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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES

VOL. 2.

No. 46.

and forbid that 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, NOVEMBER 12, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- NOVEMBER 15—XXIV after Pentecost IV Nov. St Gertrude V.
16—Octave Day of Dedication of S Saviour.
17—St Gregory Thaumaturgus B C.
18—Dedication of the Churches of SS. Peter and Paul.
19—St. Pontian P M.
20—St. Felix of Valois Confessor.
21—Presentation of B. V. M. G.

NEWS BY THE LAST STEAMER.

Mgr. Canali Bishop of Pesaro died on the 5th of September.

The popularity of the Pope's administration is daily increasing. The inhabitants of Sabina came up the Tiber in great crowds to receive the Benediction of His Holiness, and on their return had a Grand Festival celebrated in his honour.—The religious exercises included a High Mass, Exposition, and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, Litanies of the Blessed Virgin, &c. The whole town was also illuminated, the houses were adorned with drapery and silk hangings, there was a balloon, a concert, fire works, &c.

On the 22nd of September His Excellency the Chevalier de Migueis as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Court of Portugal presented his letters of credit to His Holiness at the Quirinal and a letter of congratulation to the Holy Father from Her Majesty Donna Maria Queen of Portugal.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 29th of September His Holiness went to the Hospital of San Michele, and was received by His Eminence Cardinal Tosti, Apostolic visitor of this pious Establishment. After having heard Mass at which some of the young inmates chanted a Hymn composed by the celebrated Professor Baini, the Holy Father accompanied by the Cardinal passed through the community of old men to whom he gave his Benediction, and proceeded to visit the exposition of the different works which are carried on in this Hospital. His Holiness examined with particular attention the great cloth manufactory for the clothing of the troops. With his usual grace and kindness he addressed the head of each work room and his young charge some words of congratulation and encouragement.—From thence he ascended to the apartments of the Visitor, and from the balcony on the side of the Tiber, he gave his Benediction to the immense multitude which covered the quays. The moment he appeared shouts of joy burst forth on every side. The Steamboats and other vessels mingled the sound of their cannon with the acclamations of the loyal *Trasteverini*.

The Holy Father continued his visit to each part of this vast establishment, and went successively to the conservatory of young females and the asylum of aged women. The Artistic Schools also arrested for a long time his benevolent atten-

tion, and received the most flattering compliments.

When Pius IX. first entered on his Ecclesiastical career, the direction of this vast establishment was confided to him by Pope Leo XII. Hence we may easily conceive his emotion during this interesting visit to his old friends. From time to time, he addressed by their names, those who were in the house during his administration, and the sweet smiles of his august countenance showed how dear to his soul were those recollections of his youth.

Mgr. Baluffi, the successor of Pius IX. in the see of Imola, celebrated the Pontifical Mass and also officiated at Vespers, which were sung with music by the pupils of San Michele. During the entire day this noble Establishment being open to the public according to custom was visited by a great number of Cardinals, and persons of every rank, who were loud in their praises of an Institution which has not, perhaps, its equal in the whole world.

A NEW GUIDE TO POPERY IN THE
PROTESTANT BIBLE AND
BOOK OF COMMON
PRAYER!

The following narrative records the conversion to the One True Church, of a highly respectable, intelligent, and religiously disposed Protestant Lady who at one time entertained the deepest prejudices against the Catholic Faith. We commend it to the earnest and unprejudiced perusal of all our separated brethren, and especially those who are tossed about in an ocean of uncertainty.— They will here discover the struggles of an honest heart in its painful yearnings after truth—the powerful impulses of grace—the mysterious teachings of the Spirit of God. Mrs. Pittar went from Dublin to Edinburgh with the fullest confidence in her own powers, to reclaim from “the errors of Popery,” a beloved female friend, a lady who had all her life been as deeply enamoured of Protestantism as herself. She went to make a proselyte; she returned a Convert. This is no romance, though it may appear passing strange. There are several persons in Halifax acquainted with Mrs. Pittar. Nay, her sister the wife of an officer in the Engineers is at present residing in our city.—

