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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 Proscrip. xvii  
"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 impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious"—St. Cyprian Ep. 13 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. 1.

Calendar.

- July 30—Sunday—VII after Pentecost and I August Commem of the Holy Roman Pontiffs Doub com &c.
- " 31—Monday—S. Ignatius of Loyola Con. Doub.
- Aug. 1—Tuesday—S. Peter's Chains G Doub com &c.
- " 2—Wednesday—S. Stephen I P M Doub Sup.
- " 3—Thursday—Finding of the Body of S. Stephen Semid.
- " 4—Friday—S. Donatus G Doub.
- " 5—Saturday—Dedication of B V M ad Nives G Doub.

BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS

In reply to "Kirwan," alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR—

The merit of your letters, if they have any in the eyes of sincere Protestants, is in the supposed fact that you were brought up and instructed in the Catholic religion; and that your testimony is more trustworthy, on this account, than if you had been born and brought up a Protestant.

This is, in fact, the ground which you have taken.—You speak of yourself, of your knowledge and experience of the Catholic Religion, of your motives and reasons for renouncing it, from the beginning to the end of your letters. You are the witness in the cause, you are the hero of the romance; and it will be impossible for me to do justice to the review, without paying attention to the prominent personality, which you have established for yourself, in assigning the reasons of your conversion.

The first position which I intend to establish, then, is that Ireland never produced a peasant more ignorant of the Catholic, or of the Protestant religion, than you were, when you renounced the creed of your fathers and became an infidel. For the proof of this position you shall be my witness. Turn to your first letter, and read your own words.

"I first became an infidel. Knowing nothing of religion but that which was taught me by parents and priests, and thinking that that was the sum of it, when that was rejected infidelity became my only alternative."—p. 11.

"On reaching the years of maturity my mind was a perfect blank as to all religious instruction."—p. 30.

"With my Missal I was somewhat familiar; I said the catechism when I was confirmed, at the age of nine or ten, and that was the amount of my religious education. At the age of eighteen years the catechism was forgotten, and the Missal was neglected, and my conscience was uneducated, and my mind unfurnished with religious principles, the only test of truth left me was my common sense."—p. 31.

This was precisely the ago at which you left the Church, and became an infidel. Your "mind was a perfect blank as to all religious instruction." In other words, you were perfectly ignorant of the religion which you were about to reject, and, if we can trust to your own words, this ignorance was the only reason going before and determining your conversion to infidelity.

The reader may suppose that in proclaiming your profound ignorance of religion, your meaning is, that you understood the Catholic religion, in which you were brought up, but were as yet

ignorant of the pure evangelical doctrines which you have since embraced. But this would be a mistake. Your meaning is, that you were entirely ignorant of the Catholic religion, as well as of all others. For this also we have your own testimony, in the following words:

"Some book or tract, now forgotten, gave rise to some inquiries as to the Mass. I asked, What does it mean? I could not tell, though for years a regular attendant upon it. Why does the priest dress so? What book does he read from, when carried now to his right, and now to his left? What mean those candles burning at noon-day? Why do I say prayers in Latin, which I understand not? Should I not know what I am saying when addressing my Maker? Why do I bow down and strike my breast, when the little bell rings? What does it all mean? The darkness of Egypt rested upon those questions."

Never did man forsake one religion and join another, who had contrived to be so profoundly ignorant of the forsaken creed, as you, Nicholas Murry, prove yourself to have been, in regard to Catholicity, when you renounced it, and became an infidel. Whatever you know of it now, true or false, you have learned as other Protestants do, outside of the Church and from her enemies.

It is imputed to our countrymen that they act first, and reflect afterwards. I am sorry, Sir, that your conduct, when you renounced the creed of your humble, but, I have no doubt, virtuous and respectable parents, goes so far to justify the imputation. It is certain, on your own testimony, that when you ceased to be a Catholic and became an infidel, the Catholic religion might be true, or might be false, for all you knew about it. It is equally certain that when, in 1817, you publish a series of smart, if not learned, reasons for your conduct thirty years ago, you have been again acting more *Hibernico*—and sorry am I that during so long a period, with the advantages of American and Presbyterian training, you have not yet out-grown the Irishman's national weakness. But, Sir, no unsophisticated Irishman would attempt to justify his act by reasons which in the order of time, occur to his mind many years after the act had been performed—as you have done. A genuine Irishman would consent to be laughed at, and would join in the laugh with right good humour, rather than attempt the trick of reversing the wheel of time, and assigning the reasons of 1817 as the motives of his conduct in 1820.

The chronology of the events which make up a case is oftentimes very important. Previous to your conversion you knew nothing of the Catholic—nothing of the Protestant—religion. The reasons assigned in your recent letters, may or may not be good reasons, but whether good or bad, they had nothing to do with your change of religion. You blundered out of the Church and into infidelity without knowing why or wherefore—and your reasons are all out of date. They might be styled with great propriety, "An Irishman's Motives for becoming a Protestant, arranged according to the order imputed to his countrymen, that of acting first, and reflecting afterwards."

You may blame your priests or your parents for the peculiar absence of religious knowledge which preceded your conversion. But the fact of your profound ignorance of all religion, at the period of your change, is the material point, and you have been candid enough to establish that point beyond all dispute.

You seem to be troubled with a peculiar weakness of memory—and this is a great misfortune

in a Christian man who writes for the edification of the public. After what we have just seen of your mental condition at the period of your apostasy from the Church, into what an awkward exhibition of yourself does this short memory betray you at the end of your first Letter, where you "profess to state in a series of Letters to my Right Reverence the reasons which induced you to leave the Roman Catholic Church, and which prevent you from returning to it."—(page 11.) Now, dear "Kirwan," we are told in Logic, that of two propositions which mutually contradict each other, one must be false. If your mind was "a perfect blank as to all religious instruction," as you assure us it was (page 30), how could you have "reasons that induced you to leave the Church?"—(page 11.) Have you forgotten in one page, what you had affirmed in the other? Now, however, that I have called your recollection to the mistake, pray, be serious, and tell the public which of these contradictory statements you would have it to believe. Why, Sir, your own great stand-by, "common sense," revolts at the insult of religious "reasons," offered from a mind which, as to religious instruction, is a "perfect blank."

