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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.



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? —TERTULLIAN PRÆSCRIP. xvii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord Jesus Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious. —St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God. —St. Cyril of Jerus. Cat. xi. l. A

Calendar.

- August 13—Sunday—IX after Pent III Aug Octave day of the Transfiguration.
14—Monday—St. Hieronimus P C Doub Sup Com, &c.
15—Tuesday—Assumption of the B V M Doub I class with Oct (Holiday).
16—Wednesday—St. Roch C Doub.
17—Thursday—Octave Day of St. Lawrence Doub com, &c.
18—Friday—St. Hyacinth C Doub in Brevary 16th of this month com.
19—Saturday—St. Fidelis of S. Maring M Doub.

ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Extract of a Letter of the Rev. Father Lavroch, Oblate Missioner of Immaculate Mary, to the Rev. Father Vincent, of the same congregation.

Longueuil, near Montreal, September 15, 1846.

REVEREND FATHERS,

It is in the first days of May that the navigation becomes open on our beautiful rivers of North America; then, also, is the time when the Missioner to the savage equips his canoe and resumes his adventurous course across the lonely waste. This year, the season coming in earlier than usual, and permitting us to anticipate the accustomed epoch of our departure, I found assembled at Temiskaming all the Indians who frequent this station. I cannot express to you the joy which manifested itself at my arrival among these good neophytes. Scarcely disembarked they came to my rendezvous. My Father, said they, we were very much in dread that you would not return before we had separated for the fishing; but because you have come, and that we remain here six days still, we will have time to purify our souls. From this moment they had no other occupation on hand but that of their religious exercises and making preparation for the divine Mysteries.

Some hours after my arrival, they came to apprise me that a heathen was in danger of dying. I ran in haste to the place and found him lying on the ground in a miserable hut of reeds. I asked him if he had any idea of our holy religion. After a moment of silence, he turned towards a Canadian who accompanied me, and with a smile of derision told me, that my religion was only an imposition and the black-robes jugglers. In desolation at seeing the end of this unhappy man approach with such woful dispositions, I redoubled my visits and my prayers, and the Father of Mercy suffered himself to be moved by the blood of his Son, which I offered up to him with this intention. The next day, after Mass, I returned to this heathen, until then so obstinate; the happy thought struck me of examining the wound which caused him so much suffering. He uncovered it to me; what a hideous spectacle! A cancer had eaten away all the flesh from off his foot and leg; gangrene had set in, and emitted a stench so disagreeable that his cabin had to be separated from every other habitation. A kind of wild moss, of a grayish colour, was the only covering he could make use of. I cleansed the sore, and applied a remedy to it which seemed to give him relief. This simple act of attention affected him; he testified his acknowledgment to me; from this moment he showed himself disposed to listen to me; and this man, so far estranged until then from our holy Faith, wept bitterly that he had not been instructed in it sooner.

The following day I was at the little chapel, when a messenger came to announce to me that the poor invalid was at the point of death. I flew to him; I called him; he turned his deadened eyes towards me; I presented him my crucifix; he kissed it affectionately, and with a sinking hand endeavoured to make the sign of the cross. What more had I to wait for? I baptized him. The water of regeneration had scarcely flowed down his forehead, when, heaving a great sigh, he appeared to revive. From this day, he experienced a marked alleviation, which, notwithstanding, did not deceive him as to his approaching end. Father, said he, I do not know how to express my joy at having been washed in the water which blots out sins. I give thanks to the Great Spirit for that he has had mercy on me. I know that there remains to me but a short time to live, but until my last breath I wish to love God and detest my bad conduct. His dispositions become every day more perfect. I saw him melt even to tears every time that taking hold of my crucifix I explained to him the sufferings of the Saviour; he seemed then to forget his own, although they were very acute; at no time since his baptism had I heard him complain of his afflictions. I had given him a cross and a medal; he put the first by his side to have it always before his eyes; the second he kissed often, imploring Mary. Since then, I had been informed that he had died in a predestined soul two days after my departure from Temiskaming.

On quitting the station, we encountered a series of long and painful journeyings which we could only surmount after a number of days. A mistake of our guide, and almost continuous rain, retarded very much my arrival at Lake Abitibi. I was in dread that a much longer delay would oblige the savages to scatter. Indeed, at some distance from the station, I met a good number, who, weary of attending on me, and in want of provisions, had proceeded to cast their nets into the neighbouring lakes. They retraced their steps to follow me; and when we arrived at the fort, they hastened, some to erect their tents, already folded up for their departure, others discharged gun-shots in all directions, to announce my presence to their brethren scattered through the forest.

It was in the new church that the Mission was opened. This little temple, twenty-five feet broad, by thirty-five long, is the first monument erected to the Cross upon this idolatrous land; thanks to the generosity of the Hudson Bay Company. The men attached to the station had themselves cut the timber that was necessary, and had brought it by dogs, in the midst of a thousand difficulties. Our Indians were no less rejoiced than their Missioner, to possess at last the holy hut of prayer. Nothing is more edifying than to see them congregated together, the men on one side, the women on the other, a rosary or a book in their hand, and so taken up with their religious exercises, that it seems almost impossible to distract them.

I wish I could describe to you, what their joy was when I told them that the guardians of prayer (the Bishops) thought of them and sent them black-robes, that the inhabitants of the great cities of Quebec and Montreal recommended them to God as their brethren; and that the praying Christians on the other side of the great water (the sea) contributed by their alms to equip my canoe, and to build their sacred hut. Black-robe, replied an old man, as yet a heathen, touching on this topic, you have told us what the good people on the other side of the great water think of us; do they know where

we are? And why should they not know? I myself knew, since I have come to find you. You, too, have traversed the great waters. Yes, my children, I have traversed them on your account. I said to myself, I will have, perhaps, much to suffer; but I am going to teach the prayer of the Great Spirit to men who do not know it. These were my thoughts on leaving my country, and on embracing my mother and my mother wept. At this word of my mother, a number of voices cried out, What, you then have a mother whose she dwells beyond the great water; she wept, and you left her! You do not love her. No words of mine could make you understand how much I cherish my good mother, I love her more than myself, but I love our souls more, because of the Great Spirit. Then, taking my crucifix in my hand, I explained to them how much a soul has cost the Son of God, and I added, I will no more see my mother on this earth, but I will rejoice to see her in heaven; and it is to conduct you there that I have come. Follow my counsels, which mark out for you the path. This conversation, where, without reflection, I spoke, perhaps, a little too much regarding myself, produced a happy impression. The single idea, that for their sakes I had left my aged mother, opened for me a passage into their hearts, and God made use of it more than once to move them.

