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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERMONS.

VOL. 3.

No. 32.

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, AUGUST 7, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

- August 8—Sunday—XI after Pentecost, 11 of August Com.  
of all the Holy Roman Pontiffs.
- 9—Monday—St. Emygidius, B. M.
- 10—Tuesday—St. Lawrence, M.
- 11—Wednesday—St. Sixtus II. P. M.
- 12—Thursday—St. Clare, Virgin.
- 13—Friday—Octave Day of the Transfiguration.
- 14—Saturday—St. Hormisdas, P. C.

## DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Tuesday last will be a memorable day in the annals of the Dutch Village. Such an assemblage was never witnessed before in that romantic and secluded spot. We are fortunately saved from the necessity of describing the scenery, the ceremonies and the proceedings of the day, as they were all beheld by thousands of our fellow citizens. Well indeed; may the Catholics of Halifax be proud of such a spectacle. We never had the good fortune to see so much innocent and hearty recreation, mingled with so much deep religious feeling, and fervent zeal for the glory of the House of God. The Dedication of the rural temple was performed according to the Roman rite by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, assisted by the Vicar-General and the Rev. Messrs. Doyle, Phelan, McLeod, Melsaac, and Daly. Several acolythes, from St. Mary's also walked in the procession, attired in their handsome costume. Nothing could exceed the impressive solemnity and beauty of the scene, as the Bishop and clergy went round the walls of the sacred edifice, chanting the Psalms, &c., appropriate to the occasion. The echoes of those holy strains were heard along the surrounding hills, and as they died away through the valley of the North West Arm, they gratefully saluted the ears of the countless numbers who were hastening from all parts to the festive scene. High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, at which the whole multitude assisted in devout recollection. The peo-

ple then scattered in all directions to enjoy the beautiful scenery, and precisely at one o'clock, they were again summoned by the sound of trumpet, to the newly dedicated House of God, to listen to the sermon which was preached by the Bishop. His Lordship took his text from the second Book of Paralipomenon vi. 18. "Is it credible then that God should dwell with men on earth? If heaven, and the heavens of heavens do not contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built!" The Sermon lasted a little more than an hour after which an offering was made, which as we are informed, amounted to nearly One Hundred Pounds.

The religious exercises of the day being over, the Church Grounds, which with the late purchase by Dr. Walsh, amount to nearly twenty acres, were filled in every direction by numerous happy groups who discussed with evident enjoyment the good things that had been prepared for them. Several members of the late Band of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Temperance Society, played during the day and gave an additional zest to the festivities. There were other musicians also on the grounds. At an early hour in the evening a vast number of the people walked in procession to town; headed by the Band. They drew up opposite the Bishop's residence at St. Mary's, and gave several hearty cheers. The Clergy and Bishop acknowledged the compliment from the balcony, and at the request of the people, his Lordship addressed them for a short time in terms of congratulation on the religious and happy day which they had spent, as well as on the strict order and decorum which were observed throughout the entire proceedings. Having received his blessing, with an exhortation to return to their homes in the same peaceful order, the multitude quietly separated.

Thus terminated one of the happiest days which we have ever witnessed. It was in every sense of the word a truly Catholic Festival,—a day of gladness, and recreation as well as of religious fervour,—a day which proved that cheerfulness and innocent relaxation are by no means incompatible with true religion. There was nothing morose, nor stern in the celebra-

tion—nothing austere or repulsive in the character of the people. The genius of Catholicity was visible throughout, for the Catholic religion is the religion of the soul. The Catholic Church alone knows how to touch the human heart, and to contribute to the temporal happiness of her children even while she is most earnestly engaged in securing their eternal welfare.

#### REV. MICHAEL McKEAGNEY.

We have received from a valued correspondent in the County of Sydney, the following letter, and we fully participate in the sorrow expressed by the writer for the loss of one of the best Priests in Nova Scotia:—

To THE EDITORS OF THE CROSS.

St. Andrews, July 30, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—

It is with feelings of more than ordinary grief, I communicate the sad tidings of the sudden demise of the Parish Priest of Guysborough, the Rev. Michael McKeagney who departed this life on the morning of the 21st inst.

If sincere love and attachment on the part of the flock, towards its Pastor be a good criterion to judge of the Pastor's merits, then the late Rev. Michael McKeagney may well be said to have fulfilled his duties for whether he officiated as missionary amid the wilds of Cape Breton; or discharged the functions of a curate or Parish Priest in Nova Scotia proper, he was the idol of his flock, in fact his affability and humility rendered him dear to all.

If to fall in the battle field in defence of one's country, grasping the sword with which his country honoured him, be glorious for a man of the world how much more glorious in itself, is it for the minister of Christ, to resign his life in the actual discharge of the sacred ministry?

