

against the Catholics. While they were mourning the loss of their relatives stricken down on the right and left by the Cholera, what kind of christian consolation did they meet at the hands of our zealous Protestants? Tell it not in laughter, that instead of dropping a tear over their affliction, Protestant divines lifted up holy hands to the God of the people in the presence of their congregation, and shut up the sympathies of the heart by declaring the Cholera a judgment of the Most High against the Catholics! Unmindful of the fact that the Catholics are made up largely from the rank of the poor unacclimated foreigners, and that those who belong to the principal Protestant sects are independent in means, educated in the best mode of preserving health, and native to the climate—unmindful of these adequate reasons for the difference of fatality amongst them, these learned and eloquent gentlemen declared the finger of God distinctly traced in the Cholera against the Catholics and the poor! No one need be told of this but once to insure a faithful remembrance of the blasphemy. How must it wring the heart of the mourner to be told that his father or mother, sister or brother, wife or child fell in obedience to the judgment of God against their religion? But one of the clergymen who thus consoled the Catholics was immediately called home to heaven by the same dreadful messenger. He was not permitted to preach another sermon—*Non-pareil, Protestant Paper of Cincinnati.*

LONDON.

ST. GEORGE'S.—FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.—St. George's was itself yesterday from five in the morning until nine at night, and all night, with the watch lights in the chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and of our Blessed Lady. The Lamps ever burning in the side chapels speak more than words of the faith one holds. All day these lights are burning, but the sun-stream throughout the day lessens their effect; it is when the shades of evening fall, and through the dark and silent night, that the red lamp tells on the walls of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. There He is: the light and glory and all of St. George—day and night He is there, and day and night the honouring lamp burns before Him—all day long he is there, and all the Faithful at any time may enter the church to adore him: but should no faithful soul be before him—and one cannot be always there—we leave the lamp ever burning, and with it our heart and soul. The silver lamp, crown-like in form, is also ever burning before the altar of the Blessed Virgin; but unlike the red sun light lamp before the altar of her son and Lord: her's is blue, a subdued, borrowed light—not shining, not visible, not honourable, but only in as much as the "great light" casts its glories upon her, and all the effulgence that God could throw on a created being has been poured out on Blessed Mary. Like the moon, her light is pale and soft—it falls here, and it falls there; it falls softly and silently everywhere, and like the moonlight, whether on the snow-heights of mountains, on the sides of the ravine, on rocks, on torrents, lakes, seas, or quiet hamlets, or large cities—the moonlight falls late at night with inexpressible sweetness and silver, and seems to soothe and calm all nature: so is it with the minds and hearts of men, wherever thy sweet, benign influence doth fall. Oh, Blessed Mary! thou night-light of the sky—thou moon in the High Heaven—thou Star of the Sea—thou guide—thou hope, after God, of poor, weak and wicked man! Thou art blessed, and all generations shall call thee blessed; all generations shall call me blessed. Ah! yes. In honour of her Assumption, before approaching the Altar of Sacrifice on which the offering to God was to be made in thanksgiving to His Supreme Majesty for all His gifts, and amongst others and above all others, for having created that Virgin Mother who bore the Redeemer of man, the great and only Mediator of Atonement, Jesus our Lord, a procession of all the assistants at the Mass moved round the church, and a beautiful and grand sight it must have been; for one in the procession ought to see nothing with the eyes of his body. It drives me wild whenever I see the rolling eye and irreverent gait of churchmen in a public procession, as I have seen abroad, and even in Rome. Some of those Monsignors, and others under and above them, wanted a scourge, and they have had it, but it has been a mild and merciful one; let them mind and not bring on themselves a second visitation. The nearer the church, the further from God, the nearer the altar, the further from God, the more in the midst of the Holy of Holies, the more offensive in spiritual faith, unless daring irreverence and presuming familiarity and off-hand kind of way of acting and no thinking

of the ever Divine Presence be constantly and constantly and continually seized by the throat and cast down! There is not a more dangerous situation than a continual living in the holy places and in going amidst holy things it require constant prayer and watchfulness, or one forgets the vengeance that waits for the profane. One who is ever about the altar—every day there, and every hour of the day—may be a Saint, and ought to be a Saint, but the next step is very easy, and will be taken unless there be great humility and much prayer. The church was very beautiful yesterday, the music very fair; but we shall never do without the fair sex. The Doctor preached a twenty-five minutes of common sense—quite enough: I wish all the long-winded preachers were in Heaven, though they don't deserve it, considering how many they keep in purgatory every Sunday they hold forth. The Vespers were given on earth; the chancel glowed with light; the chapel of the Blessed Virgin was exquisite. St. George's is St. George's, and there is no second, that is the truth.

