

VOTE YOURSELF A FARM—PORTUGUESE SYMPATHISERS.

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal.

(Concluded.)

I was rather late for a large portion of the discourse. Enough remained, however, to give me an idea of its style, which was grandiloquent and anti-Catholic to a degree. This monster Popery, observed Growling, has been deprived of its fangs and teeth in England and France, but the blood of its mangled victims still reek on its insatiable jaws, which yawn and thirst for more. Fe, fau, fum!—Oh! christian friends—continued "Growling"—lose no time or opportunity in crushing this demon, or it will crush you. The Romish Church may endeavour to throw the odium of this persecution on the judicial authorities of Madeira, as it was by that body the martyrs were condemned and outlawed. But, christian friends, was it not a Popish judge who tried them, and did not all his satellites belong to the same abominable crew? According to this style of logic, Catholics should lose no time in calling meetings to express their indignation at the unwarrantable liberty which Protestant judges sometimes take in passing sentence on their erring brethren.

The Doctor, it seems, had illustrated his arguments by a series of anecdotes previous to my coming, a fact which I ascertained from a very short gentleman, who seemed rather disposed to elevate himself at the expense of my toes. The only anecdote I had the good fortune to hear during the discourse related to the Covenanters, who the Doctor said were tied to a stake (whether beef or pork is not known) on the sea shore, and kept there till the tide came in and wet them all over. He did not mention whether this outrage was committed by Catholics or Protestants. Covenanters generally accuse the latter. It matters not, however, the story went down with all the rest. At the termination of this discourse, the Rev. Growling announced that the object of the meeting was to take up a collection towards defraying the expense of sending the martyrs to the farms procured for them in Illinois. He hoped the congregation would act liberally, as the collection was also to secure him from any loss for having put down his name for a certain sum a few nights previous at the Tabernacle for the same object (disinterested man.) He further stated, that any coin put on the plate under a shilling would go to the Church; but over that, such as 25 or 50 cent pieces, would go to the martyr fund. According to this financial arrangement, the latter got about, as much as tradition reports the Connaught man to have shot at. I took particular care to examine the plates after meeting, and, with the exception of an odd quarter dollar straggling here and there through a mass of coppers, the most expensive coin to be seen was ten cents, notwithstanding all the arguments and persuasions which Doctor Growling used to realize a contrary result. Among other things, he told of a gentleman who was so interested at the Tabernacle meeting as to make a donation of his gold watch. This story may be true, but it sounds very much like watch stuffing. While the collection was in progress, Dr. G. announced the attraction of the evening, namely, a hymn by the Portuguese. After a good deal of tumbling and poking, the performers arose with a sort of a reluctant "wish you'd let me alone" air, such as animals are wont to exhibit when stirred up by their keepers at the close of a long day's performance. They murmured forth something (probably a hymn) in a lazy, maudible tone, but as it was evidently of a confidential nature, the audience were left totally ignorant as to either the words or the air. I was rather disappointed, as the Rev. Doctor prefaced the performance by saying it would be the most interesting and affecting. His gentle heart, I fear, leads him astray.

At the conclusion of the martyr exhibition, the Rev. Mr. Snorton, president of the guano society, ascended the rostrum: he was a very, very tall man, very very thin man, admirably adapted as to figure for investigating the interior of pumps, with a sour, bloodless countenance, where black, yellow and green seemed struggling for mastery, in point of personal appearance he was the direct opposite of his learned predecessor, one being a sort of John Calvin magnified, and the other a John Knox running to seed—his remarks were as ignorant and bilious as his looks. "Popery" he would not tolerate in any shape or at any price; all was well enough now, but wait till Catholics got a little more power, and then people's houses would be burnt about their ears. It struck me, that perhaps after all, this Rev.

Snorton was only the agent of some Insurance company in disguise—drumming up custom—in these times men will do strange things to earn an honest penny.—The Rev. gentleman seemed to entertain peculiar notions, too, about English grammar and the pronunciation of words, many of which he ended with *er*, thus shadow shader, window winder, china chiner, he was evidently an ering man. From a terrific onslaught on Popery he turned to the Madeira martyrs by way of refreshment, and so besmeared that respectable body, making them angels all but the wings, that it seemed a cruelty not to knock them on the head and permit their pure spirits to ascend where they belonged. Scarcely had Snorton closed his remarks when Growling, probably thinking the wind was getting a little out of his sails, started up to relate one anecdote more—of the same sort which was left—on his own account. A pious and amiable Portuguese, he said, who by the light of the bible had renounced Popery and its abominations, was one day walking in Madeira, (the Island, of course, temperance forbids any other conclusion) when a blood-thirsty Priest, (I quote his words verbatim) accosted him thus: "Kneel down you cursed bible heretic and worship this"—holding up a brass crucifix—"this is my God!"

"I know it is *your* God," responded the meek convert, but mine is—before the words were out the infuriated Priest dashed the crucifix in his face, and left him weltering in his blood,—this is what we call in Ireland taking a dirty advantage of a man—to say the least it was a new and "striking feature" in religious controversy.

