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



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth! —TERTULLIAN Præscrip. xxii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, 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 Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- NOVEMBER 26—Sunday—XXIV and last after Pent V Nov St Silvester Abbot Doub com, &c.
- 27—Monday—St Elizabeth Queen Widow Doub in Brev 19th this month.
- 28—Tuesday—St Gregory III P C Doub Sup.
- 29—Wednesday—St Gelasius I P C Doub Sup.
- 30—Thursday—St Andrew Apostle Doub II class.
- DECEMBER 1—Friday—St Didacus C Semid in Brev 13th Nov.
- 2—Saturday—St Ribiana, V. M. Semid.

[From the Tablet.]

CATHOLICISM IN INDIA—THE HYDERABAD MISSION.

LETTER OF THE RIGHT REV. ED. MURPHY, V. A., HYDERABAD.

Secunderabad, Sept. 6, 1848.

Sir—May I take the liberty of thus addressing you, and giving you a short history of the persecutions which our holy religion is suffering at present in this part of India. It may be necessary to preface that the Hyderabad Mission, which is dependent on the Madras Vicariate, was entrusted to my especial care by a Bull of the Pope, Gregory XVI, dated 16th Dec, 1845. I arrived here from Ireland last January, accompanied by a party of five priests, and we were received by our good people with every demonstration of joy and affection.

The Catholics of the mission amount to about 6,000 souls, the one-half of whom are attached to the regiments, Native and European, of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force stationed at Secunderabad contains one Catholic Church, a second in course of erection, four small chapels in the lines of the Native Regiments, and three Catholic schools; one Protestant church, served by two Protestant military Chaplains and a Native Missionary and four Protestant schools; one schismatic church, served by a Priest from Goa and frequented by a congregation of about two hundred. The Catholic population is of a mixed nature, consisting of Europeans, Natives, and Indo-Britions.

About four years since, a small chapel was constructed by my direction and with my pecuniary aid in the lines of the 36th Native Infantry, now occupied by the 8th N. I., and was attended regularly and without interruption by Irish Catholic Priests up to the month of July last, when the Schismatical Priest, Mr. Fernandez, with some of his adherents endeavoured to intrude and take possession. The Rev. T. M. Swiney, the Catholic Chaplain of the station, went to the chapel, locked the door by my orders, and brought home the key. The schismatics preferred a complaint to the Brigadier (Lieutenant-Colonel James), who arrived here at eight months since, and who combines with his military authority the office of Chief Magistrate of Secunderabad, and stated that the chapel belonged to them, and that the Goa Priest was in the habit of officiating in it. The Brigadier, without further inquiry, wrote officially to the Rev. T. M. Swiney, ordering him to give up the key to the schismatics, and intimating that no Priest could enter the Native lines without his authority. The Chaplain replied that he regretted he could not comply with his request, as the statements upon which he formed his decision were false and *caparte*, which he offered to prove

by abundant testimony, and he demanded an inquiry, which was refused. The Brigadier summoned the Chaplain to his house, and, having insisted on obedience to his orders, the latter so far yielded as to consent to the opening of the door provided possession would not be given to the schismatics, but on his return home he was requested by me to inform the Brigadier that he was prohibited by my orders from surrendering the key for the purposes required in the Brigadier's letter; and that I would forward an appeal to the Madras Government with a statement of the facts connected with the case. On receiving this information, the Brigadier ordered his Assistant Quarter-master-General (Captain Gordon) to go, accompanied by the Assistant of the 8th Regt., and open the door, which was accordingly done by means of another key, and possession was given to the schismatics. The Chaplain having received no official intelligence of this unjustifiable act, went and locked the door a second time, which was again forcibly opened by orders of the Brigadier, who further directed police peons to guard the building, and to admit none but the schismatics, whose priests came the next morning and performed Mass there for the first time.

The Catholic, European and Native, became dreadfully exasperated by those insulting and unjust proceedings, went in a body of three or four hundred and pulled down a part of the chapel, without, however, committing any personal injury, for no resistance was made. You may fancy the feelings of the Brigadier, his friends say he was bewildered. He assembled a one-sided Court of Inquiry, consisting of his pet-officers, and no friends to Catholicism, to investigate the matter. This Court, to which not one Catholic was summoned, forwarded the most exaggerated and false reports to the Madras Government, stating that the Catholic soldiers of H. M. 84th Regiment had committed a dreadful outrage on those of the 8th N. I. by entering their lines and pulling down the chapel, which, it was said, belonged to the Christians of the regiment, forty in number, some of whom are Catholic, some Protestant, and some schismatic; and that the Catholic Priests had instigated to the affray. My report also went to the Government, and both differing essentially, the Government ordered another court to assemble to investigate the entire affair, *ab initio*. It commenced its sittings on the 28th of July and terminated on the 8th of August. Having been officially informed of the orders of Government, and the Court being an open Court, I attended every day, and was allowed the privilege of suggesting questions to the witnesses, bearing on the subjects of inquiry. The accompany paper, which is already published in several of the Indian newspapers, was recived by the Court, and appended to its proceedings. It contains a fair and substantial summary of the evidence and my opinion on it.

The newspapers of Madras and Bombay, which were at first hostile to us, are now changed in our favour, and throw the blame of the entire affair on the Brigadier, designating his conduct as "uncivil," "uncourteous," "indiscreet," and "unfair."

It was proved at the Court that five or six men of her Majesty's 84th Regiment were engaged in pulling down the chapel, and that about 150 more were spectators of the scene. For the share which those men, supposed, not proved, to be Catholics, took in this affair, the Colonel of the regiment (Russell) has commenced, a regular system of tyranny amounting to religious persecution on the entire body of the Catholics, who

constitute one-half the regiment. All the Catholics, indiscriminately, have been deprived of the indulgences and privileges enjoyed by their Protestant fellow-soldiers on account of their faith, as it has been expressly told them. The Catholic non-commissioned officers have been assembled in a body and informed by the Colonel that they were not trustworthy, and that they were not to expect further promotion, although it was proved that none of them were present, nor in any way connected with the affray, and that the names of their seniors had been forwarded to head-quarters for reduction. A Protestant corporal presumed to take charge of a party of men from his senior corporal, and when a complaint was made no satisfaction was given. The Catholics are excluded from places of honour, and are prohibited from acting as sentinels on posts of trust, and one illustrious soldier, who received a medal for his valour and fidelity at the late war of the Punjab, was treated thus ignominiously only a few days since. They are prohibited from attending the Catholic Temperance Hall and Reading Room, to which they had always free access, on the false supposition that it was made an arena of seditious and are thus deprived of the opportunity of reading religious works and spending their time beneficially. It is against the expressed wish of the Colonel that his men should be seen speaking to the Priests or to each other in the chapel yard previous to the Rosary, which they are in the habit of reciting every evening in the chapel.—This treatment has now been pursued towards the Catholics for nearly two months, and the result is that it has produced strong feelings of disgust and disaffection, which most probably would end in mutiny, were it not for the exhortations of the calumniated Priests; it has given the ascendancy to the Protestant party, who exercised it with every feeling of rancour and hostility. Many have sent in statements of their grievances and applications to be transferred to other regiments, where they would enjoy the liberty of British soldiers, but the Colonel will not forward them, neither will he allow them to do so themselves.

