

the subscription list of this Journal might be considerably enlarged in the populous and Catholic district of Prospect. The want of postal communication has hitherto proved an obstacle to this as well as many other advantages, and the people complain with good reason that they are unjustly treated in this respect. There is not, perhaps, in all Nova Scotia, another settlement or town of treble its size which contributes so much to the wealth of Nova Scotia as Prospect, and we are not surprised that the people should murmur when they see post offices established throughout the country in places of comparative insignificance.

### CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

We promised to avail ourselves some time ago of the statistics with which we were furnished by the Sexton of this Cemetery. We have already given an account of the interments from the opening of the cemetery, at the close of 1843, to the 19th of April, 1846. Here are the remainder:—

	Interments.
From April, 1846, to April, 1847,	219
From do, 1847, to do, 1848,	269
From do, 1848, to do, 1849,	277

Total in 3 years, 765

Out of the above were interred gratuitously, and at the expense of the Cemetery, no less than 401, that is, considerably more than one half of the entire were buried for nothing. Of the remaining 364 which were paid for, 190 were children, thus leaving 174 adult interments, for a portion of which only one dollar was received by the church in lieu of all the former heavy charges. To expose at once and forever the flippant assertions that have been made upon this subject, we will thus briefly recapitulate:

More than one-half of the interments have been gratuitous.

All the sums received for family plots have been given to the fund for the improvement of the cemetery.

All the sums received for the interment of children have been given to the same fund.

Three-fourths of the sums received for the interment of adults, and the whole of such sums for a long period after the opening of the Cemetery, were appropriated to the same fund.

In place of the numerous burial fees formerly appropriated to St. Mary's Church, and to which the Ecclesiastical authorities were fully entitled, only five shillings for each adult interment that was paid for, has been received for some time. Hence we maintain that the world does not present a greater instance of disinterestedness, or one in which so many valuable services have been rendered to the public and the poor at so small an expense.

### FRANCE.

There was a numerous ordination at Pentecost in the various dioceses of France. In the Cathedral of St. John, at Lyons, the Cardinal Archbishop ordained 42 priests, 40 deacons, 37 subdeacons. He also conferred minor orders on 22, and tonsure on 58—in all 199. At Paris, the Archbishop ordained, from St. Sulpice alone, 19 priests, 24 deacons,

27 subdeacons, and gave tonsure and minor orders to 44. At the same time there were 7 priests ordained from the congregation of St. Lazare, 10 priests and 5 deacons from the Seminary of the Foreign missions, 23 from the Seminary of St. Esprit, and 9 from the Irish College.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To relieve the anxiety of our worthy friend *Veritas*, who complains of having been calumniated by one of his neighbors, we think that instead of publishing his Letter, it would be far better to substitute the following sound remarks from a valuable spiritual treatise of St. Francis of Sales:—

"Let not calumnies give you any trouble; but be assured that while your soul is virtuous, and truly resigned into the hands of our Lord, all such attacks will vanish like smoke before the wind; and the greater the wind is, the sooner they will disperse, scatter and disappear. The mischief of calumny, and the wounds it inflicts are never so well cured, as by letting them pass without taking any notice of them; by despising that which would despise us, and by proving with undaunted firmness that we are above its reach. St. Gregory comforted a person in affliction with these words. Alas! if our hearts were in heaven, the winds of contradiction, would not shake them at all. Oh! how true it is, that he who renounces the world, is above the world, and that nothing which passes here below, can hurt or touch him."

### THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

**THE CROSS.**—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication: Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square; Mr. Forrestall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets; Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets; Mr. Thomas Conner, adjoining St. Patrick's Church; Mr. Richard O'Neil, Water Street; Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf.

We hope soon to have a long list of similar friends in every part of the city.

