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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 38.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

- SEPTEMBER 19—Sunday—XVII after Pentecost, IV Sept, seven Dolours of B. V. M. G.  
20—Monday—St. Agapitus, I. P. C.  
21—Tuesday—St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.  
22—Wednesday—St. Thomas Villanova. B. C. und Doci.  
23—Thursday—St. Linus, P. M.  
24—Friday—Blessed Virgin Mary, de Mercede, G.  
25—Saturday—St. Eustachius, &c., M.M.

## ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The adjourned meeting of the Halifax Branch of this Association will be held at St. Mary's Vestry on to-morrow, immediately after Vespers.—From the spirit and zeal that have been hitherto manifested by the Catholics of Halifax, in behalf of this great Catholic Institution, we think it unnecessary to request a punctual attendance of the collectors and members. The receipts of the past year will be transmitted to Paris, after the meeting of to-morrow.

The Diocese of New York has been recently divided by the Holy See into three Distinct Dioceses—New York, Albany and Buffalo. Dr. Hughes will of course continue Bishop of New York, his Coadjutor Dr. McClosky has been appointed Bishop of Albany, and the Very Rev. Mr. Timon, the superior of the Lazarists has been named to the See of Buffalo.

The acts of the sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore held by the Bishops of the United States, have been confirmed at Rome.

It appears from the New York Papers that the notorious Maria Monk is now confined in a Prison of that State, in consequence of a conviction for Robbery. This is the infamous wretch who published such lying forgeries about Convents some years ago, and whose calumnies were swallowed by the anti-Catholic bigots of the day.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the letter of a *Subscriber*.—His request is reasonable, but everything must give place to the detailed account of the solemn obsequies of the Liberator of Ireland.

The complaint of our correspondent from St. John's N.B., is a just one. The subject however, would be more appropriately discussed in a local newspaper. The Catholics of St. John's if properly united, have nothing to fear from all the malice of their blood-stained Orange opponents. If the Government cannot or will not protect them, they must only protect themselves. The value set upon the life of a Catholic and an Orangeman by the authorities is curious enough. When a "mere Irishman" and Papist is murdered in cold blood, the Government offer a reward of £100 in *twelve days after the murder*. When an Orangeman falls by the hand of some unknown assassin, a Reward of *Three Hundred Pounds* is offered at once for the apprehension of the murderer. And this is called impartial justice in New Brunswick! The present state of the city of St. John is a dis-

grace to the Incapables who are entrusted with the maintenance of the Queen's Peace in that quarter.

## O'CONNELL IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

*From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

### SOLEMN OBSEQUIES IN THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

The following is the translation of the Latin inscription which appeared in our last:—

#### TO DANIEL O'CONNELL,

A man deserving of celebrity in every age,

And cannot be forgotten in his own.

A man—who, by the splendour of his genius

And surpassing eloquence

Did the life, religion, rights and liberties

Of his fellow-countrymen

Secure and guard.

Accustomed to affairs of importance from an early age,

He found no difficulty in unravelling the deepest state plot,

Owing to the acuteness and activity of his mind.

He will be for ever equally distinguished

For liberality and honour.

His door was never closed to any;

But to the needy was open with exceeding generosity.

At length all the duties to his country being religiously performed,

His adversaries conquered, and faction laid asleep

The Catholic Religion to which he wholly devoted himself,

Vindicated in its liberties,

From the storms of this world to the harbour of eternity,

He has betaken himself,

To the overwhelming grief as well of his own countrymen as strangers.

He died at Genoa, 15th May, in the year of our Redemption MDCCCLVII.

He lived 71 years, 9 months, 6 days;

For age and deeds a long period;

For the protection and comfort of his people,

Alas, too short!

#### THE CONGREGATION.

Before eleven o'clock the house was filled. The aisles and galleries were occupied by the laity.—

The nave was reserved for the clergy. On many a countenance we saw the trace of sorrow—real, heartfelt sorrow, such as seldom attends the great when death has robbed them of their power. In many an eye we saw the tear—many a smothered sob we heard. To describe the numbers, rank, or residence of the lay gentlemen, would be wholly impossible. Of the highest order of the clergy the solemn occasion called together—

The Metropolitan The Most Rev. Dr. Murray,

The Most Rev. Dr. MacHale,

The Most Rev. Dr. Nicholson, Corsu,

The Most Rev. Dr. Polding, Australia,

The Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell,

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Higgins,

The Right Rev. Dr. Keating,

The Right Rev. Dr. Maginn,

The Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally,

The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Hyderabad,

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Salda, and

The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bombay,

It was not want of will, as the following letter amply shows, prevented other Irish prelates being present:—

“ 2, Williams' Park, Rathmines,  
August 3d, 1847.

“ REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

“ I did hope to be comforted in some degree for the loss we have all sustained in being deprived of our beloved Liberator and most illustrious friend, by assisting in every act of public reverence which the gratitude of our people has suggested, and particularly in those acts of Christian piety which are now the most useful to him, if he need our assistance, or productive of greater glory, if, as his happy death affords strong reason to assume he is already in possession of the reward of his virtues and labors. With that hope, as soon as I learned from the public papers that his remains were to arrive here on Sunday, and that the obsequies of his soul were to be continued for four days, I resolved to be among the foremost of those who loved and wished to honour him, and, accordingly postponing other engagements which I am never accustomed to delay, I came to Dublin last Friday in order to have myself ready for taking my place in whatever way I could show my attachment, and love, and veneration, for him. In that hope I have been sadly disappointed. Some of my old infirmities have fallen upon me with such pressure latterly, that they render me unable, even when I most wish it, to execute what formerly would have been quite easy; and since I arrived here, notwithstanding the kindest attention of affectionate friends, and every effort on my own part, I have been constantly confined by one of those troublesome causes and have been warned by eminent physicians not

to leave the house, unless for a short airing, and particularly not to go to the obsequies to-morrow, nor to the funeral on Thursday. The remembrance of the extraordinary kindness with which the illustrious deceased honoured me, while the expression of his esteem was sufficient to confer honour upon the most exalted by rank or dignity; will naturally excite surprise at my absence on such occasions among those who know me, and especially if my absence be noticed by the immediate relatives of that great man. I beg, therefore, that you will take the trouble, as occasion may offer, to explain the reason why I am not found, where if I could be, I ought to be; and that you will assure the beloved family who are the chief sufferers, and whose most severe trial I deeply lament, that though I cannot attend at the obsequies in the church or at the funeral procession, to-morrow and Thursday shall be consecrated by me to fervent prayer for the immortal soul whose eternal happiness is now the fondest desire of those who best loved him.

"I have the honour to be, with great esteem and respect, reverend and dear Sir, your ever faithful servant,

✠ MICHAEL BLAKE.

"The Rev. Peter Cooper, &c., &c."

#### THE OFFICE

commenced a little after eleven—the Rev. Doctors Laphen, and O'Hanlon, acting as chaunters. The nine lessons of the nocturns were read by nine of the prelates present. Peculiarly mournful, indeed, on this mournful occasion, was the low deep chaunt of the solemn office for the dead. The joyous notes of the organ were hushed. Nothing was heard but the saddest and most solemn tones the human voice can produce, over which ever and anon was heard the tolling of the death bell, which ceased not to remind the city of the loss it had sustained.

#### THE GRAND HIGH MASS.

The grand high mass, at which the Right Rev. Doctor Whelan acted as celebrant, Doctor Cooper as Deacon, Rev. Mr. Murphy, as Sub-Deacon, Rev. Mr. Keogh, as senior master of ceremonies, and the Rev. Mr. Pope, as assistant priest, commenced as soon as the office had terminated. The Venerable Metropolitan, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, presided.

The ceremonies of the Catholic Church, always solemn, always beautiful, always grand, always pregnant with meaning, were especially so, on the present occasion. The presence of so many clergymen whose venerable hairs surpassed their surplices in whiteness—the presence of so many learned and pious prelates—the dignity, the age, and sainted look of him who presided—the occasion that called them together—the solemn, yet sublime appearance of the church—but, above all, the idea that O'Connell

was there, predisposed the audience to enter fully into the feelings the solemn occasion inspired, to imbibe the eloquent teaching of the mute ceremonies, and read aright the lessons they gave. Never shall we forget the sensations we felt when, about the awful moment of consecration, the whole assembly fell prostrate in adoration, and nothing was heard but the O Salutaris wafted on the rich, deep, full voice of Doctor Laphen. It was, indeed, a scene worthy of Ireland mourning her Liberator,

