

tant clergymen have wives and families, and that it would be cruel to expect they should expose those tender pledges of affection to all the horrors of contagious disease. It is all very fine no doubt, to sneer at the celibacy of the Popish clergy, but in the hour of affliction and danger, the calumniated priest can face death without any of those agonising fears which the sight of "little responsibilities" is so apt to produce. Perhaps our unknown friend. *A Protestant* may be satisfied with our simple announcement of the fact, that members of his communion have been for several days lying ill at the Fever Hospital, and that whatever treatment their bodies may have received from Messrs. Galen and Esculapius, their poor souls have had no attendance or comfort from any Minister of the Protestant Faith.

We dare say when this news shall be read in the columns of the Cross, there will be quite a rush of Protestant preachers from all parts of the city to Melville Island. It is true that the Fever has become most virulent during the past week, and that many persons have died. But this will only stimulate the zeal of those gospel heroes. It is in the hour of danger, and when the wolf cometh to destroy the sheep, that the true shepherd is known from the hireling. We have known in our experience, of more than one Hegira of Protestant Mahomets, in times of Cholera and other infectious visitations. We cannot however expect any cowardly flights on the present occasion, after all the vapouring of the Protestant Journals for the last few months. Common decency should force some of those timorous chickens to fly over at once to the French Prison. We suppose we may endorse this notice with the quaint title of one of the old canting Puritan Pamphlets, viz:—"Crumbs of comfort for Christ's chickens!"

A certain Lieutenant North died lately from the effects of a coach accident, leaving a wife and four children of tender age, very slenderly provided for. He made no will; and no guardians of a testamentary nature were, therefore, in existence. It is notoriously the law of the land, that where, by reason of intestacy, no legal guardians have been nominated by the father, the rights of guardian by nature arise, and that the title to the custody and nurture of children devolves by nature and by law upon the mother. But in this case it so happens that Mrs North was connected with the Roman Catholic persuasion. What evidence has been heard goes to prove that the father was of "latitudinarian opinions"—that he refused to accept the ministrations of a Protestant clergyman on his death bed—and that, if inclined to religion at all, it was towards the Church of Rome. But we have no desire to found any argument upon such suppositious

circumstances. There stands the naked fact—the father died intestate, that the mother is of irreproachable character, and that the children are of tender age. What says Vice Chancellor Bruce to all this? He answers that she is a Roman Catholic; that her children are to be torn from her and given into the custody and nurture of strangers and that their mother is to see them only two hours a day, and then only in the presence of caves droppers and watchers! The sacred cries of nature are to be drowned for the State Church; and children are to be robbed of a mother's care, tenderness, and love, to satisfy the bigotry of the bench and the fanaticism of the law! They may be in dangerous sickness, and what nursing can be equal to the anxious watching of a mother's fondness? But no; the privilege which God gives to the very brutes of tending and fondling their offspring, is to be denied utterly to a Christian mother, and to British children. The thirty nine articles are stronger than a parent's devotion, and the Established Church is to overbear that established order of nature, which binds and links mother and child together by chains stronger than adamant, and attractions more irresistible almost than gravitation itself. Only think of a christian, a kind, a virtuous mother, never being suffered to be alone with the very fruit of her womb! What right has law, has the state, has all the world put together, to assume the very shadow of a power to interfere with such natural relationship as that? We appeal to every woman except old women on the bench, that are in a double sense *past bearing*, to every female heart, whether this be not the most odious and unnatural tyranny that ever disgraced reason and outraged justice? Is it not monstrous that we shall have admitted Catholics to make laws for us, but yet that we shall not permit them to nurture their own children. Is this Protestantism? Is it to support such religion as this that Exeter Hall raises the No Popery howl? We have heard much of the conversion of papists to Protestantism, but we think it will soon become a more urgent necessity to convert Protestants to Christianity. It must not, we hope it cannot be that this should be *English law*. It is only Knight Bruce Law—a code of orthodox jurisprudence to which we would infinitely prefer that of Judge Lynch himself.

We have not patience to analyse the speech which formed the prelude to this judgement. It was scarcely worthy to be

"The prologue to an egg and butter."

—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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