

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 35.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 28, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- AUGUST 29—Sunday—XIV after Pentecost, I Sept Decollation of St. John Baptist.
 30—Monday—St. Rose of Lima.
 31—Tuesday—St Raymond Nonnatus, Conf.
- SEPTEMBER 1—Wednesday—St. Lewis, King C.
 2—Thursday—St Stephen King C.
 3—Friday—St. John, I. P. M.
 4—Saturday—St Rose of Viterba.

O'CONNELL IN IRELAND.

Tuesday, August 2nd was a day of mourning and lamentations for the Irish people. On that day the remains of Daniel O'Connell were borne to the Irish coast, and the wounds of the National heart were torn open afresh. Through the kindness of a friend, we have received the subjoined account of the ever memorable event from the columns of the Freeman's Journal of the 3rd instant. Where is the Irishman whose heart will not throb with the deepest emotions of anguish, or from whose eyes will not start the unbidden tear, whilst he peruses the heart rending details of this sublime spectacle of unavailing gratitude and silent sorrow?

"Yesterday the remains of the beloved of Ireland—of him who for forty years led this people from victory to victory and from triumph to triumph—were borne to our shores. Silent and voiceless were they, but yet even in the stillness of the dread mystery that had passed over them they came to us seemingly powerful as when the living O'Con-

nell was wont to stimulate and to calm, to excite and assuage, to rule and to guide, the people which he liberated and made his own. We were enabled yesterday to announce the hour at which the sacred freight of the Duchess of Kent—now the most precious of Ireland's treasures—was likely to reach our harbour, and from an early hour of the day thousands of our fellow citizens of all classes and grades stationed themselves along the quays, occupied the adjoining streets, and filled the windows, housetops, and every other locality whence even a glimpse of "the Liberator's coffin" might be caught, that they "might have it to say to their children and grandchildren," as we heard many express themselves, "that we even saw it."

The hour named for the arrival of the Duchess of Kent in the bay was two o'clock, and for some hours previously every barge in the harbour was laden with anxious admirers of the illustrious dead. Some moved their craft down the river that they might be the first to salute the floating chapel in which their pride lay low; others moved theirs near the mid channel that they might be "nearer the ship. To all there seemed to be one common object—the doing honor to their dead chief. With all there was a common sentiment, a deep and heartfelt sense of the national loss we have sustained in the inscrutable dispensation of an allwise Providence.

At an early hour in the morning, Mr John O'Connell, accompanied by his son Daniel, proceeded to sea from Kingstown in his yacht the Nimrod to meet the steamer which bore the remains of his honoured father, and to apprise the parties on board of the arrangements made for their reception. At about half past eleven the Duchess of Kent how