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THE IRISH CANADIAN PILGRIMS. ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.

OVIATION IN LIVERPOOL.

POPULAR ENTHUSIASM—THE PILGRIMS SAFE, SOUND, AND SATISFIED—ADDRESS OF WELCOME AND CONGRATULATION—RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT BY THE CATHOLIC CLUB, &c.—

The heart was almost sick with hope deferred, so weary was the vigil for the good ship City of Brussels. Ever since the ominous silence which foretold disaster at sea, there has been patient, anxious watching. News came at intervals, as luckier vessels spoke her, and brought to land the intelligence that she was struggling bravely against the most adverse influences to discharge the grave responsibility her gallant and able commander had undertaken when he sailed out of New York harbor on the 21st of April, amid the thunder of guns and the echoing cheers of a fervent multitude. Expectation rose to fever heat on Friday last, when the telegraph informed us that one of her officers had landed near Queenstown, from the Russia, in search of tugs, and had reported his steamer to be only 270 miles west. The Challenger and another immediately started in quest. From the following day, therefore, eyes were strained over the ocean, sweeping the western horizon for the first uprising of her spars. Sunday passed, and then Monday, without a sign appearing, and disappointment began to overspread all minds. It did not occur to the many that the rough weather which prevailed during the period when she would have reached Queenstown would not only prevent her facing the harbour, but hide her from the view of those on shore. Yet this was what actually occurred. Captain Watkins, the efficient commander, decided to push on to his goal, and gave no hint to the Queenstonians that the object of their watch was passing at last.

HOW SHE WAS DISCOVERED.

There was every likelihood that the City of Brussels was about to steal a march on England and sweep a long way up the channel before discovery was made. On Tuesday morning the Waterford steamer Zephyr (Capt. O'Donnell) passed her, recognized her, and gave her greeting. When Mr. O'Donnell reached Liverpool he reported the meeting, and the news flashed through the town like wild fire. Curiously enough her owner was the first inhabitant of Liverpool to sight her. He had arrived from America on the previous day, per the City of Richmond, and was eagerly waiting for the City of Brussels. Early on Tuesday morning he swept the sea with his glass, from his elevated residence at Upton, and was gladdened when his gaze was interrupted by the familiar bulk of the City of Brussels. She was gliding slowly, and the distinct lines of smoke falling into her wake proved that there were tugs doing duty. Information was immediately transmitted to the office, ere long the Toller was sent down the river to assist the transients home.

MEETING OF KINDRED HEARTS.

At halfpast eleven the tug Spindrift got under weigh, carrying some officials of the company, a detachment of pressmen, and two gentlemen representing Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, tourist managers. About four miles from the point of departure we came up with the great steamer, and she at once opened her hospitable ports to receive us. The pilgrims crowded the decks and leaned over the bulwarks, full of gladness that they had at length a substantial prospect of stretching themselves on firm earth, and they gave hearty greeting to all who came on board. Shortly afterwards the tug Knight Templar rushed alongside, bearing on her deck a deputation from the Liverpool Catholic Club including Mr. J. J. Yates, the president, Mr. T. Martin, Mr. J. Stannanoght, Mr. W. A. Matheson, Mr. J. Martin Rankin, Mr. J. Prendiville, Mr. T. W. Hughes, Mr. W. Adair, Mr. J. Berry, Mr. J. J. Byrne, &c. Cheers, hearty and prolonged, echoed from vessel to vessel when the function of the newcomers was discovered; and immediately afterwards there was a second and equally enthusiastic demonstration when the tug Wonder was despatched, with Father Nugent on the bridge. An enthusiastic Canadian, with a long memory, roared out the name of the rev. gentlemen the moment he saw him, and the whole body of pilgrims instantly raised a series of thundering hurrahs, which did not cease until the whole party were handshaking. Father Nugent came to welcome many old friends, but he was also representative of his great Total Abstinence League, and he was accompanied by Father Ring, Mr. Charles McArdle, Mr. Bernard Hannin, and Mr. J. J. Fitzpatrick. The good Father Dowd, "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the pilgrims, was the centre of interest, and he gave dignified greeting to all who approached him. The other priests and several of the laymen particularly the worthy standard-bearer, Mr. Bernard Tansy, came in for their due share of individual congratulation and inquiry. Invitations were issued for a short sojourn in Liverpool, and no opposition being offered on behalf of Messrs. Cook frankly accepted.

COMING OF THE RIVER.