Some persons may think that you are quizzing the public. I think not. Your memory appears to have been but poor from your childhood. And here allow me to pluck up a nettle which you would have planted on the graves of "your parents and priests." Thanks to their charitable efforts for your instruction in the Christian doctrine, you "knew your Catechism by heart, at the age of nine or ten years, when you were confirmed."—(page 31.) Now I would call this a good, almost an extraordinary memory in a child of ten years. It had received and retained the waters of Christian knowledge which overspread the pages of the entire Catechism which you knew by heart. This was no trifle. But the first subsequent evidence of its failure is the fact that you have forgotten to tell us of the sad catastrophe by which it became a cracked and leaky cistern immediately after confirmation; so that the "catechism itself was forgotten" when you arrived at the jumping-off age of eighteen years—(ibid.) Pray, might I ask, whether it was this, your precocious talent of forgetfulness which caused you, at that period, to be "even talked of as a candidate for Maynooth?"—(page 31.)

But after all, dear Sir, this memory of yours puzzles me amazingly. I turn to page 98, where having given me up, you address the Irish Catholic Laity in such tones of winning tenderness, that Blarney Castle never tipped the human tongue with sweeter. "Your present feelings as to your church, I have had in all their force. I can entirely appreciate them. I have cordially hated Protestantism and Protestants; and I have seen the time when I regarded the man as my personal enemy who would utter a word against my religion. But those were the days of my youth, and of my ignorance. When I became a man, I put away childish things."—(page 98.) Why, this is queer. You had forgotten at eighteen what the Church had taught you; and you remember at seven and forty, your hatred of Protestants which she never taught you at all! You remember that when you became a man, you "put away childish things" and "became also an infidel." Yet you forgot that you had told us before, that when you became a man, there were no "childish things" left to be put away—that they had already slipped from your memory—that at the early age of eighteen you had "forgotten them, and that, as

to religious instruction, your mind was a "perfect blank!"

It is not my business to reconcile these flat, palpable contradictions. I have established, from your own repeated avowal your utter and profound ignorance of the Catholic religion, when you left the Church, and became an infidel. You never returned, to finish, or rather to begin your Catholic education. Like one of the winged messengers let loose from the hand of the Patriarch, you found more congenial sustenance abroad, and you visited the Ark no more. In all of this you may have been sincere, and if you were, in nothing of this do I blame you. But I blame you for assuming a character which does not belong to you.

When a man changes his religion he ought to be serious and sincere. When he does it with that direct reference to his account at the bar of God's eternal judgment, which leaves no doubt as to the sincerity of his motive, then, as I said once before, I regard it as the grandest and most truly heroic act of which a rational being is capable on this earth. To assign the motives for such an act is equally fair and honorable. But, Sir, I can conceive of nothing more disgusting to an upright man to discover what is vulgarly, but very expressively called "humbug" mixed up in the assignment of such motives. This foul admixture is what I charge upon your recent Letters, and blame.

The American public are generous, and credulous too, towards those who profess to write for their amusement or instruction. Being chiefly Protestants, little acquainted with the religion which you have forsaken and denounced, they would be, they have been particularly generous and credulous towards you. As an Irishman, it is unworthy of you to take unfair advantage of these noble sentiments.

It is true, that if they read your pages with a cold, impartial criticism, they would see nothing to put them on their guard. But your profound ignorance of the Catholic doctrine, when you became an infidel, which you assert and repeat, *usque ad nauseam*, they will construe, like yourself, as the reproach of your parents and priests. On the other hand, your introduction of yourself as one brought up in the "camp of the enemy," was obviously calculated, if not intended to deceive them. Here is your bow to the public. "I was baptized by a priest—I was confirmed by a bishop—I often went to confession—I have worn my amulets—and I have said my Pater Nosters and my Hail Marys, more times than I can now enumerate."—(page 10.)

Now, this announcement of your competency to treat the subject, is sufficiently brief, and sufficiently stupid.—Barring the "amulets," Voltaire could have said the same of himself. But ninety-nine out of every hundred of your American readers would say on perusing this "There, at length, is a man who knows Popery from within, from personal knowledge—a man who, with the modesty of true genius, merely insinuates the extent of his information, and thus avoids Egotism and the offensive display of his gifts."

Such feelings on the part of the American Public ought not to be trifled with by you. Of your knowledge of Popery, as you call it, you know nothing—and you have avowed it. Then you are no more competent to speak or write of it, than Dr. Brownlee was. What you know of it, true or false, you, like him, have learned from its enemies. But there is a difference. Dr. Brownlee never had the chance to learn and then forget the Catholic catechism before the age of eighteen.

The public, then, understand that you are rank among those anti-Catholic writers. From such fountains as that mammoth "McGavin's Protestant." Retailers may take from that source theological buckets-full and deal it out to those who wish for it. It would seem that such are still numerous enough to make the tury ashamed of itself, if it were the age of light which it professes to be.

In this letter I have proved, on your own testimony, that you were utterly ignorant of Catholic doctrine when you left the Church and became an infidel. In my next I shall have the more pleasing task of tracing your progress out of infidelity and into Presbyterianism, which was a decided improvement in your spiritual, and possibly in your temporal, condition. Meanwhile, I feel the same pity and benevolence towards you as before.

✠ JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York.

From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MONTREAL, June 30th, 1848.

DEAR SIR.—It has often been my lot to place before your readers the colorful spectacle of a fever-stricken and sorrowing city, be mine also the pleasing task to depict certain events which have within the space of a few weeks shed light and joy over the Catholic population of Montreal and their more especially that the first of them has sprung up from the depth of the gloom which so lately hung around us—so intimate is the connexion which frequently exists between joy and sorrow, between pleasure and pain.

You cannot but remember that when the dread typhus of last summer had attained its height, Mons Bourget, the venerable Bishop of Montreal, seeing so many of his most valuable brethren in the ministry falling around him, (he himself being on the very brink of the grave, reduced thereto by the same fearful malady,) made a solemn vow to her whom he delights to call his patroness—the Virgin Mother, the hope of the faithful—that if she would vouchsafe to obtain of her divine son the expulsion of the pestilence which threatened to all but depopulate her own dedicated city, that he, its chief pastor, would have his statue once more restored to its ancient shrine in her church of Bon Secours (whence it had been impiously purloined some years since,) as a perpetual monument of his gratitude for her tender and ever-efficient advocacy of sinners. That fervent prayer was heard and granted (who ever so sued to her in vain!) as you also know, and the Bishop, in fulfillment of his vow, has had a beautiful bronze statue of the spotless queen placed again in the shrine so long desolate and lonely. He has further seen fit, in his wisdom and piety, to re-establish the devotion of the pilgrimage of our Lady of Succour (Bon Secours.) At this double ceremony his lordship, the Bishop of Kingston, assisted, and the statue was carried in solemn procession from the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where it was consecrated, to its destination in the Church of Bon Secours, where it now stands, a torching memento of superhuman tenderness on the one part, and of pious gratitude on the other.