Another consequence is the defection of several from the Catholic Faith, who, immediately they apostatised, were restored to the privileges enjoyed by the Protestants, although they may have been concerned in the crime; the falling off of many in their attendance to chapel, religious duties, and the return to drunkenness with its concomitant vices, which had been all but banished from the Catholics of this regiment, who were remarkable in India for their sobriety and good conduct.

The difficulty which the Colonel has had in obtaining sufficient evidence to convict some men imprisoned for the above affair appears to be the cause of his punishing the entire body of Catholics, for the crime of a few; for none but a young drummer, who, in consequence of a charge of forgery against him, is disqualified as a witness at a court-martial, could be found to give substantial evidence. The Colonel is a Scotchman, imbued with strong prejudices, which are nourished and strengthened by his being the chief of a Baptist preaching house at this station, and has been remarkable for proselytism; he has lately taken charge of this regiment, and presents a strong contrast to the late commander (Colonel Franklin), who is on leave of absence in Europe, and under whose judicious, liberal regime the Catholics were contented and happy.

The Catholic soldiers in India have the strongest claims on our gratitude and protection. They

are the most religious portion of the flock in the localities in which they are stationed; they are the chief support of this mission, and you may be surprised to hear that the Catholics of the 84th have contributed £600. to the erection of a new church at this station within the last year, and £400 more for religious purposes. They are also the main support of the Catholic orphanages in this country, and other charitable institutions.

I would feel obliged by your kindly noticing this matter in your admirable journal, as people here fear nothing so much as the exposure of their unjust conduct in England; and, if convenient, by your asking some influential Member of Parliament to call the attention of the Secretary of War to the treatment pursued by Colonel Russell towards the Catholics of her Majesty's 84th Regiment of Foot.—Yours very faithfully,

DANIEL MURPHY,

Bishop of Philadelphia and V. A. Hyderabad. To the Editor of the TABLET.

THE BENEDICTINE MISSION—WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Benedictine Mission, Moor River, Western Australia, June 30th, 1848.

Reverend dear Sir—Aware of the great interest you take in the welfare of this infant mission, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of acquainting you with such observations as I have made on the manners, customs, and superstitious belief of the aborigines of this portion of New Holland, since my arrival amongst them in January, 1846.

The aborigines are a wandering race, without towns, villages, or fixed habitations of any kind. Their temporary occupation of any spot depending on its capability of affording them game, fish, or other food; and they are so thinly scattered over the surface of the country that a person may sometimes traverse extensive tracts without encountering a single native. This dispersion prevents them from entering into any other communities than those which are necessary for rendering their hunting and fishing parties successful. The tribes into which they are divided usually comprise 100 persons of both sexes and of all ages. Their character is not so degraded as has been too often represented. They do not torture their captives as other savages do, nor are they known to practice cannibalism unless in cases of extreme want, and when no other aliment can be procured to satisfy their hungry appetites.

I have met many natives who told me that they frequently ate human flesh before the arrival of the Whites, and every native will tell you that the "Fabburamen," or natives of the interior, eat all their dead relations and such as fall in fighting.

They can trace a step by sight with the accuracy of the bloodhound by scent, and by their sagacity in finding the tracks of animals they become very useful to the settlers as shepherds and herdsmen. Last year, a boy, five years of age, was lost in the Bush for three days and nights, and was found by the natives, who accompanied Don Salvado from the mission in search of him, at a distance of twenty miles from the place where they started from. Scarcely a month that passes but calls for a display of this faculty, to which many persons are indebted for the preservation of their lives at a time when starvation and death stared them in the face. They climb the loftiest trees in search of opossums, snakes, &c., by means of a succession of notches, which they make in the bark with the *kordu*, or stone hammer, where their prey seldom escapes them.

They have no kings, princes, or nobles—all are alike by birth. Yet in every tribe there is one individual who holds a sort of authority over the rest; but it would be very difficult to distinguish him from the people, except when he marches at their head to attack some of the neighbouring tribes, or when he directs the movements of their *corrobories*, as he wears no additional ornaments, or receives no particular respect from his followers. The chief does not think it beneath his dignity to dance with the meanest of his people, or to sleep beside them in the same hut.

The *Boyla*, or Magician, is the person whom they most respect, and also fear him, he is supposed to be able to afflict any person, who might incur his displeasure, with disease, sickness, and even death itself should he desire it. He is also believed to have the power of driving away tempest, lightning, and rain, as well as of causing them at will. To drive away tempest, &c., the *Boyla* stands out in an open plain, tossing his arms about, shaking his *toka* or cloak, and uttering the most frightful yells, until the poor people are frightened into the belief of his assumed power. When a native dies, no matter of what disease, he is consulted in order to ascertain the individual on whom they are to avenge his death, as all evils are supposed to be sent from distant *Boylas*, who have command over an infinity of spirits, and send them to enter the bodies of their enemies and devour their flesh by slow degrees. The *Boyla's* determinations in these cases are generally influenced by the direction of the wind at the time, or some other trivial matter, and he has no sooner mentioned the devoted person than the friends set out to put their murderous design into execution. His hand is considered to confer strength by merely touching it, and on this account he is often applied to by the young men who wish to distinguish themselves in the chase.

Their funerals are accompanied with loud cries and lamentations of the women, who scratch their cheeks and noses in order to produce tears. A grave is dug about four feet in length, two in breadth, and three in depth, at the bottom is placed some pieces of bark and green boughs; on this the body, ornamented and enveloped in its cloak, with the arms crossed and the knees bent up to the breast; over the body is heaped more boughs and grass, and then all is filled in with the earth, which had been previously arranged in the form of pyramids at each end of the grave. The spears of the deceased are also buried with him; his throwing-stick is placed on one side, and his *koolee* (a bent stick used in killing ducks, &c.) and *dowaks* (straight sticks used in killing kangaroo rats) on the other. Last of all a fire is lighted in front, and then the mourners carefully brush away any portions of the earth that may adhere to their feet.

