

imprisonment. The Duc de Praslin, peer of France, and chamberlain of her Royal Highness the Duchess of G. leans, put an end to his life by poison, after having perpetrated the most odious crimes. The Prince d'Éckmühl, another peer of France, a friend from his youth of the House of Orleans, escaped the consequence of atrocious crimes only by obvious insanity. Coust de Bresson, the able diplomatist, who negotiated the Spanish marriages, and was afterwards appointed ambassador to Naples and peer of France, committed suicide at the moment when his success astonished Europe. Madame Adelaide
 —Dr. Taylor's House of Orleans.

THE ARMY.—Major-General the Hon. Charles Gore has taken the command of the forces in Upper Canada in the room of Major-General Rowan, appointed to command the troops in the province, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General.

Captain Hervey, of the 34th regiment, has joined at Waterford, and taken over the charge and payment of the out and local pensioners of that district from Capt. Massy, 85th Light Infantry, who has been doing the duty by the authority of the Secretary at War, since the death of the late Captain Derinzy. Lieutenant Harvey succeeds to a company in the 34th by the appointment of Captain Hervey to the Waterford staff.

NAPLES, SEPTEMBER 8.—The great event of the day—I might say of the year—is now passing off in the most auspicious manner. I allude to the festival of the *Pie de Grotte*, at which the Royal Family have for more than a century punctually attended, with the exception of last year, when Ferdinand did not choose to appear.

September 10.

The festival began about noon on the 8th, when the King, Queen, and the various members of the Royal Family appeared on a balcony in the front of the Palace that faces the Piazza San Francisco. The greatest part of the square had been abandoned to the people, and happy crowds in their Sunday clothes were seen passing through it, and thence exploring the whole of the road to the grotto, where the ceremony was to end. The prospect was enhanced by the carriages of the nobility and gentry bearing their owners to the different houses on the *Chiga*, *Cotamone*, and *Santa Luccia*, opened for their reception, and by the joyous groups of *lazzaroni*, who, disdaining all restraint, rushed to and fro, seizing the favourite points of view, occupying the Villa, and climbing up lamp-posts and railings, without regard to the orders of the police. At mid-day precisely a cannon-shot from the Castle of St. Elmo announced that the King had taken up his post, and amid the cheers of the people, the troops began their march from the different streets which *déboûche* on the square. The whole garrison of Naples and the vicinity, dressed in new clothing for the occasion, were present, and from 25,000 to 30,000 men marched in front of the balcony, the King saluting the commanders and colours of each regiment as it passed. I never saw troops better clad, or having a more martial appearance; and so far as a military spectacle went it could scarcely be exceeded, the Grenadiers of the Guard and the Swiss regiments being particularly distinguished. The cavalry, dragoons, hussars, and lancers, both men and horses, were in fine condition; and the artillery, field and mountain pieces, were in an admirable state. The troops, which began to defile at noon, did not finish till 4 o'clock, though the men marched in double-quick time; and at that hour, the whole of the road from the Palace to the Church, about a mile and a half in distance, being lined by troops, the King and Royal family left the balcony, and the procession was formed in the following order:—First came a suite carriage of reserve, empty, drawn by eight splendid English horses; then carriages with two gentlemen of the chamber in one, and two major-domos in the other. Next was seen the state coach, of silver gilt, drawn by eight magnificent blood horses, in which the King and Queen sat. They were followed by the Duke of Calabria, hereditary Prince, by the King's brothers, and the Count de Trappani; the King's uncle, the Prince of Salerno; the second son of the King; the third son; by the two Princesses; by the infant Princess of three years old, and the new born infant, each of whom had a separate carriage for their use and that of the person in attendance. The King's carriage was preceded and fol-

lowed by an escort of Royal Guards, and the procession was closed by a strong force of cavalry. The King was loudly cheered as his carriage left the Castle gates, and on every part at the line from it to the Church of the Madonna it was one universal shout, accompanied by waving of handkerchiefs from the balconies, and screams of delight from the people on seeing the younger branches of the Royal family, particularly the poor little baby, who slept very quietly on its nurse's lap, unconscious of all the honour thus prematurely paid. The second son, a fine lad of about 10 years old, seemed to have been well taught his lesson, for he never ceased to bow his head first on the right hand, then on the left, whilst the *lazzaroni*, delighted with this mark of attention, became vociferous in their applause. The procession was first saluted by the French man-of-war steamer *Vauban*, anchored off the *Santa Luccia*. The firing was then taken up by the Castle of St. Elmo and the *Castello Nuovo*, then by the Neapolitan and Spanish fleets, that lay off the *Chiga* and *Cotamone*, and the *Castello Nuovo* continued to fire minute guns during the whole time the procession lasted. In every part of the town the reception was still the same, and the Monarch had as much right to be pleased with the manner in which he was welcomed in the noble palaces that line the *Chiga* as from the humble shed of the *lazzaroni*, who are all Royalists to a man. On every side he was received with "vivas" and waving of white handkerchiefs, and by the respectful salutations of the noble Neapolitan dames who crowded the windows of their beautiful mansions.

