

THE NEW FABLE OF THE RARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Arma, virumque cano, the "Guardian" criminal is fairly "up and stinging." He is "wide awake" and all his friends around him. Those cunning Romanists thought to "catch an old weasel asleep" but instead of a weasel they have discovered a serpent here, and to *care* the rogues *must make of him!*

In a half-dead and-alive article on the "Present state of Protestant feeling" the Editor has begun a "new grand attack" against us, not in his old good-humoured style, but with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" and he therefore breathes nothing but "drums, guns, blunderbusses and thunder." We are to be demolished, "root and branch; for the helpless innocent of the *Guardian* says: "we never witnessed such determination! Our friends have completely loaded our table with books and pamphlets!! Communications are pouring in from all quarters!!! New names are every day added to our list!!!! The Press is fairly aroused, our Contemporaries have spoken out boldly and resolutely as Protestants and Presmen!!!!

To all of which portentous announcements we respond in the expressive Monosyllable of—Bah!

The frightened Editor, who thus whistles in the dark to dispel his ill-concealed terror, cannot impose on us. We know too well the opinions of many of his friends, and that some of them pity him from the bottom of their hearts, whilst others, more malicious, laugh in their sleeves at the drollery of his present exhibitions. We should be sorry to say anything that would disturb his centre of gravity whilst he is "mounted" on the dangerous and lofty "stults of Transubstantiation". We may, perhaps, review his capers in that exalted position, when he shall be pleased to descend to this nether world again, to delight his "friends" and enchant ourselves by a few more specimens of his "ground and lofty tumbling."

We will give him one piece of honest advice; namely, to distrust some of his pretended friends and especially, not to rely too much on his Church of England Correspondents. *Timco Danaos* should be his motto here. Any junction between Luther and Calvin—between prelacy and presbyter must be, at best, a hollow truce. The Church of England has organs enough of her own, and the *Times* if we may judge from its last number, will be glad to devour any "filling stuff" which its Episcopalian friends can cater for its unmortified Protestant stomach. But perhaps, the Churchman is admitted into the columns of the *Guardian* for the same reason that the *Times* has concocted an impudent forgery in the shape of a letter from a "Gulf Shore Catholic"—to make a hollow muster and save appearances. If so, the people of the *Times* and

Guardian are miserably deceived. By the way, if the English friend of the *Guardian* will look to our list of Anathemas published last week, he will find a conclusive reply to nearly the whole of his verbose and stupid Epistle. His disgusting and blasphemous mode of settling one of the great questions at issue by a dose of arsenic, we meet in a single sentence. It was not arsenic but Bread that Christ changed into his Body at the last Supper, and consequently Bread not arsenic is the proper matter of the Sacrament, so that if arsenic be mingled with the Host it still remains *poison*, because it is not affected in the least by the words of Consecration.

We will tender another advice to our friend of the *Guardian* (we really have more compassion for him than some of those who are now imposing on his credulity) and if he wishes to conduct his controversy in a respectable manner, he would adopt it at once. It is, to reject from his columns such "low and trashy Epistles" as those we have alluded to, including the Churchman, the Protestant, the Presbyterian, (an ounce of civet sweet apothecary!), and all scribblers of the same ignorant school. They only confuse the subject in debate, and draw off public attention from the real points at issue, and no sound scholar who is confident of his cause, would allow himself to be embarrassed by their miserable productions. A glance at our own "unpretending little sheet" for the last four weeks, will prove how sincerely we entertain this opinion. "O that mine enemy would write a Book!" is a prayer of some standing. The *Guardian* ought to beware of the Letters of his Friends.

JUSTICE AND THANKS TO HONEST PRESBYTERIANS.

A fact has lately come to our notice, which we feel it our duty to publish.

It seems that when one of the eminent spouters of the Free Church of Scotland, first appeared in Halifax, instead of confining himself to the subject of his special mission, he commenced a wanton and furious attack on Catholics and the Catholic religion. This was felt to be so unwarrantable, that it is said our fellow-citizens Mr. McNab, and Mr. Noble quitted the Meeting in disgust, and Mr. Howe reprobated on the platform, the saintly reviser. We dare say several others were equally displeased, though we have not heard their names. We record those instances of true liberality with unfeigned pleasure, and we are certain they will excite not only the gratitude of every Catholic, but the warm approbation of every honest man in the community. *O si sic omnes!*

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