Stranger still, we have heard that the three dear children of this fervent Convert were baptized in the year 1842 according to the rites of the Catholic Church, by Dr. Walsh our actual Bishop.— Thus we have every guarantee for the authenticity of this highly interesting narrative which is dedicated to that arable, accomplished, and zealous Prelate, Bishop Gillis of Edinburg.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED
TO CATHOLICITY
BY HER
BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. GILLIS, BISHOP OF LIMYRA,
COADJUTOR VICAR APOSTOLIC OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR LORD—From the circumstance of your having admitted me into the Catholic Church, and having been a powerful instrument in leading me into truth, I am induced to address to your Lordship the following brief account of my conversion as a little offering of gratitude—little indeed, nevertheless, watered with many tears, and recommended to God by many prayers. May I hope it will not only be acceptable to yourself, but also prove salutary to others.

You know, my dear Lord, the boon I have received—you know something of the burstings of my overjoyed soul, but you cannot know, (having inherited your holy faith) the rapture the bliss of being converted, and newly adopted to this life-giving truth, when the understanding is ripe, and capable in some degree of appreciating the treasure. St. Mary Magdalen could, perhaps, describe it, or the Lepers who felt the loathsome disease depart, as health came back, but for me, my Lord, there is no relief but to sit down and pen this little account not so much with the idea of making it public, as simply to relieve myself, in the hope of its one day becoming a medium of addressing those I love best upon the subject, and whose applications to me have been made without number, to be informed of the reasons, that led to my conversion.

To neglect to reply to these inquires I dare not and yet, a life would be too short to answer them all as I would wish. The account, however, put in this form, will be a ready reply to all; and oh! my Lord, feeble as the effort is, you, who know the value of even one soul, and the numbers who, like myself, are inquiring for truth, from a source, whence they never can get it, will not chide me for

simply telling the truth, although, by so doing, I am very well aware of the pain I must inflict on your charitable heart, at the unavoidable reference to some characters therein alluded to. Yes, I know you will be distressed at it, but be assured my Lord, we are mutual on that point, for I am truly distressed at it myself. But when, I would ask your Lordship, is the acceptable offering without sacrifice? Most truly I must calculate on considerable sacrifice, but when such thoughts depress me, I think of my former danger, and of my narrow escape. Only think, my Lord, had these well-meaning but deceived gentlemen, only dealt a little more cautiously, a little more reasonably with me, I might have been lost to truth for ever. But blessed be God, their dealings with me ended all my ramblings in the dark. It might not be so, however, with others. Shall I, therefore, to spare those poor deluded men, towards whom I feel nothing but gratitude, neglect to warn others.

My Lord, believe me, I have mourned over the distance between us, which prevented me from having your particular advice upon this matter: but I have thought it over well, and every day I neglect to "throw in my mite," by telling how I was led to truth, I expect to be judged at every step I take. Had I had you near me to correct and revise, truly this little work would have been a different affair; but, perhaps, My Lord, it is better as it is. I am nobody, and consequently there is nobody to blame. You could not have touched it, without your pen telling upon itself, whereas it is now ungarmented truth, and when that will fail to reach the heart, it can be set down as beneath notice, which advantage it would not have possessed, had you meddled with it at all. Accept therefore my dear Lord, this little tribute from a heart overflowing with gratitude, both to God, as the first great cause, and also to yourself, and the other individuals, whom He used as instruments to deliver me from doubt and inconsistency, and safely lodge me in his own most glorious Church, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," where truth speaks for itself, and the peace of her children knows no uneasiness.

Allow me, therefore, to implore your Lordship's prayers and blessings upon this narrative, and believe me in all sincerity your Lordship's truly indebted and thankful child in Christ, . . .

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

April, 1845.

PREFACE.

With the truest sincerity, humility, and natural timidity, I take up my pen to trace, for the first time in my life, lines, that are to meet the public

eye. I have done my best to argue myself out of such a project—I have felt and urged upon myself my utter inability for the task—I have left no method untried, by which I might frighten myself out of it. My efforts are in vain. I feel urged on by an influence, I have no power to control and I feel utterly regardless of the personal contempt and scorn, I may most justly expose myself to, from my attempt. The effort must be made, let the result be what it may; not that I am regardless of consequences, when I can and ought to avoid them; but my present effort I feel to be of such vast importance, if I only succeed, so as to bear a message to *one* dear soul, that all nice feelings, all fears of personal inability, all doubts as to the results it may produce, *all*, and *every thing*, are to be disregarded, and cast aside.