During the fifteen days that I passed at Abitibi, I instructed and baptized ten adults. I admitted a still greater number into the rank of catechumens, and they would have participated in the same happiness, if the want of provisions had not compelled me to shorten the time of the Mission. These people, preserved until now from contact with the white races, are they who console us most by their fervour. You can judge of it by one trait. Upon a hillock which overhangs the lake, a cross had been planted by the venerable M. de Bellefeuille, on the day when, for the first time, he preached the Gospel there. The piety of our savages has attached them to this humble monument, which recalls to mind the birth-place of their new faith; from the dawn of day until evening they come in turns to prostrate themselves at its feet. I have beheld flowing there plentiful tears of repentance and love; as to myself, I cannot express to you what was the emotion of my heart, when witnessing these natural effusions, I heard ascending from the centre of the tents spread along the sides of the hill, the solemn and pious song of our savages. Ah! my joy would have been too exquisite if so many heathen tribes did not appear to me in the distance, where heresy has taken the initiative, and truth has not yet visited!

Accept, &c., LAVERGNERE, Oblate Missioner of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS. In reply to "Kivvan," alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

LETTER III. DEAR SIR— You tell us that "ignorance is the parent of papal devotion;" (second series, page 86) How was it then, that ignorance produced so contrary an effect upon you? You appear to have been rather a good boy, when you said your catechism at nine or ten years of age. But at eighteen, your mind was a "perfect blank as to all religious instruction." Could ignorance be greater than this? How is it, then, that instead of the Catholic Saint which your rule of "papal devotion" should have led us to expect, we find you

at that period of your life, as you have taken pains to tell us, "an infidel?" It seems that from ten to eighteen years,—as your "ignorance" grew more, your "devotion" grew less—proving that, at least in your case, "ignorance is not the parent of papal devotion," but rather of infidelity.

I insist, as you perceive, on determining the state of your intellect at the period of your fall from the faith. Your subsequent acquirement of knowledge and education, I have no wish to question or deny. But the public will be naturally interested in ascertaining the condition of your mind, at the critical period, for you, when you rejected the Catholic Church and embraced infidelity. A life so important to the philosophical and theological world as yours, requires to be divided into distinct and successive epochs, and to have each of its periods considered separately from the others, if one would do justice to the whole.

First then we must leave out the Presbyterian education which you have acquired since you became an infidel at the age of eighteen. Secondly we must leave out the education of the Catholic catechism which you had forgotten. Thirdly we must leave out any knowledge which you might have derived from Catholic devotions, for you tell us that you said your prayers "in Latin which you did not understand"—(page 33.) Fourthly we must leave out all instruction by hearing, for you tell us "you never heard a sermon preached in a Catholic Chapel in Ireland; nor a word of explanation on a single christian topic, or doctrine, or duty"—(page 29.) Now according to your own statement this was the condition of your mind when you left the Catholic Church:—and I doubt whether christendom could furnish one other instance of such mental nudity—such utter destitution of all christian knowledge.

And now, forsooth, your Reasons for leaving the Church! What reasons? The existence of reasons in such a mind, on such a subject, is a metaphysical impossibility. Reasons necessarily imply comparison; comparison necessarily supposes knowledge of the things compared; but in your case, as we take it from your own pen, there was no knowledge of the things compared, and therefore there could be no comparison, and, therefore, no reasons,—that is to reasons for a mind in the condition of yours, as you have described it.

But you had, you say, "common sense." I doubt it. "Common sense" is by no means so common as you seem to imagine. If you take the term to signify the general opinion of the age and country you live in at the time, it is evident that your renouncing catholicity and becoming an infidel, was not, and could not be called, an exercise of "common sense." If, on the other hand, you mean the intrinsic faculty of the human mind by which a man decides mentally according to the evidences of the case, it is equally clear in your case, common sense had no evidences to act upon; and although I do not deny its existence in the abstract, yet its agency could have had nothing to do with your real or imaginary conversion. Tell an African beneath the Tropics about ice, of what avail will his "common sense" be to him in determining the truth or error of your statement.

But supposing he admits the existence of ice, will his "common sense" enable him to determine any of its properties? Not at all. His "common sense" is just as likely to decide that ice will burn, as that it will chill, the hand, or other part of the body to which it might be ap-

pled. Now your case and his are equal illustrations of "common sense," in the absence of the elements from which its office is inseparable, namely knowledge of the things to which it is applied. For you, religious knowledge, at the period of your change, consisted of two parts, the one Presbyterian or Protestant, which you had yet to learn,—the other Catholic, which you had forgotten or had never known. In the absence of both these divisions of religious knowledge, were you not much in the condition of the African, deciding on the properties of ice, by the standard of "common sense"?

I think, sir, that you will admit this reasoning to be conclusive. The premises are your own, the conclusions are logically and fairly deduced. And if so, then it follows that, at the time, you had not and could not have had any reasons for your change of religion. And if so, it follows again, that in assigning those mentioned in your Letters as inducing you to make the change, you have been imposing on the good faith of your fellow-beings, and exhibiting a want of that scrupulous regard for truth which is so becoming in a minister of religion, and especially in one who professes so high a respect for "common sense," and so intimate an acquaintance with his "unfettered Bible." Does the Bible warrant such statements as the following?

You tell us how the priest used to question you in confession, and how you used to answer him (page 20). You complain that he did "not speak to you in English," but "in Latin" (same page). You tell us a few minutes after that you "did not understand Latin" (page 33). Now the difficulty is how could you answer questions in a language which you did not understand? It seems that when you went to confession something like the wonders of Pentecost took place between you and the priest. He spoke to you in an unknown tongue, and you answered him with the utmost care, *although you did not understand the language in which he addressed you?* There is nothing more miraculous on record than this, if what you say be true. But it is not true. The priest spoke to you in English; you answered him in English. Why then do you bear false witness against the priest, charging him with having spoken to you "in Latin," which "you did not understand?" Does Presbyterianism require such services as this, at your hands? I former times you would "that you could play your pranks better after confession than before;"—but after thirty years of reading the Bible might not one expect that you would give up "playing your pranks," altogether?

We have already seen that when you left the Catholic Church your mind was, in your own words, a "perfect blank as to all religious instruction." The reader will be curious to learn when and how you procured the necessary outfit to cover the mental nudity in which you forsook us, and to appear before the public (as you have appeared in your recent Letters,) decked off in the second-hand gold lace and brocade of Catholic Theology. This a natural and not unreasonable curiosity; and considering how much your Letters are in the style of Autobiography, I am surprised you did not account for your Protestant knowledge, as well as your Catholic ignorance. Let me supply the omission as briefly as possible.

