rev Mr. Han-
nan also officiated and distributed the Blessed
Achoe. The Churches were crowded by the
faithful who came in great numbers to receive on
their foreheads the touching memento of their
mortality, and to begin the hallowed season of
Penance by "humbling themselves under the
mighty hand of God." There will be every day
Prayers and a Lecture in the Cathedral every day
during Lent except Saturdays, at 7 o'clock.—
Prayers will commence at the same hour in St.
Patrick's, where a series of Instructions will be
delivered on Sunday and Thursday evenings.

ANGLICAN BISHOPS.

We clip the following from an English Paper.
It affords convincing proof, if any were wanted,
that there is a very large screw loose in the
Church which was created by Henry VIII, Ed-
ward VI. and Elizabeth. Hereford and Manches-
ter have given it a shock from which it will not
speedily recover.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

On Sunday morning the Rev. James Prince
Lee, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Manches-
ter by the Archbishop of York. This office was
performed in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall.

It was understood that Mr. Gutteridge went
into the vestry before the service began, and
banded to the Archbishop a protest against the
consecration of Dr. Lee. It was said that his
grace immediately put the document in the fire.
The following is a copy of the protest.

"To the Most Rev. Dr. Musgrave, Lord Arch-
bishop of York, to the Right Rev. Dr. Perce,
Lord Bishop of Worcester; and the Right
Rev. Dr. Sumner, Lord Bishop of Chester;
the Prelates Commissioned to Consecrate the
Rev. James Prince Lee in the Bishopric of
Manchester at Whitehall Chapel this day.

"I, Thomas Gutteridge, a member of the
United Church of England and Ireland, do so-
lemnly, as in the presence of God, protest against
the rite of episcopal consecration being adminis-
tered to the Rev. James Prince Lee, lately nomi-
nated Bishop of Manchester, because of articles
and libel of accusation, charging the said James
Prince Lee with grievous immorality, and espe-
cially with repeated acts of drunkenness having
been exhibited against him before commissioners
of the Archbishop of York, sitting at St. James's
Church in London, on the 8th day of January of
this present year; and also because that legal
proceedings are now in course in the Court of
Queen's Bench for investigating the truth, or
otherwise, of charges of wilful living, acts of
drunkenness, and malignity of disposition, lodged
against him, the said James Prince Lee, and
contained in printed and published statements,
and credited by several thousands of the inhabi-
tants of Birmingham, the place where the said
James Prince Lee has for several years dwelt;
and which said charges of immorality are as yet
undecided by any legal process, and consequently
stand undisproved against him; and further, be-
cause the act of consecrating the said James
Prince Lee to the highest rank of holy orders
would, under the existing circumstances of his
being notoriously chargeable with mendacity and
deceit, be not only a manifest violation of the
laws and canons of the church, and so such
utterly void, nugatory, and invalid in law, but
also a dreadful profanation of this eminently
sacramental rite—a grave and lasting cause of
offence to all sober and pious Christian people—a
total dishonour to religion, and deep disgrace
and injury to the church—a scandalous misappli-
cation of the mystery of imposition of apostolical
hands—an impious invocation of the Holy Ghost
—a new and unexampled proceeding, involving
a willing outrage of the laws alike of God and
man, and one which might incur the High dis-
pleasure and penal visitation of the Almighty.

(Signed) THOMAS GUTTERIDGE,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons,
residing in Birmingham.

IRISH FAMINE.

We have received a copy of the following
Circular relative to the melancholy condition of
a once populous Parish in the County Roscom-
mon, and in compliance with the request of the
Rev. writer we publish it in our columns. We
will thankfully receive any offering that may be
sent us for the perishing flock of the Rev. Mr.
Brennan, and transmit it without delay to that
excellent clergyman:

Kilglass, Roscom, Dromed, Co. Roscommon,
Ireland, January, 1846.

The calamity with which, during the last two
years, it has pleased Providence to visit all
Ireland from its centre to the sea; and in a more
special manner my unfortunate parish, Kilglass,
in the county Roscommon, obliges me reluc-
tantly to appeal to the heads of the church, and
my more fortunate brethren throughout the
World; for their sympathy amid such trying cir-
cumstances.

