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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?
 Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.
 And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar Jona. because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven AND I SAY TO THEE. THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.
 AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven. and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.

Is the Church likened unto a house? It is placed on the foundation of a rock, which is Peter. Will you behold our Redeemer paying the tribute as his master, and after him comes Peter as his representative. Is the Church a bark? Peter is its pilot; and it is our Redeemer who instructs him. Is the doctrine by which we are drawn from the gulph of Sin represented by a fisher's net? It is Peter who casts it; Peter who draws it; and the other disciples lend their aid, but it is Peter that presents the fishes to our Redeemer. Is the Church represented by an embassy? Saint Peter is at its head. Do you prefer the figure of a Kingdom? Saint Peter carries its keys. In fine, will you have it shadowed under the symbol of flock and fold; Saint Peter is the Shepherd, and Universal Pastor under Jesus Christ. S. Francis of Sales. Controv. Disc. 42.

CALENDAR.
 MARCH 26—Sunday—III of Lent Semid
 27—Monday—Office of the Day Simp.
 28—Tuesday—S Sixtus III Conf doub
 29—Wednesday—Office of the Day Simp
 30—Thursday—Office of the Day Simp
 31—Friday—Five Sacred Wounds of our Lord J. C. Great Doubt
 APRIL 1—Saturday—Office of the Day Simp

FRANCE.
 PARIS.—COMMEMORATION OF O'CONNELL.—On the 18th inst. (as was briefly mentioned in last week's TABLET) took place the long expected commemoration of O'Connell in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The whole of the space between the great door at the entrance of the cathedral and choir, had been enclosed, but towards the centre, amongst the pillars of the nave and the opposite the pulpit, a reserved portion was left off, and hung with black, for Mr. John Russell and the members of the Chambers of Deputies who should attend the oration. Long before half past twelve, he was appointed for the commencement of the service in the enclosed space, the aisles, and the galleries above them, were crowded to the roof.
 After the Mass, Father Lacordaire ascended the pulpit, in the full habit of a Dominican, with a black cassock, flannel habit, and black gloves. His oration (which occupied an hour and a half in delivery) was to the following effect:—

THE FUNERAL ORATION.
 Beati quiescentis et sicuti iustitiam, quoniam ipsi saturati sunt.—St Matt., ch. v. 6.
 My Lord—Gentlemen,
 I shall say nothing of the words which you have just heard, and which were uttered for the first time by Him who brought forth into the world so many new words. I shall say nothing of them, because they will be echoed throughout the whole series of my speech, and because at every word, in every phrase, in every motion, you will say unto yourselves, without any interference on my part "Happy are those who are hungry and thirsty of justice, for they shall be filled." And indeed, this multitude now before me, with this high expectation, this solemn anticipation of every heart, are they anything else than the justice which comes down from Heaven to visit a man whose stormy life was far from hoping such unanimous, such immediate gratitude at the hands of the present age, nor even of future times! And this man, who thus commands over a posterity that hardly dares upon his tomb—who is he, may I ask! Through what spell has he thus commanded justice? Is he a King, who has laid himself down by the side of his ancestors, after reigning gloriously over his people? Is he a conqueror who bore unto the very extremity of the earth the power of his arms? Is he a lawgiver, who established a new nation upon the chaos of beginnings or of ruins? No, no—he is nothing of all that—he is more than all that: he was a man who was neither a prince, nor a captain, nor the founder of an empire, but who, as a simple citizen, swayed the rod of power more successfully than Kings, gained more battles than conquerors, and wrought more than any of those who usually receive a mission, either for destruction or edification. His country bestowed upon him the appellation of Liberator! and were we to take that name in a limited sense, still it would be splendid enough to justify the extraordinary honours which we now offer him—to explain why Rome, the mistress of every august glory, opened her basilicas to his relics; and why, tho' a stranger as he was to our country, these sacred and patriotic walls of Notre Dame witness even now the admiration which still clings to his tomb. It would be quite enough, do I say, that he should

have been the liberator of an oppressed country to justify all that Rome, France, and the whole world think of his memory add do to exalt it.—But I shall not confine myself to this view; it is by far too narrow for him, for your own expectations, and for the thoughts which are teeming within my heart. I wish to show you that he marked out a place for himself among the greatest liberators of the Church and mankind. I shall therefore pass by, as it were, the ideas suggested by the word "country," and which are neither sufficiently extensive nor exalted for our subject.
 I open the most extensive scene over which human memory can range—the scene of the Church and of mankind itself.
 O my God! the Father of all justice, I thank Thee because in times like these which witness so much injustice, thou dost allow my lips to utter the praises of a man of justice, whose long and agitated career never cost one drop of blood, nor even a tear; and who, after stirring more men and nations than we can find in any history whatsoever, went down into the grave pure of reproach, and without fearing that any living creature should ever raise his tombstone and call him to account, nay, not for a single action, but for a misfortune. I thank Thee, O God, that such is the object of this assembly, and I thank Thee, also, for that justice which thou hast promised unto every man, and which I am now about to grant in thy name and in the name of Christendom, to Daniel O'Connell.
 From the very first days of the world there has existed in the world a Divine light, a Divine charity, a Divine authority, a Divine society.—From the primitive fields of Eden to the tallest summit of Arrarat; from Mount Arrarat to the "rocks of Sinai;" from Sinai to Mount Zion and the Calvary; from the Calvary to the Vatican-hill God, never ceased to be present and active upon the face of the earth. And it would seem as if this reign of light, of charity, of authority, issued forth from above; as if this union of souls through God and in God, our common Father, ought to have met with unanimity here below, or at least not to have encountered either an enemy or a battle to fight out. But we are here below in the land of struggle, and to this necessity did God subject himself; he consented to give us his own life, as far as it was wound up with ours; to be judged by us, and, consequently to be accepted by some and repelled by others. This sacred warfare is as old as the world, and will last as long. But among its numerous vicissitudes we observe two periods and missions important above all others—the period of persecution and the period of deliverance; the mission of the persecutors and the mission of the liberators. Whenever the world is more than usually tired of God; whenever it is tired of hearing his name pronounced or deems God rather too powerful; then the world makes an effort against him, and as its reason is too feeble to repel God through the single strength of the soul, it has recourse to the material order of things; it overthrows, burns, and kills every being which bears the Divine stamp, until satisfied with the silence of the waste it has wrought around, the world imagines that, at the very least, if it has not conquered, a few days of truce and triumph have been won for its cause. But God is never more powerful than in days like these; he shoots forth, as it were, from among the ruins by a sort of germination, which no one can understand; or rather mankind, ailing through his absence, returns towards him; just as a child calls his father from the domestic hearth from which the latter had exiled him. Justice, truth, and eternal order resume their rights over man's conscience, and an age of deliverance