#### THE FUNERAL ORATION

Was preached by the Rev. Dr. Miley. The appearance of the reverend gentleman in the pulpit seemed to have increased the interest taken in the proceedings by all who were present. The preacher had journeyed so far with O'Connell alive and dead, he came before the people as the guardian of their dearest treasure. At least they would appear to view him in that light. Often during his brilliant discourse he wept himself and drew tears from his audience. He described O'Connell's victory in death his fame at Rome and all over the world. He gave an eloquent account of the obsequies in Rome, of the journey homewards, of the passage through the Alps, their reception in France, and in England, asked where could O'Connell be rivalled among the great men of the past, vindicated O'Connell's principles in language equally beautiful, forcible, and eloquent, alluded to O'Connell's sincere devotion to his religion, and to the new link by which he has bound Ireland to Rome by sending his heart there, dwelt feelingly on O'Connell's great love for the Irish people, and expressed his conviction that the suffering of the poor in Ireland this year had weighed so heavily upon him as to hasten his death, and concluded by recommending that O'Connell's remains should be interred near his childhood's home.

#### THE ABSOLUTION.

The solemn absolution which the Pontifical prescribes in offices for a Pope, a Bishop, or a Prince, was given on yesterday over the remains of O'Connell. This interesting ceremony, so seldom celebrated, and which raised O'Connell to the dignity of a Prince in the Catholic Church of his native land was thus performed. The five senior bishops, the Most Rev. Doctors Murray, M'Hale, and Nicholson and the Right Rev. Doctors Keating and Whelan, left the sacristy in black copes, followed the Master of the ceremonies to the Catafalque, and took their positions at the respective corners, the celebrant remaining at the head. Each in turn, then gave the usual absolution prescribed in the Roman Pontifical. And thus ended the most solemn obsequies ever celebrated in Dublin.

## THE FUNERAL.

Sad, solemn and impressive, beyond all human power to describe, and almost beyond all human conception, was the scene witnessed in our city on Thursday. Ireland's last tribute of respect to her departed Liberator. Everything wore the appearance of mourning. It was impossible to pass through our streets without feeling that a great event was about to take place, and that event one of sorrow.—In the countenance of every one there was depicted a heart home grief. Not alone in the line of procession, but through the city generally, the shops were closed. The bells of the different churches tolled knells to the memory of the illustrious dead, and these were in fact, the only sounds that broke on the solemn stillness; there was even in the most youthful and unthinking of the congregated masses, an appearance of solemnity well befitting the occasion; the joyous levity, which in large assemblies generally prevails, had departed while its place was supplied with marked indications that nobler and more exalted sentiments than mere curiosity to see a pageant lurked round the hearts of the spectators, and actuated their motions. They evinced feelings alike honourable to themselves and to the illustrious dead. Every possible mark of outward respect and affectionate grief was demonstrated, and the demeanor of all proved that mourning was not put on as a mere holiday garb. Never before had so many persons assembled in public to behold a spectacle or rather to pay a tribute of devotion and respect among whom there was such unbroken silence.

There was a melancholy pleasure in witnessing the ardour and devotedness with which the crowds pressed forward. They gave proof that though the man had departed, the memory of his worth survives—that though the voice is stilled in death, the principles which he promulgated, and the truths which he uttered, remain pure and intact; they gave proof, also, that gratitude is still an abiding principle in the Irish heart. Those who triumphantly boasted that the announcement of O'Connell's death was received with apathy and indifference, had only to witness his funeral ceremonial. They would see the hushed sorrow of the people hither-to was not because of indifference to the man or to the cause that he upheld in life—that it proceeded alone from that mysterious principle in the human mind which refuses to associate the cause of death with those whom they have been taught to love and honour. Men knew that he was dead, and yet it is only within the last few days that the fact has been realized to their minds. On the arrival of the body the melancholy truth burst for the first time upon the nation in its full intensity, and of the effects of that knowledge our streets afforded ample proof to-day. Each man felt the death of

the Liberator as a family bereavement, and accorded a child like devotion to the memory of him who loved Ireland with more than a Father's love.—Rich and poor—old and young—men of every class and creed joined in the tribute. Never was a people's gratitude and a people's sorrow more unequivocally expressed; never was such expression more undividedly deserved.

