

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

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 Prescrip. xii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is imposs.ble. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatsoever 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 Jorusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- Sept. 17—Sunday—XIV. after Pentecost, III. Sept. Seven Dolours of B. V. M. G. Doub. com. &c.
- " 18—Monday—S. Joseph Cupertino C. Doub.
- " 19—Tuesday—S. Januarius &c. MM. Doub.
- " 20—Wednesday—S. Agapitus I P. C. Doub. com. &c. Vig. (Ember Day.)
- " 21—Thursday—S. Mathew Apost. and Evan. Doub. II. class.
- " 22—Friday—S. Thomas Villanova B.C. and Doct. Doub. com. &c. (E Day)
- " 23—Saturday—S. Linus P. M. Doub. com. &c. (Ember Day)

[From the N. York Freeman's Journal.]  
BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS  
In reply to "Kirwan," alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.  
LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR—

The task which I imposed on myself at the commencement of these letters is nearly accomplished. I wished to investigate the alleged reasons which induced you to forsake the Church—and which forbid your return. The result is before the public, and may be briefly summed up.

You will observe that I have not pretended to defend a single Catholic doctrine from your coarse and profane invective,—that I have not raised the question with you as to whether those doctrines are true or false; that I have confined myself to watching narrowly the state of your mind, your motives and movements, as described by yourself, until I saw you clearly beyond the bounds of the Catholic church and landed in the cold, dark regions of infidelity. If your own statements as to the utter ignorance of your mind in regard to any and all religion when you became an infidel, are to be relied on, it follows that in assigning the reasons for your change, as set forth in your letters, you have been attempting a gross imposition on the credulity of your Protestant readers. You give a double certificate of the process of your conversion. One side attests considerable religious information: the other certifies bluntly that "your mind was a perfect blank as to all religious instructions."—Both are from your own pen. It remains for you to reconcile the contradiction as well as you can.

Allow me, in the mean time, to suggest the only plausible, natural, and satisfactory reason for the important event in regard to which you have taken such superfluous pains to enlighten the public.

It is understood that you arrived in this country a poor Irish orphan boy. This was not your fault. It might have been your merit. Whether you were then an infidel or a Catholic is best known to yourself. At all events you attracted the charitable notice of certain Presbyterian patrons. In the intentions of their benevolence towards you, your renunciation of Popery was a condition either already accomplished or necessarily implied as a *sine qua non* of your education.

Now what could be more natural, under these circumstances, than that you should become a Protestant, after the fashion of training provided, and the creed professed by your patrons? If in all this your conscience approved of what your friends recommended, so much the better for you. I only mention the circumstances to supply a hiatus in your narrative. They are quite sufficient to explain your conversion, and the public would not be so unreasonable, had you made them acquainted with all this, as to ask for any other. It is now nearly thirty years since these

things took place. You begin to be well stricken in years—you are approaching the confines of old age; and the same indulgent public would have dispensed with your reasons for not returning now to the Communion which you thus forsook in your boyhood. It is admitted on all hands that, in cases like yours, a wife and children are substantial objections to such a step. When the husband and father is, moreover, a Protestant clergyman, it requires an extraordinary grace to overcome them.

I now leave it to yourself to say, whether it was not unwise on your part, after having appeared with your natural countenance so long, to put on the mask in the fiftieth year of your age? Whether it was worthy of your rank and station among the men of our age, to weave a narrative of your conversion, with materials derived from imagination, while the plain history of the case lay open before your consciousness and memory? Yet when I regard the profane spirit of your letters; when I consider that you imitate closely infidel tactics against Christianity in your mode of assault—that you ridicule where you cannot reason—that where you pretend to reason it is not against the Catholic doctrine, as Catholics hold it, but against such doctrine misrepresented, turned into burlesque, and thus fitted for your purpose—when I reflect on all this, I am not surprised that you constructed your laboratory in the "camera obscura," and shunned the open day—that you insulted the memory of a fallen but not otherwise dishonorable priest, by affixing his name to your letters rather than your own.

You wish me to dispute with you on matters of general controversy. I must beg leave to decline the proposed honor. I cannot consent to dispute with any man for whom I feel no respect, and therefore I can enter into no controversy with you, especially until you have extricated yourself from the inconsistencies and self-contradictions pointed out in this review. You suggest "the inference that I am a devil."—(p. 64.) You proclaim "your high respect for me"—(p. 75) Now, sir, I entertain no respect for any man, and especially a Minister of the Gospel, who can cherish and avow "his high respect" for "a devil," even by inference.

You wrote your letters in the midst of the awful famine which strewed the highways and ditches of your unhappy country with dead bodies, last year. Among them may have been some of those for whom, Mr. Prime says, you wrote your letters, viz: "your kinsmen, according to the flesh." Now, it was not uncommon for persons, whose Irish heart had not become withered by hostile seasoning, to become insane, during that awful crisis—turned into maniacs by the news of an hour. Sectarianism was forgotten—humanity was stirred to its depths in the bosom of the entire American people—Jews, Christians, Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, believers and unbelievers of every name, were vying with each other in their efforts to send bread to the dying. And they did send bread; they constructed an historical monument of charity, glorious as the land which reared it, and sufficient to atone, in some measure, for the atrocities of a thousand years. It was in the midst of this death-struggle of your native land, that you had the impiety to invent, and the inhumanity to apply, the following profane and horrible pun, on the words of our Saviour:—"He that eats this bread will never hunger. All that you (Catholics) have to do, if your principle be true, is to give your wafer to the poor, starving Irish, and they hunger no more."—(page 77) How well this sustains Mr. Prime's statement, that in

writing your Kirwan's letters, you were actuated by "a sense of duty to your kinsmen, according to the flesh, your countrymen and brethren!"

But supposing I were to enter into controversy with you on general topics, it is manifest that besides being a party, you claim to be a witness, an advocate, and what is more, a judge, in your own cause! You profess to teach me what the Catholic religion is, although you had "forgotten your catechism at eighteen years of age," and I take it for granted you have never looked into it since, except in the same spirit and for the same purposes which induce the infidel to read the scriptures. If I pretend to know anything of my religion, you politely tell me that "you will have none of my nonsense." Why then do you ask me to enter into controversy with you? Besides, who would be the judge? "Common sense," you reply. But whose common sense, yours or mine? If you would not submit to mine, what right have you to suppose that I should submit to yours? To what tribunal do you appeal? That of history? But its authority with you is not worth a penny! To the Bible? But the Bible by itself will give no decision. It requires an interpreter, as much as the constitution and laws of the country. Who shall be the interpreter? Methinks I hear you speaking of your "common sense" again for that office—so that we come round the Protestant circle to the starting point.

