

ACROSTIC LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. EDWARD DALY,
OF ST. PARY'S.

Released from earth, his spirit pure has fled,
Ere youth's meridian scarce had shed,
Virtue's full radiance o'er his saintly head!

Enriched with grace from infant hour,
Distinguish'd favours strew'd the way—
Where earthly phantoms found no power.
And Heaven's decrees proclaimed its sway;
It rejoices then, now, the young Priest's toil is
done,

Death's victory gained—his crown is won.

Design'd, thro' God's Almighty will,
A place in Heaven's high court to fill—
Like young Aloysius, ranked to be,
Yonder with Angels for eternity.
Halifax, July 11, 1848.

PROTESTANTISM IN SWEDEN.

You may form an idea of the jealous malice of Lutheranism in Sweden, when I tell you that a man has lately been convicted of having read aloud a chapter of the Bible and said aloud a Paternoster before a few persons assembled in his house. For this offence he has been condemned to a fine of forty six dollars banco (about £3 5s), or, in default of payment, to twenty-eight days' imprisonment with fasting on bread and water (which, of course, if rigorously executed, would kill him, as bread and water alone are not food.) Had he assaulted a fellow-countryman in the street and cut off his nose, a fine of six dollars (9s 9d) would have atoned for the offence, so that in the eye of Swedish law the uttering aloud of the Lord's Prayer and a chapter of the Scripture is a crime 6 2/3ds times as grave as the maiming of a fellow-man. This case was remarked on by one gentleman in the Clerical Chamber, but he got the cold shoulder from his reverend brethren. They were determined to preserve unity at any price, and they have attained it—unity, to wit, in unbelief. Of the state of a Lutheran clerical conscience you may judge from the following anecdote.—A clergyman has lately been deposed from his functions by the Arch-episcopal Consistory of Upsala; he appeals to the King, and offers openly before all Sweden and before the Sun, to retract in words the condemned proposition 'whereunto his heart is attached, and whereof his reason is by long study convinced, in order to avoid depriving a large family of children of their daily bread.'—This is a sad state of things, but what can one expect from such a system?—*Corres. of Tablet.*

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Imagine to yourselves a fountain-head of richness in the middle of an extensive domain. Imagine some vast machinery forcing the waters of this great fountain through one enormous channel, and this channel subdividing into innumerable branches, beyond the possibility of counting, and filled by this mighty stream. Imagine communications with these by cross branches in every direction, so that scarce a part of that domain is left unprovided for. See these streams not only carrying nourishment to, and creating verdure upon the banks by which they glide, but at the same time sweeping away all decayed and useless matter, so as to keep up perpetual bloom. Imagine them, having laid down their treasures in profusion, and exhausted their stores, returning deteriorated by another set of channels to the starting point, and then by a simple process, being deprived of their noxious particles, and purified and getting a fresh supply of nutritive matter, and being again sent off on their mission of life. Imagine this conflux of water going and returning every three minutes for 70 or 100 years to and from every corner of that large domain. Imagine for a moment a thing so magnificent, worthy of Omnipotence, and possible to Omnipotence alone, and you may form an idea of the incessant circulation of the blood through its arterial and venous channels, and of its continuous purification by the lungs, and imagine at last, that great flood impoverished, and that vast machinery worn out and unworkable, its throbs and throes becoming weaker and weaker, until the final effort being made, the stream is hushed for ever; the once well-watered meadows lie before you in their commencing and melancholy solitude; with all the loveliness of death; and the transition is easy, where the stream of life being stopped for ever, the once-prized fount in which intellect reigned supreme, and every ennobling virtue had its residence, and in which the immortal spirit had remained imprisoned for years, lies before you in all the calmness of Death.—*Dr. Ryan's Lecture before the St. Edward's Catholic Literary Institution.*

BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS

In reply to "Kirwan," alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR—

So long as you wore a mask, which no honest man need ever wear in a free country like this, I was excused, on your own admission, from any obligation to notice you. Now that you have cast it aside, I feel no longer bound to adhere to my first resolution.

Your Letters purport to explain the reasons why you left the Roman Catholic Church and became a Presbyterian. The object of mine will be to review those reasons. If I shall succeed in refuting them, and assigning others more in accordance with the facts of the case, I will not trouble myself with answering those in your second series under the head of reasons why you do not return. If the deserters from the American flag in the Mexican campaign, (among whom, I am sorry to say, were some Irishmen,) can justify themselves for having fled from the ranks of their country, the world will readily dispense with their reasons for not returning.—The enemy, no doubt, received them with that mingled feeling of joy at the treason, and contempt for the traitor, which, on the whole, is, rather honorable than otherwise in the character of human nature—whilst the gallant army they had forsaken had the consolation to know that after their departure, it contained in each case, at least one coward less than before. But friends and foes would take it as a matter of course that such persons would have good reasons for not returning.

