

DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

During the truce for three years with which King Edward's first invasion of Scotland was concluded, Robert Bruce, the King of that country, who was now becoming an old man, was attacked by so severe an illness, that he plainly saw his end was approaching. The good monarch, therefore, summoned together all the chiefs and barons in whom he most confided, and after having told them that he should never get the better of his sickness, commended them, upon their honor and loyalty, to preserve faithfully and entire the kingdom of Scotland for his son David, to crown him king when he should be of proper age, and marry him with a lady suitable to his station. After this he called to him the gallant Lord James Douglas, and in the presence of others addressed him thus: "My dear friend Lord James Douglas, you know that I had much to do during life to support the rights of my crown, at the times I was not most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me great uneasiness. I vowed that, if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ; to this point my heart has always yearned; but I have so much to do, and this late expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart in the stead of my body to fulfil my vow. Now, as I know no Knight so gallant and enterprising as yourself, or better suited to complete my intentions, I beg and entreat you, my dear and especial friend, to undertake the expedition for me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour. I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it it cannot fail of success, and I shall be contented. It must be executed, however, in the following manner:—As soon as I am dead you will take my heart from my body and have it well embalmed, you will also take from my treasury as much money as shall appear necessary to enable you to perform the journey; you will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre, where our Lord was buried. You will not be sparing of expense, but provide yourself with such company, and such things as may be suitable to your rank, and wherever you pass you will let it be known that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which, at his command you are carrying beyond seas, since his body cannot go thither."

All who were present wept bitterly, and when the Lord James could speak, he said:—"Gallant and noble King, I return you a thousand thanks for the honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you would entrust me. Most willingly will I do all you command me, however I may feel myself unworthy of such high distinction."

The King replied, "Gallant Knight, I thank you, you promise it me then?"

"Certainly, Sir, most willingly," answered the Knight, who then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

The King said, "Thanks be to God, for I shall now die in peace, since I am assured that the most valiant and accomplished Knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I am unable to do for myself."

Soon after this, on the 7th of November, 1337, the valiant Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, departed this life. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline.—*Frasart.*

VARIORUM VIEWS.

(From Punch.)

The Bishop of Rochester stated in the House of Lords, that "in one district of his diocese 103 clergymen assembled, all having different views." Imagine a meeting of 103 persons, and every one of them differing! Conciliation Hall would be a Paradise to it! We wonder which view out of the three was the correct one? We should not like to have been the arbitrator to decide. It would be no joke to argue with, or to hear the arguments of, 103 persons. It is difficult enough to convince one person that he is in the wrong, but when it comes to a hundred—Oh dear!

We have to apologise for delaying so long to announce the conversion of Mrs. Mirart, the lady of Mr. Mirart, of Lower Brook-street. After some search we have not been able to find the original communication.—*Tablet.*

THE NEW YEAR—1848.

The Year of Grace, 1847, is just drawn to a close, the Year of Grace, 1848, has this morning dawned. This is one of those terms which are to be found down wide and deep in the idioms of our truly Catholic speech, such as remain in none other that we know. While it expresses clearly whence we derive, since the stream of grace began to flow on man from Redemption, it seems to remind us that each year is a term of grace allowed to us, public and personal, an instalment of blessings, a period, perhaps, of forbearance, a further stretch of mercy. One more year of Grace, then, is past for ever.

But it does not become us to dwell on the more searching thoughts suggested by the moment. We leave them to the public preacher and the silent monitor in the breast. Nor do we wish even to dwell upon the past and gone, our eyes turn to the brighter future—another Year of Grace is before us. We hail it with sincere emotion. We welcome it with cheerful hearts—nav, with almost childish glee! Here it comes, with its gay calendar of festivals, illuminated by their own radiance, page by page. Come again, Apostle and Martyr, noble Confessor and white-clad Virgin, to brighten the days of our new stage in the sorrowful pilgrimage, come and tell us over again—for we tire not with hearing it—your wondrous tale of grace and love; speak to us once more of your struggles and your crowns, of your sack-cloths and your glories, of your contempt from earth, and your rapturous visions from Heaven. Abide with us, each on your own day, your birthday, kept in this your loving family, praying with us, and especially warding off the day's disasters—a venerable patron, yet a most familiar friend.

And rare, indeed, is the monthly page, if there be one, on whose margin does not appear a more brilliant spot, a costlier illustration, as of lilies intertwined with thornless roses, to mark a day sacred to the Queen of purity and love. How we look forward to each returning, with its own virtue to recommend, and with its own special pleading for mercy, presenting to us the same august and holy Lady, ascending now the steps of the Temple, and now the steep of Calvary, now fleeing to Egypt on an humble ass, now flying to Heaven, upheld by angels' wings; an infant herself just born; a mother but now delivered—the only one who might ever adore her child; a Queen now crowned by that her Son, above earth and Heaven.