If you say the appeal is to the "common sense" of mankind in general, (restricting the term to those who profess Christianity,) the verdict will not be unanimous; but it will be in my favor by a majority of three to one. To what tribunal, then, would you be willing to submit, in case I were disposed to join issue with you in a controversy on the great questions on which Catholics and Protestants are divided? But the inquiry is purely hypothetical; for although I reserve to myself the right of reviewing your letters, when I think proper, depend upon it there will not, there cannot be, any dogmatical controversy between us. If your genius and inclination lie in the direction of profanity, you can continue to insult the mysteries of the Catholic faith as you have done. For this you have but to copy from Protestant writers of your own class, who have gone before you. But I see no reason why I should undertake to discuss the reprint of their opinions, found in your book, rather than in the original text as found in their own. As far as either come in the way of my subject, I shall do this at my own convenience, in the sequel of those letters which I have addressed to my "Dear Reader," and not to you. In the present review I purposed only to consider those little incidents of waning faith, accumulated misgivings, and autobiography which preceded, or were connected with, your transition from the Catholic faith to a Protestant denomination.—This portion of your letters was your own, and was (what cannot be always said of works of imagination) perfectly original. Having done this, it only remains for me to assure you of my sincere good wishes, and to say for the present, farewell.

And now I will take the liberty of addressing a few words to the general reader in connection with this subject. What advantage does religion, of any name, derive from such books as Kirwan's letters? Do they promote piety? Is charity increased by them? Do they convert Catholics? Is the faith of Protestants so weak that it requires the support of such buttresses? The questions on which Catholics and Protestants are so unhappily divided have been discussed

by able men on both sides, until the argument has been exhausted. These are considerations which address themselves to sincere minds of all parties. Those who will reflect a moment will perceive that that the Catholic religion has withstood and now withstands such attacks, just as the pyramid does the assaults of the wandering Arab. If it were the system which such writers as Kirwan represents, it could not subsist a single year. Good men from within, who know what it really is, would not stay; good men from without would not come to it. Now a whole volume might be filled with the names of illustrious converts from the different denominations of Protestantism, who, after mature deliberation, have joined the Church within this last quarter of a century, many of them at the sacrifice of their worldly interests and prospects. How could this have come to pass if Catholicity were what these writers allege?

Does not this single fact outweigh a ton of such theory-books as the Key of Popery, or Kirwan's Letters!—What are these books generally made up of? Assertion, party invective, charges, sometimes entirely false, and always grossly exaggerated.

Thus, such writers as I speak of will tell you that the Catholic Clergy are a vast corporation of swindlers.—But how will any man of even moderate judgement reconcile this with the fact that no other clergymen are so ready to encounter danger in the discharge of their ministry, whether in the cholera-hospitals, the fever-shed, or wherever it becomes a martyr of charity to meet death? They will tell you that the Catholic religion is the deadly enemy of liberty. But then how comes it that all the elements and principles of social right and civil liberty are of Catholic origin, and that the best lawyer among us would be somewhat puzzled if requested to point out a single addition made to them by Protestantism? This is fact in opposition to theory.—When Protestantism came it found several Republics, and did not find one absolute monarchy in Christendom, except Russia, which was not in communion with the Pope. They will tell you that the Catholic religion is an enemy to knowledge. But the fact is that if you remove from the map of Christendom, all the great institutions of knowledge, in every department, founded and endowed by Catholics alone, very little will be left remaining. They will tell you that the Church is the enemy of happiness. But the fact is that nations appear to have been much more happy, if apparent contentment be any symptom, before the reformation, than since. Religious and civil, not to speak of general wars, have followed each other in almost constant succession in most of the countries of Europe since that event; and if these be signs of happiness, I am much mistaken. They will tell you that poverty is a certain companion and consequence of the Catholic religion. This, even if it were true, amounts to little; for the Divine Author of Christianity did not intend his religion for the special advantage of bankers and stock-jobbers, as these writers would lead us to suppose. And if the "Gospel was preached to the poor," it follows that poverty would be, if anything, a sign in favor of the true religion, rather than the contrary. Italy and Spain may be called poor nations, but yet I am not aware that any one is allowed in those Catholic countries to die by the road-sides of starvation: Protestant England, on the other hand, is a country of great wealth and great pauperism. But in England and Ireland, such writers point to the contrast between the Catholics and Protestants. They seem

forget, however, that by one thousand and one different ways, sometimes directly, at all times indirectly, the Protestants of those countries have been, legally till within less than twenty years *slipping themselves* in the way of worldly prosperity, *at the expense of the Catholics.* Now this is the fact, and no man of common information and candour will deny it.

I might go on indefinitely in pointing out the mutual contradiction between the facts of history and the theories of your anti-Catholic writers, of a certain class. But as regards Ireland in particular, not only were the laws made so as of a certainty to reduce the Catholics to poverty, but if ignorance is an impediment to the attainment of wealth, the legislature determined that the Catholics should be poor forever; and with the stigma of so barbarous an enactment on the escutcheon of Protestant Britain, it requires singular power of face in such writers as the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elmahethstown, to allude to the subject at all. Let me contrast the facts of history, in the very terms of the several statutes, with the theory of our modern instructor.

"If a Catholic kept school, or taught any person, Protestant or Catholic, any species of literature, or science, such teacher was for the crime of teaching, punishable by law by banishment—and, if he returned from banishment, he was subject to be hanged as a felon.

"If a Catholic, whether child or adult, attended, in Ireland, a school kept by a Catholic, or was privately instructed by a Catholic, such Catholic, although a child in its early infancy, incurred a forfeiture of all its property, present or future.

"If a Catholic child, however young, was sent to any foreign country for education, such infant child incurred a similar penalty—that is, a forfeiture of all right to property, present or prospective.

"If any person in Ireland made any remittance of money or goods, for the maintenance of any Irish child educated in a foreign country, such person incurred a similar forfeiture."

Such were the laws Kirwan's forefathers, in their day, and himself in his early life, were their victims. Now, with these facts staring him in the face, the man says—"If the ignorance of Ireland has any thing to do with the degradation of Ireland, I charge that ignorance on Popery."—(page 50.) The italics are his own, and to judge by the statement one would be led to suppose that he has not escaped from under the edict against knowledge to this day.

No, no; let candid Protestants look for and examine the true facts in all these cases; let them judge for themselves, and they will be surprised to discover how much that is true has been held back from them on all such subjects, and how much that is false, or falsely represented, has been circulated among them instead of the truth, by mere book-writers and men of the shop. And as regards the Catholic religion, if they wish to know what it is, even for the sake of information, let them consult authentic sources, and be slow to receive their knowledge of it from those who are seldom either qualified or disposed to state it truly. In my other series of letters I propose to state it as it is understood by Catholics; to explain its doctrines, where explanation is judged necessary; and to sustain them by such proofs from scripture, history, and reason, as are most likely to have weight with men, whether Catholics or Protestants, who are not yet prepared to reduce the awful mysteries of Christian revelation to the infidel's standard of judgement—"common sense."

