

THE CROSS.

From an announcement by our worthy printer, made in our last number, some persons have imagined that the Cross was about to be discontinued. No such thing, good readers. We are merely changing our Publisher, as Mr Nugent having already in his hands the care of a Tri-weekly and a Weekly Paper, feels that the publication of the Cross is inconvenient. We shall have a new printer by the first of June, and this is the only change that will take place.

We therefore respectfully suggest to our distant Subscribers particularly, that they should give immediate directions to have the balance of their Subscriptions paid over to our new Publisher (with whom we have already engaged) about the first of next month, that they may continue to receive the Cross as regularly as before. When our arrangements shall be completed we will make a special announcement.

THE CATHOLIC BILL OF INCORPORATION.

The Debates on this subject have at length been published, and we are therefore enabled to review more calmly the nature of the opposition, which was given to the Bill by the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia. Had the head of the Catholic Church in this Diocese been in the Legislative Council to defend the interests of his flock, (and surely no man of common sense or common justice will deny that he has a good right to be there as "John Nova Scotia") it is very likely that Dr. Inglis would not have been so persevering in his opposition, or so slipshod in some of the observations which he made, with the full knowledge that there was no Churchman present to correct his Lordship's inaccuracies. But, lest we may be misunderstood, we wish, before we proceed further, to perform an act of justice to the Bishop—a task far more grateful to our feelings than that of pronouncing censure. When we alluded to this subject in a former number we were certainly under the impression that Bishop Inglis was more fierce in his opposition to the Catholic Bill than was really the case. We were then misinformed.

By the publication of the debates, we now learn that his Lordship never objected to the Bill as far as it was confined to the security of Catholic property, that he wished the Catholics to be afforded every facility for the safe management of the Church property, and that his principal objections were directed against the title given to Dr. Walsh in the Bill, and the insertion of the word Diocese, with sundry other little carpings, which, after all, were mere child's play. Such being the case, we wish to modify the strictures which we passed upon his Lordship in a former number, and to assure him that all that was required by the Bill, was simply that which was asserted at the time—the security of property, and not the recognition of jurisdiction or titles. It would be inconsistent with Catholic principles to ask any Lay Assembly to confer spiritual titles or spiritual power. Catholics firmly believe that no layman can confer either; and, above all, they believe that no Vicar can possess any ministerial power or jurisdiction in Christ's Church on earth. We wish, therefore, to cordially protest against the Protestants Bishop that which he so earnestly asks—credit for a sincere desire that Catholics should have their Church property as well secured as those of other religions—we will proceed to dispose of his objections in our next number, merely premising that, in our humble opinion, his Lordship would be much better pleased if the Bill had not been introduced at all.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LATE BIBLE MEETING.

An Irishman has written to beseech us not to make any more allusions to Mr Cogswell, who he says has been often kind to him, as well as to many other Irishmen and Catholics, lending him money, affording him accommodation, &c. We always admire gratitude, and we are sure that an Irishman's heart has been influenced by the best and purest feelings in writing us an apology on his behalf. But our good Irishman would remember that he has not only attacked Mr Cogswell, but he has also attacked his countrymen generally, and on every thing we hold dear. Mr Cogswell has been always on the *defensive*, we on the *defensive*.

We never said a word of this gentleman until he abused the Pope, and calumniated our Religion. When any one appears at a Public Meeting, and delivers his sentiments there, he becomes public property. He exposes himself to the comments of the press. If in his public harangue he assails the absent, surely they have a right to reply. If he wishes to avoid the legitimate antitheses of the press, let him eschew public meetings, or at all events, let him exhibit a due regard for the feelings of others. At the last Bible Meeting, Mr Cogswell attacked the Liberals, with that we have nothing to do. We consigned his case to the tender mercies of some of the champions of the Liberal cause. But with Mr Cogswell as a leading member of a Religious and Scriptural Society we have every thing to do. We appreciate his zeal, and the sincerity and depth of his holy fervour. We have no doubt that if he had the happiness to be a member of the Only True Church of Christ, he would be a most zealous and efficient advocate for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. In a recent number of the Cross we merely directed his pious attention to that howling moral wilderness (England) at the other side of the Atlantic, and to the painfully graphic and able description of its spiritual miseries from an English and Protestant pen. This we had a perfect right to do, and we don't see what right an Irishman has to complain. Mr Cogswell never lent us any money, we never intend to ask him for any. We are therefore unfettered in the discharge of our editorial duties. Mr Cogswell may be a very kind, humane and benevolent man. He may assist his poor neighbour in distress by fulfilling the Gospel injunction, "Mutuum date nihil inde sperantes" (Luke vi 35) but this does not give him a privilege to attack our religion, or the politics of others with impunity. On the latter part of an Irishman's Letter we shall make but one remark. We were always aware that Mr Cogswell was violently opposed to the principles of Catholics and Irishmen, but we never knew he had the smallest objection to their interests.