At once, therefore, I go to my task, keeping in mind as a stimulant, those most comforting words to me, who feel so completely nothing:—"The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are." It may not be forbidden me here to hope that He will not refuse me His aid, in an effort that has nothing to recommend it, but as far as it is intended for His greater glory, and the advancement of His truth. Nor will it have ought to boast of, save the simplicity, truth, and sincerity, which will dictate every line. With the learned and great I have nothing to do, but I do feel I have a message to every humble and sincere Protestant, who values the salvation of his precious and immortal soul, and that message, to the best of my ability, I will deliver. It is simply this—I feel, that to many I owe a reason for having in the short space of one month abjured the faith, in which I was reared and lived, and lived, not as many do, with only the name of Christianity, and without any vital principle within; but upon the testimony of others which I have "in black and white," I am able to say, I was a sincere Protestant, believed I possessed the truth of God, or, at least that I was in the Church, where it was to be found, having sought it earnestly and with many tears, caring for nothing else in comparison, for at least the last twelve years of my life. Persevering in the search of truth, by the grace of God, I suddenly find it lies, not where I had formerly conceived, but in a church, which I had been taught from my cradle to believe as the sink of all iniquity, the concentration of all error and untruth—even in this church I discover, that the *infallible truth* of

God lies—that truth which declares itself to be of God, and leaves the soul that has been searching for it so long and so earnestly, though not for a moment conceiving where it was to be found, so ravished with its *beauty* and its *security*, as to be almost unfit to declare it to others, lest it should be said, as was of those of old, when influenced by Divine power—“Those men are full of new wine!”

The grace being given, I entered this faith, which I had sought so long with my whole heart, and in embracing it, I enjoy a peace I never knew before, a certainty I had in vain striven to attain as a Protestant, and daily and hourly means of serving God, which no Protestant need hope for, since his church thinks one day out of seven sufficient to devote to God, or at least to go to the trouble of public service to Him. Having all this I feel a burning desire to tell it to all—to every one, and they can judge for themselves from the reasons I shall give, whether or not they be sufficient for the change?

To each and every beloved member of my own family I address myself in particular, as also to each individual of that Protestant circle, to which, but a short time since I belonged; yes, and even to every Protestant, whose eye may fall on those lines, and who is, as I was serving God to the best of his ability, according to the rule of faith inherited from his parents, in sincerity, desiring to serve God as He requires, even to the sacrifice of all selfish and worldly interest—to such, and for their sakes only do I pen these lines.

To many it will be my privilege to communicate, in person, the reasons of this great change, but alas! to those, who are most endeared, and most closely connected, I fear not. The beloved child once honoured with her parents unlimited confidence and love, has by this act forfeited all claim to either; she whose word and example were once upheld, must now bear to be told she is incapable of judging aright on any subject. Well, be it so—all this and ten times more I can and will bear from such dear ones, who after all, are only pronouncing the very words I should myself have uttered hitherto. But if the privilege of explaining to these precious souls the reasons of my change be denied me, it surely behoves me to try and put them in a form, by which I may hope sooner or later to acquaint them of these reasons.—God deals differently with different people, and why I have become a Catholic may not be why another would do so. The following simple detail is therefore penned only for those, who may be circumstanced as I myself was, without either learning, talent, or any uncommon share of *brains*, (for had any of these been necessary to “ferret” out

