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

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

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

And I shall give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



Was anything conceded from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?"—TERTULLIAN Prescrip. xlii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."—St. Cyprian Ep. 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 Jerus. Cat. xi. 1.

VOL. 4.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 26, 1848.

NO. 39.

### Calendar.

August 27—Sunday—XI after Pent, V Aug  
St Joseph Calasancius C Doub.  
" 28—Monday—St Augustin, B C and  
Doct Doub com, &c.  
" 29—Tuesday—Decollation of St John  
Baptist G Doub com, &c.  
" 30—Wednesday—St Rosa of Lima Virg  
Doub com, &c.  
" 31—Thursday—St Raymond Nonnatus  
C Doub.  
SEPT. 1—Friday—St Lewis King C Semin.  
in Brev 26th Aug.  
" 2—Saturday—St Stephen King C Sem-  
mid.

[From the N. York Freeman's Journal.]

### BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS

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

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR—

It is deeply to be regretted that the serpent of infidelity was ever permitted to nestle in your bosom, for when I consider that you reduce the standard of revelation to the test of common sense—when I consider the looseness of your moral principles, so far forth as they are exhibited by your own pen—when I behold the spirit of Voltaire and Thomas Paine in the profanity and ribaldry with which you treat every sacred subject which your common sense does not approve, I am compelled to say that even on the supposition that infidelity had been expelled from your breast before the writing of your letters, still,

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."

Your moral principles, as set forth by yourself, even in my regard, are much more in keeping with what might be expected from a sceptic of the world than from a clergyman of any Christian denomination. You have the grossness to impute to me that I am consciously a deceiver of my fellow-creatures, and yet you do not hesitate to express respect for my character. Is this a principle of Presbyterian inculcation? Or has it shot up through the Confession of faith from the older and deeper root of your early infidelity?

Again, you urge me to renounce the Catholic religion, in which, you suppose, I do not believe; and yet with that loose morality, which would better become a professed infidel, you implicitly urge me to persevere in carrying on the supposed villainy of deception! The reader would hardly believe this statement possible, so I shall quote your own words to prove it. You say: "And since in the maturity of my judgment I have examined this matter, I have greatly commended your wisdom in withholding the Bible from the people. If I were a Bishop or a Priest of your church I would do the same." Page 29. So then, dear Kirwan, you have the candour to avow on principle, and in the "maturity of your judgment," that if your lot had been cast among villains, you would be as great a villain as any of them. Is this avowal worthy of even an infidel?

That you should be where and what you are is easily accounted for—by the ignorance of your youth which you have described. Ignorance and poverty are mysterious dispensations of God's providence. And, on that account, I would treat with indulgence whatever errors in your early life are to be ascribed to either. But for the deliberate conclusions, uttered in your recent letters, and in the "maturity of your judgment" in which you avow yourself ready to

act an evident part with Bishops and Priests, on the mere condition of your having been one of them, I cannot but hold you responsible.

Thank God, however, you are neither a Bishop nor a Priest; and your once having been talked of as a candidate for Maynooth, was happily for the Church, only "talk" after all. You are a Presbyterian minister in Elizabethtown, where your ministry can do no harm;—for, if your creed be true, those who are foreordained to eternal life, will be saved with as well as without your offices.

In my last letter I showed, according to your own account, that the prohibition to eat flesh meat on Fridays and Saturdays was the first practical reason for your change of religion. It was an "unreasonable regulation and you rejected it; and as far as you now remember this was your first step towards light and freedom."—page 32. On the very next page we find you soliloquising in a style of rationalism, which Pagan Greece, or Protestant Germany, could hardly have surpassed. "I thus reasoned with myself; God is a spiritual and intelligent Being, and he requires an intelligent worship. What worship I render Him in the Mass I know not," (of course since you had forgotten your catechism) "my intelligent worship only is acceptable to Him, and is beneficial to me. I am a rational being, and degrade my nature, and insult my Maker, in offering to Him a worship in which neither my reason, nor His intelligence, is consulted."—Page 33. Now, dear Kirwan, when we consider the state of your mind at the period when this pretended soliloquy occurred, "a perfect blank as to all religious instruction," it becomes a grave question which I leave to the decision of casuists in mental philosophy, whether or not, in the higher ordinary sense of the term, you could rightfully call yourself a "rational being."

But I make the quotation for another purpose. The whole passage betrays a strong elective affinity to the spirit of Paine's "Age of Reason." The high contracting parties were God and yourself. Both were intelligent beings—your Maker would be insulted, and your nature would be degraded, if you held the intercourse of worship with Him, except on the principle of reciprocal intelligence. You had just tasted of the forbidden food on the preceding page, and acquired the knowledge of good and evil. You had partaken of Egypt's flesh pots, and the mass had become insipid and distasteful. For your mind there was no "intelligence" in it, and so, very naturally, you gave up the Mass.

But now, the flood-gates of the knowledge of good and evil being once opened, we may expect the mysteries of revelation to be inundated by the deluge of your "intelligence," your "reasons," your "common sense." Accordingly, the adorable mystery of the Christian Eucharist, in treating of which the Fathers of the Church were struck with holy dread and religious awe, is described by you as an "absurdity."—page 35. So it has always appeared to the animal man.

I need scarcely inform you, sir, that the infidels of all ages would have been perfectly satisfied, if they had been allowed to construe the Bible to what they call common sense. In reference to this standard, they and you appear to be perfectly agreed. Thus, you make the Bible and common sense the ultimate tribunals in the decision of religious belief. Thus, in the exercise of common sense, no doubt, you deny the Divinity of Christ implicitly, at least, in calling it "blasphemous" to designate the ever glorious and Blessed Virgin Mary, "as the Mother of God."

If the person of Christ was simply Divine, and Mary was truly his mother, she is, and has been always called, Mother of God, as well as mother of man; and your denial of this can be logically sustained, only by your denial of the Saviour's Divinity. In fact, I suppose your "common sense" has already pronounced against the mystery of the Incarnation. Thus also, you take sides with the Infidels of the Redeemer's age, as well as of our own, and you tell us in spite of the evidence furnished by Him in His human character, that God only can forgive sins—page 67. In the spirit of a true infidel, you describe the Priesthood of the Catholic Church throughout the world, and for eighteen centuries, as having been actuated solely by the love of money—page 70. Again still, in the spirit of the Infidel, you sneer at the History of Religion as counter to your appeal to "common sense," and tell us, that "with you the authority of our Popes and Councils are not worth a penny."—page 70.