But alas! there is no earthly good without alloy—all that brings joy to human hearts comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing—and so our rejoicing is tempered by the rabid rancor of the fanatics whose sour looks and bitter revellings are gratuitously heaped upon all who take part in such religious exhibitions—falling with double avidity and envenomed gall upon the priests whom they call the prime-movers. I happy that we are how can we offer up our petitions "beneath the virgin's shrine," and hope that they will be heard while our evangelized neighbours raise the finger in scorn and call us worshippers of Mary. What a terrible penalty is that of their censure—and how much it is dreaded by Catholics. This then is offence No. 1, we proceed to relate the second, viz.

The consecration of the great bell of the French Cathedral (le Bourdon St. Jean Baptiste) which took place in front of the high altar, where the bell had been placed on a sort of platform erected for the purpose. Nothing was wanting on this occasion that might give a more imposing character to the ceremony. The sponsors (twelve in number,) were chosen from amongst the most distinguished Catholics of Montreal—the Attorney General and his lady being of the number. Amid the majestic swell of choral music, and the murmured prayers arising from thousands of hearts, the blessing was pronounced—those high and holy words which consecrated to the service

of the temple that vast "instrument of sound" which is destined to peal forth to generations yet unborn—the children of ages yet to come the glad tidings of redemption. This ceremony failed not to call forth the fiercest denunciations of our charitable fellow-citizens (i. e. that illustrious body which professes to read and expound the scriptures—unread and unexpounded by others—especially Catholics!) who exclaim with all the fervor of honest and righteous zeal against such a monstrous piece of absurdity, (yet the Lutherans bless their churches, &c., and their cemeteries too, if I mistake not.) "Oh ye elect," do they cry, "ye evangelised and double-refined Christians! are we to have our city defiled by such abominations as blessing bells." And one of their accredited organs, keeping an eye to business, gives the double advice—"Read the account elsewhere given of the baptism of the bell, and then subscribe to the Canadian Missionary Society." (Albeit the luckless institution so styled is in a rapid consumption—that is, judging from their Annual Report.)

Now, these two affairs were trying enough to puritanical eyes and ears, but oh horror of horrors; what were they to the Fete Dieu held on last Sunday afternoon—the weather in the forenoon having been unfavourable! To us it gave exceeding joy and satisfaction to hear the bells of the different churches (with ever and anon over all a deep stroke from the detested importation—the great bell) pealing loudly and joyously at intervals from noon of the preceding day, and our hearts were full of gladness and rejoicing when at length the glorious procession swept slowly by—when we beheld the sacred host borne aloft beneath a gorgeous canopy of yellow satin embroidered in silver. It was a beautiful sight to behold the pious followers of the cross—the different religious communities thus joining in the public homage paid to their Divine Master and model—there, too, were the almost countless orphans whom they are leading along in the way of salvation. There, also, with reverently uncovered heads moves the Catholic members of the bar (no inconsiderable number), and after all, a vast crowd of citizens of every grade and profession. There was one circumstance which particularly struck me, and that was, that though the Bishops, together with the greater portion of the Clergy, are of French or French Canadian birth, yet was the van of the procession given to the Irish, and it sent a thrill of joy to my heart when I saw their banners—the banners of my country—waving in the front. So true it is that wherever the children of the Church are assembled from many lands to rejoice together in spiritual gladness, there will the faithful people of Ireland be accorded that pre-eminence which their long and patient sufferings—their Christian endurance—have so nobly earned. Such scenes as these then, it is, Mr. Editor, which excite Montreal to the heart and soul of the true Catholic, and which cause us, while the heart beats tumultuously, and the eye fills with tears of joy, to exclaim, with the apostles on Mount Thabor, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

As for those—whether knavish or insensate I know not—God knows—who take offence at such exhibitions, and who would insult the understandings, and mock the holy faith of Catholics by treating these sacred subjects with their usual levity and scoffing at ceremonies which they will fully misunderstand, we will only say, and this more in sorrow than in anger, go on with your proselytising—collect pounds, shillings, and pence from the four corners of earth, if you possibly can, extend your "institute" as much as you may—and prophecy as loudly as you can about the approaching downfall of Ant. Christ—(His Holiness, Pius the Ninth—one of the most illustrious Pontiffs that has yet sat in the Chair of St Peter)—but ere we leave you to your own pious promptings, hear a word at parting. Be assured, that when your swarming sects (all busy and zealous as they are) shall be with the things that were—following in the wake of many heresies in their brief day more widely spread than is any of yours—when the conventicles which you now so foully pervert from their original purpose as to use them almost entirely for fulminating the most hideous calumny against the queen of nations—the mother Church of Christendom—when these conventicles, I say, may (a thing not unprecedented in modern times) be used as Catholic Churches, and their worshippers an entire congregation of converts, then will that bell whose consecration has so ruffled your serene manes, boom forth its thundering peal over the rolling waves of the Saint Lawrence,

summoning to the celebration of the divine mysteries of a Catholic community multiplied an hundred, nay, a thousand times—the faithful people of Montreal will regard as one of their most valued possessions that same shrine of Bon Secours and its queenly status, and the Fete de Dieu will still shed its glory and brightness on those children of future years! Rail then—rail and revile—we notice your brawling no more! I remain, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours, &c.

HIBERNICA.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 29.

### NEWS BY THE STEAMER EUROPA.

The news from Ireland is important. Several of the leaders of the Irish people have been arrested. Some for Treason, under the new Feloony Act, and others for Sedition only. Messrs. Duffy of the Nation, Martin of the Felon, and Doherty and Williams of the Tribune, have been committed to Newgate, and the sale of these papers prevented. Messrs. Meagher, McGeogh, Doheny, and some others have been arrested on charges of Sedition, but subsequently admitted to bail. The greatest excitement prevailed. Attempts to rescue Mr. Duffy were made while he was being conveyed to prison, and the people were with difficulty persuaded by him to be peaceable, and wait the proper time. Nothing shows the alarm felt by the Government more strongly than these arrests. All their plans for goading the people into a premature outbreak, having failed they hope to crush the determined spirits of the Irish by sending a few of their leaders to Newgate. It is now too late—the Irish League, combining Old and Young Ireland, is in full operation—Clubs have been formed in every part of the Country—the people are well organized—and the scenes which occurred on the arrest of Mr. Meagher are significant of what can be done when the proper time shall arrive.

Mr. Meagher was arrested near his father's house in Waterford. There can be no mistake as to the spirit of the people on that occasion, if we may judge from the following, which is partly taken from an Anti-Repeat journal.