truth from Catholicity, I should never have been a Catholic,) but with only a sufficient quantity of humility to feel it possible I might be wrong, and a very earnest desire to be right, trusting to the truth of God’s promise, that those who seek shall find, and feeling sure I should be right sooner or later, if I persevered to seek. I did so, and having sought, I am, able to say I have found, yes, all that any one could desire—all that my soul required! Now, as I know there are numbers who care for nothing compared to the salvation of their soul, and who feel the value of that rule of faith, which teaches them they are to search for truth, (thereby implying the possibility, that they may already possess it,) and who therefore need only be told where truth is, that they may instantly embrace it, to them my heart yearns, and for them I will make the effort of putting my reasons on paper. But should these lines meet the eye of any learned Protestant, who detects in them defects of style or composition, let him cast them aside as utterly unworthy of his criticism, and spare them, remembering they come only from a woman, and were never meant to display either talent or learning, but only to affect the heart, in as far, as they have truth to support them.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Early in February, 1842, under the good Providence of God, I left Dublin an humble but zealous Protestant to make a visit to a lady, a friend of mine in Edinburgh, (my husband being in India.) She and I had met in India, where we held the same faith, but by the power of Him, who willeth and no man can hinder it, she was converted to the Catholic faith, between our parting, in India the previous December, and our meeting in Edinburgh. However that had nothing to do with our friendship, except as it might make her love me better. I had got a slight inkling of her change, previous to my going to her, though not certain information, however, sufficient to arm myself with all the weapons I could collect from our Protestant armoury—books pronounced to be by a clerical friend “the cream” of argument against Catholicity, together with personal instructions on different points. Thus assisted, I started, earnestly imploring I might be made the humble instrument of leading my friend *back to truth*, little thinking the prayer I offered so earnestly for another’s benefit, would be so graciously returned into my own soul. A very short time

after my arrival, I endured the heart-sickening every Protestant feels on hearing for a certainty, that one of his own faith has been converted to Catholicity. It imparts a sorrow, that is as much without hope, as that which one feels for the dead at least, as regards the hope of seeing them back again where they were before. However, I was not going to yield to despair, until I had first exhausted the ammunition I had in store. Besides the Books I had bought, I conceived I myself understood the doctrine of Catholicity, at least, I knew, I had heard enough of it to be perfectly satisfied it was utterly horrible, and that to embrace it, one must have entirely lost every proper feeling of what was just and good. Besides, coming from a Catholic city, as Dublin might almost be called, I felt I could assert with boldness all the abominations of this faith; not that I had ever personally experienced or witnessed any of its baneful results, or derived my Catholic knowledge from Catholics—no, but every one agreed that nothing could be more horrible than the Catholic faith was, and I thought so too. Moreover, I had read dreadful things of it, and I thought, of course, what I read *in print* was true, especially as the author was some celebrated Protestant, and so, I am certain, think the great majority of Protestants every where. But more just and liberal light has since dawned upon me, as, I pray God, it may, ere long on many, who need but the veil taken from their eyes, the prejudices of their early faith removed, the hint given that the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ, and the means of learning what the Catholic faith really is, presented to them. This done, the speediest means of bringing these persons into this Church without delay, is just to place in their hands for candid examination, their Bible and Prayer Book, and, if you please a few of what my friend termed “the cream” of argument against Catholicity. The coolness with which Protestants assert what Catholics believe, the absurdities they put in their mouths, and the splendid argument they get up and triumphantly get through against a phantom that never existed—a creature of their own creating, strike, at once, an intellect in search of truth and do more to establish on the rock of ages a wavering mind, than all the talents ever heaped upon man could accomplish.

But to continue—After giving a fortnight or so to see the lions of the place, I thought of the mission I had come upon, and, with anxiety looked for an opportunity to address my friend upon the subject of the change she had made in her religion. One by one, I enumerated to her, the horrible doctrines of the Church of Rome. To each one I received answer, that such and such was not Catholic doctrine at all. This was a course I never

expected the affair to take, and for which I was quite unprepared. I had thought she would have tried to defend this and that doctrine, but plumply to tell me, all I said and conceived to be Catholic doctrine was utterly false, startled me not a little. However, although I did feel much puzzled, I took good care she should not see I was so. I certainly did feel either, that she was not yet initiated into what really was Catholic doctrine, or else that I had been grossly deceived, from my very cradle upon the subject.

