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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 12.

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

HALIFAX, MARCH 20, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

- MARCH 21—Sunday—Passion Sunday.  
 22—Monday—St. Gregory the Great, P. and Conf.  
 23—Tuesday—St. Benedict, Abbot.  
 24—Wednesday—St. Timothy B. M.  
 25—Thursday—Annunciation of the B. V. M. II class  
 Holiday of Obligation.  
 26—Friday—Seven Dolours of B. V. M.  
 27—Saturday—St. Margaret of Cortona.

## SAINTE CALVIN AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Continuation of the Holy History of Jack of Geneva, with sundry specimens of his Christian Tolerance in that Protestant City.

Eccle iterum Crispinus: et est mihi some vocatus,  
Ad partes; monstrum nulla virtute redemptum,  
A vitis—

A few weeks ago, our religion, and some of its most sacred institutions, were assailed with unmeasured vituperation, in the pages of the Guardian. As we had given no provocation, we naturally felt indignant. We have given expression to our feelings in a manner which our wanton revilers will not speedily forget. Perhaps they are already convinced, that a silent discretion would have been the better part of valour, and that it was safer to confine their abuse of popery to the pulpit, than to have wielded the two edged sword of the Press. When we retorted and spoke contemptuously of the gloomy bigot of Geneva, we did so advisedly, and for the express purpose of making our opponents feel some of that pain which they scrupled not to inflict on others. They have smarted under the rod: and they now charge us with cruelty, and invoke public sympathy in as piteous tones as those with which Servetus appealed at the stake to the Robespierre of Geneva. But it is all in vain. The entire public are too well acquainted with the history of this quarrel. None but those who are the blind slaves

of bigotry or political prejudice, believe, that the offensive portion of this warfare has been commenced by us. Indeed we know that those amongst our fellow citizens whose opinions are worthy of any respect, declare that this contest has been forced upon Catholics—that it is in reality not a war of religious opinion but a political ruse—that those who commenced it, had no other object than to serve the purposes of their party at the approaching Election, and that having evoked the genius of religious discord amongst a peaceful community, the unscrupulous conjurers richly deserve all the chastisement they have received at our hands. They lifted up their eyes in holiest horror, when we called Jack Calvin a monster; but they had no compassion for our feelings when they vomited forth their blasphemies, on the most adorable of our mysteries, and bespattered our religious institutions with the slime of their filthy imaginations.

They now attempt to fasten upon us, the charge of intolerance and by falsely asserting that the Catholics aim at universal domination, to fan the dying embers of bigotry throughout the country. We repeat again and again that the charge is false—that Catholics have no such intention—that even if they had, it is morally and physically impossible for them to carry it into effect, as a glance at their political position will show. However in defiance of justice and common sense, this deceitful clamour will be kept up, as long as they hope to derive from it, any political advantage, and not one moment longer. It is useless then, to reason with such impostors, to enter into serious discussion with them on the absurdity of the No Popery cry, is to offer an homage to their sincerity which they do not deserve. They know full well the iniquity of their game, but they will play it out, and as we see in the monstrous, unnatural alliance of the Times and the Guardian, of the Church of England and her bitterest enemy, of Luther and Calvin, of Knox and Cranmer,—they can forget the most inveterate of enmities, to join in fierce opposition against the Church of nineteen centuries, that glorious "Pillar and Ground of Truth" which has hitherto defied the "Gates of Hell" itself.

But we must return to the history of Jack the faggot-burner and prove to the people of the Guardian that charges of intolerance

ances come from their lips with very little grace. We have already seen, (and the 'criminal' has not ventured to deny it) that Calvin was branded with a red-hot iron for the commission of an unnatural crime, for which his life had been forfeited to the laws of his country—that he persecuted to death for the exercise of private judgment—that the effusions of his pen were deeply stained with vulgar scurrility and gross invectives—that he established a sanguinary and tyrannical inquisition at Geneva—that he restricted personal liberty, and proscribed all freedom of opinion—that his savage heart was steeled against all the feelings of humanity—that his ferocious eyes feasted themselves on the expiring convulsions of human agony—that he died in despair of the same itching and hideous disease as the tyrant Herod, and that so far from claiming our respect as men, or our reverence as Christians, his memory deserves one of the blackest pages in the annals of infamy and intolerance.

Thanks to the indefatigable researches of an honest Protestant, we are enabled to continue our proofs of Calvin's toleration; and to shew the ridiculous and disgusting pranks of his *reign of terror* at Geneva. We invite the special attention of all who are so clamorous for liberty of conscience, the right of private judgement, spiritual emancipation, Protestant independence and so forth, to the ludicrous and bloody records of Jack's Inquisition; and after having perused them, if they shall declare that he was a sound Protestant, we will abandon the whole question in despair and compassion for their "Protestant ignorance."

The liberties of Switzerland were conquered and preserved by Catholic warriors, and the *Magna Charta* of Geneva freedom had been written by a Catholic Bishop, two centuries before the time of Calvin. When this "French Fox" as the Genevans called him, had wormed himself into power, he crushed the liberties of the people, and like a true serpent stung the bosom in which he was cherished. A numerous party of the citizens became jealous of the power acquired by the cunning Frenchman, and other foreign refugees. Perhaps the "criminal" is not aware that the figure of his Patron Saint was cadaverous and ghastly, that his hands were withered like old parchment, that he had a confounded nasal twang in the pulpit, which would be no discredit to the most snuff-taking Frenchman in Europe, and that those little peculiarities of the Dictator, had not un frequently provoked the ridicule of the people. He retorted with a vengeance; and we will quote from the Geneva Register which has been lately dragged into light, some specimens of his meek toleration.