As they have no form of government, so they have no fixed laws whereby to regulate their conduct. Might takes place of right in almost all their dealings with one another. However, certain usages established by custom are frequently appealed to by them as rules of conduct. Of these, the principal relate to the right which individuals have to certain portions of hunting ground derived by inheritance from their immediate ancestors, to the practice of boring the cartilage of the nose, to the young men when admitted to the rights of manhood, and to the retaliation for injuries received, which all are enjoined as well as entitled to seek, whether the offender belong to the same or to a neighbouring tribe. This right of retaliation, which the native cannot forego without discredit, causes him to perpetrate the most atrocious acts, and to witness murders committed in cold blood with indifference. In continual dread of their lives, they rarely sleep the second night in the same place, and the spear seldom quits the hand of the aborigine from boyhood to extreme old age.

Betrothment generally takes place at the will of the parents from the earliest ages, even before birth, but the women are often stolen from the distant tribes, which causes much bloodshed.—They are passionately fond of dancing and singing; a native will sing when he is hungry and when he is full, when angry as well as when pleased. Their powers of mimicry are extraordinary, and their *corrobories* are lively representations of their daily pursuits—these mostly take place at night near a blazing fire. One which represents the manner of hunting the kangaroo is very striking: two young men are selected from the circle, one to represent the animal, and the other the hunter; the former assumes the attitude of the kangaroo while grazing, frequent-

ly lifting up his head in that cautious, and timid manner peculiar to the animal. The hunter advances slowly and stealthily against the wind, and finally throws his spear, which is supposed to pierce the animal. They sometimes meet in great numbers, when each tribe sings and corrobories in its own particular way, whilst the rest look on with apparent delight—just as an European would admire the manoeuvres of themselves the first time he saw them.

The dress of the native is very simple. It consists of a cloak made of the skins of the kangaroo, and a belt of cord spun from the wool of *cumal*, or opossum, from which falls a kind of tail before and behind; a similar cord is passed round the head, in which are fastened cockatoo feathers, or any other ornament he can procure. But the bushy tail of the wild dog is what a native prides himself in possessing, and which he wears on the top of his head in the form of a crown.

The females wear no ornaments and cut their hair quite short. They have cloaks like the men, something longer; they also carry their children in little bags on the back, and wear another for holding food for themselves and husbands. Both sexes paint their faces and bodies with a pigment called *woiji*, mixed with oil or grease.

A native's time is almost entirely occupied in search of food, which consists of the kangaroo, the emu (a bird very like the ostrich in size and habits), the wallaby, bandicoot, opossum, and roots of different kinds; also frogs, snakes, guanas, and a species of grub called *burdi*, found in the decayed grass-trees. They often are compelled to eat the pounded bark of a tree called *tuerta*, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. In the winter season these poor people are frequently reduced to a state of starvation, as they never think of providing for time of scarcity.

The aborigine, as far as I can learn, knows of no future state of existence, nor has any knowledge of a Supreme Being, yet he believes in the Devil, whom he calls *Jingo*; and they are so much in dread of his satanic majesty that they will not travel by night, nor from their huts for water without a lighted stick to scare him away. Almost every swamp has its tutelary demon. Their account of one of them is worth mentioning. He is said to come by night to feed on a sort of gum which exudes from the wattle-tree, and that he is surrounded by a number of little bags, or, in the natives' own words, "strike where you will, you will hit a bag." He is said to be harmless, but still they fear him, and leave him the largest pieces of the gum to eat.

Their weapons are few, but such as they possess, are used with surprising skill. A native will pierce a small loaf at sixty yards. The ordinary or barbed spear is about nine feet long, but the war spear is longer and heavier, and is serrated with pieces of white stone fixed in a groove and secured with the gum of the grass-trees. A flat board, of about twenty inches in length, with a hook at one end, is used in throwing the spears. The shield, or *roundu*, is a stick three feet long, with a hole cut in the middle to allow the hand to pass through; it is used in warding off stones or other missiles. The *haloo* is a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a native. After leaving the hand of the thrower, it traverses in a circular direction, and striking the given object, even behind a tree, returns to within a few yards of the feet of the thrower. One thing of remark is, that the wounds inflicted by these weapons, are rarely fatal. I saw a native myself who had seven spears put through his body and afterwards recovered.

I must reserve for another letter the account of our system of instructing the natives, and beg that you will do all you possibly can to aid the Rev. J. Seria, who went to Europe in February last to raise subscription for this mission, and who is to call on you on his arrival in Dublin. I recommend myself and the mission to your prayers, and have the happiness to remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully

WILLIAM FOWLER.

To the Rev. J. Smyth.

Statistics.—From 1790 to 1840 the number of emigrants to our shores exceeded, by 600,000, our entire population at the first mentioned period. In 1820, the ratio of increase of our population from foreign immigration, as compared with the natural increase by birth among us was as 1 to 47—while in 1847 this ratio was 1 to 2; or in other words, of the number added to our population the last year, one third were foreigners.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, NOV. 25.

NEWS BY THE STEAMER.

The most important news brought by the last steamer is—that anarchy and socialism have sustained another defeat. Vienna, which had been for weeks in possession of the Revolutionists, has capitulated after a desperate struggle, and is in the complete possession of the Imperial troops. The restoration of order may now be looked for; and we sincerely hope that the Emperor may remove all just cause of complaint. The revolutionary spirit seems to be principally confined to the cities. The troops have proved faithful, and the immense majority of the people are devoted to the Emperor, and to the maintenance of order. The spirit of anarchy evoked by the French revolution has been now nearly crushed. Its efforts have been defeated in Naples, in Frankfort, in Paris; and its greatest has been that recently at Vienna. The salutary check which has been now given to those who seek nothing less than the destruction of religion and all social order—who have introduced, wherever they have secured a temporary success, the most grinding despotism, will tend to the removal of abuses, and to concession of rational liberty. A change was necessary in nearly all those countries which have been convulsed within the last ten months; but we would be sorry to see such changes introduced as the socialists and republicans of Paris and Vienna would desire.

ST. MARY'S SINGING SCHOOL.