succeeds to an age of persecution. And then we see some man such as Providence secretly prepares within the all-powerful mystery of his councils: for instance, Moses who delivered the people of God out of the hands of Egypt; or Cyrus, who brought them back from Babylon to the fields of their native country; Judas Maccabeus, who defended their national independence against the successors of Alexander; and at a later period Constantine, Charlemagne, Gregory VIII; Constantine, who gave religious liberty to the Christians; Charlemagne, who maintained against the Greek Emperors, against the barbarian monarchs, and against futurity itself the independence of God's Vicar upon earth; Gregory VIII., who freed the Church from the mortal grasp of feudalism; illustrious names, indeed, the greatest in the world! And perhaps you may think that when I thus utter these names, I really show a certain want of ability, and that I run the risk of blotting out the name of the man whom I am bound to glorify. For my part, gentlemen, I have no such fear, and you will yourself tell whether I am mistaken.
 Open the map of the world, and do observe at both extremities the two groups of islands that go by the name of Japan and Great Britain.—Just follow the tracks of the different nations that spread over this line, measuring nine thousand miles; mark Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, England, and Ireland. In vain do you number and number again; among all these numerous kingdoms, there is not one in which the Church of God enjoys her inalienable liberties, not one in which her Word, her Sacraments and assemblies are not humiliated and enthralled. What! so many nations altogether despoiled of the holy independence belonging to the children of God. What! among these two hundred millions of men, we meet with no hearts bold enough to maintain the rights of conscience and the dignity of a Christian! Ah, yield not to such an error, gentlemen; God never left truth without her martyrs, without witnesses, who served even unto the effusion of blood; and, as in this case, the scandal of oppression was heightened by its extent, its devotion and its rigour.—God in his turn, wrought also a new miracle in the history of martyrdom. Men, and whole families had been seen, who died for their faith, and who left, as the only remnant of such a grand spectacle, their mutilated relics and their imperishable memory. But no one had ever seen a whole people, living in a state of martyrdom,—whole generations linked together by one common earthly country, and transmitting the inheritance of faith through an hereditary torture—no such thing had ever been witnessed. God both willed and did this thing;—and he willed it in our times, he did it in our times. Among these nations which I just now showed fettered one to another in one common space, and in one same spiritual slavery, there is one that spurned the yoke, one which, though materially enslaved, still preserves the freedom of the soul. One of the proudest powers of the earth has wrestled with that nation in order to drag it along into the yawning abyss of schism and apostasy. But though devoted to a war of extermination, it has been overcome without betraying the courage of military prowess or the courage of faithfulness to God. The benefit of its native land by a gigantic system of confiscation, it has continued to cultivate for its oppressors the land of its forefathers, and in the very sweat of its brow has it found bread sufficient to live with honor, and to die in the arms of faith. Famine so, it endeavoured to snatch away even that bread of bitterness, and the nation simply raised toward Heaven eyes, which accused not

Heaven. Neither war, nor spoliation, nor famine, have succeeded in bringing this people to ruin or to apostasy; their oppressors, however mighty, have been unable to extinguish life or duty within their hearts. At length, as the direst and most cowardly dagger cannot stab for ever, tyranny sought for some weapon more lasting than steel, and in this martyred nation we have come to see verified the prophecy of St John; in which, he says;—A time will come when no man will be to buy or sell unless he has the sign of the beast, viz., apostasy, marked on his hand and on his forehead.
 This people was, therefore, at one blow, despoiled of every political and civil right. Every being that is born possesses an innate right.—The very stone itself, inanimate as it may be, brings with it into the world a law that protects and ennobles it; it is under the guardianship of a mathematical of an eternal law, that forms but one same thing with the essence of God, and does not allow us even to touch it—yea, were it a mere atom, without obliging us to respect both its force and its right. In this way does every being, whatever may be its weakness, come into the world with a due share of the power and eternity of God, and still more so does man—man, a being which both thinks and wills—man, the elder son of the Divine intelligence and will; so that to deprive man of his native right is such an heinous crime that a very stone, could it be deprived of its innate right would accuse the despoiler of sacrilege and parricide. But, then, what name shall we give to those who deprive a whole nation of its right? Well, this has been done to the heroic people whose torture and firmness I now recall to your memory. Nay, more; this hereavement of right, this legal murder of a nation, has not been established in an absolute, but in a conditional way, so that any member of the nation, or the nation itself, could always redeem their public and civil death by apostasy.—The law said—You are nothing; but apostatise, and you shall become something. You are slaves; but apostatise, and you shall be free.—You are dying of hunger; but apostatise, and you shall be rich. What a temptation, gentlemen! and deep indeed, was this calculation, if conscience was not still deeper than hell! Do not fear anything for the martyred nation; for two whole centuries has it risen superior to this seduction, and raised to God its placid hands, saying within its heart—"God doth see them, and us; they shall have their reward, and we shall have ours."
 I will not name that dear and sacred people, gentlemen—a people stronger than death itself. My lips are neither pure nor glowing enough to name them, but Heaven knows them; the earth blesses them; every generous heart opens to them a country, a kind love, an asylum.
 O, Heaven, who doth witness, O, earth that doth know—O, you all, who are both better and more worthy than I am, do name that country—yea, name it, and exclaim—Ireland!
 Ireland! Such was her fate, gentlemen, when the nineteenth century opened, and was inaugurated by two thunderbolts, of which the one burst upon the New World, on regions almost unknown, and the other upon our own country.—These two thunderbolts of Providence served as an admonishment for the oppressors of Ireland; they began to suspect that a reign of justice and liberty was dawning upon the conscience of man through such memorable catastrophes; and whether from fear, or from a feeling of compassion, we cannot tell, they slightly loosened the fetters which bound the life of their victim.
 Among the several rights which were then restored, there was one more recall most important

—the right of defending private interests before the courts of common law. Doubtless, gentlemen, this concession seemed of very little importance and most barren in its consequences; but England had not considered that this was the manumission of speech, or rather of God Himself, for speech, when uttered by lips which Faith inspires, is truth, is charity, is authority. Speech enables us to teach, to strengthen, to command, to struggle; speech is the true deliverer of the enthralled conscience, and when oppressors open a full career to speech, we know not what they do. So speech was free in Ireland, and on its very birthday, when it was even yet astonished not to feel its manacles, it sank into the heart and flow upon the lips of a young man of five and twenty, and it was soon found that those lips were eloquent; that this heart was truly noble.

On a sudden the breeze which stole along the lakes of Ireland slept upon their bosom; her forests trembled, and stood motionless; her mountains seemed to strive to shew attention.— Ireland did really hear a free and christian speech, a speech full of God and of the country, eloquent in defending the rights of the weak, and in bringing to account the Government for its abuses; a speech conscious of its own strength, and inspiring that strength to the whole people.

Verily, a happy day is that in which a woman brings forth her first-born; a happy day is that in which an exile returns to his native country; but none of these joys, the greatest that man can enjoy, none can equal the raptures of a nation, which hears for the first time, after whole ages of silent oppression, both the Divine word and the human word in the very fullness of their liberty. And this ineffable delight did Ireland owe to the young man of five and twenty, whose name was Daniel O'Connell.

(To be continued.)