The angel Gabriel saluted the blessed Virgin Mary, as the scripture records, "Hail, full of grace;" but you, the angel of Elizabethtown, speak of her as you would of a female selling candies at the corners of the street from whom you had just bought a supply for the young Kirwans, and call her the "good woman" condescendingly.—Page 74. The holy Eucharist under your "common sense, you declare to be so "absurd as to refute itself."—Page 75. You decide that the words, "this is my body," mean that this is not my body, and with that swelling pride peculiar to an evangelical minister who takes "common sense" as his rule for interpreting holy scripture, you exhibit your slight of hand with a puff of self complacency, and call upon us to admire—"just see how a little common sense simplifies everything."—Page 76.

Lest I should interpose by venturing to suggest that a thing ought to be received for what our Saviour says it is, you warn me off, and tell me in true wind-bag style that "you will have none of my nonsense about the substance contained under the species."—Page 76. Now, dear Kirwan, I have scriptural authority for what you here call nonsense. The Holy Ghost descended on the apostles under the species of "tongues of fire;" he descended on the Saviour under the species of a dove, and you have decided that the distinction of the Evangelists between the species and the substance is "nonsense;" . . . it is darkening counsel by words without knowledge."—Page 76. I recommend your case to the General Assembly. In fact you have become so enlightened in matters of dogmatic theology, under the inspiration of common sense, that you are almost fit for a residence in Boston, where Theodore Parker will no doubt have the charity to extend to you the right hand of Christian fellowship.

In reference to the Holy Eucharist, your Infidel principle of "common sense" as interpreter of Scripture, prompts you to say that "nothing equals it in absurdity in all paganism."—Page 78. Pray, did it ever come in the way of your extensive reading to have seen a book called the "PRESBYTERIAN CONFESSION OF FAITH, as amended and ratified by the General Assembly at their sessions in 1821, and printed by Tower & Hogan in 1827?" If so, turn to pages 73 and 74, and you will find it ruled that in certain cases men are placed in such a situation, that if they do a thing they "commit a sin against God," and if they do not do it, they "commit a greater sin!" Here is a Presbyterian Doctrine to which you might apply your "common sense" with some advantage to your own brethren. The

rich theme of ridicule which it would furnish for a pen of such profanity as yours, will be obvious to you at a glance.

You tell us that "the manner of our public worship is heathen, and was originally adopted for the seducing of the Heathen to Christianity."—Page 82. This idea would seem to have been derived by you rather from Gibbon, than from Voltaire or Thomas Paine. You have the candour to give a very high antiquity to our manner of worship, when you describe the use to which it was applied in the primitive Church. The conversion of nations has been itself regarded as a proof of the divine origin of Christianity. You, however, have discovered that it was owing to a system of seduction, carried on through our Catholic "manner of worship," by which the poor Heathen were "seduced" into the new Religion! Could any but an Infidel give such utterance to a sentiment!

But detail is unnecessary. The high mysteries of the Christian faith you reduce to the standard of "common sense," on almost every page. Thus: "Extreme unction," you have already pronounced "extreme nonsense."—Page 82.

"How simple and 'common sense' is all this."—S. S. Page 27. "Blessed be God you have got turned your keys on the 'common sense' of the world."—Page 29. Of your infidel ribaldry I will give but one specimen, which I think can hardly be surpassed in the annals of sneering skepticism. "Your daily changing of a wafer into the real body of Christ, and then eating him, heats anything St Fechin ever did. Your preparing an old sinner for heaven by rubbing him with olive oil, and then opening its gates to him by the keys which are only in your possession, far surpasses Fechin's turning acorns to pork. We believe the swine themselves are constantly doing this in our Western woods."—Page 39. You tell us that the respect entertained by Catholics for relics has the true relics for its object—and that, on Catholic principles, "it is all the same" that the object of reverence or respect should be the head of "St. Paul" or the head of "Balaam's Ass;" and you add in your own name, and wit a sneer becoming an infidel, "and I suppose the difference, sir, is very little."—Page 70. So then, Rev. Nicholas Murray, you regard the head of an ass and that of an Apostle with equal respect; for the reason, no doubt, that in your estimation, both are figuratively of the same species, or perhaps that in this instance both are scriptural subjects.

It seems that the Tract Societies and Sunday Schools have adopted your letters, and given them a very extensive circulation. I do not know a shorter method of turning the young "saints" subject to their training, into infidels, than by placing such a book in their hands. Each of them has as good a right to explain the Bible according to what he will call "common sense," as you have had. But they will not be restrained in their blasphemous ribaldry, by the limits which a black coat and a white cravat have prescribed for your pen.

They will apply the arguments of "common sense" which you have wielded against Baptism and the Holy Eucharist, to the antecedent doctrines of original sin, and the atonement, and they will find no "common sense" is either. But we should I moralise for you on such a subject, when I have no evidence to prove that such result has not been the very object of your letters; and that your zeal against Popery, is not merely the gilding of the infidel pill which you would wish to see swallowed by Tract distributors, Sunday school teachers, Sunday school children, and all

Sir the language and sentiments which I have had to pass under review in this letter are so unworthy of a man professing Christianity, that I must withhold, at its close, even the expression of my pity for you, whilst I cherish towards you as usual good wishes and good will.

✠ JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20.

ST. MARY'S—RT. REV. DR. HUGHES.

On Sunday morning last this distinguished Prelate officiated at our Cathedral. His Lordship also assisted pontifically at High Mass, at eleven o'clock, which was celebrated by the Very Rev. Mr. Conolly, attended by Rev. Messrs. Wallace and O'Connor as Deacon and Sub-deacon. The Bishop of Halifax was also in the Sanctuary. It having become known in the course of the day that a Sermon would be preached at Vespers by the Bishop of New York, St. Mary's Church was crowded to overflowing long before the appointed hour. Numbers of our fellow-citizens of various denominations were present, attracted, no doubt, by the well-merited reputation of Dr. Hughes. Indeed we have heard it observed by several that so vast a multitude were never before wedged together in the Cathedral. At three o'clock Vespers commenced, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh officiating, assisted by seven or eight Clergymen; and at the close of the solemn service the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes delivered a beautiful, impressive, and closely-reasoned discourse, which commanded the breathless attention of his audience for considerably more than an hour. Having taken his text from the Epistle of St. John, he proceeded to describe the nature and properties of Divine Faith—the distinction between this great virtue, “the foundation and root of all justification” and mere human opinion—the motives of credibility, the strong contrast between truth and error, the teaching of fallible man and the immutable revelations of God. He next shewed the necessity of good works in conjunction with Faith, proved that by this divine principle alone can man make the sacrifices that are necessary for the observance of God's laws, and that all-powerful faith renders the observance of the Commandments not only possible, but truly delightful, so that the man of true faith always finds the yoke of the Lord sweet and his burden light. He pointed out in the language of a portion of his text how our Divine Faith was the “victory which overcometh the world,” and by a rapid and brilliant sketch of the early triumphs of Christianity and the glorious career of the men of faith in every age, illustrated this part of his subject. At the close of his able and argumentative discourse, the Bishop complimented the Catholics of Halifax on the many opportunities they enjoyed of practising their holy religion; and earnestly exhorted them to avail themselves diligently of those precious graces. Never was a Sermon listened to with more profound attention, and never did a congregation depart to all appearance more gratified. Indeed the Sermon of Dr. Hughes has formed a principal topic of discourse for several days past.

