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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him Blessed art thou Simon Bar Jona because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE THAT THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



“Was anything concealed from PETER, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?” —TERTULLIAN Proscrip. xlii.

“There is one God, and one Church, and one Altar founded by the voice of the Lord upon PETER. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious.” —St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

“All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, PETER the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.” —St. Cyril of Jerus. Cat. xi. l.

Calendar.

- APRIL 1—Sunday—Palm Sunday som.
- “ 2—Monday—Monday in Holy Week.
- “ 3—Tuesday—Tuesday in Holy Week.
- “ 4—Wednesday—Spy Wednesday.
- “ 5—Thursday—Holy Thursday.
- “ 6—Friday—Good Friday.
- “ 7—Saturday—Holy Saturday.

MEETING AT WATERFORD—AID FOR THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.
Waterford, March, 1849.

Dear Sir—This Catholic city has not neglected to take a leading place in the Christian gathering, to cheer, by expressions of duty and affection, our Holy Father in his exile. A requisition, signed by a large body of the Clergy and laity, was presented to our venerated Bishop requesting him to convene a meeting for that purpose. His Lordship most cheerfully complied, inviting all the Catholics of the Diocese to attend. The meeting was held on the 2nd inst, in our spacious cathedral. The Bishop was unanimously called to the chair, and expressed his concurrence in the objects of the meeting, and his devotion to the Chair of Peter, at considerable length. A series of resolutions and an address, breathing a right Catholic spirit, were carried with great fervour and unanimity. I hope to be able to send you a copy of them. Several gentlemen addressed the very large assembly with most happy effect. I am sorry that my time and memory allow me only to give a very meagre sketch of their observations. Unhappily, we have no Catholic reporter here. The notice that has appeared of the meeting is incorrect, and most unsatisfactory. The very Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Rev. J. Sheehan showed the antiquity and legality of the temporal authority of the Holy See; the justice and mercy with which it has been administered; the advantages it has brought to Rome; how indispensable it is now to its very existence, the importance of the independent temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, not only to the better government of the Church, but to the peace and security of all Christian States, and the happiness of all people.

The Mayor, J. Kent, Esq., expressed in very eloquent terms the sentiments of the Catholic portion of the community over which he so worthily presides—their devotion to the Holy Father's person and authority, their sorrow at his afflictions, and their anxious desire to cheer him by their duty and affection, and to assist in relieving his temporal difficulties. J. J. Aylward, Esq., urged with forcible language the propriety of a contribution to the Papal fund. He defended it on the part of the Irish against the universal sneerer, Lord Brougham and his copiers. There is no complaint made by his lordship and his fellows against the poor Irish for being obliged to pay year after year so many thousands into the coffers of that establishment, full-grown into the moral and physical deformed dimensions of its originator, which does not love them, nor respect them, nor pray for them, nor bless them. Why, then, be so angry at the voluntary contribution of a Catholic people, the more meritorious by reason of their poverty, to the Vicar of Christ, the Head of His spotless Church, their Father and benefactor, the continual source of love and benediction to them? Rev. O. Kent and other speakers warmly and eloquently recommended the purposes of the meeting. Rev. J. P. Cooke reminded his Catholic neighbours that in contributing to the relief of the wants of the Holy Father, they were not sending their money to a

stranger, but to one of their own family, the first and nearest and dearest member of it. Indeed, it is now more the discharge of a long accruing debt than a purely gratuitous donation. In reply to those Catholics who speak slightly of the utility and importance of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, he read part of the protest lately made by the Holy Father at Gaeta, and remarked that for Catholics at least such an express and supreme authority should be decisive on the subject. Thus ended the most important and enthusiastic meeting held in this city for many years. The collection will take place through the Diocese, I believe, on St. Patrick's Day.

ADDRESS TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIVS IX
Most Holy Father—We, the Bishop, Clergy, and Laity of the united Dioceses of Waterford and Lismore, in humble, dutiful, and affectionate reverence at your Apostolic feet, offer our sincere condolence in your present sorrows.

Some time ago we had to express our grief and indignation at the insult offered to your Sacred authority by a foreign army, but far were we then from imagining that in so short, or in any time, there should be such cause, as there now is, for far more bitter grief, and deeper indignation, at the impiety, ingratitude, and rebellion of your own loved subjects: of that people on whom you, unsolicited, bestowed favours so great and so unexpected, that their wonder and gratitude for them seemed then to many almost as extravagant as every upright mind now pronounces their senseless, wicked, and unnatural abuse of them to be. Oh, Rome! once “mistress of nations, city of perfect beauty, model and joy of the whole earth, how thy gold hath become dim, and thy finest colour changed!—Thou hast sinned a sin, therefore hast thou become unstable. All who honoured thee despise thee now, because they have seen thy shame!”

But, Most Holy Father, we shall not speak of scenes that you would wish blotted from the remembrance of Heaven and earth, we shall not add to your “weeping for the desolation of your people, whilst the enemy prevails against them.” We prefer being the messengers of comfort, bearing the assurance, that, if one city has, in God's secret and just judgements, been allowed to fail in its love and duty to its best of Fathers, and most rightful of Sovereigns, and thus to tarnish for a time the honour and glory and spotless fame of so many ages, the world-wide City of God on earth is true to you, and is obedient to you, and loves you, and grieves with you; and that its prayers will prevail against the spirit of iniquity, and will soon bring back the once Holy City to obedience to its lawful and beneficent Sovereign, and to its own blessed pre-eminence and influence amongst Christian nations.

Even in this land of sorrow and affliction of every kind, your griefs, most Holy Father, are felt as our own. Your Apostolic virtues, your special bounty to us in spiritual and temporal gifts, command our affectionate sympathy in this day of trial. And still doth a higher charity urge us. You are our Father—we are your children. You are the depository of Christ's full authority on earth. You hold the keys of His glorious and eternal kingdom. You are the foundation of that Church in which we have every spiritual blessing, and even all consolation in our temporal tribulation. “With your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of Peter, we are inseparably associated. On that Rock the Church is built, and he who eats the lamb outside of it is profane, and must share the fate of

them, who, being outside the ark of Noah, perished in the deluge. Against this Rock they who strike shall be broken, and they shall be crushed on whom it shall fall.”

We rejoice, Most Holy Father, at witnessing the generous devotion with which the Catholic nations are now rallying round your sacred person and throne. And we praise the power and wisdom of God, who draws such great good from such great evil, and by the impiety of some men makes glorious and manifest to the world His authority in you, and the harmonious unity of His Church, enlivened, maintained, and confirmed in truth and holiness from your Heaven-supplied fulness.

