

From the N. York Freeman's Journal.
CONFIRMATION IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
PATERSON, N. J.

August 8th, 1848.

Mr. Editor.—Though the many and momentous movements of a political character now in progress here and elsewhere greatly engage the attention of the public, and the time of journalists, a sketch of a different and less exciting kind may not be unacceptible to some of your readers. The following is of the later kind.—

On Sunday last, Bishop Hughes made his annual visitation to St. John's Church, of this town. Before commencing the 8 o'clock Mass, the distinguished Prelate spoke for more than half an hour to the children present, on the nature, importance and manifold fruits which the Sacrament he was about to administer confers on those who worthily receive it. At the close of his eloquent and purely pastoral address, he gave Confirmation to upwards of 100 persons, among whom were three converts to our Holy Faith. The adorable sacrifice of the Mass being concluded, the Bishop gave Holy Communion to about 450 individuals, and then retired from the Church a few moments.

At the 11 o'clock, or High Mass, which was sung by the Rev. Father Tappert, of the order of Redemptorists, the sanctuary, which is very spacious, presented a truly grand and imposing spectacle. Besides the Bishop, Father Larkin, of Fordham College, our own worthy Pastor Rev. T. Quinn, and the celebrant, Father Tappert, there were 22 Alter boys, neatly and tastefully attired in surplice and soutan.

When the usual time arrived, the Bishop ascended the pulpit (which is venerated by the Pastor and people more for its antiquity than its convenience and comfort) and delivered a discourse, which rivetted the attention of the vast congregation there assembled for more than an hour.

On the whole, Mr. Editor, the day was one that will not be soon or easily forgotten by the good people of Paterson.

Yours, A CATHOLIC.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY.

The building of this Church was commenced last fall. Since the opening of spring, last April, it has been renewed with energy, and may be covered by winter. It is erected in a place where, a few months ago, no one would have dreamed or have been willing to believe that such a building could be commenced. However, Rev. Mr. Havermans has undertaken the enterprise, and he has the spirit and industry to consummate it. The work is so great a one, that the Rev. gentleman thought it would take many years to finish it, but it has been carried on so briskly under his auspices that in a few months will elapse before it will be ready for use. The building is now up as high as the windows which will be set in a few days. Its length, exclusive of the steps, is 170 feet, in the body it is 70 feet wide, and in the transept it is 101 feet. The walls, above the basement, will be 50 feet high. The basement will be 9 feet high. The basement is firmly built with cut stone; the upper walls will be brick. A more solid foundation was never laid than that upon which this great building is to rest. The nave of the building is supported by lofty columns and ornamented with 18 superb windows, above and below by 24 windows in lancet form. The tower will be carried out with brick about 15 feet above the roof, where it will stop until such time as the congregation may be able to carry it up to its destined height—intended to be 250 feet. The Church will be built in the ancient style of Gothic architecture, in the shape of a cross—a model of this kind—neat in its proportions, large in its dimensions, complete in its finish, though simple in form, and well adapted to accommodate a large congregation. The expense of the building, when enclosed, it is estimated will reach \$25,000. when completed, it will not probably fall short of \$60,000. David Hathaway, Architect, Edwin Warner, Superintendent.

This Church stands in the middle of a block two hundred feet long and 130 feet wide. On the south it fronts Jackson street, on the east the Greenbush road, on the west Third street. The neighborhood where it stands is so rapidly increasing that the moment it is ready, it will have a flourishing congregation to worship in it. So much for the prosperity of Troy and the well directed enterprise of Father Havermans and our adopted citizens.

We cannot close this article without saying

our citizens to aid in completing this great enterprise. It is such a one as should induce generous contributions, not only as a thing in all respects creditable to the city, and calculated to honor it, but as an agency for the promotion of substantial good. Thus far, Mr. Havermans has received little assistance from others to carry forward this enterprise, and has contributed largely from his own means, besides devoting much of his time, to get it under headway. Now we trust that a disposition will be manifested by all to assist in the object according to their means. Let all have the honor of doing something to advance the project.

In this connection, it may be well to mention that there is another institution just springing up in the neighborhood of St. Mary's church, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, from Emmetsburgh, Maryland, for the instruction of youth, and also, prospectively, intended as an asylum for the sick.

These noble and beneficent enterprises are among the good works which Father Havermans has undertaken, and which he will not fail to accomplish. Such works will long stand as a monument of philanthropy and true christian excellence.—Troy Daily Whig

It is very delightful to hear of one spot after another of our dear country being blessed and adorned with Catholic privileges. These are the offspring of severe sacrifices, but therefore the fuller of hope. We apprehend the description below is of the Church at Madison, N. J., in the mission of Mr. McQuade.