"They punished with imprisonment," says Audin, "the lady who arranged her hair with too much coquetry," (*Calvin we suppose, was to be the Judge,*) and even the chamber-maid who assisted at her toilet; the merchant who played at cards, the peasant who spoke too harshly to his beast, and the citizen who had not extinguished his lamp at the hour appointed by law (vol. II. p. 12) "Men were forbidden to dance with women," (what would our masqueraders do, if Calvin were in Halifax?) "or to wear figured hose, or flowered breeches," (Register of Geneva, July 14, 1522.) "Three tanners" (mark this, *Leather-heads of the Times!*) "were put in prison for three days on bread and water, for having eaten at breakfast three dozen pieces of pastry, which was great dissoluteness." (Regist. 13 Feb. 1553.) "A merchant who sold wafers marked with a Cross was fined sixty sols, and his wafers were cast into the fire as scandalous." (Ib.)

Whosoever did not take off his hat for Calvin, was fined. If any one contradicted him, he was brought before the consistory, and threatened with excommunication! (Regist. 31 December, 1543.)

If any girl presented herself to be married with a bunch of flowers in her bonnet, she had to dread the censures of the consistory. If any one danced on his *wedding day*, he was imprisoned for three days. If any young married lady wore shoes of a peculiar fashion, she was publicly reprimanded. (29 July, 1549.)

Calvin's precise legislation restricted even the number of plates which should appear on the table of the rich, the quality of butter to be sold, &c. (Ibid.)

All were ordered to eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays, under pain of imprisonment and the night-watch was ordered to proclaim that no one should make slashed doublets or hose, or wear them hereafter under penalty of 60 sols (16 April 1543.)

Chapuis was put in prison, because he wished his child to be christened Claude, in opposition to the Calvinist minister who wanted to call him Abraham. He said he would keep his child 15 years without baptism, rather than have him called Abraham, and he was kept four days in prison. (Reg. 1546.)

One day a young man appeared at the altar, to be married to a girl from Nantes Abel Poupin, the minister, asked him, "Will you be faithful to your wife?" The hapless bridegroom instead of answering, yes, merely inclined his head in token of assent. He was sent to prison and condemned to bread and water! (Reg. 1546.)

But all these were mere trifles when compared with the criminal prosecutions of Berthellier, Gruet, Gentilis, Perrin, Favre, Bolsec and Servetus.

Calvin established a regular espionage to detect all the violators of his absurd and tyrannical code. He kept informers in his pay, to learn the secrets of families. The elders too, were authorised by law to enter weekly into the most private sanctuary of domestic life, and to report to Calvin's consistory what they might see and hear. In one single year more than 200 prosecutions were instituted by this consistory, for obscene language, lechery, calumny, blasphemy, insults to Calvin, offences against the ministers (talk of "priest-ridden papists" after this!) and attempts against the French exiles. Every citizen trembled for his life, and the Devil himself could not excite more terror, than the approach of one of Calvin's infamous spies.

We will give a specimen of those tolerant gentry from the Register of 3 Sep. 1547.

"Master Raymond (one of the spies) was passing by the bridge when he heard a voice saying *go to the devil*: Who is that, said he, to Dominic Clement who was present, 'Tis a girl who was wishing the "Renard" (fox) to the devil. You're a fox yourself, said Raymond. I am as good a man as you are, said Clement, and at least I was never banished from my own country. The Dominic was denounced to the consistory, and bitterly reproved. When he attempted to defend himself, Calvin silenced him saying, whist, stop, you have blasphemed against God in saying, you were not banished!"

When Calvin Farel, and Viret under military orders abolished the Mass, closed the Monasteries and destroyed the Churches, and images, "two German Anabaptists,"\* says Audin came to preach their doctrines and made some converts. A public dispute was agreed upon; after Calvin's return from Lausanne.—The Anabaptists would not yield the victory, when an order from the magistracy was procured, commanding them to quit the city under pain of death! This was Calvin's liberty of conscience. In framing and revising the civil code of Geneva, Calvin was assisted by a Jurist named Colladon, and a sanguinary system of criminal law, was the result of their labours. "Calvin professed to take the Levitical law for his model, but he clearly followed the Grand Turk in one enactment—faithless wives were doomed to be drowned in the Lake of Geneva, without even the decent ceremony of the sack used on the shores of the Bosphorus. The records of the consistory and senate are a lamentable mixture of tragedy and farce. In every page we find records of confessions extorted by the rack, which appears to have been in constant action. Thus, John Roset, confessed

\*Jack himself was married to an Anabaptist Widow. It seems none of the Presbyterian doves were fair enough for his fancy.

under torture that he had been guilty of a Joltory. He was deemed to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted. He was only flogged through the city, and imprisoned in chains for ten years. Among these records we find a child sentenced to be hanged for cursing its parents, another to be flogged for saying his mother was a she devil; a girl to be excommunicated for putting on boy's clothes, and her mother also for not preventing her, a woman condemned to banishment for singing profane songs to psalm tunes; a man to imprisonment for reading the tales of Poggio; and a peasant to the same punishment for swearing at his cattle. In half a century 150 people were burned for witchcraft . . . . . Gruet was suspected of posting a libellous placard against Calvin. He was arrested and his papers seized; and the search after these papers, extended to the dust hole and cess pool. From the fragments thus collected a new charge of heresy was framed; he was tortured until he confessed every thing that was desired, and was then dismissed to the scaffold. Calvin was not yet satisfied; he insisted that the senate should condemn Gruet's writings to the flames; the senate could not frame a sentence against scraps of foul paper, so Calvin undertook the task himself, and this strange document is still preserved in his hand writing among the archives of Berne!"

Let us relate another liberal exploit of the Apostle of the Guardian, from the same authority who quotes the original documents.

