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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 31.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, JULY 31, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

- August 1—Sunday—X after Pentecost, 1 of August St. Peter's Chains.  
 2—Monday—St. Stephen, I. P. M.  
 3—Tuesday—Finding of the Body of St. Stephen  
 4—Wednesday—St. Dominick, C.  
 5—Thursday—Dedication of B. V. M.  
 6—Friday—Transfiguration of our Lord.  
 7—Saturday—St. Cajetan, C.

## THE NO POPERY CRY.

"The No Popery Policy—dead, buried, rotten, stinking, and unrevivable—by a sort of magical art is made to exhibit its ghostly and ghastly form in antic dance on two or three political stages."—*Tablet*, 26th June.

This writes the English Catholic organ in an able article on the approaching General Election in that country, and the assertion is fully justified by the present aspect of the political horizon. Thank God, that we have lived to see the day when the No Popery Cry is dead and buried in England. None of the great parties who are struggling for power would venture to raise that cry. It is worse than an old tune, far worse than an old Almanack. It is out of date. The Schoolmaster has overtaken it, and left it far behind. The great Statesmen at all sides, look upon it as a millstone which would assuredly sink any one to whom it may be fastened. Even some of the most violent of our enemies in England have given it up as a hopeless cry. The "awkward squad" including such comical creatures as Roden, and Winchelsea, and Calling Smith, and Inglis, Plumtree, Sibthorpe, &c., are such a ragged set that no one will "march through Coventry with them." Is it not passing strange that while such wholesome transformations are taking place at home, a gang of unprincipled vagabonds should dare to revive the odious cry in this small Province of the empire? The tattered Orange livery which has been hung aside in disgust at the other end of the Atlantic, seems to have been shipped for Nova Scotia, and the beggarly creatures who have put it on, are like so many scarecrows in a Corn field. We could name

a dirty dozen of them here, and a more ill-looking, villainous, ugly set of felons we never beheld. Not one decent or respectable man amongst them, not one scholar, not one philanthropist or enlarged or liberal ideas, not one creature deserving the name of man, or capable of looking you honestly in the face. The Orange cry is bad enough in itself, but to have it bellowed forth by such a pack of ragamuffins as these, is an aggravation beyond all human endurance. However, like the false Prophet of Baal, they have now nearly bawled themselves hoarse, and their asinine ears are stunned with the reverberating echoes. They have done their best and their worst. They have "grinned horribly" with their bristling teeth, but no one has been bitten. They have wasted all their ammunition, and no one has been killed or wounded. The blind violence of their attempted sting, has eviscerated these Tory wasps. Their stock of abuse is exhausted; all their gall and venom have been poured forth, and their bilious bigotry has oozed itself out through the fetid columns of their "base, and brutal Press; and behold now they lie panting, breathless and exhausted. Their elongated, frothy tongues are sticking out of their drunken throats like those of so many crushed serpents. Was ever retribution more just? Was ever punishment more deserved? or humiliation more profound?

We have rendered an important service to the whole community in unmasking those Tory Merry-Andrews, and shewing beneath their painted smiles all the ferocious lineaments of the Arch-deceiver. The Savages raised the Orange war-whoop, and attacked their Catholic brethren without the smallest provocation. They did so, not for any love of religion, or religious truth, but from sordid political motives. They made an experiment on the honest people of Nova Scotia, and its failure has been signally disgraceful. The vast majority of the people in this Province have not responded to the vile Tory cry. They knew the vagabonds too well to be deceived, and they were all so too well acquainted with their friendly, social, and warm-hearted Catholic neighbours.

Had they confined themselves to purely political warfare, word this Journal would as yet have noticed their contemptible ma-

neuvres. Had their attacks proceeded merely from the characterless set of sensual dunces who wrote bad grammar and beastly obscenity for their lying press, we would have suffered the reptiles to perish in their own filthy slime. But there were some big wigs, and big purses, and big impostors behind the scenes, who pulled the wires and moved the Orange puppets. Said big wigs are pretty well convinced, we imagine, at this time of day, of the utter folly and worthlessness of the Anti-Catholic crusade. It has ruined and damaged them for ever. They will feel this more and more every day after the present unnatural excitement shall be over. They have strong misgivings of it even now; and they would willingly retreat from their Orange positions if they could. But it is now too late; the bridge is cut down; the Rubicon is passed. Moreover, the hypocrites could get no one to believe in the sincerity of their repentance now. We know them too well. They may save themselves the trouble, therefore, of expressing their crocodile regret at the occurrence of the past controversy, and the raising of the brutal No Popery shout.

There is not less gall in their black, Tory hearts now than when they began the controversy, and paid the lowest ruffians in the community for their printed abuse of Catholicity. Their principles then are not changed, but their position. If any thing was required to ensure their ignominious defeat, it was assuredly their insane Crusade against Popery. We therefore most cordially congratulate them on the glorious results of this Great Tory Protestant War!