We are much gratified to hear that the Singing Class lately opened at the Parochial School Room, under the direction of Mr. Hagarty, is well attended. The number, however, is not as large as it should be. Such an opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of the principles of music as that offered by Mr. Hagarty to the Catholics of the City may not be again soon offered; and as his terms, are very reasonable, we hope all who can attend, will do so without delay.—We would ardently wish to see every Catholic thoroughly acquainted with Church Music, and, if possible, all united in chanting the praises of the Lord. Music, like statuary and painting, is indebted to the inspirations of religion for its noblest productions. The Catholic Church has at all times been the patron of the Arts, and while under her guidance, Architecture has raised its magnificent structures, and life has been "breathed" into the productions of the pencil and the chisel, she has encouraged the cultivation of Music, and has used it in all her services as a powerful means for the promotion of piety among her children. We have long wished to see an opportunity offered to the Catholics of acquiring a knowledge of Catholic Music.—We sincerely hope they will not neglect the present one. Mr. Hagarty's talents—his thorough knowledge of his profession, and his long experience as a teacher are so well known in this community that it is unnecessary to allude to them. Let every Catholic who wishes to have a knowledge of the beautiful Music which the Church uses in her services attend, then, during the present session. We believe the Class assemble on Wednesday evenings.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

WARD NUMBER 3.

Mrs. O'Brien and a friend	£0 2 6
Captain David Nering	0 1 3
Patrick Fahie	0 2 6
Mrs. Thomas Gilfoyle	0 2 6
Mrs. P. Drummond	0 2 6
Cornelius O'Sullivan	0 1 3
John Tobin's Boys	0 5 2 1/2
William Kelly	0 1 3
Andrew Boyle	0 2 6
William Skihca	0 1 3
Peter Loughlin	0 1 3
Mrs. Condon	0 1 3
Miss Catherine Doyle	0 1 3
Miss Mary Doyle	0 1 3
Mrs. Mullins	0 0 7 1/2
Cornelius Mulowney	0 2 6
Thomas Ogle	0 1 3
Mrs. Marks	0 1 3
John McCarthy	0 1 0
Peter Jiery	0 1 3
North End Anonymous	0 6 0

William Lemancey	0 5 2 1/2
Edmond Lemancey	0 5 2 1/2
Mary Lemancey	0 1 3
Mary Ann Lemancey	0 1 3
Mr. Longard	0 10 0
Garrit Howard	0 1 3
John Gunter	0 1 3
Mrs. Charles Crowley	0 1 3
Widow Connors	0 1 3
Mrs. Fencen	0 1 3
Mrs. James Scott	0 2 6
Thomas Delanty	0 1 3
Edward Walsh	0 1 3
Mrs. Landers	0 0 7 1/2
Widow Hurley	0 0 7 1/2
Mrs. Michael Mannihen	0 1 3
Mrs. Wm. Dunphy	0 1 3
Widow Kavanagh	0 2 6
William Donovan	0 2 6
Patrick Leahy	0 1 3
Thomas Gilfoyle	0 2 6
Widow Doolin	0 1 3
William Mahony	0 1 3
Mr. Dunn	0 1 3
Widow Kehoe	0 2 6
Thomas Casey	0 1 3
Mrs. Daniel O'Sullivan	0 1 3
Andrew Bergin	0 1 3
Mrs. Wilson	0 1 3
Thomas Condon	0 1 3
William Colman	0 1 3
John Edward	0 1 3
Patrick Ferguson	0 1 3
Mr. Itcham	0 3 1 1/2
Andrew Mooney	0 3 1 1/2
Michael Gallihier	0 1 3
James Treasy	0 1 3
James Butler	0 1 3
James Donohoe	0 10 0
Michael Kearney	1 0 0
Mrs. M. O'Brien	0 1 3
Miss Eliza Burke	0 1 3
Miss Ellen O'Brien	0 1 3
Mr. Bridge	0 1 3
Philip Farrell	0 0 7 1/2
Captain T. Burke	0 1 3
Thomas Moriarty	0 0 7 1/2
Morty Shea	0 1 3
James Butler	0 1 3
Mrs. William Walsh	0 1 3
Sarah Weeper	0 1 3
Mrs. John M. Inglis	0 1 3
Edward Bergin	0 1 3
Michael Power	0 1 3
Maurice Halloran	0 1 3
Thomas O'Sullivan	0 1 3
Mrs. John Delaney	0 1 3
Mrs. William Jones	0 1 3
Silvester Furlong	0 5 0
Edward Dunn	0 1 3
John Mahony	0 3 1 1/2
Widow Kenny	0 3 6
John Lawrence	0 3 1 1/2
Mrs. William Lannigan	0 5 0
John Newman	0 1 3
Charles Crowley	0 2 6
John Cummins	0 1 3
Richard McNeely	0 2 6
John Washington	0 1 3
Mrs. Michael McLean	0 0 7 1/2
Mrs. Edward Eustace	0 1 3
Mary Tobin	0 1 3
Mrs. Pierce Power	0 1 3
Patrick Barry	0 1 3
Mrs. Stephen Carew	0 2 6
John McGrath	0 3 1 1/2
James Duggan	0 2 6
Bridget Fox	0 1 3
Mrs. John McVoy	0 1 3
Mrs. George Bignall	0 2 6
Patrick Hogan	0 2 6
Edward Tobin	0 1 3
Patrick Tallint	0 1 3
Arthur Jones	0 1 3
Matthew Laffin	0 0 7 1/2
Michael Whalen	0 1 3
William Hanigan	0 1 3
Pierce Larkin	0 1 3
Mrs. Cornelius Henesary	0 1 3
Patrick Walsh	0 1 3
Patrick Costin	0 0 7 1/2
Martin Butler	0 1 0
William Barlow	0 1 3
Martin Kylor	0 1 3
James McIntosh	0 1 3
Peter Nowlin	0 2 6
Christopher Joint	0 2 6
Elizabeth Ward	0 2 6
John Murphy	0 1 3

Thomas Murphy	0	2	6
Caroline Page	0	2	6
John Perry	0	1	3
James Brennan	0	1	3
Andrew Mackie	0	10	5
Christopher McDermott	0	3	14
Widow O'Brien	0	0	74
Anonymous	1	0	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Daniel McGuire	0	1	3
William Doran, (4 mile house)	0	1	3
Ellen O'Mara	0	1	3
Mrs. Wilneror	0	0	74
Charles Medley (colored)	0	0	74
Widow Kelly	0	0	74
Mrs Michael Kenaley	0	0	74
P. Walsh	0	10	5
Loughlin Cummins, P E Island	0	2	6

£15 15 0'

Paid to the Rev. T. L. Conolly, V. G., Nov. 24th, 1848.

W. BUCKLEY, Collector.

THE JESUITS.

The following quotation from the October number of Brownson's Quarterly Review, will be found particularly interesting at the present time, when the children of St. Ignatius are persecuted. When the devil, and the world, sometimes even urged on by the hastiness of imprudent friends, are up in arms against them, we love to read words like these.