There was a collection after the sermon, at which the following noble ladies acted as collectors—Mmes. la Princesse de Beaumont, Gustave de Beaumont, la Marquise de Dampierre, la Viscomtesse de Falloux, Mmes. O'Ferral, O'Callaghan, Mmes. la Marquise de Laferte, de Hamriciere, la Comtesse Werner de Merode, la Comtesse de Montalembert, la Baronne de Montigny, la Vicomtesse O'Neill de Tyrone, &c. &c.

THE BANQUET TO JOHN O'CONNELL—At half-past six o'clock, the hour fixed for the banquet to John O'Connell, there were assembled in the great ante-room of the Hotel Lambert, which the Prince Czartoryski had lent for the purpose, a crowd of the most distinguished of the nobility in France. Shortly after the appointed time, Mr. John O'Connell entered, and having been introduced to Prince Czartoryski and the distinguished company by the Baron de Martigny and M. Thayer, M. de Vatismenil, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, and Vice-President of the Committee for defence of religious liberty, of which the illustrious Montalembert is the president, addressed Mr. John O'Connell in speech, the purport of which we have given elsewhere.

M. J. O'Connell replied in French, with much taste, great modesty, and great self-possession. At the conclusion of his reply he was congratulated with a warmth which contrasted greatly with the generally reserved demeanour of the "haute noblesse," expressed his deep gratitude for the tribute of affection and respect paid to his father, and for the kind reception which he himself had received, which, however, did not surprise him, when he considered, that France had ever been the sincere and generous friend of his unhappy country. Owing to the intense interest of the debate in the Chamber of Deputies, a great number of the guests who were members did not arrive till eight o'clock, dinner consequently was not served till after that hour. At a quarter past eight o'clock the doors of the great painted gallery of the Hotel Lambert were thrown open and the guests sat down. In the centre sat M. de Vatismenil, with Mr. J. O'Connell on his left, and the Duc d'Harcourt on his right; opposite to him sat the Prince Czartoryski, and the Marquis of Barthelemy on his left, and the Pere Lacordaire on his right. Among the other illustrious guests were, the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, Marquis de la Tourette, Marquis de la Guiche, Comte de Merode, Vicomte de Falloux, M. Bliu de Bourdon, De Mailly, Erceet, Portalis, Marquis de Saint Seine, Marquis Dampierre, Marquis de Voignac, grandee of Spain, Comte de Champagne, Comte de Brada, Vicomte de Francheville, Baron de Montigny, Baron de Montreuil, the Abbe Desgenettes, sire of Notre Dame de Victoire, &c. &c.—*Freeman's Journal.*

On the 13th, a splendid *soiree* was given to Mr. J. O'Connell, in the Jardin d'Oriver, by the "Catholic Youth" of Paris. Nearly 2,000 persons were present. M. Eugene de Margerie addressed Mr. O'Connell in the name of the assembly. Mr. O'Connell replied with great emotion and simplicity, and afterwards M. Berryer delivered an eloquent speech. The amusements of the evening consisted in a concert, after which, Mr. O'Connell retired amidst prolonged acclamations.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY.

This truly benevolent association was founded in the year 1786 by the Hon. R. J. Uniacke, Attorney General of the Province, a consistent and devoted friend of Ireland and Irishmen. Its merciful ministrations for the last sixty-two years have cheered many a drooping heart, and alleviated the sufferings of many a sorrowful exile. On St. Patrick's Day the members, with their badges, and the officers with their insignia of rank in the society, walked in procession to St. Mary's Cathedral at ten o'clock, when a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Hannan and Daly. An eloquent panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland was pronounced by Very Rev. Mr. Connolly—the whole, or any portion of which we should be most happy to transfer to our columns. The annual Dinner of the Society was deferred until Monday last, when Masonic Hall presented a scene of unusual festivity and splendour. The walls were draped, the various banners and transparencies of the Society were tastefully disposed around the spacious hall, and evergreens, studded with flowers, completed the beautiful arrangements of the Festival, which were such as to reflect high credit on the committee of management. Shamrocks were dispersed in most luxuriant profusion on this occasion, and if we might judge from their bright and blooming emerald, we would suppose that they had been long since fanned by the balmy breezes of Spring. At seven o'clock the Chair was taken by the Hon. Edward Kenny, the President of the C. Irish Society for this year, supported on his right by the Bishop of Halifax, and on his left by the Speaker of the House of Representatives in the vicinity of the Chair we perceived the Attorney General, the Solicitor General, Major Tryon, the Mayor of Halifax, the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, Capt Williamson and Capt Bourke, of the Governor's Staff, the Honorable Staley Brown, Alexander Keith, and D. Campbell. A large number of members of the House of Assembly were present, including J. C. Hall, Wm. Henry, G. Ernst, J. Kiddy, Jas. McLeod, Esqrs., Dr. Brown, and James Songster. The Vice-Chair, in the absence of Mr. Peter Morissy, from indisposition, was well filled by Mr. R. Nugent, supported at either side by the Hon. L. O. C. Doyle, and the member for the County of Sydney. Our respected fellow-citizen Wm. Murdoch, Esq., President of the North British Society, was also present, as well as several other guests. The committee had also invited Capt. Scott, of the *Aurora*, to testify their sense of his humanity and kindness to the unfortunate Emigrants whom he rescued at such imminent peril in the midst of the ocean, and many of whom he succeeded in landing here last Saturday after having endured the most dreadful sufferings.—The fine band of the 46th were in the Orchestra, and it is but justice to say they acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Their selection and adaptation of Airs to the various Toasts and Sentiments were most appropriate, and every thing they played was played well. It would be impossible for us to give even an outline of the various speeches delivered on the occasion, grave, humorous and sentimental. The Chairman discharged his duties with considerable tact and ability, and frequently elicited the applause of the assembly, especially when his health was proposed in a most complimentary speech by the Hon. and learned Speaker. Amongst those who responded to or proposed Toasts were the Hon. Attorney and Solicitor Generals, the Hon. Joseph Howe, the Speaker, the Bishop and Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, the Hon. L. O. C. Doyle, J. C. Hall, W. Henry, A. Archibald, and W. Hackett, Esqrs., Mr. J. Quinn who in very feeling terms proposed the health of the humane Captain of the *Aurora*, and Mr. R. Nugent. Some fine songs were given during the evening. The health of the Governor and of Lady Harvey which were drunk

with acclamation, were responded to by Major Tryon and the Provincial Secretary. The Dinner was a capital one, and fully sustained the high reputation of Mr. Heselton. The wines were choice and abundant; but we were delighted to perceive from the quantities of liquefied ginger and other harmless beverages that the votaries of temperance were most numerous around the festive board. Every thing passed off well, and in a most perfect order and good humour,—not even the smallest excess was visible from the first to the last Toast. We congratulate the Irish Society on this creditable manifestation of national and social feeling, and we sincerely wish them many happy returns of the Anniversary of the Glorious Apostle under whose patronage they have so long performed all the duties of charity and benevolence.