"Immediately upon the news having spread, all the chapel bells were rung, and the whole population turned out and occupied, in a dense mass, the entire line of the quays, the Mall, and Berezford-street. Several efforts were made to break open the iron door of Mr. Meagher's residence, with a view to have him rescued. Mr. Meagher having been informed of this determination on the part of the people, appeared and in the most passionate terms implored them to abandon the project. His remonstrances were not at once successful. In the meanwhile several of his fellow-citizens men of different politics and persuasions—waited upon him and expressed their sympathy. Mr. Meagher appeared, for a second time, at the window, passionately appealing to the people not to be led, blindly and madly, into the massacre that must follow. He implored of them not to anticipate their time, and wreck, in a sea of useless blood, their stately cause, which was now bounding so gallantly across every peril. The people appeared to grow calmer.

"At half past six o'clock, Mr. Meagher, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Tracy, proceeded by a large posse of constables and a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons, and followed by two companies of the 7th Fusiliers, the officers mounted, proceeded along the quays of Waterford, surrounded by a dense and threatening crowd until they came to the bridge, which had been by that time barricaded with piles of timber. The progress of the cortege to this point was extremely slow and frequently interrupted, owing to the immense pressure of the crowd. Again and again did the people press round the carriage, clinging to the windows, the springs, the wheels—begging, wildly and passionately, for Mr. Meagher to let them out." "Oh, in God's name, Sir, give us the word, and let us at them—do, Sir, do, in Heaven's name!" Mr. Meagher would not yield to the vehement and tumultuous passion which every moment threatened to bear them away, in spite of all his instructions. Having called a number of the "Felon Club" to the carriage, he ordered them to see these instructions carried into effect, and they promised to do so. "But (said they) it is all your own fault you are going, for we are ready for the word." The traces of the carriage were cut, and behind the barricade were several thousand men, crea-

ting every demonstration of a determined resistance. There would have been a dreadful scene of disaster had it not been for the eloquent exhortations of Mr. Meagher himself, and those of the Rev. Mr. Tracy. To these the people at length assented reluctantly, pulled down the barricade, the traces were mended, and the party proceeded to Ballyhale, where they met the Dublin mail, and Mr. Meagher, Captain Gunn, constabulary inspector, accompanied by a few police, who arrived with carbines and sixty rounds of cartridge each, proceeded to Dublin."

Paris still continues in a disturbed state. The Government are proceeding slowly with the trial of the insurgents. Nothing has been determined on with regard to those who may be found guilty. Assassinations have become very frequent.

The funeral of the late Archbishop of Paris was attended by General Cavaignac, President of the Republic—the members of the National Assembly, and by immense crowds of all classes. The coffin was borne alternately by clergymen and by the National Guard. Nine Bishops were present. As the procession moved from the Archbishop's palace to Notre Dame the most profound impression seemed to be made on those who were assembled. All were deeply affected, and a profound silence prevailed, interrupted only by the solemn chanting of the clergy.

The Bishop of Digne, Monseigneur Sibour, has been nominated Archbishop of Paris. He is the author of several works, and a distinguished preacher.

Affairs are still unsettled in the other Countries of Europe. The war between Italy and Austria continues, without any signal advantage on either side. Austria is willing to surrender all claims on Lombardy, but on such terms as the Italians cannot agree to. French intervention is again spoken of, and if this should be the case a European war will be inevitable. Prussia is still disturbed, and the people of Berlin are kept quiet only through dread of the immense army assembled by the Government.

It was rumoured that the Russians, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the different countries, had marched an army into Moldavia. If this should be confirmed important results may be anticipated from it.

We are indebted to a correspondent for a copy of the following letter, addressed to his sister by one of the passengers on board the brig Commerce, wrecked at Port Mouton, about 20 miles from Liverpool, N. S. The Commerce sailed from Galway for St. John, N. B., on the 28th of April, with about 70 passengers. It will be seen that the unfortunate sufferers experienced great kindness from all classes in Liverpool, and that every effort was made to provide for their wants.

JUNE 3, 1848.

DEAR SISTER,—

A little removed from the difficulties which I lately experienced, I write to inform you that the "Commerce" became a total wreck on the 31st of May, at a place called Port Mouton, on the coast of Nova Scotia.

Though we all rushed from our berths to the deck as soon as the Commerce struck, yet in consequence of its being only 2 o'clock, a. m., and of the dense fog which prevailed, we could not determine whether the island we saw was land or ice. Thus situated, expecting the Commerce to fall asunder every moment, we remained till 4 o'clock, a. m., when a partial disappearance of the fog enabled us to see that we were only a few paces from land. The captain, when all things were prepared to land us, sent some of his men ashore to haul us in the long boat from the vessel to the shore.

By this means we all expected to effect a landing, but on making her second trip the long boat dashed against a rock, and afforded but a short time to those in her to escape a watery grave.

The rest of us, who remained on board, had to effect a landing by means of a cable extended from the vessel to the land.

About 12 o'clock all the passengers and crew were safe on shore with the exception of 4 children who were washed overboard, and Mrs. Coyne and Burke, and Mr. Michael Curcoran, and John Lyden, one of the crew. But in the cabin of the vessel which parted from the hull 11 o'clock, a. m., there remained 18 of the passengers crying out for help. The Captain and all his men were ashore and unwilling to make any effort to save those 18 persons. They would have all perished had not one of the passengers gone to their relief. He succeeded in landing

them all safe 15 minutes before the cabin went to pieces. We spent the following night upon the Island, where we received every attention from Mr. Burton. On the following day, being Ascension Thursday, we were conveyed about 10 miles East, to a town called Liverpool.

I could not describe to you the kindness shown us by the people of Liverpool. We who entered Liverpool on Ascension Thursday, bare-footed and bare-headed, might be seen on the following day decently dressed. We expect to leave on to-morrow for St. John, N. B. But wherever we go we cannot forget the kindness shewn us by the people of Liverpool. I myself will never forget their sympathy and benevolence.

Mrs. Dillon is rather sick, but she has every attendance for one of the members of Parliament\* took her and her four children under his charge. Mr. Phileas little girl is also sick, but suffers no want, for he and his family remain with a lawyer †. All the rest of the passengers are in good health, and will be able to leave to-morrow.

I remain your affectionate sister,

#### NEW YORK HERALD—APPROACHING CONVERSION OF BENNETT.

Our predictions concerning this notorious character are about to be realised. He appears to be sick of abusing "Bishop Hughes," or rather he has found from experience that there is "neither pleasure, profit, nor applause," in contending with so tough a customer. Bennett is certainly backing out with that quality which is "the better part of valour." Happy for him, if he had learned it sooner. We are not surprised at his being a little awkward in his new dodge, which we copy from the last number of the Herald:—

"KIRWAN vs. HUGHES—HUGHES vs. McMURRAY.—The polemic dispute between the Revd. Dr. McMurray, of Elizabeth, and the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, of New York, waxes warmer and warmer every day. It is an exceedingly interesting squabble, and a perusal of the epistles which emanate from the reverend disputants, will effectually relieve ennui, or drive away the lassitude occasioned by this warm weather.