## THE LAST STEAMER.

The Britannia arrived on Thursday night, and her news is important. Smith O'Brien is captured and lodged in Kilmainham gaol. Several Confederates have been arrested in various parts of Ireland; the Informer is beginning to unmask, and many of the Young Irelanders are attempting to escape to America. We cannot trust ourselves to say what we think of the whole affair. We never believed that this rash scheme would succeed, because we know that in Ireland no National movement can ever succeed without the cordial assistance of the majority of the Catholic Clergy. This was the doctrine and practice of O'Connell's life, than whom no one knew better the vast resources of the British Empire and the fearful odds that Ireland would have to encounter even in an united struggle against England. The Confederates fondly imagined that by discarding Cicalical influence they would secure the adhesion of the Orangemen and Irish Protestants to the National cause. They were bitterly disappointed. They made some converts, it is true, but these were far outnumbered by the multitude of hostile spirits whom they evoked from the almost covered graves of Orangeism. An United Irish people would have been formidable to the Government, and would, at no distant day, wrest

from them all their legitimate demands. The English Cabinet and the English Press, convinced of this, set all their engines at work to produce division in the National ranks.—The first object was to paralyze O'Connell. For this they encouraged the disaffection at Conciliation Hall, patted the Young Irelanders on the back, praised their patriotism, admired their sincerity, extolled their eloquence, flattered their vanity, and precipitated them headlong into that collision with the Liberator which has been so fatal to Irish hopes. Having thus distracted and divided the national strength, having agitated the Episcopal and Clerical bodies by the vexed questions of Bequest Bills, Mixed Education, and so forth, they permitted the Young Irelanders to run the full length of their tether before they checked the string. Hence, to the astonishment of many, seditious speeches and writings were suffered for whole months to pass with impunity. But they were permitted, because they helped to widen the breach with the O'Connell and Clerical party, and to secure a decent pretext at the proper moment for Gagging Bills, and Algerine Acts, the suspension of the Constitution, and the prostration of Irish liberties. The Whigs knew as well, eight months ago, all the designs of the Confederates, as they did when they passed the late Acts with such indecent haste and affected fear. They are now enjoying the result of their cunning policy, and of the blundering of their opponents. But, in our opinion, they have very little reason to chaunt the psalms of victory. They have almost driven into a sort of premature insurrection a more fragment of the Irish nation. With fifty thousand men, a formidable fleet, and every advantage that a powerful government could command, they have captured two or three dozen of young men, whose sanguine dispositions and ardent patriotism outstrips their judgment. But they have not conquered the Irish nation—in fact they have not come into collision with any section of the people. There has been no rising; no insurrection; no Irish army, no pitched battle, nothing deserting the name even of a skirmish. They have not disarmed the people; but above all they have not disarmed or conquered *one Irish heart*. On the contrary they have made English rule in Ireland still more difficult—English oppression still more hateful. The Rebellion, as it is called, has not been suppressed, because it has never broken out. All the old grievances remain, with many recent additions; the cup of national bitterness has now been filled to overflowing, the fervour of national hate has reached its highest intensity. After seven hundred years of blundering and wicked legislation on the part of England, Ireland now hates her more fiercely than ever, and if there be any subject of congratulation present or prospective in this, we wish England joy of her miserable triumph.—That hideous oppressor had long continued to wear a clumsy mask before the world and to rob her hapless victims of the sympathies of humanity by a tissue of fraud, calumny and deception. But she now stands forth in all her naked ferocity and is forced before the nations of the Earth to make the humiliating avowal that she has no dominion in Ireland but that of the sword, and that it requires three fourths of her mighty resources to preserve for one week even the semblance of a government in Ireland. No: the great Irish problem is not yet solved. John Bull has not yet paid one fourth of the cost of *his Irish whistle*; England's formidable difficulties in Ireland are yet to be encountered.

## RIGHT REV. DR. HUGHES.

We feel great pleasure in announcing that the Bishop of New York will preach at Vespers on to-morrow, in St. Mary's Cathedral.

## PARLIAMENT IN DUBLIN.

A long petition to Parliament has been agreed on by the Grand Jury of Westmeath, signed by the High Sheriff, nine Deputy-Lieutenants, and twenty-three Justices of the Peace, contrasting the advantages and capabilities of Ireland with her miserable, distracted condition, and goes on to say,—“Your petitioners believe that the cause of this disappointment arises in a great measure from the Government of Ireland being administered in ignorance of Ireland, and that the system pursued as to her social and political relations has been one of vacillation and experiment, producing, or at least not preventing, these results—that instead of peace we have discord—instead of wealth poverty—instead of contentment disaffection, and that a kingdom which might form the strength and boast of the empire constitutes its weakness and its reproach. Your petitioners do not consider that a remedy for

this melancholy exhibition can be found in the creation of a separate Legislature, but that it may be found in the periodical removal of the Imperial Parliament to the Irish capital for Irish purposes, for an adequate time, before or after the regular sessions in London.

[From the Tablet.]

## THE INSURRECTION.

The insurrection in Ireland has come at last. What has taken place, or is taking place among the Colliers of Ballinagary and Mullinahone it is not very easy to understand with any sort of minute accuracy; but it may safely be asserted both that there is insurrection, and that it is on a very small scale. Some of our London journals have been extremely facetious on the “liad in a nutshell;” the rebellion disposed of in a newspaper column and-a-half; the three thousand insurgents put to flight by fifty policemen. But all this, however witty, is a little premature. The insurrection is not yet quite at an end; the liad, as at present recited, is only a fragment of the first book; and the exploit of the fifty policemen not quite so decided if we may believe one account which states that the withdrawal of the insurgent besiegers was owing to the approach of General Macdonald with two or three regiments and artillery.

Not unlike this is the state of Ireland at present. The real insurrection is not put down; is not yet begun to be put down; has not yet distinctly shown itself. What has been put down, or what is being put down is folly merely. The mine is there; the powder is heaped together; a few handfuls of it have been damped for the present; but the mine and the powder is still beneath your feet. What will the Government do to render it explosive—to remove it altogether? Upon them it depends whether the country be damped down to a temperance of peace, or whether the “ferocious civil war” be yet to come.