The memories of two noble sons of Ireland who loved her well, were proposed during the evening and called forth some painful reminiscences. One was that of the Illustrious Liberator of Ireland, the incomparable and ever-to-be lamented O'Connell, upon whom the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly delivered some beautiful and appropriate remarks. The other was the memory of the Founder of the Society, R. J. Uniacke the former Atty. General of the Province. This just tribute to departed worth was responded to feelingly, and eloquently by his distinguished Son, our present Attorney General, who proved by the depth and fervour of his Irish feeling, how well his venerable parent had taught him to love Ireland.

Young Ireland (we use not the term in a political sense) had a sumptuous banquet of their own in another part of the building, and if we might judge from the loud and hearty cheers which frequently burst upon the large company in the Hall, they must have spent a very happy evening.

DISTRESSED EMIGRANTS.

The Barque *Aurora* arrived in our port on Saturday bringing 73 famine-stricken Emigrants from Ireland, whom with many others since dead, the Captain had humanely rescued from a sinking ship. Their sufferings for the last few weeks were heart rending from the want of food, water and covering. When landed they were placed in a large store at Dartmouth, where they were attended during Saturday-night and Sunday by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly. At the early Masses at St. Mary's on Sunday morning, their state was feelingly described, as well as the necessity of supplying them at once with an entire change of clothing. Our kind-hearted people with a noble promptitude brought such quantities of clothes, &c. to St. Mary's House, that early in the day the entire number of suffering victims were divested of their ragged and sickly garments, washed, cleaned and clothed in warm and substantial covering. The Government too, and many of our public men, and fellow citizens exerted themselves most laudibly. James McLeod, Esqr., the humble member for Sydney Co., Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Dominick Farrell, of Dartmouth were most conspicuous for their charitable attention, especially during the whole of Saturday-night to those afflicted creatures. May the God of charity abundantly reward all those who have proved themselves Good Samaritans on this melancholy occasion!

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The new Building has been opened for Evening Services during Lent. On the two last Sundays, as well as on St. Patrick's night and Thursday Evening, the Bishop preached to the most numerous audience that was perhaps ever assembled in the City. The dimensions of the Church far exceed those of every other roofed Building in the City or the Province, and as no Pews have been yet erected, the whole Church presented nothing but one dense mass of human heads. The Church has been entirely plastered and ceiled, a temporary and very handsome Altar and Pulpit have been erected, and the whole appearance of the Church when lighted up excited general admiration, and certainly not a little surprise amongst those who saw it for the first time, and remembered that as late as six years ago, the Holy Mysteries were from necessity, celebrated in a *Barn* in that populous part of our Northern suburbs. We believe the Bishop will continue to lecture every Sunday and Thursday Evening during Lent at 7 o'clock. The choir of St. Mary's have lent their valuable assistance on this occasion, and their harmonized chanting of the vesper service resounded with fine effect through the length and breadth of the New

Church. We have been informed that the Church will be solemnly dedicated early in the approaching summer.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The following subscriptions were received on Tuesday last, at the meeting of the Committee.

	£	s.	d.
Col'd. by Mr. P. Compton	0	12	6
“ Messrs. Ryan and Walsh	0	13	4
“ Messrs. Purcell and Linnhen	1	1	2
“ Mr. Dennis Hesterman	3	0	0
“ Mr. Riley	2	10	0
Subscription of Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh	1	0	0
“ Very Rev. Mr. Connolly	0	5	0

In Ward No. 5—James Donnelly, Michael Long, Pierce Grace, Thos. Lonergan, John Cautwell, Edward Metzler, Michael Lonergan, Timothy Doherty, Thos. Buckley, Dennis O'Dogh, James Haly, Patrick Colman and Mrs. Wm. Flinn, 1s. 3d. each; Wm. Cary, James Whelan, Patrick Haly, Michael Punch, Michael Aylwan, Wm. Power, Lawrence Spruohan, and Mrs. Ast, 7d. each.

Subscription of M. William Bates £1.

CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

The Quarterly meeting of this valuable Society was held on Sunday last after Vespers, the Bishop in the Chair, assisted by Rev. Mr. Hannan and Rev. Mr. Daly. A large number of members was in attendance. From the reports of the superintendents at the Cathedral and St. Patrick's the average number of children attending Catechism for the last quarter was:

St. Mary's—200 Boys and 200 Girls.
St. Patrick's—130 Boys and 110 Girls.

On the 9th and 10th of January about 100 premiums were distributed by the Bishop to the children attending in both Churches, and towards the purchase of those premiums the Catechistical Society contributed from its fund the sum of £21.

Some new members were proposed. A titifying Report of the Boys School of Catechism was made by Rev. Mr. Hannan and Mr. J. Quinan. Some resolutions were adopted for the introduction of a general system of improvement upwards of seven pounds was received for Quarterly dues, and after the concluding Prayer by the Bishop the meeting adjourned.

Since the above was in type we have received an official report of the meeting from Mr. Philip C. Compton, the Secretary, which is substantially the same as what we have given. Among the members admitted were Messrs. Richard McNeilly, G. R. Dupe, Kyran Skerry, and John Pringle.

In proof that my sketches are not exaggerated, when I had finished writing the above paragraph, I had a sick call. I am now returned home, and will faithfully narrate what I have done, and seen, and heard. I have been attending a poor little girl about twelve years of age, who, two months ago, caught the typhus fever. She recovered, but, from going out bare-foot in cold wet weather, had a relapse, and is now in a dying state. I have heard the innocent child's little confession, anointed her, and given her the last blessing. I left her with her poor little wasted hands joined together, praying heartily to God. This is such an every-day occurrence, that I should not mention it were it not for attendant circumstances. The father is a carpenter—an honest, hard-working man. He was laid prostrate with typhus fever about six months since. He was dreadfully ill for four weeks; but rallied, and now creeps about, the shadow of his former self. Another Priest attended him then, and was good and kind to him, or he must have starved. He has been out of work since his recovery, as his skeleton frame shows little capability for much exertion, and no master carpenter will employ him. I saw his tools neatly arranged around his little parlour, in No. 48, Parker street, Drury lane. The poor man held the candle while I anointed his child, and he trembled and staggered from weakness while holding this slight burden. In addition to his troubles, after his recovery, his wife was taken ill of the fever, but God brought her round. Then followed the sickness of the poor child of my last hour's ministrations. It is a climax of suffering. When the poor mother came to me, crying, and begging me to come to her child, they had been starving all day—had neither fire nor candle. When, on leaving, I put some silver into the poor man's hand, his chest heaved, and he fairly sobbed in striving to utter his grateful thanks. And yet, with all this accumulation of most bitter distress, there was not the least complaint or murmur, but cheerful, heartfelt, unaffected piety, and the utmost resignation to the will of God. Again do I say, blessed are the virtuous poor, for theirs assuredly is the kingdom of Heaven.—*Dolan's Magazine.*

CALUMNIES AGAINST IRELAND AND HER RELIGION.