It seems that like other spars of Irish shipwreck you drifted to these shores at an early age. You had the good or the bad fortune to be picked up by Presbyterian patrons. You were a stranger and they took you in. Whether they were gifted or not with that "second sight" peculiar to the children of the clouds, in North Britain, it does great credit to their penetration to have discovered in you (under all the disadvantages of that ignorance and infidelity to which you have so often directed our attention) what poetry has called,

A gem of purest ray serene.

Under the influence of this benevolent anticipation, they sent you to college. As your mind was a "perfect blank" of course you had nothing to unlearn. There was no poisonous rubbish left from the ruins of the former edifice. The foundations were unobstructed and clear, and the new builders had only to proceed with their work and build you up according to the approved rules of Presbyterian "constructiveness." They did so build you up, accordingly. And now, you are what you are.

In assigning reasons why you left the Catholic Church and now cannot return, I am surprised

you have omitted all this. To most Catholics, and indeed to many Protestants this reason alone would be quite sufficient to account for it all.

And yet there is nothing—all this of which it would not be a great weakness, on your part, to be in the least ashamed. If circumstances had not placed you in a false position, I think you would feel proud of the poverty which you inherited from your Irish parents; for it is the most incontestable evidence that your Catholic ancestors were "true men" in their generation. If they had been unprincipled scoundrels, capable of betraying their conscience and their God, at almost any period within the last three hundred years they might have renounced their religion, and pocketed the bribe which the Gospel, as "by law established," had set apart as the recompense of apostasy from the Catholic faith. But they did not.—They supposed that their posterity would be worthy of them;—they supposed that one Esau, selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, was enough in the history of our race; they submitted to be plundered of their earthly goods: they submitted to be deprived of education; the cruel edict of ignorance thus enacted against them was a Protestant edict; they submitted to its penalties; but, on the other hand, they asserted the right and superiority of glorious principle over base and mercenary interest; they proved that the material tyrant cannot vanquish the immaterial and immortal mind, they bore and defied his torture, while they withstood under it; they earned and repelled his offered bribe of apostasy, whilst to human view it was the only alternative between them and ignorance, poverty, starvation and death. But they welcomed all sooner than betray principle or violate conscience.

O, Sir, they were glorious men and true, our Irish Catholic ancestors; I am prouder of them, so far as I am concerned, than if at the sacrifice of truth, or honor, or principle, they had bequeathed to me the titles and wealth of the Beresfords. Nor can I believe that you, in your heart, entertain any other sentiments in their regard. You, like myself, have borne the penalty of their constancy to truth and conscience; and in your pulpit in Elizabethtown, in your most fervid and eloquent appeals to your Presbyterian and expectant audience, if a recollection of your home and immortal Catholic forefathers should perchance flash across your memory, you will feel proud of them, and possibly feel ashamed of yourself. "How came you there?" If I held you capable of other sentiments I should be uttering a libel on the Irish heart in particular, and on human nature in general.

Sir, I think you made a great mistake in publishing your Letters anonymously; especially when you took the unmanly and unwarrantable liberty of blazoning forth my name in connection with them whilst you concealed your own. But having done this, you have made another great mistake in allowing the soft, warm, gentle breath of thoughtless flattery to melt so prematurely the waxen ties of your mask. Your Letters have been compared to those of Junius, but you have not imitated your model successfully, in keeping your own secret. You have made another mistake still in weaving your own biography, your own personality, as the wood of your polemical web. Another mistake still you have made, in bringing in your parents: embellish your pages. It would be wrong for you, I suppose, in your new light, to pray for the soul of your father; but you might have written a very clever hook against popery without disturbing his ashes at all. The same may be said in general of those little stories with which your first letters are adorned, about yourself, and your house, and your hall, and the dark room upstairs, and the drunken priest to whom you ministered brandy, &c., &c. These "awful disclosures" would do very well in the pages of Maria Monk, Miss Patridge, or some of the other vestals of their class, of whom the Catholic Church is not worthy. Even in the writings of Monk Leahy, I do not say they would be out of place.

But in the production of a scholar and a gentleman like you, I am sorry to see them. They have a kind of "tail-tale" appearance—a betrayal of former friends and associates, which, to say the least, indicates the absence of manly, generous feeling, as well as of elevated taste. But as you have thought otherwise, I must review them somewhat at length in my next letter. Meantime I remain with pity and good wishes as usual.

\* JOHN HOGGINS, Bishop of New York.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

### THE VISITATION—MINUDIE.

On Monday the 31st ult., the Bishop and Clergy set out from Amherst for Minudie. On arriving at the Ferry opposite that interesting settlement, boats were in readiness decorated with flags, &c., to convey them to the village. The entire population were assembled to receive them at the other side of the harbour, which is about a mile in breadth at this place. On landing, several volleys of musketry were discharged, and a procession, headed by flags and banners was organized in the direction of the Church, or rather the very humble edifice which has hitherto served for that purpose. The Bishop ascended the altar, announced the order of the various spiritual exercises during his stay, and gave the Pontifical Benediction. The Procession was then resumed and proceeded to the New Glebe House, about a half a mile distant, from which there is an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding country. The good people testified their joy in every possible manner, and the militia continued firing for a great part of the day. For the next three days the various functions of religion were performed with unremitting assiduity, in all of which the Bishop was assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. Conolly and Rev. Mr. Lyons, the resident Missionary. Several hundred Confessions were heard, upwards of 200 received the Holy Communion, and 95 were Confirmed. A Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Bishop on the 1st of August at which Confirmation was administered, and the Vicar General preached in English and French. In the evening Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament and a Lecture were given by his Lordship. The Rev. Mr. Lyons and the Very Rev. Mr. Conolly officiated on the two following days. On Wednesday the 2nd inst. a public meeting was held, the Bishop in the Chair, when the necessity for erecting a new Church was declared, various resolutions relative to which were passed, and a subscription list opened. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved that the liberal offer of ground for the new Church, Cemetery, and Presbytery, made by Amos Seaman, Esq., the enterprising owner of the Minudie Estate, should be gratefully accepted. That gentleman waited on the Bishop in the course of the day, accompanied him to the intended site, and marked out for Church purposes upwards of four acres of ground in a commanding and beautiful position, with a frontage of five chains in length on the main road of Minudie. The same day he executed a deed of this valuable property to the Bishop for the exclusive benefit of the Church, after which truly generous act the assembled French saluted the Bishop and Mr. Seaman with three rounds each. A new and commodious Glebe House has been recently erected on a part of this ground, and the Bishop immediately marked out a suitable spot for a Cemetery, and also traced out the foundations and dimensions of a Church, with Tower and Vestry. Before 9 o'clock on Thursday morning the excellent people had not only levelled and prepared the Cemetery ground, but erected a substantial fence around it. On that remarkable morning the whole district walked in procession, headed by the Cross, &c., the Church Choir chanting the whole way, and the Bishop walking with Cope, Mitre and Crozier. When they arrived at the Cemetery the men filed off in one direction, the women in another, and all drew up outside the Cemetery enclosure.—The five large Crosses had been set up and three lighted candles placed on each according to the rite of the Roman Pontifical. The Bishop then commenced the solemn ceremony, the Litanies of the Saints were chanted kneeling, water was blessed, the entire ground was sprinkled with it in procession, whilst the various Psalms prescribed were chanted, the five Crosses were successively visited, and incensed three times by the Bishop, the Candles were transferred to the summit and arms of the Crosses, the appointed prayers were said, the solemn Preface sung at the foot of the great central Cross, and the whole concluded by the Pontifical Benediction which was given by his Lordship. The procession was then reformed, and the whole returned, singing the Te Deum in thanksgiving to God for all the benefits he had conferred upon them during that week of grace and benediction. Afterwards the Bishop communicated several persons, administered again the Sacrament of Confirmation, and gave the Pledge with the Temperance Medal to