For the present the influence of the Priests and the terror of military preparations have prevailed. But how long is our reliance to be placed on these? How long can the influence of the Priests be strained without producing weakness? How long will the people of England endure to have one-half of their military force and constant preparations for war in so close proximity to their own shores? Some better means, it is obvious, must be devised, and that promptly. Lord John must not meet the question with his miserable excuses that “there is not time;” that rebellions come because his hands are full; that the empire is sore and rent asunder because his occupations are too numerous. If he cannot find time to grapple with this huge difficulty, some other politician must, and please Heaven, will be found with whom such excuses are inadmissible.

But at all events, we warn the Government to be prompt in holding out some hope of relief, some prospect of contentment. The Ides of March are come—not gone. The fatal September has not yet been passed over; and though at the voice of Smith O'Brien the people were too wary to rise without a visible prospect of success, yet we warn the Government to beware of the coming autumn.

For our part we hope he may make an heroic effort, and we hope he may succeed; but as we believe neither the one nor the other we still cry out for Repeal.

## SIR G. GREY ON THE IRISH PROTESTANT CHURCH.

On the subject of the Protestant Church, he (Sir G. Grey) said—“My opinions upon that subject will be found expressed in the debate, upon the second reading of the Maynooth Bill in 1845. Sir, I am not prepared to deny that the existence of an exclusive Protestant Church establishment—an establishment which does not coincide with the views of the majority, but only represents a small minority, is an anomaly which was unjustifiable in its establishment, and indefensible in its continuance. (Hear) I know no country in Europe, in which that experiment has been made, and in which the attempt has been carried out. (Hear, hear) I am quite prepared for the odium which these opinions may draw upon me. I do not shrink from their avowal. I think it an unfortunate thing, and one which materially affects the peace of the country, that the clergy of the people should be dependent upon those circumstances which have been stated by the honourable member for Mid-dlesex. (Hear, hear.) I very much agree in the opinion that a time will come when the Mi-

nistry will be able to introduce some measures upon the subject, when public feeling has been altered by a long experience of the evils arising from the present state of things. (Cheers) I hope I am not too sanguine in these expectations, but this I will say, notwithstanding the feelings which exist among my constituents upon this question, that I for one shall hail such a measure with satisfaction, and that either in office or out of office I will be ready to give it my hearty concurrence.” (Cheers.)

## THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.

What an expression! How much is there in that short sentence! How much to admire; how much to imitate! Christ performed great deeds such as no one ever did; but not that we should imitate them. He spake to the tempest, and stilled the rolling billows, but not that we should lift up our voices when the wind blows, and the thunders roll, and the waves are piled mountains high, and attempt to hush them to peace. He stood by the grave and spake, and the dead man left his tomb and came again to life—but not that we should imitate him in this, or attempt by miracles to give vigor to the feeble, or health to the diseased. But Christ was meek and gentle, that we might be so too. Christ was benignant and kind, that we might be so too. Christ patiently bore reviling, that we might do it also; he was not irritable, and uncharitable, and fretful, and envious, and revengeful—and in all these we may imitate him. His was a life of benevolence; diffusive like the light of a morning without clouds; a life undisturbed by conflicting emotions; unbroken by a harsh and dissatisfied temper; kind when others were unkind; gentle when the storms of furious passion raged in their bosoms; and tranquil and serene while all around him were distracted by anger, and ambition, and envy, and revenge. To us may the same spirit be given; and while the world around is agitated with passion, and pride, and wrath, in our hearts may there reign forevermore “the gentleness of Christ.”

DIOCESE OF BOSTON.—On Thursday last, the Rt. Rev. Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, to six hundred and ninety-eight persons, of whom about one hundred were adults. On the same day the great majority of the children who were confirmed, made their first communions. The ceremony was one of the most imposing we have ever witnessed.—*Catholic Observer.*

[From the Sun.]

## MEETING OF CATHOLICS AT THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A highly respectable and dense gathering of Catholics and Irishmen assembled at the Parochial School Room of St. Mary's on Monday evening. The object of the meeting being to consider the propriety of doing special honour to the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of New York, now in this city.

Mr. Bernard O'Neill having been called to the Chair by acclamation, and Mr. W. Condon nominated to act as Secretary, the meeting was addressed by the Chairman, in a few pertinent remarks explanatory of the object for which they were assembled. When,

Mr. R. Nugent, rose and said that a few individuals having at heart the interest and character of the Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax, had consulted on the propriety of offering some testimony of Catholic esteem to the Rt. Rev'd Dr. Hughes, now in this City, and with this view the Meeting which had been so much of a mystery to many people, was called, and he felt confident that those who had obeyed the call would heartily approve of the object. It devolved upon him to move the first Resolution, and it was not in the nature of a Catholic or an Irishman to hold back, upon an occasion like the present, when he was called upon to do honour to an eminent Prelate, an able champion of Catholicity, and a patriot known for his devotedness and zeal in the cause of suffering Ireland—(loud cheers). Dr. Hughes, the distinguished Bishop of New York, was now sojourning for a few days amongst us,—personally a stranger to the Catholics of Halifax, he was not unknown to them by the fame of his noble efforts in the great cause of the Church, and by the report of that untiring zeal with which he had laboured in the immediate field of his own Diocese to ensure to every Catholic child fair play, and prevent the lambs of his flock from being touched and infected with the poison of erroneous tenets—(cheers.) No words of his, (Mr. N's), no ap-



plause that that meeting might evince could add to the wide spread Catholic fame of the Right Rev. Prelate—his name was favourably known on both sides the Atlantic—it was revered equally in Old Ireland as in New York, and by the Catholics and Irishmen of the British Provinces—(loud cheers)—and he (Mr. N.) felt assured that that assembly, to a man, would heartily respond to the letter and spirit of the resolution which he would now read to the meeting:

Whereas, The Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of New York, is now in our City, it is the pleasure and it is the duty of the Catholics and Irishmen here, entertaining as they do, a just appreciation of, and a high regard for, the splendid talents, and shining virtues of this distinguished Prelate and Patriot, to welcome him to our shores with heartfelt congratulations:

Therefore resolved, That an Address of welcome, embodying our sentiments of distinguished regard, be presented to His Lordship, at his earliest convenience to receive the same.

Mr. Peter Morrissey came forward and seconded the Resolution. He said that it afforded him the most heartfelt pleasure so to do. The Irishmen and Catholics of Halifax would be doing themselves dishonour, a great dishonour, by suffering so distinguished a Prelate and Patriot to leave their city without some special mark of their regard and reverence for his many virtues and value as a Bishop and as a man—(cheers). Dr. Hughes was a credit to the country of his birth, Old Ireland—(cheers)—and to the country of his adoption, the United States. He was beloved and respected by the Catholics, by the People of both—(cheers.) He (Mr. M.) had much pleasure and satisfaction in seconding the resolution which had been read by his friend Mr. N.