The lamented Parish Priest of Guysborough scarcely returned on the evening of the 20th from the death bed of one of his flock, when without laying aside even his ritual, &c., he was summoned before his God and Creator. O how mysterious are the ways of the Lord, how much it behoves us to be ready not knowing the day nor the hour in which we may be called!

#### CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

HALIFAX, July 20th, 1847.

The Annual Meeting of St. Mary's Catechistical Society, (postponed from last month) was held on Sunday evening the 18th inst., immediately after Vespers in the Vestry of St. Mary's the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh in the chair, assisted by the Revs. Messrs Hannan, Phelan and Daly.

The routine business having been disposed of, the proceedings of the past quarter were stated by the Secretary, shewing that in addition to the supplies of clothing gratuitously afforded to the poor children attending catechism numbering over one hundred, and a large supply of fuel, twenty cords of wood dispensed to over one hundred and thirty of the poor of the parish and others. The sum of ten pounds had been appropriated from the funds of the Society, together with a sum of £15 contributed by members of the Society, and transmitted, at the request of the Society, by his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, to his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, towards the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland.

The following resolutions were then moved and passed:—

1st, That in future the returns of the superintendants include the attendance of Teachers as well as the children.

2nd, That from and after the present quarter, the Teachers be selected from the roll of the Society and their names announced from the Altar.

3rd, That the examination of classes in Christian Doctrine be held in September next.

4th, That Mr. McDonald be appointed to superintend the classes at St. Patrick's Church instead of Mr. John Barron, resigned.

A vote of thanks was then moved, and unanimously accorded to Mr. Barron for his efficient superintendance of the classes at St. Patrick's Church, during the past year.

The following appointments were then made for the ensuing year:—

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, *President*.

The Very Rev. T. L. Connolly, V. G., *Vice President*.

Mr. P. J. Compton, *Secretary*, re-elected.

Mr. A. Murphy, *Asst. do. do.*

There being no further business before the chair, a motion of adjournment was then put and carried,

P. J. COMPTON, *Secretary*.

#### ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Additional Subscriptions received by the Treasurer since our last publication:

Very Rev. Mr. Conolly	£2	0	0
Rev. Mr. Phelan	1	0	0
Mr. James Cochran	5	0	0
Richard Cahill	1	10	0
Peter Morrissy	3	0	0
William Doyle	1	0	0
Michael Doran	1	0	0
Patrick Deegan	1	10	0
Michael Power	1	0	0
Jeremiah Sullivan	1	0	0
Timothy Morrissy	0	7	6
John Hogan	2	0	0
McDonnell, McLean	2	0	0
Patrick Stokes	1	0	0
Mrs. Kiely	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Bowers	1	0	0
Martin Maher	1	0	0
Michael Scallan	1	0	0
Patrick Power	2	0	0
Andrew Mooniey	1	0	0
John Lanigan	1	0	0
Samuel Thomas	1	0	0
William Brown	1	0	0
William Jones	1	0	0
Morgan O'Brien	1	0	0
William Ahern	1	0	0
Barry	2	10	0
Thomas Mahoney	1	0	0
Richard Byrne	1	0	0
Thomas Kennedy	1	0	0
Peter Walsh	1	0	0
Messrs. J. & J. Barron	2	0	0
Mr. James Donnelly	1	0	0
T. McAuliff	2	0	0
Mr. O'Donnel	£1	10s.	(South end 10s.)
	2	0	0

James Doherty	1	0	0
Robert Devaney	1	0	0
Denis O'Sullivan	0	10	0
Gregory Kelly	0	10	0
Paul White	0	10	0
James Ferguson	0	10	0
William Colbert	0	10	0
Henry Swaine	0	10	0
Thomas Callahan	0	10	0
Thomas Buckley	0	10	0
James Hardy	0	10	0
John Fogarty	0	10	0
Edward Walsh	0	10	0
Cornelius Harrington	0	10	0
John Hayden	0	10	0
Timothy Grady	0	10	0
Michael Conway	0	10	0
Thomas Hunt	0	10	0
John Barton	0	10	0
William Dooley	0	10	0
James Sutton	0	10	0
John Murphy	0	13	2
William Lynch	0	13	9
Richard Fliinn	0	13	6

(To be continued.)

## REV. P. FORBES' LETTER TO THE GLASGOW PARSONS.

(Concluded.)