The hereditary enemies of Ireland have been constantly asserting that the Irish themselves are to be blamed as well as their Religion, for all the miseries which desolate that unhappy land. Dr. Miley of the Metropolitan Church, Dublin, has lately addressed an able Letter on the subject of the famine to the celebrated Count Montalembert, from which we extract the following passages, and commend them to the special attention of the unprejudiced of all nations and creeds:—

Be it remembered, then, in the outset: that up to the opening of the 17th century—from 1600 to 1613—that all the lands of Ireland were in the hands of the Catholics. Even the sway of the English sceptre was at that period restricted to a mere patch on the map, a fractional part of about 1-20th, as compared with the whole. Beginning at Dundalk the marches of the *English Pale*, as that part of Ireland was called—at that time the only part under English dominion—made a circuit round by Ardee, Kells, Dangan, Killeck, Naas, Killecullen, Ballymore, Eustace, Rathmore, and so on by Tallaght, to the gates of Dublin. The whole was not half the size of the county of Cork; and of this much, even, the hold was precarious in the extreme. In dispatch, 5th May, 1602, the Lord Deputy Mountjoy writes that he had to “begin the warre at the very gates of Dublin;” and his secretary says, that up to the same period all to the south of the River Liffey was in the hands of the Irish. As to the country outside the English marches—more than 19-20ths of the island—the following description of it is from a government report of that period, found in a volume of the English state papers, now before me:—

“And first of all, it says, yt is necessarye to make known his Graco (Henry VIII.) that there were more than 60 countries, called Regyons, in Ireland, inhabited with the Kinges Irish enynges; some regyon as hygge as a shyre, some as lesse, unto a lytyll; some as hygge as a shyre; and some a lytyll lesse; where wygeith more than sixty chief capytaynes, whereof some callyth themselves Kynges, some Kynges Peeres; in their langage, some prynces, some dukes, some archdukes, that liveth onely by the sworde, and obryeth to no other temperall person, but only to himself that is, stronge, and every of the said capytaynes maketh war and peace for hymself, and holdeth by the sword, and hath imperiall jurysdyction within his realm, and obeyeth to noe other person, Englyshe, ne Iryshe.”

The report then proceeds to give the roll of those Iryshe kyngs, princes, and toparchs who had “imperiall jurisdiction each within his realm.” Reflect, that it is by the lineal descendants of this people that our lazar houses are at present crowded—that they are the posterity of those “kynges, prynces, and toparchs” who are now famishing houseless, naked, and unquipped outcasts on the thoroughfares and in the ditches of the “land of their fathers,” and you may conjecture what an amount of rapine and every sort of iniquity it must have demanded to bring about this contrast. But no matter how high the estimate you form in imagination, be assured it will not come up even to what history has but briefly and feebly recorded.

I should remark before I proceed, that the Pale land was just as Catholic at and even long after the period in question as that beyond the marches—for the old Stronphonian English were hardly less steadfast in supporting the faith than the ancient Irish were.

But, to resume; we have seen that the first idea was to “exterminate” the inhabitants, or, as the lord deputy has it—“to make this country a razed table—a solitude.” We have seen what justice was done to the first experiment resorted to for that purpose. Sir John Davies who came in as Attorney General of James I. upon the footsteps of the said lord deputy of Elizabeth, informs us that he found the Irish had been, as it were, “brayed in a mortar” by him. However, it was reserved for the genius of the “greatest, basest of mankind”—Lord Bacon—to suggest to his royal master a different method, and one which it was reserved for the last of that execrable Stuart dynasty to complete, to the irretrievable destruction of the Irish Catholics, had it not been for that adorable Providence which has rescued them by miracle so repeatedly from ruin, who by which they will not be deserted even in their present distress. The six Ulster counties, 500,000 acres, were granted, anno 1615;

“on condition that the native population shall be expelled, and none allowed to live within the said grants but men who take the oath of supremacy”—that is—abjure Catholicity. There was a relapse however into the more stringent primitive policy of extermination under the commonwealth.

“Sir John Clotworthy, who well know the designs of the faction that governed the House of Commons in England, had declared there in a speech that the conversion of the Papists of Ireland was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other; and Mr. Pym gave out that they would not leave a priest in Ireland. To the like effect Sir William Parsons asserted at a public entertainment, that within a twelvemonth no Catholic should be seen in Ireland.” (Carte’s Ormond, l. 235). The same is attested by all the historical monuments of that period; and it must be confessed that if the agents in this effectual clearance fell at all short of the mark, it was not through any lack of exertion and zeal to carry out their threats to the letter. Fire, famine, and the sword made fearful havoc. Of the survivors there went into the continent to recruit its armies, between officers and men, to the number of 100,000; the youth of both sexes, the young girls and boys, were torn away by brute violence, and shipped to the number of 60,000 to the West Indies, and chiefly to the Island of Barbadoes, where they were sold as slaves, and speedily perished; the rest were ordered “to hell or Connaught.” I have now before me the orders for the several counties, and also the description of how in the “clearance” thus effected, the wolves were multiplied, and hunted down their human prey—fornicatory wanderers, widows, orphans, and aged men; and so formidable did they become, that the destruction became one of the chief, and a very lucrative pursuit of the new settlers—the same price, £5, being set on the head of a wolf and of a priest.”—Curry’s Review, p. 393.

“After near 100,000 of them being transported into foreign parts, for the service of the two Kings of France and Spain, and after double the number consumed by the plague, the famine, and cruelties exercised upon them in their own country, the remainder of them had been by Cromwell, who could not find a better way of extirpation, transported into the most inland, barren, desolate, and mountainous parts of Connaught; and it was lawful for any man to kill any of the Irish who were found in any place out of those precincts within that district.”—(Lord Clarendon’s History of the Rebellion, v. iii. p. 434.)

But more fatal to the Irish Catholics than the sword of Cromwell was a law passed against them by Charles II. in 1662. It is called by the Irish “the Black Act,” and certainly, if the colour of ingratitude be such as is usually assigned it, the title is apposite. “By this act (says the historian) the Catholics were robbed of 2,700,000 acres of arable and pasture lands, besides immense wastes, which had been guaranteed to them by the peace of 1649, as well as by their long and faithful services to his Majesty, and by every title which immemorial possession, &c. could bestow. The only sufferers were those of Irish name and descent. Whatever remnant had been left on former confiscations was now absorbed in the vortex. The MacGuire, MacMahons, MacGuinnesses, MacCarthys, O’Rourkes, O’Sullivan, O’Moore, O’Farrells, O’Reillys, O’Connors Rue, O’Connors Sligo, O’Crears, &c. were involved in one, promiscuous ruin. Henceforth they disappear from the page of Irish history. Their descendants had continued long known and revered under the cloud of poverty.”

Is it not a deep and affecting tragedy! Is it graceful of these “comforters” to taunt them with poverty as a crime, the posterity of this people of princes, and to call them “vermin?” Believe me there is no other page in the history of the human race to be compared in sublimity to that which records the vicissitudes of our reviled, but Heaven protected nation.

“This unconquerable constancy (says one of your own most gifted historical writers)—this lengthened remembrance of departed liberty—this faculty of preserving and nourishing through ages of physical misery and suffering the thought of that which is no more—of never despairing of a constantly vanquished cause, for which many generations have successively perished in the field and by the executioner, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary and greatest example that a people has ever given.”—History of the Norman Conquest, vol 3, p. 168, 173, 174.