a large number, amongst whom were some Indians. At length the time for separation arrived, and the whole neighbourhood again assembled to do honor to their Bishop and Clergy. A more affecting sight was never witnessed. All walked in procession as on the day of reception. Several flags were born before, and a guard of honour walked behind, the Bishop. Discharges of musketry were kept up without a moment's interruption during the whole route, and when the multitude came to the water side, all fell down to receive again the parting Benediction. Several volleys were fired in quick succession, and the firing was kept up for an hour and a half after he embarked, the people never stirring from the spot as long as their Passes remained in sight, either crossing the harbour or on landing at the Amherst side. About 4 o'clock p.m., the Bishop and V.G. drove off in the direction of Parrsboro' where a visitation was to be held on Sunday the 6th inst. We have heard that his Lordship was highly gratified with his visit to Minudie, and especially with the religion and zeal of its excellent and simple hearted people. We have been also informed that in addition to the valuable piece of ground above alluded to, Mr. Seaman has contributed £100 towards the erection of the New Church, and his son Thomas Seaman, Esq. £10, with the promise of a Bell. If our Correspondent at Ragged Reef to whom we are much indebted for some of these particulars, will furnish us with the Subscription List he alludes to, we will feel much pleasure in publishing it in the Cross.

We have since heard that the Bishop arrived in Parrsboro' on Friday, and was to complete the business of the visitation there on Saturday and Sunday last.

The Fathers of the Immaculate Conception whose missionary labours in Cornwall and other parts of England are already well known to many of our readers, have recently purchased the commodious mansion of Ashburn Hall, formerly the residence of the late Sir William Boothby, with the view of establishing an Ecclesiastical seminary and novitiate for the education of the young men of their Order, who have been hitherto sent to the Colleges of the fathers on the Continent; but which, in consequence of recent disturbances are not at present available for this purpose. They have likewise taken under their spiritual care the important missions in Derbyshire, of Ashbourn Worksworth and Beper; including a population of about 40,000 inhabitants, hitherto almost entirely destitute of the succours afforded by our Holy Religion.

### THE LAST MOMENTS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

The following letter has been addressed by the well-known Abbe Deguerry to the *Journal des Debats*—Paris, July 4: Monsieur—France has lost one of her noblest sons. M. de Chateaubriand died this morning at a quarter past eight o'clock. We received his last sigh. He died in full possession of his faculties. So firm an intelligence did of right conquer death and preserve in his grasp a visible liberty. The death of Madame de Chateaubriand last year, affected him so much, that laying his hand on his breast he said, "I feel my life attacked and dried up in its source: it is now only a question of some months." The death of M. Ballache, which followed immediately after, was the last blow for his illustrious old friend. Since that time M. Chateaubriand seemed rather to rush than descend to the grave.

"A few minutes before his death, M. de Chateaubriand, who had received the Sacrament on Sunday, embraced once more the cross with the emotion of a lively faith and firm confidence. One of the expressions which he repeated most frequently of late years, was, that the social questions which agitated nations at present could not be solved without the Bible, without the soul of Christ, whose doctrines and example have denounced selfishness, the gnawing worm of all concord. Thus M. de Chateaubriand hailed Christ as the Saviour of the world, even in a social point of view, and he loved to call him his King as well as his God. A Priest and a sister of Charity knelt at the feet of M. de Chateaubriand at the moment he expired. It was amidst prayers and tears that the author of the *Genius of Christianity*, rendered his soul to God. I have the honor, &c.—Deguerry, Curate of St. Eustache."

## ROMAN CATHOLIC PHYSICIAN OR NO BAPTISM.

The following very honorable letter from a Protestant clergyman to the *Christian Intelligencer* is an example of candour unfortunately too rare amongst that class. The Editor of the *Intelligencer* has done himself honour in publishing so hard a hit at the anti-Popery press, to which he belongs. We will acquit him of all blame for his error, if he will take the precaution suggested by his correspondent, of suspecting foolish stories against Catholics for the future, especially when they come from the mouths of "old offenders."

The statement which recently appeared in our columns, under the above title, was copied as found in the *American Protestant*. It is a slander, as is alleged in the following letter from a gentleman of the first standing, we do not hold ourselves responsible. The remark by an honorable Catholic, in the last paragraph of the letter, wears some asperity, but it may be called for, and if not, it will doubtless lead to further developments.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.,  
Editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*.

I was pained to see an article in your last number, which purported to be taken from the "*American Protestant*;" and I have no doubt that such was its origin, as your paper seldom utters an original calumny against any person or thing. It was entitled, "Roman Catholic Physician, or no Baptism," and it distinctly charged the Catholic priest in the city of New Brunswick with requiring his people to employ the professional services of a physician who with his brother, had lately established himself in the place, on pain of excommunication from the church. I quote the following sentence, printed by you, and doubtless also by the *American Protestant*, in italics, that the enormity might strike every eye. "To enforce obedience, he assured them that no child born after this time would ever be baptized by him, unless the physician he was named was employed in the family."

Now, my good friend, you ought not to have republished so gross and even shocking a charge, without better evidence than that which lay before you—your whole authority being the aforesaid "*American Protestant*," whose conductors settle the matter of proof in a way that seems entirely satisfactory to themselves, by saying, in the ordinary slang of the calumniator. "A gentleman, who is familiar with the facts we here publish, has communicated them to us."