But love ye your enemies: do good, and lend, hoping for nothing thereby, and your reward shall be great, and you shall be the sons of the highest: for he is kind to the unthankful, and to the evil.

THE FEROCIOUS ORANGEMEN.

Peel's "Yagabonds," and, as we may now add in Halifax, *Ballock's Pets*, are maintaining in Canada their ancient glories. Our readers are already aware of the opinions we have formed of this savage, turbulent, and blood-thirsty faction. Their demon code is written in letters of fire and blood. Many years ago a Protestant nobleman, the Lord Lieutenant of the Co. Antrim, declared in a public document, that those Orange rascals "were a terror to every body but to his Majesty's enemies!" How true to their character even at the present day! Rioting, house-burning, insulting her Majesty's representative, destroying valuable records, filling a populous city with consternation and alarm, these are some of the recent gambols of the Orange Vagabonds in Montreal. Others affect to be astonished. We are not at all surprised. It is just like the vagabonds. But what we really are surprised at is, that a Clergyman of the Church of England in Halifax, should extol to the skies the loyalty of the Orangemen at the very moment they are hounding her Majesty's Representative in Montreal. If Queen Victoria herself were there she would meet with the very same treatment, from the very same vagabonds. We are told there are some like them in Halifax; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe it. Much as we differ on some points from some of our fellow-citizens, we have too high an opinion of the people of Halifax to believe that such villainism could be found amongst them.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer arrived on Thursday morning. Lord Gough has gained a Glorious Victory over the Sikhs, and terminated the campaign, leaving nothing to do for Napier. How his "hot Irish blood" will boil when he hears that he is superseded in the command, and reads the disgraceful attacks on his character in the English journals! The French are about to interfere for the restoration of the Pope, so that His Holiness will be soon in the Vatican. Austria has suffered some defeats in Hungary, and England has been beaten in Dublin, at the trial of Mr. Barry of the Nation. Monaghan, the Jury Packet, is again partly looted. Six of the Jury were for an

acquittal, and they were all discharged, as they could not come to a verdict. Mr. Duffy has been let out on bail. This news will be hailed with the utmost satisfaction through the United States!

MOST REV. DR. CROLLY.

The deceased Primato was a native of the county of Down. Having terminated his ecclesiastical studies with marked success in the College of Maynooth, he was appointed to a professorship in that establishment. On leaving the college he was at once entrusted with the arduous spiritual charge of the populous and important town of Belfast. There he laboured on the mission with no ordinary zeal until the death of the Right Rev. Dr. M'Mullin Bishop of Down and Connor, when he was raised to that see May 8, 1851. Then might be said to have commenced Dr. Croll's career. In the full vigour of life he devoted all his energies to the cause of religion. He passed from parish to parish, and from chapel to chapel preaching twice almost every Sunday.

During the ten years he presided over the diocese of Down and Connor, thirty-nine chapels were commenced and nearly completed under his auspices. Few bishops have ever been more deeply or deservedly beloved than was Dr. Croll, by laity and clergy, by Protestants and Catholics, during these ten years of his episcopate. In private life he was more than a favourite—over the soul of the social circle in which he was present, ever playful as a child, yet ever dignified as a bishop, he won and retained an extraordinary sway over the hearts of the people and the clergy of his diocese. He built chapels, he built schools, and did much, indeed, to make a persecuted creed gain respect from even its bitterest enemies in the Orange counties of Down and Antrim. Though ever on good terms with his Protestant and Presbyterian neighbours, and ready to yield to their prejudices all that principle would permit, none knew better how to be stern and determined when duty required him to be so. And instance of this occurred during the time the former cholera was spreading devastation in Belfast. The Protestant and Presbyterian clergymen, fearing to bring infection into the bosoms of their families, were not so constant in their attendance in the cholera hospitals as the priests were. The result was that many Protestant patients were becoming Catholics at the last hour. This was rumoured abroad. Some of the more bigoted Dissenting clergymen were offended. They came and posted themselves at the hospital doors, and expressed their determination not to permit the priests to "tamper," as they called it, with their flocks. The priests, jaded with arduous labour, were unable to force their way, though patients were loudly calling for their aid. Intelligence of the circumstance was conveyed to Dr. Croll, he sallied forth, reached the hospital, and, handing the ministers aside, told them he would be prepared to redress who were invoking the aid of a clergyman, and so saying he passed into the pest room and took his priests with him, leaving the ministers to ponder over his determination. Thus, though pre-eminently conciliatory, he was heroically determined, and by both qualities earned universal respect, and the deep devotion of his own people. *Dublin Freeman.*

ST. GEORGE'S.—HOLY WEEK.

