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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 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 Praescip. 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 Jerusalem. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- NOVEMBER 19—Sunday—XXIII after Pent IV
Nov S Pontianus P M Doub Sup.
- “ 20—Monday—St Felix of Valois C Doub.
- “ 21—Tuesday—Presentation of the B V M G Doub.
- “ 22—Wednesday—St Cecilia V M Doub.
- “ 23—Thursday—St Clement I P M Doub com &c.
- “ 24—Friday—St John of the Cross C Doub com &c.
- “ 25—Saturday—St Catherine V M Doub.

[From the U. S. Catholic Magazine] DUTY OF PROTESTANTS.

From the *Southern Churchman* of the 14th of April last, we extract the following, as a fit introduction to some points worthy of present notice.

“I would make a few suggestions as to the duty of Protestants in the present crisis of the efforts of Romanism.”

“It is obvious that the great final conflict between the powers of light and darkness is near, and soon we shall be in the midst of the battle. In this country, where the church is wholly severed from the state, it may be a conflict of opinion merely, and the effusion of blood may be avoided. But in Europe, where the church is a part of the state, where the church property is held by the state, and where for centuries, political and ecclesiastical affairs have been most intimately blended and commingled, they can hardly escape without recourse to arms. Blood will there be spilt, and governments overturned, before the way can be prepared for the great conflict of opinion, which is to succeed, and for which, we in this country, are already in a good measure prepared.”

The strength of Romanism has always consisted in its unity—the weakness of Protestantism in its division. Rome has the strength of despotism, Protestantism the weakness of democracy. With ten times the amount of individual energy and intelligence that can be found in Romanism, Protestantism has never marched forward with the same phalanx steadiness. Protestants are always hindering and opposing each other, a weakness of which Romanists are seldom guilty.

“Protestants must learn in this great conflict to bring their individual strength and energy to bear unitedly on their one great object.

“How shall they do this?”

“1. They must learn the higher point of union, which actually exists, independent of and superior to all denominational diversities, namely, the warm, all-absorbing love of Christ, and love to the souls of men.

“2. They must not thwart, nor hinder, nor stand in the way of each other's efforts for good.

“3. They must be tender of each other's reputation.

“4. There must be the same courtesy and politeness in the intercourse of religious denominations, that well-bred gentlemen feel themselves obliged to observe towards each other in the intercourse of society.

“5. The devotional spirit must be the predominating spirit in all religious affairs.

“C. E. Stovz.”

What the writer of the foregoing dimly hints at, we shall endeavour to develop at full length. Protestants have a duty to perform in the pre-

sent crisis of the efforts of Romanism,” (whatever that may be) and it is a harbinger of better things than the past can speak of, that Protestants are now called upon to act a part, becoming a body, “possessing ten times the amount of individual energy and intelligence that can be found in Romanism.” We congratulate our dissenting brethren on the vast accessions made to their resources. We rejoice that a new day is to break o'er Egypt; that Protestants are, at length, to learn “the higher point of union,” that henceforth “they must not thwart, nor hinder, nor stand in the way of each other's efforts for good;”—that they may raise “superior to all denominational diversities,” and “in the present crisis of the efforts of Romanism” to labour strenuously with no other motive than “warm all-absorbing love of Christ and love to the souls of men.” “How shall they do this?” It is an important question, and one that should have been asked at an earlier period of Protestant history. Have the three centuries of Protestantism been wasted;—have they done nothing towards “their one great object?” If they have unity of purpose, why not pursue it?—if their object is good, if it is based on the love of God and love to man, why not succeed?—Unity of effort is wanting. “The weakness of Protestantism” has always consisted “in its division.” Henceforth Protestants must not be “hindering and opposing each other.” Men who differ on almost every point of faith, and estimate in different scales man's moral worth or immoral worthlessness, are to unite their “individual strength and energy” to bear “on their one great object.” What is this object? What is this centre of Protestant unity? Unless their common purpose be found in their common name, we know not where to seek it. Their bond of union is to protest. They may differ as to minor points, even as to matters most essential to sound faith or pure morality;—they may divide as to the unity or trinity of the divine persons, as to eternal rewards or punishments, as to the means whereby men are justified;—on all subjects else they may entertain a thousand conflicting notions, provided that they only “bring their individual strength and energy to bear unitedly on their one great object.” With “phalanx steadiness” they must now “march forward”—to what?

“—gentle zephyrs tell me what?”

They must rise “independent of and superior to all denominational diversities;” “they must be tender of each other's reputation;” they must adopt the courtesy and politeness of well-bred gentlemen, that they may be prepared to enter into a great final conflict with Romanism. We are anxious to see a consolidation of Protestantism. It would be a lasting evidence of progressive humanity. Strange, passing strange, it would be to find the Calvinist and the Socinian, the Anglican and the Lutheran all ranged on the same side of any contest, other than that of opposition to Rome. It must be ever thus. Truth wears but a single front; error hath a thousand disguises. Truth is strong because it is one. Error is weakened by division; it is waging war not only with truth, but with itself; and, whatever “individual energy and intelligence” it may command, it will never have sufficient to preserve order in its own household.

The contest between Catholicity and Protestantism can never be one of “opinion merely.”—It must always be a contest of faith against opinion, of certainty against doubt, of truth against error. In such a contest, whatever may be the “crisis of the efforts of Romanism,” Protestantism must eventually fail. It can never march forward; it is incapable of a forward

movement. It ceases to be Protestantism in the very instant it begins to advance. It was manufactured only for retreat. Its originators had in view but one object, to secure themselves from the consequences of Catholic truth. They erected no standard of their own, but bade each one fly, in whatever course he could, from the standard which his sires had loved and revered, —the standard of Romanism.

