

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

The following are passages from the principal Parisian journals of the 28th June, relative to the death of the Archbishop of Paris.

(From the *Nationel*.)—The death of the Archbishop of Paris was announced this morning. Everything leads us to believe that this misfortune was purely accidental, which is a little consolation; it would be too hard were it proved the result of a crime. It would be in vain to attempt to give a notion of the impression which almost the whole Parisian population has received from this event. Not one of the catastrophes of the terrible drama which we have just witnessed has created so profound an emotion. The danger which attended every one who faced the insurgents was well known; the fate of MM. Dornes and Bixio allowed of no doubt as to that. When M. Affre adopted the noble resolution of making a last effort to stop the effusion of blood, he therefore was perfectly well aware to what he was exposing himself. It was deliberately that he gave up his life. He proposed and executed this action with an extreme simplicity. He accomplished his sacrifice with a calm courage, void of ostentation. He is admired, he is wept over, but we do not grieve for his death, for his death is the noblest that a Bishop could die.

(From the *Journal des Debats*.)—It is with profound grief that we announce that the Archbishop of Paris died to-day of the wound which he received at the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine. This cruel catastrophe plunges Paris into consternation, and fills up the measure of the nations sorrow. It is now that we can estimate how much civil war costs. Alas! some hours before receiving his death-wound, the courageous Bishop was passing through our streets in the midst of the blessings of the people. An apostle of the God of peace, of mercy, and of pardon, he was going to carry the cross and the sign of reconciliation into the midst of murder and carnage. He fell upon the very field of battle, and we may say that, moved by pity for humanity, God has willed to conceal in darkness the hand which wrought this detestable crime, or this frightful misfortune. In the presence of this sublime sacrifice, (Christian hearts will be divided between the feelings of a holy pride and of an inconsolable sadness. The history of the church offers not a more admirable page. As the martyr was carried bleeding across the barricades, his sole thought—his sole word—was, "May mine be the last blood that is shed!" Having winged its way to its Creator, the immortal soul of the just man has doubtless asked for the reward of his oblation and of his holocaust, and his prayers have arrested the work of blood and of expiation. One may say that after having, amidst so many others, struck down this innocent and holy victim, Death was at length wearied and stayed its hand. It was after two days of the most cruel suffering that the venerable Prelate expired to-day at four o'clock, surrounded by the consolations of religion, by the prayers and tears of his clergy and of some of the faithful. He died full of calmness, courage and resignation, the most pure and admirable example of the passage of the just into the bosom of God. We could not describe the universal grief which this frightful event has spread over Paris. Everywhere, in the streets, the Priests are interrogated with avidity and anxiety; and in this blood-stained city, even those who have to weep over their own, still reserve a portion of their tears for the holy martyr who died for all.

(From *L'Univers*.)—We have been to visit, on his bed of pain, the admirable pastor who has just given his life for his flock. His figure bore the impress of a calm, profound, and resigned grief. He was unable to speak, but he gave signs of recognition. He blessed the Cure of St. Sulpice. His bed was surrounded by Priests moved to the very depths of their soul. Some Sisters of Charity were attending to him. His excellent brother, M. Affre, representative of the people, remained motionless and thunder-struck. But over all these mournful figures shone a Christian thought, and it was, that since the first ages of our history, nothing like this death had been seen, and that there was a true martyr of charity, who ought to serve France for her last expiation, and become the preparation for the universal reconciliation of her citizens.

The following letter was addressed by General Cavaignac to the Vicar General Jacquemet:—

"Paris, June 23, 1848.
"M. le Grand-Vicaire—I hear with grief of the loss we have just sustained in the person of our worthy Archbishop. For three months the

