

EASTERN PASSAGE.

There are several Catholic families in the neighbourhood of the Eastern Passage, but in consequence of the vast extent of the District of Dartmouth, they cannot enjoy, as often as could be desired, the ministrations of a Priest. Through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Geary, several years ago, the substantial portion of a Frame Church was erected and roofed in. The Catholics of the district were however too few for the completion of this sacred edifice which is very beautifully situated directly opposite Lawlor's Island, at a part of the Passage where a great number of vessels are frequently detained in expectation of favourable winds. It is hoped that when more clerical assistance can be given to the immense district of Dartmouth, the Catholics of the Eastern Passage will be more frequently gladdened by the sight of a priest. Such a prospect was held out to the people at the visitation on Tuesday last by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, who, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Phelan, Hannan, and M'Isaac, confirmed 30 persons on the occasion, and promised them if they exerted themselves this summer in completing the Church, and enclosing the ground, he would give them every assistance, and come down again to consecrate the Church and the Cemetery. A correspondent who was present on the occasion, and who was very much struck with the beauty of the surrounding scenery has kindly furnished us with some of the above details, adding that when he looked at the unfinished state of this little Catholic Temple within a few miles of the City, he could not help approving the spirit of the remarks which we lately made on the vast sums that have been squandered on strange Collectors by the Catholics of Halifax.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HERRING COVE.

We have been informed that at the sermon in the above Church on the 17th instant, Alderman Ring, J. Desmond, Esq. and Daniel O'Gorman, J. P., gave £1.5s each; Mrs. Rafter, Mrs. Boyle, Mr. Wm. Skerry, Mr. John Tobin, Mr. John Duffy and Mr. Patrick Fahey, £1 each, Mr. James Duggan, 15s.; Mr. P. Drummond 10s. 5d.; Mr. T. O'Sullivan 6s. 2d. We regret that we cannot publish an entire list of the contributors.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer arrived on Tuesday evening last. The French are in actual possession of Rome, and the foreign Republicans have escaped in all directions. Garibaldi has gone with his brigands towards the Kingdom of Naples, where we think the Spanish and Neapolitan troops will make short work with them. The notorious Mazzini has taken refuge, it is said, on board an English ship and fled to Malta. He will, very likely, soon appear with seedy cloak and dirty moustache in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, as the humorous Father Thomas so graphically predicted some time ago. We are sure that Mazzini had a secret understanding throughout, with Lords Palmerston and Minto, and that our criminal Foreign Secretary—who is a Revolutionist in every country except his own—assured him of protection in case of need. The full complicity of England in all the disorders and miseries of Italy will come to light before long, and now that Rome has fallen, and Ancona and Milan and Palermo—now that Piedmont is humbled, and Venice

