

Poetry.

THE OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

Prædecessores sequimur.—
St. Bernardi, ad Eugen Pap.
We follow our forefathers.

While others seek the nohest way,
That leads by flowery paths to Heaven,
Be it ours from such to turn away,
And follow what to us is given.

We have a long and holy line,
Landmarks of virtue, worth and grace,
Whose footsteps, led by truth divine,
Mark out for us each turn and grace.

We have the marks of Holy Faith.—
Hope's sweetest comfort, love's purest gem
Lead up for us from birth to death,
In the Catholic Jerusalem.

We have the Holy Cross, to guide
To guard, protect, support, defend,—
Why should we idly turn aside,
To hunt for some ignominious end?

We have the unerring Word of God,
Promised, and given, and ever true,
We have the path that Jesus trod,
His high example to pursue.

Would we have holy martyrdom?
How countless is the Holy Band!—
Cush'd by gory violence home,
Before the throne of God to stand!

Where clothed in stoles of snowy white,
By day and night with ardent zest,
They raise for us, in God's own sight,
The intercessional request.

From birth to death we have the grace,
From each particular sacrament,
To stay our steps in virtue's trace,
In needful largess sent.

We have the penitential chair,
Should blasts of sin our soul besail,
Where by confession, tears and prayer,
We may unseal and open all.

We have the holy bread of life,
Strength preternatural to lend,
Whereby we may temptation's strife,
Meekly endure unto the end.

And when the hearing voice of death
Calls to us from the gaping tomb,
We have that precious gift of faith—
The heavenly Viaticum.

These, more than these, are such as lure
Our hearts with warmest love to cling
To God's most Holy Church, and sure
His will reward our following.

For life, or death, within its pale,
Whether our fathers went before,
Still shall we follow God's entail,
And still shall love it more and more.

Yet, loving brother, ere too late,
Apply thy heart to this deep thought,—
Within this Church thy Lord doth wait,
Truly, although you thought it not!

Let not delusion blind thine eyes,
Nor ignorance seal up the light;—
Unveil the mists of prejudice,
Look boldly out, and judge aright.

Ah! if you knew how rich and vast,
The stores of heaven's grace within,—
What armour proof for every sin,—
What precious guards against future sin.

What nourishment for virtue's growth,—
What depths of faith and love,—
How would you seal that spirit and both,
And leave no joy to prove.

How would you make the time miss spent,
In following others' lead,—
How heart and soul almost bent,
Give for the holy Catholic name.

How would you take no idle rest,
Till reconciled within the pale
Of God's most Holy Church, confess'd,
Absolved, and fed before the rail.

Ah! brother, life is short, beware,
Lest holy grace you miss away,—
But ere it be too late, prepare,
To meet your God, while that you may.

Gen xxviii. 16.

CONNECTIONS OF FRANCE AND IRELAND.—The Count de Montebello, in his letter to Mr. John O'Connell, talks of the ancient connections between France and Ireland. These are stronger than the English people understand. From 1091 to 1781, the French were constantly in the Irish. At Bandon, at Newry, at Waterford, at Cork, at Galway, at Drogheda, at Enniskillen, at Londonderry, at Fermanagh, at Down, at Antrim, at Tyrone, &c., the French were greatly distinguished. The Duke of Orléans, in 1716, every Irish Catholic was to be considered a Frenchman. Few of the old nobility are without Irish blood. Thus, the

wretched Duc de Praslin was the representative of Marshal the Viscount Clare, who commanded the Irish at Fontenoy. The Duc de Fitzjames represents worthily the great Duke of Berwick, whose wife was daughter of Lord Clanricarde, and whose widow of Sarsfield. Marshal Bugeaud's mother was Miss Sutton de Clonard (county of Wexford). General Lamoricière, the best officer in France, is also Irish by his mother. Col. M'Mahon to whom Abd-el-Kader surrendered, Marshal Reilly, Count Bourke, Colonel Canillon Count M'Carthy, Viscount Walsh, O'Dillon Barrot, and a host of Counts and Countesses in the Faubourg Saint Germain, still retain their Irish names; but numbers of others have adopted as is usual in France, the name of their estates. These and the remnant of the '93 at Paris associate little; they have, however, one feeling in common—a great dislike to the British name and nation. Bugeaud, while in command in Algeria, promoted the Irish much. The Foreign Legion is full of them. Its interpreter, the best Eastern scholar in France, was M. de Slano, a native of Eccles street, Dublin, as he himself told the writer of this article. Colonel Sutton was his principal aide-de-camp. On Saint Patrick's Day, the Marshal of Italy and most of his staff, sported the trefail on the plains of Africa; and the Irish portion of the Foreign Legion, including our great poet's son, poor Moore, went to Mass to the tune of "St Patrick's Day in the Morning." In case of a war with England, these are the men who would act as interpreters in any invasion of these countries.—J. E. O'R.—Anglo Celt.

