

My intension, however, is not to follow the writer through the various subjects which he has touched upon, or to defend Presbyterians, or any other Protestant Denomination, who may have been guilty of "insult" to Catholics or their Creed,—they have, perhaps, received nothing more than they deserve. Nor, Sir, shall I allude to the disgusting epithets* lavished upon the characters and doctrines of Knox and Calvin, further than to say, that equally with the argument wished to be drawn from the present state of morals in Geneva, they are unworthy of notice. I desire to "protest respectfully" against these attacks being levelled at Presbyterians indiscriminately, and to correct a mistake made by the writer of the article in question, and announced to the public as a "damning fact." He says "The Guardian is the Presbyterian organ." The writer in the Cross ought to have known that there are three distinct Presbyterian Bodies in Nova Scotia, and I beg to inform him that the Guardian reflects the sentiments of but one of them. That paper may, for aught I know, even "proclaim their opinions on the most sacred usages, and the most holy institutions" in the Roman Catholic Church, but that it is the organ of the Presbyterians in the Province, or in the City, I positively deny. Let it not be supposed then, that the Denomination, generally, are to be held responsible for all that appears in the columns of the Guardian, or that they will tolerate abuse because the conductors of that Journal have offered insult to the Catholics through its columns, or because Free Church Ministers have attacked them from the Pulpit. As well might it be urged that if a Baptist or a Methodist were to commit sacrilege, all Baptists and Methodists were involved in the crime. I admit that the writer in the Cross has had cause of complaint, for I have heard some of those to whom he makes reference, indulge in violent declamation from the pulpit, and have both rebuked and warned them of the consequence. At the same time, I think it only fair that a distinction should be drawn between the innocent and the guilty.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A PRESBYTERIAN.

Halifax, February 17, 1847.

* Disgusting certainly, but most true.—Edrs.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CROSS.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank ye kindly for prenting my last letther, tho I may say I hardly new it meself, it was so inglifed in your papur. Youre sorry I did not complait my eddakation, but tho my spellin is a little aukard, I know whats what for all that. If it did not make any differ to ye I de be glad youd give my kummewnications just as I sind them. The graudees may turn up their noses at my homelee talk, but theres many a plane man in Halifax, like meself, who will aisily undherstand me. In regard to skoolin too, I got as much as my poore pairesnts cud afford, and the masther alwaysed I was a cliver hand at the pin. Ime tould all the daicent Prospetairians in town were quiet vext wid that nasty Gardian, and that their was a reglar grinnin match betwixt them and one of the Edithurs who is a grate hand at that akomplishmint. This ould cangeroo, tho his nales are cut, is very fond of showin his paus, and his teethe allso, tho the craithure has not the laist bite in him. Ime glad he got it, for squeezin out his durty blurag on his poor neibors. Sarve him rite. Do gentlemiu thrash the biggutree out of him and the likes of him, and the wont attack our holy riligion agen, I hav a stone in my sleeve for a few more of them,

if the dont let us aloan. So my illusthous nams ike (I wont say contreeman), Misther Power has de- nide in the House he was the writher of my last letthur. Deed he mite saive himself the truble, as no one wid an i in his hed wud ever suspect him of such a thing. Heed be ascerd of the Picktoo boys on his way home, tho if he had sence, they wud respect him more for resintin any insult ofurd to poor ould Ireland or the Church of Room of which I thrust he is not an onworthy mumber. I sumtimes think he cant be of the rale ould stock of the Powers at all at all, Howsoevur if the boys of Antignish are plazed wid him, 'evury one to his fancy' as the ould woman sed when she Kist her P—.

Sure I never thought I de get into the collums of the Times, yet I see my name in black and white there this weak. Ime thinkin he'll ru the day he kem out agen the Cathalicks. He ses I rote him a letther by the Meal. He never tould a bigger lie in his life, tho he'd tell as many as would tatch a hairs-tack. But I must cut this short as I jist heerd that L. O. C. Doil has a grate scrimmidge in the House with one of the Aisthern Mimbers whose as black as twelve at night agen us pour Cathalicks. I must run over to see the fun, as I wudnd loose it for the world. Maybe I cud give ye a grafflick seetch nex week.— So I remane, Gentlemiu, Yrs obaygingintly,

P. POWER.

We have gratified our humourous correspondent this week by allowing him to tell his own story after his own fashion.— Perhaps our readers will be as well pleased. We can fully corroborate what he states in reference to the silly conjecture of the Times. If the treacherous system *Si vis cognoscere verum, finge falsum*, he resorted to by the Times, we can pay it back, not in its own coin, but by confirmation "strong as proofs from Holy writ" at least with regard to some of its most bitter articles. But the Times and its associates would deny us even the privilege of the worm.

As our Correspondent has alluded to a Catholic Member of the Assembly, we feel bound to say that Mr. Power openly avows his sentiments in the House on public questions, and generally has the courage to vote according to his expressed opinions. This he has an undoubted right to do, and we must abstain from giving any opinion on the merits of his political career.—(Edrs.)

✂ List of Subscriptions for St. Patrick's Church in our next.

We learn from Rome that the Prince Royal of Bavaria had a long interview with the Pope on the 28th ult. His Royal Highness was received with the most flattering marks of distinction.

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