Many hours before the time appointed for the funeral every street leading to the Metropolitan Church, presented a stream of well-dressed persons men, women, and children, thronging towards those points from which the sad ceremonial could be seen to the greatest advantage. Indeed so great was the anxiety of the public to participate in this last act of the melancholy drama that immense numbers of persons anticipating a repetition of the inconveniences attending the approach to the church within the last few days, had taken the precaution to bivouac in the immediate neighbourhood of Marlborough street, and in all those situations from which a good view of the mournful cavalcade could be obtained. There was a pressing forward—though a respectful one—an eagerness to give honour to the procession which nothing in the funeral considered merely as an object of sight could at all account for.

From an early hour in the morning vehicles of every description continued to pour into the city; the several railway companies caused special trains to run on their respective lines for the accommodation of parties wishing to take part in the funeral and the various coaches from the provinces for several days, came fully loaded with persons from the most remote districts desirous to participate in the concluding honours to him whom they loved in life. The cities and towns in Ireland sent forth their municipal representatives. The prelates and clergy of the church emancipated by O'Connell attended from the most extreme points of the land; all that is trusted and honoured in Ireland attended to do honour to the memory of her greatest citizen yet, notwithstanding the immense assemblage no sound was to be heard—all was silent unutterable sorrow; the stillness of death seemed to pervade the living mass, and even the dark and lowering appearance of the forenoon added in no inconsiderable degree to the general appearance of desolation.

As the hour appointed, (11 o'clock) drew near, the anxiety of the multitude increased. In the vicinity of the church, the house tops and windows were filled with occupants, and the streets, save immediately opposite the church where there were strong barriers erected, were wholly impassible.—Sackville-street, North Earl-street, Abbey-street, and all passages leading thereto, were thronged in like manner. Large bodies of police were in attendance

but except in giving directions as to the disposition of the crowds their interference was not demanded. The most complete order was observed, and the demeanour of the people was most respectful and orderly.

At eleven o'clock, the hearse, drawn by six horses arrived, and was admitted within the barrier. The canopy was tastefully ornamented; large velvet banners drooped from the side of each horse; the centres consisting of escutcheons of O'Connell.— Its appearance was neat, elegant, and impressive—the ornaments most appropriate, and it passed along amidst the most silent and anxious attention. At this time the procession was being formed in the manner described in the programme. Soon after the arrival of the hearse, the mourning coaches, in which were Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Morgan O'Connell, Mr. Maurice O'Connell, Mr. D. O'Connell, Mr. C. Fitzsimon, and other friends and relatives of the illustrious deceased arrived, and were also admitted within the barrier. The members of the family then entered the church, and having spent a short time in devotion, the coffin, a description of which we have already given, was taken from off the catafalque, and borne to the hearse amidst the wailing of many hundred persons who had previously obtained admission. The coffin in its progress to the hearse was preceded by twelve acolytes bearing lighted torches; after these came the Rev. Mr. Cooper (celebrant), and the Rev. Messrs Bourke, Pope, Meagher, O'Brien, Murphy, and Keogh, who, moving slowly down the aisle in a most solemn and impressive manner, chanted the *Miserere*. On the appearance of the coffin without the building nothing can picture the awe with which every individual in the vast assemblage seemed impressed. All simultaneously uncovered their heads—many knelt down in the streets—and, while some offered up prayers for the departed chief many gave vent to their grief, in loud wails and lamentations. The coffin was then placed on the hearse, and the procession moved on, the above named clergymen chanting the following antiphon with cadences which were particularly impressive:—

"In Paradisum deducant te angeli.

In tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres.

Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, ut cum Lazaro quondam paupere, eternam habeas requiem."

TRANSLATION.

"May the Angels conduct thee into Paradise.

May the Martyrs meet thee at thy entrance.

May the choir of Angels receive thee, that with Lazarus, poor of old, thou mayest have eternal rest."

The mournful cortege moved on in the following order:—

THE CITY MARSHAL ON HORSEBACK.

Next followed the masters, wardens, and members of the following trades, each preceded by a black banner, bearing the name of the respective body to which it belonged, and bearing on the obverse some design or legend indicative of the occasion.