Among the other “lions” of the city, I was taken to hear and see the Rev. Mr. C—, of the Episcopal Church. He was called a great preacher, and certainly gave us a fine sermon.—Next in order, was Mr. D—, of the same establishment, noted for his great piety and spirituality; then the Rev. Dr. C—h, a Presbyterian minister of great renown; and lastly, the Episcopalian Bishop. Descanting on the merits of these preachers, all of whom I found my friend had heard, she timidly enquired, whether I would go and hear a sermon in her church. Anxious to show her the stability of the faith I held, and she had forsaken, and that it would be unshaken by anything a Catholic Priest could say, I readily assented. Besides I had visited Catholic churches on the Continent, and knew of my parents having conducted their children to them, as things worthy of notice when travelling, so that the idea of fear or hazarding my faith by so doing, never entered my head. The preacher, the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, chose for his subject a topic, which when he first announced it, filled my soul with a feeling of triumph. I thought I needed no better proof of the ungodliness of the Catholic Church.—He commenced by calling the attention of his congregation to the Protestant Calendar, the Catholic Calendar, and the Infidel Calendar of France! He said as an Index of a book showed what was contained therein, so a Calendar declared the feelings and habits of the nation or country to which it belonged. I shall for briefness sake, merely notice a few of his remarks on Protestant and Catholic Calendars, which he read out, and took for example the month he was then in—February.

PROTESTANT CALENDAR.

- 1 Fisheries north of Tweed open,
- 2 Partridge & Pheasantshooting ends,
- 3 Sexagesima Sunday.
- 4 Purification of the Blessed Virgin, or Candlemas,
- 5 Dr. Cullen died, 1790.
- 6 Dr. Priestly died, 1804.
- 7 Bishop Keith born, 1781;
- 8 Mary, Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587,

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

- 1 St. Ignatius,
- 2 Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary,
- 3 St. Blaise,
- 4 St. Andrew Corsini,
- 5 St. Agatha,
- 6 St. Dorothy,
- 7 St. Romuald,
- 8 St. John of Matha,

PROTESTANT CALENDAR.

9 Dr. J. Gregory died, 1733,
10 Quinquagesima Sunday,
11 Descartes died, 1616.
12 Shrove Tuesday,
13 Ash Wednesday,
14 St. Valentine.
15 Tvoed Net & Red Fishery
opens,
16 Melmethon born, 1497,
17 1st Sunday in Lent,
18 Luther born,
19 San ceters Pisces.
20 Rev Charles Wolf died, 1933
21 James I. assassinated, 1137,
22 Adam Ferguson died,
23 Duke of Cambridge born,
24 2nd Sunday in Lent,
25 St. Matthias Apostle,
26 Sir T. Craig died.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

9 St. Apollonia,
10 St. Scholastica,
11 St. Raymond of Penafort,
12 St. Catherine,
13 St. Benedict,
14 St. Valentine,
15 St. Faustinus and Jovita,
16 St. Onesimus,
17 St. Fintan,
18 St. Simeon,
19 St. Barras,
20 St. Tyrannio, &c.
21 St. Severianus,
22 The Chair of St. Peter,
23 St. Serenus,
24 St. Mathias,
25 St. Tarasius,
26 St. Alexander.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VII.

WAR.

Frederick was happy, beyond expression, in his new station. He was obliged to take his meals at the table of the noble minister, who had for him all the kindness of a father; this enabled him to live economically. His first care when he found himself with money was to return to the lawyer, Corlin, the hundred crowns he had lent him. But what was his surprise when, instead of the answer which was to acknowledge the reception of it, he found the money he had sent returned, with a letter from Corlin, telling the count of Lowe had already paid the hundred crowns, and asked information of the young surgeon: this information was furnished, and it was very favorable to Frederic. He then went to testify his acknowledgements to the minister, who said, laughing: "Be prepared soon will you be called to the Prince, who will charge you with important business: this time it will not be about lending your wig and mourning gown to another; you can use them yourself, because they are so powerful a talisman."

Frederic thought that the count was joking; but some days after, the minister introduced him into the Cabinet of the Prince. There he was told that as war was about to be declared against the neighbouring sovereign, to avenge the affronts he had received, they wanted a trusty man, one who would enter the fortress nearest the frontier, take the plans of the fortifications, become acquainted with the force of the garrison, and in general every-

thing that might be useful at the commencement of a campaign; that they had pitched upon him as a proper person, and one whose age exposed him least to be recognised, and they hoped, that with the help of a disguise, he would be able to succeed in his enterprise.