✠ JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York.

We do not wish to incur any charge of an improper connexion of subjects by turning directly from the Theatre to the Church, but we think that the Protestant clergy of London have as much ground to petition Parliament against the opening of Catholic chapels, as the English actors have against the opening of French theatres. The consideration of the large and splendid Roman Catholic Chapel of St. George, in Southwark, is quite an epoch in the history of that religion in England. This is by far the most magnificent place of Catholic worship which has been erected in England since the Reformation and the ceremony of consecration was one of the most attractive which even the Catholic religion could furnish. There were present the Archbishop of Treves, the Bishop of Luze, Foërmay, Chalons and Chersonesus about two hundred and sixty Priests from the Continent, and numerous members of almost every religious

order, and, but for the unsettled state of Europe, the attendance of foreign ecclesiastical dignitaries would have been much larger.—*London Correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer.*

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

### ST. MARY'S.

Sunday last, the Festival of the Most Holy Name of Mary, was kept with the usual solemnities at our Cathedral. At the early Masses the Bishop of Halifax, and the venerable Bishop of Archa officiated. His Lordship Dr. Fraser also assisted, Pontifically, at High Mass and Vespers. The celebrant at the solemn Mass was the Rev. Dr. McKinnon of St. Andrew's, attended by Rev. Mr. Hannan as Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. O'Connor as Sub-Deacon. Bishop Fraser was assisted at his throne by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, and the Rev. Mr. Madden. Dr. Walsh was also in the sanctuary. At the usual time the Rev. Dr. McKinnon preached an eloquent and beautiful discourse on the Festival of the day, the high prerogative of the Glorious Mother of God, and the confidence which every true Christian should feel in her powerful intercession. In the course of his sermon the gifted preacher gave a rapid and faithful sketch of the melancholy state of Christendom in 1693 when Vienna was beleaguered by 200,000 Turks, and when all Europe was threatened with entire subjugation by the ruthless followers of Mahomet. He described in glowing terms the undaunted heroism, and tender piety of the renowned John Sobieski, King of Poland, who, with his gallant band of 60,000 men, after having invoked the God of Battles through the name and mediation of the Glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, achieved a most signal victory over the Turkish forces, and delivered all Europe from the dreadful scourge that was impending over her. The consequent institution of the Feast of the Most Holy Name of Mary by Innocent XI, was also described. It may not be known to our readers in this part of the Province, that Dr. McKinnon was for many years a distinguished student at the Propaganda at Rome.

The Vespers at St. Mary's were attended by the two Bishops and the Clergy; and late in the evening, after the Vespers at Saint Patrick's, which were sung very creditably by the new Choir, the Vicar General delivered a discourse on the Gospel of the day, and we were delighted to perceive that the Church was crowded to overflowing.

### NEWS BY THE STEAMER

The appearance of things on the Continent of Europe never looked more threatening than at present. Austria, after her recent victories, seems indisposed to listen to any terms proposed by England and France, and preparations for the renewal of hostilities are being made by Charles Albert and Radetzky. The French Government, however disposed for peace, will be obliged to yield to the pressure from without, and take a part in favour of Italian independence. It seemed nearly certain that a French army would cross the Alps, under the command of Oudinot, one of Bonaparte's Generals. The people of France will not allow Austria to perpetuate her iron despotism in Italy, and Cavaignac must either retire from the head of affairs, or sanction the interference of the French in favour of Sardinia. A European war seems now inevitable.

Paris was still in an unsettled state. Lord John Russell was about to visit Ireland. His object was stated to be to make himself acquainted with the actual condition of things in Ireland, in order to propose some extensive measures for the removal of Irish grievances. We do not believe that he will be able to remedy any of these grievances, or that his visit will be productive of the least benefit.

The late proceedings of the Whigs should not be forgotten by the Irish people, and we sincerely hope they will not allow themselves to be deceived under the appearance of extensive remedial measures which the present despotic government have neither the will nor the ability to carry through either House of Parliament. We believe that he has been induced to make this visit for the purpose of recovering his popularity among the Irish, and of withdrawing their attention from the cause of national independence. Should he ever desire to make any concessions, it will be owing to the pressure from without,

rather than to any love of justice or of the Irish people. In the present state of Europe, he cannot afford to have Ireland in a state of military occupation.

The Bishop and Vicar General left Town on Wednesday, for the Western part of the Diocese.—We have heard that His Lordship officiated at Windsor, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross.

### ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Monthly subscription of Right Rev.

Dr. Walsh,	£1 0 0
Very Rev. Mr. Connolly,	0 5 0
Wm. Hackett, Esquire,	0 10 0

Collected by Messrs. James Kelly and John Tuohill.

Miss Ann Murphy, Mr. Gallavan, and Michael Tuohill, 2s. 6d. each; Mrs. Edward Ryan, M. Decureey, P. Cullen, Mr. Egan, Mrs. Conolly, Mrs. Kelly, and Mr. Tigby, 1s. 3d. each; Mrs. Mackie, David Moffat, John Doyle, Edward Butler, John Gibbon, Laurence Kenny, and Thomas Sumers, 7d. each.

Collected by Mr. Timothy Linehan and John Purcell.

John Cantwell, James Donnelly, M. Dwire, and Timothy Doherty, 2s. 6d. each; Michael Punch, Edward Metzler, Philip Summers, Patrick Healy, William Power, John O'Connell, and Timothy Doherty, 1s. 3d. each; James Whalen and Paul White, 7d. each.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purpled rose a figure of heartfelt love; faith is represented by the blue passion-flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen, peace from the olive-branch; immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary, the victory of the spirit by the palm, modesty by the blue, fragrant violet, compassion by the peony, friendship by the ivy, tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not, German honesty and fidelity by the oak-leaf, unassumingsness by the corn-flower (the cayne); and the auriculas, "how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes." Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow, sadness by the angelica, shuddering by the aspen, melancholy by the cypress, desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus, nature, by these flowers, seem to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men were able to do?—*Staudenmaier.*

CONVERSION.—On Sunday (August 6th), Samuel Weston, of Palmantine, for 86 years a Protestant, renounced the tenets of that Church, and, after conforming to the Catholic Faith, received the Holy Sacrament from the Very Rev. Thomas Mahoney, in the chapel of Templecraden.—*Limerick Examiner.*

O'DOHERTY'S JURY.—The Dublin Correspondent of the London Times says:—"I am credibly informed that in the case of Mr. O'Doherty—one of the clearest for conviction that was ever sent before a Jury—no less than six of the jurors were for wholly acquitting the prisoner; and that the remainder were divided upon the propriety of finding him guilty of sedition merely, only two or three being inclined to convict upon the more serious charge of felony. Another fact occurred in the course of these proceedings that strongly evinces the public opinion as to their nature. No fewer than forty-six jurors declined to answer to their names, and submitted to the infliction of fines of £50 each rather than take their chance of serving an office usually considered to constitute the *decus et intamen* of free citizenship.