Their purpose was not to assert new truths, but to deny old ones. They had no revelation, no improved code of morals,—it was the work of the last of the reformers (!) to find a new gospel, and a new morality deep buried in an Indian tomb, and darkly hidden in a mystic language:—they purposed only to protest, to deny;—they retreated from “the heaven-illuminated faith” to “human reason sinking into night.” Protestantism was a retrograde movement from its very commencement; and it has at length retreated to the last confines of Christianity. It commenced its efforts on the threshold of Catholicity; it wandered to a far-off land; it wasted its substance; it entered the hard service of deism; it has even been obliged to derive its last support from the poor husks of infidelity. What a scene of varied ruin does it now present! Who believes what Luther or Calvin most taught!—They commenced with a protest against the vicar of Christ; more than half their followers at the present day protest against Christ himself. They deny the validity of some things, their followers deny the validity of any thing. When men protest against the truths of revealed religion, it differs not in principle whether the protestation be made against few or many, against much or little. All divine truth rests on the infallible word of God; and he that denies the smallest part, denies the divine veracity as entirely and absolutely as the man who rejects all. Whatever will seem to justify opposition to one truth will be equally valid against every other. Hence men protesting against some of the doctrines of the Catholic church, have supplied arms to their children to make war on all religious truth.—Hence, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Deist, the Atheist, are all Protestants, are all protesting against Catholic truth; differing indeed in degree, but bound by the same principle, and resting on the same defence. Both protest; but one yells in our ears, whilst the other smooths it into a meek profession of faith, or “establishes” it in thirty-nine articles. But a recession from one denial is fatal to Protestantism; for as each protest stands on the same ground, one cannot be abandoned without a desertion of them all. There is no medium between truth and error; between Christianity and atheism; between Catholicity and infidelity. You may be more or less infidel, —more or less distant from Rome;—but you can never stand partly within and partly without the “one pale.” The Protestant may abandon the sect for the school,—he may philosophize himself out of all religion; may stand on transcendental ground, and, concealed amid the clouds of self-idolatry, and the vapors of refined absurdity, may charge on Catholicity a want of philosophic spirit and progressive energy, because it will not admit French socialism to be divine virtue, or German sentimentalism to be divine wisdom. The Protestant may deny the divinity of Christ, and accuse Catholicity of proudest presumption because it holds Christian truth to be divine. The Protestant may narrow the circle of God's “chosen few” until it scarce embrace his own kinsmen; even until the patriarch, sage, and saint of every time and country, except “the heaven-selected race” of Calvin's followers, are excluded from

celestial favor, and at the same time brand Catholicity with the charge of a narrow minded, selfish doctrine of salvation. The Protestant may profess what faith he will; he may swear to articles the meaning of which he may deny—he may profess no faith—and yet be a Protestant, on the one condition, that he accuse Catholicity of falsehood, that he protest against the infallibility of the church, the certainty of all God's revelations. This is saying much; and yet we appeal to the intelligent among our dissenting brethren, and ask if it be overmuch. We ask the Universalist, why he bears a common name with the Presbyterian? Is it a community of faith? Is it a community of purpose? Alas! that men should daily use the term Protestant—that jarring sects should gather round it, as their bond of brotherhood, and yet few should seek to learn the duties which the title imposes.

There exists one religious corporation “claiming supernatural powers and exercising them” against every opposition; threatening ruin to all who are not in it and of it; presenting itself at all times and in all places as the only sufficient evidence of God's revelations to man, as the one, infallible teacher of divine truth, as the sole means whereby men can attain to salvation. “It professes to be the only one that is in possession of the true religion, and warns all who resist it, that they are fighting against God. It announces itself as infallible, so cutting off from others the bare possibility of their being right, it puts forth its principles in plain intelligible words, shrinking from no conclusion to which they lead; it explains away nothing that may have given offence to those who are without; what these call impious, wicked, or profane, it teaches, practices, and enforces, just as if no question had been made of the matter. Moreover, conscious of unearthly strength, it ascertains its own position, defining the several duties of its several members; it allows of no vague or uncertain obedience, but insists upon it in a specific, clear way, putting forth its regulations with that particular minuteness of detail which leaves no room for ignorance or mistake. Is it in error? Its adversaries say so with one voice; but for itself it has no misgiving; it claims the possession of supernatural powers, and we see it use them; it has one definite local habitation, so that all may find it; it has one fountain of visible authority, but it flows through the whole world; one supreme uncontrollable dominion to which all must have recourse, from which issues forth the voice of St Peter himself, giving law to the Catholic church.” (Lewis's Notes on Royal Supremacy—p. 6.) The claims of this church have been admitted by a large majority of civilized mankind, and from a period long antecedent to any other institution or organization now in existence. However its individual members may compare with those of other bodies, as one corporation it surpasses all others in knowledge, in energy, and—what may be esteemed the vitality of such a community—in unity of principle and practice. Is this an overdrawn picture? If the pages of history are illumined with the names of statesmen, sages and patriots, who when living were members of the Catholic church; if the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, have alike grown up under her protection; if a majority of the wise and good of all ages proclaim her as indeed the true spouse of God; if, even in this enlightened age, there be no other community among civilized men that even pretends to be the church, the one church of the apostles; if, in a word, the past and the present point alike to Rome as the centre, not

alone of faith, but also of talent, of genius, of taste; the home of science and of art, the nurse of human and divine wisdom; where is he that dare protest against her claims to supremacy, or rather, whereon shall his protest be founded?—Catholicity has held possession of what she claims for ages; her powers belong to her now by prescription; and he that would question them successfully must come strongly armed indeed. He must show not only that Catholicity is wrong, but must also prove that he is right. He must demonstrate to the majority of mankind that he hath "a keener cutting" than all else who tread our globe; or if such task dismay him, he should at least convince the present generation throughout Christendom that the faith and practice of their fathers were all wrong, their hopes and fears all mistaken. In a word, every Protestant, by his name, professes that he knows that the Catholic church is in error. But how can he know it? Is he infallible? If not, then he does not know the church to be a false teacher; and then his name of Protestant is—what?

The first duty of a Protestant, as regards religion, is to know why he is a Protestant, that is, why he protests against the infallibility of the Catholic church. If this one duty be properly performed, he will never be obliged to the performance of another as a Protestant.

It is not permitted to men, to experiment alike with physical and moral laws. We may advance daily with no other than human guide in our study of natural philosophy. We may accomplish ought human by human means; but when we aim at higher objects, it must be with better resources. If then it be the purpose of Christianity to elevate man above his merely natural state—to teach him a profession and practice beyond the poor efforts of unaided humanity; to guide him to a supernatural destiny—then Christianity must have supernatural means for the accomplishment of her purposes. Now if Protestantism be Christianity, where are her supernatural resources? If they be common to all the sects, then Deism is Christianity; for the sects have nothing common to them all, except some belief in the Deity, and a protestation against Catholicity. If the supernatural means, necessary to attain man's supernatural end, are to be found in some only of the sects, how shall we determine which these are? If they be the peculiar property of one, which is it? On what does it rest its pretensions; are its claims better supported than those of Catholicity? In a word, it is the duty of every Protestant, a duty implied in the name, a duty admitted in the theory of private interpretation, a duty that may not be safely avoided—to be certain not only that the Catholic church is wrong, but that he is right. Let him determine his own position, we know ours. He will best perform this palpably incumbent duty, not by talking of "conflicts with Romanism," or "unions of Protestants for their one great object," but by a calm, honest enquiry into the arguments which hold him among those who deny the truths believed by Christendom for fifteen centuries, and admitted by a majority of the most enlightened nations at the present moment. It is not a question of the "strength of Romanism" or the "weakness of Protestantism;" it is simply, am I right or wrong in opposing Catholicity; do I make my protest knowingly; why am I a Protestant?