But for the rest I must be done with quotation, and merely put down the heads from my notes. After the peace of Riswick, when it became safe, the treaty of Limerick was violated. The Catholics were not only stripped of all the property they still possessed, but were debarred from the hope of acquiring any. By an act in the first year of Ann, they were disabled from purchasing any of the confiscated estates—they were not allowed to hold over two acres even by lease—they were expelled from the cities and towns; shut out from manufactures, from commerce, from even the vilest crafts—they were incessantly pushed back, like the red race in America, to the bogs, and forests, and mountains; and in proportion as they reclaimed the wilderness, it was taken from them to form pastures, and sheepwalks of three and four thousand each. They were decimated by famines which came upon them in swift succession. I wish heartily I could quote a memorial which was presented by the old nobility of the Pale to George the Second on his accession. It lets in a flood of light on the emaciating and detailed tyranny by which the Catholics were victimised without respite or mercy, as well as on the revolting perversion of all the finer and most sacred principles and feelings which flowed from the Popery Code. “The Popery Code,” says another writer, “had for its object to engender and foment without ceasing a system of disunion and discord—to counterpoise a superiority of numbers on one side by wealth, rank, power, and English support on the other—to reduce the mass of the people to a spiritless, ignorant, and indolent rabble—to exclude them from all the avenues to riches, and to detach from them every man of property or influence.”

And Arthur Young says—“I attended the debates (of parliament in Dublin), with my mind open to conviction.—I have conversed on the subject with some of the most distinguished characters of the kingdom, and I cannot, after all, but declare that the scope, purport, and aim of the laws of discovery as executed, are not against the Catholic religion which increases under them, BUT AGAINST THE INDUSTRY and prosperity of whoever professes that religion. In vain has it been said that consequence and power follow property, and that the attack is made in order to wound the doctrine through its property. If such was the intention, I reply that seventy years’ experience prove the folly and futility of it. Those laws have crushed ALL THE INDUSTRY, and wrested most of the property from the Catholics; BUT THE RELIGION TRIUMPHS; it is thought to increase. Those who have handed about calculations to prove a decrease, admit on the face of them that it will require 4,000 years to make converts of the whole. The system pursued in Ireland has had no other tendency but that of driving out of the kingdom all the personal wealth of the Catholics, and prohibiting their industry within it. The face of the country, every object in short which presents itself to the eye of the traveller, tells him how effectually this has been done. I urge it not as an argument—the whole kingdom speaks it as a fact.”

But I must not for the present trespass any further than to place in contrast with this state of things, and with that which exists at present, a passage or two descriptive of the state of the common people under the rule of Popery and of the barbarous “Wild Irish.” After describing how the officers and “soldiers” destroyed with their swords £10,000 worth of coin in Leax, King’s County—“It seemed incredible (continues the Lord Deputy’s Secretary) that by so barbarous inhabitants the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the towns so frequently (thickly) inhabited, and the high-ways and paths so well beaten as the Lord Deputy here found them; the reason whereof was that the Queen’s forces never till then came among them.” What a picture! Again of the southern moiety, another eye witness says—“The land itself, which before those wars was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the good blessings of God, being plenteous of corn and full of cattle, well stored with fish and sundrie other good commodities, is now become waste and barren, yielding no fruits, the pastures no cattle, the aire no birds!” Oh! how beholden we are to our “comforters!” Take a description of the aspect presented by the country, which is now decimated by famine—and that too to the eye of an Italian traveller in the year 1641. It is one of the Nuncio Binuccini’s suite, who gives the following picture of the south west coast country of Ireland:—“The country through which we have passed, though a mountainous and agreeable; and being

entirely pasture land, is most abundantly stocked with cattle of every kind. Occasionally one meets a long tract of valley, interspersed with woods and groves, which, as they are neither high nor densely planted, partake more of the agreeable than the gloomy. For seventy miles the country which we met was almost all of this character; but having once crossed the mountains, we entered upon an immense plain, occasionally diversified with hills and valleys highly cultivated, and enriched with an infinite number of cattle, especially oxen and sheep; from the latter of which, is obtained the very finest of what is called *English wool*. The men are fine-looking and of incredible strength; they are stout runners, and bear every sort of hardship with indescribable cheerfulness. They are all devoted to arms, and especially now that they are in war. Those who apply themselves to the study of literature are most learned; and you meet persons of every profession and science among them. The women are remarkably tall and handsome, and display a charming union of gracefulness with modesty and devotion. Their manners are marked by extreme simplicity, and they freely mix in conversation everywhere, without suspicion or jealousy. Their costume is different from ours, and somewhat resembles the French, except that they wear besides a long cloak and profuse locks of hair, and go without any head dress, contenting themselves with a kind of handkerchief, almost after the Greek fashion, which displays their natural beauty to great advantage. They give most superb entertainments (fanno banchetti superbissimi di carne e di pesce) of both fish and flesh, for they have both in the greatest abundance—the usual drink being Spanish wines, French claret, most delicious beer, and most excellent milk; butter is used on all occasions, and there is no species of provision which is not found in the greatest abundance. They also eat fruit—as apples, plums, pears, artichokes—and all eatables are cheap.—A fat ox costs a pistole, a sheep 30 bajocchi (2s. 6d.), a pair of capons or fowls a paul 10d., eggs a farthing apiece; game is so abundant they make no account of it at all. Both the salt and fresh fish are most exquisite. The horses are very plenty, stout, handsome, swift and cheap.—In Spain, con replicate a V. S. Ilma che siamo in Ibernia tutti per grazia di Dio. sani e salvati se non fosse la rognia che travaglia Monsignor, carissimo saremmo i put felici uomini di questo monde.”

In the above inventory of the people’s food under Popery not a syllable is said of the potato. Like the other blessings they owe to their enlightened “comforters,” potatoe food was brought in by the Popery code—that is, by their diabolical endeavours to cram the gospel of Harry VIII., and his blessed daughter, down the throats of the people—anno 1741. “The food of the Irish peasants (says the historian) which long after the revolution was supplied by the various crops of rye, oats, barley, and potatoes, now (for the first time) was reduced principally to potatoes.”

Behold how plain it is that the Irish Catholic millions have nothing, foresooth, but their own apathy in availing themselves of the blessings held out to them by their rulers to blame, that they are brought down to a perfect resemblance with their prototype, the holy and afflicted Job, who, by malice of Satan, “being struck with a very grievous ulcer from the sole of the foot even to the top of his head, did take a pushed and scrape away the corrupt matter, sitting on a daughill.”—Job, c. ii, vs. 7 & 8.

JOHN MILEY.

Metropolitan Church, Dublin,
2d. February, 1848.

Bristol, February 21.—The Reverend Dr. Gentili and the Rev. Mr. Furlong opened a second, Spiritual Retreat in this city yesterday evening (Septuagesima Sunday). Our venerated Bishop presided on the occasion. The Mission is expected to continue for a month; there are to be four services with instructions every day, and Confessions will be heard at all hours. The former Mission, of a fortnight’s duration, was attended with highly beneficial results. Many Protestants were converted, hundreds of Catholics reclaimed.—*Tablet*.