Pierre Ameaux was a member of the Genevan Council of twenty five. At a supper, being excited by wine, he said some severe things of Calvin. At his table, another man, Henry de la Mar, had also said amidst the applauses of the guests, "that Calvin was a spiteful and vindictive man, who never pardoned any one against whom he had a grudge. The next morning Ameaux was cited before the Council. He excused himself by saying he was inflamed with wine. They fined him 30 Dollars, a large sum at that time. "On hearing of this sentence, Calvin arose, donned his doctor's dress, and escorted by the ministers and elders, penetrated into the hall of the Council, demanded Justice in the name of that God whom Pierre Ameaux had outraged, in the name of the morals he had sullied, and of the laws he had violated and declared he would quit Geneva if the man were not compelled to make the *amende honorable*—a public apology, bare-headed, at the City Hotel, and in two other public places. The Council yielded, and the next day, Ameaux, half naked, with a torch in his hand, accused himself in a loud voice of having knowingly and wickedly offended God, and begged pardon of his fellow citizens!"

So much, this week, for the dethronement of the Presbyterian Idol. We ask again, was it likely that God selected such an instrument for the reformation of the Christian world, or the foundation of a new Church?

### THE GREAT PROTESTANT CONFEDERACY.

'Q. What is Protestantism?

A. The abjuration of Popery, and the exclusion of Papists from all power.' Bishop of Durham's Catechism.

Of all the wonderful things in this very strange world, the hostile conjunction of all the scattered and discordant elements of the absurdity, called Protestantism, in opposition to Catholics, is not the least remarkable. This Protestant War-cry enrols under its motley standard a greater confusion of tongues than was seen at the tower of Babel.

"A motley crew with ever varying face,  
Devoid of spirit, order, strength and grace.  
Such as old Falstaff led, or such as might  
Have sought the banners of La Mancha's Knight."

They excommunicate and anathematize each other, as heartily as the first Reformers did. They all profess to be guided by the Bible, and no two Protestant sects agree in its interpretation. Reason as well as Scripture convinces us that as there

is but one true God, one faith and one Baptism, there can be but one True Church. Yet each Protestant sect calls itself the true Church and if its members be sincere, they must believe the rest of mankind to profess an erroneous faith. In most Protestant Churches, the ministry of the priesthood is degraded or lost. Having driven the altar out of the Church they abolished Sacrifice, and having no sacrifice to offer, they had no necessity for priests. Neither do they require a clergy to expound the Scriptures. They will submit to no human dictation. They can interpret the Scripture for themselves, and can read it by their own fireside, as well as hear it read in a Church by a fallible poor being like themselves. Hence in their gospel journals, they are all prophets, doctors, and Apostles, and may in religion "think what they please, and say what they think." Priestly absolution from sin, they have also abolished. All that the minister can do, is to "declare to the truly penitent that God will forgive their sins." But surely the town-crier could make this announcement at a much cheaper rate, and thus the overgrown innoxious Church Establishment could be reduced.

A priest is not required by them for Baptism, any layman, they say, can administer that; and according to some, it is a mere ceremony, by no means essential. Confirmation is no Sacrament at all, in their opinion. Why then require a Bishop or a priest? If it be merely a renewal of the Baptismal engagement, a declaration to that effect could be signed before the magistrate, just as in Marriage, or made in presence of the congregation. As for the Eucharist, there being no consecration of the Elements, the people themselves can read over the bread and wine, and take them without any ministerial assistance. To be sure they accuse the Catholic Church of depriving the laity of "the Cup," though it is well known the early Christians communicated indifferently under either kind, but they have robbed the people of the entire Sacrament, altogether, and instead of the Body and Blood of Christ, which the Catholic receives under either species, they give but a morsel of bread and a drink of wine. Having renounced the Popish sacrament of Extreme Unction, contrary to the clear and convincing authority of St James, they require no priest for the sick. What can he do for them beyond any of their godly neighbours? Besides, if there be contagious disease or pestilence, their Protestant minister is sure to fly, because he has a wife and children and has scoffed at Popish celibacy to gratify his beloved flock; and we have it on the high authority of the present Archbishop of Dublin that the Clergy are not *would* expose their lives in attendance on their dying people, for his Grace Dr. Whately published an Apostolic Pastoral during the Cholera of 1832, in which he distinctly told his dear children in Christ, that they had no right to send for their ministers in their last agony, lest they should carry home disease and infection into the bosom of their families! With regard to Holy Orders, they deny it to be a Sacrament, and any authority or spiritual power they intend to convey thereby is all a mockery and a delusion, as we have seen above. Those who think some ordination necessary, are never certain that they have one truly ordained Bishop or priest amongst them. The ancient and glorious Church of Christ from which they claim their ordination, has for the most valid reasons always rejected their claim, so that if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to return to-morrow to the faith of his sainted predecessors, Theodore, Elphege, Anstun, or Thomas a Becket, he would be treated in the Catholic Church as a simple layman. Those who do not believe in the necessity of ordination, appoint their own ministers; or give them a *call*, as it is comically termed, and rule the Church by unordained laymen. Thus the priesthood is trampled under foot, its dignity destroyed, its functions abolished. Even in that large section of Protestants, which has a nominal hierarchy, the head of the Church is a woman, was once an infant, and may be so again. Hapless Church! what a wretched and inglorious substitute for the venerable English Catholic Church of one thousand years before the sacrilegious robbery of the Reformation! Degraded Church! which is the creature of an act of Parliament, and which, exists only by sufferance. Feeble hierarchy! who have within our own day, seen ten of their num-

ber unmercifully knocked down by a lay minister of State, and their destroying rival in Ireland endowed by a Protestant Premier!

