

Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE, THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? — TERTULLIAN Præscrip. xxii. "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, is violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious." — St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem. "All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God. — St. Cyril of Jerusl. Cat. xi.

Calendar.
September 3—Sunday—XII after Pent 1 Sept.
4—Monday—St. Rose of Viterbo
5—Tuesday—St. Lawrence Justinian
6—Wednesday—St. Anastasius P C
7—Thursday—St. Peter Martyr Doub
8—Friday—Nativity of B V M Doub
9—Saturday—St. Sergius I P C Doub

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.] MISSIONS OF OCEANICA.

Letter of Father Grange to the Very Reverend Father Cohn, Superior of the Society of Mary. Sydney, September 18, 1847. (Concluded.)

On the 19th the fire reached the small boats which the commander of the Seine had left us. Thinking that this day might in reality be the last of our life, we made our confession. His Lordship consumed the sacred Species. The Scotchman, George Taylor, whom I had instructed for some time, in order to prepare him to become a Catholic, requested baptism from me, which I gave him conditionally; he approached also the sacrament of penance. At two o'clock we were surrounded on all sides by the savages; they were all daubed black, and uttered ferocious cries. Concealed behind large rocks, a short distance from the house, they hurled enormous flint stones, which smashed the walls. Still they did not as yet dare to attack the enclosure. Brother Bertrand was wounded in the hand, Brother Blaise was dying. The savages were as ferocious towards us as a lion against his prey. On a sudden a chief cried out, "Burn the house, burn the house." Immediately fire was set to the props of the ground floor; it was impossible for us to extinguish it. Already we felt the heat under us; our anxiety was extreme; to remain was to perish in the flames, to go down was infallibly to fall under the blows of the savages. We all assembled in the inner little chapel. Brother Blaise himself left his bed, and dragging himself as best he could, came to join us; there was a serenity on his forehead, and a smile on his lips: "I come," said he on entering, "to await here the last stroke." A few minutes before, as his Lordship on giving him his benediction appeared affected, "Ah!" said he to him, "why should we annoy ourselves? are we not going to exchange this life for a better?" I should say in praise of this excellent brother, that his death edified rather than afflicted me. While I was administering to him the sacrament of penance for the last time, and was exhorting him to pardon from his entire heart his murderers, after the example of our Divine Master; "Oh!" said he, "how I wish that my death would bring happiness to these poor people! I pardon them with my whole heart." The sweet serenity of this good brother has so much edified the new Catholic, George, that he cannot help saying, "This, indeed, is the true religion."

Meanwhile, there was no time to be lost. The Right Rev. Dr. Collomb knelt down before me to ask a last absolution, and a plenary indulgence in articulo mortis. After this we fell on our knees, praying him to grant us the same favour; then we embraced each other, and bid each other adieu, until we would meet in heaven.

where we hoped to rejoin each other after a few instants. His Lordship and I made a vow to say each of us a hundred masses, if it pleased the Lord to take us out of this extreme danger. Then the thought struck us, that by giving up the house to pillage we would perhaps have some chance of safety. Doctor Beaudy threw among the crowd the key of the place where our small provisions were stored. The savages rushed towards it; it was the last ray of hope; we took advantage of it to go out. I showed myself first, and encountering a chief, called Oundo, I endeavoured to hold parley with him, whilst his Lordship and Brother Bertrand would be making their escape by the court. After them came Dr. Beaudy, Mary, Julien, and George. Two natives, armed with lances, advanced to strike his Lordship and Brother Bertrand; the Doctor, who was armed with a gun, presented it at them with a menacing air; the aggressors fell back. At the same instant the savages made their way to where Father Blaise was and struck him several blows of a club. I could only escape myself with great difficulty, by passing over the ruins of the church burned the evening before. I encountered a troop of from sixty to eighty islanders, who were gathering up the remains which had escaped the fire. A huge savage more deformed and blacker than a demon, rushed on me to stone me to death. I ran then as swiftly as I could; he struck at me twice with a large stone, but I felt twice by a particular providence, and my fall timed exactly with the stroke that would have killed me. The second time, in particular, the savage believed he had succeeded; he left me in order that he might return to the pillage. I raised myself up as best I could, and rejoined my companions in misfortune. Alas! Brother Blaise was missing; we were in great grief that we had not been able to snatch him from the hands of the savages.

We directed our steps in all haste towards Poebo. We reached the small village of Di-reone, where we had a zealous catechist named Michael; we learned from him that the chiefs of Balade had given orders to massacre us all. We decided lest the establishment of Poebo might not have shared the same fate as that of Balade. In our distress, we were rejoiced to learn no such thing had taken place. Before arriving at the first village of this tribe, we met two children, the catechist Louis and the catechumen Monuko, whom Father Rougeyron, informed of what had happened to us in the evening, had sent to assure us of the actual state of matters. These two children were a great assistance to us, by leading us through circuitous routes; thus we escaped all dangers. Young Louis, seeing our weakness and bereavement, could not restrain his tears. Young as he was, he was constantly offering his shoulders to carry his Lordship and myself in turn, and he would then say to us, "You are hungry; remain here concealed in the bushes, and I will go and search for something for you to eat." Although we had taken nothing for two days, we did not wish to consent that he should be separated from us; the pressing and generous care of this child, compared with the barbarity of his countrymen, was a great consolation to my heart.

Finally, we arrived at the station of Poebo at eight o'clock in the evening, in a deplorable state, and so overpowered with fatigue, that we could with difficulty support ourselves. The Fathers Rougeyron and Verguet, came to meet us; we mingled our tears together and offered them up as a common sacrifice.

On the 20th June, we consulted together and unanimously resolved, that Brother Augustus

and the sailor Aumerond, should go to Yangueno to ascertain if there was any ship there from which we could hope for any assistance.

Meanwhile, the occurrence at Balade excited to the highest pitch the cupidity of the people of Poebo. We learned on the 21st that they also had formed the project of attacking us. We addressed ourselves anew to God; each one of the Missionaries again made a particular vow, and we adopted at the same time precautionary measures. On the 22nd of July Brother Augustus and the sailor, Aumerond, arrived at Yangueno. They found there no ship, and we were compelled to remain at the post in which Providence had placed us; he, alone could take us from it. We were thirteen in number at the establishment of Poebo; six who had come from Balade, and in addition, the Reverend Fathers Rougeyron and Verguet, the Brother Augustus, the carpenter, Prosper, and the three sailors left by the Seine, Bercherel, Cadousteau, and Aumerond. We learned that the savages of Balade were anxious to make use of our house, which they had saved by extinguishing the flames, to serve as an ambush for vessels which might moor at the harbour. Knowing what they were capable of doing, and fearing for the Anonyme and Arche d' Alliance, which we expected every day, we felt the necessity there was of burning this house. The children of the Mission put this project into execution on the night of the 5th and 6th of August.

