

I am happy, my Lord, to find that these views have been confirmed by the wise opinions of your own illustrious countryman, Lord F. Williams. Hear what he says on the subject—"The inhabitants of France, the most prosperous and flourishing monarchy that ever shed its splendour on the earth, all on a sudden cast off the Confessional, and what (says he) was the consequence? These wretched madmen, having no longer any check on their passions, dared everything. Their crimes, like a mighty sea bursting its boundaries, overturned Europe, inundated the world, and impressed upon the French name a stigma the most ineffaceable and ignominious that ever tarnished the fair fame of a nation."—*Letters of Atticus.*

But to proceed. The Confessional was restored to France, and on its restoration the reign of morality commenced. It daily grows, my Lord, and strengthens, stomping the torrents of Atheism, impiety, and immorality; so that non-confessing France, the horror and terror of the world, is fast returning to her pristine order, and putting on the seemly Christian dress which in older times she wore with such meek dignity, as the illustrious Queen of Catholic Europe.—The haughty tyrant that would make everything subservient to his ambition—even the sacred throne of the fisherman and tentmaker—who would bind to the wing of his bloody eagle the cross with the crescent, would also bind in fetters the char of conscience and of mercy, but he ignominiously failed in the attempt. An humble Abbé discomfited the victor of an hundred fights, with no other sword than his hope in Providence, no other ally than the virtue of God with which he was invested, and no other shield than his Faith and patience; a shield, my Lord, against which the fiery darts of foolish emperors, kings, princes, and lawgivers, over struck in vain. A strange sight, my Lord—the haughty Emperor cowed before a humble Priest, and conquered by the very chains with which he bound his victim! And what is stranger still, the same Emperor forced by the God of Justice to thrust, as his last and only refuge, his head covered with the gore of millions, into that very Confessional whose secret sanctuary he dared to violate. A similar homage paid by his beacon of light, Talleyrand, before his death, to this holy tribunal, whose desecration he counselled, should, my Lord, be a lesson worthy of your serious meditation, and that of others, who, like you, would pursue a similar course. Paul, in his fury, would have Stephen stoned. Paul, sobered by grace and experience, would not dare to touch the hem of Stephen's garment, save to be healed by it.—Like him, my Lord, you would now supply the materials to stone Stephen, and cheer on the murderers, but when dead, you would have reason to raise the *placatus* over your victim, and bitterly deplore his death.

It would be useless, my Lord, to exhibit to you a picture of my delineation of non-confessing Scotland; her divines have already done it with the hand of a master. Hear the General Assembly of the Kirk in 1578—"We have found," say they, "after having made the minutest inquiry, universal corruption of the whole estates of the body of the realm—great coldness and slackness in religion—in the greatest part of the professors of the same—daily increase of all kinds of fearful sins and enormities—as incests, adulteries, murders, cursed sacrilege, ungodly sedition and division within the bowels of the realm, with all manner of disordered and ungodly living." Seventy years afterwards, my Lord, viz. in 1648, matters still no better. The Assembly of that day found ignorance of God, and of his Son Christ, prevailing exceedingly in the land, that it were impossible to reckon up all the abominations that were in the land, and that the blaspheming of the name of God, swearing by the creatures, profanation of the Lord's day, uncleanness, excess and rioting, vanity of apparel, lying and deceit, railing and cursing, arbitrary and uncontrolled oppression, and grinding the faces of the poor by landlords and others in place and power, have become ordinary and common sins amongst us." In 1778, the shade of the picture is still deepening. The continued want of the Confessional makes no improvement. Hear the Associate Synod of that period—"A general unbelief of religion," say they, "prevails among the higher orders of our countrymen, which hath, by a necessary consequence produced in vast numbers an absolute indifference as to what they believe either concerning truth or duty, and further than it may comport with their own worldly views." They lament that