O'DOHERTY'S JURY.—PROTESTANT FEELING.—It is a matter worthy of notice that some of the dissentients upon this occasion were not merely Protestants, but holders of high Protestant opinions, a fact which ought to open the eyes of those who suppose the mere hatred of Popery does in itself constitute a force sufficient to bind Irish Protestants to the support of English interests in Ireland.—*Courts of Morning Chronicle.*

[From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.]  
CONSECRATION AND BENEDICTION OF A STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT AUDEON, HUGH-STREET

On Sunday, the 20th inst. the solemn ceremony of the benediction and dedication of the Madonna, recently erected in this splendid church, performed with more than usual magnificence. It is of semi-colossal height and proportions, and is, with its pedestal, chiselled out of one block of Carrara marble of the purest white. The Mother of the Redeemer is represented, Guido's famed picture, holding the infant Saviour coiled in her arms. Nothing can be more divinely beautiful than the face of the Virgin Mother, angelic in its expression of meekness and purity. The summit of artistic excellence seems to have been achieved in the manner in which the rigid marble has been made to assume the natural folds and undulating softness of the drapery clothing the figure. The almost transparent folds of the veil exhibit the *ne plus ultra* of workmanship directed by the truest genius. The statue has been placed above an altar, surmounted by a lofty capola, tastefully decorated and hung with crimson damask. The small sanctuary before the altar of the Virgin was richly carpeted. The high altar of the church was decorated as for the greatest festivals. Three altars blazed with innumerable waxen tapers; the throne for the Archbishop and the three seats for the Priests announced that Solemn High Mass was to be performed. Eleven o'clock was the hour named for the commencement of the ceremonies; but long previous to that time every part of the noble building was densely crowded with a congregation comprising citizens of the highest rank of the Catholic community, not only those residing in the parish, but those who had come from the most distant parts of the city to be present at this solemn and interesting ceremony.—The preparations for the ceremonial, according to the ritual, now commenced. From the sacristy door, on either side, first issued acolytes bearing lighted tapers; then followed a band of children clothed in white surplices, and bearing baskets of flowers; next followed the members of the different religious Brotherhoods, each body preceded by its banner. These insignia of the Christian Faith were of the most splendid description, the devices being wrought in gold on white satin. A splendid banner representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a masterpiece of foreign art, was borne by two lovely children in white. Last came the banner of the Cross, borne between two acolytes, and preceded by censer bearers bearing incense. Each body drew up in the side aisles at either side of the church, under the direction of the Rev. J. J. Sheppard, Master of the Ceremonies. At this moment, whilst the organ pealed forth and the choir sang the hymn of invocation, "Veni Creator Spiritus," his Grace the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Dublin, with the full body of Clergy in their copes and surplices, entered the sanctuary and proceeded to the altar of the Virgin, where the ceremonial of the benediction and dedication of the statue to the service of the Most High, to elevate the hearts and exalt the piety of the Faithful, were proceeded with. The psalms laid down in the "Pontificale" were chanted by the Reverend M. B. Kelly, P.P., and responded to by the organ choir. The usual ceremonies having been gone through, a hymn to the Virgin was sung, followed by the sublime canticle, the "Magnificat"; after which the Clergy, followed by the Archbishop, and preceded by the entire body of the Religious Brothers, went in solemn procession round the church, the organ chanting the Litanies.

The High Mass was celebrated with every splendour which piety could suggest or religion dictate. Mr. Dugan presided at the organ, aided by a full and most effective choir. Besides the fine selections which were made in the "Gloria, Credo," and "Sanctus," the splendid passage of the "Stabat Mater," "Quis non flet," was sung with thrilling effect by two voices. The "Hallelujah," sung by the full choir, breathed the spirit of Christian gladness. After the first Gospel, the Rev. Moses Farlong ascended the pulpit, and taking his text from the Divine command set forth in the Gospel of St. Matthew, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," he expounded on this sublime basis a discourse replete with piety and Christian wisdom. He explained the obligations of man to his God in the relation of the created and the Creator—he showed how consonant to the spirit of man, when undehased by sin, is the love of his God; and having dwelt with much fervid eloquence on the blessings which man may accrue to himself by devoting himself to God in all things, the Rev. preacher concluded with an exhortation to a Christian life replete with zeal and charity.

The ceremonies concluded with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



PASTORAL LETTER OF THE RT REV DR. WALSH, THE NEW VICAR APOSTOLIC OF THE LONDON DISTRICT.

Thomas, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Cambysopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of the London District, to our dearly Beloved in Christ, the Clergy Secular and Regular, and the Laity of the London District.

Health and Benediction in our Lord Notwithstanding my earnest representation to the assembled Cardinals that, independently of other reasons, the weak state of my health rendered me totally unfit for the important station in the Church, to which, I understood, it was in contemplation to raise me, from the circumstance of my being the senior Vicar-Apostolic, my objections were overruled, and his Holiness has imposed on me a *sacratissimum preceptum*—There was no alternative but submissively to bow to Supreme Authority.

At the same time, for my consolation and encouragement, it was intimated to me that, in consequence of my infirmities, I should not be required to take on myself more of Church government than I found my strength equal to—Hence the highly talented, learned, and truly zealous Bishop Wiseman has been given to me for my Coadjutor *cum jure successionis*.

Your experience, my beloved brethren, during the last twelve months, of his Lordship's eminent theological attainments, and his unremitting exertions for the "beauty of God's house" and the salvation of souls, must, I feel convinced, have gained for him your confidence, respect, and esteem.

Unwilling, therefore, to occasion the least interruption in the great and glorious work of God, in which he has been hitherto so meritoriously and successfully engaged, it is my wish that you should continue, as before, to consult his Lordship in all matters, spiritual and temporal, affecting religion.

I shall deem it a most sacred and pleasing duty to give to my esteemed Coadjutor all the assistance that my poor abilities and weak state of health will allow.