THE CURTIN OF HEREFORD.—An address, deprecating of the proposed elevation of Dr. Hampden to the episcopal bench, which has been presented by the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Hereford to the Archbishop of Canterbury, concludes with the passage following:—

"We are not aware that any inconvenience will accrue by setting aside the appointment of Dr. Hampden. It may occasion a temporary hiatus, a momentary chasm, in the arrangements of the Church, but we can assure your Grace that our Church has within her bosom a thousand Curtin ready to leap into the gulf, and that we should not be found wanting in the day of need."

"We can easily believe these reverend gentlemen. No doubt there are plenty of clerical Curtin who are quite prepared to leap into the gulf which they allude to; the said gulf being, simply, a Bishop's shoes. Now, should it require to be filled up, do we in the least question the declaration of the memorials, that they will themselves be perfectly ready to plunge into the vacancy."—Punch.

RIBANDISM.—GRAND DISCOVERY OF THE TIMES.—The Times has actually discovered, that there are among the Catholic Clergy men, who will not flinch from exercising in the right direction, the vast spiritual influence they possess over the minds of the flocks committed to their care. This great discovery was made, in consequence of a correspondent of a Derry Conservative paper, having in his account of the detection of a Ribbon conspiracy at Cloghan, observed "I would especially mention that for the past three years the Rev. Wm. Ramsay, P.P., and the Rev. John Devenny, P.P., have been successful in their denunciations of Ribandism.—Both publicly and privately they have entreated the deluded peasantry to withdraw from this illegal confederacy; and though their exertions were unsuccessful, it has had the salutary effect of depriving the culprits of the sympathy of any of the respectable Roman Catholics." There are some hopes of the Irish Clergy yet!!

CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN BUTE.—James Hamilton, Esq., has given a site on his estate of Kames for a Catholic church. We understand the building will be immediately commenced. The spot fixed on is near the Point House, on the road leading from Rothesay to Port Bannatyno. There has hitherto been no stated place of worship in Bute in connection with the Roman Catholic Church.—Renfrewshire Advertiser.

FALKIRK.—Died, on the 11th of January, at the Catholic Chapel House, Falkirk, the Rev. Robert Cameron, in the 25th year of his age, and about three months after his promotion to the dignity of Priest. Mr Cameron was a pious and amiable youth, whose premature death is a serious loss to the eastern district of Scotland.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

At the annual dinner of the New England Society in New York, in celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, a Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church was an invited and honored guest! That this is a proceeding that the old Mothers would not "cotton" to, it is very easy to imagine—but who cares! It marks the opening of a better era—an era of Christian Tolerance and Charity—of true Republicanism. The bitter intolerance that has long prevailed (and still prevails) thanks to the persecuting spirit of such papers as the N. Y. Journal of Commerce) in this Republic against the Roman Catholic religion and its followers, has always struck us as one of the most glaring, of practical inconsistencies—and we notice with great pleasure the dawning of a brighter day. Tolerance—religious toleration especially—is one of the cardinal and fundamental principles recognized and declared in every State Constitution, we presume, in this Union, (excepting only New Hampshire) as well as in the Constitution of the United States. It underlies the very idea of a Free Republic. A Republican Constitution that should repudiate this principle would be an absurdity—a contradiction in terms. It was to escape the persecutions of intolerance that our "rough and ready" old Pilgrim Fathers sacrificed the pleasures, the enjoyments and the comforts of home and civilized life, and became the self banished forerunners of a new Freedom in New England.—But, after all, it was a sort of half freedom—perhaps for Cotton Mather, but not quite the thing for Roger Williams! These same Pilgrims found the will following the power, and practised the very intolerance from which they fled—thus furnishing one of the most instructive lessons on record of the weakness of poor human nature. Mrs Hemans' noble Hymn of "The Pilgrim Fathers" familiar to all our readers, "as household words," asserts with truth that the Puritans sought, in our forest wilds, "Freedom to worship God!"—but the same Hymn also asserts, what is not so undeniably true, that "They left unstated what there they found: Freedom to worship God!"

—all very well in poetry, and tending to feed our pride of ancestry; but, after all, we think it just about as well to 'own up' about the sober prose part of the matter. It has always occurred to us that a plain matter of fact oration, on the times of the Blue Laws, and of Roger Williams, and of the Essex Witchcraft, followed by a "sounding chorus of Mrs Hemans' 'Pilgrim Fathers,' would be a juxtaposition of incongruities decidedly funny!—something like the good merchant's daily interview with his docile clerk—"John, have you put the sand into the sugar? Yes, sir. Watered the Rum? Yes, sir. Put the pounded chalk into the white lead? Yes, sir. Well, then, you may come in to prayers!"