But to return to the charges; I am then accused of "a plain premeditated conspiracy to injure and even blacken the character of the Established Clergy of the City!" Passing over the editorial correctness of a conspiracy being constituted by one man alone, I would ask, does the Editor of the *Scottish Guardian* really imagine that the efforts of one Priest could blacken the character of the *holy and ehfyng body* of the Established Clergy of Glasgow? Is that a point so vulnerable, Mr. Editor? A Conspiracy! What! One poor Priest against the whole host of Established Parsons, reinforced and backed as they have lately been by the resistless, matchless powers of the learned *Shanks*, the *innaculate Crotty*, and the veracious O'Sullivan!!! Ye powers! What a daring enterprise—and the whole camp of parsons already in dismay!!! I have often heard that in the days of romance whole garrisons have been put into a state of terror and alarm by the threats of one valourous knight to storm their strongholds; but the feat ascribed to me by the Editor of the *Scottish Guardian* surpasses anything related in the annals of chivalry!

But to be serious, Mr. Editor! In what consists this deadly conspiracy? For what am I accused of conspiring against the Established Clergy? Merely because I kindly acquainted two or three of them that certain individuals of their communion were lying sick and very ill in the Infirmary! This is the whole extent, height, width, and depth, of my conspiracy. Now, Mr. Editor, I understand you are a clergyman, and I ask you, is it fair—is it becoming in you to accuse me of conspiracy for an act so much in consonance with the great principle of Christianity, whose first and leading characteristic is *universal charity*?

Is it just to accuse me of a conspiracy for an act of genuine kindness, of clerical courtesy, and generous liberality? Must I be taxed with conspiracy for affording a Christian Minister an opportunity of fulfilling what ought to be to him a hallowed and a sacred duty? O; this may well besit the character of a Law Church Minister, but it is a stain upon the very name of a *True Christian Clergyman*.

In the next place, I am accused of sending these notices with the design to entrap the poor parsons. Well, supposing for a moment even that I did, was there not an easy means of escape? Could they not have done what was their duty? Could they not have gone quietly to see their sick, and then they would have avoided the snare? But, sir, any such sinister intention I utterly deny; and I appeal to the candid, honest, open manner in which I dated, signed, and sent these notices, as demonstrative proof that there never was, nor even could be intended conspiracy or trap. But it was the conspiracy looking means you made use of. Yes; to be sure I wrote a letter, dated it Great Clyde Street, and signed P. Forbes, C. C. Other two were written—dated Great Clyde Street, and signed Peter Forbes, Catholic Clergyman—at full length, and in large characters. O this dark design! O thou deep designing, court concealed, and hidden conspirator!!!

Really, Sir; must here give you a lesson; you, being a Minister of the Gospel, may be somewhat annoyed at being sent back to your catechism—but I am under the necessity of making the reference, since you seem so entirely to have forgot your questions. In the Larger Catechism; then, "misconstructing intentions" is declared a sin; now you have misconstrued my intentions—therefore you have committed a sin.—Then in the Shorter Catechism it is asked, "What doth every sin deserve? Every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come." I hope, Sir, you will make the sins against what you call the *Ninth Commandment*, one of the chief points of your examination of conscience to-morrow evening.

But whence all this delicacy, all these fears about character? Have I said anything not true of you, and are you afraid of the truth being known? Is it not a notorious fact that you Established Parsons do not attend your sick? Is it not a fact that you might almost as soon look for a white crow on the steeple of the Tron Church, as for an Established Minister of Glasgow in the ward of a fever hospital; Now, the "public has a right" to know what is the reason of this? O, it is needless to shuffle—the reason is found in that magnanimous declaration, *I am afraid*. Is it not a well known fact, also, that ministers have been sent for again and again, to see persons sick out of the Infirmary have not come? I could tell a tale not yet three months old, when no less than three ministers sent for, and none came; one, in particular, absolutely refused. But why dwell on a matter so well known. Now, is all this fight—is it Christian? Is then, I ask, the religion that that these men practise, the religion of heaven? I am taxed with saying "will you follow such men as these?" I am not sensible that I ever made use of such an expression; but, as already mentioned, I said then, and I say now, "Is this the religion of the religion of a crucified God, who gave his life for man?" I said then—and repeat now—is it? I appeal to my honest countrymen—I appeal to the Christian world if it be? Is this the religion of St. Paul, who was willing not only to expose his life, but to become even an anathema for his brethren? I am accused of saying "will you follow such men as these?" I am not aware of saying so then, but if I did not, I say so now "Will you be followers of such pastors as these?" I say it to the sensible citizens of Glasgow, I say it to all unbiased and impartial men:—Will you be followers of Parsons who can lend a deaf ear to the dying cry of the afflicted Christian? Will you be followers of Parsons who will suffer the poor forlorn sinner to die, perhaps without a hope? Will you be followers of men who are so cowardly, so afraid, that they will abandon you at the very hour when most you need their help? Will you be supporters of men who will come to your feasts, but fly when you are sick? Will you be supporters of men who with their wives and their families, who will live on your substance, but leave you to die in despair? Will you, in fire, be supporters of men, who, were you to die and be buried in hell, would not stir a foot to save you from the appalling doom?