D. Creamer, Esq. being loudly called for, after a few seconds stepped upon the platform. He regretted that, having been taken somewhat by surprise, he was not better prepared to do justice to the topic, and speak effectually to the second resolution, which he should presently read.—However, he might congratulate the meeting that the veil was at last lifted and the mystery solved. Posters in various parts of the city had, from an early hour in the morning of that day, invited the Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax to assemble in the evening at this place and for purposes interesting to the Catholics, and here they were assembled—and now that the matter was understood, the subject would, no doubt, be admitted to be one of interest, of great interest. It was at all times a matter of pleasure, as well as interest, to a Catholic to do honour to the Clergy of his Church—(cheers)—that it could not fail to be specially so when the object was so highly distinguished a member of that venerable body as is the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes—(loud cheers). The Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax had had Prelates and distinguished Irishmen in past times sojourning amongst them, but it was no disparagement to say that they had not had one altogether so peculiarly entitled to the marked approbation and honorable notice of the Irishmen and Catholics of Halifax as a body—(loud cheers). In the character of Dr. Hughes the ardour of a patriot was blended with the burning zeal of an Apostle—(loud cheers). They who heard him [Mr. Creamer] had many of them yesterday hearkened to that Prelate's eloquence—his exquisitely clear and convincing discourse as delivered from the altar of their Cathedral. But he must limit his remarks—he was proud to take part in the proceedings of the evening, and would move the following resolution:

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed to draft an Address in conformity with the Resolution just passed.

Mr. James Cochran seconded the resolution—Upon which Messrs. Nugent, Jno. Tobin, and Condon, being appointed a Committee for that purpose, retired to frame the Address: after a short time they returned, and presented an Address, which, having been read by Mr. N. was unanimously adopted by the meeting, amidst loud cheers.

The Secretary, Mr Condon, responded to the call of the meeting, and said, that he regretted that no words of his could add weight to the deserved compliment intended to be paid to Dr. Hughes—Indeed, any thing that they might do could add but little to the far-spread fame of that Prelate. No living Prelate had contributed, by his writings, by his preaching, and by his works, so much to dissipate the prejudice—the blind prejudice entertained against Catholics. In the State of New York, he (Dr. Hughes) had stemmed the rushing torrent of opposition; and, as had already been said by his friend on the right, made the child of the Catholic safe from conta-

mination. All countries had had their great men—some had been benefactors to the immediate and more narrow locality in which they dwelt and moved, and such men were to be praised—the philanthropy of others was more enlarged, and such was that of the Right Rev. Bishop of New York. Some of the journals had stated that Dr. Hughes was opposed to the cause of suffering Ireland (cries of No! No!).—He (Mr. C.) also said No. Dr. Hughes had vindicated himself from that foul imputation; he had lately not only attended a public meeting held in New York to sympathize with Ireland, but also had subscribed \$500 to the funds in aid of the patriot cause. He (Mr. C.) was proud to find the Catholics and Irishmen of Halifax assembled to do honour to so distinguished a member of the Prelacy, and such a patriot Irishman. (Loud and continued cheers.)

Mr. John Tobin, in moving the third resolution, said that he felt that he should be consulting the feelings of the meeting by abstaining from a speech, after the eloquent appeals that had been already made. Indeed, he was no orator—still, in his own plain way, he most cordially agreed with the high and deserved eulogiums that had been passed upon the public and private—the sacred and secular character of the Right Rev. Bishop of New York. He looked around and was gratified to find such an assembly, and was happy in having the privilege of proposing the following resolution:—

Resolved, That a Committee of twenty gentlemen, selected from this meeting, be appointed, including the Chairman and Secretary, to present the Address at His Lordship's convenience.

Mr. Patrick Power seconded the resolution. The following gentlemen, with the Chairman and Secretary, were appointed:

William Skerry, Jas. Wallace, Jas. Cochran, Jas. C. Tobin, Samuel Carten, John Tobin, P. Power, Daniel Creamer, Richard Nugent, James Donohoe, Thomas Ring, Michael Doyle, Peter Morrissey, John Barron, Rodger Cunningham, Patrick Donohoe, Patrick Walsh, Wm Connors Patrick Magee, Thos. Walsh, Maurice Downey.

Previously to the adjournment of the meeting, Mr. W. Condon rose and said, that he would detain them but one moment. It had been an objection to the Catholic religion that in principle it was hostile to LIBERTY—that was untrue. Witness the magnanimous efforts of the present Head of the Church in the cause of human freedom. He would propose three cheers for Pope Pius IX.; and three cheers did follow, such as made the welkin ring. The meeting then adjourned.

#### THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS

No. 5.

HYMNUS OCTAVO KALENDAS JANUARIAS.

Why from the zone of Capricorn  
Doth now the failing sun take flight,  
Is it not that the Lord is born,  
Who comes to fill the world with light?

Alas! how soon the fleeting hour  
Did roll the flying light away,  
Exhausted of its glowing power,  
It almost lost its last faint ray.

Yet soon the sky shall brighter glare,  
And the rejoicing earth shall smile,  
A long bright day shall glad the air,  
And every thing exult the while.

Arise—thou, child of lights! arise—  
To whom a Virgin shall give birth,  
Thou Parent free from bridal ties!  
Thou mighty Saviour of the earth!

Thou' thou art from the Father's heart,  
And thou' thou art his Son Divine,  
Yet from Eternity thou art,  
And knowledge hath been ever thine.

This is the hand that formed the skies,  
The day and all beheld abroad,  
Obedient to his word they rise,  
All—all—because the Word was God.

But while the destined days roll on,  
And all in harmony transpire,  
The founding and the guiding one,  
Dwelt in the bosom of his Sire.

There was he till the lapse of years,  
Had rolled away their weary time,  
And he approached the vale of tears,  
Long darkened by the mists of crime.

For many an object false adored,  
The blinded nations then pursued,  
They gave the worship of the Lord  
To forms of stone, and brass, and wood.

And while they walked their evil way,  
Into the demon's power they fell,  
And plunged their souls, an easy prey,  
E'en to the dreadful fires of hell.

But Christ could not behold the sight,  
And he must loose that fiend's control,  
Lest man, his Father's image bright,  
Would forfeit his immortal soul.

A human form did he assume,  
That he might make that form arise.  
Burst forth the portals of the tomb,  
And bear frail mortals to the skies.

And lo! this is that glorious day  
When he proceeded from the Lord,  
And joined himself to mortal clay,  
Man's flesh uniting to the Word.

Didst thou not feel, thou maid renown'd,  
When thou didst give him to the earth,  
Thy chastely virtue more than crown'd,  
By the high honour of his birth?

O what unnumber'd joys to man,  
That glorious womb of thine contained,  
From which another world began,  
Another glorious era reigned.

That infant cry did usher in  
A rising orb's refulgent morn.  
Then died the ancient world of sin,  
And a new one of grace was born.