The attitude of the natives towards us became menacing; we awaited a new catastrophe. Several times we saw them collect around our habitation with hostile intentions. One night the inhabitants of the two villages collected in the house of our nearest neighbour to attack us instantaneously; he dissuaded them from it.

On the 9th August we found ourselves reduced to the last extremity. We were after receiving the sacrament of penance, and once more bade each other a last adieu. We were about to deliver ourselves into the hands of our executioners, when, on a sudden, there appeared in the horizon a vessel which was making towards where we were, and in a short time we recognized her as a French Ship: she was the corvette La Brillante, commanded by the Viscount Du Bouret. We hastened to send two men aboard with a letter which described our distress. The sea was boisterous, and it was only on the evening of the 10th that M. Du Bouret could send us assistance. There came to us three small boats manned by sixty men well armed, under the command of Messrs. De La Motte and Fournier. We were invited to send a deputation on board to consult with the commander on the prudential course the most suitable in our present position. The Right Reverend Dr. Collomb and myself departed at ten o'clock in the evening in the boat of the lieutenant. We did not arrive until five o'clock in the morning at Balade, where the corvette was moored. M. Du Bouret received us on board with a kindness above all praise. It was decided on that the corvette should lift anchor to go and moor at Poebo. We set sail, and arrived on the 11th in front of this village.

The commander engaged himself immediately about our deliverance. A constant rain, which lasted during the whole night of the 11th and 12th, enabled us to transfer our principal articles on board. Had it not been for this unexpected fall of rain, we would have been attacked by all the village of the large tribe of Poebo. On the 12th, the principal chief came to present Father Rougeyron with a piece of cloth, as a

sign of peace. The Father, who suspected with good reason a snare, approached a sailor, and he advanced in front, holding his bayonet in his hand, while he received the present from the other.

At nine o'clock in the morning, there arrived three marine officers and two midshipmen, with eighty-four men; the commander conveyed to us his desire of receiving us on board as soon as possible. We set out for the village, from which we were separated by three quarters of an hour's journey. The savages, assembled in great numbers, waited until we would have entered the brushwood to attack us with impunity. As soon as we had arrived at the foot of the hillock upon which our house was situated, the great chiefs made a sign to us to pass on the other side of the brook; but, being informed that many thousands of the natives were concealed in ambush in order to surprise and kill us all on our retreat, we refused to follow the path he had pointed out to us; the great chief then gave the signal of attack to the savages. A shower of lances and arrows rained down on us. The French marines saw themselves forced to fight in self defence. But, as the savages hid themselves in the bushes, crept and dragged themselves through the grass, we could do no more than perceive the hands that aimed the blows. One of them, however, approached so near, that after having missed the quarter-master, Sochou, the latter killed him with the stroke of a bayonet. Finally, we reached the banks of the river, and were thus beyond danger. Lieutenant M. de la Monte called the roll; no one was missing; but five men were wounded, two of them seriously; among this number was M. Raymond, a second class midshipman, who received a lance wound in the neck. Luckily, the wound produced no evil consequence.

The commander, on hearing the noise of the firing hastened in his canoe; he placed the wounded in it, and we all arrived on board at twelve o'clock.

The commander told us then, that it was his intention to take revenge for the cruel conduct of the inhabitants of Balade. We signified to him in writing that our duty as Missionaries was to pardon our enemies, and we conjured him to pardon them as we did. He answered, that he applauded our interposition, but that it was not alone the Missionaries who were the victims of the rapacity and perfidy of these Caledonians; that the French Society of Oceanica had also suffered great loss; that its representatives, sealed in good faith at Bajoup (Balade) under the protection of sworn fidelity, had their lives imperilled; that the natives, urged on by a malevolent spirit, had begun by setting fire to the boats of the Seine, belonging to France; that he would deem it a dereliction of his duty to forbear chastising such misdeeds.

On the 15th August the Anonyme arrived. Here again, Providence materially assisted us. A strong easterly wind had detained us up till this day in the roadstead of Poebo, otherwise we would have departed, and in this case it would have been all up with the Anonyme and her crew.

On the 18th we returned to Balade; the two ships arrived there at the same time.

On the 20th, M. Du Bouret landed with a detachment of seventy-five men. After three quarters of an hour's march, this troop arrived at Bajoup, without encountering any opposition. The country looks naked in this locality. All the natives flew to the mountains. The commander set fire to the houses of the principal chiefs; among others, to that of Parama, one of

the most treacherous; and to apprise the vessels that might moor at Balade, to beware of the inhabitants, he caused twenty cocoa-trees belonging to this chief to be cut down, in that part of the shore which was covered with them. The natives concealed in a neighbouring wood uttered savage yells; they even threw some javelins; luckily no one was struck.

"On the 21st August, the brig *Anonyme* separated from us to go to the Isles of Solomon; she brought with her his Lordship the Vicar-Apostolic. We set sail next day to go to Sydney, passing by Anahime. The captain of the *Arche d'Alliance* had to touch at this island to go to New Caledonia in the month of December; we left a letter there, to give him notice of our disaster, and prevent a new misfortune.

"Finally, on the 27th, at nine o'clock, after having been on the point of striking upon a rock hitherto unknown, we arrived at Sydney. It was with regret we separated ourselves from these unfortunate Oaledonians, who repudiated so blindly the blessings of faith. Let us hope that the blood of the martyr which has flown upon this ungrateful soil, may become a guarantee of possession in the name of Jesus Christ. More fortunate than any of us, Brother Blaise died like his divine Saviour, praying for his executioners. I confess to you that I feel some regret at not partaking of the same lot. God has reserved me for new labours: His holy will be done!

"GRANGE, S.M."

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

RT. REV. DR. HUGHES.

The Catholics of Halifax enjoyed another rich treat of pulpit eloquence on last Sunday, through the kindness of the Bishop of New York. His Lordship preached at Vespers to an overflowing audience, in presence of Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, who officiated, and five Clergymen of the City. The subject was the Sacrifice of the New Law, and the text was taken from the Epistle to the Hebrews. We only re-echo the public voice when we say, it was an able, eloquent, and argumentative discourse. His Lordship defined and explained the meaning of Sacrifice in general; and proved that in all ages, it was the only offering man could make to his Creator, which was worthy of the Supreme Majesty of God.

In the course of his sermon he incidentally proved from Scripture, &c., the dogma of the Real Presence, allied, as it is, with the august Sacrifice of the Mass; and refuted some of the feeble objections of man's feeble reason against this incomprehensible mystery. His Lordship was particularly happy in describing the glorious privilege which the Church enjoys in the perpetual possession of her Divine Spouse in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, and traced all the miracles of Ecclesiastical architecture, and the inspiration of Catholic poetry, painting, and sculpture, to the heavenly doctrine of the Real Presence. His description of what the Church would be without Jesus in the Eucharist, without this Divine Victim of Propitiation on her Altars, was full of tenderness and unction, and seemed to bring conviction to the minds of all present. The visit of Dr. Hughes will be long remembered in Halifax, and we earnestly hope that the seeds of truth which he has so diligently scattered amongst us will bring forth abundant fruit.