"Thus far, we think our old friend and pitcher, Bishop Hughes, has the best of it. As a logician, he excels his opponent, and has not done anything since he opened his batteries except use his logical powers in the demolition of the positions taken by Mr. McMurray, alias Kirwan.

"The merits of the matter in issue between the reverend combatants have not, however, yet been touched upon by our friend the Bishop. We suppose that he desires first to clear away the barricades, before he assaults the battery. We shall keep an eye on the progress of the controversy, and see that both have fair play. We have not the heart to see our old friend, the Bishop, unfairly treated, and if he should receive a blow below the 'belt,' we shall be the first to cry 'foul,' and place him on his legs again." —N. Y. Herald.

#### THE BISHOP.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, accompanied by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, left town on Monday evening on a Visitation to the Eastern districts of his Diocese. On Wednesday, the feast of St. Anne, His Lordship officiated at the Indian Chapel at Shubenacadie.

From an early hour he was engaged, assisted by the Vicar General and Rev. Mr. Phelan, in hearing confessions and in preparing for communion, and Confirmation, the poor Indians, and numbers of the other Catholics of the District. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Phelan, at which the Bishop assisted. The performance of the Indian Choir was very creditable. After Mass his Lordship preached, and then confirmed nearly 40 persons, more than half of whom were Indians. The Cemetery attached to the Church was then solemnly blessed. Five crosses, candles, and all things in accordance with the Pontifical, had been previously prepared by the Indians. A beautiful set of the "Stations of the Cross," presented by the Bishop, were then placed in the Church, which, to the great delight of the Indians, was named after the Saint of the day. The Feast of St. Anne will be long remembered by the poor Indians of Shubenacadie, in the evening his Lordship left for Turo.

A great temperance movement is going forward in Canada, under the patronage of the Catholic clergy. Bishop Bourget leads the reform.

\* Mr. Campbell. † Mr. Seely

We insert with much pleasure, the following lines on the late Rev. Mr. Daly. They were written almost impromptu by a friend and fellow-student of his in the neighboring Province of New Brunswick, the moment he heard of the melancholy news of his death.—

#### ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE REV. EDWARD DALY.

"Friend after friend departs,—  
Who hath not lost a friend!—  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That hands not here an end."

—MONTGOMERY.

A melancholy tale  
A tale of anguish which I would not hear,  
Blighting the beauties of my flowery vale,  
Hath smote upon my ear.

And I have lost a friend,  
The friend of youth—the earliest of the few,  
And such a one, as Heav'n doth rarely send—  
So gentle, kind, and true.

My Edward passed and gone!  
Brief was the period of thy course below,  
A lovely light that glimmer'd, then passed on,  
With more than mortal glow.

And what is now my part?—  
To weep and wail? yet wherefore sorrow now?—  
Art thou not living with the saints?—thou art—  
With glory on thy brow!

But will this holy thought  
Dry up the tears that flow like summer rain?—  
'Tis sweet as Heav'n—but ah! it healeth not—  
Gush forth, my tears? again.

Weak nature must have way,  
In such a woful, such a trying hour,  
And all that Reason—all that Faith may say  
Must yield to sorrow's pow'r.

And there is one alas!  
One lonely one—one wretched one, whose heart  
Is shivered now, e'en like the broken glass—  
She quivers to depart.

O terrible indeed  
Must be that mother's sorrow and distress!  
My grief is grown, to see her bosom bleed  
Beneath such wretchedness!

She wails her only son!—  
Enough—enough—who may describe her woe!—  
For her indeed the laughing day is done,  
And all is night below.

But oh! my friend! my friend!  
How is it that we part, and thou so dear?  
In vain the carols of the grove ascend—  
In vain the vernal year—

In vain this se my spot—  
Where all is beauty—all is health and bloom,  
This vale of peace, where I have found my lot—  
'Tis now a graveyard's gloom!

I knew thee from youth's day,  
And nought of guile I ever saw in thee;  
Thou wast an angel's self enshrined in clay,  
And earth's thou couldst not be.

I blessed the hallowed hour,  
When thou wast called before the holy shrine,  
To chaunt the wonders of Jehovah's power,  
And taste the Gift Divine.

I marked thy fair career,  
And, like a brother, I rejoiced to see  
How bright thou promis'dst for the sacred sphere  
Which thou didst seek with me.

Who knew thee and not loved?—  
Ay—thou wast dear to all that heard thy name—  
Who weeps not now to see thee thus removed?—  
A thousand mourn, the same.

Farewell then,—oh, farewell!  
Thou that didst love me in this place of clay!  
Neither forget me where thy soul doth dwell—  
Pray for me, Purest! pray.

July 19, 1818.

#### CHIEF JUSTICE BRADY

Lest the entire Bar of Nova Scotia should be compromised by some remarks in the Sun of Monday last, relative to this respected functionary, we deem it right to state that the Honble. Speaker of the House, the Honble. Attorney General Unacke, &c. called on the Chief Justice and paid their respects at his apartments in the City Hotel.

ORANGE REPEALERS.—An Orange correspondent of the Freeman states that twenty-nine persons have been expelled from lodges in Belfast district alone for holding Repeal opinions.

#### DIocese OF CINCINNATI.—CONFIRMATION—PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell, confirmed twenty-eight persons, of whom fourteen were pupils of the Academy, in the Convent Chapel of the Ursulines on Corpus Christi morning.

At 9 A. M. the bishop commenced a solemn Pontifical Mass in the vast hall of the new Convent, Rev. Father De Smet being assisting Priest. Rev. Messrs. Gacon and Patchewski Deacon and Subdeacon, and Rev. Messrs. Butler and Cheymol Masters of ceremonies. Extensive preparations had been made, under the skilful direction of Revd. Mr. Butler, celebrate the great Festival of the Real Presence with all possible solemnity, and it was intended that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered on one of the magnificent altars erected in the Convent woods. But this the rain, which fell at an early hour in the morning, prevented. After the High Mass and sermon by the Bishop, the weather became clear and the sun had so effectually dried the rain on leaflet, tree and flower, as to admit of the procession's taking place without the slightest inconvenience. First was borne the Cross between two acolytes—then came the young girls of the school and congregation, from fifty to an hundred couples, clad in purest white, and gracefully waving, every one, a banner on which was inscribed.

