

THE CONVENT OF OUR LADY, NORWOOD.

Monday for a London Priest is, or ought to be, a day of repose. The Friday night's Confessional, the Saturday's all day and late at night same occupation; the early morning of Sunday and all day on Sunday's drag and Monday morning's early round of Communion to the lingering sick and long-dying in different localities; and then the school children to wind up with their small matters—yet great if not constantly weeded and cared for—make a nearly thirty year's worked, worried hack of a Priest, like Father Thomas, very desirous of repose, quiet and freedom from the harness on Monday afternoon. Thus, last Monday, shouldering my cotton umbrella as the clock struck three, I turned my face towards Norwood heights to pay my long-promised visit to the convent there and to its saintly inmates. Not having my own carriage and horses ready, I stepped into the Dulwich 'buss for once in a way, and soon clearing the busy Walworth and Camberwell reached the foot of Denmark-hill, at which point the beauties of the road commenced. The road rises with an easy ascent, and the higher you rise the more you ascend into the region of the aristocracy of wealth which abounds in this locality. Rich merchants, well-kept houses, good substantiality throughout, horses groomed and corned prancing about with superb carriages behind them, gardens in the best order, and nothing left undone that plenty of money can do, shine upon you on both sides of Denmark-hill, and speak many things of the materiality of the aristocracy of wealth. Mind, naught is said, naught is meant disrespectful of the aristocracy of wealth, because they have as rich and richer, as good and better things than the aristocracy of birth; by no means; I merely state the fact. Their comforts and their refinements on comforts will keep pace, as do their chesnuts, with their betters; and when the question of mental culture for the young gentlemen—the small matters of pencilling, painting, music, and such like accomplishments for the young ladies, and the quiet good sense, the very essence of good breeding, without fussy stuff and ostentation and inconvenience in almost all the younger and many of the older branches of the aristocracy of wealth on Denmark, Herne, and Balham Hills—when the question comes—Which would you prefer, the aristocracy of wealth or the aristocracy of birth? my answer is—I don't make any choice, let me have both; but if it be a question of giving money for anything good, then give me the hills of Denmark, Herne, and Balham, though they do at times make themselves geese by their extravagance and lavish nonsense, especially at their dinner-parties. Persons with a name at their tail—a Sir, or Hon., or a Lord—will be dishd to satiety and floated in costly wines: all the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea and beasts of the field, and fruits and flowers of the earth, will be spread out at any expense before him—and all for what? for the purpose, though they don't see it, of being laughed at by the said Sir, Hon., or Lord, when all the spread is over. Lady O. meets the Hon. Mrs. P., and the whole "spread" at Balham is taken to pieces bit by bit, and all the party, young and old, to the very turn of the head and the movement of the hand. "So, Sir Henry was at Balham last Thursday?" "Yes, indeed he was, Lady O., and"—and away the two fashionables set to work until they have picked the bone of Balham as clean as ivory. In the meantime we are on Denmark's top; and turn round, for London is at thy feet—the busy, distracted, noisy, hot, city of London—it looks small and quiet enough from the top of Denmark-hill; but what a relief for old Dumble and Sons when they escape from it after the business of the day and find themselves at home in the green, airy and comfortable house and the all-about and in-about on sweet Denmark hill. Trace

shadowy way through pleasant garden-trees and shrubs and beautiful houses, partially shaded by the green things and blooming flowers, and either plunge down the steep on the left into the sweeping road that wanders through most beautiful silent ways into green, irrigated, delicious Dulwich; or continue onwards your quiet promenade and descend the winding hill to the bridge that crosses the brook. In the descent, as you clear the closed-in road, Norwood's heights take you in on the left, and at this season of fresh gay green it indeed takes your eyes captive. At any time of the year this first view of Norwood is commanding, but in this month of June it is fairy land. I have seen Italy from south to north—at least a good part of it—and Norwood after all is Norwood for all that. The way that I took was not onward over the bridge to Norwood, but my usual way, to the left hand, thus avoiding straight lines, and coming to an intended point in a round-about way. Zig-zag is the fashion now-a-days, and thus we go. Keep your eye on the left, how sweet an upland green! Oh, God, what a beautiful world is this of Thine! See that Protestant Church, so fair in symmetry, and so Catholic-like in form—(Shall it ever be ours?)—off the slope, with its nice tower and slender steeple. Ah! St. George, when and who shall see thy lordly tower and piercing steeple? Pugin, Pugin, you gave the move to buildings like this; but you, like Father Thomas, are well nigh forgotten—*Sic vos non vobis!* Never mind, there is One that will not forget us, if we do not forget ourselves. Here is the man that received the beautiful and the true in church and chapel, and college and abbey building,—that made the fair tracery of Gothic window; and the perfection of Christian building—the Gothic arch, the chancel recesses and screen, and the graceful porch, and all the varieties and sacred workings as did the men of old—a man whose imitative, if not creative genius, raised up structures that vie with any of the old works—a genius that could erect a second Melrose, or a York Minster, or one like to our own Abbey on the Thames—Westminster, had he scope for his great and beautiful mind and means afforded to him. Here he is unemployed and deserted, without a single Catholic work on hand. I say nothing in anger, but all in sorrow. No Catholic work on hand, did I say? hold there. Yes, he has one Catholic work on hand—a church on the headland looking down on the Bay of Pegwell, on which several thousand pounds have been expended, and on which thousands must yet be expended; a church that will stand like the Castle Crag of Dangerfield and endure for ages, built of massive blocks of hard stone, on which stone the chisel works directed by a master mind and hand, and which will speak of Pugin ages after his demise. This one Catholic work he has on hand; the ground on which it rests he bought, and the freehold he gave over to the Bishop of the District for ever; and the building, the church, the school-room, and the other parts of the sacred edifice that have been raised, and that shall be erected, he has paid for, or will pay for, out of his own pocket. Such is Pugin. I have forgotten the Convent at Norwood for the present; but that shall come out, as it well deserves, even yet. The first, and if you will, the most economical—mind that word, *if you will*—of architects, is Pugin: it is unquestionable that he is for ecclesiastical erections the first, and, *if you like*, the cheapest. But don't attempt to dictate as to the proportions, or descend into the details as to how this and how the other is to be done: but say this—"I want a Gothic church of such a period, to accommodate so many, and for such a sum, and for no more;" then leave the rest to the master mind. The worst of all plagues is a plaguy Priest, quite ignorant of the true symmetry and beautiful, just proportion; or a plaguy rich man, who will after and cramp true genius, and make a mess of a building, just

