

Gloria Patri was not introduced into the Divine Office, and when the Psalm *Judica*, Judge me, O God, &c. was not said at the Altar, but recited in the Vestry by the Priest as a part of the preparation for the Holy Sacrifice.

Passion Sunday.

The fifth Sunday of Lent is so called, because on this day the Church begins to commemorate in a particular manner the Passion of our Saviour. Hence she omits the *Gloria Patri* in the responses and Invitatories of the Office and the *Introit* and *Lavabo* at Mass. Passion, as well as Palm Sunday, enjoys the rite of the First Class.

In the Churches of Rheims, Sens, and Chalons-sur-Saone, Red Vestments are used during the Passion time, to represent Christ's blood, shed at this holy season. Gracolas says that the Church of Paris used Black Vestments. But according to the Roman custom, the Mass is celebrated in Violet, as being more suited to the mournful office of this period.

In some Churches a more humble and submissive tone is used in chanting during the Passion-tide.

According to its ancient Missal, a very curious custom prevailed in the Church of Rouen on Passion Sunday. The Rubric prescribed that before the Communion, the Priest, holding the Body of our Lord in his hand, should sing with a soft modulation of the voice, *Hoc Corpus quod pro vobis traditur*, (This Body which shall be delivered for you,) and that the Choir should repeat the same words, the Priest meantime receiving the Body of our Lord. After which, slightly elevating in the Chalice, he should sing the following: *He colix novi testamenti est in sanguine, dicit Dominus* (This is the Chalice of the New Testament in my Blood, saith the Lord). The Choir was to repeat the same, and in the interim the Priest received the Blood of Christ, and after the ablution of his fingers he was to recite as the Communion, *Hoc facite*, &c. (This do as often as you shall take it in memory of me.)

The whole of the above sentences, form what is called the *Communion* for Passion Sunday in the Roman Missal. Some other Churches observed the same rite as Rouen; amongst which were the Abbey Church of Jumieges.

On the Monday in Passion Week, the following devout *Tract*, was appointed to be said in some old Missals, and continued every day until Spy Wednesday:

Per signum Crucis de inimicis nostris libera nos
Dons noster.
Per signum Crucis dimitte delicta cuncta.
Per quam redemisti mundum cruore fuso.
Defende nos Domine contra sævæ jaculæ inimicorum die ac nocte.

By the sign of the Cross, from our enemies deliver us, our God. By the sign of the Cross forgive us all our sins. By him through the effusion of whose blood thou didst redeem the world, defend us, O Lord, against the cruel darts of our enemies, both day and night.

On Friday in Passion Week, is kept the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the B. Virgin. This Festival was established in a Provincial Synod, by Theodoric, Bishop of Cologne, in 1413, to confound the impiety of the Hussites, who insulted the Sacred Images of the Dolorous Virgin. From thence it passed into various other Churches by permission of the Holy See, and into the Religious Orders likewise, the foremost of whom in celebrating it were the Carthusians. Benedict XIII. extended it to the whole Church, by a Decree, *Urban et Orbis*, on the 22d of August, 1727. The Prose *Stabat mater dolorosa*, read in the Mass of the day, is ascribed to the celebrated Pope Innocent III.

The title of Seven Dolours is taken, according to some, from the Seven principal founders of the *Servites*, or the Order of Servants of Mary, who were employed in mediating on her various sufferings. According to Italian engravings, which seem to be in some manner corroborated by portions of the Office, the Dolours are numbered as follows:

- I. The prophecy of Simeon in the Temple to the B. Virgin. The sword of grief shall pierce thy soul.
- II. The Flight into Egypt.
- III. The loss of Jesus in Jerusalem.
- IV. Jesus falling under the Cross.
- V. The Crucifixion.
- VI. The taking down from the Cross.
- VII. The burial of Christ.

THE NEWS BY THE PACKET.

The Canada arrived on Thursday night, bringing most important intelligence. A great battle has been fought in India, and though Lord Gough claims the victory, it is admitted that the Sikhs