The whole road lies along the Bay of Naples, and you may judge what a splendid effect was produced under a bright Italian sun, in such a locality, by a Royal procession and the army of 25,000 infantry, cavalry, and artillery, clad in new uniforms, and arranged, in the trite, but in this instance true, expression, "the pride and pomp of war." What pageant in the streets of a crowded town can, under the most favourable circumstances resemble this? Or how can my rude language express the sensation inspired by so glorious an exhibition composed of the magnificent palaces filled with living grace and beauty on the one side, and the Bay of Naples, like a lake of gold, bounded by the silver Palace Portici, and the magical shores down to *Castella Mara*, with *Vesuvius* casting its dark shadow over the sea, on the other, whilst the centre is filled by the many-coloured uniforms of the troops, and the whole animated by the moving procession of the King and the numerous carriages of his suite? I should not omit the proud accession of the French, Spanish, and Neapolitan ships of war, dressed out in their gayest colours, the thunder of their cannon, as well as that of the *Castel St. Elmo*, on the mountain overlooking the city, and of the *Castello Nuovo*, at the seaside. Never, indeed, have I seen anything so sublime, and long will the pageant of the 8th of September, 1849, live in my recollection.

The Archbishop and clergy, with all the magnificence of the Church, received the Royal family at the principal entrance, and accompanied them to the steps of the altar. There the King and the Queen and the suite knelt down, and the Benediction of the Sacrament was given, after which a *Te Deum* was sung, and the religious ceremony, which lasted only a quarter of an hour, was thus concluded. The King then returned to his carriage, and the procession came back in the same order, Royal salutes being again fired from the batteries and the ships, and the cheers of the people being even more hearty than in the morning. The *lazzaroni*, as usual, insisted on their rights, and it was not a little amusing, in a place where Spanish etiquette strictly guides the Royal family, to see some hundreds of these happy *sans culottes* running alongside the carriage, dancing and cheering like madmen, and defying all the efforts of the troops to displace them. The King and the Queen appeared delighted with their reception. They bowed at every moment to the people, and never failed to recognize the numerous persons of the Court and of society who were in balconies or windows. It was nearly 6 o'clock when the King returned to the Palace, and nearly 10 at night before the troops had left the streets and regained their several quarters.

It was expected that the Pope would have appeared on this occasion by the King's side and given his benediction to the troops; but it appears that etiquette did not allow the presence of the Pontiff either in the Palace or at the Church. The defect, however, was supplied yesterday morning, and detachments, from all the garrison, about 15,000 in number, were drawn up in the square before the Palace to receive the benediction of the head of the

ligion. At 12 o'clock the Pope, in one of the state-carriages, and escorted by the Royal dragoons, arrived from Portici, and quickly made his appearance in an open balcony of the Palace, attended by the King and every member of the family. The whole of the troops then knelt down, and the Supreme Pontiff, with that pious grace that distinguishes all his actions, raised his hands to Heaven, and gave the solemn benediction. The effect was grand and sublime, and, however some may mock at these ceremonies, nothing could, in my opinion, be more impressive and truly Christianlike than to see the head of the Roman Catholic faith calling down the Divine benediction on the brave men kneeling before the Almighty and their pastor, who they believe His interpreter on earth. I am of the faith of my forefathers, and you will allow me, I am sure, to express these feelings as carefully as I am not to say a word against the opinion of others who have been brought up in a different persuasion, and who may perhaps mistake the design and intention of such ceremonies. In these days unfortunately, it is not against what you may call "Roman Catholic superstition" we have to guard, but against the infidelity and impiety that follow the too sudden relaxation from religious fetters, and involve the ruin of all moral and social institutions.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

FOR THE CROSS.

LAYS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

The Martyrdom of the Seven Brothers, and St. Felicitas their Mother.

The Matron stood, her sons beside, nor feared the Prefect's ire,
 And throbbed her heart, and glowed her soul with hallowed Christian fire:
 "Think not, Tyrant, blandishments or bribes can e'er entice,
 Or threats, or tortures force us to thy gods to sacrifice;
 For, strengthened by the spirit of the True God we adore,
 Our homage is for Him alone—Your idols we abhor!"

The Pagan frowned and knit his brow—fire sparkled in his eyes—
 "Deluded woman! dost thou thus thy life—thy all, despise?
 Thy sons, thy offsprings dear, wilt thou compel me to destroy?
 "My sons," she said, "with Christ shall live in everlasting joy,
 If faithful to that only Lord!—but if they bend a knee
 To thy false gods, their souls in flames must burn eternally!"

Again upon the morrow to the Prefect they are led,
 And hoped he still to see them swerve, and thus again he said:
 "Felicitas, thy sons at length, oh pity!—Noble, young,
 "They yet may rise to honors high, their deeds, in song be sung;
 "Blast not their hopes thus premature!—give not such flowers to blight!
 "Spare, spare the buds to open and bloom on glory's proudest height!"

