

## THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

At a time when the abuse of the Priest is every where heard, you will not refuse a poor and humble convert to the Catholic faith, to offer to the clergy of his church this brief expression of his regard. It is often asked of Catholics, particularly the poor, why we think so much of our Priests? We can reply, at least I do, by saying that we do not think half enough of them, seeing that they devote their lives to our service. But as some people persist in asserting that we are an ignorant Priest-ridden set, let me consider the position which the Priest occupies in respect to the people, and it will be soon apparent that the attachment springs from the highest and purest motives. In the first place the Priest, by his sacerdotal vows is devoted to our service—He is not married that he may be undivided in his affection to the church and the flock. His children are the poor and the orphan, the sick and the afflicted. For this reason, and he knows what he assumes when he becomes a priest, is a mark for the slander of the malicious and the idle tales of the foolish. His existence appears to be indispensable to the brawling no-Popery preachers, who live by misrepresenting the character of men of which they know absolutely nothing. For the sake of his flock he passes his life in comparative obscurity and toil. Often in the confessional, consoling, or directing the penitent until late in the night, and, after a few hours of repose, broken perhaps by a call to the sick, we see him again in the house of God, offering the pure oblation at the earliest dawn. Through all the relations of life and all its stages, the Priest is in the closest connection with the people of his church. In infancy they are admitted by him into the fold, under one shepherd. In youth, by him they are catechised and instructed. From his hands they receive the last legacy of Christ to his followers. At the solemn hour of death he is present again, showing no hesitation, knowing no fear, soothing the last moments of the dying in the fever-hospital, in the pest-house receiving the last sigh, and so soon as the spirit has departed, he still cares for them and invokes the compassion of Jesus. "It is a holy thought to pray for the dead." Seeing that the Priest is thus always with us from infancy to death, is it any wonder, brother Catholics, that we should love, respect, honor and revere him? He has his consolations too. He fights the good fight, and how proud, if I may call it so, must he feel when he hears his church misrepresented first, before it can be attacked! And how grateful does he feel when the poor laborer, mechanic and house servant, after enduring insult all the week, return on Sunday morning to church, and assist with devotion at mass, as if the consolation of assisting at the holy sacrifice repaid them well for all that they had endured! We love the Priest and the Priest loves us. He knows his flock and the flock knows him. The stupid world which thinks itself so smart, may scorn us as it pleases; but it cannot divide us. Thus much, Rev. Sir, I thought I should say, and I know that our brethren will all say Amen.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA**—From a letter published by the Allgemeine Zeitung of July 6, dated

HEADQUARTERS, BANA, July 1.

Yesterday I saw the Emperor for the first time. It was in a village about a league from hence, where the headquarters of the army were resting on their route from Raab to this place. Groups of officers, led horses, mounted dragoons, carriages, seraschawers, dragoons, &c., a motley group, had taken possession of the village green, while along the road, which was covered with clouds of dust, were proceeding troops, dressed in every variety of military gear, speaking every language, when a distant buzz was heard in the air, which, on its nearer approach, swelled into enthusiastic cheers. They announced the emperor, who was following from Raab, in a kalesch (an open carriage) and four. The carriage stopped, and a slim, youthful figure, in a general's grey coat and military dress, sprung out with great agility; it was the Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand. The officers hurried up to receive their sovereign, who heartily shook hands with the venerable commander, the valiant Haynau, and entered for a few moments into animated conversation with him, and then turned to the other officers, with whom he cordially shook hands. There is something uncommonly winning in the emperor's manner towards those officers with whom

he is most intimately acquainted. The writer of these lines was standing in a position which enabled him to observe every movement. The emperor is rather above the middle height, slender and vigorous, but his form is that of early manhood. His features bear the impress of intelligence and candor. His smile is quite beaming, and displays a set of beautiful white teeth. He manifests great thoughtfulness for the welfare of his soldiers, and during his short visit in my a train has evidenced his estimation of their services and his sense of their exertions. After the taking of the entrenchments of Raab, as the emperor was inspecting them, a soldier, whose leg had been shattered by a ball, was carried by on a litter. The emperor was so overcome at the sight, that he turned away and wiped his eyes. It is no marvel that the army is so enthusiastic about their youthful leader, the affection for him is openly spoken of by soldiers and officers, and whenever they defile before him he is always greeted with enthusiastic cheers. Painful feelings were excited in the mind of the writer as he gazed upon the stripling monarch standing on the plains of Hungary. He thought of the burthen laid on the shoulders of this youthful offspring of a royal house, which once numbered Hungary as one of the brightest jewels of its crown, now going forth at the head of his army to reconquer that very possession. Yet the very youth of the monarch gives him a certain interest with his people which would be wanting if he were already in the full vigor of manhood. Here the young sovereign stood in the midst of his veteran generals. It seemed as if they gazed upon him with the thought,—"Thou art our child; we will watch over thee and protect thee while life is granted to us. The diadem shall not lose a single gem that now adorns it."

**DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE HON. EDWARD STAFFORD JERNINGHAM.**—The Hon. Edward Stafford Jerningham died at Carlton Villas, Maida Vale, on Sunday, the 22nd of July. He was the second son of Lord Stafford, and was born August 4, 1804, so that he wanted but a fortnight of the age of forty-five. He was educated at Oscott College, and for some time held a commission in the 6th Dragoon Guards. In 1828 he married Miss Mary Ann Smythe, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and has left two sons and two daughters. His tanned remains were brought to Norwich, on Saturday last, by railway, and thence conveyed with great solemnity, with hearse and four and attendant carriages, to the family seat at Cossey Hall. They were met by a numerous train of Lord Stafford's tenants, with other gentlemen on horseback, and the most respectable inhabitants of the parish, before they arrived at the entrance gate of the park, and thence the mournful procession passed on through the park to the family chapel adjoining Cossey Hall. There they were received by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, attended by Cross-bearer and acolyths with torches; and the coffin being deposited in the chapel before the altar rails, the *Miserere* Psalm was chanted, and the mournful ceremonial of reception concluded with the prayer *Absolve* in the Ritual. On Monday morning at nine o'clock the solemn Office commenced for the funeral. The chapel hung with black, the coffin covered with a rich pall, and wax lights on each side in gilt candelsticks veiled with crape, the forms prepared for the mourning relatives covered with black drapery; the floor covered with black cloth, presented a striking scene of solemnity. The Office for the Dead was recited, and Mass celebrated by the Rev. H. Elwes, Chaplain to Lord Stafford, attended by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, and the Revs. Messrs. Abbot, Lomax, and Lopez, the choir singing a solemn Requiem. At the conclusion of the Mass a Discourse was delivered by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, who also performed the Absolution for the interment and the coffin was lowered into the family vault beneath the chapel. We understand that the Discourse, by desire of the family, will be published. The chapel was crowded to excess, and many could not gain admittance. Of the noble family there were present Lord and Lady Stafford, the Hon. Mr. Stafford Jerningham and his two brothers, the Hons. Charles and Francis, as also the two sons of the deceased, his afflicted widow and her two daughters; the Hon. Mrs. Edward Petre, Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart., Col. Dawson Damer, Anthony Hudson, Esq., and many other friends and respectable inhabitants of Cossey and its vicinity. The deceased was greatly beloved and truly lamented; and the respectful sympathy so generally shown must have proved extremely grateful to the feelings of each member of the noble and afflicted family.

## THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI.

There are few persons who have not read with deep pity the fate of the family of Louis XVI. His daughter still lives as the Duchesse d'Angouleme. A recent visitor to this lady, who is now seventy years old, says

"She asked me concerning France with the most lively interest but with great calmness and moderation, she inquired if the people of Paris had any religious sentiments, she spoke with lively admiration of the Christian death of the Archbishop of Paris, on the barricades of June. I turned the conversation on the younger branch of the Bourbon family, by saying to her,

'Madame, it is impossible that you have not seen the finger of God in the fall of Louis Philippe.'

'It is in everything,' she replied, with great simplicity, and without my being able to detect the least trace of bitterness. Though silent respecting the father, she said some kind words for the sons, and for the Duchess of Orleans. 'Suff, madame,' said I, 'confess that in spite of your Christian magnanimity, the day on which this intelligence reached you was far from being the most painful of your life.'

She remained silent, but looked at me with an air which seemed to say: 'You are asking too much.' The moderation of her words was unalterable, not a syllable of reproach escaped her lips. It is not that she does not fully appreciate the difference between the Revolutions of July and February, when I recounted to her the flight of Louis Philippe.

'At least,' said she 'Charles X. retired as a king, bequeathing Algeria to France.' This comparison was made with feelings of pride, assuredly very legitimate, but no trace of the triumph of satisfied vengeance was to be found in any of her words. It may be boldly said that no vindictive feeling can be found in this soul which has offered as a holocaust to God, all its pains and all its passions.