Christians! believe not all who come to you "in sheep's clothing"—"by their fruit you shall know them."

But, we are told there is an "essential difference" between the priest and the minister, as to, the fever patients in the

Infirmary—I trust in God there is at least a practical difference. The speculative difference is, perhaps, not so great as might be imagined, although, 1st, “No Protestant teaches that the visit of the minister”—nor that extreme unction is necessary to prepare for heaven. Neither does any Catholic teach that the salvation of the soul depends on the mere visit of the priest—nor that extreme unction is necessary to prepare for heaven. But Catholics teach that the visit of the priest may contribute much to the salvation of the soul, and that, in consequence, it is the duty of the priest to visit the sick and the dying, no matter what the disease may be. Perfectly similar is the doctrine of Protestants with regard to the visit of the minister.—For proof, Sir, I must refer you to your own Confession of Faith. Does not, then, your standard the Westminster Confession, admonish ministers that “times of sickness and affliction are special opportunities put into his hand by God, to minister a word in season to every soul; because the consciences of men, are, or should be more awakened to bethink themselves of their spiritual estate for eternity; and satan also takes advantage to load them more with sore temptations.”—And does not experience tell us that if spiritual advice and consolation be ever necessary it is on such occasions. When the body is weakened by disease—when the faculties of the mind are impaired—when the ties of the world are distracting that sorrowing sinner, and the terrors of death have encompassed him on every side, is he who styles himself God’s minister to complain if he be summoned to the bedside of his suffering parishoner? Is he to complain that an opportunity has been offered him of pouring into the breast of the dying man the balm of hope and consolation—of awakening in his soul sentiments of confidence in an all-merciful God, in the merits of a crucified Saviour? and, by recalling to his distracted mind the promises of the gospel, to fortify him in the hour of danger against the efforts of the infernal fiend, who “goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour! If this be Conspiracy, Mr. Editor—if it be conspiracy to give you an opportunity of doing what the Confession of Faith urges you to do—if it be conspiracy to call upon you to do what the clearest injunctions of Christianity command you to perform, then I publicly declare myself to be a conspirator—then I publicly avow that I have conspired to procure the aids of religion for the sick and the dying, when all the Established Parsons in Glasgow conspired to leave them to perish! Second difference. A ‘priest has no family to whom infection may be communicated.’ Mr. Editor, are you aware that you are, here giving one of the strongest arguments for the celibacy of the clergy!

3. “There is a Protestant chaplain attached to the Infirmary.” I assert, and I am ready to prove, that no chaplain attends the Fever Hospital, except, perhaps, he may pay an occasional visit to the recovery. I can bring the testimony of a person who declares, that during six years that she was nurse in the Infirmary she never yet saw the foot of a minister cross the threshold of a fever ward. What does the public think of this? Another nurse declared that in the course of twenty one months she had seen a minister, I think, once. And another said that she had seen a minister twice, once when he came to give some directions (of which we shall see more afterwards), and even for that visit she was indebted to the priest; and another time he came to ask how many Testaments she had!!

To come to a conclusion on this point. If I have injured the Established Ministers by sending for them to the Infirmary, I have at least this consolation, that I have followed the Gospel rule of “doing as I would done by.” I have done no more to them than I would wish them on all similar occasions to do to me. Again and again has the Rev. Mr. Routledge, sent us a card, acquainting us that some of our people were lying sick and wished to see us. Did we accuse him of a design to blacken our character? No; but we considered ourselves under high obligations to him on that account; and I avail myself of the opportunity, in my own name and in the name of the other Catholic Clergymen of the city, publicly and cordially to return him our grateful and warmest acknowledgements for his Christian kindness and benevolence.

We come now to the second charge, viz. “by attempts to press Popery on the patients.” This charge, I unequivocally,

utterly, absolutely deny, and as proof, I appeal to the patient themselves—I appeal to the nurses in the various wards—I appeal to every visitor and attendant there, clerical and medical, male and female, whether ever they saw me or any of my brother clergymen pressing Popery on the Patients, or intruding upon any person whatever in point of religion. A great number of persons have already declared that they never did, and I am not in the least afraid of the testimony of the others. No, no, Mr. Editor, I am too well aware that forced prayers are no devotion; and so far from pressing or forcing our ministrations on the patients, I and the other Catholic Clergymen have been invited, urged, and deputations even have been sent to us to officiate publicly in the wards, and we never yet consented—so careful have we been to press Popery on the patients! Indeed the general complaint is, that we will not speak to people—that we speak only to our own. In short, in order to find out the Catholics, I am obliged generally to ask the names of the patients and to what church they belong; and there is the sum and substance—my whole amount and pressure of Popery.