My Beloved Brethren, grateful to our Heavenly Father for His most tender mercy and love in having graciously made us members of His true Church, and eager to procure for others the happiness we ourselves enjoy, let us in *blessed union and charity*, walking worthy of the vocation in which we are called, Catholics in deed and in truth, preach to all around us the beauty, the consolations, the pure morality of our Holy Religion; and animated by the cheering prospect for the conversion of souls lying open before us, let us by every Christian means in our power, spiritual and temporal, zealously seek to add to the number of true adorers, and thus to give glory to God on high, joy to the angels in Heaven, peace on earth to men of good will.

The grace and blessing of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

Given at London, this sixteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord 1848.

Thomas, Bishop of Cambysopolis, and Vicar-Apostolic of the London District.

THE BIBLE

We find the following excellent remarks on the Bible, in a discourse delivered at Madrid, before the Royal Academy of Languages, by Senor Donoso Cortes, and published in the last number of the *Catholic Magazine*.—

There is a book, the treasure of a nation, which has now become the fable and the reproach of the world, though in former days the star of the east, to whose pages all the great poets of the western world have gone to drink in divine inspiration, and from which they have learned the secret of elevating our hearts and transporting our souls with superhuman and mysterious harmonies. This book is the Bible—the Book of books. In it Dante saw his terrific visions; from it Petrarch learned to modulate the voice of his complainings; from that burning forge the poet of Sorrentum drew forth the splendid brightness of his songs. Without it, Milton would not have viewed woman in her first weakness, man in his first error, Satan in his first conquest, God in his first frown; nor would he have related to the world the tragedy of Paradise, nor haunted in tones of sorrow the evil fate, the sad doom of the human race. And to speak of our own Spain. Who taught the great master, Fray Luis de Leon, his simple sublimity? From whom did Herrera learn his lofty, commanding and vigorous intonation? Who inspired Riquelme with those mournful lamentations, full of pomp

and majesty, and replete with sadness, which he let fall over the dried up fields, and over the parched hills, and over the ruins of empires, like a funeral pall? In that school did Calderon learn to soar up to the eternal mansions, as upon the wings of the wind? Who placed before the eyes of our great mystical writers the dark abysses of the human heart? Who put in their lips those holy harmonies, those tremendous imprecations, those prophetic denunciations, those bursts of sublimity, and those sweet accents of burning charity and of chaste love, with which, while at one time they struck terror into the conscience of the sinner, at another they raised to extatic raptures the pure souls of the just. Suppress the Bible in imagination, and you suppress all that is beautiful and noble in Spanish literature; or at least you strip it of its sublimest outpourings, and of its richest ornaments, of its proudest pomps, of its holy magnificence.

In the Bible are written the annals of heaven, of earth, and of the human race. In it, as in the Divinity itself, is contained that which was, which is, and which is to come. In its first page is recorded the beginning of time and of all things—in its last the end of all things, and of time. It begins with Genesis, which is an idyl; it finishes with the Apocalypse of St. John, which is a funeral hymn. Genesis is beautiful as the first breeze which refreshed the world, as the first flower which budded forth in the fields, as the first tender words which humanity pronounced, as the first sun that rose in the east. The Apocalypse is sad, like the throb of nature, like the last ray of light, like the last glance of the dying; and between the funeral hymn and that idyl, we behold all generations pass, one after another, before the sight of God; and one after another, all nations. The tribes go with their patriarchs; the republics with their magistrates; the monarchies with their kings; the empires with their emperors. Babylon passes with her abominations; Nineveh with her splendour; Memphis with her priesthood; Jerusalem with her prophets and temple; Athens with her arts and her heroes; Rome with her diadem and with the spoils of the world. Nothing remains but God. All the rest passes and dies, as passes and dies the foam that rises on the crest of the waves.

There all catastrophes are related or predicted, and therefore immortal models for all tragedies are to be found there. There we find the narration of all human griefs; and therefore the Biblical harps resound mournfully, giving the tone to all lamentations, and to all elegies. Who will again mean like Job, when driven to the earth by the mighty hand that afflicted him, he fills with his groanings and waters with his tears the valleys of Idomea? Who will again lament as Jeremiah lamented, wandering around Jerusalem, the abandoned of God and men? Who will be mournful and gloomy, with the gloom and the mournfulness of Ezekiel, the poet of great woes and of tremendous punishments, when he gave to the winds his impetuous inspiration, the terror of Babylon? Who shall again sing like Moses, when, after crossing the Red Sea, he chaunted the victory of Jehovah, the defeat of Pharaoh, the liberty of his people? Who shall again chaunt a hymn of victory, like that which was sung by Deborah, the sibil of Israel, the amazon of the Hebrews, the strong woman of the Bible? And if from hymns of victory you pass to hymns of praise, what temple shall ever resound like that of Israel, when those sweet harmonious voices arose to heaven, mingled with the soft perfume of the roses of Jericho, and with the aroma of oriental incense? If you seek for models of lyric poetry, what lyre shall we find comparable to the harp of David, the friend of God, he who listened to the sweet harmonies and caught the soft tones of the harps of angels? or to that of Solomon, the wisest and most fortunate of monarchs, the inspired writer of the song of songs; he who put his wisdom into sentences and proverbs, and finished by pronouncing that all was vanity? If you seek for models of bucolic poetry, where will you find them so fresh and so pure as in the scriptural area of the patriarchate, when the woman and the fountain and the flower were friends, because they were all united, and each one by itself the symbol of primitive simplicity, and of candid innocence? Where shall we find but there those pure and chaste sentiments, and the glowing modesty of wedded life, and the sweet mysterious fragrances that surrounded the patriarchal families?

And thence it is, that all great poets, all who have felt burning within their breasts the inspiring flame of Moses, have run to quench their

thirst at the scriptural fountains of ever-living waters; new forming impetuous torrents, now wide and deep rivers—at one time thundering cascades and boiling torrents, at another, tranquil lakes and peaceful reservoirs.

A prodigious book that, in which the human race began to read, thirty-three centuries ago, and although reading in it every day, every night, and every hour, have not yet finished its perusal. A prodigious book that, in which all is computed before the science of calculation was invented; in which, without the study of languages, we are informed of the origin of languages; in which, without astronomical studies, the revolutions of the stars are computed; in which, without historical documents, we are instructed in history; in which, without physical studies, the laws of nature are revealed. A prodigious book that, which sees and knows all; which knows the thoughts that arise in the heart of man, and those which are present to the mind of God; which views that which passes in the abysses of the sea, and that which takes place in the bottom of the earth; which relates or predicts all the catastrophes of nations, and in which are contained and heaped together all the treasures of mercy, all the treasures of justice, and all the treasures of vengeance. A book in short, which, when the heavens shall fold together like a gigantic scroll, and the earth shall faint away, and the sun withdraw its light, and the stars grow pale, will remain alone with God, because it is his eternal word, and shall resound eternally in the heavens.