The facts, I take upon me to say, are villainous falsehoods—like a thousand other "facts" which are circulated against the Catholics, as if everything must necessarily be true, or at least approved of God, which holds them up to public detestation. When I read the statement in the *Intelligencer*, I knew at once that it was a misrepresentation, as no priest would dare act in the manner described in such a community as ours, and I determined to make inquiries on the subject. The result is this positive contradiction by one whom you know to be a Protestant clergyman, as my name is appended. I have conversed with the most intelligent members of the Catholic congregation, every one of whom avers that the statement has not a shadow of foundation, and expresses his unbounded contempt towards men who would suffer themselves to be imposed on by such ridiculous fables. I had a short interview with the priest, who seems to be a very respectable man, and who could not express, in language strong enough, his abhorrence of the charge. In short, I challenge the "gentleman who is familiar with the facts" stated, to bring forward his proof that he has not been bearing false witness against his neighbor. This, I am aware, is not considered a very deadly sin by many, as far as poor Catholics are concerned. They are so bad that they cannot possibly be slandered, is a favorite maxim of certain pseudo-Protestants among us, who have done more for the support of Popery than all its cardinals, bishops, priests and deacons. But I abhor the maxim, and sincerely hope never again to see what seems an exemplification of it, in a paper so generally characterized by a gentlemanly and Christian spirit as the *Christian Intelligencer*.

Allow me, in conclusion, to give a fact illustrating the real practical workings of the mode of converting Catholics to a purer system, or which your article is a specimen. One of the most intelligent and liberal among them observed that "he had often seen such charges against the priests, but they were made so boldly with such specifications of person, usually the

first letter of his name, name and place, that he had been half disposed to believe them. But now the matter had been brought home, and he was entirely convinced that they were all, like the present, wholesale Protestant lies."

A MINISTER OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

## FUNERAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

On Friday, July 7th, at nine o'clock, the Chapter, the Parochial Clergy of the Diocese, the members of the Ecclesiastical Communities, and of the Seminaries, the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, the different Religious Congregations, &c., having assembled in the Church of Notre Dame, set out processionally, and proceeded to the Archbishopal palace, where the raising of the corpse was performed by the President of the Chapter.

Mgr. the Archbishop, habited in his pontifical vestments, his mitre on his head, and his face uncovered, was placed on a sort of open litter, carried on the shoulders, partly of Priests, partly of National Guards, and partly of Soldiers; every one disputed for the honor of bearing these sacred remains. The countenance of the prelate had preserved an admirable expression of serenity; it seems that death respects it, and ventures not to wither it. Immediately after the first prayers, the cortege proceeded on its march, a detachment of dragoons going before it.

The members of the Ecclesiastical communities, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the pupils of those schools, the Religious Congregations of women, the parochial Clergy of the Diocese, and the members of the Clergy of the neighbouring diocese, in surplice, or in rochet with barretta, preceded the corpse, after which followed a numerous deputation of the National Assembly, having at its head, M. Marie, President, which was accompanied by a very great number of representatives of the people. We remarked in the cortege the authorities of the city of Paris, deputations from the different bodies of magistracy from the schools, the artillery, and the workmen. The pall was borne by four Bishops; a fifth Bishop presided at the ceremonies as officiant. Four other prelates were present.

The corpse, the mourners representing the National Assembly, and the blesses of February, who following the grand deputations, were preceded and followed by banners, in front of which was borne the branch which had been made use of by the illustrious deceased, when he went to offer words of peace on the barricades, and also a palm, the symbol of martyrdom. The procession was closed by a second detachment of dragoons.

At all the localities were immenso crowds, thoughtful and recollected; the people especially were staking in their attitude; those men, those women crossed themselves, and their eyes were full of tears. From the farthest point where the corpse could be discerned, all heads were uncovered; the silence was profound, and nothing was heard but the chanting of the Priests.

Arrived at the threshold of the church, the procession was obliged to stop: the crowd wished that whatever they had most precious should touch the corpse of the Pontiff. The officers and soldiers had their weapons touched; a Bishop took them from their hands, and placed them on the venerated body. Those who assisted at this holy scene will never forget it. It was not so much a funeral procession, one would rather have called it a translation of relics. The French even those who do not imagine it, are Catholics in their heart of hearts.

The church was hung with black, with inscriptions, in which appeared that device so well consecrated by the sublime self-devotedness of the Archbishop—"Bonus Pastor dei animam suam pro ovibus suis."

The procession moved forward, chanting the Psalms. The Clergy moved four in a rank, de filed on each side of the catafalque, and took and up their position in the choir, which they completely filled. On a banner we remarked these words:—"I desire that my blood may be the last shed: may peace be with us."

Amongst the Representatives we remarked MM. de La Mennais, Dupin, Berryer, de Montalembert, de Larochejaquelein, &c., &c.; and not far from them the Ambassadors of Austria and England. The chants were sung in "four-choir," by 600 voices. A motet was executed by M. Alexis Dupont. A pious and recollected prayer pervaded all the assistants. Not a note of the organ, not an instrument was heard

nothing but human voices and the deep rolling of the drums.

Mgr. the Bishop of Meaux officiated; His Excellency Mgr. Fornari, Archbishop of Nicæa and Apostolic Nuncio, pronounced the first absolution. Their Lordships the Bishops of Orleans, of Versailles, of Amath, of Beauvais, of Langres, of Quimper, and of Nevers, were present.

M. Marie, President of the National Assembly, and after him M. Vaulabelle, Minister of Worship and of Public Instruction, and M. Marast, Mayor of Paris, were the first to sprinkle the holy water. It was two o'clock when the ceremony was concluded.

The body remained the whole day exposed for veneration; in the evening, after the Vespers of the Dead, sung at seven o'clock by the Chapter, it was lowered into the tomb of the Archbishop of Paris, where repose the remains of those of them who have died since the first Revolution—de Belloy, de Juigne, de Perigord, and de Quelen.

At the request of the Rev. the Capitular Vicar General, and in accordance with the wish expressed by the Priests of the Congregation of Chartres, founded by His Grace the Archbishop, the heart of the venerable Pontiff has been removed, in order to be placed and preserved in the church of that community, in the rue de Vaugirard, where it will repose under a marble tomb, in the midst of the distinguished Priests whom he has formed to science and the practice of those Priestly virtues of which he has given, during the brief duration of his Episcopacy, such noble and glorious examples.

The heart of His Grace the Archbishop of Paris cannot be better placed than in the chapel of a community which he founded, which he loved, and in the bosom of which he often came to repose from the cares and the fatigues of the administration of his diocese. The House of Carmes, as is well known, contains the holy relics of a great number of Priests who there received during our revolutionary storms the palm of martyrdom. It is in the midst of these precious relics of the martyrs of the Faith that the heart of the martyr of charity will repose.