But did I not offer or “wish a woman to take my sacrament?” I never did; I never so much as thought of such a thing. I refer to the statement of the cause and circumstances of my revisit to that woman, and which were all confirmed by her own declaration before witnesses yesterday. The truth is, this is a charge too silly to require an answer. The slightest knowledge of the Catholic religion would have been sufficient to convince any persons in their senses that the whole was a perfect absurdity—that I durst not in such circumstances give her my Sacrament even if she had requested it. With us the sacrament is one of the last things—and before we get that length there is a long process to go through, and particularly with a person not yet instructed. Now, I am persuaded I was not two minutes speaking to the woman altogether. Besides what end would such a proceeding serve? Giving her the sacrament could never make her a Catholic. What possible object therefore, could I have in view? None truly, to me conceivable. But she thought she felt something curious about her mouth afterwards. Probably she did, for that very day she had been taking copious quantity of opium. I heard she had been telling some person that surely the priest had given her the sacrament, for he had said *God bless you!* ‘This is good! The truth is—everybody says the poor woman was in such a state of delirious stupor, that she did not know what she was saying or doing.

Were not this letter already too long, I would have a number more of remarks to make. One thing however, you will just allow me to hint at. J. Campbell has declared before witnesses that I never made her send for the minister—that I never told her to send for the minister—that it was not at my suggestion the minister was sent for. I leave you and her to settle between you. Yes, Mr. Editor, I have a number of little bits of useful information to lay before the public; but I hope soon to have another opportunity.

We shall perhaps then see who presses religion. We shall then see who have been insulted and ill-treated in that Infirmary on account of their religion. We shall perhaps then see what mean expedients have been had recourse to—in order to make certain persons prevaricate.

But you threaten disclosures, too—you may try your utmost. You call for examination—so do I. I challenge inquiry—I bid defiance to investigation.

You talk of getting me excluded from the Infirmary. Yes, exclude me if you can—banish me if you dare—and on the Infirmary walls let it be written, that in 1836 a Catholic Clergyman was banished from this Institution through the malignity of the Law Church Parsons for kindly inviting them—at least to try—to save their people’s souls from hell.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

P. FORBES.

**YOUNG IRELAND AND O’CONNELL.**

The funeral monument is not yet reared;—the earth is not yet sprinkled on the coffin lid; the

coffin is not yet lowered into the ground; the grave is not yet dug; the bones of the mighty dead have not yet returned from their pilgrimage; the dwellers in Rome still pay their homage to the relic entrusted to their keeping; Genoa still visits his bier and prays for his departed soul; the populations of the Continent prepare, or even now perhaps exhibit, the outward shows of the reverence they feel for the spirit by which the cold and hidden clay was once quickened; not yet has Ireland received his last remains, nor greeted as with a mother's welcome the return of her mighty offspring to repose within her parental embraces. Not yet; not yet. The body of the illustrious dead has not yet been altogether removed from the cognisance of the senses, nor has the nation which he served and liberated yet poured out its congregated sorrows over the spoil of death. In the eyes of multitudes the fountains of tears that streamed down on the announcement of his death have for a paused and been held back till the day of public mourning once more causes them to flow in the bitterness of a renewed grief. Friends mourn in secret, old grudges are half forgotten, generous enemies feel and express a noble remorse at the unintended pain their public hostility may have occasioned in the worn bosom of the great chief. The sacredness of this universal lamentation falls like a healing dew upon all hearts, composing and turning them to thoughts of a holy sadness, and it might almost seem as if the world world was for a time changed into a temple of peace, from whence over the remains of the departed ascend the prayers, and sighs, and groans, and lamentations of friend and foe alike. The tapers burn around the coffin. Priest and attendants the scoffer and devout, tread softly near the bier as if they feared to disturb the repose of him who, after such great labours has gone from us for ever. The holiness of this world wide scene, as it offers itself to the dullest imagination, and, and almost to the hardest heart, is undisturbed by any profane admixture.

But, no; the Wolf is on his walk, and while the bystanders and onlookers are absorbed in grief, if not blinded with tears, he bounds forward, shameless and in open daylight, to mangle once more the flesh which his tooth gored when living, and to feed his ravenous appetite even in the charnel house of death.

The noble chief whose loss so many feel, was struck down, and his days, perhaps his years, shortened by the bitterness of a strange political hostility. Upon those who waged war against O'Connell in his latter days, it is not just to charge his death. What they did, they did in honour, mistaking the man, mistaking the cause, mistaking themselves. But assuredly no diabolical thought of mischief to the object of their opposition, no evil

purpose directed against his life, his happiness, or his peace of mind animated their hostility. In their efforts to overthrow the fabric he had reared and to crush his political life, they laboured to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds." Their aim was to "be purgers, not murderers; sacrificers not butchers;" to beat the life out of a political system which they judged evil, and not to hack the limbs of their antagonist "like wrath in death and envy afterwards." But whatever the motive, however noble the intention, the fact is unmistakably the same.