Clergy have been associated with all the joys of the Republic, they have now associated themselves with her sorrows. The Archbishop has the double glory of having died as a good citizen and as a martyr of religion. Pray of God that according to the last words of His worthy servant, "this blood may be the last to be shed!"
(Signed) "E. CAVAIGNAC."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—We have always felt a sentiment of veneration for *Sœurs de Charite*, who, laying aside the timidity and weakness of their sex, appear wherever there is danger. On the 25th ult, a captain of the Garde Mobile being made prisoner by the insurgents, was taken to the court-yard of the *Sœurs de Charite* of the 12th arrondissement. He was about to be shot, when the Superior placed herself resolutely before the musket. "Stop," said she: "this is the house of God! A crime would sully it; the death of this man would bring you ill-luck!" "You are right, Sister, you have been always good for us, and we would not like to cause you annoyance, we shall carry the prisoner out, and shoot him in the street." "No, my friends, this man belongs to me, he must not leave this place. In the name of the services which we have rendered you, in the names of your wives and children, I claim him. Let him be kept prisoner!" For two hours she contended against the madmen, whom she could not convince, preventing the crime by her presence, when a sharp fire of musketry came to her aid. She took advantage of the trouble and hesitation of the moment to push the prisoner into the pharmacie, the door of which she closed, and having disguised him, succeeded in enabling him to effect his escape. Returning amongst them a few minutes after, "Let us give thanks to God," she said, "who has saved the prisoner." In another place an insurgent, half drunk, meeting with one of the Sisters going to carry aid to the wounded, placed his bayonet, with threats, against her bosom. The Sister, without showing any agitation, said, "Do you think I fear a bayonet? I only fear God!" and continuing her way, she went to lend assistance to a dying man. We did not ask the names of these two Sisters. For God, they are two angels; for us, they are two Sisters of Charity.—*Le Bien Public*.

St. George's.—The large new Roman Catholic Chapel of St. George's, that has been so long unfinished in the Westminster-road, was yesterday opened, the Rev. Dr. Wiseman officiating pontifically. Though the tickets of admission were sold at half a guinea and a guinea each, the chapel was completely crowded, and as much as £1,000, said to be realised by the sale. According to the *Sun* newspaper the effect of the gorgeous spectacle was spoiled by the *badness of the chanting*. We may take the opportunity on some future occasion to make some remarks upon the building itself, which has been most audaciously eulogised. Its effect, as a whole, is not the production of a master mind. It is beautiful in detail, but heavy and depressing in the mass, no attention has been paid to its orientation, in fact, it is entirely reversed, and the altar is at the west end. A fact, it is said, which was not discovered by Mr. Pugin till the building was of sufficient height for the architect to see his mistake by Westminster Abbey.—*Guardian*.

* A mistake. The nature of the ground prevented the architect from placing the altar Eastward.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. MULLOCK.—(To the Editor of the *Tablet*.)—Sir—You will be pleased to hear that the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, Roman Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland, was received on his arrival there with all the honors due to his amiable and excellent character. He was already making preparations for the commencement of his Episcopal labours by a visitation through that extensive territory. He seems to like the people of that country very much, their attachment to religion and their Clergy is remarkable, and no doubt the indefatigable labors of Dr. Mullock will be appreciated, and endear him to the good Dr. Fleming, as an acquisition of no ordinary importance in carrying out with energy the Ministry of Our Lord throughout the wide and extensive region of Newfoundland. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CATHOLICS.—Cork, 27th June, 1848.

LIVERPOOL.—The Roman Catholics in Liverpool have nearly ten thousand children in their schools; no fewer than eight thousand one hundred walked in procession on the 15th.—*Guardian*.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

Yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, the Corner Stone of the Cathedral of Albany was laid according to the ceremonial of the Catholic Church. An immense assemblage gathered to witness the ceremony and hear the distinguished Bishop of New York, who had been announced to speak. The site of the Cathedral, the streets and many of the neighboring house-tops were filled with a throng numbering some 5,000.

Bishop McClosky, who presided, was assisted by the Bishop of New York, and by the Rev. Mr. Bacon, of Brooklyn, as Master of Ceremonies, and the Reverend Messrs. Havermans and O'Reilly of Troy, Farley of Lansingburgh, Co'rey of West Troy, Gilligan of Schaghticoke, and by the Rev. Messrs. Kyle and Putnam of St. Mary's, McCluskey of St. John's, and Rev. John J. Conroy of St. Joseph's of this city.

After blessing the site of the intended Altar, and consecrating it to its high purpose, and before entering upon the ceremony of laying the Corner Stone, Bishop Hughes of New York, ascended a temporary platform and addressed the audience. He selected for his text the following verses, from 2 Paralipomenon vi—verses 17, 18, 19, 20, 21:

"17. And now, Lord God of Israel, let thy word be established which thou hast spoken to thy servant David.