#### IMPARTIALITY OF ASSESSORS.

A Correspondent has written to complain of the partizan character of some of the Assessors at the approaching election. If ever impartiality be required in a public Officer, it surely must be in an Election Assessor. The Sheriff is responsible for the appointments, and for the conduct of his deputies. The responsibility which rests on the shoulders of those gentlemen is an awful one, and on its fulfilment will depend their future character and prospects in this community. The eyes of the whole public will be upon them, and if they discharge their duties faithfully, they must command the respect of both parties.—But if there be any unworthy maneuvering, or undue bias, any unjust preference, any attempt to prevent any bona fide voter from recording his suffrage, any winking at Tory violence, or any connivance at the low cunning of Toryism, then indeed they may expect to sleep on beds of roses for the remainder of their days. All we ask is justice. All we demand is fair play. If there really be a majority of Liberals in the Province let their votes be fairly recorded. If the Tories can beat us by honest votes, let them do so, and let no true Liberal prevent them. We hate low trickery and scheming of all descriptions. We would not for the sake of gaining all the elections in the Province, have one lie told, one fraud perpetrated, one imposition practised, or one crime committed. This is our doctrine, these are our principles. Much as we detest Toryism, we would not purchase its extinction at the cost of one crime against God, or one offence against the Laws of the Land. If the Tories have a majority as they assert, let them honestly convince us of the fact at the hustings, and we will patiently submit to our hard fate, and wait with hope for better times. *But we tell the Tories, and their Officials that we will never submit to be swindled out of our Constitutional rights by any villainy whatsoever.*

#### TORY PROVOCATION.

On dit, that the Tories intend to sport Orange ribbons, flags, &c., at the Election, and to have the "Boyne Water," and other party tunes played through our streets, and all this to provoke a breach of the peace especially with the Irish Catholics. This mad speculation should they attempt it—which we do not much—will end in mortification like all their other un-

holy tricks. The Irish are not such fools as to play the game of their enemies. They will not ruin their own cause in the very moment of victory. They will not play the game of their treacherous and hereditary enemies. We can well afford to laugh for the present at the uncouth antics of any Orange ruffians who shall dare to offer a public insult. At the same time, we can register their names on the tablets of our memory, that we may know how to distinguish in future between our friends and foes. The first law of nature will require this, as a preservative against those unsanctified villains. At the same time, it may be no harm to remind those would be Orangemen, that "discretion is sometimes the better part of valour." We will, of course look to the Mayor and City authorities for the preservation of the peace of the town.

#### DUTCH VILLAGE.

Tuesday next will be a memorable day in this locality. The Church of St. John the Baptist will be blessed, and a Sermon delivered by the Bishop. The grounds belonging to the Church will be thrown open for the accommodation of all who may wish to attend the ceremonies, or take a pleasant country excursion. Every Catholic in Halifax, and the surrounding country will no doubt attend if possible, and prove that he is determined to assist his brethren in their laudable efforts to complete not only a House of Worship but a school which is very much wanted in that neighbourhood. We hope the people of Herring Cove who received such valuable assistance lately from Halifax will not fail to assist their brethren and neighbours at the North West Arm on Tuesday. We give a similar invitation to the Catholics of Hammon's Plains, Ferguson's and Portugal Cove, Ketch Harbour, Prospect and Dartmouth. Those who shall be absent from the festivities of Tuesday may never enjoy a similar opportunity, and we promise them it will be a spectacle that will gladden every Christian heart. The cause of Education, if not that of Religion must surely claim the support of every Christian and Liberal mind. After the religious ceremonies in the morning, Temperance, and Peaceful Recreation will be the Order of the Day. All intoxicating liquors will be strictly prohibited, and the numerous band of Stewards will preserve the strictest regularity, and decorum. The ground is within the reach of every one, both rich and poor; neither steamboats nor vehicles are required, as a very moderate and pleasant walk can bring all classes of our fellow-citizens to the scene.

#### SPLIT VOTES.

The Editors of the Cross are of opinion, that any Catholic who would either split his vote between a Liberal and Tory, or give a Plumper even to a Catholic Member, would disgrace as well as injure his own cause, and would meet the well-merited contempt of both parties, as a knave and hypocrite. Every Liberal both Catholic and Protestant should vote for ALL the Liberal Candidates. Whoever fails to do so, must be set down as a Tory, and despised accordingly.

#### INTENDED PROFANATION OF THE MOST HOLY NAME OF GOD BY THE TORIES.

The Tories are now convinced that their case is hopeless.—All their calculations have failed; all their bubbles have burst. The false representations of their mercenary agents are exposed. The honest people on whose votes they relied, are now laughing at their credulity. The Catholics of the Province are against them to a man, and all the Liberal Protestants have patriotically vowed the annihilation of accursed Toryism in Nova Scotia.—Now, that we are on the eve of the Election, the Tories have not the slightest hopes of success, although they pretend the contrary, for the sake of keeping up appearances, and imposing upon their dupes in the country. If we are to believe a current rumour, they are about to play a desperate and diabolical game for their last stake. Some of the young Tory Lawyerlings have been boasting that one or two of their unprincipled gang will attend at each polling place for the purpose of insulting the Catholic and Protestant Liberals, and profaning the sacred

name of Jehovah by tendering unnecessary oaths. We will put the oath, say they, to every Liberal voter, we will create as much delay as possible, in doing so, and we will thus prevent the greater part of our opponents from voting at all. Is not this a noble christian avowal? Is not this a beautiful specimen of Tory hypocrisy and blasphemy. What says the Divine Law? "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain. Thou shalt swear, as the Lord liveth, in truth and in Justice and in Judgement."