There are about one hundred old ten. informants families included, and supported in Limerick.—*Limerick Examiner*.

THE CHOLERA—INTEMPERANCE.

The *John Bull* states, that upwards of 2000 men and 5000 women were taken off the streets of Alexandria, drunk, during the last year! At one time thirty five females were huddled together in a small cell in the police-office.

Ramonon Lodge, a native physician of India declares that people who do not take spirits or opium do not catch the disorder, even when they are with those that have it.

In China, according to Dr. Reich, the disease selected its victims from among such of the people as lived in fish and intemperance.

Mr Huber, who saw 2160 perish in 21 days, in one town of Russia, says.—It is a most remarkable circumstance, that persons given to drink have been swept away like flies. In Tils, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen—all are dead, not one remaining.

A physician of Warsaw says that the disease spared all those who led regular lives, and lived in healthy situations, whereas those whose constitutions had been broken down by excess and dissipation were invariably attacked. Out of one hundred individuals destroyed by cholera, it was proved that ninety had been addicted to the free use of ardent spirits.

In Paris, of the 30,000 destroyed by cholera, it is said that the greater part were intemperate or profligate.

Dr Rhmelander, who visited Montreal during the prevalence of cholera there, in the summer of 1832, says, that the victims of the disease are the intemperate. In that city, after there had been 1200 cases of the malady, a Montreal paper states that not a drunkard who has been attacked has recovered, and almost all the victims have at least been moderate drinkers.

Dr Sewall, who visited the cholera hospitals of New York, states that out of 204 cases in the Park Hospital, there were only six temperate persons, and that those had recovered, while 122 of the others, when he wrote, had died, and that the facts were similar, in all the other hospitals.

336 died of cholera, in the city of Albany, U. S., above 16 years of age, of which the following is a detailed account:—

Intemperate persons	140
Free drinkers	55
Habitual moderate drinkers	131
Strictly temperate	5
Members of temperate societies	2
Idiot	1
Unknown	2

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According to the experience of Dr Elliston, cholera was very fatal amongst spirit drinkers; and it is now a well known fact, that that portion of the lower orders who had everything calculated to keep them in good health but who indulged in drinking, were sure to suffer; and however well persons may be off, if they enfeeble their bodies by dissipation, they are rendered unceasingly liable to attacks of cholera. JOHN C. HALL, M. D.—*Times*, 2d November, 1847.

ENGLISH MORALITY.—The Saxon press, as well as the Saxon people, take great liberty with the moral and religious character of the Irish people, from time to time, and often visit upon the entire acts of individuals. But any person in the habit of perusing the English Metropolitan and Provincial Journals must confess that more immorality and irreligion, nay, barbarous atrocity, appear daily recorded in the sister country, than could ever be found in Ireland. One of the latest enormities, in which the English Press daily abounds is, the incestuous conduct of a father in the debauchery of his own three daughters, all under twelve years of age, and the making them victims of disease, which was clearly proved! Why, Ryan (Puck) about whom so much has been said, as well as all others convicted at the late Commission, are Saints compared with this Saxon Monster!—*Lim. Reporter*.

ALARMING EXTENT OF PAUPERISM—KILKENNY, JAN. 19.—The condition of this entire union is alarming enough, but the state of the electoral division, the principal portion of which is this city, is frightful in the extreme at the present moment. In this division there is at present a mass of pauperism that really threatens to overwhelm the rate payers; the majority of the Guardians are seemingly inattentive to the duties of their office, whether through press of business or otherwise we cannot presume to say; and there is no relieving officer, whilst hundreds of wretched beings are starving for want of victuals. On Monday, Messrs J. Kelly, Lanigan,

and J. Walsh sat all day, from ten o'clock in the morning, Mr Lanigan remained until that hour at night. On the face of the returns appeared 897 separate and distinct applications, which, at the very lowest computation, embraced claims for relief from something near 2,000 people, adults and children! And, mark, this was from the city alone—the return of one relieving officer!—*Kilkenny Journal*

Correspondence.

[For the Cross.]

GENTLEMEN,

Once more I come before you in the hope of doing some good. I cannot look upon this beautiful Province of New Brunswick, and behold the misfortune that, by means of Party-Spirit are daily overspreading it, without feeling a sorrow too deep to be expressed by words. If the infatuated men who are persevering in the propagation of their foul Orange principles of which I complain, could see the dreadful fruits of their work, nothing but insanity itself could excuse them. In the usual course of things every novelty gets a trial before adoption. If it prove well, universal patronage will foster it; if otherwise, none but madmen would seek for its continuance. Now, it may be asked, how has orangeism wrought since its foundation or origin? Has it accomplished those ends for which it was intended? If the maintenance of loyalty, as it is asserted, had been its aim, I ask, has loyalty, since William's time, been more sound, more general? Have the people been more happy, more prosperous, more content? The facts teach the contrary. If again, the extirpation of Catholicity had been, as it is likely, the motive, I ask once more has orangeism been more successful? Universal evidence flatly contradicts this, too. From the statistics of the times it is found that Catholicity was never so flourishing as it is at present; and, what is better still, never was there less hope of decrease in its members. In both these suppositions Orangeism has failed. When the system has, therefore, after so many years trial, been proved to work so ineffectual, why is the cause supported? This is not the way with other bad speculations. We hear of opposition coaches, which, when they disappoint the hopes of enterprise, are abandoned in despair. We know of steamers after steamers, in like manner, giving up the route, when the advantages are not worthy of the chase. We find various and innumerable systems and opinions broached as deserving of deep attention; but again, after examination, yielding to the pressure and proof of the times, and at length passing away into oblivion, because they were worthless. Every failure, in a word, is set under, save and except that of Orangeism. This coach, of all bad coaches, is alone kept rolling, though the company are every day plunging themselves deeper and deeper into difficulties. This profitless steamer, though its boilers are constantly bursting and killing hundreds of wretches around them, is the sole exception to every dangerous thing of its kind, that continues running: This is the only unsound philosophy that has not been long ago exploded. From every light we view it, most clearly does it appear that the great aim of Orangeism has been altogether unattained. We shall address ourselves now to its blinded followers, and ask them a few questions. Tell us, in the first place, with this view of things before you, what can be your hope in this causeless campaign? Are you not certain that as long as you exhibit a hostile front, so long will Catholics oppose you. This is not the dictate nor the wish of the writer—God forbid—but unfortunately, it is human nature. I only speak of men as they are, not as they should be. Lay down your arms, cease waving that sickly flag of yours, and the dove of peace, with its olive branch in its mouth, will come and make abode among you. But should you still desire to stand the grant, here is what will happen, and I give it to you from an analogous judgment. If the victory be upon your side to day, it will be upon the Catholics' tomorrow. The loss will always balance the gain and leave you just as you began. This is an argument drawn from the facts of last summer. When one fell from the Catholic side, another was invariably singled from the Orange. There was no ultimate triumph, and as long as man is what he is, there never will be. Do you not know that your opponents are flesh and blood like yourselves? That their fathers and mothers