The old Puritan Fathers were, beyond a doubt, a noble band of men,—rich in all their qualities of a true manhood, stern haters of oppression, glorious missionaries, after all, of freedom and humanity! But they were a good deal like other men, not in their strengths, to be sure, but—in their weaknesses. They did not like Rome, nor mother England's Church, nor did they inculcate any special fondness for them in their children—and it is reserved for their children's children to make the rapidest advancement from what was really objectionable in their teaching.

As we said in the outset, (and this is about all we set out to say), we are glad to notice the indication of the prevalence of a larger spirit of Freedom displayed in the attendance of a Roman Bishop at a Festival purely of New England origin. We are right glad the Society invited the learned and eloquent Bishop Hughes to be present, and "say grace" among the Puritans, and right glad that the Reverend gentleman (as might have been expected, to be sure, from his known good sense,) accepted the invitation.—And we are sure our readers will be interested to see the speech in which the eminent Prelate replied to the following toast. Here they are—toast and speech—both welcome as tokens of the Progress of Improvement."—Burlington Free Press.

Pius IX.—Lately (says La Verite), a French ecclesiastic, on being presented to the Pope, took in his hand a medal with the image of His Holiness upon it, to verify the likeness, and a crucifix for him to bless. He叩on the Pope, pressing the crucifix with emotion to his heart, and melting into tears, exclaimed—"Ah! here is my real likeness!—Yes, like Him I am nailed to a cross—like Him I wear a thorny crown!"

CONSTANTINOPLE.—ARRIVAL OF THE "POPE'S NUNCIO.—A letter from Constantinople of the 17th ult., says—"The Pope's Nuncio, Mgr. Perotti, arrived yesterday at Constantinople, in the Sardinian steamer the Tripoli. A very brilliant reception was given to him. After the usual salutes were exchanged between the Sardinian packet boat and the foreign vessels of war, the Nuncio embarked at Top-Khane in a superb boat with five pairs of oars, which was placed at his disposal by the Government. He was then conducted with the other persons of the mission, in errands belonging to the Court, to his hotel at Pera. The crowd which assembled on his passage cried, "Long live Pius IX. — Long live the liberty of Italy!" The Nuncio from these cries might almost have believed that he had not left Rome. Immediately after reaching his hotel he received the congratulations of the diplomatic body, and of the deputations of the different religious communities, united and not united. The Porte has given him the hotel he occupies, and will pay all his expenses while he remains here, which will be two or three months. Among the persons who form part of the Nuncio's suite are Mgr. Vespasiani, the Canon Capri Galanti, Count Feretti, nephew of the Cardinal, and cousin of the Holy Rateri, and Count Marchetti."—Morning Chronicle.

KENMARE. The Rev. Patrick Hampden sends us the following scene of misery witnessed by himself:—"I was called in the morning to administer the rites of the Church to a poor man named Palmer, who was expiring from the effects of cold and hunger. When I entered, I found the whole family lying on one wretched litter, with his (Palmer's) mother, dead some hours before, lying in the midst of them. In order to give Palmer the last Sacraments, I had with my own hands to remove the dead body to another part of the hotel they inhabited. The poor people in the country is infinitely worse than last year. Last year there was a good deal of employment, the labouring portion of the people had wherewith to purchase food. But now no such thing. It is true we have a system of out-door relief, but through the negligence or wickedness of officials it is a complete farce.

KILMEENA. The following extracts are from a letter of the Rev. T. Hardiman to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs:—"It is very easy for noble lords in England to talk disparagingly, and worse still, calumniously of the Irish Priesthood—giving them no credit at all for what they have done, and holding them strictly responsible for what they could not do. But, my lord, had those reckless men only seen and been able to appreciate the labours of the Priesthood here for even one day, I am satisfied that the heart even of a demon could hardly continue steeled to sympathy, nor withhold the meed of praise from those whom it has of late become so fashionable to malign and cry down, with any—nay, without even the shadow of a crime. The English people, my lord, expected great things for Ireland from the amended Poor Law—'twas to be the infallible panacea of all our sufferings. Alas, alas! how sad has proved the disappointment of all who too confidently allowed themselves to be led astray by this Ministerial 'ignis fatuus.' The misdeeds workings of this beautiful Law may be seen in the Westport union; that, too, under paid, guardians. Only think, my lord, of thousands and thousands of starving men, women, and children being inexorably refused relief, though they repeatedly offered to their landlords the peaceable possession of their holdings—reserving only the wretched cabin that sheltered them. The Irish Priests, with God's assistance, have succeeded in preserving peace and order in spite of such intolerable treatment as this."

The late Daniel Gabbet, Strand House, formerly an eminent solicitor in the South of Ireland has left upwards of £2,000 to local charities in Limerick.

Births. March 11.—Mrs. Shaw of a daughter. 14.—Mrs. Mann of a son.

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