

the public, then, understand that you are rank among those anti-Catholic writers. From such fountains as that mammoth "McGavin's Protestant." Retailers may take from that source theological buckets-full and deal it out to those who wish for it. It would seem that such are still numerous enough to make the tury ashamed of itself, if it were the age of light which it professes to be.

In this letter I have proved, on your own testimony, that you were utterly ignorant of Catholic doctrine when you left the Church and became an infidel. In my next I shall have the more pleasing task of tracing your progress out of infidelity and into Presbyterianism, which was a decided improvement in your spiritual, and possibly in your temporal, condition. Meanwhile, I feel the same pity and benevolence towards you as before.

✠ JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York.

From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MONTREAL, June 30th, 1848.

DEAR SIR.—It has often been my lot to place before your readers the colorful spectacle of a fever-stricken and sorrowing city, he mine also the pleasing task to depict certain events which have within the space of a few weeks shed light and joy over the Catholic population of Montreal and their more especially that the first of them has sprung up from the depth of the gloom which so lately hung around us—so intimate is the connexion which frequently exists between joy and sorrow, between pleasure and pain.

You cannot but remember that when the dread typhus of last summer had attained its height, Mons Bourget, the venerable Bishop of Montreal, seeing so many of his most valuable brethren in the ministry falling around him, (he himself being on the very brink of the grave, reduced thereto by the same fearful malady,) made a solemn vow to her whom he delights to call his patroness—the Virgin Mother, the hope of the faithful—that if she would vouchsafe to obtain of her divine son the expulsion of the pestilence which threatened to all but depopulate her own dedicated city, that he, its chief pastor, would have his statue once more restored to its ancient shrine in her church of Bon Secours (whence it had been impiously purloined some years since,) as a perpetual monument of his gratitude for her tender and ever-efficient advocacy of sinners. That fervent prayer was heard and granted (who ever so sued to her in vain!) as you also know, and the Bishop, in fulfillment of his vow, has had a beautiful bronze statue of the spotless queen placed again in the shrine so long desolate and lonely. He has further seen fit, in his wisdom and piety, to re-establish the devotion of the pilgrimage of our Lady of Succour (Bon Secours.) At this double ceremony his lordship, the Bishop of Kingston, assisted, and the statue was carried in solemn procession from the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where it was consecrated, to its destination in the Church of Bon Secours, where it now stands, a torching memento of superhuman tenderness on the one part, and of pious gratitude on the other.

But alas! there is no earthly good without alloy—all that brings joy to human hearts comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing—and so our rejoicing is tempered by the rabid rancor of the fanatics whose sour looks and bitter revellings are gratuitously heaped upon all who take part in such religious exhibitions—falling with double avidity and envenomed gall upon the priests whom they call the prime-movers. I happy that we are how can we offer up our petitions "beneath the virgin's shrine," and hope that they will be heard while our evangelized neighbours raise the finger in scorn and call us worshippers of Mary. What a terrible penalty is that of their censure—and how much it is dreaded by Catholics. This then is offence No. 1, we proceed to relate the second, viz.

The consecration of the great bell of the French Cathedral (le Bourdon St. Jean Baptiste) which took place in front of the high altar, where the bell had been placed on a sort of platform erected for the purpose. Nothing was wanting on this occasion that might give a more imposing character to the ceremony. The sponsors (twelve in number,) were chosen from amongst the most distinguished Catholics of Montreal—the Attorney General and his lady being of the number. Amid the majestic swell of choral music, and the murmured prayers arising from thousands of hearts, the blessing was pronounced—those high and holy words which consecrated to the service

of the temple that vast "instrument of sound" which is destined to peal forth to generations yet unborn—the children of ages yet to come the glad tidings of redemption. This ceremony failed not to call forth the fiercest denunciations of our charitable fellow-citizens (i. e. that illustrious body which professes to read and expound the scriptures—unread and unexpounded by others—especially Catholics!) who exclaim with all the fervor of honest and righteous zeal against such a monstrous piece of absurdity, (yet the Lutherans bless their churches, &c., and their cemeteries too, if I mistake not.) "Oh ye elect," do they cry, "ye evangelised and double-refined Christians! are we to have our city defiled by such abominations as blessing bells." And one of their accredited organs, keeping an eye to business, gives the double advice—"Read the account elsewhere given of the baptism of the bell, and then subscribe to the Canadian Missionary Society." (Albeit the luckless institution so styled is in a rapid consumption—that is, judging from their Annual Report.)

