

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE CROSS.



NEW

SEVEN.

VOL. 3.

No. 27.

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, NOVEMBER 20, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- NOVEMBER 21—Sunday—XXVI and last after Pent, V Novem
(Presentation of B. V. M.)
- 22—Monday—S. Cæcilia Virg M. Doub.
- 23—Tuesday—S. Clement I. P. M. Doub.
- 24—Wednesday—S. John of the Cross C. Doub.
- 25—Thursday—S. Catherine Virg M. Doub.
- 26—Friday—S. Silvester Abbot Doub.
- 27—Saturday—S. Elizabeth Queen Widow in Exile
19th of this month.

(From the Philadelphia Catholic Herald.)

Our neighbour of the Presbyterian, takes occasion to read another libel to his Protestant brethren on the "rapid increase of Popery," and the necessity of greater exertions to counteract it. If the facts which he mentions are calculated to awaken the fears of his readers, they are no less calculated to encourage the hopes of ours. We therefore copy the article below :

"No DANGER.—There is a large class of nominal Protestants who, to every alarm sounded on the rapid increase of Popery, uniformly reply, "There is no danger." They must have strong nerves, strong faith, or strange indifference, if they can look upon the facts in the case without apprehension of the consequences. It is not to be disputed that at this moment Popery is in the enjoyment of a remarkable revival of its energies.—The evidences are all around us. England and the United States are the favourite fields which the advocates of this system are now cultivating. They rightly judge that if they can secure the control of these, they may command the world. Is there no danger of such a catastrophe? Let facts speak. Forty years ago the Papists had but twenty chapels in all England and Scotland, and not one College. Now, on the same ground they have five hundred and fifty chapels, ten Colleges, fifteen nunneries, and fifty seminaries! The proportional increase has been still greater, we believe, in this country, and

yet Protestants closing their eyes, will let themselves into a quiet slumber. Yes, while the enemy is sowing tares, they are asleep; and will presume to argue, that from the very nature of the case, Popery cannot, in so enlightened an age, secure the ascendancy. The untiring zeal of the Jesuits, who are stronger since their resuscitation than they ever were before, is not the only ground of apprehension. Other sources of danger may be indicated in the apathy of Protestants; in their refusal to employ the means of informing themselves of the true nature and tendency of this anti-christian system; in the prevalence of formalism which is the sure precursor and auxiliary of Popery; in the corruption of political parties which are willing to compromise true religion and prostitute Popish influence to secure their own political ends; and last, though not least, in the vast uneducated multitude which is as ready to shout for Popery as anything else. We know of no human agency which can stem the tide of these several and combined influences, but Protestant zeal for the true religion. Greater efforts must be made to counteract the spread of Popery by diffusing the gospel; by building churches on every spot where hearers can be obtained, and supplying them with a faithful ministry; by giving a new impetus to every religious institution which can operate on the intellectual and moral condition of the community; and by attacking Popery, by direct and personal efforts to enlighten the benighted members of its communion. The blessing and power of God are indispensable to success, but these are only to be expected in connexion with faithful effort."

We must remark, however, that we think our neighbour is rather unreasonable in the demands which he makes on his fellow Protestants. It really seems to us that they are already doing all they can to oppose the advance of Popery. They have numerous societies more or less devoted to the purpose, viz.—Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Missionary Societies, Protestant Societies, Evangelical Societies, Publication Societies, &c., &c., &c. Besides these they have some forty or fifty associations called "Churches," with about fifty thousand