But, Most Holy Father, if other people can approach you with rich offerings, we have nothing but the mite of a widowed nation to drop into the sacred treasury. If other people can hold out many inducements to your Holiness to bless them with a few days of what we hope will be your short exile, we, alas! have no other inducement to offer than the “thousand times welcome” of deep and warm love with which we would receive you.

With renewed purpose and promise of obedience and affectionate attachment, and humble prayer to the great Author of our Faith, and Supreme Ruler of the Church, and King of Kings, to shorten the days of your exile and your sorrow, to restore peace and joy to His Church, to turn the hearts of men from pride and lust of insubordination, to humility and love of order and respect for lawful authority, we reverently beg from your Holiness, for ourselves, for our nation, for our Church, what we must now value more than aught the world can give, the blessing of Christ's Vicar on earth, “suffering in exile for love of justice and hatred of iniquity.” Signed on behalf of Clergy and Laity of this Diocese,

✠ N. FORAN
JAMES KENT, Major.

LONDON.

ST. GEORGE'S AND THE MARCH OF THE AUSTRIANS.—In his pilgrimage for St. George's Father Thomas received the kindest treatment from the Count Colledero, the Austrian Minister at the Court of Munich—his advice and his purse assisted the pilgrim in his progress, and it was not only the affable Count Colledero, but the others of his house that showed sympathy and interest in St. George's. Indeed, it would be ungrateful to pass by in silence the name of Austria when an opportunity like the present presents itself, for assuredly, had the writer gone to Vienna, recommended as he then was, and backed by such powerful patronage, it would have been profitable to St. George's. However, that golden opportunity was lost, and there it ends. So, at last, Austria is moving! March, march, white-jackets and blue-pantaloons, right-shoulder forward! I think I see and hear them—the Austrian columns,—colours flying, bands playing—tramp, tramp, tramp—horse and foot—all onwards to Rome. This march of the Austrians will make a wonderful alteration in the senators of the Roman Republic. Will they wait in dignity and silent gravity the coming of the white-jackets, until the Austrian soldier pulls some one of them by his moustache, to see if it be a man or something else? You well remember that the old gentlemen of the stern times, when the Romans were men, did something like this, only they had beards and sense and manly hearts, whereas these boy-play senators have none of these, only some hair on the upper lip and a tuft at the chin. This must

be a holiday march for old Radetzky and his veterans. It is like a walk of “nobody cares for nothing” in the fields on a beautiful spring morning. The question of fighting is not for a moment entertained. How the escamoteurs are to be caught—that is the thought; as to fighting, fighting in reality, is an idea quite un-Roman—a term obsolete—a practice exploded by the craven-hearted, cowardly coxcombs of modern Rome. They did indeed bring up their cannon and march their Roman soldiers in front of the Quirinal gates!—true, they did that. Well, and what else did they do? Why, who cares for what they did? They did everything most disgraceful and dishonourable, and have made themselves a mark of scorn and contempt to all the world in sempiterna secula. It is a sad, sad affair that some Roman had not left a something for history, on that day of Rome's humiliation and dishonour, when scoundrels, infidels, and assassins stormed the quiet palace of the Quirinal. Was there no single man in Rome that day to have defied the siletto gang, roused the worth of the city, and led forward to the Pope's rescue? Where was that Prince and that noble—men of high names and no souls—on that disgraceful day! Shame on them, shame! Half-a-dozen devoted and fearless men would have saved Roman honour on that day of days. It only requires determination and daring to settle matters of this kind; but men must cast their lives on the throw, and only men will do this. Well, the Austrians are marching, and I wish them fine weather, and particularly very warm weather when they come up close to the walls of Rome, for depend on it there will be nothing to warm them there. No hot work—not a shot, not a thrust. Corporals use canes in the Austrian army, which canes I should like to see thrown aside after the Roman assault; but not before, because they may be handy in beating the Roman legions. As for guns and swords, there will be no occasion for such things. The Austrians are going; and Mazzini and Sterbini and the others are coming—to Leicester-square. There and about Charing-cross we shall have these worshipful men in a short time, with dirty beards and seedy cloaks and brown six-and-eight silk hats, all prowling and lounging about with white, hungry, eager looks, and heads full of revolutions and thoughts of bettering themselves, and then some one else, as it may be or may not be. Any way they will not come every day to Mass, that is certain: at least, not to St. George's—so that they will not trouble us. But now that that best of men, Pope Pius IX., will soon return to Rome,—when will he return, and who will accompany his Holiness, and what will he do? For the honour of Rome I pray that it may be in the shades of evening, that the Roman recreants may not have to hang down their heads for very shame. How could they have the face to welcome the Holy Father after all that has passed? They might, as well, indeed, kneel for his blessing and forgiveness, but nothing more. Then, who will accompany him? None of his brave nobles, it is to be hoped, who ran away to Gaeta. Had they stood the brunt of battle, and led back their Prince in triumph—which they might and ought to have done—then, indeed, they might have re-entered Rome with honours and glory; but now let them hide their diminished heads. Austria brings back the Prince and Pastor of Rome, and not they or theirs—no thanks to them. But what will the Holy Father do on his return? Just what he has done all his life. And what will he be? What he has ever

been—indulgent, forgiving; in short, a kind, mild Father—over-indulgent—hoping for better things from his unworthy, ungrateful children. Our Holy Father is too good for his too bad subjects; but on his return to Rome, men not so good, not so merciful, not so benign, not so saintly, will on their knees pray his unqualified permission to take the management of the good Romans into their tender mercies, and that permission they will obtain; and when they once get the whip into their hands, if they don't lay on I don't know who will. No, it will not do a second time to let loose these wild animals on the world; these disturbers and frighteners of honest and peaceable men; these putters-down of all that is good and bad; these universalists in destruction. Don't hurt them, after all said and done, though a little corporal cane-action would not be amiss, if well applied; but only keep them out of danger, for they are dangerous to themselves and every one else whom out of confinement. We have had enough of the Romans, and it is all their own fault that the Auetrians are coming, and that a rod of iron, and not the mild Shepherd's staff, shall rule them henceforth.—Don't they richly deserve it? As to ourselves in London, all our sympathies, affections, and impatient restlessness for the Holy Father's restoration to his own, are in constant, daily, hourly agitation. Every post, for a considerable time, was expected with news of the Holy Father's return; of movement spontaneously made by his good Romans for his instant return to the weeping city; and no one thought that this absence of the Supreme Pontiff could by any possibility have been protracted to the extent that it has. Our attachment and devotedness to his sacred person, and reverence and affectionate submission to his high and Divine authority as Supreme Pastor of the Church, deepens and enlarges as troubles encompass him; and without any exception there is but one heart and mind amongst us as to love, fidelity, and reverence towards his Holiness. As to the signatures to the address of the London Catholics to his Holiness, every man, woman, and child would sign it had they easy means or difficult of doing so: on this there can be no second opinion. But this is not necessary, and its carriage to Rome would be exceedingly inconvenient, and when laid at the feet of the Holy Father, would after all only present a huge mass of all manner of names and blots and scratches, that could not mean more than what with one voice all London expresses, and which all the world knows, sympathy for our Holy Father's troubles and reverential attachment and fidelity and obedience to our Supreme Pastor and Bishop. Then, as to the collection—nothing adequate to the exigency—nothing worthy of ourselves—of our supposed means, was expected by me. Vanity might be flattered by comparisons; and how much you collected through your well-timed exertions, and how little I collected through my supineness, and all this kind of little playing off might go on; but the real amount, after all said and done, will be much better kept quite to our own bosoms.