She keeps in her bed-chamber, the austerity of which is almost monastic, only such objects as are calculated to revive the tragic scenes of early youth—the portraits of her father, her mother, and her mother's friend, and Princess de Lamballe; and near her bed, which has not even a curtain, stands a prie dieu full of objects most sacred in her eyes—the black vest which her father wore when he ascended the scaffold—the lace cape which her mother made with her own hands to appear in before the revolutionary tribunal. She alone has the key of those sad relics, and once a year, on the 21st of January, she takes them from the reliquary in which they are enclosed, and surrounds herself with them in order to bring herself into closer communion with the beloved dead by whom they were worn. On that day she buries her tears in complete seclusion; she sanctifies the blood-stained anniversary by solitude and prayer."

## CLAPHAM—THE REDEMPTORISTS.

On Thursday, the 2nd inst., took place the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the church about to be erected by the Redemptorists and Fathers, under the patronage of our Lady of Victories and St. Alphonsus Liguori, on ground contiguous to the house occupied by them in Park-road, Clapham.

A large tent, and an elegant temporary altar, was erected for the occasion. About half-past eleven o'clock, the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, attended by a number of the Clergy, in procession, commenced the ceremony according to the forms prescribed by the *Pontificale Romanum*. Having blessed the holy water and the stone, recited the Litany of the Saints, and placed a bottle containing the several coins of the realm, and a document describing the several particulars, he fixed the stone in its resting-place with the assistance of Mr. Wardell, the architect, and Mr. Jackson, the builder. His Lordship, accompanied by the Clergy in processional order, then went round the foundations of the Church, blessing them and sprinkling them with holy water. Having returned to the altar, he thence proceeded to make a brief but feeling address, explanatory of the various parts of the ceremony which he had just performed.

He alluded to the blessings that had been promised in the Church's name to all who should partake in this good work, whether by aiding it with their purse or actually assisting in the erection. He exhorted the workmen, many of whom he saw present, who were to assist in its erection, to remember that the blessing of God had been that day called down upon them, by the solemn prayers of the church, and that the work which they were about to be engaged in was the work of God; he trusted therefore, that they would conduct

themselves with propriety, that no quarrelling, no improper language or conduct should be witnessed among them during its erection.

His Lordship concluded by appealing warmly to the charity of the Catholics to aid in this good work the holy men who had come from a foreign country to plant again the blessings of the true religion in this our country.

**THE QUEEN AND THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTIONS.**—The *Evening Herald* of Monday night states that on its becoming known that her Majesty was about to visit Ireland, the matron of the "Providence Home," in this city, made an appeal to the Queen on behalf of that Institution. The application, it seems, was answered in nearly the following terms:—"Mr. Anson is commanded by her Majesty to state that she will not subscribe to the funds of any charitable institution which is exclusively Protestant." This answer has, of course given offence in certain quarters, but is it not just probable that a similar reply would be given to the managers of any such charitable establishment as the "Providence Home" if they permitted Roman Catholics only to be partakers of its benefit?

**LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—"It was," says the *Assembly Nationale*, "positively stated yesterday that the ex-King Louis Philippe had the intention, for the most pious object, to demand permission of the French Government to make a pilgrimage to Dreux, where the bodies of the Duke of Orleans and other members of the ex-Royal family are deposited. The ex-King would only remain two days, and would return again to England. He would assume the title of Count de Ponthieu, and would only be accompanied by a valet-de-chambre. For some time past the Count de Neuilly has been subject to attacks of melancholy, and has several times expressed to his friends his ardent desire not to die without being able once more to weep over the tomb of his sister and his unfortunate son."

We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique* that the Rev. Claude Francois, C. M., died of Cholera, at the Seminary in the Parish of Assumption, on the 20th of July. Mr. Francois was one of the first priests that accompanied the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brute to the diocese of Vincennes. From this field of labor he went to the diocese of Natchez, and afterwards joined the Congregation of the Mission. He had been fifteen years in this country, and was about 45 years old at the time of his death. His character was that of the good priest and laborious missionary.—*C. Magazine*

## 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 by printing this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in distant 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. Forristal, 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.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—*Ketch Harbour*—John Martin, J. P. *Portuguese Cove*—Mr. Richard Neal, Senr. *Bear Cove*—Samuel Johnson, J. P. *Herring Cove*—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power. *Ferguson's Cove*—Mr. William Conway. *Quarries*—Mr. O'Keefe. *North West Arm*—Mr. Patrick Brennan. *Upper Prospect*—Peter Power, J. E.