Transfer was speedily made of pilgrims, "bag and baggage," to the tug Spindrift, and the following was the muster:—From Montreal: Rev. P. Dowd, Rev. W. Crombleholme, Rev. John Egan, Mr. F. H. McKenna, Mrs. McKenna, Alderman Mullin, Mrs. M. C. Mullarkey, Miss Lizzie Mullarkey, Miss Nellie Mullarkey, Master Mullarkey, Mr. W. Brennan, Mrs. Brennan, Mr. James Sheridan, Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Joseph Cloran, Miss Austin, Miss Alice Austin, Mrs. D. Reese, Mr. Bernard Tansy, and Mr. Farmer. From Toronto: Hon. Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Smith (3), Masters Smith (2), Paris (Ontario): Rev. T. J. Dowling. Thoralid (Ontario): Mr. David Battle, St. Basile, N.B.: Rev. T. F. Barry. Chatham, N.B.: Rev. T. J. Bannan. New York: Major-General Newton, Hon. William Walsh, Miss Jane Carroll, Miss Mary L. Rice, Rev. Thomas Taffie, Mr. Robert Mellor, Brooklyn: Rev. Joseph Hanlon, and Mr. Robert J. Sheehy, Rev. Joseph Hanlon, and Mr. P. F. O'Brien. Detroit: Mr. O. F. Rabault, and Mrs. Rabault. Philadelphia: Rev. M. Meagher. Pittston: Mr. Thomas Mangin. Lynn: Miss A. Mahon. Total, 47. As the tug swung loose from the steamer, the vocal demonstrations rose again. The crew of the City of Brussels lined the bulwarks in a mass,

cheering and waving their caps, and the crowded tug gave forth responsive thunders. A call for a farewell to Captain Watkins was honoured with three times three, and the last hurrah was given to the brave master of the Challenger, who had faced the Atlantic, hunted by the steamer, and come home as her consort. Then Mr. Tansy unfurled his splendid flag of green to the breeze, and the Papal arms wrought in gold, glittered over the waves of the Mersey. A proud look came into his eyes—a look ominous to transgressors—as he hoisted the historic colours, and kept erect the emblem of faith and nationality. The tug sped on her way in bright sunshine, past the massive walls, colossal docks, and stately warehouses on one side, and the green of fields relieved by the white of countless villas on the other. As we neared the landing stage we saw that our arrival was awaited—that some mysterious magnetic current had heralded the event. The northern portion of the stage was densely covered with eager people, while hundreds of racing figures lilted along the dock piers, converging on the common centre. Here was an ovation, but for one moment a silent one. The next the mass heaved and throbbed, and as the tug swung opposite and disclosed the waving standard, one great shout of welcome and triumph pealed out from thousands of lusty throats, and echoed along the river. The pilgrims answered as lustily, and the cheering became louder and more resonant till it grew hoarse in frantic exultation as Mr. Tansy swept the flag in circles round his head. The police had to make way for the landing so indiscriminately enthusiastic was the pressure of the warm-hearted throng.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The whole party, on escaping from necessary customs inquiry, drove directly to the Adelphi Hotel, under the arms of Mr. Yates, whose thoughtful attentions were simply above all praise. On assembling in the building, the following address was read and presented by Father Nugent: "REVEREND SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—We offer you our hearty congratulations upon your safe arrival, after a long and anxious voyage across the ocean. Throughout this kingdom an intense anxiety was manifested regarding the fate of the City of Brussels. Men of every shade of opinion now rejoice, and thank God—the one Father of all—that you have been delivered from the perils and dangers of the deep. We, Catholics, welcome you to our shores, and congratulate you upon the heroism and loyalty which have drawn you from your distant homes to celebrate in the eternal City of Rome the Pontifical jubilee of our Holy Father Pius IX. Animated with the same love and veneration to the Supreme Pontiff which has inspired you to cross an ocean and a continent, to offer the homage of a great people to his august person, we seize this opportunity to honour your self-sacrificing devotion, which has ever been the heroic characteristic of our ancient race. The Irish people have throughout their chequered history set an example of loyalty to the See of Peter which neither time nor latitude can impair, and which justifies the statement of a distinguished prelate that the Emerald Isle is the brightest gem in the Papal tiara. You, our kindred in blood, whose fortunes are cast so far away from the cradle of our race, by joining in this great pilgrimage—to form one of the two thousand streams of faith now rolling to Rome—have shown that you are true to the imperishable traditions of our ancestry. We hail you then, as most worthy brothers, and while bidding you welcome, we pray you God-speed on your holy mission."