To swear without necessity, or to put an unnecessary oath is to trifle with the Most High, and to blaspheme his holy Name. To administer an oath indiscriminately—to tender it where it is known to be unnecessary,—to sport with the name of God's Majesty merely to create delay, and not to elicit truth—to commit this audacious crime for the purpose of robbing your fellow man of his right—to offer it in outrageous contumely to the Creator, in order, as it were to sanctify injustice through the Pharisical use of his adorable name—this, this is a blasphemous abomination, which none but a genuine Tory could perpetrate or devise. And these are our "Saints," our "small number of the elect," our "brethren in the bonds of the gospel," our defenders of the Truth, "as it is in Jesus," our Tract distributors, our Psalm singers, and our Bible readers! O, the "Brood of Vipers!" Thursday next will shew their respect for the sanctity of an oath, and for the blessed admonition of him who said: "Swear not at all." Thursday will tell how the Tories read their Bible backwards. Thursday will prove that the Tories are capable, not only of profaning God's name, but of selling him altogether, as Judas sold him, for filthy lucre, and base earthly motives. We shall closely watch the Lawyerlings who shall have the insolence to play the game of the Devil at the hustings on Thursday. Our eye will be steadily fixed upon the villains. And we will not only watch, but pray. May the tongue which will blaspheme the awful Name of the Eternal God on that day, by tendering unlawful and unnecessary oaths, be not struck dumb for ever! May the guilty hand which will dare to stretch forth the Gospel of Christ for so horrible a purpose, not fall lifeless to the palsied side of the Traitor who would thus sell our Saviour with a kiss, and dedicate his New Testament of Love to the unhallowed service of the Devil!

#### REVIVAL OF ORANGEISM BY THE TORIES.

The Tories prate about the establishment of an Orange Lodge in Halifax, nay they report that there was one established here on the 12th instant. Let them try the accursed principle of Orangeism if they dare. For the last few days their Journals have been attempting to defend the Orange system. Twelve years ago it received its death blow. After a career of unexampled villaiuy, after having shed rivers of blood the Orangemen at home were suppressed by the Parliament and the Sovereign to the delight of every honest man in the British Empire. Do the Tory Journals here, know anything about the disclosures of Colonel Fairman, and the other awful revelations that were made before a committee of the House of Commons in 1835? Do they know that some of the highest personages in the Empire were implicated in a treasonable Orange conspiracy against the Crown and life of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, and that they escaped the gal-

lows only through the connivance of the timid Whig Government of the day? Do they know that Sir Robert Peel himself in his place in the House called the Irish Orangemen a set of "VAGABONDS," and indignantly disclaimed all connection with this rabble rout of Toryism?

#### THE CHARITY OF TORYISM.

On the 9th of June, 1816, the City of St. John, Newfoundland, was reduced to ashes, and thousands were reduced to beggary. The sympathies of the whole Empire were excited in their behalf, and subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers poured in from every quarter. This sacred fund could not escape the infectious grasp of the Tories. *Thirteen Thousand Pounds*, of the money have been robbed from the poor, to build an Episcopalian English Church, and this in a community where there are very few members of the Church of England. O Toryism where is thy blush?

#### QUOS DEUS VULT PERDERE, PRIUS DEMENTAT

Despair has driven the Tories stark staring mad. They seem to have lost their senses, if they ever had any. To secure their success at the election they began to abuse the Catholic body! The abuse was, of course, all intended to gain Catholic votes! Fearing, however, that the abuse of the lady was not efficient enough, they commenced a wanton crusade against the Bishop and his clergy. Surely, said they, this will be irresistible. Those blind papists are so besotted, that they will take our abuse as a compliment, and the more we kick them, the more the slaves will fawn upon us. Beautiful reasoning, and profound knowledge of human nature!

Their "guts and garbage" Journal has paraded this week—how well timed!—the memorable Letter of the Bishop which was written in July last. This is another proof of Tory wisdom on the eve of the election. Every sentence in that letter is a powerful condemnation of Tory rascality. So because the Bishop was a man of peace, and an avowed enemy to all political excitement especially in the Ministers of religion, the Tories came to the conclusion that they might safely attack both Prelate, Priest, and People! The mean cowards! We have been assured that this very letter was the principal encouragement of the Tories to commence their Anti-Catholic crusade.

The Bishop and his Clergy are peaceable men. Let us therefore attack the Catholics, because we can do so with impunity. We will excite all the sectarian rancour in the country against them, not because we care one farthing about their religion but because they are liberal in politics, and can never be converted to our Tory principles. If their organs attempt a reply we will call on the Bishop and priests to command them to be silent, and if they dont do so, we will attack themselves.

How very shrewdly the Tories have calculated, and what splendid results have crowned their incomparable policy!