"Everybody knows the popular meaning attached to *Jesuitical*. Taking the word in this meaning, there are no men so little *Jesuitical* as the Jesuits. Their whole history proves them to be remarkable for their simplicity of heart, singleness of purpose, and straight-forwardness of conduct. No man can take up a work in defence of the Order, written by a member, without being fully convinced that the Jesuit is the antithesis of the character commonly ascribed to him. We have heard many charges, and grave charges, against him; but we have not heard one that we have not seen refuted. Jesuits are men, and, of course, suffer more or less the infirmities common to all men; but we should like to be shown a body of men, of equal numbers, placed in the trying circumstances in which they have been, who have shown less of human infirmity, or have been more true to the motto, *Ad maiorem Dei Gloriam*. There is no field of science or art which they have not cultivated with success; no department of literature which they have not enriched with their contributions; scarcely a nation to which they have not preached the cross; and hardly a land which they have not sanctified with the blood of their martyrs.

"Even the present persecution of the Society is to its glory. If the Jesuits had been political demagogues, if they had been violent radicals, ready to sacrifice liberty to licence, order to anarchy, religion to politics, heaven to earth,—our ears would not have been stunned with mad-dened outcries against them; the world would have owned them as her children, and the age would have delighted to honour them. We know it is pretended that they are the enemies of liberty and the friends of despotism, but it needs only a slight knowledge of facts to know that this is more pretence. Liberty has more than once found her noblest champion in the Jesuits, and the hostility a year or two since manifested to them in France was because they demanded the freedom of education a right guaranteed by the charter itself. They may not be, in these days, foremost among those who stir up rebellions and revolutions; they may not regard the fearful events which have just transpired in Europe, or are now transpiring, as sure to bring back the golden age of the poets; they may hold their mission to be spiritual, rather than political, and believe it more important to convert individuals and nations to God than to one political creed or another; but if so, it does not follow that they are wrong, or that for this very reason they are not all the more worthy of our respect and confidence.

The Society of Jesus was instituted, not for political, but for religious purposes, and its members, by their profession, are devoted to preaching the Gospel, hearing confessions, and educating youth, and that not for one country only, but for all countries. These ends are the same and of equal importance everywhere and under all forms of government. If the Jesuits were to adopt a political creed, and become its propagandists, how could they sever themselves alike to ends of their institution, and to the morality of

Europe and the democracy of America? What course would or could be proper for them, but to abstain from declaring themselves in favour of any particular form of government, and to content themselves with simply inculcating upon all citizens to obey the legitimate government of their country, whatever its form or constitution?

The charge against the Jesuits of being in favor of this or that form of government arises from their refusal to declare themselves in favor of one or another, from the fact that they have no political creed, and make it a point of duty to stand aloof from politics, and to confine themselves to the discharge of their spiritual functions. They obey the powers that be, and comport themselves as loyal subjects to the authority of the country, whether it be autocracy, as in Russia, constitutionalism, as in France and Great Britain, or republicanism, as in America. What more could we ask of them? If tyrants denounce them because they will not turn defenders of tyranny, if revolutionists denounce them because they will not join in the war against legitimate authority, whose fault is it? Are we to condemn the Jesuits because tyrants and revolutionists have wronged them?

Wherever the Jesuits are permitted to establish themselves, they are a blessing. It is not easy to estimate the value to this country of their services as instructors of our youth. It would be difficult to find a substitute for them as educators. In every part of the country, they are, for the pure love of God, founding colleges, and training up our children in the way they should go. Is this nothing? These colleges are but of yesterday, yet they have already done great service,—as we ourselves can testify, who have had four sons for a long time in one of them, and who have peculiar reason to thank Almighty God for raising up and moving the good fathers to devote themselves to the important work of education. But as yet they have really done nothing, in comparison with what they will do. They now rank among the best in the country, and in a few years they must place education with us at least on a level with what it is in the most favored countries of the Old World. And can we count this small service.

Worldlings may despise the Jesuits: infidels and heretics may calumniate them; misguided Catholics, whose faith is but a dead faith, may distrust them; but the world needs them, our own country needs them, and though the Church is dependent on no religious order, they are not the least efficient of her servants. Protestants, in their estimation of the Jesuit, betray only their ignorance or their malice, or both. The character they ascribe to the Jesuit they will find in its perfection in their own ministers, and the best definition of *Jesuitical*, in the proper acceptation of the term, is a *Presbyterian minister*, the antithesis of a Jesuit. Mr. Thorowell illustrates and accepts, in the book before us, every element of what he calls Jesuitism. No man can have been brought up among Presbyterians without knowing that the principle, that the end justifies the means, is the one on which they generally act, whether they avow it or not. No one can read one of their books against the Church without perceiving that the principle of mental reservation, or, in plain terms, the right to lie for the purpose of advancing Protestantism, is a principle which they practically adopt, and hold in constant requisition, and whoever will read a Presbyterian dogmatical work will see that to higher certainty than probability its author does not aspire, and that to substitute authority for evidence, and to make the opinions of men the arbiters of faith, is his boast. Nothing is more ridiculous than for a Presbyterian minister to accuse the Jesuits of a want of principle, of candour, of honesty, or to charge them with fraud and cruelty. Who ever heard of a Presbyterian minister that was not, officially, the very impersonation of pride, cant, hypocrisy, bigotry, and cruelty? If such a one there ever was, we may be sure that he did not live and die a Presbyterian. We know something, of Presbyterianism; it was our misfortune to have been brought up a Presbyterian. We know what are its secret covenants, the pledges it exacts of its adherents, and the measures it takes to prevent the least ray of light from penetrating their darkness. Take a Protestant's account of Catholicity or Jesuitism, change the name, and it is a faithful picture, as far as it goes, of proud, arrogant, bigoted, cruel, and persecuting Presbyterianism. There is not a charge brought against us by Presbyterians that we cannot retort.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY AND THE LATE REVOLT IN IRELAND.

We have lately met with statements, from time to time, severely blaming the Catholic Clergy in Ireland for not taking an active part in the late struggle. Many attribute this to the failure of the attempt at revolution. To those who make these charges it might be enough to remark that whatever influence of this kind is enjoyed by the clergy it can be retained only by being used with prudence; that the fact of its having been retained so long should create a presumption in favor of the opinion under which they acted—that an attempt at revolt was hopeless.

Were no more granted them than is conceded to every one else—a right to be guided by their own convictions, they should not be blamed for pursuing the course which they thought the best. Thinking revolution hopeless, if for no other reason, they were bound to use every effort to stop it as soon as possible.