Father Dowd said he had not expected so hearty a welcome. They had met with difficulties and delays, but they had confidence in God as their safeguard. They cheered themselves with exercises that lightened the way. They had their mass on every morning except three. The roll of the sea prevented it on the 23rd of April, and then the falling of their altar wine deprived them of the consolation on two days. From the beginning of the month of May regular exercises were held in honour of our Blessed Mother. He might almost say they were to be envied by those on land for the manner in which they were able to go through their devotions. They went through them fervently, and with the solemnity of a full choir of vocal music. All the passengers took part in chanting the Litany to the Virgin. Thus were they enabled to bear their disappointment, and confirmed in the impression that, though they had something to bear, they were under the protection of God and through His guidance would reach the end they sought. He thought it but justice to say that the captain of the ship, the officers, and the entire crew vied with each other in showing them kindness (hear, hear), in trying to alleviate the disappointment to the utmost of their power. It was impossible, under the circumstances, to have got on better. He thanked his Liverpool friends for their warm manifestation of feeling. They knew it was not intended for them personally, but was inspired by the common cause in which they were enlisted. It would ultimately reach the Holy Father. The object of the pilgrimage was to take part in his celebration, and their Liverpool friends participated by their kindness and sympathy. He thanked them once again very sincerely (applause).

Father Nugent (who was much moved) said that if Liverpool only expressed its real feelings the reception would have been very different. They saw how the poor people greeted them, and every Catholic of position in the town would be as pleased to take part. The uncertainty they had been in as to the arrival of the vessel and the opportunity for doing anything, had defeated the kindest intentions, and the spirit that had been displayed by the gentlemen around must be taken as characteristic of Liverpool generally (hear, hear). They wished to show gratitude to God and hearty sympathy with the pilgrims. He was under particular obligations to Father Dowd and the people of Canada for what they had done for him in the past. He never could forget it, and anything he had put into the words of the address was but a poor expression of his grateful feelings towards Father Dowd personally and the Canadian people in every part of the country he had visited (applause).

THE LUNCHEON.

There was then an adjournment to the great banquet hall of the hotel, where Mr. Ludlow, the

manager, had served up, on exceedingly brief notice, an elegant luncheon. Mr. J. J. Yates, as chief host, occupied the chair, and Mr. T. Martin the vice-chair. On either side of the chairman sat Rev. P. Dowd, M. Donnelly, F. J. Lynch, W. Spencer, and Bradley; Major General Newton, &c. Amongst the local guests not already named were Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Madden, Mr. P. J. McAdam, Mr. J. Twomey, Mr. Johnson, &c. After luncheon,

The Chairman said one toast stood out as pre-eminently belonging to all Catholic gatherings, and it was the toast of him in whose cause, and to honour whom, their guests were there on their way to Rome (applause). Therefore that was a peculiarly fitting occasion on which to propose the health of the head of the Church, and the members of the Catholic Club and some of the clergy of Liverpool were assembled to welcome those who for five or six weeks had been, as it were, martyrs in the Pope's cause (applause). The health of the Holy Father was one that was always received by Catholics with the utmost enthusiasm; and he (the speaker) was sure that the Pope would look upon, as one of the brightest jewels in his crown, the tributes of affection that were brought to him on the occasion of his jubilee by pilgrims from all parts of the world (loud applause).

The toast was warmly honoured. The Chairman next proposed the toast of "The Queen." He said that the majority of the American pilgrims who were on their way to Rome were, like the Liverpool gentlemen present, subjects of her Majesty the Queen (loud applause). There were no more devoted subjects of her Majesty than the Catholics of England, Ireland, and Canada; and whenever they had been called upon to do so, they had shown in the strongest possible sense their affection to the throne (applause).

