

CONVERSIONS

Bristol.—Died, on January 10, in his eighty-first year, at his residence, No 2, Nelson-place, near Bristol, the Hon John Sanderson, who, during a period of thirteen years, occupied the judicial bench as Chief Justice, and held the rank of President of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council in the Island of Grenada.—Mr Sanderson was not only distinguished by the extent of his legal knowledge, but was likewise remarkable for his general literary attainments. No Judge ever discharged the duties of his official capacity with a deeper sense of their solemn responsibility, and no man ever conciliated a wider circle of friends by his many public and private virtues. For the last thirty years his mind had been constantly and earnestly engaged in the investigation of religious truth, and some time previous to his death he embraced the tenets of the Roman Catholic Faith.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*—The Missionary Chapel at Brunswick-place, under the spiritual charge of the Very Rev. Dr. Crews, has become a place of great resort to the Protestants of Bath, notwithstanding the strong puritanical spirit there. A great number of conversions have been the result of his untiring exertions, as the chapel, which was very small and has been enlarged as much as possible, is filled to overflowing three times every Sunday, besides the early morning Mass. Among the many calls for Catholic charity and fervour in the cause of the Faith, the extension of this mission is one which would perhaps realise and repay the exertions which are made in its behalf better than any other, if ample scope were afforded by means of a church suitable to the importance of the place, where it is melancholy to range the city, and vainly to seek for any building rearing its cross in sign of Catholicism, as if the spirit of that Faith were not known or appreciated in its precincts. The number of converts at Brunswick Chapel has been twenty, and among them are to be mentioned, as the most recent, Mr Sanderson, whose obituary is copied from the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette, Miss Eliza Sanderson, second daughter of the deceased gentleman, and Miss Broadhead, sister of Sir Theodore Broadhead.

The *Voix de la Verite* has published a correspondence from Rome, under date 12th January, from which we (*Univers*) take the following details:—The parish Priests who read at the pronouncement of the parish Mass the protestation of the Holy Father, have run the risk of falling beneath the dagger; but having received timely intimation, they hid themselves. The evil people, full of rage at not finding in particular the venerable parish Priest of Saint Cletus, contented themselves with laying waste the humble habitation of that old man of eighty years. The protestation of the Holy Father was affixed to the gate of the four grand basilicas—at Saint John of Lateran—*omnium ecclesiarum mater et origo mater et caput*—then at Saint Peter's of the Vatican—at Saint Paul's (outside the walls), and at Saint Mary Major's. Then, Sterbini having taken away those protestations that had been placed up, and M Massari, Parish Priest of Saint Mary Major, having immediately faced up others in their place, Sterbini sent Ciceruacchio, with some others of his emissaries, to the House of the worthy Clergyman. On seeing him they loaded him with injuries and with furious menaces—one of them was about striking the pious Ecclesiastic, when he, seeing the blow coming, cried out—'Yes, wretch, strike and spill also my blood—death does not affright me but I fear the judgements of God.' The force and energy with which the Abbate Massari pronounced these words seemed to disarm the sanguinary men, who retired, breaking here and there certain glasses and other matters belonging to the presbytery. They then ran towards the gate of the basilic, but seeing there a company of the Civic Guard of the arrondissement of the mountains, who, of their own accord went thither to see that the protestations should not be torn down, they ran off in great trepidation. In the evening Ciceruacchio proceeded with his banditti to the house of Messrs. Canalli, Latin Patriarch of Constantinople and Vicegerent of Rome.—Not having found him, he said to the servant of the venerable Prelate, 'Tell your master that if he does not fear down the proclamations of excommunication which he has sent to the Parish Priests, we shall return and tear them down ourselves.' Sterbini proceeded to the house of Monsignor Canalli to enjoin on him to give an order to dispose to the Minister of the Interior