"The weakness" of the sects is not in "their democracy," but in their principles. "Union" cannot mend these; the reform must be commenced among individuals. Every Protestant proclaims his independence of all authority claiming to be infallible; why then yield to that which professes its own proneness to error? Or how will this proneness be overcome by uniting the different sects? Union, we presume, is not the purpose for which the founders of the several denominations wrote and advocated their various symbols, "confessions of faith," &c. They are not well framed for an object of this kind; and there must be division until there be a reformed creed, so liberal that Universalism will hail in as "enlightened Christianity," and so exclusive that Presbyterianism will approve it as goodly doctrine, worthy the care of their "nursing fathers." The union, if effected, would be of little value; for no combination of "fallacies" can ever equal an infallible. The individual Protestant would still be thrown upon his own resources, would have only "private judgment" for his guide; and hence his faith would be but opinion, and his morals but a cold philosophy.

EMIGRATION TO TEXAS.

It is a circumstance significant of the times, in connection with the failure of the potato crop in Ireland again this season, that a large number of landed proprietors—upwards of sixty altogether—left Dublin for Liverpool a few days ago on their way to Texas, where they are about to locate, having purchased a tract of land with the view of forming a settlement. They take out with them a number of their retainers, and upwards of £60,000 in gold.

This we look upon as an excellent movement, the friends of Ireland in this country could do nothing better than to encourage it. Why, for instance, could not the money contributed lately for Ireland, and which has not yet left the country, be expended in the purchase of tracts of land in the South or West, whither the persecuted Irish of Ireland might come to seek a home and liberty? This is a question that deserves the attention of the community, of the friends of Ireland no less than the friends of America, who are anxious that the country should be peopled with a brave and hardy, moral and religious race. Let not the matter however be made a political question, for the benefit of whigs or democrats or free-soilers; let it remain the simple question of good to our fellow-men, of promotion of liberty, of love for Ireland and Humanity.

We would like to hear the opinions of the Catholic Press on this point. Will our friends of the Freeman's Journal, the Pittsburgh Catholic, the Telegraph and the Advocate examine it? The Catholic Press in this country have proved themselves true friends of Ireland in all her trials—they will not now be the last to defend her cause, and seek to promote all her interests.—*Boston Catholic Observer.*

SCOTLAND.

GREENOCK.—The Right Rev. Dr. M'ulloch, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District of Scotland, administered in the Catholic Church of Greenock, the Sacrament of Confirmation, to about three hundred persons, on Sunday the 8th of October. Amongst the confirmed were many who had recently abjured the errors of Presbyterianism, and were received into the bosom of the Catholic Church by the Rev. James Danaher, Catholic Clergyman, of Greenock. After the celebration of Mass by the Rev. Joseph Manticha, his Lordship ascended the pulpit and delivered a very eloquent and feeling discourse on the Catholic Church. He showed in powerful and convincing language how the Church was for the first three hundred years assailed by the most violent storms of persecution, and yet progressed. She announced doctrines opposed to the interests of flesh and blood, yet gained numerous professors. She used the most humble and apparently powerless agency, and yet was attended with the most astonishing success. She had been for the last eighteen hundred years exposed to the successive attacks of Jews, Pagans, philosophers, schismatics, and heretics, and yet it still exists unimpaired and untainted by error. He concluded by earnestly exhorting his auditors, as members of the True Church, to practise the virtues she inculcates, and obey the precepts she enjoins. The Church was in the afternoon crowded to inconvenience by Protestants as well as Catholics, anxious to witness the ceremony of Confirmation, when his lordship, in a beautiful address, explained the nature of the Sacrament of Confirmation to the persons about to receive it. He dwelt on the sublimity of the Christian's character as the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and exhorted them to furnish it with such virtues as became the habitation of the "Holy of Holies." He then proceeded to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, attended by the Rev. John Carolan and Rev. James Danaher; Rev. Joseph Manticha acting as Master of Ceremonies.—*Correspondent.*

A WORD TO APPRENTICES

Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which the mechanic is called to pass. It is emphatically the spring season of his days; the time when he is sowing the seed the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labour in its proper culture, he is sure of reaping an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil, he follow the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them he will find the seeding time past, and the ground bringing forth only weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he bear in mind that he can become master of his business only by the closest application, and the most persevering industry; and that, unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all visions of future prospect and success. The apprentice is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice, and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive; study well the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical; and you will not fail, when your time shall come to take an active part in life, to be of use, not only in your own particular business, but to society.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, NOV. 18.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

WARD, NUMBER 4.