will attempt to teach that which he knows nothing about.

FATHER THOMAS.

THE CHOLERA AT PARIS—THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A Sister of Charity writes from Paris on the 15th inst., to one of her sisters at Limoges, a touching letter, from which the following extract is given by the *Ami de la Religion*:—"Since the month of March up to the present, forty-one of our sisters have fallen victims in our different houses. We have just attended the burial of the forty-second. But there are many consolations: our poor sick shew so much submission; they receive with so much love the words of religion and the Sacraments of the Church! Far from repelling the ministrations of the Priests, they on the contrary eagerly demand it, in spite of all that has been said and done to render the Priests odious to them."

We quote from the same source the following interesting passage from a letter dated Boulogne:—"Last week our churches were thronged with people, daily invoking the compassion of God, and seeking to appease His anger, who were punished but to recall us to ourselves. To-day, the population of the Portel, decimated by cholera, came, at the expiration of a Novena which had been exactly fulfilled by all, to thank in concert the Holy Virgin for the disappearance of the scourge. It was a moving spectacle to behold those rugged brows, which the storms have never made to turn pale, bent reverently before Him who calms the ocean and holds the treasures of life in His hands."

MARSEILLES.—Ever since 1720, Marseilles has celebrated by a votive procession the cessation of the terrible plague which so cruelly devastated that city. Up to this day, the vow of de Belzunce has been religiously fulfilled on Friday, the day of the Sacred Heart, chosen for the pious anniversary. From age to age, generations have transmitted the details and the ceremonial of the feast, for which the faithful display all the pomp of the Church, and for which the preparations employ a crowd of little industrial occupations. This year, the surprise and regret of the city has been great, on learning that the municipal authorities have prohibited the procession of the Sacred Heart from taking place.—*Ami de la Religion*.

CONVERSIONS.

On Sunday, the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, Richard Brindsley Knowles, Esq. was received into the Church by the Rev. Father Petcherme, at St. Mary's, Clapham.

General Donnadieu, a distinguished officer, died lately at Courbevoie, near Paris. Altho' born a Protestant, he had often and earnestly declared that his most intimate convictions drew him towards the Catholic religion. Father Ravignan, receiving notice from a friend of the General's, repaired to Courbevoie on Saturday, the 16th inst. The General was seriously ill of cholera; he received Father Ravignan with extreme cordiality, and at his first interview fervently promised to become a Catholic. Next day, Sunday, the Reverend Father returned to the General; death was at hand, but the sick man retained all his presence of mind. On the simple question being asked, the General declared that he wished to live and die a member of the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. Then the Church, like a tender mother, received the old soldier into her bosom. He discharged with faith the last duties of a Christian, and of his own accord, in the presence of his physician and several other persons, renewed the formal declaration that he was a Catholic. The honours of Christian sepulture were given him on Thursday, June 21st, in the church of Courbevoie.—*Ami de la Religion*.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Cross.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might

be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication:

Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square.
Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets;
Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets;
Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church.
Mr. Richard O'Neil, Water Street;
Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf.
Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.
We hope soon to have a long list of similar friends in every part of the city.

Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the
Sacre Cœur.

Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PÉACOCK, Superioress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 14, 1849.



CONTRACT.

Mail Conveyance between Halifax and Annapolis.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Deputy Postmaster General, for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between HALIFAX and ANNAPOLIS twice a week, will be received at this Office until SATURDAY, the 28th day of July next, at 12 o'clock (noon). The Tenders to state the sum per annum in Halifax Currency.

Tenders will also be received at the same time, for carrying a Semi-weekly Mail between Halifax and Annapolis—

A Tri-weekly Mail between Halifax and Kentville—and

A Daily Mail between Halifax and Windsor—(Sundays excepted.)

The Department reserves to itself the right of fixing the days and hours of departure from either end of the Line.

The Conditions of the Contract are, that the Coaches or Waggon may be drawn by two of more horses, but the rate of speed must be seven miles an hour.

A notice of three months to be given on either side to determine the Contract, and ample Security will be required for the due and faithful performance of the Service. Parties Tenders, to call at the General Post Office, at the above hour, (12 o'clock) or to send an authorized Agent with the names of their Sureties—otherwise no notice will be taken of their Tender.

The Service to commence on the sixth day of September next.

Any further information which may be required can be obtained on application to the Deputy Postmaster General.

A. WOODGATE, D. P. M. G.
General Post Office
Halifax, 10th July, 1849.