" \* \* \* Here wast thou bayed, brave heart,  
Here diest thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy Lethæ."

And therefore did we rejoice at the symptoms of sorrow which the weekly organ of O'Connell's adversaries paid as a tribute to his memory. His services and labours were not forgotten his fame was cherished as an Irish possession; his great qualities warmly acknowledged; modestly, and unwillingly touched, rather than stated, and the late public and personal rupture lamented with much true hearted dignity of feeling.

"If we dare mix a personal feeling with grief which is wide as the Island, we would willingly say here, how bitterly we remember now, that O'Connell dying far away, in a foreign land, and in year of terrible calamity, was not in amity with us. When we remember all his great labours, all his generous qualities, all his kindly, social sympathies, the genial temper unruffled by the cares of a long imprisonment borne in such brotherly sympathy with young and undistinguished men, it is hard to think of it without self reproach. Would to God we could blot out the personal irritation, the angry words and all the disturbing elements that forced themselves into a contest from which we hoped resolutely to shut them out. But the contest itself in some shape became, from a certain point inevitable; and far rather would we be sharing O'Connell's bier at this hour than have meanly and dishonestly evaded it."

This was written a fortnight ago. We are sure it was sincere every word of it; and though it was not very different from what we expected, it was extremely grateful to us to find that our expectations had not been groundless.

June the 5th, however, sees the columns of the Nation graced with a very different effusion. The Rev. Mr. Kenyon is the writer on this occasion, and what he writes has at least the merits of being characteristic. It is not over decent, not over Christian, not over creditable, and, perhaps may be best and most accurately described as a piece of writing which conveys to the mind the impression of a fierce inhumanity. An hostility which wars

with the carcass when it has destroyed life, and esteems nothing sacred that stands in the way of its black and deadly purposes. Of Mr. Kenyon we have personally no knowledge; but the impression which his letter partly by its contents, and partly by the time chosen for its publication, has produced on our minds, is just what we have described.

For the publication two persons, at least, are responsible; the Writer and the Editor; the one as much as the other. The Editor, indeed, replies to the assaults of his correspondents, but the reason he gives for the publication is not a little curious. "We abhor the system of combatting dissent by suppressing it, and so there is no remedy." We wonder what answer the renderer of this pedantic excuse would have given if he had had the management of the funeral, and a panygeric being delivered over O'Connell's remains, it were proposed to him to allow a refutation of the encomiast then and there; and to hallow the burial of the dead by a public vituperation delivered by some public antagonist. Of course the answer should be the same then as now. "By all means O'Connell being dead, let us fight over his tomb every word of praise should be matched by a word of insult; if those who honour him may eulogise, those who hate may vituperate. On all occasions and under all circumstances let us hear both sides. So far from suppressing, let us never even postpone dissent, or be tempted by considerations of time or place to soften the vehemence of rebuke. In the pulpit let Tom Paine follow the Priest. In the battle field let the word of command for a charge at the decisive moment be paralysed by due audit given to the protests and prolix reasoning of the dissentients. Over the coffin of the dead let vituperation be poured forth without stint. Whatever any man thinks true is to be spoken at whatever time he thinks fit, without paying the least regard to persons, or times, or places, or circumstances; and those who do not aid in giving publicity to all the enormities which any one may entrust to their keeping, are guilty of the 'abhorred system of suppressing dissent.'" —*Tablet.*

### General Intelligence.

#### ROME.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LIBERATOR—CONCLUDING REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

(From the *Dublin Evening Freeman*.)

The subjoined touchingly eloquent letter from the pen of the pious, talented, and patriotic Dr. Miley, a copy of which, Mr. John O'Connell, with his accustomed courtesy and kindness, has placed

at our command, will be read with thrilling interest by all—and they are numerous indeed—who venerate Rome, revere the memory of O'Connell, and love Ireland. From Rome, where O'Connell is wept by thousands as the departed champion of man's rights and liberties, the first lay champion of the church, his beloved Ireland, the hope that quickened his day aspirations, and the weeping spirit that presided over his dreams by night, will send forth an appeal to the sympathies of nations on the wings of these mournings, which cannot fail to find a response in the hearts of both the enslaved and the free. From Rome, the centre of the world—"the City of the Sion"—the voice of sorrow raised for O'Connell speaks in the world of the soul's noblest attributes—*independence, liberty.*—What man that loved not his country was ever so honoured? Thrice glorious be thou ever, mistress of nations—*liberty loving, liberty honoured Rome.* We in Ireland sunk in sorrow, duly appreciate what you have done to honour the man who when living reigned in our hearts, and when now no more is our political saviour still, through the instrumentality of his fame. When living, he spoke from Tara to the British Isles. When dead, he speaks from Rome to the nations of the earth:—

ROME, 30th June, 1847.