The toast was heartily drunk. Mr. Thomas Martin proposed "The Health of the Pilgrims." He expressed regret that the task had not been placed in able hands, but said that no gentleman in that assemblage or in Liverpool felt a greater respect than he did for those who had that day arrived amongst them (applause). The pilgrims on their way to pay their devout tribute of respect to the Holy Father, and he might tell them—but that fact they were no doubt already aware—that the long prolongation of their voyage to England had caused a deal of anxiety (applause). Day after day prayers had been offered up for their happy deliverance, and when it was announced to them that morning that the noble ship in which they had sailed from America had succeeded in reaching the shores of England, there was not a man in Liverpool—he might venture to say in the whole country—who was not pleased and gratified beyond measure (loud applause). The pilgrims were not by any means to measure the hospitality of the Catholics of Liverpool by the meagre entertainment which had been offered them (hear, hear). Their arrival had taken the club by surprise, and they had to make their arrangements on a very short notice (applause). In conclusion, Mr. Martin coupled with the toast of "The Pilgrims" the name of Father Dowd, their pioneer (loud applause). The toast having been honoured with enthusiasm,

The Rev. Father Dowd, who was cordially greeted, responded. He said that he must correct his friend's description of him as the pioneer of the pilgrimage. The idea of the pilgrimage originated with one Catholic society, which well represented the Catholic feeling of the Irish inhabitants of Montreal. Perhaps it was not to much to say that the project originated with the president of that society, who thought it would be a becoming and welcome thing that there should be a pilgrimage of the Irish Catholics to Rome. The welcome which had been given to them they received not as intended for themselves, but as an evidence of the fervour in the cause in which they were all engaged, (applause). The pilgrims thought that their journey to Rome from such a distant country as Canada would convince some people that Catholics loved the Holy Father whom they had seen persecuted and robbed; and were willing, as was shown by even their small offerings, to replace that of which he had been deprived, so that men might be convinced that Pius IX. was enthroned in the hearts of his people throughout the whole habitable world (loud applause). When upon their journey they reached New York they received a similar display of kindness. But as they had arrived at the early hour of eight o'clock, the reception did not show that magnificent display of numbers which they had witnessed that day. The hardships which they were said to have gone through did not deserve such name. In fact, to tell the truth, he thought they never had so much fun in their lives, (laughter). If they had been called upon to undergo hardships he hoped they would have been willing to do so, even to the extent of shipwreck; if needs be, he hoped they would be willing to give up their lives in the holy cause (applause). In again thanking them, he reminded them that seven years of his own ministry had been spent in Drogheda, and he had then an opportunity of knowing something of what the spirit of the Catholics of Liverpool was, and he hoped they would not think him ungrateful if he said he was prepared to see that they were willing to do something to show their respect for the Holy Father (applause).

There were now loud calls for General Newton, and the gallant officer rose in response. He said he was surprised at being brought to his feet. He was not an Irishman, but simply a Catholic. He did not know his nationality. He defied anybody to live in America twenty years and not forget that he belonged to any particular nation (hear, hear). America was made up of all nations, and he hoped and thought they got the best of all nations (applause). It seemed to him that of all inventions nationality was the worst, and upon it human system and the devil had built up an infernal system of interference with education and everything they held sacred. It was only for demagogues to appeal to something connected with nationality—some whim or caprice or influence—and they carried the people away with them (hear, hear). Therefore, he was again nationality. He was Catholic in religion, in country, and in everything else (applause). The General proceeded to say that there had been some little difference be-

tween the captain and one or two of the passengers, who thought it better to return to New York. For himself, he must say simply that there was one rule both for war and the sea,—and that was never to turn back until obliged (cheers). This was the first time he had visited the old country from whence his fathers had come—so he had heard, for he knew nothing of it himself (laughter),—and he was very well pleased and thanked them heartily (cheers).

The toast of "The Ladies" was given with captivating eloquence by Mr. W. Madden, and acknowledged by Father Dowd who spoke as general father of them all, and paid them a high tribute for their courage under every trial. The proceedings then concluded.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

As became good Catholics, grateful to God for bringing them through all perils, the pilgrims then proceeded to the Pro-Cathedral, which was brilliantly lighted and prepared for Benediction. His lordship the bishop had purposed meeting them, and assisting in the solemn service of thanksgiving, but was unavoidably detained out of town. A full congregation assembled in the spacious church, and joined devoutly in prayer and praise. Father Spencer was the officiating priest. Before the close of the ceremonial, Father McLoughlin, Redemptorist, delivered a brief discourse. He said he welcomed a thousand times his fellow Catholics from America, and he felt sure that he expressed the feelings of the lord bishop of the diocese and the clergy and the people when he said that they were extremely delighted to see them assembled within the walls of that church. From the day that the Catholics of this country heard that the pilgrims had received the blessing of the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York, that the pilgrim ship hoisted the Papal colours, and that the other ships in the Bay of New York fell back to give them the honour of precedence, the Catholic priests and people felt deeply interested in their voyage over the Atlantic. When news reached England of the accident that had happened to the City of Brussels, the anxiety was intense; but now they had arrived in safety. The anxiety of some of the passengers on board the ship during those long tedious weeks on the ocean must have been something like the anxiety of Columbus and those whom his historic ship carried to discover that great country from which the pilgrims came. In their peril the pilgrims had their best prayers and warmest sympathies, and that day, thank God, they had their heartiest congratulations. Though the Catholics of Liverpool could not go with the pilgrims to Rome, their hearts' best affections would be with them, and he asked them to lay them at the feet of the great Pontiff of Rome, and to tell him that, while they were assembled in that church to celebrate a Te Deum for their safe arrival, there was also being celebrated there, and in every other Catholic church in Liverpool, a novena in honour of the Pope's jubilee. He hoped the blessing of God would accompany them to their journey's end.