Well, the priesthood and Sacraments being abolished, every one is left to the exercise of his private Judgment, and the innumerable divisions which have sprung from this profane principle of descent, form the unsightly mass, called *Protestantism*. We said nothing about the Sacrament of Matrimony, for a blacksmith can perform that solemn rite, in one part of the Great Protestant kingdom, a civil magistrate can tie the knot any where else, and a divorce, with permission to marry again, can be had from the lay Divines in the Upper House, any declaration of our Saviour on the indissolubility of marriage, notwithstanding.

And this is *Protestantism*, the religion of negation, and abstraction, and independence, and lay domination,—which has rejected the authority of God and of his Church, and set up as a standard of Faith for each of its members the Dead Letter of the most incomprehensible and mysterious volume that was ever written—which, without any proof that it is God's Word, puts a translated Book from an ancient and difficult language, into the hands of all its votaries, no matter what their ignorance, and makes an insidious appeal to their pride of understanding, and tells them that they are fully competent to expound it, and allows them indiscriminately to grope their way to the True Religion, through its mysterious pages, and thus creates as many religions as there are individuals, each claiming for himself the possession of truth, and fiercely denouncing every one else, and no authority whatsoever recognized for the settlement of their multifarious disputes, and unholy wranglings! Thus

—“Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, Holy Chiefs  
Have made a battle royal of beliefs,  
Or like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd  
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;  
Each Jehu lashing with such furious force,  
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse.”

So it was from the beginning of the Reformation, and so it will be to the end. There was, however, one point of union between those fierce and terrible combatants, one cry in which they were all sure to join—opposition to the mother that bore them, resistance to the Church which existed for fifteen centuries before the name of *Protestant* was heard of, which now with increased glory, proudly rears her venerable head after three centuries of unexampled persecution, and which will exist long after the silly name of *Protestant* shall have been consigned to oblivion, and the Protestant Reformation seen only through the dim twilight of tradition, like the Arian and other congenial heresies of old. Founded on a rock as immutable as Christ's promise—always ancient and ever new—the Catholic Church has shone as a Glorious Light to the whole world. Assailed from within and without, each successive struggle is but the harbinger of a new victory. The billows of heresy and schism, of infidelity and error, have dashed against her sides in vain; the withering blasts of fifty persecutions have swept over her, but she has not once bowed her majestic head. For countless ages the tide of time has rolled by her, bearing to destruction on its swelling bosom, every of the works of man, but she remains unmoved; whilst each generation as it passes, bends in obeisance before Her, proclaims her “the same yesterday, to day, and for ever,” and salutes her as the Queen of Eternity.

### THE CROSS.

Many of those sly sinners who would swindle us out of our political rights because we are Catholics, affect unusual surprise at the recent deviation from our usual course. They are so deeply concerned in our success as a religious periodical, that the good souls cannot bear to see us launch out into the troubled waters of politics. Only think of that shocking *Cross*, that “exclusively religious Paper” to speak out in so bold a tone for the last few weeks, and to attack us poor Protestants of the old Tory school, merely because we indulged in the harmless

amusement of ridiculing their religion and their priests, and calling on all the Protestants in the country to put down these insolent papists! “Oh! did you see the attack in the *Remish Journal* on our dear angel of a man, who never did any thing to offend them, except the innocent freak of refusing to dine at the same table with two of their priests! Did you see the unmerciful assault on the poor Editor of the *Guardian* who “never had a quarrel with them in his life” and whose only crime was, that he printed in his harmless paper some abuse of monks, nuns, cakes, wafers, and other Popish abominations! Did you see the coach and six they drove through the grammar of the *Times*, and the profane caricature they drew of the Church of England and their wicked allusion to the Church of bullets and bayonets in Ireland! Did you read their vain boasts about the conversion to Rome, of all the most learned and pious of the English Protestant Clergy and the members of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, who they say, discovered genuine popery in all the fine old writings of the Holy Fathers which were deposited in those Colleges! Did you hear the scoffing and irreverent language in which they spoke of those sainted champions of Protestantism, Knox, Calvin, and Luther—men of incomparable meekness, of spotless characters, and mortified lives! Oh dear, Oh dear, Oh dear! Who'd have thought it! Who could believe that those ignorant Romanists should be able to say any thing in their own defence or write one sentence of good English, or with their “unpretending little sheet,” be able to hold out so long against five of our Journals, and a score of our most accomplished writers! Is it not grievously painful to hear such benighted creatures quoting Latin and English classics, and Protestant divines, and the blessed Book of God, which these Editors must have stolen from the priests, and slinging them in our teeth, and taunting us with our stupid ignorance, and telling us that Protestantism is on its last legs, and that we are tearing out each others vitals, and that private Judgment will swallow up the whole of us, and that the entire world is moving in the direction of Rome!”

Such are some of the horror-stricken exclamations of the canting Pharisees, and crafty politicians of the day, and the cream of the joke is, that notwithstanding the breathless, and almost exhausted state of infantine helplessness with which they utter them, the cunning rogues do not believe one word of them. Then, their deceptive notes are so varied, and so discordant that they can never harmonize. One time, these pestilential Catholics are naturally slavish and unfit for liberty—at another they are not only liberal, but red hot Radicals. Now, they are brutal ignorant, and are kept in that besotted state, by their priests—and again they are schooled into all kinds of dangerous knowledge by those same priests. To day, they are priest ridden, to-morrow they are throwing off the sacerdotal yoke. This week the Catholics are quiet, peaceable, and deserving a fair share in the public offices of the country; before the close of the next, a shrill blast from the trumpet of intolerance calls upon all true Protestants to exclude them from all power, and to resist every encroachment of Rome. If we remain quiet we are treated as cowards, and kicked and cuffed according to every caprice of our gracious masters. If we speak out in our own defence, straightway a senseless and brutal clamour is raised against us. If our priests go into society, the “innocent and unoffending brother” of the Editor of the *Guardian* thinks himself privileged to insult them; if they stay at home, they are “olden monks herding together” a “nest of hornets” and a “low set of Jesuits.”