"Ecco Agnus Dei!" Besides these smaller banners, there were three large ones—the Infant Saviour—the Immaculate Mother—the Holy Patron of St. Patrick's Church, with appropriate mottoes, admirably designed and executed by Rev. Mr. Butler, and followed by a devout and silent multitude of, at least, ten or twelve hundred persons. Before the beautiful dais, or Canopy, under which the Holy Sacrament was borne by the Bishop, supported by the Rev. Father De Smet on one side, and the Rev. Deacon and Subdeacon on the other—the canopy itself being carried by four worthy Catholics of as many different nations—America, Ireland, Germany, France, there were two thurifers, who knelt at concerted signals, and swung their glowing censers, while immediately after, six of the little girls, looking more like angels than beings of earthly mould, looked up towards the August Sacrament, like children gazing into their father's countenance with affectionate reverence, and scattered roses and fragrant flowers in the paths of the Saviour! Meantime the Fayetteville choir continued to sing the most delightful hymns in honor of the "Present God" who makes it his "delight to dwell with the children of men." At each altar, overarched by the twining foliage of the ancient oak and maple, Benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament, and short addresses were made to excite the fervor of the assistants. The last altar, or station, was in the chapel of St. Martin, near the Convent, on which is still seen the small Wooden Cross which once surmounted the first Catholic Church ever erected in Cincinnati—Here properly terminated one of the most edifying religious ceremonies ever witnessed in the diocese—a ceremony, the like of which many an aged Catholic, especially from persecuted Ireland, had never seen before, and one, we humbly hope, which was looked upon complacently by our Heavenly Father, while it kindled in the hearts of His children a new flame of devotion towards the sun and centre of Catholic piety—the Eucharist!

#### THE REFORMATION REFORMED

CHURCH REFORMATION SOCIETY.—The Rev. Thomas Spencer, A. M., has issued proposals for instituting a Church Reform Society, for the purpose of carrying on "in the Church of England the great work of the Reformation, begun by Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and others, in the reigns of Henry VIII, and Edward VI, and left imperfect in the reign of Elizabeth." It is proposed to convene a public meeting in London, at which a Church Reformation Society will be formed.—Among the objects of the Church Reformation Society will be—To call public attention to the present state of the Church of England; to prove to the people that ecclesiastical abuses either cause or increase all other social evils, to cultivate the feelings of Christian brotherhood towards all other Protestant Churches and denominations, and to invite their co-operation; to report all cases of bigotry and superstition, and of intolerant and uncharitable proceedings towards Dissenters; to trace the evils of the Church to its wealth and power, and to its intimate union with the State, and to address me-

morials to the clergy and people of England, and to forward petitions to Her Majesty and to both Houses of Parliament, in behalf of the glorious work of the Second Reformation.—Nonconformist.

#### ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.

On Sunday, 29th May, the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed sixty-one persons in St. Joan's church, Frederick city, and preached on the occasion. The same day, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop, the Right Rev. Bishop Miles of Nashville confirmed fifty-seven persons at St. Patrick's church, Baltimore. On the following Thursday, June 1st, he confirmed ten of the pupils, at the Academy of the Visitation, in the same city. On the same day, the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston confirmed one hundred and thirty persons at the Cathedral.

DEDICATION, &c.—On Ascension day, June 1st, the oratory of the spacious and elegant building, known as Calvert Hall, which has recently been altered in its interior arrangements for the use of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was blessed for that purpose by the Most Rev. Archbishop. The Brothers now occupy it, and enjoy every convenience for the accommodation of those who may wish to join their order. The school under their charge is in a flourishing condition.

June 4th, in the morning, the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed one hundred and twenty-nine persons at Cumberland, and preached twice. In the afternoon he laid the corner stone of a new German church, and preached. On the feast of Pentecost he preached at Wheeling, Va., whence he continued his journey to Detroit, to preside at the consecration of the new cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, on the 29th June.

Since writing the above, we received from an esteemed correspondent the following details which will be read with pleasure.

#### CUMBERLAND, Md.

Mr. Editor.—On Sunday the 4th of June, the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston administered confirmation to one hundred and twenty-nine persons in St. Patrick's church of this place. The church was crowded, and surrounded by an immense throng of people, both Catholics and Protestants, eager to witness the solemnities of the day. High mass was celebrated by the Rev. L. Obermyer, pastor of the congregation, and immediately before confirmation the Archbishop ascended the pulpit and delivered a most powerful discourse in language chaste and eloquent. The delighted audience listened with breathless attention whilst he delineated in glowing terms the trials and triumphs of the church of God, always confiding through every vicissitude in the promised protection of the strong arm of omnipotence. The clearness of thought and strength of argument, as well as his elegance of diction and graceful manner, convinced the understandings and won the admiration of his numerous hearers.—Catholic Magazine.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.—It is believed that the police agents have discovered the individual who fired at the Archbishop, and who subsequently stripped him of his sash, to which gold ornaments were attached, and which he wore over his pontifical habit. It appears that a grocer's shopman, named Manchon, has been identified as having several times exhibited with a certain ostentation a portion of the Bishop's sash. When arrested and interrogated, Manchon admitted that he was at the barricade in the Rue de Charenton, and that he there saw one of his comrades in possession of the Bishop's sash. He asked him for it, but the other refused to give it. Whilst they were disputing for its possession, a third man cut the sash into two parts with his sabre, and he took one. Manchon added, that subsequently, fearing that the possession of the portion of the sash might compromise him, he had destroyed it. He afterwards, however, confessed that his portion of the sash still exists, and M. Fourton, the Commissary of Police appointed to investigate the affair, has discovered half the Bishop's sash and the gold ornament attached in Manchon's lodging.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.—A private letter, just received in this neighbourhood from Italy, states we are sorry to say, that His Holiness the Pope has had a severe epileptic attack.—Belfast IV. Whig.

We have received the continuation of Prudendus, No. 4, and it shall appear in our next.

**OPENING OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LONDON.**

It will naturally be expected that our pages should contain some account of this auspicious and long expected event. Thanks to Him by whose good Providence our wavering and imperfect designs are brought to a happy issue. Saint George's Church has at length been opened. All honor to those patient and zealous men to whom, under God, the Catholics of London owe the completion of this work. Undaunted by difficulties and obstacles, great enough to have subdued a courage and to have wearied a perseverance less invincible than theirs, they have at length received the reward of their labours, and have earned a title to the gratitude of every heart. Their names need no record here; and their richest recompense will be the prayers of the poor, for whom alone they have so nobly toiled and struggled, and with whom they will henceforth "take sweet counsel" in that glorious temple, of which, in a special manner, they have made them the possessors.