The Associated Trades in the following order:

1 Paperstainers	26 Span. leather dressers
2 Flax-dressers	27 Carpenters,
3 Silk-weavers,	28 Letter-press printers,
4 Hosiers,	29 Chandlers,
5 Corkcutters,	30 Carvers,
6 Broguemakers,	31 Cabinet-makers,
7 Barbers,	32 Cabinet-chair makers,
8 Upholsterers,	33 Stone masons,
9 Bakers,	34 House-painters,
10 Tinplate-workers,	35 Stone Sawyerries,
11 Hatters,	36 Tailors,
12 Plumbers,	37 Woolen-operatives,
13 House-smiths,	38 Coachmakers,
14 Livery-lace-weavers	39 Ship-wrights,
15 Curriers,	40 Plaisterers,
16 Bookbinders,	41 Coopers,
17 Tanners,	42 Butchers,
18 Cartwrights,	43 Ropemakers,
19 Marble-polishers,	44 Brass-founders,
20 Horseshoers,	45 Slaters,
21 Bricklayers,	46 Basket-makers,
22 Skinners,	47 Papermakers,
23 Wood-sawyers,	48 Bootmakers,
24 Dyers,	49 Tobacconists,
25 Turners,	50 Nailers.

After the Associated Trades came, covered in deep mourning, the

TRIUMPHAL CAR

used on the occasion of the release from Richmond Prison. This was a particular object of interest. Those who witnessed its last appearance in public could not avoid contrasting the scene of that day with the scene of yesterday. Then the O'Connell traversed the city in triumph—joyous acclamations rent the air. His victory over injustice was celebrated by the united voice of the nation, and a whole people hung upon his back, ready to advance or restrain their ardour according to his dictation. Yesterday that same car was drawn in front of the funeral pageant—the same in everything but in mourning, and in the absence of the spirit that then breathed its aspirations from its centre.—Crowds gathered round and watched its progress with interest; but it was no longer the interest of enthusiastic joy. The presence of that car, associated with one of the proudest incidents in the great man's life, in his death rendered desolation still more desolate. The car, drawn by six horses led by mutes and supported by the

VICE-PRESIDENTS AND COMMITTEE OF  
THE TRADES' POLITICAL UNION.

The Confraternities of the Christian Doctrine, with  
a splendid Banner,

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which  
O'Connell was a Member,

The Confraternities of the Christian Doctrine  
With Banners to file off on their arrival after the  
Trades.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul,  
Of which O'Connell was a Member.

The Pupils of the Christian Schools, North Rich-  
mond Street,

With Banner, and followed by  
The Christian Brothers.

Clergy.  
Physician  
Secretary  
Chaplain.

SUPPORTERS.

THE COFFIN.

SUPPORTERS.

Next followed the members of O'Connell's fa-  
mily in mourning coaches, drawn by four horses,  
each horse led by a mute. In the first carriage  
were the four sons of the Liberator, Maurice  
O'Connell, Morgan O'Connell, John O'Connell,  
Daniel O'Connell, and the Very Reverend Doctor  
Miley.

In the second carriage, Mr. James O'Connell,  
Lakeview; Messrs. W. F. Finn, C. Fitzsimon, and  
Charles O'Connell.

Third carriage, Dr. Nicholson, Archbishop of  
Corfu; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Rev. C. O'Connell, and  
Vincent Ayre.

Fourth Carriage, Maurice John O'Connell, D.  
James O'Connell of Lakeview; Daniel Moynahan,  
and Thomas Steele.

Fifth carriage, Captain Roche, Nicholas Markey  
D. O'Connell French, and Maurice Leyne.

Next came—

The Members of the Cemetery Committee with  
Sashes and in Mourning Coaches.

O'Connell's Coach—Blinds up.

The Lord Mayor in his State Coach.

The Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy in carriages.

The nobility and gentry in carriages.

The Judges and Members of the Bar.

High Sheriffs of the City of Dublin.

The Under-Secretary.

The Solicitor General.

Aldermen and Town Councillors of the City of  
Dublin.

A deputation from the Repealers of Liverpool,  
headed by James Livingston, Esq.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Town Councillors of

Limerick,  
Waterford,  
Kilkenny,  
Drogheda,  
Clonmel,  
Sligo,

And other Corporations.

Provincial Towns Commissioners' Deputation.

The Deputations of the Total Abstinence Societies

The citizens of Dublin,

According to their Wards, in alphabetical order.

A black banner

With white letters descriptive of each Ward.

St. Andrews  
St. Audoen's  
Castle Ward  
St. Catharine's Ward  
College Ward  
Custom House Ward  
Four Courts Ward  
St. George's Ward  
St. James's Ward  
Linen Hall Ward  
Merrion Ward  
St. Patrick's Ward  
St. Paul's Ward  
Post Office Ward  
St. Stephen's Ward.

A large number of Persons on horseback, followed  
four abreast.