clergymen, having the sympathies, protection, &c., of the great majority of those who speak the English language on their side. In addition to all this, thousands of co-labourers, as Agents, Colporteurs, &c., are employed to sell and give away the myriads of Protestant publications which annually issue from the press. Neither are the good people backward in contributing the funds requisite to work this vast machinery. We suppose it is no exaggeration to say that millions of dollars are annually expended in these aggressive operations, besides the immense sum which is annually consumed in the ordinary parochial expenses in the various "branches" of the great Protestant family. What more, we ask, can Protestants do than they are already doing, to expand their own religion and to oppose the onward march of Catholicity? And, if Catholicity is making such rapid progress in spite of all the Societies, labors, publications, expenditures, &c., which we have mentioned, is it not evident that their opposition is vain and hopeless? Even if Protestants were to put forth greater exertions, they would not thereby mend the matter; for the more they oppose Catholicity, the more it will flourish. The people of this country, even those whom our neighbour contemptuously terms, "the vast uneducated multitude," have too much practical good sense to put up with the empty pretensions of Protestantism, after they have once been acquainted with the claims of the Catholic religion. They only need a little more *light* to make them give such a "shout for Popery" as was never heard before.

On Sunday last, we witnessed at the Cathedral two of the most interesting and imposing ceremonies that have ever taken place in the New England States. They were, the closing of the Pastoral Retreat in the morning, and the opening of the Jubilee in the evening. Pontifical mass was celebrated by the Bishop, assisted by the requisite number of clergymen, and with all the ceremonies and vestments prescribed by the Ritual. At the communion about thirty of the Priests received the most Holy Sacrament, the rest having celebrated mass in the churches of the city and immediate vicinity. A plain, practical discourse, admirably adapted to the occasion, was preached by the Rev F. McElroy, of the venerable Society of Jesus, who also preached in the afternoon. We are much gratified to learn that this venerable Priest, and truly good man is henceforth to be attached to this diocese, and that he is to have the parochial charge of one of the oldest and most respectable congregations in the city. His character, his age, and above all his fervent and unassuming piety, we are confident, will exercise a most salutary influence upon our community, both to augment the piety of the faithful, and to gather our wandering brethren into the fold.—*Boston Catholic Observer.*

MISS CURRAN.

THE BETROTHEN OF EMMET.—A correspondent of the *Freeman* writes thus of Miss Curran, whose death at Rome appeared lately in all the papers:—

"She was no other, it appears, than the betrothed of poor Robert Emmet. I am acquainted with the clergyman who attended her during her last moments. She spoke, he assured me, of her father and her country; and during her illness, which was rather protracted and painful, evinced a nobleness of mind, and a heroic endurance of suffering, above all common-

ation. The story of her life, and previous connection with a young officer, as told by Washington Irving, and currently believed in Ireland is, they say, totally without foundation.— She fixed her residence in Rome sometime in 1847, when she was received into the Catholic Church, by Cardinal Odescalchi, and since then, until her death, her life had been most exemplary, and her charities (considering her slender means) liberal in the extreme. May the Lord have mercy on her soul. Her father was a steady and uncompromising lover of his country, and we cannot better do honor to his memory than by sending up a pious prayer to the throne of mercy for the happiness of his child."

CONVERSIONS.

Mr. Chirol, Curate of Mr. Bennett, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was, on Thursday last received into the Catholic Church at St. Mary's, Chelsea. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman officiated on the occasion, attended by the Clergy of Chelsea, and several others, Mrs. Chirol, and Mrs. Chirol, &c., made their Profession of Faith at the same time. The ceremony of reception was performed by the Bishop according to the rite of the Pontifical. The conditional Baptism took place privately in the sacristy. Among the persons present were the following converts:—Messrs. Oakeley, Thompson, Gordon, Horne, Caswell, Ryder, Lewis, Burns, Judge; Lady Atchison, Mrs. Burns, and many others.

On Tuesday, the 26th, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines held his annual confirmation in the metropolitan Church of St. Rumbold. Among those who received that holy Sacrament were Sir George, Lady, and Miss D'Albiac. Sir George was received into the bosom of the true Church on Ascension Day, 1813; Lady and Miss D'Albiac on the 2nd of February, 1844, at the Church of St. Theresa at the Hague.—*London Tablet.*

FERRARA.