Frederic found the task a difficult one; however to testify his gratitude to the prince, he undertook it. He set out the next day with money and passport, given under a false name, passing for a surgeon-dentist. He came without accident to the fortress, where few persons presented themselves for operation. He seemed greatly dissatisfied, and said at the hotel where he lodged, that he was going to take a walk to see something of the town. He profited by these moments to survey the exterior works of the fortress, sat underneath a tree and began to sketch them. To deceive those who might surprise him, he gave his plan the form of a human mouth—to the bastions the name of teeth to the river that of tongue, and made of the whole a sort of comical caricature, of which no one could understand anything except himself. The following day he went to the opposite side of the town and did the same. This time he was not so fortunate as the day before; for an officer who was also taking a walk, stopped suddenly before him, examined his sketch and asked him what he was doing there.

Frederic, without being disconcerted, gave him the sketch, telling him that being a surgeon-dentist, he amused himself by scribbling and drawing a human mouth, until he could get some practice.

The officer was not contented with this reply and ordered him to follow him, which Frederic did immediately. The officer conducted him to the guard-house where his passport and drawings were examined. The passport was correct, but the sketch seemed suspicious. Frederic was led to prison until new orders should be given. He asked as a favor to have his portmanteau, which was refused. His portmanteau was opened, but they found nothing in it, except some travelling linen and the old morning gown. Frederic carried the wig on his breast, next to his shirt.

Here he was confined as a spy. Three days passed and there was nothing said of Frederic. At length, on the fourth day, two soldiers came to take him out of prison to lead him before a military tribunal. It was a market day; the crowd was considerable, and the people were crowded on the public square which the two soldiers had to cross. Suddenly the horses attached to a carriage became frightened: ran among the people; upset every thing, and tried to make a road to escape. The people uttered terrible cries and sought to get out of the way of the fiery animals; they rushed one

against another, and some were thrown down. — Frederic was separated from the guards; putting on his father's wig, he availed himself of that moment of trouble and consternation to make his way through the crowd, and pass through one of the gates of the town—thus was he once more at liberty.

After a tedious journey of many hours, by avoiding the public roads, he was enabled to arrive in a village, where he hired a carriage, pretending he was a surgeon, and that his services were immediately required by a sick person. He carried with him some victuals to eat on the road, and in this manner regained the frontier, having lost his passport, his drawings, gown and portmanteau.

Happy in having escaped this danger he folded the wig and set out with all speed for the capital. He immediately waited on the minister, who was quite surprised to see him so soon. He related what had happened. The count smiled when he learned to the wig he owed to his life, or at least his liberty, and pressed him to his heart. Although Frederic had lost his sketches, he could, however, furnish valuable information relative to the condition of the fortress; for he had learned, in his conversation with the inkeeper, that the garrison of the place did not exceed two thousand men, and that they were poorly supplied with provisions and arms. It was his opinion, that a sudden attack would be attended with the most happy consequences, if it were directed by skilful officers.

The minister did not lose any of Frederic's observations and reported them to the Prince.

The matter was discussed in a council of war, at which the young surgeon assisted.

As his stay in the town was sufficiently long to enable him to know the situation of the fortress he knew the weakest places, and volunteered to guide the troops, to show them the fordable parts of the river, and concluded by promising success.

The votes were taken. The eldest officers were of opinion that the attack should not be made; but the prince, who relied on the valor of his soldiers, and who knew from other accounts that the place could not hold out long, decided that the enterprise should be undertaken. He foresaw that the capture of this town, at the beginning of the campaign would have important consequences, and might, perhaps decide the event of the war. To deceive the enemy, he caused it to be rumoured that he would attack a point entirely opposite to that where the fortress was situated, and in fact, he ordered troops to march in that direction. The stratagem was entirely successful.

the frontiers which the count of Lowe intended to attack, were left almost entirely destitute of troops. Four thousand men suddenly appeared before the fortress in question, and being led on by an excellent general, to whom Frederic was aid-de-camp, it was carried at the point of the bayonet. Frederic, who exposed himself nobly in this gallant enterprise, received a slight wound.