Right Rev. Dr. Walsh.	£1 0 0
Rev. T. L. Connolly, V. G.	0 5 0
Thomas Leahy	0 1 3
Captain James Nevin	0 2 0
Captain Belong, J. P. Arichat	0 2 6
Doctor Steverman	0 5 0
Mrs. John Tobin	0 3 1 1/2
Mrs. William Royan	0 1 3
John Connolly	0 5 2 1/2
Mr. Franklin	0 1 3
John Troy	0 1 3
Captain John Cronan	0 3 9
Mrs. John Durney	0 1 3
James Hurton	0 1 3
Thomas McMarra	0 1 3
Daniel Driskell	0 1 3
Richard Walsh	0 2 6
Messrs. Howly & O'Brien	0 2 6
Michael Howly	0 1 3
Martin Murphy	0 2 6
John Weston	0 1 3
Dennis Donivan	0 1 3
Rhody McCarthy	0 1 3
William Griffin	0 1 3
William Connell	0 1 3
Patrick Lynch	0 1 3
James Hurly	0 2 6
Timothy Cadigan	0 1 3
Cornelius Donivan	0 1 3
Mrs. C. Donovan	0 1 3
Charles Eaton	0 2 6
Thomas Fliinn	0 2 6
James Lawrence	0 1 3
Mrs. W. Jamieson	0 3 9
John O'Connell	0 1 3
James English	0 2 6
Andrew Shaughnessy	0 0 7 1/2
Thos. King, Esq.	1 0 0
Mrs. T. Ring	0 10 0
Thos. Meagher, senr.	0 5 0
Dr. Magee	0 1 10 1/2
Mr. Edw. Farrell	0 10 0
Mrs. Edw. Farrell	0 10 0
Richard Cahill	0 1 3
Mrs. Charles Boyers	0 2 6
Thos. Walsh	0 1 3
W. Walsh,	0 1 3
George Dupé	0 1 3
Mrs. Dupe	0 1 3
George Garit Crownin	0 2 6
Charles Sampson	0 1 3
Amiable Sampson	0 1 3
David Sampson	0 1 10 1/2
Capt. Sylvester Sampson	0 5 0
Miss Catherine Sampson	0 5 0
Capt B. Sampson	0 2 6
Maurice Sampson	0 2 6
Desire Perry	0 1 3
Capt Charles King	0 3 0
Frederick Mumgirate	0 1 3
Peter Forsware	0 1 3
F. Forsware	0 1 3
Joseph Dormally	0 1 3
John Power	0 1 3
John Spence	0 2 6
Mrs Gunston	0 5 2 1/2
David Dillon	0 5 0
Sergeant O'Harra, 97th Regt.	0 3 1 1/2
Michael O'Brien,	0 1 3
Timothy Dwyer	0 1 3
John Holowren,	0 1 3
Mrs. Margaret Bready	0 1 3
Mrs. Andrew Hunter	0 1 3
John Hunter	0 1 3
Patrick McKenna	0 1 6
Widow Meagher	0 1 3
George King	0 1 3
Daniel O'Sullivan	0 1 3
Michael Rawley	0 1 3
Mrs. John Murphy	0 3 1 1/2
Thomas O'Tole	0 1 3
Philip Meagher	0 1 3
John Dunn	0 1 3
James Nevill	0 2 6
John McGuire	0 2 6
John O'Connor	0 1 3
Richard Cahill, 2nd	0 1 3
T. Morrissey	0 2 6
Thomas Baldwin, P. E. I.	0 5 0
Captain Thomas, Arichat	0 2 6
Captain Augustine Martell	0 2 6
Mr. Martell,	0 1 3

Paid to Rev. T. L. Connolly, V. G., Nov. 17th, 1848.

W. BUCKLEY, Collector.

PENSIONING THE CLERGY—THE WHIG GOSPEL.

We are always willing to receive from any quarter, lessons in morality; even from Whigs, provided we have very good assurance that the lessons in question are not lessons in immorality. The just-published number of the *Edinburgh Review* throws in our way a lesson in dynamical or active morality, very interesting even if our readers had no special concern with its subject-matter, but doubly interesting as it does concern them, and therefore on no account to be passed by. The question, as we said, is one of ethical dynamics; not what is moral or what immoral, but how to set in motion the springs of virtue and to cure a moral distemper. How a Whig—that is, how Pontius Pilate—ministers to a soul diseased and cures moral distempers must at all times be a comical study; but when the prescription extends, not to an individual merely, but to a whole nation, the plot thickens, the farce becomes more complicated and ludicrous, and the curtain is pretty sure to fall amidst "convulsions of laughter."

In this case the patient—alas! she is the stock patient of all the quack faculty—is Ireland. In an article on "Mill's Political Economy," the Whig Reviewer, Mr. Senior, if report speaks true, touches upon the reclamation of Waste Lands; makes the discovery, which for a Whig is a discovery, that moral evils are much more deep-seated and potent than material, of which they are indeed the parents; and that to think of curing these while those are left unhealed and in the full vigour of their destructive life, is a gross and enormous folly. Here is a great revelation made to the Whigs since—when? Since last session?—when, as a cure for the discords of Ireland, produced by many causes and aggravated by famine, the Whigs brought forward, not moral remedies, but material; material remedies, not of the first and nearest, but of a secondary and remote description; and of these remedies, not even the substance, but the shadows or pretences of them. They outdid by one degree the philosophic hackney-coachman, who supplied the deficiencies of whiffcord, by tying a bundle of hay just out of reach on the coachpole. His motive power was not food, but the shadow of food—the expectation of a musty mouthful. He made his horses go, not by feeding them, but making them think they would be fed; and thus two ounces of fodder produced two tons of speed—a very cheap financial operation, and much more successful than those Sir Charles Wood has yet favoured the country with.

But in the case of Ireland the Whigs put forward last year neither food nor the hope of it; neither doles of charity; nor the offer of work; nor so much as a whisp of hay to smell at. Food would have been distinctly a material remedy—that, therefore, according to the present doctrine was wisely abjured. The hope of food would have had too definite a connection with something material to be approved of by our moral and spiritual Whigs—even the whisp of hay, used to generate hope, would have been food after all. So not having, we suppose, any moral remedy, in their budget, or perhaps not having heard of the revelation to be made in blue and yellow this present October, they determined to tempt on their hackney-coach horse by a "material remedy" of the second degree of remoteness. As Whigs, their remedy was bound to be a sham and a lie. They fastened to the end of their pole, not hay, indeed, but an old rusty harness which they had furnished up for the occasion, and which they thought would prove mighty tempting to the starved and battered creature on whom they had long enough tried the cruelty of their whip. In other words, they gave, not food, nor waste lands, nor emigration, nor any form of stimulus to industry, nor the hope of such, but the lying promise of a certain State harness called municipal reform and a new franchise. This certainly was not a moral remedy in any point of view; nay, it was at once immoral and immaterial; a lie and a shadow; that is, Whiggish and foolish.

Now, however, a new light has burst upon them. For the future all material remedies are to be discarded. Like the prating old nobleman, in the *Tempest*—
If the commonwealth they would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would they admit; contract, succession,
Bourne, bound of land, tillage, vineyard, dole;
No use of metal, cloth, or wine, or oil,
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too.
That is, for the present. For the present we are to hear nothing of such false, low, physical, ear-

nal, material remedies as "fixity of tenure, outdoor relief, reclamation of waste lands, or gratuitous emigration." No the moral disorders of a furnished people, lawless because law has given them no protection, are to be taken in the first place. If legislators and landlords have spent their time in fleecing and robbing the people, the moral distemper has not been in the thieves, but in the robbed, and that must first be cured before the land can be restored to sound and pristine health.