But even more awaits us in the golden calendar of the coming year. A bright Epiphany, whose star is already rising above the horizon, calls us now to offer our gifts at the altar. Soon, too, will follow that season of tender sorrow, which the lightest of Christian hearts would not consent to suppress, from the very zest which it imparts to the great Spring festival of the Catholic year, the Easter, with its Alicuius. We will not follow the course of more sacred feasts which succeed to one another, with the luxuriance of the spring and summer flowers, one scarcely dying out through its octave before the other bursts forth in its beauty and glory; closed reluctantly with the triumphal festival of Corpus Christi, at which a new generation of little ones, who last year were jealous of their seniors, shall this year scatter flowers before the Most Holy, or bear the drooping pennants of His banner.

Surely it must be a year of Grace which holds in store for us such rich and holy solemnities, which from beginning to end both commemorates and bestows so many means of grace. Gladly, then, do we hail it, and gratefully do we accept it from the hand that deals to us every other blessing.—*Tablet.*

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP SLATTERY TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

The *Dublin Evening Post* contains the following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel to the Lord-Lieutenant.—

"Thurles, Dec. 26, 1847.

"My Lord—You have been most prompt and vigorous in the exercise of the powers confided to you by the recent Coercion Act of the Legislature. On the 20th instant it received the Royal assent; on the 23d your proclamation was issued to enforce its provisions, and this, of course, from a laudable anxiety for the protection of life and the prevention of crime. Would it not be well if your Excellency's vigilance were directed to another enactment, having also in view, as we were led to believe, the preservation of human life? I allude to the amended poor law for Ireland. This act was passed by the

late Parliament, but it still remains almost a dead letter on the statute book; for thousands of our poor people are famishing, and it is even on record that some have already perished of hunger. Your Excellency has admitted, in your answer to the memorial of the Catholic Bishops, that 'the preservation of human life was the sacred and paramount duty of Government.' Are the lives of the poor alone beyond the pale of that duty, and shall it be always true that in Ireland there is one law for the rich and another for the poor?—I have the honour to remain, my Lord, your very obedient servant,

✠ M. SLATTERY, Archbishop, &c.

"To his Excellency Dr. Hampden, Earl of Clarendon."

The *Morning Chronicle* says:—"We are in a position to positively state that blighted hope and disappointment station are at the bottom of the business. When Dr. Merwether's magnanimously offers the Premier, breaks with the Crown, and 'precludes himself from that which might otherwise have been his lot,' it is simply a case of 'sour grapes.' We are enabled to state distinctly that the Dean of Hereford memorialized the Queen to give him the vacant bishopric—that the Queen referred his suit to the prime Minister—and that the Prime Minister's rejection of the decanal solicitation was what first provoked the late obstreperous expression of self-sacrificing heroism. It is no mere conjecture, but an actual fact, that Dean Mere was a disappointed suitor for promotion before he came out in the character of saint and martyr. Before 'precluding himself from that which might otherwise have been his lot,' he had done his very best to make sure of that particular 'lot' called 'Bishopric of Hereford,' and had most unambiguously discovered that he was 'precluded already. Before resigning for conscience' sake all prospect of royal patronage and mitred honours, the good man had tried very hard for the particular mitre that lay nearest him, and made a bad business of it. What a comfort to a baffled suitor for a bishopric to have 'principle' to fall back upon and to pick holes in the successful candidate's orthodoxy." The *Daily News* further adds:—"We learn that the Dean had actually preached before the Queen Dowager and so charmed her by his orthodoxy, that her Majesty had to, only made him Dean, but actually prevailed upon King William the Fourth, on his death-bed, to beg of Lord Melbourne that he should be a Bishop. We are not in the least surprised at the Dean's indignation to find, not only another cleric put over his head, but a cleric of altogether an opposite school."

Cork.—We have just seen a letter from Rome, dated the 5th Dec., which announces that the Rev. John Mullock, of Adam and Eve Church, Dublin, and formerly attached to the Franciscan establishment in this city, has been appointed by this Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, to the Coadjutor Bishopric of Newfoundland. The right Rev. gentleman will be consecrated at Rome, and proceeds forthwith to his arduous and distant mission.—*Cork Examiner.*

RAPID ACTS OF SHOWMANSHIP.