kept possession of the field, massacred the wounded British Soldiers the night after the Battle, and carried off some of their guns. Upwards of 3000 British were killed or wounded, amongst whom were a large proportion of Officers. This is the most disastrous intelligence that has come from India for many a day. The defeats of Cabonj and the Punjab will do much towards destroying the prestige of British superiority through the whole Indian peninsula. A new Commander in Chief has been ordered out, but before he can arrive something very decisive will take place, one way or other. This important news will have a powerful effect on all the relations of Great Britain. Cobden's financial reform scheme will go to the dogs, vast changes of troops will take place, the Nation will get as sick of the Whigs as they seem to be of Lord Gough, and we would not be surprised if poor Ireland herself should begin to experience a little coaxing, or *John Bull Blarney*, from what is so facetiously termed the *Sister Kingdom*. To add to England's troubles, Russia has announced her determination to force a passage for her fleet through the Dardanelles. If the Russian Eagle be once planted on the minarets of Santa Sophia, Egypt and the Overland route to India will soon be under the holy guardianship of Nicholas, the French perhaps sharing in the spoils of the disjoining Ottoman Empire. Russia too is interfering in the North of Europe in favour of Austria, and the latter power will no doubt very shortly exhibit her gratitude to England for Lord Palmerston's valuable services in her Lombardo Venetian Kingdom. We are glad to think that Palmerston will have enough of business on his hands without meddling with Russia for some time to come. The cries of the murdered famished Irish have pierced the skies. The blood of the tens of thousands who were starved in their own fine land, who were choked to death in fetid slugs, who were engulfed in the remorseless waters of the broad Atlantic, who festered and rotted to death in Grosso Isle, and Partridge Island, and innumerable other parts of America—their blood, we say, has cried and still rings in the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth against their savage, ruthless, inhuman destroyers. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay. We could as soon think of doubting God's existence as refuse to believe that He will punish England for her multiplied cruelties in Ireland. The blood of a Nation is on her guilty head, and terrible indeed will be the expiation a God of Justice will require.—Whenever we hear of any English calamity, at home or abroad, we think we also hear on the passing gale the voice of the murdered Irish.

We are glad to be able, even for once, to extract something from the New York Nation, which seems to be mending its ways. Here it is, on St. Patrick's Day:—

"WHY WE CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

"The Christianization of the nations of Europe is the noblest record of virtuous suffering and holy heroism. Rome was mistress of the world, and Paganism of the world's mind, when the mystery of our Redemption was enacted in Judea, as God foretold through his prophets.

"On the hill of Calvary, the day of the crucifixion, a new banner was reared—the banner of the Cross. For now nearly two thousand years it has been borne in the procession of the generations. All earthly banners have been lowered before it—Cæsar's, Attila's, Mahomed's, Charlemagne's, have fallen—but the Cross remains, perched on a million towers, ruling one-third of the sons of earth. Many stars have risen and brightened, faded and sunk, but the Star of Bethlehem has never set,—it flings its light beyond the circle of the sun itself.

"Under God, through the instrumentality of great men, this change has been achieved.—These men are called 'the Apostles of Nations.' Of these, some loom up in gigantic dimensions through the grey morning of history. The figure of Saint Paul stands among the symbols of Paganism, like the very fire pillar of the new Exodus. Follow him in his journeys, and admire his devotion. From Jerusalem to Malta there was no shore he left untouched, no city unvisited. What dangers and temptations he underwent at Antioch, at Lyria, at Ephesus, at Athens! What an ordeal he bore at Rome—the centre of the system of which he was the destroyer! What true heroism there is in all

his actions—what noble devotion in all his words!

"All nations honor their apostles and are learned in their history. When a people forget their apostles, you may date their ruin, as a people, from that hour. Therefore, it is we, Irishmen, celebrate this 17th of March—the festival of our nation—the anniversary of its Apostle's death.

"The Apostle of Ireland was one of the most successful, as he was one of the chief, of the early missionaries of Christianity.

"Born in a Roman province in Britain, carried a slave to Ireland, bred up a swineherd, a student at forty years old, he yet outrooted the most subtle and attractive of all the systems of Paganism, and closed his eyes upon a people almost entirely Christianized through his means.

"The Druids worshipped the elements, either as Gods or symbols of Gods. Arching oaks of ancient forests made their natural cathedrals.—Fire, the sun, and the spring-wells, were peculiar objects of their veneration. It is doubtful whether they sacrificed human lives or not.—their dress was white; their ceremonies were sealed by the sacred oath—'by the stars, and the sea, and the four winds of heaven.' Their rites were traditional; they gave the human as well as the divine law. They exercised a despotic power over both their people and princes.

"For this solitary, arbitrary, and powerful paganism, Saint Patrick and his disciples substituted, in the 5th century after Christ, the beautiful, holy, and immaculate religion of the Redeemer. They did not at once eradicate Druidism, which retreated into holes and corners, and made its dwellings in darkness, for ages afterwards. In Corcomroe, in Connought, there were unbelievers even in the middle ages. But the great bulk of the nation became Christianized, and we, their descendants, have inherited our faith and our morals, through them from Saint Patrick. A vulgar, British prejudice has associated the name of Patrick with folly and ignorance. It was a title of honour (Patricius) among the Romans, and should be the favorite name in every Irishman's calendar.

"We do confess, we like to see this day celebrated by Irishmen, wherever they are. In India, in Polynesia, all through America, it should be kept sacred by us. The sense of having even one day in the year on which, by a common impulse, all our widely scattered race can give themselves up to national thoughts, refined and elevated by a religious sense of duty, is a bond of sympathy and strength we cannot afford to give up.