SAINT GEORGE'S.

The opening of St. John's magnificent church, Salford, was not attended by any of the St. George's people, although it was a matter of deep regret to them that they could not attend. The numerous meeting of the country Priests of the Midland, Lancashire, and Northern and Western Districts, at the opening of St. George's made it a duty incumbent on the St. George's people to attend at Salford, and they feel it required of them to account for their absence on the joyful occasion. Without publishing the circumstances which kept them all at home, one may just hint at a very interesting celebration that took place in the chapel of our Blessed Lady on St. Laurence's Day. It was the first of the kind in St. George's and the very building itself seemed to know the principal parties engaged therein. The preceding day was occupied in arrangements for the event, and, instead of preparing for a journey to Salford, other matters of importance had to be provided for. We all regretted the stern necessity which bound us hand and foot at home, yet one is compelled at times to take things for "better or worse."

We are magnificent, glorious, overpowering, matchless in our public celebration; so far it is, indeed, splendored—everything, and the music is coming about. The Litany, on Saturday nights, in procession round the church, is very devotional; it is at eight o'clock. Last Sunday night the Guilds of London moved round the aisles of the church to the rhythm of the Litany, with their special costume and banners. My heart is ready to jump out of its place—it is too much for me. Where are we? in London, or Bruges, or Rome? Is it all a dream? St. George's and all its beauty and magnificence, and full rite and wonders, glittering—golden—effulgent! And then the "Ave Maria" repose in the silent, sweet, beautiful St. George's! There is the lamp ever burning within the golden chapel of the ever to be adored and adorable Sacrament, and nearly always some heart beating its pulsations of love before it—this must bring benediction and grace on St. George's.

The most glorious function in St. George's was last Sunday morning, when after the High Mass a solemn procession of the Adorable Sacrament, carried by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, under a rich canopy of eight bearers—Lord Arundel and Surrey, the Hon. Charles Langdale, Hon. Phillip Henry Howard, Messrs. Alfred Lock, Henry Coope, W. Henry Bosanquet, Frederick Capes—all Converts—and Ernest Scott—moved round the interior of the spacious church, with cross-bearers, singing boys and men, confraternities—rather "ly" of St. George's—and a long lengthened line of attendants in white surplices, with children scattering flowers, and fuming censers, and lights, and Priests, and cope men, and all that could render magnificence more magnificent, beauty more beautiful, impressiveness more impressive. The church was too crowded and the long develop-

ment of the procession, and so far our procession of this morning was more effective, because the church was less crowded; but not withstanding the difficulty the procession found in making its way through the dense multitude, its effect was beyond description religiously impressive and beautiful. Some years since, at St. John Lateran's, I saw something similar to it, but not at all to be compared to our procession of last Sunday at St. George's. Don't open your eyes in amazement, my dear Roman, no one venerates Rome more than Father Thomas; but I tell you what, that things are done as well here, if not better, than in Rome, and with much greater solemnity, reverence, earnestness, and deep devotion. We are all in earnest, intense earnestness here; no looking about, no hurry, no nothing but the one stern, real thing—all absorbing adoration and love of the great and Holy God whom we are striving to honour.

Perhaps I am a shade too severe in these matters, but nothing will do for me in holy functions, when God Almighty is before us to receive our worship, but the most reverential and breathless attention. Even in the sacristy I cannot bear anything above a whisper; and loud talking, and running unmeasuredly to and fro, and fuss and bounce, make me happy beyond expression. Father Thomas is not a pious fool who never laughs or swaggers and foots it about. Perhaps amongst his other weaknesses, he is rather too funny for his gravity of office and standing; perhaps he is much too sunny—Don't say "perhaps," but the real truth is that he is so. Well, let it be as you like, he cares for your cause and confesses his fault, and that is something after all; but be that as it may, there is a time for everything excepting sin, and the time for reverence and demeanour befitting high and holy things is, at all times, when one is in or even near the sanctuary of the living God. Don't work me up into indignation so that I could almost scourge you out of the temple—then be silent, be grave, be reverential in the courts of the Lord of Hosts. The functions in Saint George's hitherto would do honour to Saint Peter's in Rome. There is nothing, for the dimensions of the place and its narrow (oh, how narrow!) means, that at all approach to it in this country or any other. Look at Westminster Abbey with all its revenues, and look at Saint George's on a high festival or a common day! One thing must be said, that the opening, and high celebrations since, owe their principal arrangement and credit to the successful exertions of Mr. Burton, the Sacristan. Too much cannot be said in commendation of this gentleman's skill and taste in matters connected with the chancel and, on the opening day, with most other things. This is a duty on my part to make known my feelings of high consideration for the exertions—and efficient exertions—of Mr. Burton; he deserves this, and their it is for him. Everybody else will come in for it by degrees, for right is right every day in the week.

The Adorable Sacrament, ever since Sunday, has been exposed for the worship of the faithful, and every hour, night, and day, until the morning of the High Mass, there has been worshippers before the Divine Presence! What a blessed coming about is this. How, after so many and so great irreverences, indignities, and for so long a night of adversity and repression, is it that the "Holy One" is again adored in London in this sacrament of his love? And what do I see? Who are those bent-down adorers—like adoring seraphs before the Throne—who are paying their hearts offerings to the hidden Holy One? Amongst others, men and women until lately scoffers and revilers of the Divine Presence in the Eucharist: some of them lately Ministers of the Protestant sect—pardon the word, but is it not the word of truth—who are now zealous and ardent, and too happy to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and to give up all things for His sake. The glorious Forty Hours' Adoration terminated this morning with a solemn procession: it was well attended throughout.

The Church was well filled last night with the poor—with those who, after all, are the crown and glory of the Church. They come, poor faithful souls, to speak with him who is their only consolation. Talk of religion, faith, and feeling,—get amongst them and learn your lesson how to worship God. Without a red-screen the Forty Hours' duration would have been half its effect. The "within the Sanctuary" all glory and beauty? Guarded, but not a highway—this Sanctuary, within the red-screen, looked like Heaven, and Heaven's end was there.

FATHER THOMAS.

Tuesday, Octave of the Assumption.

[From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.]

### MISSIONS OF OCEANICA.

Letter of the Reverend Father Rougeyron to the Very Reverend Father Colon, Superior of the Society of Mary.

On Board the *Brillante*, Aug. 13, 1847.

MY VERY REVEREND FATHER,

"In the account which we sent you, we have announced to you the sorrowful occurrences which are after passing at New Caledonia. I hasten to inform you that, if our cross is heavy, it is not, however, without consolation. Our little flock of neophytes, and many of our catechumens, have given us affecting and admirable proofs of a sincere conversion. Oh! how powerful is the grace of baptism upon a soul properly disposed! by means of it wolves are changed into lambs. Here are some details which will not fail to comfort your heart, afflicted by the preceding narrative.