As we returned in procession this afternoon from the golden Chapel, at the Blessed Sacrament, after Vespers, one felt that at last that had come which must come to everything here—a finish. Since the opening of Lent, there has been something going on in St. George's every day; but since Palm Sunday morning—Monday and Tuesday excepted—nothing but solemn magnificence, and heart and soul with it all the time. But, first of all—before we say anything pleasant—as there was High Mass on Easter Monday, and beautiful it was, and High Mass on Easter Tuesday, very beautiful too—why were not more Catholics present? I say it more in anger than sorrow. High Mass on Easter Monday, High Mass on Easter Tuesday, and not four hundred persons present! These the Vespers on Easter Monday and Tuesday, were at three in the afternoon, as is the case in all Days of Devotion; the music is not exquisite on these occasions, I admit, but what of that, you could spare half an hour, it does not take, but who came to Vespers? We were there

but you were not. Take a friend's advice; be more vigilant; for your lamps burn dimly, very dimly; be on your guard, for the Bridegroom will come suddenly, and the door will close against you. If we do not love the beauty of the Courts of the Lord, and yearn to mingle in the throng of aduers in His sacred mystic rites here, we shall lose our way, depend upon it, in the day of the whirlwind and cloud—the "Dies Irae." Don't make vain excuses—you are more than hot in the world. Why don't you exert yourself and get up, and come often to Mass? What would the London Catholics have given, in 1749 had they had a St. George's Catholic Church to come to, and High Mass in it on Easter Monday and Tuesday, and Vespers on both days at three o'clock in the afternoon? Faithful Thomas means nobody in particular; so judge him not rashly. Unfortunately, you are a legion, and well would it be if he had to deal only with particulars and not with generals; a few particulars attend Holy Mass every day; but the many—the generals—come no day, Sundays, and Holidays of Obligation only excepted. Let this end the acolding for the present; and now to the agreeable and entertaining. Palm Sunday! See the long-processed train passing from the St. George's cloister under the archway into the church; the Bishop and his attendants, in rich vestments, with the officiating Priest, Deacon, and Sub-deacon preceding, moving slowly towards the chancel, entering within it; see them taking their places on the right and left, the Bishop and attendants, and the Priest and his attendants, genuflecting before the altar, and forthwith to their seats—the Bishop to his throne, and the Celebrant-assistants to the sedilia. Heaps of palm branches cast on a raised platform near the throne, purple hangings veiling pictures and images and frontals, and hear the choir ringing out the joyful "Hosanna, fili David"—and now the Blessing of the Palms begins. The Blessing is over, and now for the Distribution of the Palms. First, the Bishop receives his palm-branch from the senior Priest, who kneels, as he presents it, kissing the proffered branch and the Bishop's hand, next, he receives his palm from the Bishop, and then the whole of the choir, through, according to their grade, after the Priests, advance two and two, kneel before the Bishop, and receive their palms; during this the choir is singing "Pueri Hebraeorum"; it was Palestrina's pretty hobby done, he it said. The Distribution is over, and now all is in motion for the procession. "Procedamus in pace," sings the Deacon—Let us proceed in peace. The Guilds of St. George move first, two and two; then the singing boys, two and two; then the men; then the Cross bearer, supported by two Acolytes; now the chancel men, two and two, comes; Celebrant and Deacon; and next the immediate attendants of the Bishop; and last of all the Bishop; all bearing palm-branches in their hands, from the first to the last, winding their way from the chancel down the aisle, right out of the great door of the church, which closes on them as the Bishop passes the threshold. On the way the anthems prescribed were sung, with loud intonations from the great organ. "Theodolph of Orleans" "Gloria Laus" was now sung by the choir inside of the church, and responded to by the Priests and assistants outside. This beautiful hymn, composed by the prisoner Bishop in the castle of Angers, under Louis Debonnaire, wants profounding like most of the Gregorian; it requires science, taste, faith, fervor, and feelings delicate and true, to produce this beautiful hymn. Whom will this be done—by whom—and where? But, well or ill, it is now finished, and the Sub-deacon strikes the door with the staff of the crucifix—the door opens, and all enters singing "Ingrédite," move up the nave, enter within the chancel, and the Mass begins. There was nothing new or worthy of remark, except the "Turla" part of the Passion, which was Palestrina's, and was done very—ery—very well. Palm Sunday, with its moving forest of palms—with its everything, might be considered as a shadowing of the high and glorious celebrations to come in the other world. Wednesday evening at six o'clock the Mass for Thursday recommenced. All the public offices of the Great Week have been anticipated for many ages. In the still, dark hours of the night these old offices were celebrated in ancient times, and all the world assisted in them. Thus—the procession is now stealing along through the church without any sound of step or music. It enters within the chancel; the Bishop, hooded and in cope, recedes, his