His Lordship left in the *Nisgara* for New York on Tuesday last.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The *Nisgara* arrived on Tuesday last, and brought news of very great importance. And first with regard to Italy: Charles Albert has been out-maneuvred and beaten by the Austrians. Milan is retaken, and its unfortunate citizens are again subject to the iron hoof of the ruthless *Tedeschi*. The Piedmontese, beaten, routed, and disorganized, have fled from Lombardy, and, if hotly pursued by Radetsky, will find it difficult enough to defend their own Capital. Thus, the bright prospects of Italian independence are destroyed for the present, and we fear it is a just visitation of Providence. The Liberal cause has been sallied in Italy by many disgraceful acts, of which not the least is the monstrous ingratitude shown to the benevolent Pius IX. The Roman volunteers, those shabby patriots who hastened to engage in the war, contrary to the express wishes and commands of their amiable Sovereign, were the first to show the white flag,

when they were confronted with the enemy, and those who were not cut to pieces by the Austrians fled back with the greatest precipitation. During their ignominious flight towards Rome they were treated with contempt and scorn by the whole population. The Solons at Turin testified their gratitude to the Holy See by their infamous persecution of the Jesuits and other Religious; and whilst Charles Albert was fighting Radetsky and calling out for support from all Catholic Italy, his ministers were engaged in an ignoble and cruel war with the Religious women in the Convents of Turin. How could such a cause merit or expect the blessing of Heaven? French intervention is talked of, but to all appearance it will either not take place, or will be too late. If there should gain the ascendant in France, which is not unlikely, there would be some chance of intervention.

Return we now to Ireland. Nearly all the remaining leaders have been captured, without striking a blow. This has not surprised us, though we believe it has mortified many others. We do not see much cause for mortification or despondence. Indeed we will never despair of Ireland. We always knew the late unwise movement would never succeed. Its cause was noble and just, but its means were entirely disproportioned to the mighty ends which it hoped to attain. The Confederates imagined they would be generally supported by the Irish people; but they were deceived. That veil of delusion is now uplifted. Some ardent Irishmen, at both sides of the water, bitterly complain of the Clergy as well as the people of Ireland, but without reason. Had the Clergy in general joined the Confederates, had they promised them support, had they encouraged them to undertake this ridiculous war against the greatest power on earth—had they done all this, and then backed out at the day of trial, there would be some reason for censuring the Clergy, though in any case their humane motives ought to be respected. But the Clergy of Ireland did no such thing. With scarcely half a dozen exceptions amongst three thousand Priests, they refused to join the Young Irelanders, because they conscientiously believed that nothing but signal failure would attend their crude, premature, and impolitic efforts. Now, no class of men in Ireland knows Ireland better than the Catholic Clergy. Thoroughly identified with the people, fully acquainted with all their wants, miseries, and feelings, these men of mature age, sober experience, serious habits, and intimate knowledge of the world, were certainly far more qualified than the Confederate Leaders to decide on the best means for the regeneration of Ireland. We could name half a dozen Parish Priests in almost every part of Ireland, veteran Patriots, sound-hearted Irishmen, genuine Pastors, and profound political calculators, whose judgment in council on the affairs of Ireland, would outweigh, in our opinion, all the united brains that were ever assembled in the halls of the Confederation. Such men knew Ireland and Irish politics well, long before Dillon, or Mcagher, or O'Gorman were born. Such men had laboured and struggled, and achieved noble triumphs for Ireland, many years before Smith O'Brien ever joined the popular cause. Such men had check-mated Peel and Wellington, baffled the ablest politicians of England, driven coaches and six through Algerine Acts of Parliament, escaped from all the wiles of legal persecution as well as defied all the frowns and threats of brutal power, preserved the independence of their religion, and secured the rights of conscience; and surely it would not be unreasonable to expect that their opinions would have some weight with young and untried men whose impetuosity, no matter how sincere its source, was the most dangerous feature in their character. Yet when those gentlemen (for whom, now in the hour of their distress, every manly bosom both in and out of Ireland, must feel the deepest sympathy,) when they seceded from O'Connell, disturbed the old landmarks of agitation, and began to rear nationality on new foundations, they made no attempt to secure the adhesion of the Catholic Clergy—nay, some of their writings, speeches, and principles were so loose and dangerous, that they alarmed the religious feelings of the Island, and the Confederates themselves were driven to the humiliating position of defending their body against the charge of infidelity! Was this course wise or prudent in the beginning of such a struggle? But they hoped to convert the Orangemen and to compensate their losses on the Catholic side,

by new-born nationalists from the Protestant ranks. Here again they failed; and Orangeism is more rampant in Ireland now than at any period for the last fifteen years. Moreover, they knew, for their principal organ admitted the fact, that the Irish people in the rural districts were not with them, and that they could have no hope of their adhesion, unless through the Catholic Clergy. On whom then could they depend in this untimely insurrection? They had no military leader, no ammunition, no stores, no commissariat, no disciplined body of men, no united plan of action; and yet they dared the Government from day to day, they openly defied them. They made them fully acquainted with all their designs and resolves, they exposed themselves unnecessarily to the pitfalls of the law,—nay, they walked into them with their eyes wide open—and thus, for several months they gave England ample time for preparation, and waited until (for her) the happy moment when the immediate fears of a Continental war were removed, and when strong military networks were thrown over the entire soil of Ireland, whilst her shores were blockaded by an English fleet. How can we wonder at the failure of their attempt? How can we be surprised at the ridiculous, abortive, ignoble affair of the Commons of Boulagh? How can we blame the humane clergymen who interfered to stop the useless effusion of blood, and to save their poor parishioners from destruction and death in what they felt to be a useless struggle? The two poor men who were pierced by the bullets of the police at the widow McCorrack's, and who have left their families desolate, were engaged all that morning in honest industry. One of them was making hay in his master's field when the crowd passed by with Smith O'Brien, the other had been breaking stones from six o'clock in the morning. Surely these poor men were not the fitting materials for a successful insurrectionary movement. No price had been set upon their head; they had committed no crime, and yet, in a rash and reckless junction with this hopeless movement, they paid the penalty of their lives. Their lives were as valuable, certainly more so to their own bereaved families, than that of Smith O'Brien himself who so quietly submitted to arrest a few days after. We look upon Smith O'Brien, with all our commiseration for his present condition and our respect for the purity of his motives, as much more responsible than those two poor men or the other unfortunate people who were killed or wounded in this affray. He ought not to have exposed a single life in a cause so desperate; he ought not to complain of the opposition or apathy of the Clergy, for they never promised him their aid; they were consistent from the beginning. He ought not to reproach the country people for their defection, for they had never joined the confederation, nor bound themselves to follow him into the field. Any strength which his party had lay amongst the Town Clubs, and yet the Clubs did nothing. They had the will, no doubt, but they were crippled by the strong measures of the Government, and the formidable garrisons which were planted amongst them. If the Confederate leaders, then, will blame any one, they must in all justice, blame themselves. They rushed into this mad encounter despite the warning voice of the country. The vast majority of the Clergy and Laity, and all the Bishops had, directly or indirectly, condemned their projects, and neither themselves nor their unreflecting friends can now turn round on the Irish people or the Irish Clergy to reproach them for cowardice or desertion. The Irish people are not cowards, and their bitterest enemies know the fact. To call the nation cowards because one-tenth of that nation attempted, and failed in, a foolish exploit, is unjust and absurd. So far from mortification, we confess we feel much pleasure that the affair has ended as it did. Why should we desire a useless waste of one or two thousand lives in a combat, the issue of which was no longer doubtful? The Irish people have not put forth their strength, they have not committed the future fortunes and welfare of their country to the hazard of loaded dice, they have not been so foolish as to set bounds to the justice of God and the power of man, by proclaiming that unless Ireland be delivered this year, she must always remain in bondage. The cause of our common country is, no doubt, injured for a time, by the melancholy consequences of the recent movement; but we repeat, we do not despair. The recent outbreak, attended, as it was, with so much expense to the