FATHER THOMAS.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

No. 1.

CITY OF HALIFAX.

In pursuance of the intention announced in our last number, we begin to day a series of documents connected with the history of our religion in Nova Scotia; and although Catholicity was established in other parts of the Province nearly two centuries before a Catholic place of worship was established in Halifax, we think it better to commence with the present capital of the Province. Halifax was founded in 1749, and will be one hundred years old about the middle of the present year. For upwards of thirty years no Catholic priest dare shew his face in the new town, which was composed in the beginning of strictly Protestant Colonists. When a few Catholics were settled amongst them in course of time, they had no opportunity of practising their religion. They sometimes by stealth went into the woods, where the persecuted priest met them by appointment, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice under the canopy of heaven, and in the solitude of the forest. These occasional gleams of religious consolation reminded the poor exiles of

Erin of the terrible persecutions in their own unhappy land. These stolen interviews were rendered exceedingly picturesque by the presence of the faithful children of the forest, the Micmacs, whose fathers had been converted to the knowledge of Christ by the apostolic labours of the early French missionaries in Acadia,—that noble band of Christian warriors, who forsook the homes of their youth, the green fields of beautiful France, and the civilization of Europe, to encamp amid the wigwams of the untutored Indian, to share his grassy couch and humble fare—to deny themselves all the comforts of life, in order to gain to Christ their immortal souls.—Let their names be hallowed in everlasting renown, for nobly did they perform their great task! Deeply did they imprint on the heart of the savage the Glorious Cross of Christ, and the saving knowledge of His Gospel. They brought no wives in flaunting bonnets and silken attire, to soften and smooth the rigours of their austere mission,—no regiment of "responsibilities," to divide their heart between God and the world, the spirit and the flesh, and to wear them from their all-absorbing task. They did not come out (like the new-fangled Apostles of Foreign Missions, whose comfortable outfit is provided by the Gulls of Bunkum Biblical Societies) to speculate in flour and stummary, to trade in lands and dry goods,—to erect mills and build stores,—to humbug 'the heathen' abroad and the society at home,—or to "settle" a chain of daughters in elegant "locations." No, no:—the Catholic Apostles of ancient Acadia came with far different views, far higher aims, far nobler purposes. They came not to seek themselves, but Jesus Christ. They came to seek souls for which He died, and to save them. They were sent by His Vicar on earth to bring forth enduring fruit.—They accomplished their mighty mission: they brought forth fruit, and their fruit remains.—The undying attachment of the Micmacs to the Catholic Faith, even to the present day, proves the fidelity with which the French missionaries discharged the severe duties of their Apostleship. But this is not the time to enter into the history of their labours. We will defer the annals of Annapolis Royal and the other early settlements for some time longer, because we hope to be able to procure some additional documents, which may throw a light upon the history of that remote period. We, therefore, confine ourselves for the present to Halifax.

The Penal laws against Catholics—some of which we may print hereafter—continued here in full vigour until 1782, when the Catholics, by petition, obtained some relaxation. The hunted priest occasionally emerged from the woods, and officiated in an old barn, at the South End of the City. No one had courage enough to think of building a chapel. But there was in those days an Irishman in Halifax, named William Meany, a native of Waterford—afterwards known as Capt. Meany—who encouraged his Catholic brethren to attempt the erection of a place of worship. He purchased the ground, on which St. Mary's Cathedral now stands, from a Protestant family, and he did so as a private individual, (though he acted as the representative of his fellow-Catholics) lest the ground should be refused. The Deed was signed, sealed and delivered on the 16th of October, 1782, and was afterwards securely conveyed for the benefit of the Catholic Church,—a few months previously to which the following documents were published: To the Honourable Sir ANDREW SNAPE HAMMOND, Knt. Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia, and its Dependencies, &c. &c.

The humble Petition of WILLIAM MEANY, JOHN CODY, JAMES KAVANAGH, JOHN MULLOWNY, and JOHN MURPHY, in behalf of themselves and others His Majesty's natural born Subjects professing the Roman Catholic Religion in this Province, Most humbly SHEWETH.

That your Petitioners did on the third day of July last, present an humble Petition to your Honor's predecessor in the Government of this Province, praying a relaxation or repeal of certain grievous Laws, which in the policy of former times might seem necessary to be, and were enacted against your Petitioners; but of late in the great wisdom and humanity of our Most Gracious Sovereign and his faithful Lords and Commons, have been deemed injurious and oppressive.

Your Petitioners then, and now considering themselves included in the general Grace extended to His Majesty's Loyal Subjects profess-

ing the Roman Catholic Religion in all other His Majesty's Dominions were the more emboldened humbly to make the aforesaid Requisitions.

In consequence whereof we were given to understand that the Premises were taken into Consideration by the House of Assembly last Session and postponed for Reconsideration until this present Session, it being alledged that the People at large might be discontented with such Mitigation, Amendment, or Repeal of the Acts before mentioned, and some Members wished to have an opportunity of consulting their Constituents upon the Propriety of such a Measure.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray the Interposition of the Legislature, and confidently hope for such Relief as in their great Justice shall seem meet. And your Petitioners, as, &c. &c.

WILLIAM MEANY, JAMES KAVANAGH,
JOHN CODY, JOHN MURPHY,
JOHN MULLOWNY,

On the 4th Day of July following this Bill received the Lieutenant Governor's Assent.

An Act to repeal certain Clauses in two Acts of the General Assembly of this Province, which have been found to be oppressive and injurious to that Part of His Majesty's Subjects professing the Roman Catholic Religion.