are as pure, as fond as your own? That they themselves are as brave, as sober, and as just as yourselves? Do you not recollect, finally, that they are more numerous than you are, or possibly ever can be? With what, then, are you warring? Is it not with you, a most "forlorn hope!" Can you understand these plain truths? If you can, let me further claim your attention. Hear me attentively through the sequel. I ask you, do you love your fathers, mothers, kindred, friends? Undoubtedly you do. Well—do you think that you provide for their safety whilst the unholy war is being carried on? I can tell you that you do not. They are, every one of them, in danger. The exasperated feelings of those men whom you hate and persecute, will not in the hour of strife, distinguish your companions or kin. The fiery passion will have way, and perhaps, that upon your most beloved and dear, as well as any one else the unconquered wrath will fall. This was the case in St John last summer. Is it now? Alas! this is not, like the deluge, passed away—there is no vow of promise, no "arch of peace," rising between you to warrant this assertion. Scenes, such as are alluded to, may again occur, and oh! in the name of the God of peace, why will you not prevent them by suspending hostilities, and raising the siege? But why do I speak? Better and bolder appeals than this, have been, time after time, made to you in vain. What is there left for us, then to do? Shall we prepare an antagonistic body—draw out rules by which it may be regulated—appoint commanders to lead on the assault? Shall we propose the old or a new system of Ribbonism? Shall we call upon Catholics to unite as one man for the purpose of treading Orangeism down to the earth? Shall we give way to our natural inclinations and burn your pits of iniquity, your lodges, into ashes?—Shall we, at last, bid farewell to peace, and array ourselves in bloody phalanx for self preservation and defence? No. This is contrary, diametrically opposite to the peaceful spirit of our Church. No true member of Catholicity would suggest such a course, but rather scout the renegade wretch who would entertain it for a moment. Every good Catholic hates and abominates Ribbonism as much as he does Orangeism, and looks upon it as the dictate of the same evil genius. No, no—we would pursue no such path—but leaving you to your sins, we would turn to our Catholic brethren and make a proposal.

In my last letter I asked you to consider some measure by which we might right ourselves. If you have hit upon any let us know it, and, in the mean time, hear the one which I promised.—Without preface or preliminary I tell you that we must get an Act of Parliament passed, for the suppression of Orangeism. In this movement lies our only hope. But, methinks, that this idea has already scattered all your expectations of redress, and that it tempts you to throw by my letter. Yet, stay and let us reason. You must know that I don't imagine we can obtain such a favour from the members of the present House. Nearly every one of them is more or less favourable to Orangeism. Besides, they have refused us lesser grants than this. Even last winter, they rejected, as it is well known to you, every petition that you presented. I mean to say that we must look to the future for our rights; and to a future of our own creation.—We must heat ourselves, for hazy indeed have we hitherto been; we must obtain a louder voice in the Assembly. Previous to the last election there was not one Catholic to represent us in the Provincial Parliament. By the conduct we displayed up to that period, men would be led to suppose that we stood in the same predicament here as the Jews do in England. At last we got a thought—wondrous indeed!—came forward with our Candidates, and returned them all save one, (Fitzgerald) who, by the bye, were it not for his own cowardice, might have been as successful as his compeers. I mention this circumstance of elections to show that we have the power, if we wish, of raising ourselves to the position to which we are entitled. We can do so, and we must do so. Behold our battle ground. Considering Westmoreland and Albert as one, the Province contains twelve Counties in all: Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Kent, Westmoreland and Albert, King's, St. John, Queen's, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Charlotte. Now, if we please, we can, without a doubt, return at least one member for each of six of those counties. We might have two for some of them; besides we have a fair chance

of giving hard battle for the remainder.—The abolition of Orangeism is not the only motive that should lead us to this proceeding. If here never was an Orangeman in the country, we should endeavor for other considerations, to send representatives to the House. Bigotry is as bad as Orangeism, and creation knows that the Assembly of New Brunswick is as full of it as mortals can be. If these legislators would not shew such contempt for us as they invariably do, we would not so heartily make this appeal.—Liberality from their hands would be as welcome and savoury as if it came through the channels of our own. But such a hope is vain—vain as an idle dream. We propose this movement, then, not so much on the score of religion as that of right. We would even wait still longer in the expectation of better times, but we have been too often decided by this Administration, and should now, if ever, be determined to share in the game ourselves. I could enumerate many things from which we are shut out, as if they were "beyond the reaches of our souls;" but where would be the use of speaking what is already too well known to you. All we want to know is, first that certain privileges as due to us, as our sires are to Catholics, "banned and barred— forbidden fare." Secondly, 'tis our own fault if such a state of things continue. We are as good as our neighbours in every particular, and we are as numerous as they. All the difference between us is that that they have the low cunning of their mongrel origin, while we retain our primitive simplicity. 'Tis by this means that they had the mastery over us so long. Enough. Catholics of New Brunswick! only one more Session and a new Election will take place. You are called upon, to-day, this minute, to prepare for the contest. Look around you, and behold your numbers, your chances—look around you and take heart. This will be laying the foundation stone of your political edifice—of your honour—your rights. This will be the first step to your elevation. Your eyes have been shut—open them and see what you now are. There is not one of you holding any kind of respectable post throughout the entire Province. Ye are proscribed by bigotry and ignorance and oppression. All this long series of years ye have been of the "seven sleepers"—unconscious of your state. Ye have made not the sign of a struggle, and thus led your enemies to believe you were content. No wonder that the Orange perjurer is constantly seeking to damn you. He knows well your weakness, and imagines you too blind to see and better your condition. Arouse yourselves, then—make every effort—strain every nerve. Let every man of you, who is now on the way to pay for his Grant hasten as fast as he can in the work, and get his name registered. By the next election you may record hundreds of votes to increase your already numerous store. Do not fancy that because Ireland is fettered the manacle is still upon you. You must not be, as you seem, contented and happy if you can merely live free from grinding taxation and other unjust demands. You, and your half Yankee, half English, half mulatto neighbour are on the same equality now. 'A new heaven and a new earth' is here, and doubly and trebly deserving of Orangeism, 'chans and slavery,' will you be, if you do not quickly 'share in the sunshine and eat of the fruit.' Rally then—rally for the next Election. Yours, &c.

ALPHONSUS.

New Brunswick,
March 11, 1848.

Births.

- March 18—Mrs. Shortis, of a daughter.
- " 20—Mrs. Crowley, of a Son.
- " 20—Mrs. Punch, of a daughter.
- " 20—Mrs. Foley of a son.
- " 23—Mrs. Ferguson, of a son.
- " 23—Mrs. Conolly, of a son.

Died.

- March 18—Catharine, Wife of Mr. Patrick Tobin, native of the County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 40 years. 19—Johanna, daughter of Thos. and Bridget Hunt, aged 7 years. 22—Catharine, daughter of James and Margaret Lawlor, native of Newfoundland, aged 20 years. 22—Mary, daughter of Thos. & Cath. Griffin, native of County Kerry, Ireland, aged 6 years and 3 months.

THE CROSS,

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