Methinks the land then gladly smiled,  
And countless flowers o'erspread the ground,  
That verdure decked the desert wild  
And breathed celestial odors round.

Rude nature, too, was seen to own  
The infant Saviour, as he sprung,  
E'en beauty clothed the rugged stone  
With many a graceful foliage hung.

From the hard rock did honey flow,  
From tamarisks the balsam broke,  
And the bright rose was found to grow  
From the dry branches of the oak.

Eternal King! blessed is the place  
Where thou didst to the world appear,  
Forever sacred to our race,  
And even too to the brute-beast dear.

The animal untaught in all,  
Did here to Christ due homage yield,  
Here did the ass in worship fall,  
Whose only instinct seeks the field.

But God's own race their Lord denied,  
And followed him with vengeance dire,  
As if puffed up with hell-born pride,  
And raging with the demon's ire.

Thou wayward stock! what deed insane  
Dost thou now rush to—hold and see  
(If ought of reason yet remain,)  
The kingly guide of thine and thee!

Him whom in infancy low laid  
Within a narrow crib confined,  
The ever blessed virgin maid  
Brought forth as king to all mankind.

O sinner! thou shalt see him yet,  
Above the clouds exalted high,  
When every hope for thee hath set,  
And tears shall vainly dim thine eye.

When the terrific trump shall send  
Its blast throughout the frighted world—  
When earth shall shake from end to end,  
And into ruin all be hurled.

Enthroned upon his seat of light,  
The good and evil he shall weigh,—  
This shall be sunk to endless night,  
And that enjoy eternal day.

Beholding the bright cross's power,  
Ah Israel! thou shalt know him then,  
Whom, murdered in thy passion's hour,  
Death conquered, yet resigned again.

New Brunswick, August 1, 1848.

To the Editors of the Cross.

GENTLEMEN,  
You will please permit the insertion of the present communication in the columns of your periodical, which, no doubt, will prove pleasing to many of your readers.

Catholicism has received new life and animation in the County of Cumberland by the recent visitation of the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the Diocese. His Lordship, accompanied by his Vicar General the Very Rev. Thomas J. Connolly, arrived in the Capital of the County the week before last, and preached in the R. C. Church lately erected in the rear of Amherst, about half a mile from the village, on Sunday the 30th

gregation of the faithful and others assembled from every part of the surrounding country. Truly "there was a shaking among the dry bones." Many members of the Catholic Church had never heard a Prelate's preach, and very many more of other denominations had never heard the Roman Catholic doctrines defined, defended, elucidated and explained from the pulpit. The former were highly edified and confirmed in their most holy faith, whilst the mists of prejudice were made to fall from the eyes of the latter, and they forced to exclaim, "Can these things be so?" and "is this the Catholicism we have been taught to despise, ridicule, and defame?" A great and it is to be hoped, a lasting impression was made on the minds of the auditory, whilst all felt charmed and comforted by the eloquence, charity, and paternal solicitude which the discourse of his Lordship so clearly conveyed. Sunday the 6th inst. was appointed for consecrating the Cemetery in which the Church is situated. Unlooked for duties in other parts of the Diocese devolving upon his Lordship, it was not till yesterday, (Tuesday, the 5th,) this interesting and solemn ceremony was performed. The day was propitious, and, notwithstanding that the busy season and favorable weather for the performance of agricultural operations must have prevented hundreds from being present, yet still there was a large assembly. The Graveyard was dotted in every part by the devout, the elite, and beauty of the surrounding country.

At the termination of his sacred duties in the Cemetery, his Lordship, followed by the assembled throng, entered the Church, which was all but filled to overflowing. He addressed the congregation from these words: "Behold the day cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they who hear shall live." In descending from these words his Lordship took occasion to show the love which the Church had to all her children; and that this love even penetrated within and beyond the precincts of the tombs. He fearlessly combated the prejudices, disproved the misrepresentations, and refuted the calumnies of Protestants. In a forcible, eloquent discourse, and with a masterly mind, he grappled with, and successfully supported the practice of the Church in praying for the dead, and the repose of departed souls; proving from the words of our blessed Lord—from other portions of the sacred scriptures—from the writings of the Fathers—and from the tradition of the Church from Apostolic times, that such prayers are needful, necessary, and efficacious; and that there is a middle state beyond the grave where the souls of the departed undergo purification from venial sin, preparatory to their appearance in the presence of a pure and holy God. In the course of his remarks his Lordship warned his hearers from believing that the Church placed any intrinsic merit on the exterior embellishments and ceremonies of its ritual; these are only means to an end, and are valued only in as far as they are conducive in keeping the mind alive to the invisible by visible signs and tokens: the pious emotions of the heart, which they are so well calculated to excite, is the sacrifice approved of God. "What house shall ye build me, saith the Lord, or what is the place of my rest? Hath not my hands made all these things?" He then, apparently for the benefit and satisfaction of the ignorant and uninitiated, proceeded to explain the rites and ceremonies practised, and the signification of all things used in the ceremony of Consecration, as exhibited in the Cemetery in the morning. It is needless here to enter into the details— suffice, it was clear, distinct, argumentative, and convincing; highly pleasing, satisfactory, and consolatory to the hearers—conveyed in language which they could clearly understand, and impressed on their minds in indelible characters, a fund of information of the most valuable kind. In conclusion, his Lordship feelingly, fatherly, and in the most affectionate manner, exhorted his children to walk circumspectly; and solemnly charged them by their standing, as members of the only Holy and Apostolic Church upon earth—by their love to her and her institutions—by the respect which they ought to have for themselves, to show by their obedience to the precepts which she enjoins, that they are of her children; and by their walk and conversation to give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully; to let their light so shine before men, that they seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in Heaven. And further, that they the members of the holy mother Church, are to cultivate love and charity, not only with each other, but with all mankind; and instead of harbouring animosity towards those who remain without the pale of the Church, such are entitled, from their unfortunate situation, to their sincere prayers and sympathy, and to their tenderest regard. In the end, he congratulated the Catholics in this part of the country, on their nearer approach to concentration; they had now a place sanctified and blessed by their Bishop, in which they could bury their dead, and he trusted at his next visitation, at no distant day, he would have the same solemn duty to perform on the Church in which they are now worshipping; its present unfinished state precluding him from such a performance at the present time.

It is impossible, in a communication of this kind, to do justice to the eloquence and glowing fervour of the Right Rev. Prelate. Suffice it, he has made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of many, and by his paternal kindness and benignity, gained for himself golden opinions and the lasting regards of the whole community.