BACK TO THE HOTEL.

On returning to the hotel there were a couple of hours to spare before resuming the journey. A large crowd had assembled in the vicinity of the cathedral, and the Canadians were made the objects of a warm demonstration as they came forth. Round the hotel, too, there were many people equally sympathetic. The interval was spent in pleasant converse, and every moment deepened the liking which had sprung up between the visitors and their friends. Father Dowd made eyes light up when he moved or spoke. General Newton charmed everyone by his frank and unaffected courtesy. Father Sheehy awoke admiration for his stalwart figure and jovial manner. Father Dowling was the essence of quiet politeness. Alderman Mullin was sought out, because he expressed his opinions with American brevity and point. Mr. Tansy was ever a centre of gossip and interest, and he refused to grow tired pleasing all round. Some of the Liverpool gentlemen, with a thoughtfulness that did them credit, were assiduous in waiting upon the ladies. It was a happy family, nearly one hundred strong and the happiness made each unit feel as if acquaintance had been perpetual, not merely scraped up a few hours before.

AU REVOIR.

The hands of the clock flew round, and the golden minutes were passing. Messrs. Cook and Son, living embodiments of punctuality and steam, were inexorable. The Pullman train was timed to leave at 10.40 p.m., and a move must be made. What a pity that the wicked sea should have despotically absorbed the long weeks, and left affectionate friends but the minutes. A month of weary watching, hoping, praying,—and in the end but a half day to enjoy the triumph. But repining is vain. The travellers take up their bundles and depart. The Central Station was thronged. One hundred men of the Total Abstinence League, with insignia, occupied the platform, relieving police and railway officials of duty. A limited number of non-pilgrims pass the cordon. The station is hung with gay bunting, American and British. The files of pilgrims pass in, and up the avenue between lines of carriages, and the lofty roof of the station vibrates with the cheers. Then all is confusion. Ladies are securely packed in the luxurious cars, and luggage stowed away by the ton. Final moments are made most of for fresh adieux. The pilgrims mass together while they wait, and sing "Tara's Hall," "Faith of our Fathers," and a hymn to the Pope. The time for departure arrives, yet still the train is motionless. There is another interval of grace, utilised for fresh demonstrations, fresh vocalising. At length the moment comes when engines will wait no longer, the voyagers take their places, the whistle sounds, and the line of cars is in motion. Then the cheers go up anew, the pilgrims give echo from their enclosures, one long, last, ringing shout splits the air, and the next instant the train has thundered out of sight.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SEA.

On questioning Father Dowling, Father Sheehy, and several other passengers, some interesting reminiscences of the voyage were elicited. The first Sunday on Sea, which was the following day, was marked by no less than seven Masses. They