#### FEVER HOSPITAL AT MELVILLE ISLAND.

Two Protestants have died at this Hospital and we understand that three more were ill at the commencement of the present week. The Letter of the Rev. Mr. Forbes of Glasgow which we publish to day will shew that Tory Protestantism and impudence are the same in every part of the Globe, and that there are "Criminals" in Glasgow as braggart, and as cowardly as our friend of the Guardian.

ST. MARY'S AND ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

BALFAX, July 27th.

The Quarterly Meeting of the St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Temperance Society adjourned from the 10th of June was held this evening in the Parochial School Room the Rev. E. Dwyer in the chair. The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Patron of the Society was present. There was a tolerably good attendance of members present.

The Secretary having read the minutes of the last meeting and several of the members having paid their Quarterly dues, an interesting conversation ensued on Temperance;—the influence of Temperance Societies in advancing the cause, and the importance of all pledged Teetotallers meeting frequently and acting energetically against the spread of intemperance too apparent in the community.

The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Chairman, Messrs. Patrick Walsh, P. Power, Thomas Walsh, Patrick Wall, and several other members, together with the Rt. Rev. Patron who entered freely into the conversations and manifested much interest in the proceedings.

A Lecture by the Rev. V. P. was announced to take place as soon as convenient, during the ensuing quarter.

Several other matters having been gone through, and the meeting about to adjourn, the following resolutions proposed by Mr. Patrick Walsh, and seconded by Mr. Patrick Power were passed unanimously—

*Resolved*, That all the members of this Society be requested to attend the Festive celebration at the Dutch Village on Tuesday the 3rd of August, and that they wear their Medals on the occasion—also, that the Band lately in connection with this Society be invited to lend their assistance on that day,

PATRICK MAGEE,

Secretary.

The Temperance Pledge will be administered at St. Mary's on To-Morrow, immediately after Vespers.

TYPHUS FEVER IN MONTREAL.

The ravages of this Fever in Montreal have been very great, not only among the unfortunate Emigrants, but the Clergy and nurses who have attended them, and residents of the place. The Hospital accommodations there have been found totally inadequate, and steps taken to increase the facilities for housing the sick. The *Pilot* says.—“Within the last five days the community has been deprived, by the hand of death, of three Roman Catholic Clergymen—the Rev. Messrs. McEnerny (Irish), Carof, and Gottofrey (French). The last named gentleman came to a most melancholy end by falling through a gallery behind the Bonsecours Church about 9 o'clock on the evening of Sunday last. He was called to see a sick person living in a building attached to the church, and after having performed his duty at the sick bed, he went from the Vestry of the Church to the rear, and was suddenly precipitated through an opening lately made, and of which no notice had been given him by the person in charge. The other two fell victims to their labours in behalf of the emigrants. They died of typhus fever.” The same paper gives the following sad picture of suffering and death:—“There are at the present moment 45 nuns sick from exposure, fatigue, and the attacks of the disease. All the grey nuns in attendance, 2 of the sisters of charity, 5 physicians and 3 students, now lie sick, to which gloomy and sickening record we must add the number of 1586 persons, of all ages and sexes, lying on beds of wretchedness and corruption, in many cases without an attendant to offer a drop of water or even attend to these decent formalities which the sad solemnities of death require. And still the emigrants are coming by thousands.” An Emigrant Agent in Canada has received lists of emigrants who sailed between the 1st and 19th of June for America, to the number of 9 000 !”

REV. P. FORBES' LETTER TO THE GLASGOW PARSONS.

The following Letter requires no Preface: it will best explain its own object. Some years ago a most unwarranted attack was

made upon the Rev. P. Forbes, one of the Catholic Clergymen of Glasgow, by the Established Parsons, merely because he had the “Christian kindness and generous liberality” to acquaint two or three of them that some of their people were lying dangerously ill of fever in the Royal Infirmary. It is well known that the Law Church Parsons are nearly as much terrified of fever as they were of cholera. They can well make a noise when danger is distant—denouncing their neighbours and raising the alarm cry at the “advance of Popery;” but when the hour of peril comes none so “afraid,” none so faint hearted as they. In consequence Mr. Forbes soon received a letter from one of them, stating that he was “not sure as to the duty of visiting of a fever-ward of an Hospital; and if that were clear (said he), I must humbly confess I am afraid.” But this was not all. Furious to see themselves thus warned of their duty by a Catholic Priest—and that he might not in future send them any more such troublesome notices—they formed a truly Parson-like conspiracy, and determined to get “*this Priest, et cetera*,” (and, if possible, *all Catholic Clergymen*), excluded from the Infirmary. A plea, however, must be devised; and the one fixed upon, was to accuse Mr. Forbes of “pressing Popery on the patients, and of a conspiracy against the Ministers.” They therefore attacked him publicly and privately—by open accusation and secret intrigue;—they assailed him by the public press, and tried every means of prejudicing the public mind against him; they even called for the aid of the Directors of the Infirmary, as if something awful had taken place, and clamorously demanded his immediate expulsion. Thus forced and dragged forth to public view, Mr. Forbes addressed to the Parsons of the Church by Law Established, the subjoined Letter.

PRIEST FORBES' REPLY TO THE “SCOTTISH GUARDIAN'S” CHARGES.