During this visitation there has been a great accession to the Church, a number have been baptized and confirmed, and the wayward and wavering have been brought back into the fold. The labours of the Parish Priest, the Rev. Thomas Lyons, have been unceasing, and beyond all praise; but he residing at Minnie, and having Farrsboro', Ragged Reef, and places adjacent to minister in, his visits to this part of the vineyard are like those of "angels few and far between." There is no part of the Province where Catholic interests have suffered so much as in these parts, from the want of a resident clergyman. It is to be hoped a brighter day is approaching. For this we beseech the prayers of the faithful.

I am, Gentlemen,  
Most respectfully,  
A CUMBERLAND CATHOLIC.

M. A. W.

## Genius of Poetry.

[A Correspondent has favoured us with the following selections of Poetry from a Work, entitled, "The Dying Minstrel and other Poems," by Catharine Carr Harper. It is a beautiful and well got up little volume, price 2s 6d; from the Press of Thomas Richardson & Son, Derby, London, and Dublin.]

### GETHESEMANE.

'Twas even,—not a breeze might move  
The leaf upon the tree;  
The stars were shining as in love  
O'er fair Gethsemane;  
The flowers were sleeping, yet did seem  
To wear a radiant smile,  
As though some sweetly rapturous dream  
Enthralled them for a while.

The queen of night's pale lustre shone  
On Kedron's silv'ry breast,  
Whilst she surveyed from her bright throne  
The beautiful earth at rest;  
Then, when all else was hushed in sleep  
Gethsemane's dark shade  
Witnessed those tortures long and deep  
By which man's debt was paid.

Ah! wherefore did the stars beam bright,  
Why did the flowers look fair,  
Upon that memorable night  
When Jesus suffered there?  
Oh! that in sympathy to him  
The flowers had lost their bloom:  
Would that the starlight had been dim  
Upon that scene of gloom.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.  
Sweet flower, why dost thou love to dwell  
Like some fair nun within her cell  
Afar from public sight?  
Why seek thy quiet water's side?  
Why seek those drooping bells to hide  
So delicately white?

Thou needs not shun thy sister's gay,  
Thou art as beautiful as they  
Though not so richly drest;  
Thy simple robe might please a mind  
To innocence and peace inclined  
Or charm a sterner breast.

True emblem of humility  
Oft do I wish to live like thee  
On some secluded spot;  
Then would I listen to the song  
Of nature's warblers all day long  
And bless thy happy lot.

Then would I only quit my home  
O'er the delightful glade to roam,  
Or o'er the meadow's green;  
Then would I sit beside some brook,  
And ponder o'er a favourite book,  
By mortal eye unseen.

Lily! I'll place thee in my breast,  
And when by vanity possest,  
On thee I'll fondly gaze,  
And meekly strive to imitate  
Thy modest unassuming state,  
Thy carelessness of praise.

### LINES WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

Listen! what is that awful voice  
That falleth on our ears—  
That waketh e'en in Christian souls  
A host of tender fears?  
That toucheth those sweet ling'ring chords  
Of grace that still remain,  
Yet seemeth in deep angry words  
Of coldness to complain?  
What is that voice that speaketh now  
In such a solemn tone—  
That speaketh to the heart of man,  
Not to his ears alone?

The voice that emiteth those whom God  
In mercy hath not left,  
That thrilleth worldly souls who yet  
Are not of grace bereft;  
That causeth in such minds to spring  
A fountain of alarms;  
That maketh timid childhood cling  
To fond parental arms;  
That stingeth o'er the Atheist's brow  
A restless troubled air;

It is the voice of God—  
Of God who looks upon us, down  
From his bright throne above,  
But with a dark and threatening frown  
Not with a smile of love!  
It is the voice of him who cares  
For every living thing—  
Of him who deigns to plead, but now  
He speaketh as a king.

What is that light that flits along  
So beautiful—so grand?  
It is the bolt he sendeth forth  
From his Almighty hand.  
It blighteth the tall forest tree  
That spread its branches wide;  
It crusheth the small flower we see  
In beauty by its side.  
The timid birds with trembling wings  
Within their nests retire,  
Deeming that there they may escape  
The quick destroying fire.

And shall it pass presumptuous man  
Alone unheeded by?  
Ah no! it spares him not when God  
Decrees that he shall die.  
Yes it shall strike proud man—for he  
Must feel his Maker's power  
As well as the majestic tree  
And as the lovely flower.  
Father, we kneel before thee,—look  
Upon each bending form,  
And waft our souls to bliss, if we  
Must perish in the storm.

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

Letter of Father Grange to the Very Reverend  
Father Colin, Superior of the Society of Mary.  
Sydney, September 18, 1847.

"MY VERY REV. FATHER,

"I had the honour to write to you some time after my arrival at New Caledonia, and to point out to you the extreme cruelty of its inhabitants. Since this epoch, grave transactions have taken place in our Mission, some of which are afflicting, others highly calculated to console us. We had only one establishment in the island; it was at Balade. The savages of this tribe appeared to us so untractable and unmanageable that we deemed it expedient to found a new station at Poebo, which is only three leagues distant from Balade. While we were preparing a residence, the *Anonyme* a vessel of the French Society of Oceanica, arrived very opportunely to assist us in transferring the requisites necessary to this establishment. All was ready on the 15th of April.

"The savages of New Caledonia are clever robbers, and, nevertheless, the inhabitants of Poebo suspended on this occasion the exercise of their dexterity in this line. They eagerly tendered their services to convey our property from the ship to the place of residence, without committing the slightest larceny. We regarded this as a prodigy or rather as a stroke of Providence; but Brother Blaise, who knew very well the character of this people, told me that these natives had only acted thus in order to be better able to rob at a later period; experience has proved that he was not deceived. It was not the same at Balade; the men of this tribe, who for near four years had pillaged the Missionaries, seeing that we were less numerous than before, evinced towards us such daring aggression as we had never before experienced from them. Among other motives which excited them against us, I will notice the following facts. In the month of May, an extraordinary famine was felt, principally in the tribe of Puoma' (Balade): a great number of the Islanders proceeded in search of food to Yenguene, about fifteen leagues from the port of Balade. Upon their return they exhibited hostility, and related in a wailing tone the death of a European who lived at Yenguene. The victim was an Englishman, named Sutton, who had just been massacred; they even added what was false—that they had eaten him and found him very good, not dissembling from us their intention of treating us in the same way. What astonished us was, that, according to the report of one or these natives, the English who came for sandal wood to Yenguene, had told them that the *Ou-ou* (the French) were *tabous* (sorcerers), who caused other men's death. This calumny was calculated to make the greater impression on the natives, as a few months before they had been told of more than a third of the missionaries who had been massacred without mercy. The missionaries, therefore, were suspected of having brought on the plague by witchcraft; and thus superstition, added to the love of pillage, let loose those savages upon us. After this, they know no bounds; they destroyed our plantations; they came in open day to uproot our bunyan trees and lay waste our garden before our very eyes. Impunity made them more audacious they penetrated even to our store-chest, and took away many articles.

