

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

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God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, JULY 31, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

- August 1—Sunday—X after Pentecost, 1 of August St. Peter's Chains.
- 2—Monday—St. Stephen, 1. P. M.
- 3—Tuesday—Finding of the Body of St. Stephen
- 4—Wednesday—St. Dominick, C.
- 5—Thursday—Dedication of B. V. M.
- 6—Friday—Transfiguration of our Lord.
- 7—Saturday—St. Cajetan, C.

## THE NO POPERY CRY.

"The No Popery Policy—dead, buried, rotten, stinking, and unrevivable—by a sort of magical art is made to exhibit its ghostly and ghastly form in antic dance on two or three political stages."—*Tablet*, 26th June.

This writes the English Catholic organ in an able article on the approaching General Election in that country, and the assertion is fully justified by the present aspect of the political horizon. Thank God, that we have lived to see the day when the No Popery Cry is dead and buried in England. None of the great parties who are struggling for power would venture to raise that cry. It is worse than an old tune, far worse than an old Almanack. It is out of date. The Schoolmaster has overtaken it, and left it far behind. The great Statesmen at all sides, look upon it as a millstone which would assuredly sink any one to whom it may be fastened. Even some of the most violent of our enemies in England have given it up as a hopeless cry. The "awkward squad" including such comical creatures as Roden, and Winchelsea, and Calling Smith, and Inglis, Plumtree, Sibthorpe, &c., are such a ragged set that no one will "march through Coventry with them." Is it not passing strange that while such wholesome transformations are taking place at home, a gang of unprincipled vagabonds should dare to revive the odious cry in this small Province of the empire? The tattered Orange livery which has been hung aside in disgust at the other end of the Atlantic, seems to have been shipped for Nova Scotia, and the beggarly creatures who have put it on, are like so many scarecrows in a Corn field. We could name

a dirty dozen of them here, and a more ill-looking, villainous, ugly set of felons we never beheld. Not one decent or respectable man amongst them, not one scholar, not one philanthropist or enlarged or liberal ideas, not one creature deserving the name of man, or capable of looking you honestly in the face. The Orange cry is bad enough in itself, but to have it bellowed forth by such a pack of ragamuffins as these, is an aggravation beyond all human endurance. However, like the false Prophet of Baal, they have now nearly bawled themselves hoarse, and their asinine ears are stunned with the reverberating echoes. They have done their best and their worst. They have "grinned horribly" with their bristling teeth, but no one has been bitten. They have wasted all their ammunition, and no one has been killed or wounded. The blind violence of their attempted sting, has eviscerated these Tory wasps. Their stock of abuse is exhausted; all their gall and venom have been poured forth, and their bilious bigotry has oozed itself out through the fetid columns of their "base, and brutal Press; and behold now they lie panting, breathless and exhausted. Their elongated, frothy tongues are sticking out of their drunken throats like those of so many crushed serpents. Was ever retribution more just? Was ever punishment more deserved? or humiliation more profound?

We have rendered an important service to the whole community in unmasking those Tory Merry-Andrews, and shewing beneath their painted smiles all the ferocious lineaments of the Arch-deceiver. The Savages raised the Orange war-whoop, and attacked their Catholic brethren without the smallest provocation. They did so, not for any love of religion, or religious truth, but from sordid political motives. They made an experiment on the honest people of Nova Scotia, and its failure has been signally disgraceful. The vast majority of the people in this Province have not responded to the vile Tory cry. They knew the vagabonds too well to be deceived, and they were all so too well acquainted with their friendly, social, and warm-hearted Catholic neighbours.

Had they confined themselves to purely political warfare, word this Journal would as yet have noticed their contemptible ma-