Much might be said to defend their position on its own intrinsic merits, but if their co-operation were necessary for success, whether they were right or not in withholding it, whether it was desirable or not that they should occupy such a position, their enjoying it was a fact which the Confederates had to deal with. If this co-operation was necessary it was obviously the duty of any one that meditated revolution, to have secured it before he moved. To have been ignorant of the fact, or to have overlooked it, argues utter incompetency in any one who would put himself at the head of such a movement. Their refusal to co-operate might in such circumstances be a very good excuse for not commencing such a revolution,—it is no apology for failing. The present statements and complaints are the best proof that without securing this co-operation they never should have commenced a revolution.

These remarks appear to us obvious, and therefore we were no little incensed on reading in the *Morning Chronicle*, of this city, a long letter of Thos. D'Arcy M'Gee, copied from the *Spirit of the Times*, in which he explains the causes of the failure of the Irish revolt. More fortunate than some of his brethren, he succeeded in making his escape to this country. Scarcely has he landed, than he turns round to throw on the Irish clergy the whole blame of what a moment's reflection will show lays at the door of himself and his associates of the Young Ireland party.

Gladly would we overlook their faults, for we are convinced that most of their leaders were animated by the purest patriotism. But credit for purity of intention can be awarded them solely at the expense of credit for practical good sense. Merit is not generally to be measured by success, but a certain degree of success, in some cases at least, is necessary even for ordinary merit. Men who will involve a nation in the responsibility of a revolution must make a better attempt than that on Boulagh Common, or be pronounced wanting in the ordinary requisites of character for their position.

Nothing has happened in Ireland, that any one might not have foreseen. The British government could not have been expected to wait until it suited the revolutionists to give the signal for the fight. No government, just or unjust, without superfluous itself, could have allowed preparations for war to be made within their border, in open day, without making counter-preparations, and seizing the rebels. If the Young Irelanders, then, were not able to do more than they did, it is a clear proof that they never should have commenced. The event has proved them entirely incompetent for the work they laid out for themselves.

The result was what all were inclined to expect from the surface of things. Yet, many could not believe that the Young Irelanders, whatever opinion was entertained of their qualities, could be so mad as to force a contest without some better reasons for hoping for success than appeared. Now, however, we find that they really had none, and the only excuse they can offer to cover their rashness is to blame the Catholic clergy for not co-operating with them in rushing into the rebellion.

The utter incapacity of the men stands now revealed to the world; it is creditable to the Catholic Clergy that they kept aloof from them, and saved all they could from the ruin which must necessarily have attended such men's undertaking under any circumstances.

We should like to forget their mistakes in the sympathy which we feel for their misfortunes, brought on though they be by their own intemperate zeal. We entertain, and always did entertain, respect for Smith O'Brien, even when we deplored his mistakes. We would say the same thing of more than one of the prominent men of the Young Ireland party now in prison. We know they loved their country, but we think it now too evident to be called in question, that they made sad—nay woful mistakes. Those amongst them who were more fortunate than their brethren and are now free, would do well to make use of their liberty in answering the demand of the well-wishers of their country, and show on what grounds they dared to drag it into its present dreadful condition. This would be more proper than blaming the men who had the penetration to see their incompetency, and the good sense to avoid them.

Mr. M'Gee not only says that the Catholic Clergy was to blame for not having aided the revolution, but he dares to insinuate that their course was influenced by the British government. With much more apparent reason might it be said, that the conduct of the Young Irelanders was the result of such influence. They have played effectually into the hands of the Government, as effectually as if they had been hired for the purpose; they pursued the very course which we know men were hired to pursue—to push on a premature outbreak of the people. This was the very thing which O'Connell always warned against, in guarding against which his great skill consisted. These men have given evidence, if evidence had been wanting, how correct were his views on this subject.

They found their country wanting in many things, because she was held in bondage by a powerful nation. Yet in the physical weakness to which she had been reduced, O'Connell taught her to fling defiance at her oppressor.—He taught her how to fasten upon that oppressor the scorn of the civilized world, and to extort from her shame, one by one, many of her most precious rights. This was done without any favorable circumstances from without, but he proclaimed, and every one felt, that nothing was wanting to wring from her the full measure of justice, but that the day of England's difficulty should approach. The speck on the horizon which O'Connell waited for so long, and which he would have recognized as the morning star of Ireland's triumph, had already risen: the dawn of the day which he had looked for during nearly forty years, was already making its appearance, the distant rumbling that proclaimed Europe in a chaos and England in her difficulties, but which would have been the signal of Ireland's deliverance, was already heard; and when every well-wisher of Ireland was beginning to entertain hopes—sanguine hopes of happier days, these thoughtless friends cast away the whole in a moment, and seemed only in a hurry to prevent the opportunity being turned to account. They enabled the enemy to strike with effect the blow he was long meditating, and the country that was advancing to liberty now lies prostrate at his feet.

The men who brought about this result are themselves likely to be amongst its first victims. From our hearts we condole with them. But it requires all the indulgence that can be awarded them, to reconcile their conduct with common honesty, and that cannot be affected but at the expense of credit for practical common sense.

We forbear for the present making further comment on Mr. M'Gee's letter. He went far already towards seriously committing the Catholics of this country, while he edited the *Boston Pilot*, before his departure from the United States. It is a bad omen of his career amongst us again, that, scarcely landed, he turns to vilifying the Catholic clergy of Ireland, who have shown themselves, even on this occasion, her best friends. Had they no other claim to our esteem than that they saw in time and kept aloof from the mad career on which Young Ireland was forcing them, it would be sufficient to show them the most discerning friends of the Irish nation.—*Pittsburgh Catholic*

Cheap postage is becoming the order of the day.—Russia has adopted a uniform penny rate; France a four sous rate or about two pence; and the United States propose a reduction from five to two cents. An ocean passage, as yet, is not nearly complete, the facilities for intercourse between all nations.

Poetry.

[From the U. S. Catholic Magazine]
THOUGHTS IN A COUNTRY GRAVE-YARD.

Linger here, O man of sorrow,
Turn not from this silent spot,
Linger in the busy morrow,—
Scenes like this are soon forgot.

Sunbeams stealing out from heaven
Linger here on stone and sod;
Linger then from morn till even—
Stay, for thou art near to God!

Here, amid the silent forest,
Old and hoary trees all gray,
Rest the richest with the poorest,
'Neath the turfed mound of clay.

Mortals vain, bereft of lading,
Lie beneath this marble tomb,
There, the poor, unnoticed fading,
Resteth from his toil-doom.