The Catholic Church, however, has another's heart, and not a warrior's. If at any time moved by the grace of God, you should knock at her gates, as a penitent, she would receive you as such, and rejoice at your restoration. Considering the importance which you attach to your going out from her communion, thirty years ago, never, never, to return, you must admit that she has borne your absence with great resignation: in fact, amidst the numerous defections from the faith which loneliness and poverty entail on juvenile immigrants and orphan boys of Irish and Catholic parentage in this country, an individual case like yours might easily have escaped her notice. But you have taken from her the bliss of ignorance, in the premises. "Kirwan" tells her that Nicholas Murray, now a Presbyterian clergyman, gave her the cold shoulder, when he was quite a boy, thirty years ago. Nay, more; he says that one of the means employed by her for arresting the progress of sin, was by you turned into an opportunity of additional sinning;—"you always found," he says, "that you could play your pranks better after confession than before." . . . This inward reading of yourself, at so early an age, should have convinced you that already, and unknown to yourself, you were a genuine Protestant book, done up, some how, by mistake, in Catholic binding.

I honour the man who, under the responsibility to God, has the moral courage to change his religion, when, after mature investigation, he conscientiously believes that he is passing from error to truth. It is a great and solemn act. When it is attended, as it sometimes is, by the greatest sacrifice of worldly interest, and is an act manifestly done for the soul's, and God's, and Truth's sake, it becomes, in my estimation, the most heroic and sublime act that man is capable of performing on the earth. I do not say that it is always insincere even when the convert promotes his temporal interests by the change. But, in the latter case, it loses much of the influence which, as an example, it would otherwise exercise on the public mind. Neither do I regard it as improper that he who has experienced such a transition, should assign the reasons that brought it about. But in assigning them, all serious men would expect that they should be good and true reasons. Now, I propose, in reply to your Letters, to prove that the reasons assigned by you are not good reasons in themselves, and that even if they were, in the nature of things, they found no place in the circumstances of your supposed conversion from "Popery" to Presbyterianism.

Your Letters, so far as regards the grammatical construction of phrases, and a correct and almost elegant use of Anglo-Saxon words, are not unworthy of the country which produced a Deán Swift, or a Goldsmith. They are also pervaded by a silvery thread of wit, which is unmistakably Irish, but which too often, in your Letters, runs into something like profanity.

As a Logician, you are entitled to little praise as a Theologian, even on the Protestant system to lose still; whilst as an upright, candid adversary, honestly labouring to overthrow doctrines believed to be erroneous, you can lay claim to none whatever.

Two things, at the outset, tell very badly against you. You represent me as teaching a doctrine which I do not believe, and yet, in various unexpected forms, you profess to render me the homage of your respect. Now, dear Sir, let me say, that if you believe me to be a deceiver of my fellow-Catholics, you cannot have entertained any respect for my character, unless your moral perceptions are too dim to discover any difference between vice and virtue. If you profess a respect, which you do not feel, it equally manifest that your standard of morals is artificial, subject to the control of your will and your pen. In either case you are inconsistent, and it is, perhaps, well for you that you did not write your Letters under the solemnity of an oath, in which case something like perjury would come out on the cross-examination.

By what right, Sir, did you assume that I am not sincere in the profession of the Catholic Faith? And if you did assume it, by what rule of hypocrisy and falsehood did you stultify yourself by professing respect for my character? You could find the premises of such a false and uncharitable conclusion only in your heart, or mine. To mine you have had no access, and you should have been cautious in proclaiming such discoveries as could have been derived only by analogy from your own.

I believe the truth of the doctrines taught by the Holy Catholic Church as firmly as I do my own existence.—Nay, more. I believe that, as containing the fullness of Divine Revelation, it is the only true Church on the earth—although many true Catholic doctrines are found floating about as opinions in the religious atmosphere of Protestantism. This is my profession of faith, of the sincerity of which the Almighty is my witness—and I am not aware that I have ever given you, or any other human being, reason to infer, by word or action, that I believed otherwise.

I must decline, therefore, the tender of your respect for my character. But I would not have you on that account to regard me as an enemy. On the contrary, I would be your friend, and the highest proof of this which you have left it in my power to offer, is the sincere declaration that as a fellow-being, you have my pity—and best wishes withal. I shall begin to analyse your reasons next week.

✠ JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York,

AFFAIRS AT ROME.

The following is from the Daily News.

Rome, May 11.—Folks will ask you in England, what is to be the upshot of things in this city? Is the Pope to be a prisoner? Is his three decked tiara to be cut down and rased in to a simple barque of Peter? Is the oldest temporal dynasty in Europe to be abolished, and Chicerowhackio to re-enact Rienzi? Not a bit of it.