"18. Is it credible then that God should dwell with men on earth! If heaven and the heaven of heavens do not contain thee, how much less this which I have built!

"19. But to this end only is it made, that thou mayest regard the prayer of thy servant and his supplication, O Lord my God; and mayest hear the prayers which thy servant poureth out before thee.

"20. That thou mayest open thy eyes upon this house day and night, in the place wherein thou hast promised that thy name should be called upon.

"21. And that thou wouldst hear the prayer which thy servant prayeth in it. Hearken then to the prayers of thy servant and of thy people Israel. Whosoever shall pray in this place, hear thou from thy dwelling place, that is from heaven, and show mercy."

For an hour the Bishop held the attention of the immense auditory enchained to the theme.—He spoke of religion as a necessary element to the social system, as the only guaranty of order and morality. He spoke of worship by human beings as the manifestation of religious devotion through external signs—in prayer, in congregations, in rites, in erected temples. He spoke of the mysterious sacraments which were to be offered at the Altars they were about to erect. He dwelt upon the religious influences which the magnificent structures of the Church were calculated to impart or to strengthen. Throughout the whole of his discourse,—which was a masterly essay, strong but plain in language, compact, and eloquent by the power of its reasoning, and the force of its illustration, rather than by brilliancy or novelty of ideas,—the vast audience, which included many of different sects, listened with respectful attention.

After closing this discourse, he left the stand, and the priestly cortege approached the Corner Stone, when Bishop McClosky blessed it, dedicating the structure to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the "Immaculate Conception" by which name it will be known, reciting the Litany, the assistants responding, and singing in Latin the Psalm, "How pleasant are thy tabernacles, O Lord," &c., and other appropriate selections from the sacred writings. After which, the Bishop, accompanied by the others, passed through the area, sprinkling it with holy water, and the lustration concluded, returned to the Corner Stone, where, after the chanting of the *Te Deum*, the Bishop imparted the closing benediction to the attendants and the crowd, and the ceremonial was concluded.

It was regarded with deep interest by the Catholics of the city, who look forward to the erection of the Cathedral with warm feelings and anxious hopes.—*Albany Evening Atlas*.

ANGLICAN BAPTISMS.—We ourselves have seen a Clergyman, and a very well-meaning one, in a populous parish, baptise, as he intended, some twenty children in a bath, by only passing his wet fingers, once dipped in the font over their foreheads.—*Christian Remembrancer*.

THE CHILD TO THE TOMB.

The following eloquent anecdote is from the journal of a traveller in the East.

—A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly over-cast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a half playful countenance, busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why," I enquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied with a half-waudeering look; "they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing, to you or each other?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning,

"You must," I continued, have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone to heaven already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

THE LATE HON. E. PETRE

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.—Kissingen, Bavaria, June 22, 1848.—My dear Sir—Some days ago I received a letter from Lord Stafford, conveying to me the sad intelligence of the death of the Hon. Edward Petre; and his Lordship desired me to request the parochial Clergy of this place to offer Mass for the repose of his soul. Upon my having intimated this to them, the curate decided upon celebrating three Requiem Masses, which were sung here, in the Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, on the Feast of St. Barnabas, the 20th of this month. I myself celebrated Mass for the same object, saying the Mass of the Festival. Several persons of rank assisted at these Masses, among whom was Lady Townley, who is here. Mr Petre was known to many in this place, and the Clergy had a great respect for him; and they were anxious to show it in as marked a manner as possible.

I wish you would be so good as to inform your reader of the above through the medium of your paper, for the consolation of his friends and his bereaved lady.

We had a fine procession here to-day of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The people here are good Catholics, and very quiet.—I remain, your ancient friend,

HENRY ELWES.

ILLEGITIMACY.—A Parliamentary return shows that on the 18th of March there were in the union workhouses throughout England and Wales 51,237 children no less than 26,000 of whom were certainly illegitimate.—*Fryman's Journal*.

Births

- JULY 29—Mrs. King, of a son.
- 31—Mrs. Murphy, of a daughter.
- 31—Mrs. Foley, of a son.
- 31—Mrs. Phelan, of a daughter.
- AUGUST 1—Mrs. O'Brien, of a daughter.
- 1—Mrs. Sheely, of a son.
- 3—Mrs. Kelly, of a daughter.
- 3—Mrs. McDonald, of a daughter.