I could relate anecdotes of a similar character all night, said Growling, but the Rev. Mr. Snorton and myself will shortly publish a small volume, which will contain brief sketches of Popish atrocities never before given to the public: every one should call at the office number—Nassau street, and provide themselves with a copy—the price will be low.—Any article on the board for four cents!

How invaluable must such a book be for Christian meditation, so calculated to inspire kind and charitable thoughts—how instructive was all this exhibit of narrow bigotry to a people already not over prepossessed with their Catholic neighbors, every one of whom they must now regard as bitter enemies.—Much as those Rev. Ranters stigmatised Popish Tyranny and Persecution, I should be sorry to see either the sword or the ermine in their keeping where Catholic life or Catholic honor was at stake.

As regards the "martyred Portuguese," all we can learn about them is, that they are "outlaws," who, for different offences, were punished by the civil authorities of Madeira, nothing more. If their pious sympathisers, however, intend carrying out the farm system, they may do a large business in the conversion line, as there is yet abundance of Catholic weeds to work upon in the lazaroni* of Naples, the sans culotets of Paris, the brigands of Spain, and the radicals of Rome, all easy, proselytes to any paying business—from a cut throat to a parson. There are many "India rubber" Catholics, too, in our own land who will be found ready at any time to advocate all that is rotten in Society, Infidelity, Socialism, Ultra-Radicalism, or any other ism, that will give unbridled license to their will.

When the enemies of the Catholic Church can point to converts such as daily, hourly, enter her fold, converts, many of whom have been the brightest ornaments of whatever fragment of Protestantism they may have belonged, but wearied by the tempest of unceasing doubt, have relinquished wealth and rank and friends to secure that certainty and peace which the Church of God alone contains, when they can point to such as these, then may they exult, but not till then.

VINCENT.

* We must beg to differ from the worthy writer here. The Lazaroni of Naples are in general a moral, pious, and industrious class, notwithstanding the ignorant taunts of English Protestant tourists. We say this from personal observation, as well as on the authority of respectable Protestants who resided many years in Naples.

DERBY.—FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.—On Sunday, (the 10th inst.), being within the octave of Corpus Christi, the annual procession in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, took place in the Church of St. Mary and the grounds attached. By the pious care of the congregation, who not only sent in trees and flowers from far and near but also assisted in the work of decoration the church presented a most festive appearance, every pillar and arch being festooned and hung with garlands of laurel, whilst the principal doorways were

surrounded by a profusion of the most beautiful flowers. The sanctuary itself and the statue of the Blessed Virgin were tastefully adorned with wreaths of roses, and the beautiful altar, blazing with light, shone out magnificently from the depth of the chancel. Mass was sung by the Rev. T. Sing, who also delivered a sermon. The Rev. J. Daniel officiated as Master of the Ceremonies. At the end of Mass the procession entered and arranged itself in the nave before the high altar. The Blessed Sacrament having been taken from the tabernacle, the whole procession moved down the left aisle of the church and passed through the west doorway into the grounds, the vergers of the church and the cross-bearer leading. After these came about eighty boys and men in surplices carrying banners, and the boy's choir singing the "Laudate Dominum." The banner of St. Joseph was carried in front of the boys. These were followed by torch-bearers, and thirty girls dressed in white, with veils and wreaths of white roses, carrying banners and strewing the ground with rose leaves. The last of these carried a banner recently worked by some of the ladies of the congregation, on which was a most beautiful figure of the Blessed Virgin and Child. Lastly came the Blessed Sacrament, carried under a canopy by the Rev. T. Sing, and preceded by the thurifers. The procession was closed by the choir, and most of the congregation. In the garden, an altar had been erected under an arch of rock-work, and upon this the Blessed Sacrament was placed, whilst the choir sang the "O Salutaris," and the "Tantum Ergo." Benediction was then given, and as all was hushed in silent adoration, the Blessed Sacrament raised in front of the altar and sparkling in the sun; on either side the long lines of kneeling figures clothed in white, and with banners gently waving, the cross proudly upreared, and in the background the kneeling people, presented altogether a spectacle such as is seldom seen in Protestant England. After Benediction, the procession passed round the garden, the choir singing the "Lauda Sion," and as the last notes of it died away the boys in front began the psalm "Quam Dilectus." Thus the procession again entered the church, the people kneeling with the greatest devotion as it passed. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed for a short time on the high altar, and the procession then returned to the presbytery. In the evening vespers were sung, and afterwards Benediction was given in the church and garden. The weather during the day was rainy, except for the half-hour, morning and evening, when the procession and benediction were to take place, during which time the sun shone out most beautifully. The church and grounds were crowded to excess, but the greatest order prevailed, and the Protestants present showed great respect; and indeed some were afterwards observed collecting the leaves over which the Blessed Sacrament had passed and putting them in their Bibles. So impressive and beautiful did the service of the Church appear even to those who were unable to join in her adoration.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