on the point of unconditional surrender, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany restored, and Naples tranquilized and Sicilian insurrection quelled,—what, we would ask has England gained by all her intrigues? Positively nothing but mortification, contempt and disgrace. Never was England so despised, so hated throughout the entire Italian Peninsula. She has broken faith with all the Italian governments, and she has cajoled the people of Italy. She has encouraged and provoked a useless and bloody struggle, in which the lives of thousands have been sacrificed, and the happiness of nations has been destroyed. And having done all this, that impudent Whig Bully Lord Palmerston stands up in the House of Commons and talks with a face of brass of his unwearied efforts for the maintenance of the peace of Europe! England has, no doubt, embarrassed Austria, our ancient, and certainly one of our most friendly allies. By her abominable intrigues in Italy she has weakened the power of Austria, which was called upon at the same time to repress different insurrections in so many parts of her vast territories. Now, England had nothing whatsoever to fear from Austria; there were no rival interests nor antagonistic principles between them. In pursuing however this unscrupulous policy against Austria, England has fearfully augmented the power of a truly formidable rival. Russia has been invited to interfere with numerous armies in the affairs of Western Europe and her able and crafty Sovereign is at this moment in the proud position which he so long coveted. Whilst on the one side he is pushing his advanced posts to the borders of Persia and India, creating mighty fortresses from which, at no distant day, the dogs of war will be let slip over our Indian Colonies, he is approximating on the other to the shores of the Bosphorus and the Gulf of Venice. With one foot at Constantinople, and another in Persia, the Russian Colossus will dictate his own terms to England; and in that day, if any part of Hindostan shall be left to the once proud Queen of the Ocean. She will have to creep her weary way as of old, round the Southern extremity of Africa before she can reach the 'distant Ind,' for we predict there will be no Waghorn Despatches or English Caravans posting across the plains of Egypt, when these things shall be. This is just what England has gained, by her wicked and impertinent interference in the affairs of Italy. Forsooth she wanted to repeal the Union between Sicily and Naples, and permitted armed vessels to sail from her coasts to assist the enemies of a friendly Sovereign; whilst at home in Ireland she maintains an unnatural Union by terror, force and blood. She is all anxiety to give a Constitution to the Roman States and other parts of Italy, whilst at home under her own boasted Constitution, hundreds of thousands of her best subjects are mercilessly immolated. Nothing will satisfy her in Italy but the Representative system. The hoary hypocrite! Her own representative system is a mockery. A few thousand Oligarchs rule the Court, the Camp and the Parliament. She pats Mazzini on the back, and sends Smith O'Brien in a convict-ship to New South Wales. Garibaldi the ruffian and the murderer, the Barabbas of Italy, is her cherished friend; whilst the chivalrous high-minded and eloquent Meagher, is rudely torn, in the bloom of youth, from the 'poor Old Country' which he loved so well. Ciceroacchio, Rome's brutal bull-dog is the friend and boon companion of my Lord Minto, whilst John Mitchell was sent to associate with the convict gang in the Bermudian hulks, and John Martin engaged in the pestilential atmosphere of the Elphinstone. To crown all the English Government is about to conduct our gracious Sovereign to Ireland, that brightest jewel in her Crown, whose lustre is now so dimmed by tears, and this at a moment when they have hurried forth to exile some of

the most gifted Irishmen, for whom the royal mercy has been asked for in vain by 150,000 of their fellow countrymen of all denominations. And the Queen is merely to touch at a few points on the coast, because if she happened to go a few miles into the interior to visit the natural beauties of that lovely land, she might encounter one of her subjects devouring, like a maniac, the putrid limbs of an ass, or the ghastly corpse of a half-naked mother with two dead children on her breast, or the withered skeleton of an expiring peasant with his mouth full of nettles! The Whigs will take precious care to prevent her Majesty from witnessing any of these things. But they will get the English garrison in Ireland, and the officials, and the foreign mercenaries of all grades to welcome her with acclamation on the quays of Cork and Dublin, and Belfast; and they will persuade her Majesty that these are the shouts of her Irish subjects. Would to heaven that her benevolent heart could hear their real voice, and it would be a shout of anguish, a loud deep cry of agony from one extremity of the Island to the other. We cannot trust ourselves to write as we feel, on this subject. But, we think the Whigs have chosen a most unfortunate time for the Royal Visit, and that the result will prove this. They ought to have advised the pardon of the State Prisoners; they ought to have restored the suspended privileges of the Constitution; they ought to have dried up the tear of suffering, and arrested the march of death; in a word before they bring the Queen to Ireland they should give some practical, substantial proof of their desire to ameliorate the condition of that woe-stricken land.

JAMES REYBURN, Esq.