Now, these two affairs were trying enough to puritanical eyes and ears, but oh horror of horrors; what were they to the Fete Dieu held on last Sunday afternoon—the weather in the forenoon having been unfavourable! To us it gave exceeding joy and satisfaction to hear the bells of the different churches (with ever and anon over all a deep stroke from the detested importation—the great bell) pealing loudly and joyously at intervals from noon of the preceding day, and our hearts were full of gladness and rejoicing when at length the glorious procession swept slowly by—when we beheld the sacred host borne aloft beneath a gorgeous canopy of yellow satin embroidered in silver. It was a beautiful sight to behold the pious followers of the cross—the different religious communities thus joining in the public homage paid to their Divine Master and model—there, too, were the almost countless orphans whom they are leading along in the way of salvation. There, also, with reverently uncovered heads moves the Catholic members of the bar (no inconsiderable number), and after all, a vast crowd of citizens of every grade and profession. There was one circumstance which particularly struck me, and that was, that though the Bishops, together with the greater portion of the Clergy, are of French or French Canadian birth, yet was the van of the procession given to the Irish, and it sent a thrill of joy to my heart when I saw their banners—the banners of my country—waving in the front. So true it is that wherever the children of the Church are assembled from many lands to rejoice together in spiritual gladness, there will the faithful people of Ireland be accorded that pre-eminence which their long and patient sufferings—their Christian endurance—have so nobly earned. Such scenes as these then, it is, Mr. Editor, which excite Montreal to the heart and soul of the true Catholic, and which cause us, while the heart beats tumultuously, and the eye fills with tears of joy, to exclaim, with the apostles on Mount Thabor, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

As for those—whether knavish or insensate I know not—God knows—who take offence at such exhibitions, and who would insult the understandings, and mock the holy faith of Catholics by treating these sacred subjects with their usual levity and scoffing at ceremonies which they will fully misunderstand, we will only say, and this more in sorrow than in anger, go on with your proselytising—collect pounds, shillings, and pence from the four corners of earth, if you possibly can, extend your "institute" as much as you may—and prophecy as loudly as you can about the approaching downfall of Ant. Christ—(His Holiness, Pius the Ninth—one of the most illustrious Pontiffs that has yet sat in the Chair of St Peter)—but ere we leave you to your own pious promptings, hear a word at parting. Be assured, that when your swarming sects (all busy and zealous as they are) shall be with the things that were—following in the wake of many heresies in their brief day more widely spread than is any of yours—when the conventicles which you now so foully pervert from their original purpose as to use them almost entirely for fulminating the most hideous calumny against the queen of nations—the mother Church of Christendom—when these conventicles, I say, may (a thing not unprecedented in modern times) be used as Catholic Churches, and their worshippers an entire congregation of converts, then will that bell whose consecration has so ruffled your serene manes, boom forth its thundering peal over the rolling waves of the Saint Lawrence,

summoning to the celebration of the divine mysteries of a Catholic community multiplied an hundred, nay, a thousand times—the faithful people of Montreal will regard as one of their most valued possessions that same shrine of Bon Secours and its queenly status, and the Fete de Dieu will still shed its glory and brightness on those children of future years! Rail then—rail and revile—we notice your brawling no more! I remain, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours, &c.

HIBERNICA.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 29.

NEWS BY THE STEAMER EUROPA.

The news from Ireland is important. Several of the leaders of the Irish people have been arrested. Some for Treason, under the new Feloony Act, and others for Sedition only. Messrs. Duffy of the Nation, Martin of the Felon, and Doherty and Williams of the Tribune, have been committed to Newgate, and the sale of these papers prevented. Messrs. Meagher, McGeogh, Doheny, and some others have been arrested on charges of Sedition, but subsequently admitted to bail. The greatest excitement prevailed. Attempts to rescue Mr. Duffy were made while he was being conveyed to prison, and the people were with difficulty persuaded by him to be peaceable, and wait the proper time. Nothing shows the alarm felt by the Government more strongly than these arrests. All their plans for goading the people into a premature outbreak, having failed they hope to crush the determined spirits of the Irish by sending a few of their leaders to Newgate. It is now too late—the Irish League, combining Old and Young Ireland, is in full operation—Clubs have been formed in every part of the Country—the people are well organized—and the scenes which occurred on the arrest of Mr. Meagher are significant of what can be done when the proper time shall arrive.

Mr. Meagher was arrested near his father's house in Waterford. There can be no mistake as to the spirit of the people on that occasion, if we may judge from the following, which is partly taken from an Anti-Repeat journal.

"Immediately upon the news having spread, all the chapel bells were rung, and the whole population turned out and occupied, in a dense mass, the entire line of the quays, the Mall, and Berezford-street. Several efforts were made to break open the iron door of Mr. Meagher's residence, with a view to have him rescued. Mr. Meagher having been informed of this determination on the part of the people, appeared and in the most passionate terms implored them to abandon the project. His remonstrances were not at once successful. In the meanwhile several of his fellow-citizens men of different politics and persuasions—waited upon him and expressed their sympathy. Mr. Meagher appeared, for a second time, at the window, passionately appealing to the people not to be led, blindly and madly, into the massacre that must follow. He implored of them not to anticipate their time, and wreck, in a sea of useless blood, their stately cause, which was now bounding so gallantly across every peril. The people appeared to grow calmer.