Well, grant the proposition for a moment.—Grant it, if it were only for the pleasure of hearing the Whig notion of a remedy for a moral distemper. Poor Ireland, says the Doctors, is altogether wanting in her moral constitution, feeble, tottering, full of infirmities. She needs moral tonics; to be braced and strengthened: to have heroic energy breathed into her; and the best way to do this, says Signior Whig, is to drive her spiritual teachers. Buy them; get them into your menagerie of beasts; strip from them their black garments and clothe them in blue and yellow; make broad their phylacteries and place upon their foreheads the ten Whig commandments, of which, at this present date, the first is, "Thou shalt have no other God than Lord John Russell;" and the fourth, "Honour thy paymasters, that thy enjoyment may be long of the wages which the Lord John Russell giveth thee." If the Priests could be brought to this state of docility; if they could be made to lick the hand just raised to shed their blood; if, like the ox, they could be taught to know their owner and their master's crib; if the fee simple of them could be bought and made a Whig possession; if they would only consent to throw off the service of God, and no longer be His clerks, but be articulated to the enemies of the Church; if they would change their function, cease smiting the Heathen, into whose hands God has delivered up their flocks (alas!) for more than forty years, lay their heads in the Whig harlot's lap, and, Sampson like, receive a new torsure at the hands of the Philistines; if, by any chance, they could be brought to allow their eyes to be burnt out by molten gold, and blindness and loss of strength to accompany the forfeiture of the spirit of God; if they would accept a new tenure, and amidst the cries of famishing thousands, serve the Castle in order to partake of its abundance, and grow fat upon its spoils:—in one word, if the spiritual teachers of the Irish people would only consent to become scoundrels by purchase, and to make themselves an abomination in the eyes of their flocks—then a great Whig miracle would be wrought; Scripture would be proved to be by men gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles; an unwholesome diet would be purified by poison; sweet waters would issue from bitter fountains; honour would be inspired by prostitution; integrity, by baseness; loyalty by breach of faith; and, the mass of men being thus leavened with one corruption more, the "moral evils" of Ireland would soon be purged utterly away, and the country rendered fit to receive the material blessings which till that time are to be denied her. Excellent, most excellent moral husbandry. They will not sow their field with good seed till the soil has been richly manured with filth and rottenness.

To teach the people—such is the inmost Whig belief—there is needed no honour or heroism in the soul that teaches, no quickening fire to kindle the hearts he labours to instruct, but a certain iron mechanic faculty, which can be bought in shops, softened in the purchaser's furnace, and beaten into what shapes he pleases to direct.—They have not yet learned that it needs virtue to teach virtue; honour to teach honour; honesty to teach honesty; spiritual heroism and an awful fear and love of God, to teach the observance of duty and all its manifold dictates. They know that many, perhaps most, Whigs, and therefore they think that all men, are time-servers; and they naturally cannot understand how the qualities which, by the passive acquiescence of their fellow-subjects, are all but universally esteemed sufficient, and, indeed, the best, for governing men in their temporal affairs, should not also be the best for guiding and directing the soul. And in this sense they are right. For truly, if men like themselves are fit to rule our temporal affairs there can be no need of either Saints or Sages to serve in the temple and at the altar. Whatever we think of its truth, this Whig doctrine is thoroughly compact, and carried out by them with a rare consistency.

That we may not be supposed guilty, of misrepresenting the intentions avowed by the Whig

organ, nor conceal the benevolent intentions of our present Ministers to delay the feedings of the people until they shall have bought (and sold) the Priesthood, we give the passage to which we have referred *verbatim*, from pp. 327, 8 of the *Edinburgh Rev.*

"As far as Ireland is concerned, we are surprised that Mr. Mill should waste his time in devising remedies for material evils, while he leaves unnoticed the moral evil, from which all material evils flow. Admitting fixity of tenure, outdoor relief, reclamation of waste lands, or gratuitous emigration to be as practicable in execution, and as beneficial in tendency as the wildest theorist proclaims them, still, while the Catholic Clergy remains unprovided for, while those who ought to restrain the people are dependent on the people for their support, while their subsistence depends on their influence, and their influence on their adopting the passions and the antipathies of their flocks; while we create in every parish an enemy whom our injustice and bigotry have degraded, embittered, and strengthened, what can be the best effect of topical remedies but to skin over sores which in a thoroughly distempored body can never be healed? While the Priests are unpaid, to expect real improvement in Ireland is childlike. The 1,500,000 new proprietors whom Mr. Mill hopes to draft off to independence and comfort, and the 1,500,000 successors whom that drafting off will call into existence, while they are the tools of a hostile Priesthood, will be the enemies of the law, and the enemies of the social order which depends on the law—in short, will resemble, except in courage, the anarchists of Paris."

Surely, further comment is not needed.

POTOWATOMI MISSION, No. III.

From a series of Letters from the Rev. Christian Hoecken, S. J., Missionary among the Potowatomis, to the Editor of the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

Gentlemen:

I have already observed that, when the Indian places himself under the influence of intoxicating drinks, he loses all command of himself. No person, however closely connected with him, is secure at such a time from his violence. It is then that he carries into effect the most deadly projects of revenge. The inclination of the savage tribes for spirituous liquor is very extraordinary. When an Indian once puts to his lips the exhilarating cup, he does not stop until he has plunged into the most beastly indulgence. I have known cases in which the Indian has actually expired in the act of quaffing down the liquor. On one occasion there was a man who had drunk so much, that he was no longer capable of raising the whiskey to his lips; but his companions did it for him—and, while they were pouring it into his mouth, he fell dead upon the spot. I was not far from the place—not more than twenty or thirty yards—and being known as a physician, some Indians immediately came to inform me of the occurrence, and requested that I should come and raise him to life. Thinking that there might still be life in him, I went with them in great haste, but the unhappy man was dead. This, I imagined, would be the time to seize the remains of the liquor; but in vain did I plead my cause—vain were my remonstrances and arguments—I was forced to leave them in the midst of the liquid fire, which, probably, was about to consume some further victims.

Once, however, forgetting myself, and carrying my life in my hands, I went to a place where I knew the liquor to be; and finding a few men engaged in drinking and prattling together, I boldly enquired for the liquor. They answered me that there was none. I observed that this was very strange, and that I was very much surprised; also, that I wished to know who had taught them to lie. No reply was made to my remark. I then left them, saying, "if they did not know where it was, I would soon find it out, and went in search of the liquor (which they generally hide somewhere in the woods). A few minutes' search disclosed to me the hidden treasure, which consisted of two barrels of whiskey, placed in a deep hole. No sooner had I begun to empty the barrels, than two men were at my side, who pushed me away, in order to stop the current. This did not the least intimidate me; on the contrary, I renewed my efforts with renewed energy, in opposition to their vigorous interference—seized hold of the barrel, and kept the torrent going. This mode of operations, owing to their resistance, lasted for a considerable time.