Whereas the Second Section of an Act, made in the Thirty Second Year of His late Majesty's Reign, entitled, An Act for confirming Titles to Lands and quieting Possessions, is found to be oppressive and injurious to His Majesty's Subjects professing the Roman Catholic Religion.

Be it Enacted, by the Lieutenant Governor, Council and Assembly, That the said Second Section of the said above recited Act, and every Matter and Thing therein contained be, and the same is hereby repealed.

And Whereas certain Clauses in an Act made in the Thirty Second Year of His late Majesty's Reign, entitled, An Act for the Establishment of Religious public Worship in this Province and for suppressing Popery, are also oppressive and injurious to that Body of the People professing the Roman Catholic Religion.

Be it therefore Enacted, by the Lieutenant Governor, Council and Assembly, That the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Sections of the said Act, and every Matter and Thing therein contained be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Provided nevertheless, That no Person professing the Roman Catholic Religion shall exercise the functions of a Priest, or set up places of public Worship under the Penalty of Fifty Pounds, without special License, from the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or Commander in Chief of the Province, by and with the Consent of His Majesty's Council, and previous to the obtaining such License such Person or Persons shall take the following Oath, to be administered to him by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Commander in Chief, or the Secretary of the Province, in the words following:

"I do swear, that I will bear faithful and true Allegiance to His Most Sacred Britannick Majesty King George the Third, and him will defend to the utmost of my Power against all traitorous Conspiracies, and all Attempts whatsoever, against his Person, Crown and Dignity. And I will do my utmost endeavours to disclose or make known to His Majesty and his Successors all Treasons, and Traiterous Conspiracies or attempts whatever, which I shall know to be against him or any of them. And these Things I do plainly and Sincerely promise and Swear according to the express words by me spoken, and according to the Plain and Common Sense and understanding of the same words, without any Equivocation, mental Erasion, or secret Reservation whatsoever. And without any Dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other Authority, or Person whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or Man, or absolved of this Declaration or any part thereof. Although the Pope or any other Person or Persons, or Power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same; or declare it was Null and Void from the beginning. And I do make this Acknowledgment and Promise Heartily, Willingly, and Truly upon the True Faith of a Christian."

So help me God.

And be it further Enacted, That nothing in this Act contained shall be of any Force or Effect until His Majesty's Pleasure therein shall be known.

The Humble Address of His Majesty's Loyal and most Dutiful Subjects the Roman Catholics, residing in this Province.

To Sir ANDREW SNAPE HAMMOND, Knt, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia, &c. &c. &c.

The Honourable the Council and House of Assembly.

May it please your Honors,

Our Minds being deeply impressed with the most grateful sentiments to your Honour in particular, and the Honourable and Humane Legislature of this Province in general, for the Grace extended to Us, by repealing in the present Sessions, some grievous Clauses of certain Acts of Assembly, which when made were certainly expedient, but in the present Times appeared not only unnecessary but Oppressive.

Permit Us to return our unfeigned and most humble Thanks for the same, and to assu a your Honors, that We are so highly sensible of the Benefits We may enjoy in future (by being, altho' in a circumscribed Degree, upon the footing of the People Professing our Religion in His Majesty's Kingdoms of Great-Britain, and Ireland;) That We shall at all Times be ready to lay down our Lives and Fortunes in Defence of his Majesty's Person and Government, and in Support of our most excellent Constitution.

In Behalf of ourselves and others:

WILLIAM MEANY, JOHN MULLOWNY,
JOHN CODY, JOHN MURPHY,
JAMES KAVANAGH,

July 6th, 1782

Praise be to GOD on High, on Earth good Will and Peace.

Halifax, Province of Nova-Scotia, in }
North America, July 6th, 1782. }

BRETHREN IN THE LORD,

Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Legislature of this Province under the Divine Influence, and the Dictates of Justice and Humanity to extend their Grace to all Persons professing the Roman Catholic Religion by repealing certain Laws which rendered not only the Persons but the Property of such Persons unsafe.

Permit us the Subscribers to make known the same unto the holy Fathers of our Mother Church to the End that a Knowledge thereof (with all grateful Thanks) may be diffused thro' our Congregations.

The very Infant State of the Resurrection of the Privileges above mentioned and the Poverty of our Communicants (they being chiefly composed of Men who in Times of Peace got a comfortable Livelihood by the Fishery upon this Coast, but since the present unhappy Contest between our Mother Country and the Colonies on the Continent, have been plundered and drove from their Habitations, to seek Subsistence in any other possible Manner, these unfortunate Causes render our Situation truly pitiable, not having the Means to erect a decent Building for our public Worship, and being at present destitute of a settled Pastor, is still more distressing.

Wholly relying on the Assistance of the humane and well disposed to forward this Messing so well begun, we commend you to the Protection and Benediction of the Great and Almighty God, and remain with all Humility,

Your faithful Brethren,

In Behalf of ourselves and all others the Roman Catholics of this Province.

WILLIAM MEANY, JOHN MULLOWNY,
JOHN CODY, JOHN MURPHY,
JAMES KAVANAGH,

We will feel obliged to any one who will send us an account of the five Catholics who signed the above Petition.

ECCLESIASTICAL RITES, &c.

No. 2.

The sixth Sunday of Lent is called Palm Sunday, from the Palms which are solemnly blessed on this day and carried in procession. It was also termed *Rosanna* Sunday, from the shouts of the multitude who welcomed Christ at his first entry into Jerusalem; *Indulgence* Sunday, from the Indulgences which were formerly given with much solemnity on this day; *Pascha competentium*, because the Creed was on this day explained to the Catechumens who were to be baptized on Holy Saturday; *Pascha Palmorum*, in an ancient life of St. Udalric, 5th century; and finally, *Capitalarius* (in French, *Lave-tete*) Sunday, because on this day the heads of those who were to be baptized at Easter were washed out of reverence to the Sacred Chrism with which they were to be anointed in that Sacrament, and to remove any filth contracted during the Penitential Season of Lent, when it was usual to be more careless and negligent in every thing

that related to the dress and prison. The latter custom is alluded to by so old a writer as St Isidore of Seville, *de Divin. Offic.* l. 27, and after him by Alcuin.

The Blessing of the Palms prevailed in the Eastern Church in the 5th Century, and in the Western or Latin, since the 6th or 9th. The first account we have is in Amalarius, *de Eccl. Offic.* l. 10, where treating of this day, he says, "In memory of the event we are accustomed to carry branches of trees through our Churches, and to cry out Hosanna." In memoriam illius rei, nos per Ecclesias nostras solemus portare ramos et clamare Osanna.

