

for her Indian commerce? What right has England to condemn twenty thousand Chinese and Malays in Singapore to political serfdom in order to maintain an entrepot for our Eastern commerce? What right has England to keep her other Chinese and Eastern stations, the island of Mauritius with its hundred thousand French and Negroes, the Cape with its Dutch Boers, and lastly, Ireland with its six million of Celts, who all either hate her rule or are governed under martial law, are either "condemned to political serfdom" or to a forced obedience which they think worse than any serfdom, political, agrarian, or domestic?

What right, indeed? These gentlemen can see no right except in the Al mighty Dollar, or in some power which they can call their own. A right to maintain unwilling serfs for the making of money, they understand and practise and applaud. But a right to maintain a strong Government over a congeries of men who are not fit for any other Government, for the mere spiritual service of the greater part of Christendom—that is a thing which, not being measurable with gold, they cannot understand and can never be brought to recognize.

Truly, our English Liberals are a miraculous class of men.—*Tablet*

STALEYBRIDGE.—On Sunday last the annual celebration of the opening of the above church took place. High Mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock in the morning by the Rev. Mr. Furlong, of Huddersfield; and a sermon was preached by Father Ignatius, of the Order of the Passionists, formerly the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer. The preacher, after referring briefly but feelingly to the direct purpose of the celebration namely, to aid the wants of the mission generally and the schools in particular, commenced an interesting argument for promoting his peculiar object—the conversion of England to the one true Faith, for which he pleaded for the prayers of all sorts of sincere Christians, particularly of the Irish people. His discourse was full of anecdote, interest, and piety, and was listened to with profound attention.—*Corp of Tablet*.

A curious circumstance occurred on Monday before the Correctional Tribunal. A very old man, name Palgois, half paralysed, having been charged with mendicancy, a decently-dressed, modest-looking young girl stepped forward, said he was her father, and requested that he should be given up to her. "But has the old man any means of existence?" said the President. "The proceeds of my labour, Sir," answered the girl. "But you must earn very little." "Pardon, Sir, I am very active, and by beginning to work early and leaving off late I can manage. Is it not so, mother?" she added, turning to her old mother, who was also present. The president paid a high compliment to the girl, who only responded by a deep blush; and she joyfully took her father by the hand to lead him away. The public prosecutor then rose, and asked the old man if he were not from Baune, in the department of the Cote d'Or, and related to some large farmers? Having been answered in the affirmative, he stated that the Prefect of police had forwarded a letter from the mayor of Baune, announcing that a rich relative of the old man had just died, and left him all his fortune. "You see, mademoiselle," said the President to the young workwoman, "that heaven has already recompensed the filial love of which you have given so striking proof."—*Galiganani*.

A lady in mourning, who seemed to belong to the higher classes of society, arrived on the morning of the 19th (October) at Soperza. She was accompanied by a footman in mourning. She requested to see the tombs of the Kings of the House of Savoy. On being introduced into the vaults, this lady proceeded to the tomb of Charles Albert, where, after some instants of fervent prayer, she fainted. It was the mother of Charles Albert, who had come to pray at the tomb of her son. When she recovered she was conveyed back to Moncalieri, where the Royal Family, not knowing the cause of her absence, had suffered great uneasiness on her account.—*Turin Paper*.

Monsignor Laureani, librarian of the Vatican, died lately at Rome, aged seventy-six. He had distinguished himself during the revolutionary troubles in protecting the literary treasures entrusted to his charge, and had personally spent a large portion of his fortune in creating a museum of old monuments of Christianity.

## ROME.

THE POPE AT PORTICI.—We read in the *Osservatore Romano* of the 24th ult.:—"The Pope, since he has been at Portici, has not had a moment's leisure. From seven till ten o'clock every evening, Pius IX., after returning from his visits to the monasteries and religious establishments, receives from a dozen to twenty families. Everybody desires to kiss the feet of the Holy Father. Mgr. Medici, Master of the Ceremonies to his Holiness, is the person charged to deliver the tickets of admission to the Pontiff. 'My dear little children, cari figlioli mi, such is the Holy Father's kind and paternal expression to those who come to see him. At a table, on which stands a crucifix, they make their genuflections before reaching the Pope. The hall of reception is covered with a large carpet. At the third genuflection, which is made at the feet of the Holy Father, he slightly raises his foot, and they kiss the cross embroidered on his shoe. The Pope then raises the person who is doing homage, and gives him his hand to kiss. His Holiness always asks if the whole family is before him, and if the answer is that one of them is absent, he again raises his hand, and blesses the absent member. The Pope rarely speaks of politics, but often of the hospitality and piety of Ferdinand II.