"If not celebrated in this wise spirit, better it should pass by unheeded. To make it the occasion for uproarious excess, lawdry sentiment, is worse than to forget it. In Curran's Priory, and in the tents of the Brigade, it was worthily celebrated in former years; and, if we cannot imitate their example, it were better not to shame it. Wit and mirth there may, and must be—for an Irishman will jest in the *melée* of battle or with his foot on the last rung of the ladder that leads him out to death—but this day, sacred to the memories of our dead and defeated patriots—dedicated by a home-loving people to the memory of home, should be carefully preserved from ribaldry, and discord, and the least exhibition of intemperance. In kindness, in thoughtfulness, and with a firm trust in Providence and our own exertions, let us keep it, and teach it to be kept hereafter by our children."—Nation.

CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Of the character of Pastors in the Established Church, Mr. Noel says,—"I grieve to write it. There are men among them of great virtues to whom I gladly do homage. I know and love many faithful, energetic, and sincere servants of Christ; but when these exceptions are subtracted what are the rest? I grieve to write it.—Chosen by peers and squires, by colleges and church corporations, by chancellors and State-made prelates, many are made pastors by a corrupt favoritism, many are allured to an uncongenial employment by the income which it offers them, and many embrace the profession of a pastor because they are too dull, inert, or timid for any other. They have scarcely any theological training; they are pledged to all the errors in the Prayer book, and all the abuses sanctioned by the Union. They dread reforms, they are servile to patrons, they are intolerant to Dissenters; their zeal is crippled by State restrictions, and their indolence tempted by unbounded liberty to indulge it. Severed from the body of

the people by their birth, by their early education, by their college life, by their aristocratical association, by their zeal for their ecclesiastical privileges, they have little popular influence.—Lawyers, men of science, and editors of newspapers, do not listen to them; Chartists and Socialists dislike and despise them; they scarcely touch the operative millions; they make few converts among the devotees of fashion; and under their leadership the Christian army is inert, timid, and unsuccessful."

ATTACKS ON PRIVATE PROPERTY.

For some time past our columns bore, unfortunately, ample testimony, by the reports of numerous robberies in our city and neighbourhood, of the fearful demoralization now so prevalent among the poorer classes, in most instances from want of the ordinary necessities to support existence. This melancholy change in the social condition of the people has led to a very general assault upon private property, and even to sacrilegious acts in houses of Divine worship, which, until lately, was a crime rarely committed in Ireland. It, however, frequently happens that attacks on private property, one of which we notice to day as having been committed at the stores of Messrs Cole and Prosser, are perpetrated by persons not driven by distress to such violations of the law, and to such we trust the rigour of justice will be dealt with no unsparing hand. For the unfortunate creatures, with large families, who are barely existing on the miserable pittance doled out of them by the relieving officer, when driven to snatch a loaf of bread or purloin a few turnips, there may be some commiseration, but for the other class alluded to there can be no difference of opinion in awarding to them the utmost severity of the law.—Wexford Paper.

[The new palace of the Bishop of Manchester, according to the *Daily News*, quoted in *Jerrold's Weekly News*, bids fair to cost £20,000.]

A prelate, thus pictured, would seem to have sat

For him at whose gate the poor Lazarus lay.

To bask in the sunshine and feed on the fat Of the earth. Oh, can this be the heavenward way?

"Love not the world, nor the things in the world."

The Scripture enjoins; but our souls over-seers

Proclaim by their practice, in luxury furl'd

'Tis a precept more binding on paupers than peers!

O Paul! O Apostles! who toiled for "a crown

Of glory." 'midst poverty, peril, and pain,

On your palaced successors, if now ye look down,

Seem ye not to have lived, so translated, in vain?

PROFANE SWEARING.—Washington was proceeding with several of his officers, when one of them uttered an oath. He instantly dropped his knife and fork, and in a deep tone, with characteristic dignity and earnestness, said, "I thought we all regarded ourselves as gentlemen!"

Wednesday night last the parish church of Cahirciveen was entered by a vagrant, his wife, and children, by breaking the glass and sash of the chancel window. The alarm having been given, the police repaired to the Church in which they found the wretches with fire lighted on the communion table, part of which was burned!

Government have called upon the various sheriffs in Ireland for a return of all evictions that have taken place, during the past year, under writs of Habere.

Emigration from Waterford is weekly increasing. Over 300 went thence to Liverpool on Friday for America, which was considered a small number compared with the former weeks.

Farmers are generally engaged sowing potatoes in the counties of Limerick and Clare, to the great surprise of the country gentlemen, who did not conceive that such a quantity was reserved for seed.