I was determined, however, to succeed, and at length I found that the liquor had disappeared. Such was, and is still at the present day, the condition, not of one only, but nearly of every Indian tribe in the frontier country—miserable and deplorable, indeed!

You have, of course, read in the Pentateuch of the distinction between clean and unclean animals, of some that could be sacrificed and eaten, and others that could not. This practice exists among the Indian tribes. Often have I been asked by savages, whether they could eat certain animals which had been named to me! We cannot suppose that they learned this distinction from the French, English, Spaniards, or Americans, for I know of no such practice existing among these nations. Various legal purifications, which were observed in the old dispensation, as we read in the book of Leviticus—especially with regard to women who had given birth to children—are observed very strictly with the aborigines of America. For some time they are obliged to live apart from the family, and are not allowed to eat, drink, or converse with others. To this practice they very strictly adhere.

It was the practice among the Jews, nearly 500 years before the coming of our Blessed Redeemer, to place bread and wine upon the tomb of the deceased. This is done also among the various Indian tribes, though with a different view; for they are under the impression that the souls of the departed stand in need of such things for going to the other world, hence, whenever any one of them dies, his friends come together and furnish the tomb within with every thing they imagine him to be in need of, to perform his journey to another world, (which they think to be a country abounding in game and other good things.) They deposit there powder and lead, bows and arrows, guns, rifles, clothing, pipes, tobacco, canes for old men and women to walk with, blankets, moccasins, and frequently, at the request of individuals, horses, on which they place the dead bodies, thinking that, by these means, they will be enabled to ride to the other world.

Such was the lamentable state of the Indians among whom I have lived, when I arrived amongst them, and such is still the actual condition of many tribes—of thousands who inhabit our western forests. You may imagine how deeply I sympathised with these poor creatures when I discovered their wretchedness; for where is the human being who would not pity them? A moment's reflection filled me with commiseration, and reminded me that they were creatures of the one true and living God; men similar to myself—made out of the same clay—and endowed with reason. The sight of the crucifix told me they were as dear to Jesus as myself—and, perhaps, dearer. He paid the same price of redemption for their souls, and has destined them for the same place of rest and happiness.—The Scripture every where, on opening it, seemed to call upon me to help and assist them: in one place I read "go and teach all nations"—I have chosen you, that you go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may remain." In another, "so long as you have done it to one of these, you have done it unto me." And again:—"blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy"—"how beautiful are the feet of those who announce peace, who announce good things"—"he must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his ways, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." In recalling these heavenly truths, I offered myself a living holocaust, ready to sacrifice every thing, if necessary, even my life. How could I refuse to do so at the foot of the cross? He who expired on it did not hesitate to do so for my sake; I, therefore, considered myself happy in having an opportunity of serving and showing my love for Jesus Christ. I put the axe at the root of the tree; for I was obliged to work, and work very hard, in building a cabin to reside in. Often was I insulted and called a liar, and I imagined that they had a strong antipathy against the whites; but I did not cease my exertions.

Having acquired some knowledge of their most outlandish and difficult language I undertook to explain to them the divine tenets of our holy religion; but they did not seem to make any impression on their mind, and, consequently, soon upon their heart, which caused me no little sorrow. I trembled, at their incredulity, and their multiplied crimes, and the language which I heard among them. But I must reserve a further account for my next.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE POPE.—I had the honor of two interviews with Pius IX: the first as a member of the committee appointed for a humane purpose; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope; and certainly, as Mr. Hardford spoke his sensible address, his Holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank, and even simple—There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment. Pius IX, addressing his fellow-men, utters like a man of sense what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling, outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him; hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked that an English advocate had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know, but, unfortunately, being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it—a very sensible, but unkingly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified; he appeared as if his royalty set awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI. The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX, denote plain, vigorous sense, resolution and manliness of character, and true benevolence; more than refined or polished taste, lofty dignity, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he would pass all the world over for a sagacious, clear-headed, English country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time I had the honor of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease; and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland. The manner of the Pope was fatherly; and, undoubtedly, I must say, rooted as I am in the Protestant faith, the unaffected behaviour of Pius IX, towards people of all nations is that becoming, an ecclesiastic aspiring to be considered the Head of the Christian Church.—*White's Italy in the Nineteenth Century*.

SWITZERLAND.

Arrest of Mgr. Marilley, the Bishop of Friburg.—The troubles at Friburg have at length come to a head. The Grand Council of that City had forced upon all public functionaries the oath of the Constitution, a Constitution in which the people had had no voice, and which the despotism of the Central Authority alone had imposed upon the canton. The Bishop, at this Constitution touched closely on the rights of the Church, thought it his duty to issue a pastoral, discussing the question with what limitations the oath might be taken, and directed his Clergy to read it in church. The Grand Council forbid its being read (a prohibition, however, which but two of the Clergy attended to,) and they entered into an angry correspondence with the Bishop, insisting that all pastoral addresses whatsoever should be submitted to the approbation of the Civil Authority. Mgr. Marilley firmly but temperately declined this infringement upon his Episcopal rights. Matters got worse, the Grand Council became abusive, and even ferocious, and the end of it has been that they have taken advantage of an *emeute* among the peasantry, caused by indignation at this unworthy interference with their pastor, arrested the Bishop on the 25th ult. at two o'clock in the morning, and carried him off under guard to Lausanne, from whence, it was said, to be transported to the Castle of Chillon. Next week, we hope to give further details of this event, or course of events, of such great interest and moment to the cause of the Catholic Church.

RELEASE OF STATE PRISONERS.—Previous to his Excellency's departure for England, an order was issued to admit to bail the following persons, now suffering imprisonment under the Corpus Suspension Act.—William Matthews, Charles Taaffe, Patrick Marron, James Crony, William Walsh, James Baker, Coll. R. Harford, Owen O'Neil, Francis Gabbett, Justin Sullivan, James M. O'Connell, and a number of

"Nam vos de honore iocumini, de victoria, de triumphis, de mercedo; Ergo vobis de agonibus, et laboribus disputo; non enim hoc praemiorum tempus, sed occisionis, praeliorum, et periculorum."—*Sti. Johan Chrysostomi.*

Ye prate of honours, of victory, of triumphs, of rewards; but I speak rather of strife, and of toil; for this is not the day of reward, but the season of death, of conflict, and of danger.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Boast of thine honours, wealth, and power.
Thy triumphs vast, and victory's dower,—
Prate of thy gains, thy sensual ease,
Thy mirth, and thy festivities,—
Fill thy heart big with subtle pride,
By rustling dignity supplied;—
Yet hear the words of wisdom plead,
"Amen, thou hast received thy meed."