Having made known through the press, at
least in Great Britain and Ireland, the unprece-
dented desolation of my parishioners, since the
commencement of famine and pestilence, I was
assailed by the princely contributions of his Holiness
Pius the Ninth, the Vicar of Christ on earth

and father of the Faithful, whose unbounded
charity has explored the most remote village and
hamlet in our afflicted Isle, transmitted by his
Eminence Cardinal Fransoni, whose heart over-
flows with charity, and the contributions of the
Right Rev. Doctor Browne, the venerated bishop
of this diocese, (Elphin) who is indefatigable in
the cause of suffering humanity, and whose
attention to our poor is unremitting.

With such powerful aid and the munificent
contributions of a humane and generous public,
I have been able in a great measure to relieve
their unexampled privations, thus enabling them
to drag out a miserable existence a little longer.

However, I must in justice say the patience
of the charitably disposed in Great Britain and Ire-
land has a right to be worn out, on account of the
many demands of this nature made on them late-
ly throughout the length and breadth of the land;
so sensibly do I feel this, that really I could not
bring myself to throw the onus on their shoulders
of still supporting my poor, and have accordingly
determined to make our melancholy condition
known to our benevolent friends elsewhere.

The census of the parish of Kilglass in 1841
was 10,369, while it is now only 6,317 thus leav-
ing a diminution of more than 4000 in its inhabi-
tants. This falling off, I regret to say, occurred
principally since this scourge came upon the land,
as since then better than 1400 of these have emi-
grated to foreign countries, and better than 1400
have fallen victims to fever and dysentery, and
other diseased superinduced by starvation; of
this number better than one 1000 died last year,
of these fatal maladies and others the sequel of
actual want.

The new poor law, though completely inade-
quate for its professed object, and as it is, is not
yet in operation here. In this union (Carrick-
on-Shannon) a rate of 3s. in the pound has been
struck, but such is the antipathy to it that it is
not likely persons will be had to collect it or take
a situation so obnoxious to the people, and even
should its collection be undertaken I question if
it ever will succeed, the country is so overbur-
dened and impoverished with taxes.

All the landlords of the parish are non resi-
dent, we have not a magistrate, or in fact any
one above the rank of a peasant amongst us save
the clergyman of the parish, who in such a con-
juncture have to do the best they can for its tota-
ly destitute poor, which at present amounts to
2573 persons, including 216 widows, 322 or-
phans, and 164 feeble old men, of this number
there are at this moment 700 at least, afflicted
with the same malignant disorders which last year
consigned so many to a premature and untimely
grave—what an awful picture of one parish does
this sad state of things portray. I may say
there are little or no public works on which to
give employment to such of these famine stricken
creatures as are able to work.

Hitherto I got no assistance whatever from the
various associations that have been formed in
Great Britain and Ireland, to distribute to the
most distressed localities the money entrusted to
them for that purpose, though it has been libe-
rally supplied to certain features of the established
church, who, taking advantage of the poverty of
the people, have made it auxiliary to their pro-
selytising schemes. If I could relieve these des-
tute persons, including the widows, orphans, and
feeble old men, and enable some of my par-
ishioners who are favourably circumstanced for
so doing, by giving them seed for their land to
make a tillage this ensuing spring—with a
liberal wheat this year's crop, which I trust in
God will be an abundant one, and sufficiently
ample for the wants of the country, would come
to maturity, our people would rally and be pros-
perous once more.

Oh, in conclusion may I implore the charitable
and humane of all classes to listen to the feeble
voice of one crying in the wilderness, and succour
the poor whose prayers will be uselessly
offered up to the throne of mercy for their tempo-
ral and eternal welfare.

HENRY BRENNAN, P.P., Kilglass.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the Cross.

Gentlemen,—According to promise, I again
take up my pen to give you some further details
of New Brunswick Orangemen. If I could hope
to redress, by this means, the many grievances
under which we labour, there would be infinite
pleasure in the task; but, when I calculate upon
the probable result, my labour becomes one of
pain.

So great a reaction in religion as has taken
place in the Old Country, within the last few
years, would lead a person to imagine that a
share of the good feeling would extend to the
Colonies. One might expect, from this, that
Bigotry would not only fly her primal abode, but
that she would also depart in some measure from
the land of her adoption. But no—not in the
least. Virtue moves slowly, while vice is of
rapid flight.

"The latter, light of foot, does fairly run
Unto the former's perch just twenty one."