The ancient Ordo Romanus contains several Oration or Collects for the blessing of the Palms. The Blessing at present, with its Collect, Lesson, Gospel, Preface, &c. has the appearance of what is termed a Dry Mass by the Rubricists, some of whom are of opinion that in former times the benediction formed a part of the actual Mass of this Sunday.

An ancient manuscript missal of the Church of Tours, which dates from about the year 1100, contains only two Oration for the blessing of the Palms, but they are exceedingly beautiful. The Preface for the ceremony in the old Pontifical of Narbonne, is full of Scriptural unction, and a model of this style of composition. It may be more interesting to English readers to give an extract from the celebrated Missal of Sarum (Salisbury) on this day :

"After the aspersion of the Holy Water, let the following Lesson, with its title, be read over the boughs and flowers, by an Acolyte vested in an Alb, at the steps of the Altar on the South side. Lesson from the Book of Exodus. In those days the children of Israel came into Helim, &c. Immediately follows the Gospel according to St. John, which is to be read by the Deacon turned towards the East, in the place where the Gospels are read on Festival Days: At that time the great multitude which had assembled for the festival day, &c. down to the words, Behold the whole world goeth after him. After the Gospel follows the Blessing of the Flowers and Branches, at the third step of the Altar, on the South, by the Priest vested in a red cope: flowers and palms being first placed on the Altar for the Clergy, and on the Altar steps on the South for all others.

Whilst the Branches are distributed, let a Feretrum with Relics be prepared, in which shall be suspended a Pix containing the Body of Christ, and let light be carried in a Lantern by two Clerics, with an uncovered Cross and two Banners going before." Here follows a minute description of the Procession to the different Stations of the Church, and the Antiphons sung by the Clergy; amongst which we may state the following direction, which shows clearly the belief in the Real Presence. "Three Clerics of the second form, turning towards the people, and standing before the Great Cross on the Western side, sing the Antiphon *Behold the King cometh*. At the end of each verse, the Director of the Office, turning towards the Feretrum, begins the Antiphon *Salve Lux Mundi—Hail! O Light of the world—which the Choir continues, kneeling down and kissing the earth.*" After various other directions, the Sarum Rubric goes on:—"Let all the Crosses throughout the Church be uncovered until after Vespers. . . . And let it be noted that the Passion is to be sung or pronounced in three different tones, to wit, in a high, low, and medium voice; because all things which are contained in the Passion, are the words, either of the Jews or the Disciples, or the words of Christ, or of the Evangelistic narrator," &c.

The Roman Missal contains Five Oration in the ceremony of blessing the Palms. In forming the Crosses over them with his right hand during the benediction, the Priest holds his left *infra pectus*, the Palms not being blessed on the Altar; because when any thing of this nature is blessed on the Altar, the Rubric directs that the left hand should be placed on the Altar, whilst the Priest blesses with his right.

The custom of the English Church, of carrying the Blessed Sacrament in the procession of this day, is very ancient. The statutes of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, allude to it as well as the Sarum Missal; and Matthew Paris, in his Book of the Lives of 23 Abbots of St. Alban's, describes the beautifully ornamented vessel which was made by the Abbot Simon for containing the Body of the Lord during the procession on Palm Sunday. The same usages prevailed in Normandy.

The procession on Palm Sunday, after the blessing of the Palms, was very solemn, and in different parts was accompanied with various ceremonies. The Old Ritual of Soissons enjoins that before the Procession two Subdeacons should sing before the Altar the following verse, which was repeated by the Choir.

Magno salatus gaudio
Lectur come saeculum;
Jesus Redemptor omnium
Sanxit orbem languidum.

The beautiful Hymn, Gloria, Laus, et Honor tibi sit Rex Christe redemptor, which is sung at the Procession on Palm Sunday, was composed, it is said, by Theodolph, Bishop of Orleans, who, when in prison at Angers, chanted this Hymn as Louis the Pious passed by in procession, and thereby obtained his liberty. It is the only Hymn in Hexameter and Pentameter verses which is used in the ritual of the Catholic Church. Only six strophes are used in our present service, according to the Roman Missal, and they have been always very much admired. For the benefit of our Clerical and classical readers, we here give the entire composition, and in doing so, we hope that some of our numerous readers will favor us with a translation in English verse :

Gloria, Laus et Honor tibi sit Rex Christe Redemptor,
Cui puerile decus promisit hosanna pium.
Israel es Tu Rex, Davidis et inclyta proles
Nominis qui in Domini, Rex benedicto, venis.
Coetus in excelsis Te laudat coelitus omnis,
Et mortalis homo, et cuncta creata simul
Plebs Hebraea Tibi cum palmis obvia venit;
Cum prece, voto, hymnis, adsumus ecce Tibi!
Hi Tibi passuro solvebant munia laudis
Nos Tibi regnanti pangimus ecce melos
Hi placeo Tibi, placeat devotio nostra,
Rex bone, Rex clemens, cui bona cuncta placent.

Fecerat Hebraeos hos gloria sanguinis alti,
Nos facit Hebraeos transitus ecco pius.
Inclyta terrenis transitur ad aethera victis
Virtus a vitis nos capit alma tetrus.
Nequitia simus pueri, virtute vegeti
Quod tendere Patres, da teneamus iter
Degeneresque Patrum ne simus ab arte priorum
Nos Tua post illos gratia sancta trahat.
Sis pius ascensor, Tuus et nos simus asellus:
Tecum nos capiat urbs veneranda Dei.
Vestis Apostolicae rutilo fulgore tegamur
Te bene docta ut eis nostra caterva vehat.
Tegmina sivo animae, sternamus corpora nostra
Quo per nos semper sit vita tuta Tibi.
Sit pia pro palmis nobis victoria ramis
Ut Tibi victrici sorte canamus ita.
Castaque pro ramis salicis praecordia sunt
Nosque operum ducat prata ad amoena virum.
Pro ramis oleae pietas, lux, dogmaque sancti
Flaminis in nobis sit Tibi rite placens.
Athore de legis caedamus dogmata quaedam,
Quois veniendi ad nos sit via tuta Tibi.
Nostraque sic praesent celebret devotio festum
Continuz ut valeant annua festa sequi.

In the early ages, the entire of the Holy Week was a period of abstinence from servile work, in order that the faithful might devote their whole time to the mysteries of this solemn season. The Apostolic Constitutions allude to this custom (*lib xviii. cap 23*), and extend the holy-days through the whole Easter week, on account of the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord. *Tota magna hebdomada et proxima sequenti vacent, servi, quia illa passionis est, haec resurrectionis.* The same is declared by Photius and Gregory IX.