"Young Augustin has been our greatest assistance while we were besieged. He was engaged the entire day in watching what passed without; he forewarned me of the plans of the savages, and the perils we ran. One day that the danger appeared to him greater than usual, he took out of my hands a saleable object, in order to convey it himself to the savages, no doubt with the intention of allaying them by this present. When I inquired the reason of his conduct, he answered me that he did not wish they should treat me in the same way as Brother Blaise. 'As to me,' he added, 'they will not kill me, and when they will do it, their fault will not be so great.' These words, from a young child, drew tears from me, but they were tears of happiness. I found myself well recompensed for the pains I had taken in his instruction.

"Another day, seeing me sorrowful, 'Father,' said he, 'I see plainly that you are going to abandon me.' 'But no,' I replied; 'you are very wise; I love you.' 'Very well, if you love me, why do you not write me a letter, which would be very useful to me in case they should kill you all? I will present it to a captain of some ship, and he will take me to some part where I can make my confession.' There upon a great difficulty arose in his mind:—'Where shall I go to confess? Who will be able to understand me? Ah! how happy would I be to perish with you! Every day, I hear of the death of some one who wished to continue alive; and I, who wished so much to die to go quickly to heaven, do not see my last hour arriving.' And large tears rolled from the eyes of this poor child. I consoled him by saying, that we should leave our lot in the hands of God, who is a good Father. Before his conversion, Augustin was, perhaps, the most savage child of his entire tribe; to-day, his aspect formerly so fierce, has become sweet and calm, and his countenance smiling. It is not yet a year since baptism was wrought this wonder.

"One of our catechists of Poéou, named Gregory, has come in these calamitous times to reside in the midst of us, in order to serve us with more ease. As we could not leave the house, he went to discharge the most dangerous commissions, and a fact which is still more wonderful, he has won for us the affection of the chief of the village. While all conspired our destruction, this chief and Gregory came and brought us the fruits of their fishing. The most beautiful fish were always reserved for us,

"But the catechist who displayed most heroism was Michael. He contended against his own friends to protect us. Overcome by numbers, he saw his cottages burned, his plantations destroyed. Notwithstanding the hostilities directed against us, this good neophyte found means to come on board the ship we had taken refuge. After our flight from Balade I had not seen him. The moment I met him he began to sob vehemently; I endeavoured to speak to him, to console him; he could not answer me, so much was he grieved at our departure. When he had come to himself a little, he begged me to hear his confession once more. His confession ended, he pressed me to remain in his village; but our sojourn in the island becoming impossible, he promised that he would supply our place as well as he could, to continue the Mission, and have churches built. I have induced him to baptize, as he had done before, those who might be in danger of death. He was in hopes that the people of his tribe, finding themselves punished by our departure, would reform, and that on our return we would find a good number disposed

for baptism. Are not all things possible with God? Who can fathom the designs of Providence! Who knows, Reverend Father, but that this event was necessary for the conversion of the New Caledonians?

"Anthony, another young Christian, was beside Brother Blaise when the latter was massacred by blows of a club; he related to us that they cut off the Brother's head, then that they despoiled him of his garments, and that they exercised horrible cruelties on his body; he added, that our minor little chapel had been destroyed, the ornaments profaned, the sacred vessels cast in the dirt, and every article of worship trampled under foot. While the crowd were busied in pillaging our house, Anthony ran to look for the bread mould; he had in view, as he said afterwards, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass; he knew that this was the only one of the kind we had in Caledonia, and this was the reason why he saved this article in preference. He took away in addition, to send to us, a chalice and a small sum of money. This behaviour surprised me the more, as the child was neither one of the most intelligent nor most daring character; but Religion speedily changes a soul.

"How will I speak to you concerning our little Christian Mary? The sentiments of religion which she displayed in this instance are deserving of the highest praise. Whilst the savages were hatching their detestable plots, she made herself acquainted with everything, and came to inform Father Grange of what was passing. When Brother Blaise was wounded, she remained with Anthony beside the dying man, and when he had breathed his last far from abandoning him, she shed bitter tears at his side, then began to say her prayers and repeat the Rosary for the repose of his soul. By a particular inspiration, she cut off a piece of the Brother's garment. The relic was well selected; it was the very piece which had been pierced by the stroke of the lance. It was dyed with blood; she hastened to bring it to the tomb of our first Christian, where she concealed this precious deposit. Some days after she sent it to the catechist, Louis, who gave it to me. What was most astonishing, was the fact that I had never spoken of relics to this child; I do not know who could have given her this religious idea. It was in vain that both men and women ridiculed her sorrow; in vain did they make use of threats and promises to make her take part in their devastations. She would have no hand in their thefts. When night came on she profited of the occasion to pay to the good Brother the honours of burial. Alone, and by means of a little stick, this child of twelve years succeeded in scraping a trench, wherein she laid with her weak hands the mutilated members of the deceased. More than once did she come to weep and pray over this tomb. I was not able before my departure to visit this young girl; but I commended her to Michael. He promised me that he would make her come to his house with three other Catholics of the same age, 'and there,' said he, 'we will pray together.'

"It was not alone the Christians who consoled us in our distress, but likewise the catechumens. Mangora, a child about nine years old, brother of the great chief, Poébo, lived with us for three months. He was gifted with much intelligence, and had excellent dispositions. I endeavoured to bring him up in the best manner I could, and he corresponded to my care. Lately conversing with Louis, he said to him, 'If they kill the Missioners and that they spare me, I know well what I will do. I will conceal myself behind the door; then I will open it suddenly, and before they recognize me, a shower of lances will fall and kill me; this is what I wish for, as I desire to die with them.' Do not these sentiments denote a great soul? He and his brother Koine, eight years of age, came the day of our departure to apprise me privately that their brother Kenon, the great chief of Poébo, was inclined to betray us. This was true. We would all have been betrayed had it not been for the providential warning of these two children. In order to evade the vigilance of their friends who wished to detain them, they made a feint of going to the mountain, they then descended across the ravines and morasses upon the bank of the river, where they found us, and gave us

\* Brother Blaise Marmoton, born March 16, 1819, at Yssac la Yourette, diocese of Clermont, left for the Foreign Missions in 1843, with the Right Rev. Dr. Douanne, Bishop of Amata. His piety, his docility, and his devotion made him valuable to the Mission which has just lost him, and which received from him important services.

warning. At the sight of these two poor little creatures, covered with mud and dripping with water, I could not restrain my emotion.

"Three other Christians, Victor, Raphael, and Magdalen, in like manner, rendered us every service in their power.