To the Editor of the Glasgow Argus.

SIR,—The *Scottish Guardian* having seen fit to postpone again the insertion of my letter, and at the same time to repeat for a third time, its own statements,—I am driven to request you to afford me the means of stating my case to the public. Of course I should have wished my defence to appear first in the same columns with the charge; but in justice to myself, I can no longer wait for the indefinite period when my letter may be allowed to appear.

I am, &c.,

PETER FORBES.

To the Editor of the *Scottish Guardian*.

Glasgow, 6th October, 1836.

SIR,—In your paper of last Tuesday I am formally and personally called upon to answer certain charges there adduced. You therefore, can have no reasonable objection to the insertion of the following reply:—

The charges then against me are chiefly two.—I am accused 1st, Of “a plain, pre-determined conspiracy, to injure the character of the Established clergy of the city. 2nd, Of an attempt to press Popery on the patients in the Infirmary.” As you, Sir seem inclined to wrap this whole affair in mystery, I shall proceed to unravel it, by giving, in the first place a plain statement of facts.

“It is well known,” says your correspondent, “that the Romish priests visit the Infirmary.” That is true; and be it known further, that they visit the Infirmary by turns—month about, or two months in rotation, as may be among themselves agreed upon. Then he whose turn it is, visits the whole of the Infirmary, almost every day, particularly all the fever wards September chanced to be my month, and what has yet gone by of October also. In course of my rounds now some weeks ago a man very ill in fever, and who seemed likely to become yet still worse, expressed to me a feeling wish to see his own pastor. I at once declared my readiness to send for him. The poor man man manifested a peculiar gratitude, and we parted. On my return home, I forgot not the pledge I had given to the aged sufferer in the fever ward. I took my pen and wrote the following note:—

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In No 1, fever hospital, there is a man named John M'Auley, a member of your congregation extremely ill, and very anxious to see you. As he expressed so earnest a desire of being visited by the pastor of his soul, and as I consider the poor man in a very dangerous state, I deemed it my duty to inform you of the case.—I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"P. THOMAS, C.C.

"Great Clyde Street, 16th September, 1836."

Some days after, an *opened*\* letter was delivered to me in the Infirmary containing the subjoined answer:—

"19, Monteith-Row, Sept. 21, 1836.

"I am not sure as to the duty of visiting in the fever wards of an hospital, and if that were clear, I am humbly to confess that I am afraid. I take it very kind that you have written, and will be much obliged to you if you will favour me with the patient's address, that if it please God to spare him, I may afterwards visit him, and improve to himself and family the occasion of his danger. Please also to make my love to him, and assure him of my fervent prayers in his behalf.—I am, my dear Sir, yours, most sincerely,

"NATHL. PATERSON."

I own I could scarce restrain the indignant feeling that arose in my mind on reading the reply. However, I said little for some days. The man, at whose request I had sent for the minister—after a hard struggle—got the turn of the fever and began to recruit. When I thought that the use of his senses had fully returned, I read to him the minister's answer. The poor man, weak as he was, seemed to writhe with vexation as I went along; and, before I had well finished, exclaimed,—"That should be published." At all events, "I will never cross his kirk-door again."

I shall not in the mean time delay in detailing the circumstances that led to the writing of the other two letters. Suffice it to mention that both the individuals there named were *very* ill, and that both expressed a strong desire of being visited by their respective pastors. With regard to M'Neil, I am sure every person will acknowledge that she was in imminent danger of death. With respect to Campbell the case was somewhat different. For several days she had hinted, and even said with a kind of longing wish, that she would like to see the minister. Still I did not think her in such a state of danger as to justify my sending for any gentleman not in the habit of coming there at any rate; and, particularly, as at the end of some little time she seemed beginning to recover. The very day, however, on which I had come to the resolution of writing in behalf of M'Neil, Campbell appeared to threaten a relapse, and was very ill indeed. Although I did not think her just dying, still, as I had resolved to write for the other, and as I did not consider the ministers of the Established Church in any way overburdened with duty; besides as this was a fair opportunity for the exercise of their pastoral zeal and charity, I thought I might just as well write on the part of both patients at once. Accordingly I did so—and, that there might be no mistake of the quarter whence the communication came, I dated 31, Great Clyde-street, and signed Peter Forbes, Catholic Clergyman, at full length!

On or about the same day, while passing through one of the female wards; Old House, a sickly woman (who I did not think was a Catholic) unexpectedly addressed me by name, and seemed to recognize me. She said she had often seen me during the time of the Cholera at the Mile-End Cholera Hospital, while she was nurse there. She went on with various remarks, which, to spare the feelings of the Established Gentlemen, I shall not here repeat. In summary, however, she said that we were the only clergymen that attended the Cholera Hospital—that their ministers never went near it; I said that was not the only place they never went near—that they did not attend the Fever Hospital any more than the Cholera, and, in confirmation of the fact, I said I had received a letter just the other week from one of the Established ministers, declining to visit