Government, and so much alarm and confusion to all commercial men in the Empire, must have taught England a profound lesson. She now knows that it is only by perpetual and costly military occupation she can hold Ireland. The horizon of Europe is still dark and threatening, and in a very little time she may bitterly regret that she has sacrificed the affections of that country. Though the Irish nation or the Irish Clergy did not join the Confederates, they had assuredly no sympathy with England. On the contrary, we firmly believe that both Clergy and people hate English domination now more fiercely than ever they did before. England, too, will find it much easier to triumph over the Confederates than to subdue the famine. According to all appearance the potato crop is ruined, and hunger and pestilence may be expected in the coming winter. As it is, England is overpowered with debt and taxes, and in the event of another famine she cannot have the impudence to send round the begging box again amongst the nations of the earth to save her victim from the horrors of starvation. This formidable task will be her own; she has undertaken all the responsibility. She has refused to let Ireland manage her own affairs, and by a long system of cruel misgovernment she has brought her to her present condition. She can send a fleet to blockade the Irish coast and to stifle the just complaints of her people, but she could not afford to send one vessel of war with corn when famine was desolating the land. Our noble neighbours in the United States have shamed England in this respect.

But to conclude. Let no true Irishman be ashamed of his country on account of recent events, nor give way to the apathy of despair. Rather let him take courage, and begin afresh his struggles for his native land. Whilst we lament their indiscretion, let us admire the courageous and undaunted spirit of those who have lately perilled their lives and fortunes for Ireland. Let us pray that out of past dissensions we may learn the necessity of union, and that combining all our energies against the common foe we may calmly abide our time until the day of God's justice shall arrive, the day when the gigantic enormities of the oppressor shall be scourged, and the vengeance of heaven, together with the execrations of mankind, overtake one of the most accursed tyrannies that has ever brooded on the earth.

No, England! do not flatter yourself. Ireland is not crushed. The Irish spirit is not dead. The Irish insurrection is not put down. You are still at civil war. You are detested by seven millions of your subjects, and despised and cursed by the myriads of their friends and kinsmen throughout the world. Every Irishman is a Rebel in his heart against the atrocious, cold-blooded tyranny of your savage dominion; and the day of God's and man's vengeance will assuredly come yet.

CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY PIC-NIC.

A meeting of the Teachers of this Society was held on Wednesday evening last, at which all the arrangements for the Procession on Tuesday next were completed. The Children will assemble at St. Mary's Church, at 9 o'clock, where they will be formed in order of procession, under the direction of a Committee of Ladies and Gentlemen appointed for that purpose.

The following donations have been received since last meeting:—Mr. Thomas Ring, 20s; Mrs. Jones, 15s; Mr. M'Neely, 3s 2d; from various persons per Mrs. Margaret Connors, 8s. 1d.

Donations will be thankfully received in money or otherwise by the Committee or Teachers until Monday evening next.

NEW CHURCH AT MINUDIE.

At a meeting of the Catholics of the District of Minudie, held in the Church, on Wednesday the 2nd of August, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax, in the Chair, the following subscriptions were entered into:—

Amos Seamon, Esquire,	£100 0 0
Right Rev. Dr. Walsh,	20 0 0
Very Rev. Mr. Connolly,	2 0 0
Thomas Seamon, Esquire,	10 0 0
Frederique Bourgeois,	10 0 0
Peter Melanson & Sons,	10 0 0
Peter Bourke,	8 0 0
Jean Melanson,	5 0 0
Paul Bourke,	10 10 0
Honore LeBlanc,	5 0 0
Moyse Cabin,	5 0 0
Pierre Comeau,	5 0 0
Laurent Bourgeois,	5 0 0

Simon Bourke,	4	0	0
Jean Bourgeois,	3	0	0
Pere Brine,	5	0	0
Rap: tel Comeau, Junr.	4	0	0
Simon Bourgeois,	2	0	0
Laurent Comeau,	3	0	0
Raphael Comeau, Sear.	3	0	0
Joseph Bourgeois,	5	0	0
Francis Bourke,	5	0	0
Jean Comeau,	3	0	0
Joseph Bourke,	2	10	0
Pascal Bourke, Junr.	3	0	0
James DesBarres,	3	0	0
Dominique Bourke,	2	0	0

BOOK REF.

Francis O'Regan, Esq.	5	0	0
Dennis O'Regan,	5	0	0
Peter O'Regan,	5	0	0
John O'Regan,	3	10	0
Charles O'Regan,	1	0	0
Lawrence O'Regan,	1	0	0
Laurent Melanson,	5	0	0
Hugh McCarron,	4	0	0
James McCarron,	4	10	0
John Sionot,	5	0	0
Michael Hennessey,	2	10	0
James Soy,	5	0	0
Walter Howard,	1	0	0
William Hogan,	2	10	0

IRISH FAMINE.

A private letter from Ireland contains the following paragraph: "Dr. Corrigan, who has paid great attention to the matter, was telling me to-day, there is no doubt of the failure of the potato crop—the complete failure, as I understood him. Then the incessant rain for the last ten days seems to have put all sort of corn in jeopardy. God help poor Ireland!" The failure of the potato crop, all but certain; the sources of private charity, from England at least, all dried up; security for industry in Ireland known to have no existence, legal or actual; a most horrible famine, the fourth of the series, impending and to fall upon us before the next ordinary meeting of Parliament; and the only remedy the Whigs can offer is—a Ministerial whitebait dinner at Blackwall.