The procession in this order moved into North  
Earl Street, and thence to

SACKVILLE STREET.

Here the scene was imposing in the extreme.—  
The house tops—Nelson's Pillar—the windows,  
as far as the eye could reach—the roof of the Ge-  
neral Post Office—in fact every available spot  
from which a view of the procession could be had  
possessed their occupants. The width of the streets  
the complete clearness effected by the police to  
nearly the flagway's edge, enabled the whole line  
of procession to be contemplated. As far as the  
eye could reach in every direction a dense moving  
mass was seen either preceding or following the  
cortege. There was nothing exclusive in these  
demonstrations of respect. Every one without ex-  
ception evinced a deep sympathy in the melanco-  
ly proceedings. From Sackville street, the pro-  
cession passed over

CARLISLE-BRIDGE.

And from this place the scene was truly impres-  
sive. All the vessels in the river had their flags

lowered to half mast, and were manned to the very top-mast. The Quays, on either side of the Liffey presented dense masses of human beings, whilst D'Olier street, Westmorland-street, and the other streets within view were equally crowded. At

### COLLEGE GREEN

The melancholy cortege was also seen to much advantage. It increased in numbers at each succeeding moment; but never was the regularity or the order which characterised the earlier proceedings interrupted. We have seen many gay spectacles, and many gorgeous ones, but seldom indeed have we witnessed, whether on mirthful or mournful occasions, such universal or deep interest.

### NASSAU STREET.

Here vast crowds were assembled, expecting the arrival of the procession. The appearance of the associated trades, as they came up with their elegant and splendidly executed banners, was most impressive, and grand in the extreme.—These men, the ardent disciples and admirers of the Liberator exhibited by their numbers and their sorrowful demeanour how intensely they felt the loss their country had sustained. They were amongst the warmest and most devoted friends and admirers of O'Connell, and the numbers in which they assembled yesterday, their anxiety to pay every mark of respect to the memory of the Liberator, and to show how deeply was their conviction that he was one of these men for whom a country cannot mourn too long or too intensely, proved that they were consistent and abiding in their devotion and admiration of O'Connell and their country. The other associated bodies as they passed by, also presented a most impressive appearance, equally creditable to themselves to their veneration for the Liberator, and their devotion to the cause he loved, and laboured to make successful.

The street on each side was lined by dense multitudes, through whom it would have been difficult if not impossible, for the procession to pass on were it not for the admirable order and regularity observed throughout. Not only were the streets densely crowded—thronged with the living and mourning mass—but the doorways, windows, balconies and even housetops, were thronged. The whole exterior of the building afforded evidences, but too painful, that its master was numbered with the mighty dead. The procession then wended its sad way through Merrion-street, Merrion-row, to

### STEPHEN'S GREEN,

a point where countless thousands had assembled, yet where there was not only no noise, confusion, or disorder, but where the silence and regularity of the immense multitude was most solemn and

impressive. Nothing could be more affecting—the religious stillness which prevailed amongst that dense mass showed how deeply they felt that a sad change had passed over the interests of their country and their cause—that a mighty spirit was that day about to be consigned to the tomb. From Stephen's-green the procession passed on through Harcourt-street, the Circular-road, Camden street and Wexford street—all of which as well as the portions of which the mournful cortege had previously traversed, were thronged to excess, the people everywhere expressing, in every possible manner, their profound respect and veneration for the memory of their mighty chief—their intense sorrow for his loss. The procession then arrived at

### REDMOND'S HILL,

where the crowd became so dense as to block up the entire passage, rendering the further progress of the procession almost impossible until a way was cleared for it by the people themselves. Never have we seen such a concourse of human beings in the streets, or the windows and balconies of of private houses so densely thronged. The whole thoroughfare, as far as the eye could reach, was a living mass of human beings, who had assembled to offer a tribute of respect to the memory of him whom they most revered. There appeared to be some intense local interest attached to this passage inasmuch as it had been the scene of a splendid triumphal arch, which was erected on the occasion of O'Connell's liberation from an unjust imprisonment. As the mournful cortege moved slowly along, the recollection rushed to the minds of the assembled multitude of that day, when they saw him issue from a prison to which he had unjustly and illegally been consigned by his enemies, and the enemies of the liberties of Ireland. The sad contrast between that triumph and the melancholy scene which now presented itself, seemed deeply and profoundly to affect the minds of the people. One instance of this we may mention. A large number of females had collected at this spot from the different outlets into the street, and as the hearse passed by, they set up that heart-rending cry peculiar to the Irish and so expressive of the profound grief which they felt at the loss of their dearest and most valued friend. Notwithstanding the great pressure that existed, we have much gratification in being able to state that not a single accident occurred. The conduct of the populace was respectful and becoming. They seemed to feel that the best manner of testifying respect for O'Connell's memory was to carry into effect those principles of order, peace, and tranquillity, which it was the chief duty of his life to inculcate. The procession then passed through Aungier-street, and South Great George's street into