a member of his own church, then in one of the fever wards. I read, I think, about a sentence of the letter—I am sure I did not read two. I then closed it, and putting it in my pocket, I uttered, not the words attributed to me; but, with a host of ideas now awakened in my mind, I, in a moment of honest indignation, asked, "Do you now think that this is the religion of a crucified God, who *gave his life* for man?" When coming away, the woman said she would be glad if I would have the kindness to call back to see her. My answer was, that if she wished me to call back, I would. Next day, however, I did not go back; but upon the second day, while about to leave the Infirmary, I called at No. 2, and being rather in haste, I asked the nurse if she had any person very ill? She said, No, except the woman in the sid-room. I asked, what woman? "The old cholera nurse." I instantly recollect the pledge I had given of returning to see her, and being ignorant of the object of her request, I, without a moment's hesitation, proceeded to her bedside. Two other females were present. I requested them to retire for a moment until I would speak just one word to this patient. After inquiring how she was, I asked "if there was anything that she wished me to do for her?" She hesitated a little, and said "not to-day." Resuming, I remarked in substance, "that although it be hard to tell how long any of us may be here, still she must be sensible that her case was dangerous—that the sooner we make up our peace with an offended God, the better—and that if there was any thing she wished me to do for her, now was the time." Not to think, however, that I wished by any means to intrude upon her with regard to religion; that I made it a sacred rule to intrude upon no person; she said, or sighed, that there was nothing. "O, well, beg God to bless you," and away I came without one word more; and from that day to this I never so much as mentioned religion to her. Here, then, is the case as it stands, plain, simple, and unvarnished. Without going farther, I fearlessly and at once ask, What have I done wrong?

To be Concluded.

## TORY SCRIBES.

Verax has written to inform us that "the Proof Sheet of one of the most beastly of all the Tory Journals is regularly sent to an officer connected with this Garrison who is well known for his scribbling propensities, and that the fact was discovered by its being left, in mistake at the wrong house." Verax little knows the extent of our information on this and other points connected with the rascalities of the Tory Press. We will astonish some of those gentry by a small earthquake one of those fine mornings. When a goat gets his head into a corner he thinks he is quite secure. Just so with some of those officials who instead of discharging their duty to their Queen and country, are basely employed in writing for the Tory Press. Those who would uphold the principles of Toryism in these Provinces are positive traitors to the Queen, and deadly enemies to the integrity of her Colonial Empire. British North America cannot be treated like Ireland.—She is three or four thousand miles too far off for that. We are loyal subjects of our Gracious Sovereign, and it is because we wish to see those Provinces under the Government of the British Crown, that we are so anxious for the annihilation of North American Toryism.

A Freeholder should communicate his infor-

\*The letter had been opened by mistake, by a person of the same name.

mation to the Lieutenant Governor directly on His Excellency's arrival, and his apprehensions will be allayed.

We have received Anti-Humbug but must respectfully decline its publication. It contains a most severe attack on the Church of England, which we think uncalled for at the present moment. We think we have already done poetical justice to this tottering Establishment, in return for the abuse of its organs. We never desired a quarrel with the Church of England, nor indeed with any Church in the Province. It was forced upon us by themselves. We have too much pity for the present humiliating position of the Church of England to inflict any unnecessary wounds upon her. Her alliance with Johnston, Crawley, and Co., was formed in an evil hour, and was anything but creditable to her spirit or good taste. We think she would have obtained better terms from the Liberals themselves and especially from the Catholic section of them, if she had rejected the hypocritical embraces of the renegades who contemptuously renounced her communion, and did everything in their power to bring disgrace and confusion upon her. If we happened to be members of the Church of England, we should certainly prefer the Government of J. B. Uniacke, for instance, to that of Mr. Attorney General Johnston. But, *de gustibus non est disputandum.*

The Rev. Mr. Putnam a Catholic Priest from Providence, Rhode Island, preached at vespers on Sunday last, in St. Mary's Church. Mr. Putnam is a convert to our holy religion, and his father, who is still alive, is a Protestant Minister in the United States.

#### ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.—NORTH END.

A meeting of the Catholics in the immediate vicinity of St. Patrick's, will be held in that Church on To-Morrow, for the purpose of carrying out the spirited Resolutions which were entered into at the recent Parochial Meeting in St. Mary's. The following subscriptions have been received by the Treasurer since our last publication.

Hon. E. Kenny	£10	0	0
Very Rev. Mr. Conolly	5	0	0
Rev. Mr. Hannan	2	0	0
Mr. Edward Metzler	1	0	0
Wm. Cavanagh	1	10	0
Thomas McDonald	1	0	0
John Flinn	0	16	3
M. Duggan	0	5	0

Mrs. Barber, Peter Laughlan, Mrs. Condon, Wm. Cavanagh, Owen Kearns, Mrs. Connors, James Wall, Mrs. Quirk, and Andrew Hunter, 2s. 6d. each. M. Lamigan, Geoffry Donovan, Pataick

Louergan, Mrs. Keely, Maurice Mulligan, Michael Pender, M. Leahy, M. Crowley, Mrs. Gunter, Peter Bulger, Mrs. McGrath, Miss Longard, M. Bleakir, Cornelius Sullivan, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Mullins, Mrs. Parker, and James Toole, 1s. 3d. each. Mrs. Vaughan, Mr. Boyle, Mrs. Howard, and a Friend, 7½d each.