FURTHER THOMAS

P.S. The cholera, thanks to God is cooling down very fast—it is leaving us and going to other parts. I have always been of this opinion, that where a man's duty is there he should remain and trust to God—it is the better way, depend upon it.

ANGLICAN VIEW OF BISHOPS.—"It is universally agreed on, and is indeed a simple matter of self-evident common sense, that Episcopal Charges possess not the least authority in an ecclesiastical sense.... What authority short of this they have—that is to say, what degree of courtesy and deference is to be paid them because they are, expressions of opinions made by Bishops—is a point open to discussion. To say that because (a Bishop) is appointed, we must defer to his dicta, is to trifle with our understanding.... Such a man represents Government, and you think Government wrong; then that man's opinion is no authority to you. 'Oh, but now he is a Bishop and speaks ex cathedra.' We answer, However respectful you may wish to be, you must be rational.... Here are certain opinions the cause; a bishopric the effect. The bishopric does not, in the smallest degree, alter the opinions. They are left just what they were, and you judge of them just as you did. It is intolerable in a rational point of view that (a man) should first receive a dignity because he represents the Government, and then that he must be supposed to represent the Church because he has the dignity. His (the Archbishop of York's) Charge, where it touches upon such points (i.e., the interpretation of doctrine) is substantially the pamphlet of a respectable liberal."—*Guardian* (Aug. 1, 1848). [After all, then, it is true, as we have all along said, that Anglican Bishops are mere Government officers, and that there so-called "consecration" leaves them just as it finds them.]

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

In the contributions of Saturday, not to the relief committee, but to Doctor Spratt, for special allocation, was the munificent sum of £50, accompanied with the following observation:—"From a native of Dublin, who, with true love and loyalty towards the Queen, could not bring himself to illuminate or show any symptom of mock joy whilst his country continues to suffer under bad laws, badly administered, and consequent frightful want."—*Dublin Freeman.*

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

HUNGARY.

The struggle now going on between a large portion of the people of Hungary and the powerful armies of Austria and Russia has engaged the attention not only of Europe, but of the entire world. The enthusiasm which has been excited in favour of the Hungarian cause at both sides of the Atlantic is truly astonishing not only when we consider the very imperfect information which exists on the real state of Hungary, but the general character of the sympathizers and the hopeless nature of the contest. In the first place we have been repeatedly assured that the Austrian frontier is strictly

closed against all English and French travellers, and at the same time we read the minutest accounts of the progress of the war in the Journals of those countries. They do not tell us how the information is derived, as no traveller can obtain a passport for the seat of operations. Their intelligence also is filled with such a marvellous confusions of names, dates, persons and places that it is surprising how many have been deceived by those apocryphal accounts. For many years we have been wont to distrust nearly all the continental news which appeared in the leading English Journals. Whenever national objects or prejudices were in question, they lied deliberately, systematically, and without scruple. They by a series of shameful calumnies blackened the character of every lawful sovereign whom they wished to dethrone, and exaggerated the faults of every Government which they sought to destroy. To form an accurate notion of this foul English trick one should reside for some time in various parts of continental Europe, be an eye witness of daily occurrences, and read a description of them afterwards in the English press. Spain and Portugal have long and deeply suffered from this shameful system, and within the last eighteen months, from Paris to St. Petersburg and from Naples to Copenhagen, no one has escaped from those indefatigable caterers of calumny and invective. We say nothing of English misrepresentation of America, and especially of the United States, though we believe more barefaced impostures were never practised before the world than in the lying, gross caricatures of our noble Republican neighbours by nearly the entire head of English tourists. But during all the recent revolutions in Europe, it is now notorious that England played the same game. She calumniated the King of Naples, she misrepresented the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; she (in conjunction with France) lured the unfortunate King of Sardinia into imminent danger, and then basely left him to perish. Both Radetski and the Archduke Regnier were the victims of her calumnies according as it suited her purpose. She cajoled, and flattered and ruined the ex-King of Bavaria; and when in an evil hour he became the dupe of Lola Montes, the London correspondents appealed to his vanity and pride against the advice of his sincerest friends and most loyal subjects, whom they represented to be the agents of the Jesuits. But when his doom was sealed all his miserable weaknesses were paraded and ridiculed before Europe in the Letters of those very correspondents. They calumniated the late and present Emperor of Austria, and as for the Czar, he who was toadied and idolized a short time ago in London by the corrupt English Aristocracy, is now represented as a monster of cruelty. Hence all the dreadful accounts of the burning of villages, and the massacre of men, women and children in Hungary, and all the lying reports about the Hungarian insurrection. The Sicilians were encouraged by England to rebel against their lawful Sovereign, and were afterwards left to their fate in the presence of an English fleet. The King of Sardinia was encouraged to try his strength with the Austrians in