Mr. Editor—Longing to escape for a few days from the noise and confusion of a city which seems totally forgetful of all except the concerns of this world, I found myself one fine afternoon last week making my flight as fast as a sturdy locomotive could carry me into the interior of New Jersey. Fairly landed, "bag and baggage," I took a long breath and felt inwardly thankful that I might now relieve myself and recruit for a while in the composure afforded by a country village. Invariably my first move on arriving in a strange place, is to inquire if it be blessed with a Catholic Church, and if so, immediately to start in quest of it: for nothing gives me such a thrill of pleasure as to behold the Altar upon which our Lord makes His abode afar off from the habitation of men, particularly if the Holy Sacrifice be there offered daily, and the soul-stirring offices of Holy Mother are celebrated with the splendor of which the edifice will admit. Accordingly, after supper, having procured the services of a friend who offered to conduct me, I started off to my habitual errand. A red brick building which stood at the top of the hill first attracted my attention, and I immediately exclaimed, "What a Church!" The same old square box! Nothing but a meeting-house affair after all." My friend, with a smile, immediately corrected my mistake, however, by informing me that that was only the village academy, "the Church," said he, "will meet your view as you turn the corner after we get up the hill." The object of my visit soon greeted me, a pretty white wooden edifice, with pointed windows, and pillars in front, surmounted by a cupola and gilt Cross, which, illumined by the setting sun, seemed to glitter in the blue ground of the evening sky, and brought "O Cruz Are" to the lips of the beholder. A few minutes walk brought us to the door. As we entered and made our genuflection, the sun was just casting one of his last rays across the tabernacle upon a beautiful image of the mother of God, the heavenly smile upon whose countenance seemed to welcome the stranger who came to visit her adorable Son. We paused a few moments and departed, but that visit to the Blessed Sacrament left an impression that will not soon be effaced. Who that has beheld a Catholic Altar at sunset, with its noble candlesticks, and painting, and tabernacle, the embodiment of all that is sacred, will not understand the sensations which crowd upon the soul at such a moment? After attending to the duties incident upon Saturday night, being much fatigued, I retired to rest, and of course slept soundly. I was awakened rather unexpectedly in the morning by the sound of a bell. I rubbed my eyes, all was still as before save the reverberation of a rich-toned among the hills. Again it sounded and then succeeded another pause. A third peal followed. By this time I comprehended the meaning of this alternate ringing, and crossed myself, for it was the Angelus. Yes, in this Protestant village as regularly as the year goes round, the Angelus, (such a

stranger in our city of Churches,) is heard morning, noon, and night, sweetly inviting the Christian to meditate upon the Incarnation of the Son of God. I joyfully answered the summons, and another half hour found me on my second visit to the chapel. I was misinformed as to the hour for High Mass, and arrived in time to take my place among the worshippers in the porch. The Eryrie was just finished, and all were absorbed in their devotions. Vespers were sung at 9 o'clock, and I took care to be more punctual. The priest having intoned *Deus in adiutorium*, the response followed with a burst of music, and accompanied the deep tone of the organ with a swell which at once convinced me that it proceeded from no ordinary choir. With one or two exceptions I have never heard the psalms so well chanted. The standard music of the Church was strictly adhered to throughout. After the psalms followed not "Fading still fading," but any of the like hymns which I confess never to feel much relish for in our Catholic Churches, no indeed,—but *Lucis Creator*, so sweetly embodied in the old tone of by-gone days as almost to melt one's very soul. I pause not to speak of benediction, for I have already exceeded the limits of an ordinary communication. Besides, wherever this sweet service may be given it is above any attempt at description. Neither do I stop to remark upon what most of all interested me—the attention paid to the instruction of the children, the future hope of the Church, her most precious treasure. Perhaps I shall hereafter claim your indulgence for a second communication. Hoping that the contents of the present may afford matter of interest to many of your city readers, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours respectfully, J.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

It has been mentioned in several of the papers that Chateaubriand has for nearly forty years been preparing memoirs of his eventful life, with the intention of having them published when it should have come to a close. The *Univers* publishes the preface to these remarkable papers in one of its recent numbers, and we have been so entertained by reading it that we shall attempt translating the chief part of it for the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, without destroying the peculiar style of the author. It must be remembered that this preface was written in 1833. And again it must be kept in mind that the writer was a poet, an old man, and one who indeed was mixed up with remarkable characters and times—these reflections will excuse what otherwise seems somewhat too self complacent.

PARIS, Dec. 1, 1833.

As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my death, as, at my age, the days accorded to man are days of grace, or rather of rigor, I am going, in the fear of being taken away by surprise, to explain myself in relation to a labor destined to beguile for me the languor of these last and weary hours, that every one must, and none is unwilling, to pass through.