RUGBY.—ST. MARIE'S, DUNCHURCH ROAD.—On Trinity Sunday, a Catholic Mission, or Spiritual Retreat, was opened in this Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop of the Central District, with Pontifical High Mass. In the evening, the service commenced with solemn Benediction, after which, the Bishop, in his usual pleasing style, addressed an audience of 800 persons, from a platform, erected at the Cross in the Churchyard, adjoining St. Marie's. The choir then sang the "Litany of Loretto," at the conclusion of which the Rev. Father Furlong preached an eloquent and moving discourse on "Hearing the Word of God," with an energy of style and depth of reasoning perfectly new to many of his auditors. The Mission continued till the Octave Day of Corpus Christi, during which time St. Marie's was densely crowded by people of various creeds and religious persuasions from the town of Rugby and the adjacent villages. To some of the audience an explanation of the real tenets of Catholic doctrine and sound Gospel morality, which were forcibly and clearly developed, were a novelty—to many, a Catholic Mission or Retreat of twelve successive days, with daily services and a sermon delivered at each service, was a subject of astonishment. During the Octave of the Festival of Corpus Christi the solemn and imposing procession of the Adorable Sacrament in the open air, was an object of great attraction. On Friday, June 5th, Alexander Craikshank, Esq., made a public profession of the Catholic faith, on which occasion the Rev.

Father Furlong delivered two most masterly and pathetic discourses. On Tuesday, the ceremony of the Renewal of Baptismal Vows had a surprising effect on the minds of the multitude assembled in St. Marie's. Too much praise cannot be given to those zealous and apostolic labourers in the vineyard of the Lord—the good and pious Fathers of the Institute of Charity. The unique splendor of St. Marie's, the beautiful decorations of the altars, and the solemn and devotional Gregorian music accompanying each service, reflected great credit upon all parties connected with the arrangements of the retreat. This interesting Mission was closed by the Right Rev. Bishop of the Central District, on the Octave Day of Corpus Christi. His Lordship preached a most appropriate and argumentative sermon on the "Doctrine of Transubstantiation"—that great stumbling-block to the Protestant world, although it is the bright sun of Christianity, the centre of its system. During this Mission much prejudice has been removed from the minds of our separated brethren, and England's Faith of a thousand years has again "taken root in an honourable people." The congregation of St. Marie's, Rugby, offer their most heartfelt thanks to the Fathers of the Institute of Charity, for the valuable services which they have rendered.—*Ibid.*

ROME.

A letter in the Times, dated Florence, June 4, says, "The most authentic accounts received from Rome are melancholy. A person whom we know received letters of the 1st from a man of respectability in the middle ranks of life, which state the city to be in a most melancholy condition—all trade, and even work, at a stand; no supplies entering the city, nor any money to purchase necessities; the poor dying of want, and yet fast increasing from the ruin that spreads every day; no police, no justice, no redress for outrages; people put to death in the street for the most trifling causes, and no notice taken, a melancholy sadness brooding over the whole place. A canon of St. Peter's, who made his escape to this place, says that he knows of at least seventy or eighty priests that have been put to death, taken up and sent to a convent, where they are speedily disposed of, and all exist in hourly fear of a like fate. I mentioned, I think, in my last the irretrievable damage that had been done to the environs, and even within the walls of Rome, in cutting down trees, destroying gardens, the Borghes Villa, and much of the fine wood, the Doria Pamphili, the Villa Albani, Villa Patricci, close to the Porta Pia gate, all the trees on the Ripetta and between St. Maria Maggiore and St. John Laterans, and a vast deal more talked of, which I hope is not all true. It is a serious question what shall be done to secure the Roman States and Italy in general from the consequences of all this miserable commotion. Of the 40,000 to 50,000 men now in arms as defenders of Rome, there are, at a moderate computation, from 20,000 to 30,000 strangers, adventurers, bravos, ruffians escaped from justice or in dread of her men of desperate fortunes, and peasants turned soldiers from the madness of enthusiasm. These men can never again re-enter society as useful or even innocuous members of it; nor will they choose to starve, nor can they have any way of transporting themselves elsewhere to seek their livelihood—how are they to be disposed of? I heard it observed the other day that were it the Austrians who had to settle the Roman matters, they would make short work of it, by sending all these fellows—Lombards, Romagnoles, Poles, Frenchmen, &c., under a guard to Hungary, where they might be made soldiers of and so expended; but the French have already too many of such cattle and will be sadly at a loss what to make of them. In short, if even the gravest consequences of a general war be escaped, there is enough in the affairs of Italy to give great alarm to those who have at heart the preservation of tranquillity and the safe progress of civilisation and general improvement."

CONFIRMATION.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell administered this Sacrament in the Cathedral, on Sunday afternoon, to two hundred and twenty-eight persons, including several converts to the Catholic Faith. The same Sacrament was administered in the Church of St. Joseph, to four hundred and forty-two persons, by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Vincennes. The number of young persons confirmed this year, in the city Churches, will exceed one thousand.—*Catholic Telegraph.*