the silver ornaments and the valuable articles of the churches in Rome. 'How,' exclaimed the Vicegerent, 'me to give an order according to your injunction! Me to serve your projects!—Me to become your accomplice! But, wretch, how come you to sully my dwelling with your propositions!' Sterbini, offended with this language, and above all at hearing himself spoken to in the second person singular (*tu*), said, 'But know that you speak to a Minister, and that I have the title of Excellency.' Theo—Excellence!' replied the old man,—'theo, *vigliante*, thou art an unlawful minister, who profitest by the place you hold to increase thy own by despoiling others, and in wishing to despoil for thy profit also the house of God! Go—that title can alone belong to thee in hell, of which no doubt you are a devoted minister.' It is a long time since Monsignor Canalli has been called the Bishop without fear and without reproach. Seated in his large leather arm-chair, loaded with infirmities, he has lost, nevertheless, nothing of his moral dignity and force. Yesterday it was judged prudent to surround his palace with some Carabineers, who were charged with the duty of repelling every visit made by Ciceruacchio and his adepts. The venerable old man could not stir from his house to take refuge in the dwelling of any of his friends—he repeats that he fears nothing. They have left him in ignorance of the presence of the guard of Carabineers. The son of Ciceruacchio (worse perhaps than his father) presented himself on Monday evening with some other brigands at the printing office of the *Giornale Romano* (which can no more appear, thanks to the liberty they enjoy in Rome)—proceeding to the office he threw himself on a young man who was there, and putting his dagger to his throat demanded of him all the copies of the excommunication. The poor young man yielded to his demand, gave him all the copies he could find, which the fellow carried away with him together with the form on which they were composed for the purpose of printing the protestation. The young man who was in the office at the time became very unwell and is sick since * * * After the order had been given of the Holy Father for public prayers to implore the mercy of the Almighty for the Pontifical states—on this occasion they exposed at St Peter's the wood of the true cross and the veil of St Veronica. Behold! they could no longer, scarcely trace the countenance of our Lord Jesus Christ on the veil: on the third day of the exposition the veil coloured of itself, and the figure of our Lord showed itself as in life, amidst a sweet and pleasing light. The Canons who were present watching the sacred relic were struck with astonishment, the Clergy of the Basilica were likewise filled with wonder; the people repaired with vast haste to the spot—a most inexpressible expression on every countenance, many wept, and all were struck with the miracle. A Notary Apostolic was called, and a precis of the facts was sent to the Holy Father to Gaeta. For many days nothing was spoken of in Rome but this astonishing miracle. [We have to thank a correspondent, who has kindly forwarded to us an extract from a private letter from Rome, relating the above miracle to the same effect.—ED. TAB.]

The *Tempe* of Naples has the following from Rome:—'The assassin of Count Rossini has been poisoned at Perugia, by the same hand which counted out to him 12,000 crowns as the price of blood. This was done in order to get rid of a wretch whose revelations might have unmasked those who placed the poniard in his hands. The death of the murderer of M^r. Palma, the Latin Secretary to his Holiness, is also stated. This unhappy man, in the midst of the most agonising pains, and the deepest remorse, had the good fortune at last to hear the succouring voice of religion, and to expire in the arms of one of those pious men whose abode he violated in order to commit his atrocious and sacrilegious crime. All the details are related here, but in whispers, for all are afraid of the *stirri* who form the only power of our rulers. The Roman revolution, inaugurated by the poniard, places its sole reliance in the poniard, and every one knows that a single word may involve a sentence of death.'

GAETA.—The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa of the 22d quotes a letter from Greta of the 11th, announcing that the Holy Father is seriously indisposed. The *Rivista Indipendente* of Florence of the 16th, states that 1,500 Spaniards have landed at Naples.

ITALY—ROME.

THE ROMAN ELECTIONS.—A letter in the *Journal des Debats* gives the following analysis of the recent elective meeting at Rome:—"Of the voters, three thousand belong to the regular troops of the garrison, about as many to the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux*, one thousand to foreigners of all nations who have come to help the Roman revolutionaries, besides which there is no kind of intimidation which has not been resorted to, in order to bring about even this result; visits of ministers to the different administrations, threats of deprivation to *employes*, proscription lists against those who refuse, written or verbal summonses, votes collected at the bedsides of sick people in the hospitals without any sort of control, many individuals have voted several times over, both in the same and in different electoral colleges, amongst these many had none of the required conditions either of age or legal capacity, in short the whole proceedings have been characterised throughout by fraud and trickery.

The *Voix de la Verite* gives the following picture of the affair,—'Towards noon, the entry of the electoral hall was nearly deserted, and the partisans of the Constituent Assembly complained of the black and retrograde indifference of the Romans. The Romans, however, did not move, even at the cries of "Down with the priests!—Down with the Obscurantists!" However a rumour began to spread that those in the employ of the Government must vote, on pain of losing their work. Then a certain number of voters approached the ballot boxes. At seven o'clock in the evening, a few miserable cabs, accompanied by civic guards, bearing links and preceded by drums and trumpets, traversed the deserted streets of Rome; some one who asked what this convoy meant, was answered, "It is not a funeral, Sir, they are taking the votes of the day to the capitol." The square of the capitol was entirely empty, but was soon half-filled by emissaries of Sterbini, who followed the last cab with Ciceruacchio, and kept screaming at the top of their voice, "Death to Pio Nono! Death to the Cardinals! Death to the Priests! Death to the Friars!" These gentry received ten *pauls* a piece for their work. On the examination of the ballot-cards next day, it was discovered that a great number of them were blank, or marked with rows of cyphers. Many were inscribed with the name of *Pio Nono*—*Pius sanctissimus*, St Peter, Father Roothan, General of the Jesuits, the Seven Commissioners appointed by the Pope, &c., &c. On the whole it appears that the third part only of the electors have voted at all.

The rebel Ministers are making good use of their time. Mamiani has deposited 100,000 Roman *scudi* at an English banker's. But the other day, he had not 500 in his coffers. The Ministry only pay in paper, but refuse to receive anything but coin.