Pierre, servant of the Archbishop of Paris, has died of the wound he received by the side of his venerable master. His wound at first was not considered serious.

The ministers of the two Protestant churches of the capital expressed a desire to be present at the funeral of the Archbishop of Paris, and so to pay a just homage to his memory. They charged their colloquial, M. Coquerel, to wait on the Abbe Jaquemot, first Grand-Vicar, to express to him the sentiments of the Protestant ministers, and to inform him of their intention to follow the funeral procession from the palace to the cathedral, if he could assign to them a place, which should conciliate the scruples of their faith with the rules of Catholic worship. The Abbe Jaquemot received M. Coquerel most politely, but expressed his regret that the Catholic religious ceremony being fixed both for the moment of taking up the body and during the passage to the church, it became impossible to assign a place to the ministers of the Protestant communion. The Grand-Vicar charged M. Coquerel to express to his colleagues how grateful he felt for the homage which was thus paid to the memory of the deceased Prelate.

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

The following letter from the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel appeared in the *Freeman* of Thursday:

"To the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*,  
Thurday, July 4, 1848.

"Sir—I have just seen in the *Freeman* of yesterday an advertisement re-publishing certain resolutions of the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of Ireland, passed in the year 1834. The advertisement is thus headed—"At a meeting of Prelates held in the College of Maynooth, on Wednesday, the 23rd June, 1843, it was agreed that the following resolutions be republished," &c.

"As it might appear that the republication of these resolutions was the act of all the Prelates assembled at Maynooth last week, of whom I was one, I feel it my duty to say that I have been no party to this proceeding, and that I did not even know of the meeting alluded to until I read the advertisement in your paper. I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. SLATTERY.

## DEATH OF THE REV. FATHER CONSTANTINE PASSIONIST.

"Jesu Christi Passio sit semper in cordibus nostris."

Dear Sir—Last year, about this time, you had the kindness to insert in your valuable journal, a short account of the dangerous sickness and almost miraculous recovery of dear Father Ignatius of St. Paul (Hon. and Rev. George Spencer), for which I take this opportunity publicly to thank you for the public and common favour, whilst I have the painful duty to ask another of a very different kind. This is to announce to the Catholic public the premature death of dear Father Constantine, of St. Francis of Sales, who died on Saturday last, in the 31st year of his age, and the tenth of his religious profession.

He was born of virtuous and respectable parents, in the year 1818, in the small town of Valcastro, near the Episcopal city of Ventimiglia, in the western province of Genoa. His baptismal name was Bartholomew John Francis Antony Lambertini. He entered the house of novitiate of our Religious Order, situated on the beautiful mount Argentario on the eastern borders of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and made his religious profession in the following year. He was ever considered by all an excellent religious Passionist.

Our Superiors, who quickly eye, duly appreciate, and justly reward virtue, sent him three years ago from Italy to this country, where in our religious establishment of Aston Hall, near Stone, he has been successively made Vice-Master, Master of Novices, and Local Superior. He was a living and perfect model of religious discipline. During his long and painful illness he day and night tried to perform all the regular observances so long as he could stand and walk. Being at last confined to his poor cell, he carefully watched over, and warmly recommended it, to the other Religious. In his very agony, hearing the clock striking, and imagining that it was time for ringing the bell for text and none, and for a short time observing in silence that no public sign was given, he asked when would text and none ring. He rested satisfied when he heard that it was not time yet.

Love for sufferings and unalterable patience seem to have been his characteristic virtues. This, I fear, accelerated his last sickness and premature death. An internal running cancer had tormented him for more than a year. His left shoulder and arm became swollen to an enormous size. Twice he patiently bore a painful operation. He never complained of anything. When pined by others, he always said that he did not suffer much. The medical men, who are the best judges of bodily sufferings, greatly admired his patience. One of them, who kindly attended to him to his last moments, one day affectionately taking hold of the Rev. Father's hand, with great emotion and feeling said—"You are very patient, Rev. Sir." This admirable patience Father Constantine learned to practise from his great devotion to our suffering Redeemer. For this reason he endeavoured to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of Mass every day so long as he could stand. Being by sickness and weakness deprived of this to him great source of happiness, he received the Holy Communion very early in the morning (always fasting) regularly every other day, and on some occasions oftener. Being thus prepared for the awful moment, which he expected with joy, the disease having seized on his lungs, on Saturday morning he fell into his last agony, and after some hours of great bodily pain, arising from considerable difficulty in breathing, he calmly expired. At that solemn moment I felt that the death of the just is really precious before God and men.

The nature of his disease and the condition of his body did not allow us to keep it so long as we should have wished, so we buried it about seven o'clock on Sunday last, in the evening, when a great number of people, rich and poor, Catholics and Protestants, attended his funeral. All seemed moved, and showed unequivocal marks of respect, love, and grief for his loss. I must here express our warm gratitude to all, but more particularly to our dear and affectionate Catholic congregation, for having so solemnly and so publicly testified with deep oblation and tears their affectionate esteem for their loving and beloved Pastor, Father Constantine, of St. Francis of Sales. Charitable request, pray for the speedy repose of his virtuous soul. R. I. P.

By inserting this in the next number of the *Tablet*, you will, dear Sir, greatly oblige your humble and grateful servant in Christ,  
G. CAMPBELL, of St. Stephen's,  
Passionist.

Aston Hall, near Stone, Staffs. 4th July 1848.

From Sir William Jones.  
MILISIAN CIVILISATION.

Leaving these hostile pretensions to account for their contradictory claims as well as they are able, I shall proceed to address the evidence of the learning and arts that flourished in India until the coming of the English. It will, I trust, appear fully in the course of this evidence, that the Milesians possessed all the essentials of civilisation, and in a higher degree, than the Irish, or even English, of the present day; if civilisation consist chiefly in the knowledge and practice of social virtues, that endear men to each other, and render society a common bank of joint stock, provided as a remedy against the weakness and insufficiency of individual resources for obtaining happiness; against the casualties of fortune, the inevitable portion of disease and distress incidental to mortals here below; added to the polite arts, that liberalise the mind, by charming the senses, and awakening each kindly or refined sentiment, soothing care, and diffusing innocent mirth and festivity through the leisure interval of busy man—then the Irish were civilised; and this will be readily allowed by all those who have any correct notion of politeness or civilisation; who do not with the unreflecting vulgar confound it with wealth, grandeur of palaces, costly furniture or meals; in a word, with the whole apparatus of luxury. Neither the true Christian nor sage would ever confound them, well knowing that the highest degree of luxury is compatible with baseness, perfidy, cruelty, and lust; in a word, with the most barbarous and guilty manners, while a dignified simplicity of manners is often the concomitant of the most heroic soul, and most exalted virtue and polished manners.