**DAME-STREET,**

a locality where immense multitudes had congregated, and the avenues leading to which were also crowded by numbers of individuals who were unable to obtain an entrance into the main thoroughfare. The Royal Exchange, as well as the private buildings adjoining, presented a dense mass of persons who were anxious not only to witness the funeral pageant, but by their presence to mark their respect and veneration for the memory of the deceased. As the head of the procession entered Dame-street the rain began to descend heavily, and continued incessantly for more than an hour; notwithstanding which not a man left the ranks, or suffered the unfavourable state of the weather to diminish his ardour and enthusiasm. The melancholy cavalcade passed slowly along through Cork-hill, Castle street, Christ-church-place, thence by Cork-market, Thomas street, and James's-gate, to Steeven's lane. The numbers who had collected along this route were very great, and the most solemn silence prevailed, although as to the localities through which the procession had previously passed, the streets and houses were filled to overflowing. The procession proceeded to

**KING'S BRIDGE.**

Crossing which it may be said to have commenced its direct route to the cemetery. Here the city spread out before you, with its quays, studded by with the living masses, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten. Having passed along the

**NORTH QUAYS,**

The sad cortege entered Capel street, through the whole length of which it was accompanied by undiminished numbers of the people, who seemed to consider it a sacred duty to accompany the remains of the Liberator to their final resting place. Here the rain ceased, the heavens cleared up, and the sun again shone forth on that mourning train. It next entered

**BOLTON STREET.**

As the procession entered this street, it was met by the crowds coming towards it through North King Street. The rush of the people here was immense, yet the line for the passage of the procession was observed at each side of this crowded locality regular and unbroken. On looking back towards Capel street, along the line of procession, the sight presented was grand and imposing in the extreme. Banner after banner floated, borne along by one continuous mass of people. From the head of the procession in Bolton street, extending along the vista of Capel street, was seen pouring silently the living tide, bearing to its last haven the earthly casket which once contained the pride of Ireland. We allowed many a thousand

to pass, waiting to behold in the distance the dark plumage and drapery of the hearse; and when at last, it appeared at the extreme end of Capel street, there was presented a scene not to be forgotten by the many who, with proud, yet saddened hearts, beheld him triumphing even in death, who, through his eventual life, taught the lesson to Irishmen of unity even in sorrow.

(To be continued.)

**BIRTHS RECORDED,**

AT ST. MARY'S.

SEPTEMBER 10,	Mrs. McFaggart of a Daughter.
10,	" Duggan of a Son.
11,	" Buckloy of a Daughter.
11,	" Sheridan of a Daughter.
11,	" Renderyat of a Son.
11,	" Clifford of a Son.
11,	" Sexton of a Son.
11,	" Calahan of a Son.
13,	" Murphy of a Son.
13,	" Curry of a Son.
14,	" Dunphy of a Son.
14,	" Flaherty of a Son.
16,	" Tobin of a Daughter.

**MARRIAGE RECORD.**

SEPTEMBER 13, John Connor to Margaret Courtenay.

**INTERMENTS.**

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

SEPTEMBER 10,	William, Infant Son of Mr. William Barden, aged 1 month.
12,	Mary, Daughter of Arthur and Catharine Brady, aged 15 months.
13,	Margaret, Daughter of Robert and Mary Fitzgerald, aged 10 months.
14,	Bridget, Daughter of John and Mary Fraher, aged 16 years.
14,	Michael Spellcey, Quarter Master Sergeant of the 23rd Fusiliers, Native of Limerick, Ireland, aged 44 years.
16,	Catharine, Daughter of William and Catharine Murphy, aged 5 years, and 3 months.

Published by RITCHIE & NUGENT, No. 2, Upper Water Street Halifax—TERMS—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive postage.

All communications for the Editors of the Cross are to be addressed (if by letter post paid,) to No. 2, Upper Water Street Halifax