IRISH CRIME AND ENGLISH MORALITY.

But whilst Ireland is thus poor and punished, what is the moral state of the model kingdom? A writer in the *Times*, of Friday, gives us a fair insight into this part of the subject. His letter amounts to a couple of columns, in which he brings together a series of facts connected with the crime of murder, coolly and calculatingly perpetrated, generally in connection with burial clubs. Let us take a few of those dreadful poisonings and infanticides. The mother of three children, named Pimst, the youngest only ten months old, poisons them all with arsenic, for the fees to be derived from a burial society. At York, we have a monster, named John Redda, pouring a spoonful of sulphuric acid down the throat of his helpless infant, one year old. The human wretch said "he did not care about it, for he should have £2 10s., as it was on dead list! He said he had another that would have the same when it died, and two others that would have £5 a piece." We have then a Mary Ann Milner who poisoned with arsenic, her mother-in-law, sister-in-law, niece, and father-in-law! The motive was the same. We have next Mary May and Anne Mather. These belonged to a systematised gang of wretches whose object was the murders of their husbands and children, for the sake of fees. The Essex poisonings are too late and too notorious to be forgotten.

A report on the sanitary condition of Preston, by the Rev. T. Clay, contains more revelations of a social state of horror which is scarcely imaginable. The conduct of mothers to their offspring is unparalleled in the records of human

brutishness. Dead children are the circulating medium in this location of abominations. They transmute the bones of infants into coins for the tax-gatherer, and put off the collector until the gasping infant shall be a fit subject for a coffin and a foe. A young mother says to a lady, who offered to send her own medical friend to her sick child "oh never mind ma'am, its in two burial clubs!" Hired nurses speculate on the lives of children committed to their charge. Illegitimate children form a source of incredible gains.

In Dr. Lyon Playfair's report on the sanitary condition of large towns, he states of Manchester that, amongst the deaths of the poor, 60 to 65 are of infants under 5 years of age. One man had his child entered in 10 clubs; and to show that poverty occasioned not this fearful mass of crime, the deaths were highest when higher wages prevailed.

It should be understood that we have only, in this notice, called attention to a particular and distinct class of crime. The usual number of murders, robberies, burglaries, and all unnaturalnesses, continue to defile the land.

Moral and Christian England!
Poor Law'd Ireland!—*Cork Examiner.*

POPE PIUS IX.

Our readers (says the *Ami de la Religion*) will recollect the touching present made to Pius IX. by the Bishop of Valence, of the ciborium which the illustrious Pius VI. constantly carried about with him in his exile. The delivery of this precious relic did not take place till Nov. 22, at the moment when the Holy Father was prisoner in the Quirinal, when the august captive took it as a sign from Heaven, and determined on quitting Rome. We subjoin the letter which the Bishop of Valence wrote to the Holy Father; and the answer of his Holiness.

Valence, Oct. 15th, 1848.

"Most Holy Father—During the wanderings of his exile in France, and especially at Valence where he died, and where his heart is buried, the great Pope Pius VI. always carried the Most Holy Sacrament suspended on his neck, or on that of one of the domestic Prelates, who accompanied him in his carriage. From that august Sacrament, he drew a light for his guidance, a strength for his sufferings, a consolation for his sorrows, in waiting for the time when he was to find in it the Viaticum for his eternity."

"I am the possessor, by certain and authentic transmission, of the little pix or vessel, which served for so religious, so touching and memorable a purpose; I venture to offer it to your Holiness. Heir of the name, of the See, of the virtues, the courage, and almost of the tribulations of the great Pius VI., you will perhaps attach some value to this modest but interesting relic, which, I sincerely trust, will no more receive the same destination. Still, who knows the designs of God in the trials which His Providence is dispensing to your Holiness. I pray for you with love and faith.

"I leave the pix in the little silken bag which contained it, and which was used by Pius VI.; it is precisely in the same state, in which it was when it was worn on the neck of the immortal Pontiff.

"I retain a precious recollection and a profound gratitude for the favours of your Holiness, at the time of my visit to Rome, last year.—Dign to add thereto your Apostolic Benediction; I await it, prostrated at your feet.

PETER, Bishop of Valence."

The following was the answer of his Holiness, written throughout by the Pope's own hand:

"My Lord Bishop—The purposes of God, of which you spoke to us in the letter which accompanied the precious object which you have sent us, and which recalls to us the memory of Pius VI., have been accomplished in our person. In our short journey from Rome to Gaeta, where we are temporarily sojourning, we made use of the little pix, and we felt much consolation and strength, in placing the most Holy Host upon our neck. Receive our thanks, and the assurance of our resignation to the will of the Lord. We join to this our Apostolic Benediction, which we give you with all our heart.

Pius IX., Pope."

"Given at Gaeta, Dec 26th, 1848."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

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