"Name not such cruel pity. Thinkest thou my heart could be
 "The hardest, worst of mothers' hearts?—My sons! my sons! will ye
 "List to the sympathy of hell?—Behold yon heaven of light,
 "There shines THE LAMP that makes the hosts of Saints and Angels bright!
 "Your Jesus!—Go! HE waits ye there!—Shrink not from scourge or fire!
 "Go, live with Him who deemed for you, in tortures to expire!"

Enthusiastic flushed each cheek, and glowed each youthful heart,
 With holy fire, with strong desire to act a martyr's part.
 And the Pagan frowned with wrath as thus the Matron had repeated;
 And with contumely and blows, the noble woman's treated!

Again the youths he summoned; and, each separately addressing,
 He urged them still to sacrifice, entreating now—now pressing;
 But nought could move them;—firm they stood, despite the tempter's wiles;
 And brave defied the threats of Power, and fortune's luring smiles.

The eldest youth, being first addressed, thus firmly answer made:
 "ONE ONLY God there is: to Him our homage shall be paid.
 "In vain exhaust thy cruelty—in vain each art employ,
 "Our faith, our hope in Jesus is!—Our souls thou'lt not destroy!"
 And now the Prefect frowned with rage, like a

The martyr first is cruelly scourged, then into prison thrown.
 The next being called, like answer made—'the same cruel treatment' is given:
 And thus the rest,—till smarting, writhing, all are closed in prison!

'Tis morn,—the sun in splendour shines on Rome's imperial towers
 But into the Martyrs' gloomy cell no cheering ray he pours.
 What list they?—H! behold their joy!—They see the heavenly choir
 Descending bright, their path to light, fresh courage to inspire!

Lo! See the "PATRICK OF MARTYRS" with resplendent Crown of Thorns;
 In his hand the Imperial Standard—brilliant Cross—is borne!
 Beside Him, see, the "MARTYRS' QUEEN!"—behold, the Purple Train,
 Who fought their way o'er fields of blood to Heaven's eternal reign!

On either side, with Crowns of gold, the Apostles—glorious shine—
 The Prophets and Evangelists in radiant light divine!
 And other Champions of the Faith—the Fathers, Doctors sage,
 And Confessors, who firm withstood fierce persecution's rage,

Behind their QUEEN, the Vestal Train, arrayed in virgin white,
 Who vowed unto THE LAMB their love, fidelity,—pure, bright!
 And then the Patriarchal line—Sires, Matrons, aged, hoary,
 Who trained in Virtue's radiant paths bright heirs for heavenly glory!

And Angels glorious—Cherubim and Seraphim surrounding!
 And music sweet, enrapturing, in joyous peals resounding!
 Celestial sight! They've come for you, O faithful band!—rejoice:
 With glowing ear, your Jesus hear! as thus in ravished voice—

"Well done ye good and faithful servants; since you've faithful been,
 "Come, be exalted on my right in glory, bright serene!
 "My yoke is sweet, my burden light—then haste your Crowns to gain!
 "Who will not bear his Cross with me—with me shall never reign!"

That day the Brothers forth were led;—their looks were firm and calm;
 With joyful hearts they met their doom—and won the martyr's palm!

* ("The Seven Brothers were the sons of Felicitas, a noble pious Christian widow in Rome, who brought them up in the most perfect sentiments and practice of heroic virtue. By the public and edifying example of this lady and her whole family, many idolaters were moved to renounce the worship of their false gods, and to embrace the faith of Christ; and Christians themselves were encouraged by so illustrious a pattern, openly to profess their religion. This roused the spleen of the heathen priests who complained to the emperor that the boldness with which Felicitas publicly practised the Christian religion drew many from the worship of the immortal Gods who were the guardians and protectors of the city and empire, and that in order to appease them for this insult, it was necessary to make Felicitas and her children, offer sacrifice to them. The emperor gave orders to Publius, the prefect of Rome, to see that the Gods be satisfied and appeased in this matter. Publius caused the mother and her sons to be apprehended and brought before him. When this was done he took Felicitas aside, and used the strongest inducements to bring her to sacrifice to the Gods in order that he might not be obliged to proceed to severity against her and her sons; but she returned him this answer. "Do not think to frighten me by threats or to win me by fair speeches. The Spirit of God within me will not suffer me to be overcome by Satan, and will make me victorious over all your assaults." Publius said in a great rage, "Unhappy woman, it is possible you should think death so desirable as not to permit even your children to live, but force me to destroy them by the most cruel tortments." "My children," she said, "will live eternally with Christ if they are faithful to him; but must expect eternal death if they sacrifice to idols." The next day the prefect sitting in the square of Mars before his temple, sent for Felicitas and her sons, and addressing his speech to her, said, "Take pity on your children, Felicitas; they are in the bloom of youth and may aspire to the greatest honors and preferments." The holy mother answered, "your pity is really impious and the compassion to which you exhort me would make me the most cruel of mothers." Then turning to her children, she said to them, "My Children look up to heaven where Jesus Christ, with his saints, expects you. Be faithful in his love and fight courageously for your souls."—Extracted from Alban Butler.

HALIFAX, N. S.
 ERRATUM.—In Marriage list, June 7th, Patrick O'Connor, should have been printed Patrick O'Connell.