now the country generally is, through infidelity, luxury, and venality, despoiled of all religion." If these, my Lord, be your non-confessing saints, what is your confessing sinners? I regret to have it to state, my Lord, that the beginning of these non-confessing people was little better than the end. After the "work of God," which Buchanan says "they bravely executed," by sending Cardinal Beaton a little before his time out of the world, they made a very bad use of the respite which this accommodation afforded them. "They spent their time in whoredom, adultery, and all the vices of idleness." As I have a respect and veneration for the genuine national feeling of the Scotch—an amalgamation of Picts and Celts, and a love for the country of a Wallace and a Bruce, I will pass over scenes of blood, consequent on the destruction of the Confessional, which, believe me, my Lord, are written very clearly in history, and which I can in all truth and sincerity, say had no connexion with either denouncing priests or with the secrecy of the Confessional, more especially as I am anxious on account of the good the rulers of your country have done us, not to pass over England, as they made it, in a moral point of view, unnoticed.

It is a bold thing, my Lord, to obtrude myself on such sacred premises, but you have made us so familiar with destitution, pestilence, and death, that the worst evils this world could accumulate on our heads have no terrors for us.—You and yours have endeavoured lately to pile up a wall of calumny and slander, broad and high like that of China, to keep at bay us outside barbarians; notwithstanding, my Lord, in the words of the prophet, "I will dig a hole through it," and I will let the world in to see the present abominations of your non-confessing Christians there—"the forms of creeping things, of living creatures—the filth and all the idols of the sanctified non-confessing house of Israel." Surely thou seest, O son of man, enough there to employ at home your censure—yea, more than enough, for all the hard words you have to spare. Upwards of forty thousand executions for robbery, murder, &c., in a single reign—fire and faggot—funeral piles smoking with innocent victims—the god of lawdness and murder, who first, with a strong hand, broke the chain which bound the Confessional to the rock of Peter, enthroned on the blanched bones of the innocent dead.—Son of man, surely thou seest terrible things there—the darksome doings of this non-confessing house of Israel—colleges, the seats of learning, in ruins—abbeys and monasteries, the refuge of poverty and affliction, wrecked and plundered, and desecrated, and levelled to the ground, 90,000 churches and chapels, the glory of Catholic piety, and the golden fruit of the Catholic Confessional, battered by the hands of your non-confessing Christians to the earth—nothing sacred for them, not even the bread of life, nor the holiness of the sanctuary that made angels adore and tremble. Talk, my Lord, of murders—your noble and ignoble non-confessing Christians murdered more in one day in England and Ireland than fell by the maddened Irish peasant's hand since the day that St. Patrick lit up the light of Christianity on the hill of Tara. There was this difference, my Lord, that yours were wholesale, deliberate murders, and the infuriated peasant, under the influence of reckless vengeance, produced by relentless oppression, murdered in detail. Both, my Lord, to a just God shall answer for their crimes; you for your brutal carnage, and they for their savage assassinations. What, my Lord, came over your usual wisdom and acuteness when you allowed yourself to be induced to hurl these calumnies against us? But let us proceed. Had you no murders in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth?—none in the antecedent reign of the infant ward of the sanguinary sacrilegious robber Seymour? Did not the infamous prototype of the monster Catherine of Russia build up your holy non-confessing institution on heaps of martyred Priests and noble laics? Talk of the secretness of the Confessional being dangerous to the peace of the community and the civil government. You who know well the history of your Wyatt rebellions, and your Suffolk schemes, your Cecil plots, your Puritanical treasons, and your Gordon riots—day after day, and year after year, clustering like the locust cloud, and scaring away from your land of strife, sedition, blood, and sacrilege, every honest, peaceable, confessing Christian, to seek a refuge in other lands where he could hide his head from the sanguinary reckless proscriptions of his own—on what side, my Lord, I ask