## REMEMBER THE DEAD.

Among a number of subjects which have been crowded out we cannot omit one or two that find their importance in events of the present week. We had wished to have excited the devotion of Catholics who have not thought of it to the importance of the Octave beginning on Friday. It is the octave in which all Catholics are exhorted by the Church to pray for the poor souls in Purgatory. Is it not a touching thought that there are so many dear spouses of the Redeemer, and so many ransomed from eternal fire by His Blood, who are yet languishing in the prison-house of temporary expiation, while their friends yet on earth either unkindly forget them, or by a false and misguided charity take it for granted that all the dross and assulements of the earth, and of a worldly life, have been purged away in a few days or a few weeks? Who has taught the Americans that their souls are too refined to be touched deeply by the purgatorial fire? Or that their recording Angels are too polite to require of them payment to the uttermost farthing of the many debts, of which the guilt, but not the temporal punishment, was remitted so many times in the confessional? As an American and a layman we feel free to ask why it is, that while we can shine so admirably in the romance, and the sentiment, and the compliments of Catholicity, we allow persons of foreign birth who come among us, to out-do us in the plain and practical duties which constrain Catholics to glorify God, not by words nor by pretence, but in a multitude of alms for the living and for the departed; and in zeal to help forward every good work by the little offerings, both of prayers and of money, which at the same time swell the treasury of the Church by their multitude and humble the giver by their insignificance? Why does the Catholic of foreign birth have twenty Masses said for the repose of his dead, and the American who lives in a better house, and eats daintier food, and is better clad, contents himself with a single Mass or two for those he has lost? We fear this American delicacy finds hard times in purgatory! We have reason to believe that God will inspire others to pray for those departed souls who, while in life, are especially mindful of the souls in Purgatory. But if we be careless in the discharge of this duty who do we think will teach those that come after us to pray for us when we go hence?

We had also alluded to public rumors of distinguished and numerous approaching conversions to the faith, which have not assumed as yet a determinate form, but nevertheless create a call upon the charitable prayers of the pious. May we ask of all the servants of Mary to unite their prayers in behalf of those who are now groping around the doors of the Church, that God may grant to them, through her intercession, light and courage to see the narrow gate and to enter into it. Next Sunday evening is the time when the Confraternities of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are to assemble to pray for the conversion of sinners. It is too much to ask of all good Catholics to unite, in intention or in presence, with

the Confraternities that will assemble then, and to ask greater graces for those that are halting between two opinions.—*N. York Freeman*.

## Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 5.

GENTLEMEN,

We have a little more to say about Chatham, accordingly we shall devote to it the first leaf of this sheet. To show you what a love the inhabitants of that Parish have for their Clergy, I must inform you that at the suggestion of the parish priests they went last winter in a body to the woods, cut the timber, hauled it immediately to the town, hewed a frame of two stories high, fifty by forty feet, raised it, and boarded and shingled it in the short space of six weeks. This idea was to have a place for Education and Temperance. When we got there, the building was painted and plaistered and nearly paid for. Before we left, more than a sufficient sum was raised to liquidate the debt,—and I must not neglect to tell you by what means it was raised. You have often heard of a tea party, I ween—'tis a Yankee notion—well that was the way they gathered the money. We had the satisfaction of being present at the 'scene.' The hall was fitted up in prime style. Badges and banners and boughs were hanging round in great profusion. Various mottoes and devices decorated the walls. There, was Father Mathew, large as himself—there, were St. Andrew and St. Patrick, like to life—there, too, was the portrait of a drunkard, most impressively painted, whirling his stick, amidst broken dishes and spoons, upsetting the table with all its contents, and looking, as to hat and coat, &c., most wofully beneath the gentleman. Then in one end of the hall there was a platform for the "Quality" of which exquisites there were many, Protestant and Catholic,—in the other there was a like elevation for the 'Brass Band' which by the way, did honour to themselves and the party. As for tables 'twould not be easy to give their numbers—as for dainties

"'Twould appear

That all the fruits of all the year,

In mingled spoil were gathered here."