Last week one of the ecclesiastical showmen, known as the Westminster Abbey Runner, gave biographical, historical, and critical particulars relative to 150 monuments, 4 shrines, 7 chapels, and numerous banners, to twenty-seven persons, in the short space of seventeen minutes and a half, and for the small charge of sixpence, the party included several foreigners, who understood but little English, and none of the language spoken by the Runner. The Runner, on being complimented on the astonishing feat which he had achieved, replied, who the candour which belongs only to great minds, that the same space had been gone over in fifteen minutes, and that he was willing to make a match to perform the distance in a still shorter period.

The Runner can be backed against any showman who is a member of the E. C. (Established Church.)

The Runner has heard a good deal about the the Twopenny Nag, of St. Paul's. If the Nag is game for a good straightforward show, and no favour, the Runner is his man.

N.B.—The Runner beats carpets, and attends parties round the Abbey.—*London Punch.*

Poor Law.—The guardians of Waterford are endeavouring to induce, by the threat of out door relief, the rate-payers to find employment for the poor, on the plan found to work well in other parts, of the proprietor paying one half and the occupier the other.

[From the London Punch].
THE DUKE'S GRAMMAR.

It is with infinite pain that Punch feels called upon to notice the illustrious Wellington's violation of the defences of Landley Murray and Priscian, while rousing the Master General of the Ordnance to the state of our own. The Iron Duke rides down the grammar of our language with the same dazing with which he rode down the old Guard at Waterloo, and amasses sentences now as he then smashed hollow squares.

Our duty to our native tongue has compelled us to review with close scrutiny the last Wellington dispatch. We challenge the illustrious commander for his defence of the following sentence—

"Views of economy of some, and I admit that the high views of national finance of others, induce them to postpone those measures which are absolutely necessary for mere defence and safety under existing circumstances, so getting altogether the common practice of successful armies, in modern times, imposing upon the conquered enormous contributions, as well as other valuable and ornamental property."

We must say that if it be the practice of successful armies "to impose upon the conquered valuable and ornamental property," we, for ourselves, should be very sorry to throw any obstacle in the way of their doing so.

Why was not the Duke's composition submitted to the master of the Formal Military School at Chelsea before its publication? We cannot help feeling that this luxury of expression in the Great Captain is calculated to confirm the lesser captains and subalterns in the reckless style of English composition for they are already too notorious.

THE MORMONITES AT ROCHESTER.

On Sunday three weeks ago, a conference of Mormonites was held in a large room in Carden street—the place where formerly the Socialists used to hold their assemblies. A person from the United States attended, who acted as the moving spirit, and spoke extempore on the tenets of Mormonism for a long space. He then ordained several Priests and Deacons from among the congregation, setting them apart to preach the Mormonite gospel in various localities; and one man named Fletcher he specially appointed to proceed as a missionary to Norwich. His funeral to the afternoon "service," was to inform the "brothers and sisters," that the kettle was boiling, and tea about to be made, and he invited all present to stay and partake; adding that, though there was no compulsion, they might throw into the treasury what they chose, in order to defray the cost of Brother Fletcher's mission to Norwich.—*Worcester Herald.*

Births.

- FEBRUARY 7.—Mrs. Kingston, of a son.
- " 8.—Mrs. Shea, of a son.
- " 8.—Mrs. McCarthy, of a son.
- " 8.—Mrs. Torrey, of a son.
- " 8.—Mrs. Devine, of a son.
- " 8.—Mrs. Rigby, of a son.
- " 9.—Mrs. Sullivan, of a daughter.
- " 11.—Mrs. Sweeney, of a son.
- " 12.—Mrs. Gormon, of a daughter.
- " 12.—Mrs. Jones, of a daughter.
- " 12.—Mrs. Provost, of a daughter.
- " 12.—Mrs. Gilroy, of a daughter.
- " 15.—Mrs. Ryan, of a daughter.
- " 15.—Mrs. Power, of a daughter.
- " 16.—Mrs. Wallard, of a daughter.
- " 16.—Mrs. Johnson, of a daughter.
- " 16.—Mrs. Eustace, of a daughter.

Marrried.

February 11.—Mr. Richard Kennedy to Miss Catherine Croheen. 15.—Mr. John Courtney to Miss Elizabeth Parker.

Died.

On the 4th inst., Mary Mahoney, wife of Michael Mahoney, aged 49 years. She was a native of Crookhaven, County Cork, Ireland.
On Sunday, at Fairbanks's wharf, Mrs. Granville, aged 58 years.
On Monday last, Mr. James Donn, aged 52 years, a native of County Kilkenny, Ireland.
On the 14th inst., Edward, son of John and Mary Moroney, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 16th inst., Mr. John O'Brien, native of Ireland.

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