To what a miserable condition is Ireland now brought. Food failing; the rulers of the land hard-hearted and all but indifferent; the country in military occupation; social confidence destroyed, if it ever existed; political confidence at an end; despair, a gloomy, settled despair, substituted for expectation; and an incapable junta of Ministers holding their swords at the throat of the nation, and bidding it starve, die, and rot, without remedy and without hope! Such is the condition to which matters have been brought by these recent proceedings. And if to this we add the increased demoralisation of the peasantry by everything that is happening around them and among them, we present a prospect that may well make the heart sad and faint with grief.—*Tablet.*

"A. M. D. G."—MISSIONS OF THE BROTHERS OF CHARITY—REV. DR. GENTILI AND REV. M. FURLONG IN DUBLIN.

Our fellow-Catholics are doubtless aware how equal are the blessings which have been bestowed on the Church through the Devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It is now several years since this devotion was established in Dublin, first in that of St Audeon's, and next in that of St Mary's and St Peter's, Rathmines. Many have been the conversions effected by its means, countless the blessings received through the intercession of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. And lately, at a time when we least expected it, this good Mother has obtained for us a favour surpassing all that we have hitherto received from her. Last May, the Rev. Pastor of St. Audeon's engaged the Rev. Dr. Gentili, and the Rev. M. Furlong to conduct the Devotions of the Month of Mary; and on the arrival of the Missioners, it was agreed to add to those Devotions, the regular course of a mission; abundant was the spiritual harvest reaped during that month. Ten days had scarcely elapsed when these zealous missioners were invited to preach a second mission in the Church of Rathmines. It commenced on Sunday the 18th June, and continued for five successive weeks. Five discourses were delivered daily; one exclusively for children, in which the catechism was taught on the Roman system. The Confessionals were crowded with out intermission, nor can we forget the edifying spectacle presented by numbers of persons who

remained outside the church all night in order to obtain early admission to the Tribunal of Penance. During the two missions ninety-six testaments have been converted to Catholicity; numberless persons, who had absented themselves from the Sacrament for years, returned to their duties; and many adults received for the first time the Bread of Life. Confirmation was administered to 1,290, and about 40,000 Communions were made. From these few details the Faithful may understand that their prayers, offered for the conversion of sinners, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, have not been offered in vain. For our part, we are all here deeply impressed with the conviction that, these missions have been introduced into Dublin by our Blessed Lady, both because they commenced in the month specially dedicated to her honour, and because the two first missions have been preached in the two parishes where Devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary was first established in Ireland. During the missions several beautiful and interesting Devotions were performed, many of which had not hitherto been practised in this country. The first was that of the *Quarant' Ore*, or Exposition of the Holy Sacrament during forty hours; the church was brilliantly illuminated the whole time with hundreds of wax-lights, the offerings of the Faithful. Towards the close of each mission a Solemn Office and High Mass were celebrated for the departed members of the congregation, and on the following day a most moving ceremony took place, the renewal of the Baptismal Vows. We cannot attempt to describe this impressive scene; to be properly appreciated it must be witnessed. On this occasion, as well as during every service, the church was crowded to excess. Several times, when it was found impossible to accommodate the numbers who flocked to the evening discourses, the two missioners preached at the same time, one in the church, the other in the grounds adjoining. On these occasions the audience in the open air amounted frequently to more than five thousand persons, who all knelt at the conclusion to receive the blessing of the preacher. Solemn Benediction of the Holy Sacrament was given every evening and High Mass was celebrated on the Sunday. The mission in Rathmines closed with a *Triduo* in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the statue being tastefully adorned and her altar richly decorated and lighted. But by far the most interesting ceremonies of the mission, and those which produced the greatest impression, were the processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Four of these took place during the missions, three of them in the avenue and grounds belonging to the church of Rathmines, through which the Adorable Sacrament was carried with great pomp; the preparations were on a scale of superior magnificence. A processional cross of purple and gold, nine feet high, encircled with gilt rays, opened the procession, and was followed by the different confraternities in their respective habits, carrying lights; little boys in black, with crimson caps and sashes, and young ladies attired in white with flowing veils and bearing long white lilies, added much to the interest of the scene. Sixteen rich and tasteful banners ornamented in gold, with different devices, had a striking effect; twelve Priests were in attendance, many in copes, others in dalmatics. An instrumental band accompanied the voices of the children. The canopy was supported by six massive poles, which were carried by gentlemen of the society of St. Vincent de Paul; six members carried large torches at each side of the canopy, and the others followed carrying lights, all wearing a uniform of long black cloaks and rabats. These processions were conducted with the greatest order, and the heartfelt faith and reverence imprinted on the countenances of the kneeling thousands was to us a source of edification and joy, such as we have never before experienced. It was, indeed, a glorious and cheering spectacle to see our sublime religion appearing in all her native splendour in this country, where, for so many centuries, she has been trampled, despised, and persecuted.

We have the extreme consolation of being able to state, in conclusion, that these holy and zealous missionaries, to whom we owe so deep a debt of gratitude, are not destined, for some time at least, to leave our shores. They have received invitations to preach Missions in different parishes in Dublin, which will detain them amongst us until the close of the year; they have also received applications from various parts of Ireland.

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. HUGHES.

The Committee nominated at the meeting of the 22nd., to present a complimentary Address, then agreed upon, to the Right Rev. the Bishop of New York, waited upon his Lordship accordingly on the morning of the 24th. with the same, and were most cordially and courteously received by him, at the residence of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh. His Lordship having hearkened to the Address, which was read by the Chairman, replied extemporaneously, touching, in terms frank and explicit, the various topics of the Address; and signifying that he would take an early opportunity of committing to writing the subject matter of his Reply, which we have this day the gratification of laying, together with the Address, before our readers:

To the Right Rev'd. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of New York, &c., &c.

My Lord,—

We, the undersigned, a Committee nominated at a meeting holden at the Parochial School Room, on Monday evening, the 21st. instant, to offer to your Lordship cordial felicitations, and a hearty welcome to our shores, beg to approach your Lordship in the discharge of that duty.

In your Lordship the Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax recognize, not merely a distinguished Prelate and champion of Catholicity—a soldier of the Church thoroughly furnished to vindicate with the weapons of sound reasoning, our Holy Faith against the shafts of error—but also the consistent defender of a sound system of Popular Education in the land of your adoption, and—what equally commends your Lordship to the lasting esteem and regard of the Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax—a Patriot, deeply affected by the crying wrongs and miseries of suffering Ireland, in whose behalf your Lordship is represented as having lately lent the powerful aid of thrilling eloquence, and other substantial evidences of sympathetic regard.