Rome is in the hands of men who have a stake in the land. Prince Aldobrandini, who is the commandant of the civic guard, is brother to Borghese, the richest soil owned in the Campagna. Doria, not a bright genius, but honest and upright, is minister of war. Count Mamiani, the premier, is no adventurer. The popular oracles—viz. Professor Orioli (long in exile) Sterbini (dute), and the redoubtable Whackio himself, act in strict concert and unison with the men of rank, property and intelligence. There is no communism here. Roman common sense is too sound for that—no Montagards, and ever some throbs with loyalty to the sovereign however jealous it may feel at his harbouring at Quirinal.

The pontiff is of too kind a nature to think evil of these men, and the people wish to enlighten him in their own rough way. As to his being in prison, that is a phantom which can only loom in a distant horizon. I recollect when a boy, in a crowd before a grand "transparency," illuminated, as was the whole good city of Cork, for the downfall of Bonaparte (the saddest blow ever inflicted on the trade of that famous cove), admiring the allegorical figure of "Janus shutting up Mars in the temple of peace." The mob would have it that it meant Peter and Paul. They accordingly smashed the windows.

There are many over-zealous British folks here who send alarming accounts to England

and the sister isle, connecting the downfall of Christianity with the outward march of rational and popular rule; they even attempt to meddle with the management of Roman politics, and and have gone up in "deputation to the Pope." This insane prurency has given just offence to the natives, and some of these meddlers will inevitably get mobbed in the streets. Lord Clifford is an inoffensive, though mistaken old gentleman, but others are too prominent in their gossiping and twaddling proceedings. Phœdrus was no fabulist in his description of them.

Est ardorem quædam Romæ natio
Trepido concursu is occupata in otio
Sibi molesta et aliis odiosissima.

It now appears that Caffi, the Roman artist, who was reported to have been found hung up in a tree by the Croats, and became the occasion of a grand display, calling on the Pope for a declaration of war, is alive and merry, and has written a letter dated May 3d, from Belluno, 100 miles farther north than the tree in question.—This is one of the results of gossiping reports.

Illo nefasto to posuit die
Quicumque primum produxit arbos.—Horace

An English countess, writing from the theatre of war, complains of the ladies of Milan, who drive up and down the Corso with splendid horses that "ought to be dragging cannon against Peschiera." In point of fact, the Lombards, from living in a fat country, have contracted a habit of expecting other people to fight their battles. In older days they paid Condottieri, one of the most famous of whom was the Englishman, Hawkwood, and now they are in treaty for the hire of 2000 Corsicans, at a franc and a half per diem, to fight the foreigner! They have already bought and enlisted several thousand Swiss.

An honest official at the Post office, and, for the rarity of the thing I print his name (Giambene), finding many letters from the army in his custody, of which he knew the claimants were too poor to pay the postage, made representation to Prince Massimo, who for once has done the handsome thing, and all letters from men who fight for fatherland to their friends at Rome are to be free. I forgot to tell you that on their march to the north all the Italian barbers in the little towns on the road shaved the crusaders gratis, and this reminds me of what passed this morning at a meeting of the Circolo Popolare, called by advertisement to consult on the affairs of the coming election on the 18th proximo. A letter was read from Sergeant Domenico Fratoddi pledging himself to bring back the produce of his own gun, as many Austrian moustachois as will stuff the cushion of the club's presidential chair.

An official article appears in yesterday's Gazette, concerning the seizure of Roman mercantile ships by the Austrian navy. It announces that Government have addressed remonstrances to the authorities at Trieste, through their consul, and have at the same time called on their allies, the Sardinian, Tuscan, and Neapolitan navies to make full reprisals.

The English steamer Porcupino has carried off the Duke of Lucca from our coast to England it is to be hoped, as he is a Bourbon, there will be a spare bed for a "poor relation" at Claremont.

Lutzow is supposed to be hovering about Rome, in the hope of coming back. This is a poor look-out, yet there are people here who confidentially assert that the Austrian envoy will be back before six months. The theologian, Perrone, with twenty others, have reached England, and a letter has arrived here describing their wonderment at London, and their adventures in the omnibus from Londonbridge to Manchester-square.

Correspondence

[To the Editors of the Cross.]

Gentlemen—
You would do a service to the public by calling the attention of our city Corporation to the very dangerous state of the wall of St. Paul's Cemetery, opposite Government House. There is an awful bulge in that direction, which, I suppose, will not be remedied until two or three children, perhaps, are crushed to death some fine morning by its sudden fall. This timely warning, if it do not save life, will, at all events, place the responsibility of accidents on the proper shoulders. I remain yours, &c.