But, as for me, I will not seek
For aught but this—a conscience meek.
This is the season God hath given,
To rise from earth, to work for Heaven.
This is the time, by mortal strife,
To win an entrance into life.—
Here we must labour, toil, and weep,
Here we must nurse contrition deep.

Here must we labour, war, and fight,—
This is no time for triumph bright.
Here we are in the battle-field,
Here watch lest we should fail and yield.
It is no time to speak of gains,
While struggling with our iron chains.
When death is come, and battle done,
Then may we rest,—and then alone!

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

"There's a joy for my soul,
Tho' its hopes have grown cold,
More dear than the future
Will ever unfold;
There's a bloom in my heart,
Tho' its summer fades fast
And its winter comes on—
'Tis a dream of the past.

There's a halo that softens
The mind's darkest gloom,
Like moonbeams caressing
The ivy-wreathed tomb;
And tho' sorrow's midnight
Around me is cast,
A lovely light smiles
When I dream of the past.

Tho' the rainbow of promise
Has faded away,
And to-morrow has long ceased
To bless me to-day,
Yet sad disappointment
In vain spends his blast,
While memory still lingers
Round dreams of the past.

When the coldness of loved ones
With anguish I mourn,
To the days when I trusted
Their warm vows I turn:
I thought then they'd love me
While being should last,
And I now fondly cling
To that dream of the past.

Not the memories that throng
Around pleasure's gay hall,
Nor the rich thrill that trembles
At glory's loud call,
Can o'er my chill'd spirit
Such sweet sunlight cast
As the kind words that sparkle
Mid dreams of the past.

I ask not again
For the dew drops that above
Mid the garland of hope
That bedeck'd my life's dawn;
But till the last drop
Of my being is past
May my bosom be cheered
By sweet dreams of the past.

And oh! when in heaven
My spirit finds rest,
And I bask in the smiles
Of the pure and the blest,
May those fond ties now risen
Be blended at last,
And our souls again mingle
In dreams of the past.

THE CATHOLIC SOLDIER.

It was a spring evening in the year 17—. The little bosky of a Catholic chapel in the county of Sligo, slowly sounded for evening prayer, and already the transparent lake of R— reflected on its bosom the first stars, while the ruined abbey of S— appeared like a phantom on the slope of the mountain, with its grisly walls and long draperies of ivy and eglantine.

It was the eve of the first of May, and the fires burned on the surrounding mountains as they were wont to do when the Druids kindled them in honour of their god Bel. A young traveller was seen wending his way towards the ruins of the abbey, which he had to pass before reaching his mother's cottage. He wore a dragoon uniform, and his accoutrements glittered in the beams of the rising moon, as he stood in front of the old abbey thoughtfully gazing on the ruins, under which his ancestors lay mouldering in the dust.

He was not a Protestant, for he reverently raised his helmet in passing a mutilated statue of the Mother of God. He was not an Englishman, for a sprig of shamrock was stuck in his helmet, and he sung the favourite air of Erin go bragh. The sound of his voice aroused a female who had been sitting on a fallen monument, sunk in a profound and painful reverie. She was clad in deep mourning, and her age might be about fifty. As soon as she saw him she sprang forward, caught the young soldier in her arms, and dragged him under the sombre vaults of the gothic church.

"We are better here, my son," she said, as she slowly passed her hand across his forehead, "the sight of those fires is painful to me, and the sounds of human joy jar discordantly on my widowed heart, now that thou, my son, my only one, my last earthly hope, are about to quit me."

"Mother," said the young soldier with profound emotion, "you are come here to bless me before we part—is it not so, my mother?"

"Yes, Patrick Fitzgerald, I have come hither to see thee for the last time, to bless thee in the midst of these ruined columns, blackened by the fire of the persecutor, in the midst of these deserted cloisters, built by thy ancestors. It is before this altar where thy fathers have prayed; on these stones under which the chieftains of thy country repose; under these falling arches, in ruins like thy fortunes and thy father's house, that I have come to exact from thee a solemn promise."

"Speak, my mother, you shall be obeyed."

"Swear to me, then, never to blush for thy religion or thy country."

At this moment the echoes of the mountains resounded with the cries of Erin go bragh, as the peasantry joyfully danced round the red fires. Patrick threw himself on his knees at the foot of a crumbling altar, on which the pale rays of the moon played through a crevice in the wall. Under the feet of the young soldier lay ten generations of his ancestors, and around him were strewed the broken statues of saints and kings. He pronounced the vow with clasped hands and bended head.

On a sudden the distant roll of a drum was heard. "Listen," said Patrick, becoming deadly pale.

"I hear it," said the poor widow, and advancing to the entrance of the vault, she continued, "I see the signal flying from the mast—thou must go—I know it, I feel it hear," pressing her hand on her heart.—"Oh! that I were in that land where the word 'farewell' is unknown; but God's will be done. She had to part from her son," pointing to the statue of the Blessed Virgin; "and shall I refuse to suffer with her? Go, Patrick—go while I have strength to say adieu."

They rushed into each other's arms—a long embrace, and then—he was seen rapidly descending the hill, and she lay fainting among the ruins.

At day break a frigate was quitting the Irish coast; on the deck stood a young man of noble bearing, but with a countenance of deep melancholy. He leaned against the mast and waved a last adieu to the green shores of Erin, as they slowly faded in the distance. His eye was fixed on the spot where stood the ruins of the monastery; he contemplated the scene with a breaking heart, and it was not until the shades of evening descended that he tore himself from gazing on what was now but the horizon where sky and ocean seem to meet. The eyelids of the young

soldier were wet with tears when sleep came to his relief.

Before two months had elapsed the frigate anchored in a bay of America, and Patrick went to join his regiment in Carolina.

It was commanded by Lord R—, a young Irish nobleman, who was not long in distinguishing his countryman, whose coolness and bravery in more than one engagement was observed by the whole corps. On one of those occasions, Fitzgerald was made corporal on the field; but notwithstanding his extraordinary merits, religious bigotry showed itself in its usual dark color, and the Presbyterians of the regiment loudly murmured at his promotion.

"It is an abuse of power, my lord," said an old Scotch lieutenant, "you have no right to advance a papist."