Most of the above are Monthly Subscriptions, were collected by Messrs. Peter Morrissy and E. Barber.

### General Intelligence.

#### ROME.

The Roman Journals of the 14th instant, received last night through our London Correspondent, contain some interesting information respecting the movements of his Holiness the good Pius IX., and the affairs of the Catholic Church generally at the seat of Catholicity. From the Roman Advertiser and the Diario di Roma we make as copious extracts as the pressure on our column will permit:—

#### CREATION OF CARDINALS.

On Saturday the 12th inst., His Holiness held a secret consistory at the Quirinal Palace, in which he was pleased to declare raised to the dignity of Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church:

Monsignor Bofondi, Dean of the Sacra Rota, Cardinal Deacon.

Monsignor Giraud, Archbishop of Cambay, Cardinal Priest.

Monsignor Dupont, Archbishop of Bourges, Cardinal Priest.

Monsignor Giacomo Antonelli, Treasurer General, Cardinal Deacon.

His Holiness then addressed the Sacred College in an allocution from which we translate the following very important passage:—

“Desirous of the greater glory and splendour of your order, and especially wishing to carry out that which the Synod of Trent in a peculiar manner and in the most solemn terms, wisely decreed concerning the election of bishops and cardinals, we have fixed and determined in our mind to confer ecclesiastical dignities and the sacred purple on those excellent men, who, not merely recommended by the rank and nature of the office they have obtained, but illustrious for piety, integrity, and learning, shall have studied by continual labours to deserve in the highest degree the glory of being benefactors towards the Catholic Church and this Apostolic See. Finally, we doubt not, that it will be most grateful to you to learn, that we, after taking mature counsel with certain of your order, in the view of promoting the prosperity of our Pontific Government and the people, and expediting affairs

of usefulness, have instituted a counsel of ministers in which matters of the gravest nature are to be deliberated on, after due examinations and decision thereupon, reported to us and defined by our authority."

His Holiness was also pleased to promote to the Bishopric of Velletri, his Eminence Cardinal Macchi Dean of the Sacred College; to the Bishopric of Porto and S. Rufina, his Eminence Cardinal Lambruschini; to the Bishopric of Sabina, his Eminence Cardinal Brignole.

The public consistory in which the Cardinal's Hat will be conferred on the new elected, and also on Cardinal Baluffi, created in the Consistory of December last, and then absent from Rome, was to have been held on Monday afternoon.

#### RECEPTION BY THE NEW CARDINALS.

On the evenings of the 12th and 13th instant, public receptions were held at the palaces of the new Cardinals, whither the other members of the Sacred College, the diplomatic body, the aristocracy, and all respectable persons desiring to pay that tribute, repaired to congratulate their Eminences. The palaces in most parts of the city, and especially those of the new Cardinals, with all the contiguous houses, were illuminated with wax torches and coloured paper lamps. In front of each palace were erected two orchestras where military bands performed during the hours the receptions lasted. H. E., the Ambassador of France, also received at the Palazzo Colonna, congratulations on behalf of the French Archbishops, now Cardinals.

#### THE PREFECTSHIP OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION.

The death of the Eminent Cardinal Micara having left vacant the Prefectship of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, his Holiness has been pleased to bestow that office on the Eminent Cardinal Luigi Lambruschini, Bishop of Sabina, and Secretary of the Pontific briefs. His Holiness has been pleased to enrol among the component members of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics their Eminences the Cardinal Patrizi, Vanucelli-Casom and Simonetti.

#### BENEVOLENCE OF THE POPE.

His Holiness on returning from his late journey to Subiaco, passed some hours at Vicovaro in the house of the Count Bolognetti. Learning from the Parish Priest that a poor man in the village was in a state of suffering, although living in a part of difficult access, his Holiness went in person to visit the invalid, consoling him by his words and Apostolic Benediction, and also leaving a considerable sum of money for his support.

#### THE OCTAVE OF CORPUS DOMINI.

On Thursday evening, the 10th, the procession for the Octave of Corpus Domini did not, as usual

pass round the Piazza of St. Peter's, the weather being unfavourable, but was confined within the limits of the Church. Of all the functions, this is perhaps the most solemnly beautiful; being the only one of this scale and splendour that takes place within St. Peter's at a late hour, the usual character of gorgeousness in the celebrations of that Temple is subdued by the gradual deepening, and giving fine relief to the rich details of the whole. The illumination of the Papal altar, superb as it is, only receives effect from, without dispelling the dimness of the vast sanctuary; its light throws a mysterious aspect over the group of richly vested Ecclesiastics, or sparkles on sword and battle axe or brazen helmet among the crowded ranks of guards adding something of chivalrous pomp to the scene. After some time passed in adoration with music and chanting, the procession begins to form, first in the nave, then at the altar looking up the broad aisle, the scene is singularly beautiful, the whole length of pavement between the long files of military appearing converted into a greensward so thickly is it strewn with laurel and myrtle leaves.—Hundreds of lights gradually start from the shadowy perspective, as one by one the Confraternities each with its colossal cross formed and painted to look like the gnarled trunk of a tree, the crucifix with a silk arching canopy, the immense banner with a picture of some Saint and other symbols, detach themselves from the lateral groups, and file into the centre of the nave. A graceful feature in the procession is the band of the orphan girls, who have received dowries from a charitable institution and now (almost the only occasion when females took part in the pageants of religion) are allowed to walk veiled and each bearing a torch, in the procession—something unearthly looking is there in this long veiled and white robed train, as it slowly passes from the altar, into the distance.