The ceremonies of Tuesday last, commenced at eleven o'clock by a procession, which was composed of exactly three hundred persons, including their Lordships the Bishops. The whole congregation which completely filled the church in every part, and which included many distinguished foreigners, as well as nearly all the more eminent names amongst the Catholic nobility and gentry, rose up as the head of the procession entered the western door. First in the procession came the Hon. A. Petre, thurifer followed by the Rev Dr. Fergusson, Cross bearer and by the Hon E Stonor and Mr W Burke, acolytes. Next—

- Twenty-four torch-bearers.
- The incense-bearer, Sir John Acton.
- The Clergy, 240 in number, walking two abreast.
- The Religious Orders.
- The Passionists.
- The Oratorians.
- The Dominicans.
- The Cistercians.
- The Benedictines.
- The Franciscans.
- The Members of the Institute of Charity.
- The Foreign Clergy.
- The French Canons.
- The Deacons and Sub-Deacons.
- The Rt Rev Dr Davis, Lord Bishop of Mantua.
- His Lordship's Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Sharples.
- Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Brown of Wales.
- Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Morris, Lord Bishop of Troy.
- Chaplain.
- The Rt Rev Dr Brown, of Liverpool.
- Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Waicing, VA of the Eastern District.
- Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Briggs, VA of the Northern District.
- Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Brown, Lord Bishop of Elphin.
- Chaplain.
- The Right Rev Dr Gillis, Coadjutor Bishop of Edinburgh.
- Chaplain.
- The Lord Bishop of Tournai.
- Chaplain.
- The Lord Bishop of Liege.
- Chaplain.
- The Lord Bishop of Luxembourg.
- Chaplain.
- The Lord Bishop of Treves.
- Two Chaplains.
- The Right Rev Dr Wiseman, PVA of the London District.
- Train-Bearer.
- The Deacon and Sub-Deacon, Rev J Searle and Rev G Talbot.
- Attendants.

We shall not attempt to describe the effect of this magnificent procession. The foreign Prelates, we are informed, who knew only the history of our tribulations and persecutions, were deeply affected at witnessing such a spectacle in poor, desolate England. None who saw can ever forget it. When their Lordships the Bishops had entered the sanctuary, and the immense body of Clergy had taken their allotted places, immediately contiguous to it, High Mass, which was sung by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, commenced. After the Gospel, his Lordship, still vested in his chasuble, with mitre and crozier,

ascended the pulpit, the Deacon and Sub-Deacon standing immediately behind him. We can do little more than mention the subject of the impressive discourse which the venerated Prelate delivered. The text was from the 117th psalm—"The Lord is God, and hath shone upon us," &c. His Lordship declared that, in the midst of so many illustrious Bishops, with whom the sanctuary was filled, and some of whom represented the most ancient and famous places of ecclesiastical history, he would rather have meditated in silence upon the glories of that solemnity than have undertaken to fill the office of teacher; but at least he could say in the words of the text, "The Lord hath shone upon us..... Thou art my God and I will praise Thee, Thou art my God, and I will exalt Thee." Yes, Catholics of England (he continued), praise God who has done such great things for us—praise Him in the *laud canonicas* of the Church—but, above all, praise him at the moment when the Adorable Victim shall be, for the first time, elevated upon this altar, and render thanks to Him for all His mercies vouchsafed to you. His Lordship then entered upon an elaborate argument, which was mainly addressed to the strangers who were present, in defence of the external splendors of religion. After noticing that Almighty God had Himself established the harmony between outward splendor and inward love, when He gave special wisdom and skill to the builders of the first temple, and the most minute directions how it should be finished in every part, the Bishop remarked that all this magnificence of decoration and elaborateness of form was imperiously commanded, even though He knew the day was not far distant when it should all be ruined and defaced, and need to be built up a second time! This thought was pursued at much length, and then his Lordship appealed to the spontaneous and universal testimony of men of every creed and clime. Go to foreign lands (said he) and wherever you see the tall minaret more imposing than its fellows, or the rich pagoda, or the high and vaulted dome, you will exclaim instinctively, "That is the temple which these men have raised to their God;" and thus the very Pagan and idolator witness against the heartless and modern theory, that the Almighty cares not whether we offer to Him our best and choicest, and sets no value on our gifts. The contempt of splendour in religion (the Bishop added) came not from the inspiration of grace, nor even from the teaching of child-like nature, but through the crooked ways of avarice, and the crafty counsels of pride and self-indulgence. Towards the close of his powerful address, of which we regret to offer only these imperfect fragments, his Lordship produced a profound emotion throughout the church, by reading a letter which he had received from the late Archbishop of Paris, the last martyr of the Church, in which that heroic Prelate expressed his deep regret at being prevented, by the unhappy condition of France, from assisting at the opening of St. George's. Soon after this incident, which caused a deep sensation, the Bishop concluded his discourse, and having returned to the sanctuary, continued the celebration of the Holy Mysteries. The procession then left the Church in the same order in which it had entered.

At half-past four the bell again tolled for Vespers and Solemn Benediction. The same long procession, increased by the addition of the members of the various Guilds, and marshalled in the same imposing order, entered the Church, now blazing with innumerable lights, arranged with admirable taste and judgment. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, who chose for his text the words, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth: go ye therefore," &c. It is impossible to convey, within the limits at our disposal, any adequate expression of the extraordinary eloquence and persuasiveness of this wonderful discourse. His Lordship commenced by observing, that "the wondrous commission of God to His Church, announced in the words of the text, needed to be prefaced by a declaration of omnipotence." That commission implied the absolute and unrestricted right to be heard by all men, in all places, and none but Catholic Priests had ever dared to say, by virtue of this commission, to every inhabitant of the earth, *Hear us*. The voice of the Catholic Apostles had indeed gone all through the whole world, which the Church filled with her sacred presence, and with the majesty of her sufferings and her trials. No matter if the Jews refuse to hear—she turns to the Gentiles; no matter to her how "hard" is the truth which she delivers to a sen-

sual world, no matter whether her altars be in the catacombs, or in the basilicas of Rome, God will for ever, and so therefore doth the Church offer it may be said, in the words of St. Paul, that by Faith she has conquered kingdoms, and wrought justice, she stands, when all else passes away, because she has foundations, and because her maker and builder is God. The very being of the Church is as a second Incarnation of God, she is His body—not like to that temple which was left to men to rebuild, but like that temple of Christ's own body, which He Himself, by His own power, raised up, and because she is His own body, she is immortal.