The Memoirs at whose head this preface will appear, embrace, or will embrace, the entire course of my life.—They were commenced in 1811, and have been continued down till this day. In what is finished I recount, and will recount in what is yet but begun, my childhood, my education, my youth, my entry on public service, my arrival at Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the first scenes of the Revolution, my voyages to America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany and England, my re-entry into France under the Empire, my way to Jerusalem, my occupations and labors under the Restoration, finally the complete history of this Resurrection and of its fall.

I have met nearly all the men who have played a part great or small in foreign parts or in my own country, from Washington to Napoleon; from Louis XVIII to Alexander of Russia; from Pious VII to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria to Malshobes and Mirabeau, from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, Lapeyrouse, Morecau. I have made part of a triumvirate without example—three poets of opposite views and nations having been almost at the same time ministers of foreign affairs. I in France, Canning in England, Martinez de la Rosa in Spain.

Successively I have passed through the empty years of my youth, the years so fully occupied of the Republican Era, the glory of Napoleon, and the reign of the legitimacy. I have explored the cease of the old and now

worlds, and have trodden the soil of the four quarters of the world. . . . have been seated at the table of kings, at the fetes of princes and princesses, and have fallen again into poverty and suffered prison.

I have been in relations with a host of persons celebrated in arms, in the church, in politics, in law, in sciences and arts. I am in possession of immense materials—more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, those of the time I was minister of foreign affairs, amongst which are some possessed by no other than myself, without copy and unknown. I have carried the musket of the soldier, the staff of the traveller, the burden of the pilgrim,—a voyager over, my duties have been inconstant as my sails, a halcyon. I have built my nest on the billows.

I have mixed in peace and war, I have signed treaties and protocols, and have written volumes on my way. I have been initiated into the secrets of parties, of the court, and of the State, I have seen near at hand misfortunes, the highest fortunes, and the greatest of renown. I have assisted at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, at the building up and pulling down of thrones—I have made matter for history and I may well write it, and my life, solitary, dreamy, poetic, marched through this world of realities, of catastrophes, of tumult and of noise with the sons of my song . . . with the daughters of my fiction.

And now there remain about but four or five contemporaries of a long renown. Alfieri, Canova and Monte have disappeared. Of its bright days Italy retains but Pindemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has worn out his best years in the dungeons of Spielberg; the talents of the country of Dante are condemned to silence or driven to languish in a foreign land. Byron and Canning have died in their youth, Walter Scott has at length left us, Goethe has gone full of years and of earthly glory. France has little left of her brilliant past—she commences another era, I wait to bury my generation, like the old priest who, in the sacking of Beziers, was to toll the bell, before himself perishing, when the last citizen should have expired.

When death shall have dropped the curtain between me and the world it will be found that the drama in which I have acted divides itself into three parts: The soldier till 1800,—the writer till 1814,—the statesman till the present time

Of modern French authors I will be found to be the only one whose whole life has corresponded to his writings. Traveller, soldier, poet, statesman, it is in the forest, I have sung of the forest, on the deep I have painted the sea, in the camp I have spoken of armies, in exile I have learned the exile, in courts, in affairs, in assemblies, I have studied princes, diplomacy, laws and history.

The different sentiments of my different times of life my youth penetrating my age, the gravity of my years of experience saddening my lighter years, the rays of my sun, from its aurora to its setting, crossing and confounding each other like the scattered reflections of my existence, give a sort of indefinable unity to my labor—my cradle to my tomb, my tomb to my cradle; my sufferings become pleasures, my pleasures griefs; and one cannot say if these Memoirs are the work of a green head or a gray.

Many of my friends have urged me to publish now a part of my history; I could not consent. First, in spite of myself, I would be less frank less truthful; then too I have throughout supposed myself writing while seated beside my coffin. From this my work has taken a certain religious character which I could not take away from it without injury. Life now goes ill with me, death will perhaps prove better.

CHATEAUBRIAND

STATE OF FEELING IN IRELAND.—The Irish Correspondent of Wednesday's *Times*, writing from Thurles, says.—"The attitude of the people still continues decidedly and unmistakably hostile. I should even say that this feeling is on the increase within the last few days, for the impression of terror created by the first appearance of a large military force has sensibly diminished, and by a thousand slight but undoubted signs one is hourly reminded that one is living in an enemy's country. An overwhelming rebelliousness of spirit has seized upon the people, and it is not the sacrifice of a few lives, in an obscure struggle with the consabulary, which will stifle the gigantic growth of so many years' agitation. They believe that 'the war,' as they call it, has only been postponed, and that when the Priests are won over to the popular cause its triumph is secure."