"At half past six o'clock, Mr. Meagher, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Tracy, proceeded by a large posse of constables and a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons, and followed by two companies of the 7th Fusiliers, the officers mounted, proceeded along the quays of Waterford, surrounded by a dense and threatening crowd until they came to the bridge, which had been by that time barricaded with piles of timber. The progress of the cortege to this point was extremely slow and frequently interrupted, owing to the immense pressure of the crowd. Again and again did the people press round the carriage, clinging to the windows, the springs, the wheels—begging, wildly and passionately, for Mr. Meagher to let them out." "Oh, in God's name, Sir, give us the word, and let us at them—do, Sir, do, in Heaven's name!" Mr. Meagher would not yield to the vehement and tumultuous passion which every moment threatened to bear them away, in spite of all his instructions. Having called a number of the "Felon Club" to the carriage, he ordered them to see these instructions carried into effect, and they promised to do so. "But (said they) it is all your own fault you are going, for we are ready for the word." The traces of the carriage were cut, and behind the barricade were several thousand men, crea-

ting every demonstration of a determined resistance. There would have been a dreadful scene of disaster had it not been for the eloquent exhortations of Mr. Meagher himself, and those of the Rev. Mr. Tracy. To these the people at length assented reluctantly, pulled down the barricade, the traces were mended, and the party proceeded to Ballyhale, where they met the Dublin mail, and Mr. Meagher, Captain Gunn, constabulary inspector, accompanied by a few police, who arrived with carbines and sixty rounds of cartridge each, proceeded to Dublin."

Paris still continues in a disturbed state. The Government are proceeding slowly with the trial of the insurgents. Nothing has been determined on with regard to those who may be found guilty. Assassinations have become very frequent.

The funeral of the late Archbishop of Paris was attended by General Cavaignac, President of the Republic—the members of the National Assembly, and by immense crowds of all classes. The coffin was borne alternately by clergymen and by the National Guard. Nine Bishops were present. As the procession moved from the Archbishop's palace to Notre Dame the most profound impression seemed to be made on those who were assembled. All were deeply affected, and a profound silence prevailed, interrupted only by the solemn chanting of the clergy.

The Bishop of Digne, Monseigneur Sibour, has been nominated Archbishop of Paris. He is the author of several works, and a distinguished preacher.

Affairs are still unsettled in the other Countries of Europe. The war between Italy and Austria continues, without any signal advantage on either side. Austria is willing to surrender all claims on Lombardy, but on such terms as the Italians cannot agree to. French intervention is again spoken of, and if this should be the case a European war will be inevitable. Prussia is still disturbed, and the people of Berlin are kept quiet only through dread of the immense army assembled by the Government.

It was rumoured that the Russians, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the different countries, had marched an army into Moldavia. If this should be confirmed important results may be anticipated from it.

We are indebted to a correspondent for a copy of the following letter, addressed to his sister by one of the passengers on board the brig Commerce, wrecked at Port Mouton, about 20 miles from Liverpool, N. S. The Commerce sailed from Galway for St. John, N. B., on the 28th of April, with about 70 passengers. It will be seen that the unfortunate sufferers experienced great kindness from all classes in Liverpool, and that every effort was made to provide for their wants.

JUNE 3, 1848.

DEAR SISTER,—

A little removed from the difficulties which I lately experienced, I write to inform you that the "Commerce" became a total wreck on the 31st of May, at a place called Port Mouton, on the coast of Nova Scotia.

Though we all rushed from our berths to the deck as soon as the Commerce struck, yet in consequence of its being only 2 o'clock, a. m., and of the dense fog which prevailed, we could not determine whether the island we saw was land or ice. Thus situated, expecting the Commerce to fall asunder every moment, we remained till 4 o'clock, a. m., when a partial disappearance of the fog enabled us to see that we were only a few paces from land. The captain, when all things were prepared to land us, sent some of his men ashore to haul us in the long boat from the vessel to the shore.

By this means we all expected to effect a landing, but on making her second trip the long boat dashed against a rock, and afforded but a short time to those in her to escape a watery grave.

The rest of us, who remained on board, had to effect a landing by means of a cable extended from the vessel to the land.

About 12 o'clock all the passengers and crew were safe on shore with the exception of 4 children who were washed overboard, and Mrs. Coyne and Burke, and Mr. Michael Curcoran, and John Lyden, one of the crew. But in the cabin of the vessel which parted from the hull 11 o'clock, a. m., there remained 18 of the passengers crying out for help. The Captain and all his men were ashore and unwilling to make any effort to save those 18 persons. They would have all perished had not one of the passengers gone to their relief. He succeeded in landing