If they abstain from politics and confine themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, their forbearance is repaid with insolence, and their zeal made a subject of ridicule; if they interfere in political concerns as the greater part of the other clergy of the Province do, our ears are stunned with the Protestant reclamations from every side. And thus does Bigotry pursue her ever-changing and inconsistent course of truth and falsehood, light and darkness, censure and praise. No matter what we do it is impossible to please them. If patient, we are rudely struck upon the face; if we lift a hand in our defence, we are, if possible to be trampled and spit upon. If we humbly sue in the "bondsmen's key" for the smallest share of the many good things which are distributed to our neighbours, we are scornfully laughed at for our impudence; if with the voice and attitude of freemen we demand our constitutional rights, the "cry" of *No Popery* "havoc" is raised, and all the "dogs of war let slip" against us.

We therefore despair of pleasing our whimsical and incoherent foes. Some of them are too stupid, others too heartless, and all too selfish to recognize our claims.

They charge this Paper with inconsistency. Who made us amenable to their opinion? What right have they to fetter our discretion? Is not the *Times* the organ of the Church of England, and has it not dabbled in politics and abused us into the bargain? Is not the Christian! Messenger the organ of that section of the Baptists who are ruled in spirituals as well as in temporals, by the Right Rev. Fathers in God, Mr. Attorney General Johnson, and Mr. Prothonotary Nutting, and Parson (now Elder) Crawley, those three illustrious seceders from 'the people of the Times,' and is not every number of the Messenger filled with shameless vituperations of ourselves and audacious calumnies against our creed? Does not the "criminal" of the Guardian represent the intolerant fraction of the Presbyterian body, and is he not an old political hack, spavined and broken-winded, from his curious curvettings, and prancing bounds in the arena; and has he not opened on us also, the flood gates of his charity and love! We will therefore offer no apology for the course we have thought proper to pursue. We certainly did intend to make this an exclusively religious Journal, a calm expositor of our doctrines, and a moderate defender of our creed. Our readers for the last four years are well aware that such has been the leading character of the *Cross*, and that our course has glided on in a peaceful, noiseless stream, almost undisturbed by a ripple, until we lately encountered the quick sands of political deceit; and the hardened rocks of unfeeling bigotry.

When so furious and simultaneous an assault was made upon ourselves, and upon every thing we revere, our silence would be criminal. Our friends would justly accuse us of listless apathy, and our enemies would triumphantly proclaim that we had no defence to make.

Moreover we announced on a few occasions, and no later than the 7th March 1846, our determination to act on the defensive, should the continued assaults of our opponents render it necessary. They may blame themselves, if we have at length spoken out in tones not to be misunderstood. They can discuss their political questions as long as they please, and we shall never interfere; but the moment our religion is pleaded as a bar to our civil rights, and made a stalking horse for the designs of selfish politicians, we will continue to unmask their hypocrisy, and expose the hollow pretensions of their conflicting creeds,

by the light of Scripture, the force of reason, and the evidence of history.

#### DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.

The Annual meeting of the Diocesan Society was held last week and the Collection amounted to twenty-six Pounds fifteen shillings.

In the two verses of the hundredth Psalm which were sung on the occasion, occur the following lines,

"Glad homage pay, with awful mirth  
And sing before him songs of praise."

Perhaps the Theologians of the *Times* could inform us on what authority the Church of England substitutes such awful ballad poetry as this for the sacred text itself. It would seem more respectful to God's word to confine ourselves to the language which the Holy Ghost inspired. The calumniated Church of Rome has more good taste in this respect. She has always preserved in her Liturgy the exact words of the Scripture, and has never presumed to think that the sublime poetry of David, or Solomon, or Isaiah, could be rendered more suitable to Divine worship, by the additions, subtractions, or mutilations of any human versifier. We must admit, however, that some of the prosaic portions of the Book of Common Prayer are so awfully prosy, dark and mysterious that they might as well have been left in the original. Such passages as the following sound certainly like unknown tongues in our ears.

Let them not see the sun. Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns; so let indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw. Judah is my lawgiver, Moab is my wash pot. Over Edom will I cast my shoe. Philistia be thou glad of me. Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, that is, covered with silver wings, and her feathers like Gold. And the hill of Basan so is God's hill, even an high hill, as the hill of Basan. Why hop ye so high, ye high hills?\*

But this specimen of *ignotum per ignotius* appears to have sprung from "the pure well of English unconfined" when contrasted with the uncouth jigs made by "those godly fiddlers," Sternhold and Hopkins whose "awful mirth" so long enlivened the dullness of the English Book of Common Prayer *exempli gratia*.

"Why dost thou draw thy hand aback  
And hide it in thy lap,  
O pluck it out, and be not slack  
To give thy foes a rap? Ps. 71, v. 12.

"So I suppress, and wound my foes,  
That they can rise no more;  
For at my feet they fall down flat  
I strike them all so sore! Ps. 32, v. 1

"The man is bless'd whose wickedness  
The Lord hath clean remitted,  
And he whose sins and wickedness  
Is hid, and also covered! Ps. 32, v. 1

"O God, break thou their teeth at once  
Within their jaws throughout  
Their tusks, that in their great Jaw Bones  
Like lion's whelps hang out"

This was a glorious substitution no doubt for the language of the Holy Ghost, and the ancient and beautiful Liturgy of the Catholic Church. This was the wretched doggerel which, in the purest days of gospel light, the elect,

Of all sexes, sizes ages,

Warbled from pews like birds from cages,

The rhymes that dreaming Sternhold gave 'em

And Robin Wisdom deigned to leave 'em

Chanting their notes in awful turnings,

Like those of rooks in April mornings,

But we must refrain from this "awful mirth." — *Irish Vol.*

11th day morning and evening Prayer, 13th day morning Prayer.

