

whole proceedings reflected the highest credit on all who were engaged, and exhibited, in a remarkable manner, the undying attachment and religious gratitude of the Irish Catholic heart. During the solemn ceremonial we heard many a deep sigh and fervent prayer, especially from those who had the happiness to know the excellent Bishop, whose memory was thus held in appropriate benediction. In pronouncing a panegyric at St. Mary's, last Sunday, on Dr. Burke, the Bishop expressed his intention to have a suitable Monument erected over the new grave at the Holy Cross, and we hope to see this accomplished before long, in a manner that will be worthy of the deceased, and of the beloved flock amongst whom he lived and died.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *St. John Liberator*, is doing battle valiantly against the agents of the Devil who sought to disturb the peace of our Catholic neighbours there. For many years past, the prolific source of innumerable evils to the American Catholic Church has been the impious interference of laymen with the things of the Sanctuary. Many a practical infidel has endeavoured to attain distinction and influence by becoming a Church disturber and a censor of the Clergy—all of course under the mask of religious zeal. The vengeance of Heaven has frequently overtaken these wretches, and the terrible fate of not a few has served "to point a moral, and adorn a tale."

St. John's, New Brunswick, has been cursed by a few shameless vagabonds of this description, who continue to call themselves Catholics, merely that they may be enabled to insult their Bishop and Clergy, and to degrade their religion. Having been foiled in all their recent attempts, their rage has now become quite ungovernable. The rabid creatures foam and fret; they disgorge their foul venom in all directions, but, alas! their efforts are vain. They feel that they are doomed, that their fate is sealed, that their hour is come. They know that their nails are pared, their teeth extracted, and their virus almost exhausted. Every one else knows it too, and hence the mingled scorn and derision of the entire public. We are really beginning to pity them over here. Had they concealed their infidelity, bottled their rage, or pelted their puny paper bullets with a little less

violence, they would not now appear the crest-fallen, impotent and self-convicted culprits that they are. This, however, was impossible. They could not change their nature, nor control their wicked passions. "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret." Oh, no! when these old disciples of the Tom Paine school have priests and bishops to attack, they know no bounds, they vomit forth their filthy bile with more than Satanic rancour, they exhaust themselves by the intense spitefulness of their furious onslaught, and like Virgil's bees,

"——Animas in vulnere ponunt."

The *Liberator* has been lately publishing several extracts from the Holy Fathers and the Apostolic Constitutions on the high dignity of the Episcopacy, and the reverence due from the faithful to the Anointed Ministers of Heaven. If this be intended for the correction or edification of "the Dirty half Dozen," we fear it is so much valuable time and space thrown away. No, no; if St. Paul, or St. Ambrose, or St. Chrysostom, or St. Patrick, were their bishop, they would treat him just as they do their present excellent prelate. They have no ears for Holy Fathers, nor respect for Apostolic Decrees. They scoff at every thing which others hold sacred. Nothing but the well-directed lash of ridicule, the whip-thong of public scorn, can make an impression on their callous hides. We now know them well—their birth, parentage, education, voyages, travels and adventures at home and abroad. We have a full, true, and particular account of the whole gang; and it would indeed be marvellous "if they were any thing better than they are." We some time since expressed our gratification at discovering that there were no Irishmen amongst them. And, though the contrary has been asserted, we are still of the same opinion. Saint Patrick banished all such poisonous reptiles from the green sod, long, long ago. *They, Irishmen. They, the revilers of Bishops, the slanderers of priests, the scoffers at Religion, they Irishmen!* Forbid it, Heaven! We scorn, we loathe, we disown them. Religion disowns them. They are rotten branches which, we have no doubt, will be speedily cut from the Tree of Life, and punished by the vengeance of Heaven, unless they repent and amend.

*Nous verrons.*