"I have told you nothing yet about Alexis, the principal chief of a populous village at Poébo. It was he who died, some time ago the death of the just. Every evening, at the sound of a little bell which I had given him, he assembled together his followers, his wife and children, he said with them prayers and the Rosary, then gave them short instructions. For some time previous every one remarked the progress which grace was making in this soul. His faith and his piety constituted my happiness in Caledonia. The good God demanded from me a sacrifice; He took from me my beloved neophyte. I trust he will be a gem in my crown in heaven. The Mission has sustained a great loss in him, as it had done before in 1846 by the death of the pious Elizabeth, an admirable woman, whose zeal had changed her into an apostle in the midst of this tribe. These two neophytes were our dearest hope; but the work of God suffers contradiction, and it is at the moment when everything seems lost, that success is oftentimes nearest.—God wishes to let us see that conversion comes from Him alone, and not from men.

"Our Christians have shown themselves so deserving of the name—so faithful to us, even in our misfortunes, that I would wish to die among them. It is true we leave New Caledonia the theatre of our toils and of our sufferings, but it is not for ever. I trust that the moment for our return to this land of desolation, where we have sown the seed of Christians, will soon arrive. Alas! these poor savages understand not what they are doing; they are deserving of every pity. The more they persecute us, the more we love them in Jesus Christ, who died for them as well as for us. We do not cease to pray for their conversion, and we would willingly give a thousand lives if we had them, for their salvation and happiness.

ROUGEYRON, *Missioner-Apostolic of the Society of Mary.*

(From the London News.)

### OPENING OF ST. GEORGE'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, LONDON.

From the reign of Queen Mary to that of Queen Victoria there has been no such remarkable day in London for the Roman Catholics as that which the scene of Tuesday presented at Lambert parish, upon the opening of the new church in Westminster road. For the first time since the year 1558, there were seen clustering together in the immediate neighborhood of the Archbishop of Canterbury, foreign archbishops and bishops, some 300 or 400 priests, monks in their white gowns and hoods, friars of various orders, and all wearing rich robes or poor habiliments, indicative either of the high rank to which they have attained in the Church, or the poverty which they have devoted themselves. The new church of St. George, which was now opened for the first time, was erected at a cost of £40,000. It is a noble pile of building, a specimen of the pure old Gothic, and capable of containing 4,000 persons. To those not acquainted with the form of Roman Catholic churches it may be necessary to state that it represents in the interior a cross, of which the body constitutes that portion which is allotted to the laity, whilst the head and arms, separated by rich screens of ornamented brass-work from the congregation, for three chapels; the centre containing the high altar, and one on the right being devoted to the peculiar worship of the sacrament, and that on the left to the commemoration of the joys and sufferings of the Virgin Mary. Each of the side chapels as well as the centre, contains alters, and at these it is intended to have mass celebrated every day in the week. Along each of the sides are arranged confessionals, which are formed in the wall of the building, and not projecting from it as they may be seen in churches on the Continent.

THE REWARD.—Hulme, the guard of the Great Southern and Western Railway, who arrested Mr. Smith O'Brien, at Thurles, has received the full reward of £500, promised in the Lord-Lieutenant's Proclamation. He was paid the money on Tuesday, at the Bank of Ireland. It is stated that Hulme, who is an Englishman, intends to leave the country.

(From the Catholic Advocate.)  
MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

Catholicity is surely not responsible for the low state of Mexican civilization. It had to work in Mexico with inferior or bad materials, and considering everything, its success has been beyond any merely human calculation. The Catholic Spaniards found the Aztecs debased heathens, addicted to frightful orgies and human sacrifices; they converted them to Christianity, softened their manners, and brought them gradually to better principles and to more human practice. On the ruins of the blood-stained Teocalli, they reared the graceful Christian temple, which was speedily crowded with devout worshippers. They intermarried with the natives, and brought them gradually to perhaps as high a state of civilization as they were capable of. If they could not raise them higher, it was surely not their fault, much less that of their religion.

Now what have we enlightened Anglo-Saxon Protestants of North America done to improve the social and religious condition of the aboriginal inhabitants, who roamed over our forests before we ever set foot on the territory of this Union? Echo answers—*what?* Verily the Mexican might say to us with a derisive smile, that we have won immortal laurels in this field. We have civilized and Christianized the Indians with a vengeance! Those whom we have not utterly exterminated—and their number is also comparatively small—we have humanely driven from post to post until at last we have expelled them from the beloved graves of their fathers, and scattered them through the forests which lie beyond the utmost western bounds of our inhabited territory. We were so proud of our blood, and so elated with our Bible enlightenment, that we could never brook the idea of living in the same territory, or breathing the same atmosphere with our red brethren. These have melted away before the march of our civilization, as the snow before the rising sun.

What heathen nation, in fact, has Protestantism, with all its proud boasting, ever converted or civilized? We have not yet heard of one.

When speaking of the Mexican Indians—who even now constitute more than one half the entire Mexican population—we should never forget our own Indians of the North. The Aztecs still live in their descendants; but where are the hundred tribes which once peopled the Eastern and Middle States of our confederation? Where are they? Gone forever,—thanks to our superior enlightenment and humanity!

CONVERSION.—John E. Bowden, Esq., of Trinity College, Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Dr. Fergusson, on the 2nd inst., at the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Fulham.—*Tablet.*

IRELAND.—A writer in Douglas Jerrold's newspaper says that Ireland has cost England £150,000,000 since the Union; that being the net excess of the expenditure for the Irish Government over the receipts of the Irish revenue. But this money, it must be understood, has not been spent for the benefit of the Irish people, but the English people governing Ireland. Ireland is actually made to contribute about £20,000,000 per annum to the support of the government, and it is small consolation to her that the English poor are also fleeced for the selfsame purpose.

### Births

SEPTEMBER 1—Mrs Dillon, of a son.  
" 1—Mrs Leary, of a son.  
" 2—Mrs Newman, of a daughter.  
" 4—Mrs Bowler, of a son.  
" 7—Mrs W. Murphy, of a son.  
" 7—Mrs J. Murphy, of a daughter.  
" 8—Mrs Monahan, of a daughter.  
" 8—Mrs Kelly, of a son.  
" 10—Mrs Hanigan, of a son.  
" 10—Mrs Geraghty, of a son.  
" 10—Mrs Gully, of a daughter.

### Weds.

SEPTEMBER 11—John Mealy, private of the 1st Royal Regt., native of Ireland, aged 38 years.  
" 11—James, son of Wm. and Jane Butler, aged 7 months.  
" 14—John, infant son of J. and Mary Nowlan, aged 18 days.  
" 13—Johannah, infant daughter of Patk and Bridget Deegan, aged 1 year and 3 months.