BELOVED FRIEND,—

Again I return to the subject of the funeral of the "Hero of Christianity," as the supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., entitled our Liberator, your father, of truly "Glorious and Immortal Memory." It was resumed to day with a splendour not greater, certainly than that of Monday last, because greater than that it could not possibly be; but (a fact perhaps without example) it was resumed again to-day, and that with an ardour and a concourse of multitudes which distinctly evinces that the enthusiasm by which the Romans of every order, and the strangers of every country were gathered round his cenotaph on the former occasion was not the offspring of a shallow and fleeting sentimentality, but a genuine Catholic instinct, as benign and irresistible in its results as it is imperishable in the divine origin and principle from which it springs—and which must continue to communicate itself from soul to soul, and from people to people, until it embraces them all. But here again I must protest against any intent to give you by my feeble words a description of the scene I return from witnessing. Vain, most vain, would be the attempt; but that your family and the entire Irish people, to the latest posterity, may have at least some shadow to remind them of the great things which have come to pass in these two glorious days, I have taken care that the cenotaph and the scene presented in the church during the function, shall be depicted by one of the ablest of the Roman artists. Eu-

gravings are to be made from the paintings, that thus the pencil may effect what cannot be done by the pen. For the present, all I can do is to supply a few of the many omissions of my last letter.

I stated that the funeral of Monday was solemnised by special command of Pius IX., that his Holiness, not by the expression of his will alone, but by other means, enjoined that it should be characterised by the greatest magnificence. In furtherance of this, it was his own successor in the see of Incolas, his Eminence Cardinal Baluffi, who gave the absolution wearing the Papal vestments, and preceded by the Papal Cross. The bishop who sang the requiem mass was Monsignore D'Andrea di Napoli, late nuncio to Switzerland, and at present Secretary to the congregation of the Council of Trent. Three parish priests of Rome acted as deacon, subdeacon, and master of the ceremonies, still to add dignity to the function and to make it more emphatically the act of the Roman church. I also omitted to state, that amongst the students of the various colleges marshalled round the cenotaph were those of the Apollinari, which is the diocesan seminary of the Pope as Bishop of Rome. Instead of one hundred, as I stated, there were more than 200 masses on Monday. The General of the order of the Jesuits, who was first in the sacristy, ascended the altar soon after four in the morning. I may mention here, that although no invitations were issued to the clergy for to-day, the altars were occupied from the dawn up to 10 a. m., so that the Theatine Fathers who serve the church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, were obliged to send at an early hour to the Irish College, to have the help of the students in serving the masses.

In short all Rome is moved, and nothing else is talked of but the magnificence of the cenotaph, and the decorations, the pomp of the ceremonies, the enchanting perfection of the music, the immensity and brilliancy of the concourse. But above all the rest, it is the funeral oration which is the theme of every tongue; already it is in course of being translated into French, Spanish, German, &c. To-morrow, I forward a copy of it to a literary friend eminently qualified to do it justice in our language. Depend upon it these events, but particularly the oration of the Padre Ventura, will turn out to be a stroke which will make itself felt through Christendom, to the universal and manifest advantage of civil and religious liberty.

You can have no notion of the spirit with which even the Roman people properly so called, have combined to render this magnificent compliment to the Liberator of Catholic Ireland all that it should be.

Nor is it alone that the mere echoes of his renown have told on the ears of this posterity of kings and martyrs—this people who for grandeur

of soul and perfectly Christian instruction surpass all others—they have become indoctrinated with the great principles of our unequalled Chief. May I so express myself, they have become thoroughly Irish. They now know our position—the perils over which we have triumphed—the perils still more menacing which we have yet to overcome.

The sublime funeral oration of Padre Ventura will be read in every dialect of mankind, and not without the most important results. A Cardinal, high in the confidence of his Holiness, assured us of so much to-day. It is an event, said his Eminence, which will live in the history of the church. I may mention that the highest grade of opinion in Rome is only reflected in the noble and brilliant discourses to which I have referred. To this great and gifted son of the church we have presented this morning, besides the feeble expression of our grateful admiration, a chalice of trifling value that we might not seem altogether wanting in that virtue which they say so pre-eminently belongs to our nation; but I shall be sadly deceived if Ireland will not know how to make up for our shortcomings in this respect. To the supreme Pontiff himself, to their Eminences the Cardinals, especially to Cardinal Fransoni, who has proved himself another father to our suffering country—to Cardinal Baluffi, who gave the absolution to-day, we have nothing but our homage and most profound expressions of acknowledgment to offer. To the prelates also who officiated we shall endeavour to present a similar tribute, if it be possible to effect what we design in the few hours intervening between the closing of this hasty letter and our departure; but with all this you will see at a glance how much we still leave to be done by Ireland.