"It is an insult to the glorious memory of King William," growled an Orangeman who held the rank of captain.

"Silence!" said Lord R—, "the young man has bravely won his honours," and then advancing to Patrick, he said in a low voice, "how can you be so foolish as to continue a Roman Catholic?"

"My lord," replied Fitzgerald, "you would not have ventured to ask me that question in the old church of R—, where the bones of your ancestors, who founded it, are reposing! I am what your forefathers were, and what every man in Great Britain and Ireland would now be, had it not been for the lust of a tyrant, and the ambition of an infamous woman born in adultery."

Lord R—trembled, but he continued, "Listen to me, Patrick, reflect on your position; you are young, you are well born, you might attain the highest rank in the army if you would change your religion."

"My lord," replied Patrick proudly, drawing himself up, "I am content to remain a common soldier."

A tear glistened in Lord R—'s eye, for he could admire what he would not imitate; then shaking the young man cordially by the hand, he said, "I cannot give you golden epaulettes, Patrick, but I can give you opportunities of distinguishing yourself, and proving to your comrades that the man who is faithful to his God must necessarily be faithful to all other trusts.—This very night I must forward most important despatches to the commander-in-chief; it would be ruinous should they fall into the hands of the Americans. The country is covered with insurgents, I must choose a messenger in whom I can implicitly trust; but it is an office of imminent danger. I choose you—will you undertake it?"

"Most willingly do I accept it," replied Fitzgerald, "and by the help of God I shall succeed."

At midnight the young soldier, with a companion, quitted the English camp. The night was calm and serene, the moon shone brightly through the trees, not a cloud obscured the horizon, all nature was in unison with the calm and pure conscience of the youth who cheerfully sacrificed worldly advancement for the crown of glory which faith showed him in the distance.

And was the distance great? We shall see. "In the midst of life we are in death."

His Indian guide directed their course now by the stars, now by the moss of the old oaks, that they might keep a direct line in crossing the forest. Patrick's thoughts wandered to his country—he was walking in spirit along the banks of his native river—he was climbing the hill that led to his mother's cottage—he heard the blithe croon of his native airs—all the happiest moments of his young life passed before his mental vision; he bounded through the forest with elastic step; the crackling of the branches awoke the mocking bird; he smiled; he felt so very happy. At this moment, "Who goes there?" was shouted by an American patrol. Patrick and his guide retreated into the thicket. "Qui vive" was heard in the distance; "we are safe," he whispered to his companion, when a discharge of musketry laid the Indian dead at his feet.

Patrick grasped the despatches and buried himself deeper in the forest; the rustling he made was overheard, and a now discharge followed. Still he struggled to escape, but he was wounded, and the blood flowed in a stream from his side; he became sick and faint; he fell at the foot of a moss-covered tree. My despatches, thought the dying soldier, must not fall into the power of the enemy. Sweet mother Mary, my angel guardian, inspire me what to do. Life was ebbing fast; the young hero, with his own

hand, enlarged the wound in his side, and thrust in the important letter. "My country! my mother! my God! was all he could utter before he sank back senseless on the ground.

At daybreak an English patrol found him bathed in his blood; he was still living, and was pressing to his heart a little black crucifix, the gift of his mother. They poured some water into his parched mouth, and he was able to tell them what had happened, and to point out the place where the despatches were hid.

Lord R— hastened to the death scene; he raised the head of the dying soldier, and supported it on his breast. "My lord," said the young man, "I give you this crucifix, may it be to you at the hour of death what it is to me, the standard of victory, the sure and certain hope." His voice faltered—all was over.

Lord R— preserved the crucifix. Many long years after, when on his dying bed, he sent for a Catholic priest.

CONVERSIONS.

JAMAICA.—Our readers will recollect that in December last we announced the conversion of the Hon. T. T. Bernard, one of her Majesty's Judges in the Island of Jamaica, and a member of the most Hon. Privy Council. We have now to record the conversion of the Hon. Edward Chitty, another of her Majesty's Judges of the same island, and a son of the late celebrated lawyer of that name, who made his first communion on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. We are rejoiced to hear from the correspondent who furnishes us with this welcome intelligence that, besides the above, several other inhabitants of Jamaica, both in the higher and more humble walks of life, have been lately received into the Holy Catholic Church.

On Thursday the 26th ult, Miss Clara Tipper, of Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, was received into the Catholic Church, at Spanish Place, by the Rev. W. Hunt.

Mr. Herbert Wardell, a younger brother of W. Wardell, Esq., architect, was received into the Catholic Church, on Tuesday last, the Eve of All Saints by the Rev. J. Hearnep.—*Lon. Tablet.*

The *Freeman's Journal* announces the conversion, to the Roman Catholic Church, of Robert A. Bakewell, Esq., student of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York, and son to the Rev. W. S. Bakewell, Episcopal Rector, of Genesee. He has united with the Catholic Church at Buffalo.

DISTRESSING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The facts of a most afflicting case of hydrophobia have been communicated to us, having occurred in Camden, N. J. The sufferer is Mrs Burroughs, the wife of Edward Burroughs, and daughter of Francis Cooper, the tobaccoist, of Market street. She was bitten in the hand by a dog in August last, while endeavouring to protect one of her children, and had suffered the wound to heal up without applying any of the preventives of hydrophobia, not deeming the wound at the time of sufficient importance.—Since then, however, from certain symptoms attending it, she has felt some degree of anxiety, and about ten days ago the hand commenced to swell, and soon after festered. On Friday night, the first symptoms of this appalling malady became apparent, and since then she has suffered as many as fifty spasms. The sight of water has invariably produced convulsions, and even looking at the glass in the windows of her room has produced the same results. Dr. Jackson, of this city, and Drs. Fisher and Cooper, of Camden, have been in attendance. Chloroform has been frequently administered to her with beneficial results, and yesterday the patient expressed herself easier, having only experienced two spasms up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She is perfectly sensible, after the spasms have subsided, and when she feels another coming on, asks that the chloroform shall be administered, declaring that it greatly mitigates her sufferings. The sufferer is a lady of much respectability, and her illness has occasioned great anxiety to her family and a large circle of friends and acquaintances. She is about 25 years of age, and the mother of three children.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Bishop Mullock administered Confirmation to 241 children at the Roman Catholic chapel here on Thursday last, and subsequently to 321 children at Carbonear. His Lordship also announced that by a recent dispensation from Rome the Catholics in this island are now privileged to eat meat on Saturdays.—*Horlow's Grace, Herald.*