## THE TIMES

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Exod. xx. 16.

Our previous taunts about its laziness have goaded the Times into an attempt to reply this week to an article of Saturday last. When we beheld two and a half columns of type, we naturally expected some answer to our former arguments, some refutation of our objections, some effort to sustain the many reckless calumnies propounded by the charitable Editors. But we are again disappointed. We can discover nothing but coarse invectives against our Clergy, a repetition of ancient falsehoods, a parade of new calumnies, and a whole series of naked assertions without even the shadow of an argument to cover them. The latter we shall meet as we met before, by a simple denial. *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur.* We deny that there was any intention of an Eucharistic procession, and we have spoken on the subject to a clergyman who ought to be well informed upon it. Our explanation of the burning of the effigy,—not of the Illustrious Duke who is ashamed of the noble country of his birth, and whose first vote in the House of Lords was recorded against the Emancipation of the Irish Catholics, after this military demi-god had forced his way to the giddy heights of ambition through oceans of Irish Catholic blood! but of the ringleader of that unconstitutional government which dared to pollute the stream of justice—our explanation we repeat of this burning was substantially correct; and there is not one particle of sophistry in the denial. The Times says it is Jesuitical (we never knew an infidel or a reprobate that did not detest those holy and learned men, the Jesuits) and we respect its opinion so deeply, that we shall not trouble ourselves to disturb it. We called them "cowardly miscreants" because instead of meeting us fairly in open argument, they have wantonly assailed our unoffending clergy, on whom they knew they might safely pour out their abuse, and from whom, so far as we know, they have never received an insult.

We repeat all that we said about that absurd and unsubstantial term *Protesant*, and in condemning this farcical appellation, we but echo the sentiments of the most learned Divines in the English Church.

After having called the Irishmen of Halifax a *Rebble*, the Editors of the Times now term their distinguished countryman, O'CONNELL, a MONSTER! Monster though he be, in the eyes of the Times, he has been a signal benefactor to the English nation, which will never know his value until after his death.—We should be sorry to compare him for a moment with the renegade Irishman of whose fame the Times seems to be so jealous. O'Connell has saved England from the consequences of her insane misgovernment of a gallant people, and has in Ireland substituted the constitutional weapons of argument and law for the desolating horrors of civil strife, and the wild justice of revenge. The Emancipator of Ireland, the Reformer of England and Scotland, the warm defender of the Colonies, the Advocate of freedom, the scourge of the oppressor, the champion of civil and religious liberty, the indignant Denouncer of Slavery the unrelenting enemy of persecution for creed, or clime, or colour—that Great and Glorious Man does not require any defence of ours against the monstrous impudence of the Times.

The obtuse intellects of the Theologians of the Times, cannot comprehend the clear and forcible argument which we deduced from the Book of Common Prayer, in favour of the Catholic doctrine of Absolution. What a literary martyrdom it is, to have to deal with "Protestant ignorance" of this impenetrable stupidity! The Times gives the following extract from our former article:

"We quoted the doctrine contained in the Form of Absolution in the Book of Common Prayer, both against the practice of the Church of England, and the theology of the Times."

And the Times cannot understand this simple assertion! And after having declared that it means nothing, it asks us 'what becomes of our "shuffling argument"? O shades of Priscian and Aristotle! The Gemini of the Times know neither the meaning of words, nor the force of arguments. We must again hold up the torch of Catholic Truth to dispel this Protestant darkness.

We quote the doctrine of her Ritual, against the practice of the Church of England thus:—

The doctrine of the Church of England, in her Book of Common Prayer, is, as clearly as language can describe it, a doctrine of Confession, and absolution, and remission of sin, by the Minister, in virtue of powers committed to him by Christ.

The Practice of the Church of England is diametrically opposed to her Doctrine in this respect, because she condemns confession, and permits her Clergy merely to declare the remission of sin, and not to remit it actually, as delegates from God.

Wherefore she is an inconsistent Church—her Ritual is deceptive and untrue.—Her Book of Common Prayer is not a faithful exponent of her doctrines, and it ought to be amended; or her practice does not correspond with her doctrine, and her practice ought to be changed. How can she with any decency abuse Confession, whilst it is particularly enjoined in her own Ritual? How can she deprive her people of the benefit, and refuse her Clergy the privilege of absolution from sin, so long as her Prayer Book declares that God's minister has received that great power?

We will therefore declare her practice to be consistent, if she change her Ritual; or if she alter her practice, we will admire her doctrine.

But the poor people of the Times, and every other dupe of the monstrous impositions of this English Church, have no notion of the real reason why this and many other Catholic doctrines are to be found in that medley of conflicting Creeds, and sarrago of absurdities—the Book of Common Prayer, which was once much more Popish than it is now, which has been hacked and hewn, changed and revised, condemned and restored, patched by Puritan cobblers, and botched by Evangelical tinkers. We may perhaps before this controversy closes, enlighten their Protestant ignorance in this respect, and prove that the reason why so many Catholic doctrines and practices were retained in the English Ritual, was, that the Catholic people of England could not be got to renounce the ancient faith which England had received from Rome, more than a thousand years before; and hence for a long time a species of juggling and imposture was practised upon them by those sacrilegious robbers of the Church and the Poor who had a deep stake in the maintenance of "the new order of things" which was introduced by that arch—confiscator, and genuine Monster, Henry VIII, and his unprincipled and rapacious nobles. In fact, the history of the Common Prayer Book is an Uncommon but faithful record of the ever varying and grotesque doctrines of the English Church. But to return to the Times.