If we remember, for a moment, that rabid spirit
which was discoverable in Puritanism in its in-
fancy in England, we will find that in America
the intensity of that rancour is not in the least
abated. The adventurer who some years ago
crossed the Atlantic in search of a better home
brought with him that intolerable rancour, as it
then existed, in its fullness. No imparted it,
when dying, to his offspring, as a part of his
estate. That offspring has preserved the trait
inviolable, and with a vengeance. What is the
consequence? Why, that America all over is

just a *fac simile* in its fanaticism of what England
was in the days of Cromwell. Like the feeling
described by Virgil, pleasing and painful at the
same time, is that we experience in a conversa-
tion with a Scotchman, or an Englishman, who
emigrated hither about twenty, thirty, or forty
years ago. "Is pleasing to find, by his notions
and his remarks, how much wiser and better the
old world has grown since his time, so as to have
cast off those diabolical prejudices which were
instilled by the Reformation." His painful
again, to behold what lamentable errors he
taken hold of the human mind in those bygone
days, of infatuation and blindness. Until
this generation imbibed a portion of that reason
and liberality which have been taken of late in
such large draughts at home, we may safely
say that Orangemen in this country will never
find an end. From this hereditary teaching,
then, we may trace all the outrages which we
so justly lament here.

The city of St. John is a kind of Depot, out of
which recruiting sergeants, as it were, are occa-
sionally sent for the purpose of forming little
local regiments of Orangemen to continue the
war. Last week a few of those worthies were
dispatched to a certain quarter, and a hundred
miles from where I now write, to organize a body
for their ungodly practices. What an endless
Gentle reader, if you are a Christian, or a lover
of peace, only think of the intention of this un-
regenerated crew! Imagine to yourself a little
village, with perhaps ten or fifteen families, about
to lose forever its peace and happiness. The
poor people are secure in their affections towards
each other. They mutually borrow and lend.
They love each other, as they are commended
by a God who loved his enemies. They know
nothing of the mad strides of the war. From
Spring till Winter, and from Winter till
Spring, they pursue "the no less fearful of their
way." But now with the falling of the night
shades a heavier cloud is coming over them, a
vision to banish the light of happiness from a hearth
and home. The emissaries of hell make their
appearance. They are treated with hospitality,
and now, as the reward of the kindness which
they receive, they prepare to despoil the simple
people who look upon them as gentlemen. They
expose their nefarious designs—they blacken
the character of the surrounding Catholic neigh-
bours—they array the innocent villagers in a
hellish league, and then return to their starting
point with the joyous welcome of "Well done,
good and faithful servants." The poison is
instilled, and now it will do its work.

There is scarcely a hamlet in New Brunswick,
however insignificant, in which an Orange Lodge
may not be found. Within the last two or three
years these pits of destruction have increased to
an amazing extent. On the twelfth of last July
no fewer than six hundred of those banded ruf-
fians exhibited their frightful pictures within the
compass of a few miles. With all their badges
and badness they marched through the circuit
for the display of their strength. They then
retired to the rendezvous, drank, cursed the Pope
and his followers, kept up an uproarious night in
swearing, drunkenness, and gambling; and hailed
the morning Sun with swollen faces, sick sto-
machs, fiery eyes, and consciences unseated.—
This was the conclusion of the glorious triumph,
but what better could be expected from the grace-
less rite that gave it beginning in the morning?
The white faced Parson with his sheep's clo-
thing and his wolf's paws, commenced as usual
in his service by telling them that "they had
done those things which they ought not to have
done" (that's a fact)—damned Pius the Ninth,
whom the rest of the world is lauding to the
skies)—"and that they had left undone those
things which they ought to have done," (no
numbers to mention) "and that there was no
help in them" (more's the pity.) What a wit-
less farce! He next pronounced a panegyric
upon the pious memory of the Dutch usurper
and of the ungrateful, unnatural woman who
dethroned her father; and, of course, as a neces-
sary consequence, left them to draw the conclu-
sion, if he did not so himself, that they "ought
to go and do likewise." It is continually as-
serted by these Orangemen that nothing shall
criminate any of their associates. "Tis in vain,"
say they, for any one to institute an action against
a brother, for they are determined at every hazard
to rescue him from penalties and punishments.
How firmly the devil can consolidate his confede-
rate array when his work of iniquity is to be
performed! But their audacity does not termi-
nate even at this pitch of rascality. Lucifer has
the boldness to raise his haughty crest against
the whole host of Heaven, and to wave the sign
of rebellion even in the face of the Most High.
The conduct of the Orange mob of this Province
comes nearest to the hellish effrontery of Satan
of any diabolical deed on record. A few days
ago there happened to come to the Catholic
Church of this place three Orangemen, who re-
mained there all night, the "Holy Sacrifice." A