In the Roman Liturgy, the week between Palm Sunday and Easter is called *Hebdomada Major, the Greater Week*, not that the week is greater in point of time, but because the offices of the Church are longer, and the solemnities are greater. Add to this the magnitude of the mysteries which are commemorated, and especially that of the Redemption of mankind.

In reference to the ceremony of Palm Sunday, we will publish an interesting passage from the ancient life of St. Ulric, Bishop of Aueburg, who died in 973. This very curious Life was written by Gerard, a priest of Ausburgh, and is to be found in Mabillon. The passage is taken from the 4th chapter:—

"On Palm Sunday, early in the morning, he came to St. Afra, (if he had not lodged there the night before) he sung the Mass of the Holy Trinity, and blessed branches of palm and various other trees, and with the Gospel and the Crosses and the lights,† and with the Offigy of

* St. Afra, who received the crown of martyrdom at Ausburgh, in the reign of Dioclesian, was always honored as the Patroness of that city. St Ulric rebuilt the Cathedral in a splendid manner, and dedicated it again to God, in honor of St. Afra.

† *Fanoniis, Lictoris, or Lights*—as we suspect, from the Greek *phaino*, to shine. We do not recollect to have ever met before this curious specimen of mediæval Latinity.

our Lord sitting on an ass, with the Clergy and a multitude of the people bearing Palm branches in their hands, and with canticles composed in honor of the same day, and with great splendour he went as far as the hill which is called *Perleich*; and thither came to meet him, in beautiful order, the choir of the Canons, together with the inhabitants who had remained in the City, as well as those who joined them from the circumjacent towns, to imitate the humility of the Hebrew children and people, who strewed the way with palm branches and with their garments. Whereupon the holy man did address all in a most suitable admonition on the Passion of our Lord, and spoke in so feeling a manner that he wept, and by his tears made many others weep. When the Sermon was ended, all returned to the Mother Church singing praise to God, and there they celebrated Mass with him, and thence all returned to their own homes."

(To be continued.)

A very creditable translation of the Hymns of the Breviary has been lately published in London, by Edward Caswall, M. A., (we presume one of the recent Converts) from which we extract the following Hymn for the most Holy Crown of Thorns.

EXITE SION FILIAE.

Daughters of Sion! royal maids!
Come forth to see the crown,
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
Hath woven for her Son.

See! how amid His gory locks
The jagged thorns appear;
See! how His pallid countenance
Foretells that death is near.

Oh, savage was the earth that bore
Those thorns so sharp and long!
Savage the hand that gathered them,
To work this deadly wrong!

But now that Christ's immortal Blood
Hath ting'd them with its dye,
Fairer than roses they appear,
Or palm of victory.

Jesu! the thorn which pierc'd Thy brow,
Sprang from the seed of sin;
Pluck ours, we pray Thee, from our hearts
And plant Thine own therein.

THE POET HERRICK.

In our first article on Mid Lent Sunday, we quoted this old favourite. A correspondent has written us some niaiseries about the poet, which prove that he never heard of him before. We quoted him, not as a Catholic authority, but merely to illustrate our assertion concerning an ancient usage. The only revenge we shall take on Scrutator for his impertinent simplicity, is to print for him, spelling and all, Herrick's truly Catholic mode of spending the Lent well. Here it is:—

To Keep a true Lent.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sleep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill,
The platter high with fish?

Is it to faste an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show,
A downcast look and soure?

No: 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate,
To circumsise thy life;

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent

JOHN B. DILLON.

This talented Irishman has been admitted as a Member of the New York Bar, in the most complimentary manner, all the legal requisites being dispensed with. Mr. Dillon will prove a valuable accession to the Bar of his adopted country; and we may safely predict, that the force of his splendid talents and incorruptible integrity, will soon win fame and wealth for him, both from Irishmen and Americans.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

DIocese OF TORONTO.

It is reported that the Rev. Father Larkin of N. York, has again refused the Bishopric of Toronto, altho' the Bulls for his consecration have arrived in Quebec. From the sentiments which we recently expressed on the appointment it may be supposed how deeply we should regret such a determination. We trust the rumour is unfounded, for the sake of the widowed Diocese, as well as for the general interests of Religion. Toronto has been deprived of its chief Pastor since the beginning of October 1847, and to add to its affliction, our last number contained an account of the death of Archdeacon Hay, the Administrator of the Diocese, and the bosom friend of the deceased Prelate. The Rev. Mr Carroll, the nephew of Bishop Burke, who formerly resided in Halifax, also lived with Dr. Power previously to his death. When Mr Carroll heard of the death of some of the clergy, of the spread of fever, and the overpowering weight of duty that fell upon his friend the lamented Bishop, he hastened to Toronto on the wings of charitable zeal, and offered his services to Dr Power in the dangerous duty of attending the numerous patients in Typhus Fever. The Bishop became a martyr of charity. He caught the fever, received the last Sacraments from the Rev. Mr Carroll, and in the hands of that Reverend Gentleman, breathed out his soul to God. We believe that Mr Hay and Mr Carroll were appointed administrators until the election of a Bishop, but Mr Carroll soon contracted an almost fatal illness himself, which for a long time prevented him from discharging any duty, and it was only very lately he was able to return to his post at Toronto, now stricken with two-fold desolation by the sorrowful demise of Archdeacon Hay. If ever a Diocese could make an appeal to the charity and zeal of an Ecclesiastic, it is surely the Diocese of Toronto.— We were never surprised at the reluctance of the good Father Larkin, whose humility shudders at the idea of so great a burthen, and who seems to know well that the *Mitre is a Crown of Thorns*. Indeed, the greatest sacrifice which any Ecclesiastic can make is to undertake the awful charge of ruling a Diocese. But the interests of religion and the salvation of souls require that such sacrifices should be made, and we still most fervently hope that Dr Larkin will yield to the public voice, to the wishes of the Prelacy, and the nomination of the Holy See, by bestowing the benefit of his labours and experience on the afflicted Church of Toronto.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. has been received with thanks, and will be published in our next.