His Lordship then proceeded to show, in a discourse which occupied nearly an hour and a half, and which was received with breathless attention, that the life of the Christian Church is, in reality, the continuation of the life of the Son of God. In her He lives again; and as His history did not terminate with His Passion, so, "till the end of time," hers must remain unknown and unwritten, and, meanwhile, we can only imperfectly trace her steps, as she follows Him. In order to point out to his hearers how this was to be done, the Bishop then opened out, with consummate skill and force, the analogy between the history of the Church and that of her Divine Founder in the three periods of His life (1) when He was unknown to and hidden from the world, (2), during His sacred ministry, (3) in His adorable Passion.

(1.) As it was said of Him, "There hath stood one in the midst you whom you knew not," so of her it is true, that men pass by her and perceive not the glory which dwells within her. All those ineffable mysteries which she keeps and dispenses, all those high and awful gifts of which she is the treasury, all those ordinances and institutions which belong to her alone, who but her own children can discern or comprehend them? Like Christ, they are hidden from the world. And this is true, in a special manner, of the transcendent glory and mystery of the Divine Eucharist. His Lordship here turned towards our Blessed Lord, concealed within the Tabernacle, and poured forth the homage of adoring faith and love, in terms which we feel it to be impossible to re-produce. At that moment we could only desire to join in his act of worship, without an attempt to preserve a record of his words.

(2.) The most perfect history (continued the Prelate) of our Lord's life and ministry, is in the inspired word, "He went about doing good." And, to compare Him, in this respect also, with His Church, with what has she been busy from the first hour of her existence, but with the works of spiritual and corporal mercy? She has had her wonders, indeed, like Him; for of her it was said, "Greater things than these shall ye do; but her existence in the world, and her action upon it, is a greater miracle than any which the Saints have wrought. And now, in the old age of the world, to show that she is still young as ever, within fifteen years she has founded forty new dioceses in heathen lands! What mountain so high that she has not reached its summit? What mine so deep in the bowels of the earth, that she has not carried her message to them who dwell in its abyss? What sea so broad or deep that she hath not launched her bark on its waters? Open the wide and eventful history of Christian Europe, and what is it but her history! as the history of the whole world is that of the Son of God made man.

(3.) She has shared also the Passion of her Lord. What floods of anger have not been poured out upon her? What has she not had to bear in this century, from those who once called her Mother? What is she not now enduring in other lands? But she rejoices, like her Master, in suffering and tribulation; and when the tempest sweeps over her, and bares her to the very rock of her foundation, it only shows, that Christ is there. Three hundred years, (continued his Lordship), have made sad havoc here. The ages of Faith have passed away from us. England's Cathedral towers no longer summon her children to the pure worship of God. Incense is no more offered before her profaned and deserted altars. All is changed. The poor man is called the pauper, for charity is fled away too. The Monastery of St. Alban, England's proto-martyr, is desolate, and its ruins are the type of England's present condition. Once the nursery and the mother of England's glory, that fair Abbey, the cradle of arts and science, and the home of the poor, is now a desolation. So changed is our unfortunate country, that the Church herself,

like the hero of Grecian story, is obliged to appear in the garb of a beggar, to make herself known in her own home and to her own people. Yet her prayer is not for justice, but mercy—mercy on the land that knew not that, in casting her out it was parting with its own life. And if, as there is too much reason to fear, the day should come when England's might shall be humbled, and her pride confounded, if, when it shall be said to her, "Come down thou Virgin, daughter of Babylon, and sit in the dust," it is in that hour she shall still possess only a Church which tries to be Catholic, but *connot*, which would fain be fruitful, but yields no progeny, which strives to roll back the floods of evil, yet sees them ever deepening around her, and upon which the curse of old seems to have fallen, that she should have "dry beasts and a barren womb." If, in that awful hour, England should have no other refuge than this, then at length she will find that in treating the Church of God as the Jews treated her Lord and Founder, she has earned for herself their reward, and fallen upon their desolation.

His Lordship concluded his discourse by thanking the foreign Prelates, in the French language, for their attendance at the solemnities of that day, and for the proof which they had thus afforded, and which so many other of their illustrious brethren would have given, had the state of the times permitted, that their love was for us as ours was for them, and that they recognized the little flock of the Faithful in England as the only true members of that great family of God which they themselves had been chosen to rule in happier and more favored lands.—*Tablet*.

THE LATE LORD TRIGNMOUTH'S RESIDENCE AT CLAPHAM.—JUNE 22.—The Redemptorists have just purchased this mansion and grounds, for the purpose of erecting a monastery and church upon the site. In the meantime the house will be occupied as a residence for the Fathers. It is very singular, in connection with the above circumstance, that the first meeting of the Bible Society was held in the drawing room of this mansion, from whence the religion of the Bible is now about to fertilize the surrounding districts. There is already a Convent of the ladies of Notre Dame, with a chapel, at Clapham. As soon as the Rev. Fathers are settled, the public chapel will be transferred to their house, and the present conventual chapel be used in private.—*Correspondent of Tablet*.

The following act of ignorant superstitious was committed a few days ago at Amsterdam. A country girl in the service of a baker had joined a sect of Pietistes, some of the members of which assured her that she possessed the Divine essence, and therefore was invulnerable. Fully believing this herself, she asserted this to her fellow-servants, and to convince them, thrust her right hand into the blazing oven, but in a few seconds her hand was so severely burnt that she will be deprived of the use of it for the rest of her life.—*Galignani*.

A COMPLIMENT TO IRELAND.—An Irish protestant minister now in the U. States, publishes a letter in the columns of the *Presbyterian* in which he pays the following compliment to Ireland:

"Ireland has been contributing the most active and successful missionaries of Romanism to resist the efforts of Protestant evangelism in every part of the world."

**Births**

- JULY 15—Mrs. Dillon, of a son.
- " 15—Mrs Malone, of a daughter.
- " 17—Mrs O'Malley, of a son.
- " 17—Mrs Keefe, of a son.
- " 17—Mrs Wm Walsh, of a son.
- " 17—Mrs P Walsh, of a son.
- " 19—Mrs J Walsh, of a son.
- " 20—Mrs Owen, of a son.
- " 20—Mrs T Moriarty, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Devlin, of a daughter.
- " 22—Mrs J Moriarty, of a daughter.
- " 22—Mrs Vaughan, of a son.
- " 24—Mrs Dady, of a son.
- " 26—Mrs Hagan, of a son.
- " 26—Mrs Byrne, of a daughter.
- " 27—Mrs Murphy, of a son.

**Married.**

- JULY 17—Nicholas Wilson to Marian Lee.
- " 17—John Norris to Abigail McElleby.
- " 19—Robert Hogan to Cath. Fitzgerald.