Your Lordship will, then, be pleased to accept in the name of the Catholics and Irishmen of this city, our reiterated congratulations and heartfelt welcome, on this your first visit to our shores; to which we add our sincere prayer that Divine Providence may bless your Lordship with many days of continued usefulness in the Church, and in the world at large, and bestow upon you, abundantly, every temporal blessing, and a rich eternal reward.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—

Allow me to express to you my deep sense of the honour which the Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax have conferred on me, by the cordial welcome and kind sentiments in my regard embodied in their address, as well as by the courteous manner in which it has been presented.

In my feeble efforts to promote the interests of religion and of education, I am conscious only of sincere convictions and upright intentions. But I should be vain, indeed, if I considered myself entitled to the merit which you partially have ascribed to me. As regards my feelings towards the land of my nativity, I trust they are not unworthy of the sacred character with which I have been invested by the Church of God. The heavy blows that have lately fallen on Ireland, alternating from Famine to Pestilence, and from Pestilence to Civil War, have fixed upon her condition the pitying gaze of every civilized people on the globe. Her children who would secure for themselves a home and a country, have been obliged to seek them under strange skies and in foreign lands. How can they be insensible to her condition, when, after having been wasted by famine and disease, they behold the mighty hand that could and should have protected her more efficiently against both last year, which should have soothed and sustained her after her affliction,—armed and uplifted to strike down the remnant of her liberties, and, if need be, of her people. Humanity becomes impatient and indignant at witnessing such a spectacle.

It is with difficulty that such feelings can be even partially suppressed among the generous people of the United States, and it would be almost unnatural, if, in such circumstances, I could remain silent and unmoved.

It is made a subject of reproach to the Catholic religion, that its doctrine of submission to constituted authority, for the sake of law and order, secures impunity and affords encouragement for a tyrannical use of that authority; whilst on the other it is calculated to depress the people from the rank of citizens into that of slaves.

If illustrations were to be taken from the his-

tory of Ireland for nearly two hundred years past, much apparent evidence might be deduced to prove this false and unwarranted reproach. The Church, indeed, is an efficient preacher of order and peace; but she has no doctrine of blind passive obedience—she inculcates no dogma or precept binding the conscience of a nation to submit with eternal patience to wrongs which, without resistance at some period, are likely to have an endless duration.

In her code, the duties of rulers are as strictly defined, as those of subjects. The obligations of both are founded on a common basis, the public weal. When a government rules by just and wise legislation, and by a strict, impartial, and humane administration of the laws, it has a right, on the grounds of public interest, as well as by the laws of conscience, to claim fidelity and obedience. When a people are thus governed, allegiance will be the just, but at the same time voluntary, tribute of the nation's heart. It will not be the hypocrisy of allegiance and submission, such as a prisoner renders to his jailor, and such as Ireland has felt, and now feels, towards her foreign rulers.

Her rulers themselves of all parties admit that Ireland has been most sadly misgoverned, since she came under Imperial legislation. How then can they expect from the Irish people cordial fidelity and true allegiance? If they sow misery, or neglect to remove it, they must be prepared to reap disaffection—that treason of heart in which the will waits only for the power to overthrow them. Men do not gather figs from thorns—Irish discontent may be trampled down for the present, but it will be sure to grow again. No doubt the government must enforce order, and vindicate the laws, so long as they are able. Recent events, however, prove that the strongest governments are sometimes overtaken by moments when the ability to do so changes sides and passes from them. But how much wiser, and how much safer would it be, to alter the laws when necessary, and to make them so just, and so equal, that insurrection would have nothing, at least in the statute book, to feed upon, instead of goading the people to madness now by their inequality and injustice, and anon by their total suspension.

I have made these remarks, gentlemen, as an explanatory of my own conduct, on a recent occasion, to which you have alluded. They are the convictions impressed on my mind by the theory of British, and the practice of American freedom. I believe that no other nation on the globe would have submitted so long and so patiently to their calamitous condition as the Irish have done. I believe the Irish would not so have submitted had it not been for the influence of their religion and their clergy. But I have no idea that from all this, the inference is to be drawn, that the Catholic religion is an influence which tyranny may wield to promote its own selfish ends, by paralyzing the moral, or in extreme cases, the physical energies of a trodden-down people, struggling to participate in all the benefits of the constitution under which they live. It was not thus that the great Charter of English freedom was won by Catholic Bishops and Barons at Runnymede, and bequeathed to an ungrateful posterity.

Having said thus much I am free to add, what is well known in the U. States, that I have deplored the course of those who have recently been regarded as guides and leaders of the Irish people. It was easy to foresee that their policy must eventuate, as it is now likely to do, or else in a useless effusion of blood. If the English Legislature cannot govern Ireland except in the direction of prospective ruin to both countries; and, on the other hand, will not allow the Irish to govern themselves, under the Crown, I see no remedy for them but to wait till they grow stronger or wiser, or both together. But Britain herself would despise them if they continued voluntary slaves, and consented to their degraded condition.

At all events it is quite certain that as the English people, including the government, have sympathized with Sicily in her recent struggle, so the American people, with rare exceptions, would sympathize with Ireland, by whatever misrule on one side, or ill advised resistance on the other, a violent collision between her and Great Britain might have been brought on. It would be strange, as I have already remarked, if a native of Ireland, living in the midst of such a people, sharing equally with themselves all the privileges of their free government as if I had been born on their soil, should form an exception and feel nought but indifference as to the result of such a contest.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the unexpected compliment which you have paid me; wishing you and those whom you represent every temporal and spiritual blessing, allow me to assure you that I shall ever preserve most pleasing recollections of your fair and hospitable city, and of its inhabitants of all classes with whom it has been my good fortune to have become acquainted.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, With sincere respect,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN HUGHES,
Bishop of New York.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM A PROTESTANT ON "KIRWAN'S LETTERS" TO BISHOP HUGHES.

State of New-York }
August 1st.

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal and Cath. Register:

DEAR SIR—I am almost tempted to order another of your Journals, for since the publication of Bp. Hughes' Letters to Kirwan, alias Mr. Nicholas Murray, mine is in such demand, that I can scarcely get a chance of reading it. It is curious to see a Protestant community, like this, sink in, with such zest, the Bishop's puerile slanders, of the wonderful reasons for such an individual leaving the Catholic Church. We consider ourselves rather a reading community here, and we have certainly a cultivated circle, but most of us have been in such entire ignorance of "the great men of the age," that we have never heard of Kirwan, alias Mr. Nicholas Murray, except through the Bishop's Letters. On reading his book, for myself, I find it too serious a matter to trifle with, for my religious and moral feelings are shocked at the tone of impiety that pervades the whole of it. Some remnants of conscientious fear and delicacy that would, it appears to me, deter any person of right feelings, from treating with such unbecoming freedom the holy subject of the religious belief, of so powerful, respectable and extended a part of our body politic as the Catholics have become, but in a man (thank God not an American,) who professes to be a minister of God, and under the cloak of religion, it seems to me awfully offensive to every moral sense. I was born and educated a Protestant, I have never pretended to profess any creed, but the principles which were instilled by my parents, and which I caught from the influence of truly religious persons, and I trust my own sense of delicacy would always have prompted a respect and awe of the religion of others; and never, even in my most careless days, would I have received with complacency the coarse jeers, taunts, and mockeries that are contained in this book against the Catholics. And now that my mind has been turned to the subject of religion and my feelings tender in regard to it, it is vain for me to attempt to express my abhorrence and repugnance to such language. The great foundation of all religious principles seemed to me love and charity, and I believe so still in spite of the genius of Presbyterism, as developed by this Kirwan, alias, Mr. Nicholas Murray. Perhaps, however, in writing in imputing it to Presbyterism, for I can judge by Presbyterians themselves, in this quarter, those who are conscientious and upright, have no affinity with it, and the sin must lie at the right door and take its legitimate place in the infidelity of the author himself. Here is a man originally a poor obscure infidel Irish boy, with no education but such as he picked up as a Presbyterian since he had been in America, utterly unknown either as an author or a man of genius, with no claims, but those of a sectarian minister in a small town, over a small congregation, thrusting himself forward to public notice under a mask, to give his personal individual reasons, why he rejected the religion of a good mother, and became an infidel: and more than all, having the audacious impudence (betraying the coarseness of his training,) in addressing his details of private wickedness and obscure family stories to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, a name which the nation has honored, and of which every American feels proud. To one not knowing the circumstances it would be supposed of course that this Kirwan, alias Mr. Nicholas Murray, had at least an acquaintance with the Bishop, or had begged his permission, or was entitled in some way to take so responsible an act. Nothing of the kind, the very first thing he announces is his being an entire stranger to the Bishop. Stranger indeed, and stranger he will ever be, mentally and spiritually, to the character and all the elements that compose the character of such a man. In these letters he glaringly exposes his hatred of the Catholics, rendered desperate and savage by the successful establishment of a Catholic Church in Elizabethtown, and his envy and fear of the Bishop, is too apparent under his hypocritical and impudent professions of respect.

A grand theme of sectarian pulpits, in this region, is the alarming progress of Catholicity and its wide and steady spread in the far west. Religious calls are made by sectarian ministers to take some way to arrest its progress. It is especially obvious to those conversant with these letters that these letters put forth under a mask

addressed by SAMUEL I. PRIME, with the advice of addressing them to Bishop Hughes, is one of those tricks devised as a trial. To those who have had some experience in a western life, it is well known that the genius of Catholicity is making rapid strides and is admirably adapted to the state of the country. In the words of a Protestant writer, a late traveller in the States, "Its most extraordinary feature is its adaptation to all governments, all nations, all periods, all climates, all characters, with their vicissitudes and their attributes. In Europe both monarchies and Republics have professed its creed, and in America the purest of democracies is gradually recognizing its perfections. Its institutions are beyond comparison, the best adapted to curb the passions of a young, fierce, impetuous, generous, high-minded, democracy—to protect the religion of a Republic from annihilation—to subvert the struggling and discordant interests of an immense territory into harmony, and to enchain the sympathies of a whole people in one magnificent scheme of morality and devotion. 'They shall be one fold and one shepherd.'"

But to return to Kirwan, only look at the manner of his approaching Bishop Hughes. To make the letters of any weight or value, or give them any sort of publicity, he has, as I remarked the gross impudence to address them to the Bishop. And here, if our disgust would permit, it is really curious to see how he tries to worm himself into the good graces of the Bishop, and bring himself into connection with him. First he tries to compliment him on his genius and learning, which he confesses is undisputed, and have placed him in a high position, and in the very next sentence has the unblushing impudence to say "if he had been a Bishop of Mexico he might have lived unknown to fame, but as Bishop of New York it could not be expected." He then pretends to profess respect for the character of the Bishop, as unblemished, and knowing the difference between prejudices and principle, &c., and then, in the very next breath, makes him out a wicked hypocrite, and tells him "like the ancient priests of Egypt he has one class of opinions for the people and one for himself, as he could not admit that the Bishop himself believed the doctrines he preached." I can imagine a penitent awakened to the enormity of sin making such a confession of his past wickedness, but that it is the deliberate writing and publishing of a Presbyterian minister, in the nineteenth century can scarcely be credited, and is perfectly astounding and shocking to all sense of decency and morality. Such indications as these throughout the whole of these letters, show the true character of the writer, and have their full effect on all thoughtful and serious minds. That it is a sectarian effort, got up for effect, and levelled at the Catholics of this country, no one doubts, and, like the rest of such machinery, will soon fall to the ground and be forgotten.

As to the trick of converts being made, it is too much like the trick of those sectarian "awakenings" which some time since flooded the country, whose converts were never known, or who disappeared like the early dew. For a sincere person, who hesitates to doubt a Presbyterian clergyman, how to reconcile the sentiments of a pure religion with the expressions of Mr. Murray, is puzzling indeed. It is set forth in the purest schools as meek and lowly—that the poor of this world are generally the richest in faith—Christ himself chose poverty and obscurity. With these precepts, it is shocking and revolting to read his sneers at the Catholics (independent of their vulgar coarseness,) in such expressions as these:—"Compare the congregation at St. Patrick's with any large wealthy congregation in the city, as to fruits of holiness." If it is holiness he really means, what has wealth to do with it? And how can we compare holiness with wealth? Also, "if you want to know how many educated people go to Catholic Churches, stand at the door of St. Peter's or St. Patrick's on a Sabbath morning, and you will soon see!" (pretty employment for a Sunday morning, and a pretty admonition for a clergyman to give!) So we must stand outside of the Church door, and judge by the sight of our eyes of educated people, as to fruits of holiness! I am very much afraid that this is the only way Mr. Murray has ever known the fruits of holiness. He has been outside all his life, and these are the happy results!

Now, I have great reason to be thankful that I went inside of St. Patrick's with very poor uneducated Irish; but if it would give Mr. Murray any pleasure to know it, I could add, I went in my carriage, and I saw many other carriages a

the door, also very many richly dressed, apparently educated, people, but I could not tell by the sight of my eyes. And this I cared nothing about I went for other purposes, unbelieved as I was. I went to try and worship God and hear Bishop Hughes preach; and I heard such truths from that pulpit, and saw such devotion among that crowded people, poor and educated as part of them were, that I was deeply impressed with these holy subjects. I cannot describe the routine of the Altar, in the manner and style of Rev. Mr. Murray, but I can describe my own fears and tremblings when the Bishop, in the purity of the doctrine he was preaching, convinced me that I had no part nor lot in the matter. He insisted on prayer as the key to Heaven, through the merits of Christ, and if I have ever felt the power and sweetness of prayer, it was because I went inside the Cathedral, with an humble spirit, and it did not come into my heart to think the preacher had "one set of opinions for himself and one for me"—or that he "was prostituting his talents" by upholding the Cross, or that I among "a dumb herd." Oh, far from it I have great reason to think that mine, among the "blessings of unborn generations," will fall upon that great and good Bishop. If I have any sense of Divine things, any knowledge of the insufficiency and utter worthlessness of self, and all human pretention, and interest in higher and holier objects, it is through the power of his preaching and the influence of his holy precepts and example. I have great reason to rejoice that, although sectarian power has failed, (and I have had even the honor and advantage of hearing Mr. Nicholas Murray preach,) the Catholic Church, poor and despised and wicked as she is, in his eye, had yet in store so rich a blessing for me; and I can also assure him, although to my shame it might be spoken, I have never paid a penny.