began at five o'clock, and priests had their first experience of offering the tremendous sacrifice on the ocean. Father Dowd, most loving and impressive of spiritual parents, said the Mass of the community at seven o'clock. Father Crombleholme had come provided with a perfect marvel in the way of an altar. It was a small rosewood box, like a dressing-case. When the lid was raised a cross appeared on the inner side. Beneath was a compartment for the sacred vestments. In other divisions reposed the chalice, Missal-stand, lights, flask for wine and altar breads. The altar stone was in the centre. On either side there were wings to unfold for the Epistle and Gospel sides. The cover had hooks on which were suspended sockets for candles. Everything was complete and in amazingly small compass. Mary, Star of the Sea, was naturally the object of spiritual exercises, and the Ave Maria Stella was daily sung after Rosary. Evening brought renewed exercises. On Monday morning there was Mass at seven o'clock. The wind was heavy, and no more could be celebrated. Shortly afterwards there was a noise like smothering thunder from below, and a violent shivering of the vessel. She seemed to have run upon an iron-bound reef and rent herself. Passengers looked at each other and wondered. Doubt prevailed for a moment, and then it was found that the shaft of the screw had snapped, and that the driving wheel was whirling at three hundred revolutions a minute. By-and-by the vessel came to a halt. Consultation succeeded. The captain found that they were only 500 miles from New York; there were no adverse winds, and as his charges did not object, he resolved to hoist sail and push onward with his voyage. During the afternoon the breeze fell, and progress was slow, tedious, and tiring. But the pilgrims found occupation and recreation in their devotions, and they recked nothing of the speed. Tuesday came and brought with it a French steamer which, however did not answer the signal hung out. Other vessels also passed, notably the barque Danube, on the 27th, which reported the meeting afterwards. The 28th had no Mass, because of the wild winds and waves, but Sunday, the 29th was fully observed. The City of Berlin came in view on the 30th. Tuesday opened the Month of May, and the pilgrims instituted appropriate exercises in honour of our Holy Mother. The captain gave the ship's flowers for altar decoration, and a statue of Mary was reared in their midst. All the passengers are touched by the associations in which they move, and the pilgrims are overflowing with gratitude to Capt. Watkins. They held a meeting in the evening, drew up an address embodying their admiration and confidence, and presented it to him. On May 8th the City of Richmond came up, en route to New York, and not only supplied whatever was necessary, but took charge of all letters, and one passenger whose business did not allow him to risk delay if he could avoid it. There was great excitement when the City of Richmond was sighted, and much curiosity when the little boat was towed to her. Cheers were exchanged at the parting. Ascension Thursday brought a general Communion, and an immense lighting of spirits in consequence. Men and women felt stronger than ever. The day following witnessed the discharge of the deep of 120 tons of beef forming part of the cargo. No ice remained to devote to its preservation, and the sacrifice became necessary. On Saturday, the 12th, a sailing ship was spoken. It became evident about this that the removal of the meat had affected the equilibrium of the steamer, and thereby rendered the rudder scarcely controllable. This necessitated a redistribution of cargo, and 80 tons had to be brought aft. From thence signals were regularly exchanged with outward-bound steamers, until the 24th, when the Cunard liner Russia, on her homeward voyage, overtook them about 270 miles west of the Irish coast. The Queen's birthday had been honoured by a salute that morning. Captain Watkins sent his fourth officer, Mr. Cummings, on board the Russia, and he was landed at Crookhaven. His object was to obtain the aid of a tug. The Challenger at once put to sea, provided with exact charts of the whereabouts of the City of Brussels, but in the meantime the wind became favourable and when she was reached was only 150 miles from Queenstown, and going at 8½ knots an hour. Consequently the tug did not get a cable, but steamed alongside. On Saturday night something like a storm set in, and much difficulty was experienced in covering the knots. Queenstown became out of the question, and the captain gave up the idea, heading on for Liverpool. The haziness of the weather rendered futile the look-out in that quarter. On Sunday morning the Challenger fastened a hawser and began to tow, and from thence till the home arrival there was nothing worthy of mention. We may state that the leisure hours on board were spent agreeably, in quills, cards, chess, and other games, and in rowing round the steamer during calms.

A GRAVE IN THE CAVERNS OF THE DEEP.

One of the ordinary passengers was an old man—a centenarian, according to his own account—named Peter Fagan, a native of Dundalk, who had spent thirty-five years in America, and was returning home with the savings of his exile—about 1,000 dollars. He wanted to close his eyes, and sleep his last sleep, in the "Old Land." But God willed otherwise. He fell ill on the way, and there was no hope of recovery. The lamp was on the point of going out. Father Crombleholme attended him, and saw him die on the 15th inst. On the next day his coffin was wrapped in the Union Jack, and the burial service performed by his last spiritual adviser. The bells of the ship tolled, and a sadness fell over the entire vessel, and the coffin, heavily weighed, was cast into the deep.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Our London correspondent writes: that the pilgrims arrived in London at six o'clock Wednesday morning, and put up at the Midland Hotel. They started again by the southern train at 5.30, and it is their intention to spend Saturday and Sunday in Paris, and a similar period at Lourdes, where the flag will be deposited. They do not expect to reach Rome before the 11th inst. Father Dowd telegraphed from London to the Vatican, requesting a special audience.—Catholic Times, June 15.