### DESCRIPTION OF POOR KIRWAN.

To the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*:

DEAR SIR:—Last Monday fortnight, intending to pass an intellectual hour, I purposed visiting the Astor Place Opera House, to hear Mr. Macready read *Macbeth*, but ascertaining that Mr. Forrest, the great American Actor had conspired with his friends and admirers, the rowdies of New York, to disgrace our city, by driving Mr. Macready from the stage, through the agency of rotten eggs, potatoes, bad pennies and other vegetable matter, I turned my steps from the temple of Melpomene to that of Dr. Phillips, corner of Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, where Mr. Nicholas Murray Kirwan, was advertised to lecture on "Popery." This gentleman, many of your readers are aware, is the person who some time ago addressed a number of blasphemous letters to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of New York, since when he has been the pet of a class of benighted fanatics, unfortunately too numerous among us. Finding, however, that his father had no stairs, and that his popularity was dimmed, or rather d—d, by the publication of "Kirwan Unmasked," and the letters of his cousin, he has been sometime on the anxious bench to regain his position among the "howlers." A favorable opportunity presented itself during the anniversary humbug week at Dr. Phillips' meeting house, where he

treated the lovers of No Popery to a delicious repast, for the purpose of aiding, as it was said, the "Protestant Society" in collecting money. For what think you? For the great unknown, unseen, mysterious Madeira Martyrs. Poor Nick, has all your glory come to this! Since my communication on this subject, I find the martyrs have increased from seventy to several thousand. Astonishing martyrs! What a wretched burlesque on Religion is this hawking round such miserable tools, for no other object than to keep alive a morbid and deadly hatred in the minds of ignorant bigots against their Catholic neighbors. Well would our Priests look it, instead of devoting their time to works of religion and charity, they spent it running about the town denouncing Protestantism and parading every persecuted Catholic from Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, or any other nation where Protestantism is in the ascendant, to illustrate their argument. Although the performance was announced to commence at half-past seven, nothing was done, neither was the house tolerably full till past eight o'clock. I had time, therefore, to notice the style and appointments of the building, which were neat and luxurious in the extreme, superb carvings, downy cushions, velvet seated rose wood chairs and sofas, rich carpets, heat moderated to a voluptuous degree of temperature, delightful music, and flowery preachers, who never say ought to offend or put their hearers out of conceit with themselves. If they do, their grog is stopped. Who then would choose the stormy path to Heaven, which our Divine Saviour points out, when this smooth and easy road is open?

After a quartette, very prettily sung by two young ladies, and a similar number of gentlemen, Doctor D—t opened the meeting with a prayer, which he delivered in such a convulsive, spasmodic manner, as to lead one to suppose he was suffering from some inward pain, probably bile. It was evident the poor gentleman was not well as he spent the remainder of the evening dozing, by instalments.

Nicholas Murray Kirwan is a rather stout, grey haired man, about the middle height, apparently sixty years of age, with coarse, prominent features, expressive of audacity, confidence and cunning. Unlike the generality of his brethren, his voice is clear and manly, devoid of all sectarian whine, though not of brogue, which is perceptible especially in the word Popery, pronounced by him "Pooapery." The lecture, which he read from manuscript, elicited nothing new, being a sort of digest of his own lectures, called from the mire which Protestants have hurled against the Church for the last three hundred years. During the discourse, it was amusing to watch the pranks old Nick seemed to be cutting up with his young name-sake—one time leading him smoothly on before his hearers, then sliding gently away, leaving poor Kirwan and his common sense to pull down all he had built up. For instance, when he had exhausted every species of abuse and calumny, and worked up his audience by the most refined blasphemy to believe that the Catholic Church was a monster, which would eradicate every moral principle from the earth; it was a "gangrene," an "ulcer," a "putrid carcase" decked in garlands, an old tree that overshadowed the earth, and whose roots struck down to Hell; it was in league with the despots of the world.—The pulpit, he said, had been too long silent on the subject; every Christian Minister, from Pole to Pole, should elevate his voice to crush the damnable monster; the press, too, with its ten thousand tongues should come to the rescue. No time was to be lost. The enemy was at hand! Yet, after all this gas, Kirwan turns coolly round, and tells his terrified audience, somewhat after the manner of Capt. Rynders or Mike Walsh, that they have nothing whatever to fear from Popery. It must die, and is now rapidly approaching dissolution. It is a decrepid old man in the extreme of dotage, perfectly harmless.—Fear nothing, my friends, from Popery! Look sharp Nick, my boy, or they'll find you out! Many of his most ferocious trades wound up with a desire that Popery should be eradicated by Christian love, even your poor domestics, win them over by love. If newspapers speak truth, this mode of conversion (in a profane sense) has more than once been tried on poor domestics by gentlemen of the white cravat. For further particulars, enquire of Dr. Brownloe and the Kitchen Poker.

