



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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

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 wearying was the vigil for the good ship City of Brussels.

HOW SHE WAS DISCOVERED.
There was every likelihood that the City of Brussels was about to steal a march on England as well as Ireland. She rounded the Irish coast, and swept a long way up the channel before discovery was made.

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.

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 Tansey, and Mr. Farmer.

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.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.
The whole party, on escaping from necessary customs' inquisition, drove directly to the Adelphi Hotel, under the arms of Mr. Yates, whose thoughtful attentions were simply above all praise.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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).

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).

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 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.

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.

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.

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).

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.