Men will always differ in their ideas of civilisation, each measuring it by the habits and prejudices of his own country; but if courtesy and urbanity, a love of poetry and eloquence, and the practice of exalted virtues, be a juster measure of perfect society, we have certain proof that the people of Arabia, both on plains and in cities, in republican and monarchical states, were eminently civilised.

\* Sir William Jones's Fourth Discourse on the Arabs, published in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society.

THE BISHOP OF LIEGE.

On Tuesday afternoon, the octave of the recent festival, the Lord Bishop of Liege preached at St George's to a crowded auditory. His sermon (which was delivered in French) consisted of a striking exposition of Zach. ix., 9.—*Exultate sicut filia Sion, quia filia Jerusalem: ecce Rex tuus venit tibi iustus et solvator.* In which, after showing how the Christian Church was a continuation as well as a fulfilment and extension of the Jewish and Patriarchal dispensations, he dwelt upon the perpetual presence of our Lord in his Church, which filled it with life at this moment just as much as it did in the days of His flesh. This presence of Christ his Lordship unfolded in various aspects. One of the most remarkable was that which it had assumed at the present day, at the very time when false philosophy and rationalism (which might be called the final expression of Protestantism) had eagerly asserted that the Catholic Church was dead, and that its mission was at an end. Never had the Church exhibited a greater impulse, never had its divine principle of life received such an access of vitality as precisely at that moment as if to convince the gainsayers of their folly. Of this the splendid basilica in which we were assembled,—of this the wonderful conversions which had taken place in our country, formed abundant proofs. The Bishop took occasion here to urge affectionately on our separated brethren the necessity of yielding their allegiance to the Church of God, and showed, after all, how empty were those reasons of social position, fortune, or comfort, which clung to many of them, and hindered them from following up their convictions. In this part of his discourse he alluded in a very striking manner to the life of the Church as manifested in the succession of her Bishops; and indeed the argument, strong as it is in the abstract, appeared wonderfully forcible, listening as we were to a Catholic Prelate from beyond the seas, preaching to the Catholics of this land, and speaking to the long line of Bishops who had held the Sees of Liege, of Metz, or of Maastricht, from their conversion to the Faith to the seventh or eighth centuries, to the present era,—in unbroken obedience to the Chair of Peter. His Lordship then considered the

length the presence of Christ with his Church, as exhibited in the Sacrifice of the Altar, and showed how that sacrifice, the perpetual renewal in an unbroken manner of the one sacrifice of Calvary, was essential to the very being of the Church, and, as it were, the fountain from which all its life was derived. Here he pointed out how certainly those who impugned this great doctrine of the Catholic Church erred upon other points, as the history of all the Protestant sects abundantly showed. The denial of the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, led, by easy steps, to the denial of his presence in the flesh. In the course of his eloquent sermon, the Bishop expressed his felicitations to the Catholics of England on the generous efforts they had made to complete this beautiful temple in which to do honour to our Lord. Our homage had long been confined, of necessity, within the limits of poor and humble edifices, but now we had done what we could to provide a dwelling-place whose visible splendour should express fitting reverence for Him who was to abide there. At the same time he exhorted the Catholics of England to go forward and strive to complete this great work in all its requirements of altar and tabernacle, and also to raise other churches in this metropolis throughout the land for the edification of the faithful and the conversion of those alien to the Faith. The concluding part of the Bishop's sermon contained many pious and beautiful thoughts of a practical nature, of which our space will not allow us to give an analysis. In appearance the Bishop of Liege is noticeable for his features of the Teutonic style, fair hair and complexion; high open forehead, and sharply-defined lips, indicating great firmness and decision. His oratorical action was full of grace and energy, and at the same time exceedingly persuasive from its earnestness and simplicity. After the sermon was a collection, and the choir chanted the Litany of our Blessed Lady.—*Correspondent.*

THE IRISH BISHOPS.—The Tipperary Vindicator has the following letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, in reference to a paragraph which had appeared in that journal on the subject of the absence of the Irish Bishops from the opening:—

To the Editor of the Tipperary Vindicator. Limerick, July the 8th, 1848.

Sir—I have read in your publication of this day the following paragraph:—"It is stated as a very extraordinary fact, that none of the Irish Bishops were invited to the consecration of the new Catholic Church of St. George's, London, on Tuesday, though the French and German Bishops were asked, and attended. What can this mean?"

In contradiction to the above I can state, that I had a friendly, and pressing invitation to attend, from the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman himself, to whom it return I expressed my regret at not being able to be present on the solemn and important occasion. Hoping you will give this insertion in your next paper, I remain your faithful servant,

✠ JOHN RYAN.

CONFIRMATION AT THE CATHEDRAL.—On Sunday the 8th inst. the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, administered, by invitation, the sacrament of Confirmation in the Cathedral to 203 persons, of whom 12 were converts, and of these were a late Protestant minister, with his wife, and the wife of another Protestant minister.

The Most Rev. Archbishop preached at the 10 o'clock Mass a discourse on the prerogatives of St. Peter.

One of the converts alluded to in the above notice was Mr. Thomas, whom we have mentioned before now as a late Protestant preacher, who, on being convinced of the truth of Catholicity, abandoned at once his profession as preacher, trusting to God for the support of himself and his family, who had no other means of living than his exertions.

Mr. Thomas has exercised the avocation of a dentist, since the period of his conversion, to the satisfaction of those who have been thoughtful enough to call upon him in that capacity; and has thus made provision for his family (though in a very humble way) while he has set in the faces of his former friends and acquaintances the example of a man abandoning what the world calls a more respectable, and certainly a more remunerative profession, for the sake of the religion and cross of Christ.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

A TRUE SHEPHERD.

The departure of our much esteemed and valued friend, the Rev. B. McQuarrie, from Quebec, demands from us an expression of those feelings of admiration and gratitude with which his generous and exalted conduct during the trying scenes of last season have so universally inspired.