you, did your non-confessing Christians range themselves in the latter days of Charles the First, who prominently stands out in your calendar with the *auricola* of martyrdom upon him? Was it on the side of loyalty or rebellion? Was it with an atrocious Cromwell and a Sir Harry Vane, or with the unhappy Charles? You know, my Lord, there was ~~not~~ one confessing Christian on the side of the covenant. No; to a man, they fought, and died for their king, under the noble Lindsay, at Stratton-hill, and Down, Devizes, Newbury, and Marston Moor, where Charles lost his crown and all, but no confessing Christian, thank God, his honour, his faith, or his fealty. If justice were on Charles' side, as of course, it must have been, since he died a martyr, your non-confessing Christians were rebels, murderers, or if you please, English Thugs, and the oceans of blood shed on these occasions, with all its guilt and weight must rest on their heads. Hear, my Lord, the testimony of Stanhope, &c. in favour of the confessing, and against your non-confessing Christians. He says—"The brave and loyal spirits of the Roman persuasion did, with the greatest integrity, and without any other design than that of satisfying conscience adventure their lives in the war for the king's service. Several, if not all, of those were men of such souls that the greatest temptation in the world could not have perverted or made them desert their king in his greatest misery." Hear what a Protestant Bishop says—"The Papist, for his courage and loyalty in the last war, deserves to be recorded in the annals of fame and history; and perhaps this may not be unworthy of notice, that whensoever the usurper, or any of his instruments of blood or sycophancy, resolved to take away the life or estate of a Papist, it was his loyalty, not his religion, that exposed him to their rapine and butchery."

What say you now, my Lord, to the secretness of the Confessional? What to those confessing-going Christians? They sealed their duty to their king with their lives, and your non-confessing kings and gentry paid the debt of gratitude so justly due to their descendants with calumny, confiscation, proscription and death.—Again, my Lord, was it your non-confessing Christians that saved Charles II, when pursued to the death by those who murdered his father? No, my Lord, but the confessing Christians—the Giffords, the Prendels, the Wolfes of Madely, the Carloses, the Whigraves, and (what think you?) the confessing Jesuit Huddleston. Who, my Lord, was among the first to welcome to refuge to the shores of France?—an Irish Friar, my own namesake, afterwards Chaplain to the Queen-Mother, Henrietta. The hard earnings of a long life, which he kept by him for the pious purpose of educating for the Holy Ministry his proscribed race at home, on bended knees, with the generous devotion of an Irish heart, he poured into the lap of poor exiled royalty. So much, my Lord, for an Irish, denouncing, confessing, secret keeping, Christian Friar. The same was afterwards the founder of the Irish College of the Lombards, which supplied Ireland for centuries with Priests and martyrs, who kept the faith, and, mark you, my Lord, loyalty alive, in spite of the united efforts of the powers of darkness and of your non-confessing Christians to extinguish both.

If, from sedition, disloyalty, and bloodshed, in England, I thought proper to review the state of morals, from the day the Confessional was degraded down to the present hour, I could, my Lord, exhibit a picture which would place in the shade the worst periods of depravity recorded in the annals of heathenism. Your courts were worse than Pagan—your kings and queens much worse than a Clodius or a Julia; and even those whom you would represent to us as Saints of pious, glorious and immortal memory, time and the impartial historian have stripped of the cloak of sanctity, and exposed to the world in moral features more loathsome than the Veiled Prophet of Korassan.—Your best of kings now stands out in relief as the crowned head in turpitude of the filthy sect of the Popliani; and he of immortal memory, in the pages of a Strickland, with any thing but the odour of piety or sanctity about him. If these, my Lord, be your royal non-confessing Saints, what must have been your royal non-confessing sinners? It may, my Lord, be bad taste in me, but for my own part, on a journey to the other world, I should much prefer the company of the Alfreds and the Edwards to that of your Elizabeths, Jameses, and Williams.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.
DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—On the 7th of Oct. Rev. Dr. Polding set sail for New South Wales. He was accompanied by one passionate, four Benedictines, and two Irish deacons, Luckie and Ryan, from All-Hallows College, near Dublin; also by a Benedictine lay brother, two Irish Seminarists, Connory and Ryan, and two Benedictine Sisters.