"On the 20th of June, after plotting among themselves, the different villages of the tribe of Balade came in a mass to seize on our dwelling. It was well known that they had the intention of massacring the Missionaries, and pillaging their goods. Our calm and steady demeanour awed them so much, that they did not dare to put their design into execution. We were in the hands of Providence; I had forbidden those who were with me to fire on the savages. Have we not come to carry to them the blessings of the Faith at the risk of any sacrifice, even that of our life? Alas! they could not comprehend it, and they rendered us evil for good.

"Such was our position on the 20th of June, when the Right Rev. Dr. Collomb (1), Bishop of Antipelles, Vicar-Apostolic of Melanania and Micronesia, arrived at Balade, on board the *Speck*, accompanied by Father Verguet. His Lordship brought some provisions for his own Mission and that of New Caledonia. There was, in addition, on board the *Speck*, articles of exchange to the account of the French Society. All these things were deposited in a shed, where we assembled the natives to instruct them. These latter voluntarily gave their assistance at the unloading, and remained quiet until the 10th of July.

"Dr. Collomb had begged of the commander of the *Speck* that he would continue his route as far as the Islands of Solomon; but the captain had him in answer, that his engagements with his owner rendered this voyage impossible and thus his Lordship found himself compelled to wait at Balade for a favourable opportunity.

"There was then at the station of Balade, in addition to the Bishop of Antipelles and Father Verguet, the Brothers Blaise and Bertrand, Dr. Beaudy, left by the *Arche d'Alliance* to make scientific discoveries on the island, Marie Julien, carpenter of the *Arche d'Alliance*, a Scotchman, George Taylor, and myself.

"On the 10th of July, at six o'clock in the evening, the savages made their way into the shed where the greater part of our articles were deposited; they took away articles to the amount of about twelve pounds, belonging to the French society. We have learned since then that their intention was to allure us to this place, and, taking advantage of the confusion, to massacre us all there. Luckily, we passed out soon enough to discomfit their plans. On the 15th, Father Verguet went to Poebo, to spend a few days there with Father Rougeyron. From thence he wrote to us the next day, that the rumour had reached Poebo, that, immediately after the departure of the *Speck*, the establishment at Balade would be attacked by the combined force of the entire tribe.

"On the 17th, the *Speck*, set sail for Batavia. On the very day of her departure, two young Christians, Anthony and Mary, apprised us that the next day we would in reality be attacked. We did not pay sufficient attention to the words of these children. On the 18th, about eight o'clock in the morning, the principal chief, Boeone, sent word to us by a second one named Gomene, that in order to resume amicable relations with us, the natives had consented to restore the articles taken away on the 10th. The offer was accepted. At one o'clock, Boeone and Gomene came, accompanied by two children, each of whom carried a bundle of the plundered property. Boeone had his lance, and Gomene his tomahaw. While we parleyed from the top of the house, a troop of savages, armed with lances, tomahawks, and hatchets, on an appointed signal fell upon us. As it was Brother Blaise and myself that they principally sought, so it was upon us two that they made their preference. I avoided the blow of a

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tomahawk, at the same time that Brother Blaise was wounded by the stroke of a lance in the lower part of the breast. His wound proved mortal.

"I hastened to write to F. Rougeyron to inform him of our distress. The young Mary, who carried the letter, was arrested and commanded by the principal chief, Boeone, to go back under pain of death. On her return, she informed us that they were about to set fire to the shed which served as a church. Almost on the moment, the fire blazed from the top of the roof, thatched with straw; it was impossible to save anything out of the things there. The evening of the same day, Anthony and Mary announced to us, that Boeone had given orders to all the villages of the tribe to assemble the next day to make a general attack, in order to massacre us all. We kept good watch the entire night.  
To be Concluded.

### TO BRITANNIA.

"Serenitimes errare vis, dum stare valebant,  
Aspiceres, fientes alios, terraque jacentis,  
Lissaque versantes supremo lumina motu."  
Harsh and haughty Queen of Ocean, what fiend of mischief has counselled thee to pour down the throat of thy poor sister, Erin, a bitter dose of wormwood when thou oughtest, by all means, to have offered her the soothing cup of anodyne?

Thy soul misrule has already done her work of death to a fearful extent. Famine has swept away thousands of her brave and unoffending offspring; and thousands are still "wasting with disease and anguish" for want of a mouthful of bread. Oh! it makes one sad and angry to see thee treat poor Erin with a hard-heartedness and cruelty that would make the very angels weep.

Say, Britannia, why rashly try the law's severest means, when justice to her chiefs, and a few crumbs of bread to her starving multitude would warm her heart, and make her thine for ever?

She is brave, Britannia, and generous too, and would'st thou but kindly smile upon her, in lieu of viewing her with the eye of some selfish step mother, she would assist thee in thy day of trouble (which is not far off), and she would fight by thy side, and would be unto thee as a loving and a grateful sister.

But, enough at present. Who knows what embarrassments are in store for thee, thyself, and what mishaps this last outrageous act of thy Legislature may bring upon thee? Had I been one of thy senate, death should have sealed my lips in silence, or I would have consented to the passing of the awful act; an act of woe and sorrow; an act of gall and sulphur.

CHARLES WATERTON.

Walton Hall, July 31st, 1848.

Among the passengers arrived in ship *Stamboul*, is Rev. Benedetto Sestini, S. J. Professor of Astronomy and integral and differential calculus in the Roman College. Father Sestini ranks among the best astronomers of Europe. He is accompanied by Messrs. Henry De-the, and Auguste de Carrero St. Andre, scholastics.—There are also five members of the congregation of Oblates established in Canada: Rev. Augustin Maisonneuve, and Messrs. Eugene Carvin, Jean Tissot, Regis Deleage, and Joseph Mente.—*Catholic Observer*.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—It is stated that the Bishop of Chichester refused to go to the Commemoration till he had ascertained that Bishop Hampden would not be present. I believe there is no doubt of the fact, and it seems worth recording.—*Correspondent of the Guardian*.

### Births

August 19—Mrs Moore, of a son.  
" 19—Mrs Dawson, of a son.  
" 19—Mrs Shea, of a son.  
" 21—Mrs Garland, of a daughter.  
" 22—Mrs Doyle, of a daughter.  
" 22—Mrs Leahy, of a daughter.  
" 23—Mrs Sullivan, of a daughter.  
" 25—Mrs Deenlay, of a daughter.

### Died.

Catharine, daughter of Thomas and Mary Grant, aged 7 months. 23rd—Martin Walsh, native of Kilkenny, aged 58 years. Galicias Owen, son of Owen Fitzgerald, aged 8 months and 2 days. 24th—Mary, wife of Patrick Walsh, native of Kilkenny, aged 26 years. Patrick Mcneely, native of Galway, aged 57 years.