When the town was taken, Frederic repaired to the tavern where he had stopped fifteen days before, and demanded his portmanteau; but not finding it he went to the guard-house, where he was fortunate enough to recover his effects, which had been put away in a press.

The capture of this fortress changed the face of affairs. The enemy, surprised and defeated in different engagements, asked for peace and obtained it on hard and humiliating terms. Frederic rejoiced, with all the inhabitants of his country, to see hostilities so soon terminated; but did not doubt that a part of the glory of this successful campaign would be attributed to him.

The Prince sending for him soon after, received him with touching kindness, and said: "My dear Maltain, I wish to testify to you in my own name and in that of my country, the lively gratitude which I feel for the services that you have rendered me. It is to you that I owe the freedom of my minister Lowe, whose fidelity I esteem so highly I am indebted to you also for the information which enabled me to take this fortress, the capture of which has produced the happy results that I had foreseen; I am consequently indebted to you for peace! for you were instrumental in bringing it about. Although these actions can be rewarded neither by weight of gold nor by titles, nor any recompense, I should think myself wanting in my duty, if I did not give you a solemn mark of my affection for you. Receive, then, this decoration, with these parchments, which you will read when you return home. I hope that you will continue to render me in future all the service in your power; I know how to appreciate your knowledge and your merits. Remain always religious, upright and prudent, and my friendship will be yours forever." He embraced Frederic, called him his son, and then dismissed him, astonished at so many marks of kindness.

Frederic returned home, but had scarcely the strength to open the three parchments. The first that he opened was his nomination of knight of the military order of the country; the second, a diploma which conferred on him nobility; and the third his nomination of private counsellor of the Prince, an office to which was annexed a salary of six thousand crowns.

"It is too much! It is too much!" cried Frederic: "I have not merited all this, the Prince is deceived." He blushed at receiving so many marks of friendship for his modesty did not permit him to know his own merit. He reflected a moment, whether he should not go to the Prince, and return him the title of nobility and his ornament but he knew how improper that step would be; then kneeling before his crucifix, he thus prayed his eyes filled with tears of gratitude:—"My God I could never have expected so many marks of kindness! It is you who have directed all these events; you led me this way, the day on which the Count of Lowe escaped from the castle; you permitted the souvenir of my father to become the instrument of my happiness. Eternal thanks to you for those favors. I shall ever be grateful for them. Yes, I will always declare your mercies towards me. I will never cease to love you."

St. Francis of Sales was often reproved by his friends, because they did not approve of his manner of going on; they used to tell him that he ought to defend himself with more ardour from the calumnies of evil minded people, and to maintain his dignity: on which occasions he used to answer that mildness ought to be the peculiar characteristic of bishops; and that, therefore, though the world of self-love might establish maxims of another kind, he at least would not doubt them, because they were contrary to those of Jesus Christ, to which he had always deemed it a glory to conform himself.

St. Gregory relates of the Abbot Stephen, that he had conceived so great a love for injuries, and calumnies, and torments, that whenever he suffered any, he imagined he had made a great gain, and returned heartfelt thanks to the person from whom he had suffered them: and thus it was that he attained so great a reputation for sanctity, that whoever injured him felt certain he had made him his friend.

When Joseph was tempted to commit sin, "How can I do this," said he, "and in the sight of God?" and the chaste Susannah, "It is better that I fall into your hands without fault, than that I should sin in the presence of God."

As without faith it is impossible to please God, so without mildness it is impossible to please men, or to gain influence over them.—*St. Bernard.*

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A. J. RITCHIE.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- NOVEMBER 7—Mrs. Conachton of a Son.
7—Mrs. Keefe of a Son.
7—Mrs. Darine of a Daughter.
12—Mrs. Walsh of a Daughter.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- NOVEMBER 7—George, infant Son of John and Mary Ann Arthur, aged 12 months.
8—Denis, infant Son of Michael and Johanna McDonnell, aged 4 months.
8—Mary, Wife of Thomas Maher, a native of the County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 35 years.
10—Edward, infant Son of Edward and Mary Keefe, aged 10 days.
13—Barbara, wife of Henry Clark, native of Scotland, aged 70 years.

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