The Opera House, and many other houses, ought to be burnt down, says Rynders and Mike Walsh; but, fellow-citizens, don't burn them! The Mayor and public authorities are murderers, and should be hung; but don't hang them, I beg. To do Kirwan justice,

however, he always dwelt upon Christian love as briefly as possible, turning rather to the more genial mode—abuse. Pope Pius IX., he said, was a tyrant and impostor, wandering about the world begging Peter Pence, and whining for the prayers of the Virgin Mary to remstate him as a despot over his crushed and mangled people. If the Virgin had heard his prayers, he said very jocosely, it was but to send him gun-powder and bayonets. This piece of wit excited great merriment among a most fashionable audience, such as the world terms educated and intelligent. He was particularly severe on Penance and Mortification. Good living, velvet sofas and downy cushions, certainly are much pleasanter. The manner, too, in which he cursed and kicked about the Sacraments must have been truly gratifying to his own namesake. Indeed, at times, it was impossible not to figure the old gentleman skipping round in an ecstasy of delight—on a moment patting his favoured son on the head, then putting his finger to his nose waltzing up to Rev. D—t, and whisking him down the aisle in a fashionable Polka, then tucking some old lady or gentleman under the chin, giving the Irish Sexton a kick, turning a somerset in the air, and finally vanishing behind the reading desk. But Kirwan, at least, in one sense, is no fool. The boy who could insult his God, by approaching a Sacrament for the purpose of sinning anew, or hold his parents up to derision, has just the wit to study and turn to advantage all that is bad and morbid in the human heart. Cheever, Dowling, Tyng, or any other native artist, might have ranted and fumed till they blew all the starch out of their neck cloths, without creating more interest than the meanest No Popery howler, but a live Irishman, a Catholic to beard a Catholic Bishop—only think. That's the very identical tic-et, says Kirwan, waking up one fine morning after a pleasant dream about his father's stairs. I'll buy Dowling's Romanism, and write letters to Bishop Hughes. Nobody knows me, but every one knows the Bishop! Capital idea! Pease's Hoarhound Candy, or Townsend's Sarsaparilla, is nothing to it. If the Bishop treats me with silent contempt, then I am a conqueror. If he replies, why, nothing easier than to pile on more rubbish. In either case, my bread is buttered! perhaps baked! Aye, there's the rub! Such were poor Kirwan's cogitations at the dawn of his great controversial labors. What they are now, I may probably learn when next he asks me to dine.

It is curious to observe the contradictory opinions you will often hear from preachers of the same sect. For instance, Mr. Murray Kirwan said that pure Christianity at the Bible flourished, and was to be found only in countries where the doctrines of Luther predominated, while the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, in his lecture at the Broadway Tabernacle, before the American Bible Society, in alluding to Germany, the source and hot bed of the glorious Reformation, says:—

"The liberty of the world and the dearest rights of man are threatened by the innovation of the spirit of infidelity which at present obtains to a vast extent throughout Germany and her sister nations. Those countries are fast relapsing in the old system of pantheism which existed in the days of ancient Rome and Greece. The worst excesses of which human nature is capable were developed in the manners of the times when everything was under the sway of the passions."

Try a little penance and mortification, friend Thompson.

Europe, said Kirwan, is sending over her thousands of Papists, but from that we have nothing to fear. Let them come to our shores. We will receive them, said the magnanimous lecturer, drawing up and looking as though he were a joint stock company, who had purchased all America and part of Brooklyn, let them come to our shores, and their descendants, at least, shall be Protestants. It is unfortunately true, my dear Kirwan, that many poor Catholic immigrants, either through indolence or weakness, neglect their children till it is too late to instill into their minds principles of Religion and Morality. Wandering reckless on the world, they too often become pests of society. Call them Protestants, Turks, or anything you will, it matters little as far as they feel interested. Enough they are not Catholics. When you can convert a practical Catholic, such as we do Protestants every day, then I will talk to you. Till then, Nicholas, take a friend's advice, and don't make yourself ridiculous boasting on the subject.

With many apologies, Mr. Editor, for occupying so much space on a matter of so little moment, I remain yours truly,