The Cardinal Archpriest, in white vestments, bears the host under an ample canopy, and His Holiness, wearing the scarlet mozetta, follows immediately after, succeeded by the rest of the sacred college all in scarlet. After making the circuit the procession returns to the high altar, the host is placed aloft amid the blaze of light, and after more chanting and prayer the benediction is given by the Cardinal, whilst his Holiness kneels before the steps, and during this rite the most soft exquisitely solemn notes ascend from the organ, perfectly in accord with the awfulness of the moment.—Amongst the crowds on such occasion may be seen the rudest and most poorly clad, beside the highest and in close proximity to all the splendour of functionaries. The conduct of the people is reverential, in spite of their eagerness to see the ceremonies, and especially the sacred person of his holiness



who, however frequently he may appear among his subjects is regarded with curiosity never diminishing.

#### THE POPE.

On Sunday evening His Holiness walked bare-headed in the magnificent procession of the host, at the Lateran Basilica, one of those which recur every day during the Octave of Corpus Domini. An immense multitude was assembled before the Church, and nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of this procession as having issued from the portico of the transept and made the circuit of the Lateran Palace, if entered the church again through the atrium of the grand facade; the multitude of banners, crosses, torches, and rich vestments as they pass from the open air into the church, seen against the dark back ground of its portal present in their 'sainted pageantry,' a solemnly beautiful effect. The Holy Father walked immediately after the Cardinal who bore the host under a white silk canopy, and read, as he passed, out of the volume containing the devotions for the occasion. The procession before re-entering the Church passes the wards of the hospital of St Giovanni, that those occupying the couches between whose ranks it passes may have the consolation of participating in this homage to the Saviour of the world. Several detachments of troops followed train, and on this day, as on that of Corpus Domini was played during the whole time by the military bands, the anthem composed in honour of His Holiness for the first day of the present year, which has become to Rome what "God save the Queen," is to England both words and music familiar to every one who has a memory or an ear.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

#### ANOTHER FEVER VICTIM.

Thomas Mahon, Esq., died of fever at his residence, Green-lawn, in this town (Ennis), on Thursday evening last. His anxiety to provide for the wants of the poor induced him, even when labouring under the disease which terminated his mortal existence, to continue his attendance at the finance and relief committees—and was busily employed in discharging the duties devolving upon him as a member of those bodies, when the state of his health required that he should have been in his bed. His unwearied labours in this respect exhausted his physical powers, and the result was the sacrifice of his life.—*Clare Journal*

#### FUNERAL OF MR. O'CONNELL.

The admirers of Mr. O'Connell have resolved to honour his remains with a grand and solemn funeral procession through London, should they (as is expected they will) pass through England; and the Roman Catholic clergy

intend, it is said, to have a solemn high mass and requiem performed over them in Moorfields Chapel.—*Morning Post*.

A private letter from Rome says:—"The Pope has wrought a miracle. He went to Subiaco, and as there was a great want of rain, the people asked him to pray for it. He accordingly went to the shrine of St. Benedict, and prayed there an hour, and immediately the rain came, and lasted six hours." This is the way God comforts His people.—*Tablet*.

MEIGH.—Near the village of Meigh, situated in a wild, romantic, and picturesque valley, under the shade of the majestic mountain Slevegullion, in the parish of Killeavy, assembled on Monday last, at an early hour, an immense concourse of people to witness the laying of the first stone of the new Catholic Church by the lord of the soil, Captain Sever, who was accompanied on the solemn, and we add sublime occasion by the Catholic Clergy of the locality and other influential persons.—*Tablet*.

### BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

- JULY 16—Mrs. Doyle of a Son.  
 17—Mrs. Reardon of a Daughter.  
 19—Mrs. Hurley of a Son.  
 19—Mrs. Walsh of a Daughter.  
 20—Mrs. Hogan of a Son.  
 20—Mrs. Brennan of a Son.  
 21—Mrs. Crowley of a Son.  
 21—Mrs. Coghlan of a Daughter.  
 21—Mrs. Shortell of a Son.  
 22—Mrs. Bourke of a Daughter.  
 22—Mrs. Martin of a Daughter.  
 24—Mrs. Hennebury of a Son.  
 25—Mrs. Wyse of a Daughter.  
 26—Mrs. Shehan of a Daughter.  
 26—Mrs. Hibbets of a Daughter.  
 26—Mrs. Wallace of a Daughter.  
 29—Mrs. Barry of a Son.  
 29—Mrs. Nolan of a Son.

### MARRIAGE RECORD.

- JULY 18—James Toole to Bridget Cuddihy  
 20—James Sheehy to Mary Doyle.  
 26—James Ferguson to Ann Daniel.

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