It is almost an act of aspersion to recall to the minds of our readers scenes which have left such deep and painful traces on the mind, but we feel it would be an act of injustice to our respected friend, on the eve of his regretted departure from amongst us not to draw the public attention again to his devoted services. Hardly has he arrived at Grosse Isle, when the emigrant ships with their dying victims, in countless thousands, reached its fatal shore, and owing to the inefficiency of the hospital arrangements, the poor priest was compelled to visit the sick on board the ships. For many hours together, shut up with those unhappy sufferers in an atmosphere reeking with pestilence and filth, where the blessed light and air of heaven could scarcely reach, he administered the last sacrament to the dying, and endeavoured to shed the bright light of hope on the souls of those whose sufferings were just terminating—at other times he would fly from rock to rock in the fond desire of catching the last sigh of the expiring victim, and even rush into the waves to impart a last sad blessing on the poor fleeting spirit. In this manner, for many days unassisted save by that merciful Providence who alone could have given strength sufficient for the awful hour, without rest and almost without food he devoted himself to fulfil the sad offices of his holy mission. At last he was struck with the fatal epidemic, and remained struggling under its deadly influence; yet when again restored to health, he once more took his post of danger, and only abandoned it when he left the last ship's cargo of dying victims at Montreal. How many a widow's prayer is this moment wafting to heaven for him whose holy charity soothed the dying hour of her beloved husband!—how many an orphan's hands are clasped in innocent treaties that God may pour a blessing on him who did all that mortal could to alleviate their sorrows! Long indeed will it be before the remembrance of these scenes can fade from our hearts, and we will only say in conclusion, that we should be wanting in gratitude, and kind and holy feeling of our nature, if we allowed him to leave us without the means of making himself a comfortable home among strangers.—*Quebec Emigrant.*

SICILY.

The Sicilian revolution has a character of its own, and nothing is more amusing than to see the Radical papers of all Europe sing its praises. Here is an article of the Sicilian Constitution, voted by the Chamber of Peers—

Art. 7. The following are Peers in their own right:

- "The Diocesan Archbishops and Bishops.
- "The Abbot of Santa Lucia.
- "The Archimandrite of Messina.
- "The Greek Bishop.
- "The Ordinary of Calascibetta.
- "The Abbots regular of the Basilian and Benedictine Monasteries comprised in the table of 1812.

The titulars of the abbeys and commendatories in the same table, and whose net revenue reaches 300 ounces."

Here is another article voted by the Chamber of Commons:

Art. 1. The religion of the State is the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion. When the King shall decline to profess, he shall have abdicated the throne, ipso facto."

These two articles suffice to prove that the Sicilian revolutionists must not be confounded with those of other countries.

A telegraphic despatch, dated Naples, the 13th, is stated to have been received in Paris, announcing that the Duke of Genoa, second son of Charles Albert, has been elected King of Sicily.

SPREAD OF THE CHOLERA.—BUCHAREST, June 23.—Politics are completely in abeyance in consequence of the fearful spreading of the cholera within the last few days. The number of cases are now 186 a day, of whom a fifth are rapidly carried off. An universal panic has seized all inhabitants, and every person that can fly from the city to the mountains does so in great haste. Even the Gypsies of Transylvania have demanded their passports in order to hasten home, and, if possible, escape the fearful contagion. All the public taverns are closed.

COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.—At the Common Chamber, Whitehall, the 12th day of December, 1847. By the Right Honourable the Lords of the Council on Education. Resolved—1. That the Roman Catholic Poor School Committee be the ordinary channel of such general inquiries as may be desirable as to any school applying for and as a Roman Catholic. 2. That Roman Catholic Schools receiving aid from the Parliamentary grant be open to inspection, but that the inspectors shall report respecting the secular instruction only. 3. That the inspectors of such schools be not appointed without the previous concurrence of the Roman Catholic Poor School Committee. 4. That no gratuity, stipend, or augmentation of salary be awarded to school-masters, or assistant teachers who are in holy orders, but that their lordships reserve to themselves the power of making an exception in the case of training schools, and of model schools connected therewith.—*Daily News.*

ROME.—On July 7th, his Excellency the Duke d'Harcourt had an audience of His Holiness, for the presentation of the letters by which he is accredited by the French Republic as Ambassador to the Holy See. The following remarkable conversation is vouched for by the *Corriere del Popolo*—"In a visit which Count Giovanni Marchetti, secular Minister of Foreign Affairs, lately paid to the Duke d'Harcourt, M. Marchetti observed that for the future the relations of Rome and France would be more intimate, easy, and convenient, because the Cabinet was regular, and the Roman Government was assimilated in form to that of France. The Duke d'Harcourt in reply begged the Count to observe that the Republican Government of France had suppressed its ambassadors in the different Courts of Europe, and had replaced them by commissaries or *chargés de affaires*, but that it had made an exception with regard to the Holy See, to whom it sent an ambassador. He declared to him that this honour, this diplomatic privilege, did not apply to Rome, the capital of a State of three millions of Italians, but to Rome as the capital of the Christian world, and to the relations which thirty five millions of Catholics hold with the august Chief of Religion. He concluded by saying to him that he was accredited to the Holy See, and that for every affair, Catholic or secular, it was to his Eminence, the Cardinal Secretary of State, that he intended to address himself."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.—On Monday before the National Assembly proceeded to discuss the decree for erecting a statue in the Pantheon to Mgr. Affie, the President read a letter from the Vicars General of the Chapter of Paris, expressing the wish that Notre Dame be substituted for the Pantheon, as the place for erecting the proposed monument. The Archbishop had died a martyr to Christian charity; the Pantheon, from its very destination would be little worthy of him. M. Babaud-Laribiere argued for the Pantheon; M. Lagrange urged the claim of the faubourg St Antoine. The President put the following amendment to the vote; to substitute for the words "under the vaults of the Pantheon," the words "in the metropolitan church of Paris." This was carried almost unanimously.

THE PROTESTANT REPEALERS.—A meeting this body was held on the 12th. It was remarkable for the attendance of several Orangemen, wearing the insignia of their order. More would have worn them, but they were refused the use of them by the keepers of their lodges in which they were locked up. Two of the gentlemen in their insignia addressed the meeting in favour of Repeal. A letter was read from Mr. S. Crawford.

Births

- August 4—Mrs. Price, of a son.
- " 5—Mrs. Finn, of a daughter.
- " 7—Mrs. O'Brien, of a son.
- " 7—Mrs. Heelan, of a son.
- " 7—Mrs. Jost, of a son.
- " 7—Mrs. Wier, of a son.
- " 8—Mrs. Power, of a son.
- " 8—Mrs. Martin, of a daughter.
- " 10—Mrs. Flinn, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs. Sinclair, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs. Kelly, of a son.

Deaths

August 6—Patrick Washington, native of the county Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 88 years. 6—Bridget, daughter of Michael and Ann McDermott, aged 8 years and 2 months. 8—John, infant son of Patrick and Catherine Lynch, aged 2 months. 8—Patrick, infant son of Patrick Healy, aged 8 days. 9—Bridget, infant daughter of Thomas and Bridget Gahan, aged 4 days.