We quoted the doctrine of this motley Book of Common Prayer, against the theology of the Times. So we did, and most appropriately.—

The theological reasoning of the Times, based on the absurd supposition, that the word *absolve* does not mean to forgive—went to shew, that Christ left no power to his Church to forgive sins. The Book of Common Prayer in express terms says the contrary; and we quoted the authority of Church of England Divines of the first eminence to support our interpretation of the obvious meaning of the Ritual. And the Times cannot comprehend the force of this argument! Instead of refuting us, the Editors have been pleased to give us an additional authority in the person of Dr. Pusey, whose valuable testimony is worth more in such a case than that of the Achill Apostate, the Gemini of the Times, and the whole host of their Clerical supporters in Nova Scotia.

As the testimony of Chillingworth was so unwelcome to the Editors of the Times, that they refused it a place in their columns, we will print two or three other quotations from Protestants and infidels on the doctrine of Confession and Absolution.

Christians have lost the true notion of perfect repentance for sins after Baptism, which the Primitive Church did justly believe to consist in a long course of fasting; praying; confessing;

openly in the Church, deploring and bewailing former sins.—*Johnston's Unbloody Sacrifice.*

'Our confession must be *integra et perfecta*, not by halves. All our sins must be confessed, *omnia venialia et omnia mortalia.*

... He that would be sure of pardon, let him find a priest,\* and make his humble confession to him. Heaven waits and expects the priest's sentence here, and what he binds or looses, the Lord confirms in Heaven.—*Bishop Sparrow.* Sermon on Confess.

'It is confessed that all priests, and none but priests have power to forgive sins; that private confession to a priest, is a very ancient practice in the Church.—*Bishop Montague* in the *Gagging Gugged.*

Are the Editors of the *Times* better Theologians than those Protestant Bishops?

'Confession is an excellent institution, a check to vice. It is admirably calculated to win over hearts, which have been ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness; and to induce those who have been guilty of injustice to make restitution.—*V laire.*

'What restitutions and reparations does not Confession produce among the Catholics!—*Rousseau.*

We now leave the people of the *Times* to answer their own Divines on the practice of Confession and the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins through the Minister of Christ.

'Within the last few weeks' they say they have 'lost all respect for us.' We are exceedingly happy to hear it. Had we known that we enjoyed their respect or approbation before, we should have begun to suspect ourselves. We cannot place much value on the former respect of the *Times* when it induced the Editors to commence their wanton, wicked and calumnious abuse of ourselves and our fellow Catholics.

They continue to charge us with ambitious designs, and pretend that we are seeking for universal domination in the Province. We again assure them that not only is this inflammatory charge both false and unfounded, but that the Editors of the *Times* themselves, do not in our opinion, believe one word of it. It is all a petty, Electioneering trick, by which the people of the *Times* have already lost much more amongst the Catholic freeholders of the Province than they will ever gain from the small and contemptible crew of orange bigots to whose stupid prejudices and unchristian rancour they have so wickedly pandered.

\* We fear it would be difficult to find one in the English Church.

In one of the Letters\* printed in the *Times* we have seen a flimsy objection from Tertullian against the Real Presence, for which we have prepared a conclusive answer, though we can not find room for it this week. Not that we consider ourselves bound to notice the incoherent ravings of every anonymous scribbler in five newspapers, but, we are so gratified on meeting with any thing which would in the least degree betray the scholar or the Divine, that we will shew this writer, of whose admiration for Tertullian we have some doubts, that that acute reasoner and able scholar was a decided advocate for the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist.

\* Subscribed a Layman, though written we are sure by a Clergyman.

### THE UNICORN OF THE ROUND CHURCH.

'Some preachers prepared only on two or three points, run the same *rol. d* from one end of the year to another.' So says Addison, and we find it difficult to contradict him when we remember the monotonous gyrations of this Roundabout orator. His 'points' are few indeed, and all confined to Popery. His genius can take no higher flight, his hashed and insipid discourses can be seasoned with no other condiment. Popery is his endless theme, the abominations of the Scarlet Lady his day-dream and his night-mare. Take these away, and he is ruined! Deprive him of those richest portions of his spiritual

stock, and he is straightway a bankrupt. Condemn him to preach for a month without abusing Catholics, and he dies from inanition; the food supplied by the Bible becomes nauseous without the anti-popery mustard—the bilious bigotry of his stomach rejects it; he languishes, pines, and dies. Then indeed there would be 'weeping and wailing in Karna,' then would mourn the babes of grace, and

'All round his Church, they'd wear the green willow'  
For their departed Apostle.

Some of his 'antick rounds' have been lately described for us by two or three of his hearers, and if we may judge from their account, he is either suffering under some 'aggravated' symptoms of his cruel malady, or he is apprehensive that some of the 'Olden Monks' of St. Mary's are poaching amongst his holy preserves. It could not be with the hope of making converts that he so roundly belabours his pulpit and the papists with his brawny fists. Catholics can hear only the distant rumblings of his 'drum Ecclesiastick' as they wend their way from the Church of St. Patrick, and we never heard of his hooking even one 'loose fish' in all his piscatorial excursions. Can it be from any innate pleasure the Saintly man feels in abusing his neighbours?

'For Gods, we are by Homer told  
Can in celestial language scold.'

Or is it to show his superior zeal to his brethren amongst the Clergy? Thank God, there are not many of his order in the Province who are fond of pummeling their pulpits with ranting abuse of their harmless fellow-citizens. We believe that the Lord Bishop himself (we beg pardon for the comparison) is as popular a preacher as the huge Irishman of the Round Church who loves his Country so dearly. And yet, we can never hear that his Lordship launches his anathemas against his Catholic neighbours or the venerable Church from which he professes to derive his priestly ordination. His audience, however, are not the less pleased with his musical voice and graceful delivery. But, we dare say the Big Irishman of Dutchtown thinks he is a wiser man and a greater Saint than the Lord Bishop himself; and that if he held the reins of government, he would speedily transmute all the benighted Papists of Nova Scotia into staunch Protestants, with the soundest of appetites, eschewing salt cod and shell-fish, together with the errors of Popery, and eating meat, 'any day that a dog would eat it' as they pithily say in Ireland!