Amongst the recent victims of the prevailing epidemic at New-York, we find the respected name of James Reyburn. To us who were well acquainted with the sterling worth, patriotism and philanthropy of this deeply lamented Irishman the concurrent eulogies of the press of New-York were not at all a subject of surprise. He was one of the richest specimens of the genuine Irishman, who, in his adopted country never forgot the land of his fathers. Universally respected by his fellow citizens in America, he was distinguished on all occasions where the interest of Ireland were to be promoted. His affection for the green isle was unbounded, his sympathy for her sufferings was intense, and he never lost an opportunity of serving the humblest of his countrymen. Though he belonged not to the national Faith, his whole soul was Irish, his heart overflowed with the love of Ireland, and mingling as he did in the most respectable society, he always proclaimed his Irish feelings, and indignantly exposed the wrongs of his country. Woe to the man who dared to utter a word in defence of England's horrible oppression in the presence of James Reyburn! His exertions as Secretary to the Irish Relief Committee of 1847, when the people of America sent their magnificent donation to the assistance of famishing Ireland can never be forgotten. To his untiring zeal, benevolent heart, and accomplished habits of business, much of the success of that mighty movement was due. He threw his whole soul into that glorious manifestation of American sympathy, and we may say with confidence that his single exertions saved the life of thousands of Irishmen. No wonder that his loss should be severely felt, and his departure mourned by those who knew his great worth. We lament his death because he was one of the best Irishmen in America, one who reflected credit in all circles on the land of his birth, one whose valuable services his fellow countrymen at this side of the Atlantic could badly afford to lose. He lived respected, and died regretted. Honour to his memory.

Mr. Reyburn was, we believe, the brother-in-law of Mr. Livingston, our highly respected American Consul in Halifax.

To the Editors of the Cross,

GENTLEMEN,

If you deem the enclosed worthy of insertion in your valuable journal, I request you will publish it on an early day. It is a beautiful paraphrase on one of the articles of the Creed, and was composed by one who did not one time belong to the Catholic Church, and who is at the present moment in great spiritual tribulation. From a motive of charity I am induced to ask your pious readers to offer a *Pater* and *Ave* for his spiritual necessities, and remain yours, &c.

A CHILD OF THE CHURCH. I BELIEVE

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

O glorious! O venerable! O holy Church! whose saints are sages, whose sages are Apostles, whose Apostles are Martyrs, whose Princes are the humble! O beautiful church whose poetry is divine, whose music is angelic, whose painting is inspired, whose architecture is imitable! Rise up O Shepherd of this, Flock of ages! Rise up O head and leader of the hosts of God on earth! Rise up O Bishop of the Churches of Rome and of the world! Call around thee some few, honoured from among the multitude. Shew to those who know thee not, and who are proud because they do not know thee:—Shew to them thy great Gregories, thy great Augustines, thy great Aquinas, thy Benedict, and thy Loyolas. Shew them thy Antonies and thy Xaviers, thy Edwards and thy Charlemagnes, thy Catherines and thy Clares. Shew them thy Dantes, thy Angelicos and thy Raphaels, and shew them those whose names we know not, but whose works are superhuman in science, and in beauty, and in majesty. Shew thyself to them O St. Peter, the fisherman of Galilee, founder of an eternal dynasty, father of an eternal philosophy, master of the great masters, in all the arts noble. Shew thyself to them O thou Rock Catholic, that all who would have their works to stand, may build on thee! Shew thyself to them O thou Spring Catholic, that all who would be inspired, may drink of thee! Shew thyself to them, O thou Shepherd Catholic, that all who would be folded with the flock of Christ, may flee to thee! Shew thyself to all the world; that all the world may become Catholic in wisdom, Catholic in science, Catholic in faith; that the beauties and miracles of Rome may be seen every where; that the Ministers of England may be multiplied in both the Indies, that thy schools may be ubiquitary and their scholars once more be armies. Rise up O Glorious Vicar of God, not in anger, but in power; smite not, but pity. Remember thy own unfaithfulness, and pray for those who have not followed thy repentance. Pray for our country; pray for the dear islands of our fathers; pray for our offspring that the people whose habitations the day-light never dies upon, the music of whose language is breathed by all the winds, may become dwellers in the tabernacles of holiness, and chaunt thy hallowed liturgy with the Sun that never sets. AMEN.

THE CROSS.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—

- Ketch Harbour—John Martin, J. P.
- Portuguese Cove—Mr. Richard O'Neil, Senr.
- Bear Cove—Samuel Johnson, J. P.
- Herring Cove—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power.
- Ferguson's Cove—Mr. William Conway.
- Quarries—Mr. O'Keefe.
- North West Arm—Mr. Patrick Brennan.
- Upper Prospect—Peter Power, J. P.

There is nothing the absolute ground of which is not a mystery.—Coleridge.