Curiosus is right in his first conjecture, and wrong in his second. It is true, that a public offer was made to the "great philanthropist" in question, to return him the full amount of his charitable subscription, but he refused to receive it in presence of the meeting. It is also true, that the very next morning, he made a private application for the money, and that he got back his Ten Pounds on the same day, and gave a receipt for it. The friendly explanation suggested by *Curiosus* may be likewise true, for aught we know to the contrary, viz., that the times were rather dull, and that the morning after the meeting, he got a very heavy Bill from his Dancing Master." But to discharge such an account with the returned proceeds of an old charity of ten or twelve years' standing, was not, in our opinion, very suitable to the character of a "Great Philanthropist." It is rather hard that when Great Characters of this description choose to dance, the Poor should be called upon to pay the Piper. Indeed, the whole affair has been one of the shabbiest we have ever heard of in the entire history of meanness.

"*The Witch of Endor*" is informed that the false Prophet whom she so graphically describes is too contemptible to merit the least notice in our columns. We would not soil our fingers in dissecting a subject so vile. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, is certainly a sound advice, even from a Witch; but it requires no great witchery to prophesy that in this case the advice will never be taken.

We cannot insert the witty communication of *Anti-Humbler*. From what we lately said on a kindred subject, our correspondent should know that we can have no great inclination to meddle with the "Tribe of Dan."

CONVERSIONS.—We learn from an authentic source that the number of conversions in the Western district of Scotland during the last year was 336.—*Cath. Herald*.

Hymns of the Heart.

No 12.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS!

Oh! for those solitary hours,
When grace descends in silent showers;
When all the Visible withdraws
In solemn, fitful, awful pause;
And memory, like a glassy sea,
Looks up in calmness, Lord, to Thee!

Then, let thine image on this heart
Be deeply felt in every part.
Each motion of the will subdued—
Inform, correct, instruct, renew;
The motives guide—the thoughts refine,
Thyself the type, from line to line!

Come then, thou Holy Spirit, come
And worthy make a worthless home:
All folly into wisdom turn,—
And let me live, to love and learn:
Pride with its piteous dross consume,
And lay in lowliness its tomb!

Eternal, Brooding, Glorious Dove!
Breathe sweetly from Thy throne above:
The weight of every wave control,
Be Thou the conscience of my Soul;
Till self absorb'd—I sit and sing
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing!

Through Thee, let all the peace of heaven
In every sacrament be given:
The precious Eucharistic Bread,
That body of our Priest and Head—
Oh! let it prove my ransom price,
A daily—paschal—sacrifice!

So dead to sin, when Thou art near,
Preserve me from corruption clear;
Feed me with rich celestial food,—
Whilst trials rage, yet work for good;
Till final perseverance crown
The conflict Thou hast made Thine own!

(From the Times.)

FRANCE—ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

PARIS, SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 5, P. M.—The religious ceremony in commemoration of the revolution of February has passed off in the most tranquil manner, notwithstanding the vast crowds that thronged the streets. From an early hour the strains of military music were heard from the different corps as they were proceeding to their respective destinations. The weather was fine, though the morning rose in clouds and mist, as if nature had also put on her mourning for the victims of revolution. The sombre appearance of the heavens passed off, however; and, though some importance was attached to it by the superstitious, yet it was no less a fact that nearly at the moment when the thunder of artillery announced that the funeral wail, the chant of mourning for the victims of February, the dirge for the dead, was over, and that the *Te Deum*, the hymn of joyous thanksgiving, was begun, the clouds began to roll away, and the sun shone forth from a serene and cloudless sky.

At the hour specified the representatives assembled together in the *Salle de la Presidence* of the National Assembly; and exactly at half-past nine o'clock they, with their president, vice-presidents, and secretaries at their head, put themselves in motion, and, the greater part on foot, and decorated with the tricolor sash edged with gold fringe, which they wore from right to left, and the rosettesaiso, the distinguishing mark of a deputy, worn at the left buttock, they proceeded at a slow pace to the church. They mounted the steps bareheaded, and, guided by the masters of ceremonies, took their places as prescribed in the programme. The whole of the way through which the representatives passed—namely, the Pont de la Concorde, the Place de la Concorde, and the Rue de la Concorde, was lined with troops and National Guards alternately, and of whom a considerable number were stationed towards the Tuileries and the extremity of the Rue de Rivoli. From the Place de la Concorde to the Church of the Madeleine, to the right and left extended a series of lofty pedestals, supporting each a tripod, from which shot forth a sombre flame. Similar pedestals were placed at each of the four angles of the Pont de la Concorde.

The Place de la Concorde had special symbols of mourning. From the centres of the four compartments into which the place is divided

sprang into the air four lofty masts—from which, but less than halfway up, floated, in sign of mourning, the colours of the Republic, but veiled with a mourning crape.

The moment the representatives of the people had assumed their place in the church an express despatched to the Palais Elysee informed the President of the Republic of the fact; and in a few moments the roll of carriage wheels and the trampling of horses' feet in the direction of Rue St. Honore, told that the only one whose presence was wanting to complete the assemblage was fast approaching. The troops that lined the streets along the Rue Faubourg St. Honore, and the Rue Royale presented arms, and the carriage of Louis Napoleon was seen coming along, escorted by a troop of dragoons. The cry of "*Vive le President*" then arose, and was borne along, each moment gathering new strength, until he arrived at the steps of the church. He descended from his carriage, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, and mounted the steps bareheaded, when he was received by the Curé of the Madeleine and his clergy. The President was dressed in the uniform of a general officer of the National Guard, and wore the riband and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. The Curé of the Madeleine has, by the way, become, like many others, a great admirer of Louis Napoleon, though he voted against him at the election. The Curé was formerly chaplain to a regiment of the Royal Guards under Charles X.

The Archbishop of Paris officiated as high priest in the solemn ceremony for the dead. The service was performed in the impressive manner so familiar to the ritual of the Catholic Church. The vocal and instrumental music was of the highest merit; and when the *Te Deum* was chanted in full choir, accompanied by the whole of the instruments, above which the solemn swell of the organ heaved forth billows of sound, the effect was truly electric. The *coup d'aile* was not less striking. The mass of representatives whose sad-coloured raiment was relieved by the tricolor scarf—the glitter of the military uniforms—the speaking sadness of the widows and orphans of the victims of the revolution of February gathered together round the cenotaph—the gorgeous vestment of the Archbishop and his assistant clergy, the meek and venerable aspect of the pastor himself, whose eyes were filled with tears, as his thoughts wandered to the memory of his martyred predecessor—the thousand lights that blazed upon the high altar, the clouds of incense that floated on high as the light flame was fitfully emitted in an atmosphere of perfume—the wailing sounds that filled the air as the memory of the dead was chanted, and then, the most glorious of all, the electric burst of triumphant sounds that seemed to move the very pillars of the edifice, and to be repeated from the lofty roof—the thunder of the artillery of the Invalides and the removal of the ensigns of mourning, and the simultaneous hoisting, full mast high, on all the public edifices, of the Republican flag—all presented a picture as difficult to describe as it would be to tell the feelings excited by it.

