

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 52.

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

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 25, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- DECEMBER 26—Sunday—Vacat St Stephen 1st Martyr Doub II cl with Oct.
27—Monday—S. John Apost and Evang Doub II cl with Oct.
28—Tuesday—Holy Innocents MM Doub II cl.
29—Wednesday—S. Thomas of Canterbury B. M. Semid.
30—Thursday—As in the Sunday within the Oct Semid.
31—Friday—S. Sylvester P. C. Doub.
JANUARY 1—Saturday—Circumcision of our Lord Doub II cl Holiday of obligation.

MOVEMENTS OF BISHOP HUGHES.

The intelligence that Bishop Hughes was to preach in the hall of the House of Representatives, in accordance with the written invitation of members of Congress, of both houses and all parties, had been spread far and wide on Friday and Saturday, and engrossed a large share of public attention throughout the city of Washington and the surrounding regions. Various circumstances conspired to give more than usual interest to the occasion. The celebrity of the Right Rev Divine—the character of the invitation which had been addressed to him—the novelty of the appearance in that pulpit of a bishop of the Catholic church—curiosity as to the theme that would be chosen by the preacher—these and other considerations, tended to invest the appearance of Bishop Hughes on this theatre, with a considerable degree of interest. Politicians for a moment seemed to forget the results of the last caucus—the bearded heroes returned from the war, paused in their modest narratives of perilous adven-

tures on the bloody field—office-beggars no longer tormented the souls of Congressmen before their time—the ladies devoutly prayed for fine weather on the morrow—and all Washington yielded itself to the delicious frenzy of a new and strange excitement.

The morning of the Sabbath was dark and gloomy. Heavy showers of rain swept the valley of the Potomac. The Avenue was one vast puddle, and the Canal threatened an inundation.

But despite of the fog, and the mud, and the drizzling rain, an unusual stir was apparent in the streets as soon as the sonorous bells of the numerous churches began to pour forth their summons to the houses of prayer. Crowds of persons of both sexes, and all ages, were wending their way to the capital. The "West End" sent forth its carriages, from the ricketty coach of a faded Virginian family, to the bran new equipage of a thriving official, all full of devotion and millinery, prayer-books and perfumery; whilst every side street poured forth its scores of plebeian pedestrians.

The hall of the House of Representatives was excessively crowded. Beautiful creatures, with the brightest eyes and the gayest feathers, occupied the seats of the members, whilst the lobbies and galleries were crammed with vulgar male human beings. Many ladies, indeed, were obliged to remain standing, so great was the throng. Here a grave senator was glad to avail himself of the humble seat afforded by the steps to the chair of the Speaker. There a Judge of the Supreme Court sanctified the obscure seat of a poor letter writer. Members of foreign legations fared no better than ordinary creatures, and submitted with the best grace in the world, to the elbows of the irreverent crowd.—