Here, the weary broken-hearted
Find from all their woes respite,
And, the links of kindred parted,
Far away in heaven unite.

Here the worldly and ambitious,
Here the wise, the great, the good,
Men most virtuous or most vicious,
Serve alike the worm for food.

Here, all enmity must perish
Fondly nurtured by our pride;
Why should we such follies cherish,
Rest we not here side by side?

Linger here in thoughtful wonder,
See the busy world without
Passing heedless, boisterous, yonder,
Old and young in merry rout.

See, oh! see, how death is reaping
From the wild, unconscious crowd?
Laughter peeling, wailing, weeping—
E'en the bridal robe's a shroud.

Thus all earthly joys ceasing—
Canst thou wander on with these?
Stay, and leave of life unceasing
When our portioned time shall cease.

Know, all fleeting is, O mortal,
From the cradle to the grave,
But religion—at whose portal
Breaks life's changing, troubled wave.

She, the one, the never changing,
Stays to guide thee, mortal, where
Thousands o'er her paths once ranging
Find a blissful home fore'er. M. J. B.

Select Tale.

SHANDY McGUIRE.

The clock in the corner of Father Domnick's little entrance-hall had struck eleven. The housekeeper and her assistant had long before retired to rest. The night was calm and clear. The young moon, like a virgin bride, had thrown off her veil, and came forth with her hosts of brilliant attendants, dancing and sparkling around her. How beautiful is the clear, calm, starry night! How lovely is the pale silvery moon—so placid yet so bright, so brilliant and yet so passionless! We sometimes fancy, as we gaze upon it, that the eye of God may be like that serene, pure, stainless orb, looking down on his regenerate earth to see if all things be well regulated there; and those falling stars, like angels whom he sends down laden with blessings and glad tidings for his children.

Darby Gallagher, Father Domnick's old clerk, was alone in the kitchen, kneeling before a crucifix. His hands were suspended from his left hand, whilst his right rested on the head of his staff. The lamp was extinguished, and the embers in the fireplace nearly burnt out, so that it was only by the moonbeams struggling with difficulty through the thick curtains of the window, the form of the old man could be distinguished from the surrounding darkness. He was praying in silence, for no voice, not even a whisper could be heard—he was praying from the heart, like Anna the mother of Samuel, but his lips moved not.

It is now many a long year since I first saw Darby Gallagher, the priest's clerk. Many a pleasant hour have I sat by my uncle's kitchen fire, listening to his stories of the old times. I can yet remember well the venerable and respect-

table face of the old man, as it made its appearance almost every Sunday evening about sunset at the humble residence of my uncle, Jemmy C—, of Killmard. Darby was even then advanced in years, yet still hale and healthy. His open, simple, good natured countenance forever wore the expression of peace and contentment with himself and all mankind. He came and went, just as he pleased, without question or apology. When he entered it "God's blissin an ye all here, young an'ould i' yeas," and when he left on the Monday following, he would first pause for an instant on the threshold, (his ivory-headed cane under his arm,) while he drew on his woollen mittens, and then stepping out, would invariably leave the good word behind him, "God be with ye, Pegg, and the rest! i' yeas, till I see ye again." Make the childer be larnin' the Christian doctrine till I come back, for they're big enough now to go to the priest, an' av they larn hard, I'll pass them the next time he comes round on the station, ay, don't forget that Pegg." On these occasions I always accompanied Darby down the green lane to the high road, and never failed to obtain a blessing for myself especially, and a promise that he would surely call again on Sunday. How delighted I used to feel when the old man would return the night before the station to "put out the catechism! I thought they the highest blessing I could obtain on earth was a ticket for my first confession; and long did I labour to earn it. Many a long night did I spend at my uncle's turf fire, with a rushlight burning dimly before me in the wooden candlestick, peering into Reilly's abridgment of Catholic doctrine, and skimming over the hard words as they occasionally turned up with a most magnanimous disregard for all rules of orthography. When I received my admission-ticket from old Darby, I remember well how carefully I concealed it in my bosom, and refused to let my playmates see it, even in my own hand, lest some evil should befall the precious gift; and when I returned from the tribunal of confession, how I ran to my aunt, and told her what Father Domnick directed me to do.

"Hush," she would say, "hush ashore, you must never tell what the priest said to ye in confession."

"Well, but aunty, dear, ye know the fippenny I foun' last week!"

"Well, dear?"

"Shure he told me to give it to the poor; so you must get it for me to give to the poor Shesh, the creathur; she'll be here at mass, an' I'll give it to her to buy the tabakky."

I often wonder how these old "memories" still live on, bright and cheering amid all the changes that are daily passing over the theatre of life. How pleasant are the thoughts called up by reminiscences like these! Like evening stars, pale, chaste, and cheerful, they beam out again over the eventide of life, and light up the darkness of years with a ray of hope, imparting to the melancholy picture of human sorrows a brightening and gladdening influence. How beautiful is the spring-time of religion in the soul, when it begins to live and move within, softening down the little asperities of nature, and bringing out into life and sunshine the sympathies and tender sensibilities of the heart? Reader, have you ever remarked the change that takes place in the human countenance, when the soul engaged in prayer becomes for the first time conscious of the presence of its Creator, and of the relations that reason teaches it must exist between its Creator and itself? There is such a moment. Remember how you observed the words of prayer, issuing from the lips of the youthful worshipper, to be emphasized and solemn, that before were monotonous and insipid; the eye becomes serious, steady, and supplicant, that before was light, restless, and unmeaning; how in a word the whole countenance glowed with life and emotion, that before was cold, reckless, and indifferent; and tell me, with such a picture of the power of innate faith before us—the picture of a soul offering itself to God bright and beautiful in its virginity—is it not strange that the infidelity of this age can find so many a young man who must wander. No; I was struck by the very thought of him making the feeling something like what I used to be. When I look back through the long vista of years, and hold far away the old man with his long white hair falling in thin locks over his shoulders, his venerable face radiant from interior peace and happiness, his left hand leaning on his ivory-headed staff, whilst his right is pressing the head of each boy and girl succes-

sively, as they stand round him in a circle to be questioned on the little catechism, I think I feel changed from what I usually am. These first impressions like the bright happy faces that gladdened our young days, come back again, after a long absence, to renew once more the spring-time of religion in the soul. But I must not digress. No; digressions are seldom read. I was only thinking over the old times, long ago, when we were wont to assemble round the little altar,—round the altar in the mountains. Irish reader, raised on the damp earthen floor, and under the dipping thatched roof of our father's cabins,—of the time when kneeling before it we forgot all but the victim that was offered thereon, when our hearts full of bursting sought comfort and hope only in the excess of His love, when the tears of repentance shed on that humble floor unseen by any eye but that of the all-seeing God, fell silently as on the feet of your Redeemer, like drops of palm on the wounds of the crucified. Oh! give me back, give me back these young days again; give me back the thatched cabin and the damp floor; give me back the old priest with his patched garments and his old worn-out plated chalice: give me back the religion of the mountains, far dearer to me still than all the grandeur and magnificence of the cathedral, where worshippers kneel before the jewelled altar, without hearts or tears, to offer the victim. Reader, have you ever blushed with shame when you were reminded of those by gone days? Did you ever silence your old acquaintance, when, with his wonted familiarity, he ventured to speak of the humble priest in his holy language instructing his little congregation under the humble roof where you were born and baptized in the faith. If you did, then pass over this chapter, for it has no interest for you.