HOW FONTENOY WAS FOUGHT AND WON.

The French, under their King, Louis XIV., having laid siege to Tournay, the Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of about 60,000 men to relieve the city. Marshal Saxe, who was the actual commander of the French, advanced to meet him at the head of 45,000 men, and occupied the village of Fontenoy. After various attempts to drive the French from their position, the Duke advanced a body of 6,000 men, with twelve pieces of cannon, to dislodge them. The French Cavalry charged with impetuosity, but were sent reeling backward by a tremendous and fatal fire from the English column. Masses of infantry were moved forward against the English, but with no better success. The coming column was fearfully reduced with the repeated charges, but still advanced on with coolness and heroism apparently invulnerable. The Household Cavalry of France (the Imperial Guards of that age) lapped round the column, attacking them on every side with fury, but could make no impression. On they came, as slowly and, seemingly, as irresistible as an avalanche, striking terror into Louis, who prepared to fly, and filling the heart of the veteran Saxe with melancholy forebodings for the result of the battle.—One chance remained, and Saxe used it—it was, to commit the honor of France and the fortune of the day to the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon,

Berwick, Roth, Buckley, and Fitzjames, which regiments formed the Brigade, and was the French reserve upon that day.

"Let the whole Irish Brigade charge!" cried Saxe; "the cavalry has made no impression! Upon you rests the honor of France."

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,

The priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—

Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor over yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,

"Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!

This is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,

Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—

Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rooks, the men behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore:

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore:

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—

The green hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack.

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

This last brilliant achievement of the Brigade filled Europe with their fame, and fixed it forever in History.

From this date, their records are (as yet) uncollected; they were present at the victory of Loutell, where about 2,000 of the Brigade and Colonel Dillon were killed, including many other officers. They served in Germany until 1762, afterwards under Lally in India; a remnant served in the French West Indies during the war of the revolution in this country.

In the year 1792, when the French revolution assumed its Republican aspect, they requested to be dismissed. They were, for the most part, monarchists, and were traditionally attached to the throne. They had shielded France from her enemies in Asia and Europe, had defended all her frontiers, and been entrusted with the most important garrisons. They saw the coming of a civil war and requested to be discharged.—Louis XVI. parted with them with regret, and gave their commander a banneret, with this true and just motto:

"The Irish Brigade."

"1692—1792."

"Faithful Always."

And with this banneret the Irish Brigade vanished. Two years later, the Volunteers (the civic army of our race) were disbanded by English intrigue and Charlemont's influence. Since then, fifty years and more have passed and we have had no military school we could call our own. No wonder that, at this day, 65,000 skilled

soldiers, artfully distributed, are able to hold all Ireland. Her present people never saw a soldier of their own.—*Nation*.

A TRIBUTE REJECTED.—An attempt made by the friends of Mr. Gavan Duffy to raise a fund to defray the expenses of his defence, has elicited the following creditable letter from that gentleman:—"Gentlemen,—I am very grateful for the zeal and considerate kindness which have influenced you in commencing the collection of a public fund for my defence; but I ask, as a personal favour, that you will proceed no further with it. I have an unconquerable objection to coming before my country in that attitude. It is a question of feeling entirely—I condemn nobody in the smallest degree who feels differently; I do not assert or assume that there is any principle whatever involved in it; but I know that to be a public convict would be a less painful and intolerable position for me than to be a public pauper. It is quite true, as some of you have urged upon me, that I have lost my fortune in the public service; but it is true also that I made it in the public service; and trust, moreover, that I feel able and willing, now as ever, to live, and support all who have claims upon me, by my personal industry, when I am at liberty to exercise it—if ever I shall be so. It is the only source they or I have ever depended upon, and I wish to end it as I began. Trust me, however, I am not insensible to your generous kindness, nor likely to forget it.—Believe me, Gentlemen, very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"March 6th."

SELECTION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE BISHOPRIC OF CLOYNE AND ROSS.

The duty of selecting a successor to the late Bishop of Cloyne and Ross was performed by the Parish Priests of that Diocese, in the Parish Church of Cove, on Wednesday week. The ceremonies commenced with the Solemn High Mass, "*De Spiritu Sancto*," which was sung by the Rev Mr Russell, P. P., Cloyne; Rev Mr Horgan, of Michelstown, acting as Deacon; Rev Mr Walsh, Carrigtwohill, as Sub-Deacon; and Rev Mr Buckley, Buttevant, as Master of Ceremonies. The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Cashel and other Prelates, and the majority of the Priests who assembled at yesterday's solemnities, were also present. After the conclusion of Mass the church was entirely cleared of all persons save the Parish Priests of the Diocese, who, under the presidency of his Grace of Cashel and the other Prelates, proceeded to nominate the three candidates, from which the Holy See will have to select the future Bishop. Shortly after three o'clock the election terminated. The following is the result:—First on the list—Very Rev T. Murphy, P. P., Fermoy. Second on the list—Very Rev Morgan O'Brien, P. P., Michelstown. Third on the list—Very Rev Dr Keane, P. P., Middleton.—*Cork Examiner*.

Births

- March 19—Mrs Duffey, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Nilan, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Hogan, of a daughter.
- " 22—Mrs Heany, of a daughter.
- " 23—Mrs Walsh, of a daughter.
- " 26—Mrs Shepherd, of a daughter.
- " 26—Mrs Heughs, of a daughter.
- " 27—Mrs Phelan, of a son.
- " 27—Mrs Stevens, of a son.
- " 28—Mrs Washington, of a son.
- " 28—Mrs Ryan, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs Griffin, of a daughter.
- " 29—Mrs McDonnell, of a son.
- " 29—Mrs Hurley, of a daughter.

Died.

- March 18—Christopher, infant son of Christopher and Catherine Joynt, aged 3 years and six months.
- " 18—Joseph, infant son of Austin and Honora Ferguson, aged 12 months.
- " 25—Margaret, infant daughter of Fark. and Mary Dwier, aged 1 month.
- " 26—John McCann, Private 97th Regt, native of Ireland, aged 27 years.
- " 29—John Murphy, native of Halifax, aged 39 years.
- " 28—Honora, daughter of Jeremiah Sullivan, aged 9 months.
- " 28—Andrew, infant son of Andrew and Mary McAssey, aged 5 months.
- " 28—Benjamin, infant son of George Sinclair, aged 7½ months.

DIRECTORY FOR 1849.

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