Lombardy, and when the decisive moment arrived, he was abandoned to his sad fate. The same policy is now pursued with the unfortunate Hungarians. A mock sympathy is got up in England, fiery speeches are delivered, and vast promises made. But, all this inflated bombast will end in a bottle of smoke. The Hungarians may be encouraged by those noisy demonstrations to protract a little longer a hopeless struggle. But when the day of extermination and utter defeat shall arrive, as it assuredly will, they will discover that England was a rotten reed to lean upon, and that her hypocritical sympathy was assumed more for the purpose of embarrassing the other powers, than for any real desire to assist Hungary. England, we repeat, has been playing this game all over Europe, but we are confident she will reap the whirlwind at no distant day. When Russia and Austria will have put down Hungary it is not unlikely that they will direct their particular attention to England as the prime disturber of Europe, and that Lord Palmerston, will be overwhelmed by the numerous difficulties into which his unscrupulous policy has brought him.

EUROPE.

The news by the last steamer is important. Vienna is reduced to the last extremity, and the Hungarian insurrection is at an end. Gorgey about whose pretended victories the newspapers have published so many falsehoods, has surrendered at discretion with 30 or 40,000 troops to the old conqueror of Poland, whilst Kossuth, Bem and the other imbeciles who have brought so many calamities on Hungary, have fled for their lives. In fact that country is now completely subjugated, and its condition is ten times worse than when the revolution began. The columns of this journal for some time past show that we never believed it possible for the Hungarians to succeed against Austria, and that we always predicted the present result. An article printed elsewhere, and which was written several days ago, points in the same direction. The Hungarian bubble has now burst, and the consequences to Europe will, we think, be very serious. We do not envy Lord Palmerston his present mortifying position. Austria and Russia are in the ascendant, Italy is subdued, old Mehemet is dead, the *entente cordiale* with France hangs by a very uncertain tenure, and a new war is threatened in India. Russia we suspect, will soon be very busy in that direction, whilst English influence in Egypt is not so likely to be maintained, as during the life-time of the old murderer of the Mamelukes. What will the stump-orators of N. York say when they hear of the Hungarian surrender? Or what will become of the thousand Hungarians who, it is said, lately sold out their farms in Wisconsin to pay their travelling expenses to Hungary. Really the whole world seem to have been bitten with insanity for the last two years. We have had some very profound dissertations on Hungary in some of our own Papers, but we dare say the Editors will back out now with the greatest ease imaginable, just as the last *Willmer*, forgetting all its previous statements comes out with the coolest assurance in the following manner. "Previous to this abrupt conclusion of the war, it is plain that notwithstanding the gallant defence the Hungarians have made, they have been worsted in almost all the last encounters, and finding the Russian forces altogether overwhelming, as we knew perfectly from the beginning they would be (!) the Austrian Generals have felt compelled to throw themselves upon the mercy of their conquerors." And thus the Hungarian humbug has ended. But, we think the chastisement of England for her complicity in the trou-