Sermon was delivered upon the subject of the
husbandman, who, at the different hours, sent
labourers into his vineyard. The discourse was
one in which not the remotest allusion was made
to Sectarians. There was merely a moral view
taken of the subject, and it was addressed solely
to the members of the Church. However, this
made no difference. When the parties were
beginning to disperse, one of the knaves above
alluded to, with an aide d'eamp on either side of
him, took from his pocket an Orange-coloured
handkerchief, and, having first shaken it aloft,
adjusted it around his waist, in the full view of
the entire congregation. Now, was not this an
utter ruffian, and a reckless rioter? What cared
he for the outraged feelings of an unoffending
people, from whom he received nothing but kind-
ness? What cared he for the peace, and holiness,
and brotherly love, which should characterise
the day of the Lord? If the Catholics
wished, at the moment, to take revenge, might
they not have battered and bruised himself and
his companions? Yet, what did they upon this
occasion? They let them pass—they forgave
the folly—they felt that if they pursued any
other course, their actions would be only an imi-
tation of the deed of the belligerent Orange
blackguards, and they left unbroken and unpre-
sented the peace and sanctity of the Sabbath.—
Who ever heard of such thoughtless, mad villainy?
Is hero displayed by these savages, in thus en-
deavouring to create disturbance? We would
not think so strangely of such a thing, if done by
a crowd of Orangemen before a few Catholics;
but in the front and in the midst of a whole con-
gregation to see two or three hauling the flag of
warfare even on the time sacred to rest and holiness,
surpasses all ideas of vagabondism and
infamy registered in the annals of the "Old
country." Shades of William and Mary! if you
can behold the atrocities which your ungrounded
pretensions and seizure of a Throne have brought
upon the world, can there be rest for you in
serenity? If the heads of the Province were
present we should not complain of the rabble. Man-
nificant of every principle of good breeding,
and unimpaired in every virtue, would not draw
down our curses, only that we believe them to
be the pupils of knowingly base professors.—
There is one little limb of the Law here, who is
perpetually at the dirty work. He is only one of
a tribe, but we single him out on account of his
peculiarity. If you only saw him but once, you
would sure cry shame on Dame Fortune that
ever threw a silk gown over such shoulders? The
miserable, contracted, legerly brow of the
Lan ty stamps his paltry character with eternal
disgrace; and the cognomen that designates him
from honorable men, is the best fitting cap that
ever was set upon the head of misery and mean-
ness. The possibility of such a pite holding
anything like a noble thought is too great an
absurdity for any rational being to suppose.—
Oh thou funny faced banger! what skinny, bony
ideas infest thy soulless brain! What an abor-
tion, even amidst afflicted nature! Methinks
thy wit is so well that Nothing is the only sub-
ject whereon thy powers can exert themselves.
Hast thou ever gotten thy likeness taken? Thy
likeness was never like thee. But let us not
stain our pencil by giving further traits of his
miscalled features, "with no face out-facing me."
This is enough "He who runs may read." Of
all our authorities I can give credit only to two
for their exertions to abolish Orangemen. All
others are more or less implicated. One of our
members of the Bar lately vindicated the charac-
ter of Catholics, in opposition to a host of genuine
Tories. One of our Judges openly asserted on
the Bench last summer that Catholics were the
best people coming to New Brunswick—both for
improvement to the Country and for fidelity to
the Queen. These gentlemen have our deepest
thanks. Yet, these are the only exceptions.
The universal Province, therefore, is against us.
How shall we redress these grievances? This
is the question which should now engage our
attention. We see the fate before us, behind us,
around us. We want no further proof to show
us that a dreadful engine is at work to unde-
mine us. The poison of Orange bigotry and
senseless has been gassed far and wide, and men
in their insanity are striving to annihilate up-
Catholics of New Brunswick, what is to be done
to suppress the growing evil? You must do
something. It must not be deferred. Consider
it for yourselves, and your children's sakes;
and in the meantime I will think upon a plan
which shall be suggested to you in my next
issue.

AMMONSUS
New Brunswick, February 23.