Father Domnick was sitting in an arm-chair to a table placed in the centre of his study. This apartment was about fifteen feet square, and served both for study and dining-room. The wall behind where he sat was shelved from corner to corner, and the shelves filled with books from the floor to the ceiling. The ponderous appearance of the volumes on the lower shelves, and the parchment bindings of those on the upper, at once told their character, and the countries whence they came. Against the opposite wall, between the windows, and supported by a wooden pedestal, was a bust of Leo X. by Michael Angelo, and above the mantel an Infant Jesus by Rubens, said to have been painted by that eminent artist when at Madrid on the mission intrusted to him by the Infanta Isabella. The rest of the furniture of the room was of the commonest kind, the few chairs and tables it contained being made chiefly of pine or ash, and the floor without carpet, if we expect a course rug of four or five feet square, that lay spread under the table at which the priest was sitting. On the table lay open a folio volume of Pichler, and beside it a Roman Breviary covered with black cloth to preserve the binding. His arms were resting on the table supporting his body in his usual reading posture. The candle had now burned down, and was flickering in the socket; the old man's spectacles had fallen off, and lay on the open book before him. Father Domnick was asleep.

[From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal]
PATERSON, Nov. 7, 1848.

DEAR SIR—Thursday last was a day that will be long and gratefully remembered by the good Catholics of this town. For some time past they felt the want and expressed the wish of having a new burying ground—their old one is now filled up to its utmost capacity. With them, as is generally known, to will is to accomplish, and so it was on this occasion. They have purchased, paid for, enclosed and arranged in the most tasteful manner a lot of three acres. Bishop Hughes, on the day of consecration, having taken a view of it, declared that he never saw a more eligible spot or one better situated to the purpose for which it is intended. It is a rising ground, the broad summit of which is ascended on each side by a gentle declivity, and commands one of the most varied and beautiful prospects on which the eye can rest. On this elevation the two principal walks intersect each other, and at the point of intersection is erected a massive cross of hewn oak—20 feet high by 10 across. From its large size and prominent position it is seen on all sides, and the first object that meets the view of the traveller too and from Paterson by whatever route he may come or go.

At 11 o'clock the Bishop accompanied by our esteemed pastor and his own secretary, Rev. Mr

Bayley, preceded by 16 youths in surplice and cassock, entered in processional order the central gate where they were met by the teachers and children of the Sunday School, two abreast, and who, under the judicious management of Mr. H. Coddington, receded a few paces on either side and left thus a free passage to the Bishop and clergy, to move on between to the place prepared for the first part of the solemnities. Those being duly performed by the Bishop and clergy, and fervently responded to by all present on bended knees, the thurifer, cross bearer, &c. took their proper places and preceded the Bishop while he made the round of the cemetery, sprinkling, as he went, water blessed by the prayers of the Church, and reciting the psalms, prayers and other exercises of religion usual on such occasions. The Bishop and his attendants on returning to the place where the ceremonies had commenced, and were to be concluded, were surprised to see the large crowd there assembled, all anxious to see, and as was evidently manifest, to hear the Bishop. The Bishop saw the anxiety, and though he came unprepared, did not wish to let it pass without profit, spoke feelingly of Death and Judgment. After much delay a three-legged stool, as a substitute for a platform or pulpit, was obtained from a German woman, and from this he delivered a discourse so appropriate, so impressive, and so heart-soling, that all were moved, and some of the most reckless were seen to shed tears of sorrow for their past lives.

A CATHOLIC.

BLESSING OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The occasion of this solemnity on last Sunday was certainly interesting on several accounts.—This is one of the few Churches which anti-Catholic hate has, in this country, gone so far as to destroy by violence. Philadelphia where the curse of rowdism seems to be perpetuated, is stigmatised throughout Christendom as the city of church-burners, and it is the foulest blot on the fair name of our country. We well remember how the blood mounted to our face a few years ago, when, in a foreign city, we were insisting on the superior liberties of our Republic over their monarchy, and were interrupted by the innocent question of a bystander, as to whether Philadelphia was not in the United States.

But, even here, the authorities have at length granted justice to the injured, and the result has been the re-building of St. Augustine's. The church was solemnly opened on last Sunday, and the faithful can now again assemble before its Altar. A friend has favoured us with a few words on the occasion:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7th, 1848.

DEAR MR. McMASTER:—Notwithstanding the severity of the storm last Sunday, St. Augustine's was crowded, and overflowing with worshippers and spectators. The ceremony of consecration occupied the early hours of the morning. The High Mass was for the first time celebrated at 10½ o'clock. The sermon was by Bishop Hughes, and was, therefore, I need not say, admirable. The Bishop took his text from the Prophecy of Aggeus, chapter 2d, verse 3d. "Great shall be the glory of this last house more than of the first saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place I will give peace saith the Lord of Hosts." I cannot attempt to give you any outline of the discourse, and will not try. The Bishop preached again in the evening, but I was not present.

J. J.
—Freeman's Journal

Births

- November 11—Mrs Calahan, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs Odell, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs H. Moran, of a daughter.
- " 11—Mrs Kenny, of a daughter.
- " 13—Mrs Harton, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs Keylor, of a son.
- " 16—Mrs McCarthy, of a son.
- " 18—Mrs Collins, of a son.
- " 20—Mrs Goolay, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Boutlar, of a son.

Married.

- November 13—Richard McCabe, to Catherine Roche.
- " 14—Daniel Connor, to Catherine Moore.
- " 14—John Donovan to Hannah Barron.
- " 20—Patrick McKenna, to Sarah Malligan.
- " 20—Michael Rabbit, to Julia Roche.
- " 20—Peter Mihan, to Eleanor Isies.
- " 20—John Nagle, to Mary Pappot.