On the 10th of October, four missionaries and four lay brothers, belonging to the Seminary of Piepus, embarked at Marseilles for Eastern Oceania. From the same port, on the 23d of October, nine priests and five lay brothers of the Society of Mary, set out for the Apostolic Vicariate of Central Oceania New Caledonia, and Melansio. The same ship brought out a numerous colony of Sisters of Charity for Macao, among whom is the sister of Rev. Mr. Porloyre, martyred in 1840.

Three priests—among whom is Rev. Louis Keating, of the diocese of Carlow, Ireland—belonging to the Society of Oblates of Mary the Immaculate, as also one lay brother, have gone to Ceylon; and three priests, and as many lay brothers of the same congregation, sailed on the 10th of October for the Missions of North America. Their place of destination is not specified. Rev. Messrs Rooney and Barry, of the same congregation, accompanied by two religious ladies of Jesus-Maria, left Europe on the 4th of October for the mission of Agra, in India. Four Sisters of the Good Shepherd have lately set out for Cairo, and four more for Tripoli, in Barbary.

Seven priests of the *Foreign Missions* at Paris, have lately sailed for China: two more of the same congregation embarked on the 3d of November for India. These departures make the number of missionaries sent by this most respectable Society to its sixteen Apostolic Vicariates, in the course of 1847, no less than twenty four.

In the past year, six Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and two lay brothers, were sent to China; ten Fathers and seven lay brothers to Canada and the United States; nine Fathers and one lay brother to Madura; two Fathers and two lay brother to Syria; and two Fathers to Madagascar.

The Banner of Ulster calls attention to the irreverent way in which a minister of the Presbyterian Church at Cupar advertises his sermons, thus:—"III. The Clouted Shoes, Part 2 (Joshua ix., v.).—Old shoes and clouted upon their feet." IV. The Hole in the Wall (Ezek. viii., 7).—Behold a hole in the wall." V. The Knives (Ezra i., 9).—Nine-and-twenty knives." VII.—The Unturned Cake (Hosea vii., 6).—Ephraim is a cake not turned."—*Church and State Gazette.*

The report of the Immigrant Commissioners of New York to the Legislature states, that the number of emigrants arriving from 5th May to Dec. 31, 1847, was 129,069: 58,180 Germans, 52,946 Irish, 8864 English, 2354 Scotch, 3442 French, 3611 Hollanders, and the rest divided among the different countries of Europe, including one Turk—only one—a proof that the Turks either cannot get away, or do not wish to. The most divided and distracted country in Europe, Spain, only sent us 107. Cold Russia, only 10. Germany and France together sent us in that time population enough for a State. The Irish arrived in the greatest destitution: 5931 of them having received relief in various forms; 634 of the Germans, 91 of the English, 26 of the French, 25 of the Hollanders, and 12 of the Scotch were also relieved. There were 22 lunatics—12 Irish, 10 German.

Births.

- APRIL 1—Mrs. Shea, of a son.
- " 3—Mrs. Mara, of a son.
- " 3—Mrs. Fogarty, of a son.
- " 4—Mrs. Delahant, of a son.
- " 4—Mrs. Wicks, of a daughter.
- " 4—Mrs. Wilson, of a daughter.
- " 5—Mrs. Tucker, of a daughter.
- " 7—Mrs. Morsh, of a son.
- " 8—Mrs. Wat. n., of a daughter.
- " 10—Mrs. McCoy, of a son.

THE CROSS,
Published by FITCH & NUGENT, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax. Terms—Five Shillings in ADVANCE, exclusive of postage. All communications for the Editors of the Cross are to be addressed (if by letter post paid) to No. 2, Upper Water Street Halifax.