I forgot to state that it was by the branch at Rome of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith that the funeral was celebrated to-day; the Cardinal Vicar, who is its President, was delighted in giving the necessary permission to the Society for this application of their funds to add this new and extraordinary mark of favour and respect to all the rest.

The Scripture texts hung round the Basilica, which I was not able to procure on Monday, I send to-day. They are in Latin, because that is the language of Catholicity, and as such is familiar even to the *basso veto* of Rome; but by the references which are given you can easily substitute the English version. Pray place the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. before them, because they form a series not inaptly illustrative of the characteristics of your great parent's life.

A copy of the Requiem and the Absolution performed on the first day by the choir of 100 voices—*Roman* voices—has been presented to us by the celebrated modern composer, M. Andrea Sale-



st, who presided. The honour of forming the choir was assigned to the Irish students, and admirably did they prove how deserving they were of this distinction.

In addition to the ambassadors, whom I mentioned in my last, the Ambassador of France was present to-day.—Certainly, in his Excellency's regard, nothing could be more *apropos* than the Padre Ventura's discourse, as you will say when you have read it. The civic guards were marshalled as on Monday last—their colonel and his *etat major*, as before, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, at the canon of the mass and the absolution. The Basilica was crowded—from 14,000 to 15,000 people being present. Oh! could you have looked, as we did, with tearful eyes and hearts brimming o'er with emotions which no tongue could utter—could you have gazed upon that vast and fervidly agitated sea of life—the collegians in their white raiments—their complexions indicating the shade of every clime, as they stood bearing lighted torches round the towering mausoleum adorned with the *fasti* of your father's life, and surmounted by the statue of Religion, could your ears have drunk in the hallowed melody which reverberated from that dome, itself sustained by the Evangelists as only Domenichino knew how to paint, them, and glowing above with those gorgeous tints of Lanfranc, representing the realms of bliss. Oh, I doubt not but a tide of consolation, pure as the regard which the Virgin Mother seemed to cast down from her throne of beatitude upon his bier, must have filled your heart, inciting and strengthening you to perseverance in following the example he has left; and I may, may, must add, *bequeathed* so emphatically to you.

To conclude—Scenes not to be over-estimated in importance for our country and our church, have been in this instance acted here. Rome now holds his mighty heart as one of her proudest treasures. But I must close.

Ever yours,

J. MILEY.

John O'Connell, Esq., M. P.

To be continued.

### OBSEQUIES FOR O'CONNELL IN MOATE, DIOCESE OF ARDAGH.

On Thursday the 8th instant, there was a solemn high mass and office for the departed Liberator, in the chapel of Moate. The clergymen of all the adjacent parishes of Meath, as well as Ardagh, attended in great numbers. Among those present were the Very Rev. Dr. O'Rafferty, V. G. of Meath; and the Very Rev. Dr. Dawson, V. G. of Ardagh. The Rev. P. Murray, of Ballymore, officiated, the Rev. Mr. Callery, of Tullamore,

preached, and delivered a discourse admirably suited to the occasion. Nothing more imposing has been ever witnessed in Moate. Though a market day the shops were closed during the ceremony, and the chapel was crowded to suffocation by persons who seemed to feel an interest in the scene there witnessed. Numbers who could not find place in the chapel remained outside under the torrents of rain, anxious to join in this tribute of respect paid to the great departed.

I was a delighted spectator. The clergy and laity of two dioceses had assembled. They met to mourn over the sad event of which that scene was a commemoration. They met to pledge themselves to the principles to which they then paid a tribute. These principles must live, for they are imbued with the immortality of truth—and all assembled in Moat seemed to proclaim, in the words of the "Pleasures of Hope"—

"Cold in the dust his perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once shall never die."

### BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

- August 3—Mrs. Laughlan of a Son.  
4—Mrs. Mehan of a Son.  
5—Mrs. Rourke of a Daughter.  
6—Mrs. Connolly of a Son.  
6—Mrs. Flinn of a Daughter.  
6—Mrs. Kcefe of a Daughter.

### MARRIAGE RECORD.

- August 2—Patrick Shannon to Margaret Black.

### INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- August 1—Honora, Daughter of John and Mary Eustace, aged 1 year and 7 months.  
2—Richard, Son of Patrick and Margaret Walsh, aged 4 years.  
2—Daniel Conway, Native of the County Carlow, aged 42 years.  
3—John, Infant/Son of Michael and Ellen Fitzgerald, aged 1 month.  
5—Margaret, Wife of Patrick Sullivan, Native of the County Carlow, Ireland, aged 27 years.

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