As for people there were more than seven hundred of all sorts sizes and shades—and finally as for speeches we had them "good, bad and indifferent." Oh! the jawbreakers!—Now we shall tell you about the church at Nelson. One very fine evening we drove up to this locality, and having been introduced to the clergyman there stationed, were most politely shown by him into the chapel. It is of equal dimensions with that of Chatham, sixty by forty. We liked it far better. It has none of those frowning, clouding galleries, but it has such as are exactly to our taste. They are neat and of the proper size. It has all the appearance of comfort. A stove stand at each corner of the interior, with pipes extending all round. The Pews are handsome. The altar has a very fine appearance. The crucifixion is most exquisite. Standing at the entrance of the building and looking at the picture you would almost swear 'twas an actual man. We gazed at it and gazed again, and felt as though we saw the reality. We were then shown a chalice and ostensorium, which were no less than magnificent. We only saw their equal with the Bishop of Halifax.

The glebe house at Nelson is large and comfortable and the glebe lot is extensive. It did not appear to us that the parish, at least what we saw of it, was very rich; hence we concluded that the people are a zealous, a religious people, otherwise such property and such materials could not have been secured. This, however, is peculiar to New Brunswick. On looking into the order of churches it will be seen that this Province, though all its districts has the

full appearance of a place where missions are the organization of centuries. We happened to meet an acquaintance on our journey—one who belonged not to the Diocese—and upon this identical point he had concluded even as ourselves. He assured us of the fact.

When we had satisfied our curiosity at Nelson we wandered our way to Bartibogue. The church of this place is fifty five by forty four. It is a pretty structure. The spire or tower is after the fashion of your St. Mary's Cathedral. The scene around is a most sequestered one. The placid Miramichi flows by it in all its laughing sunshine. The birds of the neighbouring woods make happy melody. The sunny grave-yard looks serenely mournful. We thought as we stood fixed upon the prospect that our bones should rest softly there. We were shown the house where for nine years our Bishop dwelt previous to his consecration. It must have been at that time a solitary place. But the solitude was often broken and seldom long continued because the mission of which that was the centre was as large as a Diocese. His Lordship will not easily forget Bartibogue, and we believe that he is just as fond of Chatham. Dear Miramichi! adieu.

We have but two places more of which we intend to speak particularly. The first of these will be St. Andrews—the last St. Stephens. Oh for the "pen of Garrick, or Dryden that's of greater fame" to do justice to the former. We have not a high idea of our powers of description,—therefore we shall not molest our readers with a lame attempt. We will say, however, that St. Andrews is laid out after the fashion of Philadelphia. One would think while walking the streets that the planners of the town had pretty accurate notions of right angled triangles and straight lines. It is built upon a peninsula similar to Halifax. The fresh salt breeze plays continually over it, and the sun-lit sea surrounding it gives it a warm and joyous appearance. If pale brow, like our own, would wish healthful fanning, here is the spot to indulge in that luxury. If some living beings, like some we know, would cling a little longer to another day, let them come and enjoy the lovely walks in and about St. Andrews. If the lover of the sea-bath, would seek for pure waters and gravelly bottom, this is the place of accommodation. If pleasant views wherever you turn, and freedom within hail, are the things that poets love, then here is the place where our bard should dwell. If finally the wooer of peace, and calm and sweet meditation, go roving in vain over land and sea, for the pleasure of their souls, let them come here and not be disappointed; this is the scene to bestow them all. But what about the Church! 'Tis well established. St. Andrews is rather an old parish. For the solemnity of worship there is nothing wanting. There are lots of all kinds of vestments. There are two fine chalices, a ciborium, an ostensorium, censer, silver candlesticks, &c. &c. It has an excellent bell and a very good choir. The building is fifty five by thirty. It is painted white and has an elegant and highly finished spire. The site is the most desirable in the town. Around the church high balm of gilead and willow trees lift up their graceful boughs and make in summer a most witching, and delightful whispering through the windows. The grave yard adjoins the chapel and it is also ornamented with similar trees. It attracts the eyes of all strangers—none ever passed it without pronouncing it one of the most charming scenes they ever beheld. The glebe house is opposite the church and is worthy of the surrounding location. It is a spacious well finished structure—it has a barn and woodhouses all complete and immediately in front there is a splendid garden, the admiration of all eyes. The people of St. Andrews are a zealous, respectable and religious body. They have the best notions of order and accordingly they have every thing in good system. The younger portion of the community have been well instructed in their religion. They are,