SPAIN.

MOR. BURNELL.—The Archbishop Thessalonica has presented his credentials to the Queen as Papal Nuncio. Everything was done to render the ceremony as imposing as possible, and the Ministerial journals exclaim that the reconciliation of Spain with the Holy See is more than an equivalent for the suspension of diplomatic relations with England. We quote the following translation from the Morning Post:—

THE LEGATE'S ADDRESS.

"Madam—After the sad vicissitudes which have so long afflicted Catholic Spain; after the lapse of more than a year during which, under your Majesty's august auspices, I have fulfilled in the capital of your vast dominions the important mission entrusted to me by the Supreme Patriarch and universal Father of the Faithful, having for its object the alleviation of the evils which have befallen the Church in the unhappy times which we have witnessed, I now present myself before your Majesty to deliver into your august hands the Pontifical letters which invest me with the sublime character of Apostolic Nuncio. Amidst the grave duties of my position, it is for me a subject of sincere satisfaction that I have been sent to a nation so noble, so generous, so firmly attached to the pure and holy religion of its fathers. I likewise feel great confidence in being near a throne on which have sat so many monarchs as famed for the greatness of their undertakings as for the magnanimous zeal with which they have propagated Christianity, maintained and defended the doctrines, the worship, and the inviolable rights of the Catholic Church. Your Majesty beholding from the elevation of your throne the bright examples of your illustrious ancestors, has not hesitated to promote the same object which is desired and appreciated by the ardent hopes of the noble Spanish nation. Thanks to the religious solicitude of your Majesty, the many churches so long deprived of their Prelates have converted into demonstrations of excessive joy the mourning and the sadness of their unhappy widowhood. By virtue of your Royal orders they have preserved their venerable prerogatives of ecclesiastical power and jurisdiction, and have a guarantee for the free exercise of the episcopal duties.

"Your Majesty, deeply lamenting the deplorable destitution to which public events had reduced worship and the clergy, has honoured with the most gracious reception the respectful petitions which have so often been addressed to you, and, in conformity with your royal promise, have resolved, as far as possible, to restore the altar and its Ministers to the propriety and decency of their original lustre and splendour. Fulfil,

Madam, bring to perfection, and crown the memorable work which will ensure to your Majesty the love, respect, and sincere obedience of our people, will render eternal your glory amongst wise and enlightened nations, will form the most precious ornament of your royal diadem, and will become the most powerful support of your sceptre. I, in the name of the enlightened man, who from the Vatican, sheds the benefits of his rule over all parts of the Catholic world, assure to your Majesty the earliest concurrence and faithful application of the power of the Apostolic See. A faithful interpreter of the sentiments of the Supreme Pontiff, my first and most grateful duty on this happy occasion is, to express his fatherly affection and tender benevolence for the august person of your Majesty, and his sincere desire that you should place confidence in the interest which the immortal Pius IX. takes in the happiness, repose, and peace of Catholic Spain."

THE QUEEN'S REPLY.

"Senor Nuncio.—This day is most welcome to me, on which the relations between the common Father of the Faithful and Catholic Spain, interrupted for so many years, are again linked together for the advantage of the Church and State. From the pious and elevated sentiments of the enlightened Pontiff who now occupies the Apostolic See, I could do no less than hope that he would give me this proof of his fatherly love to a nation eminently Catholic, which, in the midst of the lamentable vicissitudes it has experienced, preserves in its purity the faith of its ancestors. The fulfilment of this hope has filled my heart with joy, and will be hailed by the Spanish nation with the satisfaction to be expected from its piety, and will be regarded as a sure presage of happier and more tranquil days. For my part, I will strive to follow the illustrious example of all those Catholic Kings, my august predecessors, who have regarded that title as the best of the treasures of their crown. As for you, Senor Nuncio, who for more than a year have exerted the most praiseworthy zeal and discretion to heal the difference which from this day forward must be considered as at an end, I assure you that it will afford me the most perfect satisfaction when you shall behold your noble efforts crowned with success, and that you may long display in my Court the eminent rank with which you are invested, and I am convinced that the Church cannot fail to find in you a representative as efficacious as illustrious."

Births

- August 28—Mrs Flanigan, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Buckley, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Dullard, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Kelly, of a daughter.
- " 28—Mrs Healey, of a son.
- " 28—Mrs Walton, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs Tobin, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs Nowlan, of a son.
- " 29—Mrs Murphy, of a son.

Married.

- August 28—Mr John Kehoe, to Miss Helen Butler.
- " 29—Mr Lawrence Kavanagh, to Miss Helen Carey.
- " 29—Mr Michael Delany, to Miss Mary Mulgan.
- " 29—Mr John Walsh, to Miss Catherine Roach.
- " 29—Mr John Geary, to Miss Ann Corbett.

Died.

- Aug. 26—Patrick, son of John and Ellen Hunt, aged 9 months; Mary, wife of John Mueahy, native of Tramore, County Waterford, aged 86 years. 28—Michael Byrne, native of the City of Dublin, aged 67 years; Michael, infant son of John and Ann Mahony, aged 8 months. 29—Nicholas, infant son of John and Margaret Healy, aged 3 days; Eleanor, infant daughter of John and Margaret McDonnell, aged 3 months and 17 days; John Rice, native of Ireland, aged 70 years. 30—Thomas Kehoe, native of Thurles, County Tipperary, aged 50 years. Sept 1—Richard, infant son of John and Mary Walsh, aged 6 months.

Saint Mary's Catechetical Society PIC-NIC.

THE MEMBERS of the above Institution have arranged that a PIC-NIC be given to the Children under their superintendance, on TUESDAY the 5th September, at Melville Island, which has been kindly granted for the occasion.

A Boat conveying the Children and those who have undertaken the charge of them, will leave BAUERS' Wharf at Ten o'clock. Additional Trips will be made at Twelve and Two for Visitors. By the kind permission of Major Lowth, the Band of the 38th Regt will be in attendance. Mr. Heine will be on the ground, who will supply Refreshments for Visitors.

The charge for Visitors will be Is. 3d., and for Children, not in connection with the Society, 7d.—to be paid on entering the Boat.

Should the weather prove unfavourable, Tuesday, the Pic-Nic will take place the next day after. Chron & Rec. Sept. 1