All we shall say to this supposition is, *lathershun!*\*

We would earnestly recommend him to form 'a solemn league and covenant' with the unpretending Editor of the *Guardian*, and commence a joint-stock crusade against Pope and popery. The 'Lion and Unicorn' Churchman would roar so furiously as to frighten the timid, and 'Johnny' with his languishing airs, and side long glances would do all the 'soft sawder.'

If such a 'holy alliance' should be formed—if two such 'soils of thunder' and grace

'T' a one as famous for a scolding tongue  
As the other is for beaucous modesty†

should club their forces.—we go to 'Bishop Walsh' and the 'olden Jesuitical monks' of St. Mary's! Their 'occupation' would soon be 'gone.' The 'glebe-house' would become tenacious, and the Church deserted.

We hope the people of the Round Church will thank us for having furnished so good a text to their godly preacher, for his next philippic against popery. We may have 'a little bird' there also, to report the proceedings for the future amusement and edification of our readers. We have ample notes already of the celebrated Famine Sermon, 'carefully collated' with the Speech at Mason Hall. But of this, more hereafter. *Sat prata hiberunt.*

\* The Round Parson of course knows his native language, and we need not translate the vernacular into the harsh Saxon dialect.

† Shakerspere.



## THE NEW FABLE OF THE RARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

*Arma, virumque cano*, the "Guardian" criminal is fairly "up and stinging." He is "wide awake" and all his friends around him. Those cunning Romanists thought to "catch an old weasel asleep" but instead of a weasel they have discovered a second hand, and *there the rogues must make of him!*

In a half-dead and-alive article on the "Present state of Protestant feeling" the Editor has begun a "new grand attack" against us, not in his old good-humoured style, but with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" and he therefore breathes nothing but "drums, guns, blunderbusses and thunder." We are to be demolished, "root and branch; for the helpless innocent of the *Guardian* says: "we never witnessed such determination! Our friends have completely loaded our table with books and pamphlets!! Communications are pouring in from all quarters!!! New names are every day added to our list!!!! The Press is fairly aroused, our Contemporaries have spoken out boldly and resolutely as Protestants and Presmen!!!!

To all of which portentous announcements we respond in the expressive Monosyllable of—Bah!

The frightened Editor, who thus whistles in the dark to dispel his ill-concealed terror, cannot impose on us. We know too well the opinions of many of his friends, and that some of them pity him from the bottom of their hearts, whilst others, more malicious, laugh in their sleeves at the drollery of his present exhibitions. We should be sorry to say anything that would disturb his centre of gravity whilst he is "mounted" on the dangerous and lofty "stults of Transubstantiation". We may, perhaps, review his capers in that exalted position, when he shall be pleased to descend to this nether world again, to delight his "friends" and enchant ourselves by a few more specimens of his "ground and lofty tumbling."

We will give him one piece of honest advice; namely, to distrust some of his pretended friends and especially, not to rely too much on his Church of England Correspondents. *Timco Danaos* should be his motto here. Any junction between Luther and Calvin—between prelacy and presbyter must be, at best, a hollow truce. The Church of England has organs enough of her own, and the *Times* if we may judge from its last number, will be glad to devour any "filling stuff" which its Episcopalian friends can cater for its unmortified Protestant stomach. But perhaps, the Churchman is admitted into the columns of the *Guardian* for the same reason that the *Times* has concocted an impudent forgery in the shape of a letter from a "Gulf Shore Catholic"—to make a hollow muster and save appearances. If so, the people of the *Times* and

*Guardian* are miserably deceived. By the way, if the English friend of the *Guardian* will look to our list of Anathemas published last week, he will find a conclusive reply to nearly the whole of his verbose and stupid Epistle. His disgusting and blasphemous mode of settling one of the great questions at issue by a dose of arsenic, we meet in a single sentence. It was not arsenic but Bread that Christ changed into his Body at the last Supper, and consequently Bread not arsenic is the proper matter of the Sacrament, so that if arsenic be mingled with the Host it still remains *poison*, because it is not affected in the least by the words of Consecration.

We will tender another advice to our friend of the *Guardian* (we really have more compassion for him than some of those who are now imposing on his credulity) and if he wishes to conduct his controversy in a respectable manner, he would adopt it at once. It is, to reject from his columns such "low and trashy Epistles" as those we have alluded to, including the Churchman, the Protestant, the Presbyterian, (an ounce of civet sweet apothecary!), and all scribblers of the same ignorant school. They only confuse the subject in debate, and draw off public attention from the real points at issue, and no sound scholar who is confident of his cause, would allow himself to be embarrassed by their miserable productions. A glance at our own "unpretending little sheet" for the last four weeks, will prove how sincerely we entertain this opinion. "O that mine enemy would write a Book!" is a prayer of some standing. The *Guardian* ought to beware of the Letters of his Friends.

### JUSTICE AND THANKS TO HONEST PRESBYTERIANS.

A fact has lately come to our notice, which we feel it our duty to publish.

It seems that when one of the eminent spouters of the Free Church of Scotland, first appeared in Halifax, instead of confining himself to the subject of his special mission, he commenced a wanton and furious attack on Catholics and the Catholic religion. This was felt to be so unwarrantable, that it is said our fellow-citizens Mr. McNab, and Mr. Noble quitted the Meeting in disgust, and Mr. Howe reprobated on the platform, the saintly reviser. We dare say several others were equally displeased, though we have not heard their names. We record those instances of true liberality with unfeigned pleasure, and we are certain they will excite not only the gratitude of every Catholic, but the warm approbation of every honest man in the community. *O si sic omnes!*

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