The *Italia* repeated its conviction of the Austrian evacuation on the 5th; but, so far from this being so, letters from Ferrara of the 15th say that instead of evacuating the city the Austrians have doubled the posts, and even outraged the inhabitants. A young man having passed near his Austrian sentinel the latter gave him a thrust of his bayonet. A struggle ensued, in which the soldiers of the guard-house fell upon the youth and struck him with their swords. A Priest who interposed for his protection was also maltreated. The people, irritated, collected round the guard-house, and the Austrians fired on them. On this, the people would have sounded the tocsin and taken vengeance, but Cardinal Ciacchi interposed, tranquillized them, and caused the young man, who was severely wounded, to be taken care of. Austrian patrols horse and foot, overrun the city during the 15th. The *Spencer Gazette* states that the Pope, in addressing himself direct to the Emperor of Austria, has rather retarded than advanced the negotiation respecting the occupation of Ferrara, and that no hope is entertained of an arrangement without the mediation of some third power.

The Pope has requested that the sums subscribed for the erection of monuments to him throughout his States shall be applied to the more useful purpose of erecting an asylum for aged persons at Rome, each province having certain rights of presentation.

GENOA.

A letter from Genoa, of the 18th. says that a *triduo* had been celebrated with great pomp in the Church of Our Lady of the Annunciation. On the door of the church were the following inscriptions:—"To Pius IX., who has founded his reign on the supreme law of pardon, and who has been saved from the dangers of a dark conspiracy! To the Most High God, who, by the Pontificate of Pius IX. loves, glorifies, the splendour of the Church! Glory to Italy! Glory to the world! Praise and thankgivings! Rome and the Provinces are placed under the same law, and Pius IX. has confided the keeping of it to the national militia!" These inscriptions excited the unanimous applause of the people. A monk delivered a discourse in honor of the Pope, in the course of which he referred to the danger his Holiness incurred from the conspiracy of the 17th July, and recommended that the people of Genoa should make an offering to the civic guard of Rome. Thereupon the Marchioness Balbino Doria, and other ladies of distinction, made a collection, which amounted to 6,500 l., and which was to be increased by private subscriptions.

Count Della Margarita, ex-minister of Sardinia, has, it is said, gone to reside in the convent of the Jesuits.

The Augsburg Gazette mentions a report that negotiations are going on between the Courts of Turin and Dresden for the marriage of the Duke of Genoa, son of the King of Sardinia, with a princess of the house of Saxony.

The French man-of-war, *Jens*, was in the port of Genoa, on the 18th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Virgin Mother—maiden holy,
Pure, immaculate, and bright;
Hearken to us sinners lowly,
Be our guardian for this night:
Wicked still—and still transgressing
Gainst our God, we turn to thee;
Thou canst aid us with a blessing,
Maiden gentle—"Pray for me."

Holy mother—when before us
Pleasure's path is shining bright
Pleasure's path is shining bright,
Lest we're dazzled by its light;
Oh! when pain and sorrow dreary
Wring our bosoms, wilt thou be
Near to cheer our spirits weary;
Maiden gentle—"Pray for me."

Aid us sinners, holy Mother,
To repentance when we fall;
Teach us wild desires to smother—
God our love should be all in all!
Queen of Angels—Queen of Heaven—
Dost thou mourn our faults to see;
Sue, that we may be forgiven,
Maiden gentle—"Pray for me."

THE APOSTATE SAVED.

A TRUE STORY.

It was in the year 1832, that the Order of Redemptorists, lately established in Cornwall and Worcestershire, were called to the New World by the Bishop of Cincinnati. This diocese was the

first theatre of their zeal, where the usual extraordinary success attended the sons of St Alphonsus de Liguori. They soon had three flourishing stations, the most remarkable of which, was d'Abbo Croche, where they received numerous converts from among the aborigines. But as according to the rules of the order, it was necessary to establish a central house from which they could go on a mission and return to repose themselves after their fatigues, they, in 1839, accepted an invitation to establish themselves at Pittsburgh, in the diocese of Philadelphia, and the following year they were called by the Arch-Bishop of Baltimore to occupy a house and a church, and undertake the spiritual care of the German Catholics there, amounting to four thousand souls. The latest accounts speak of two towns founded by the celebrated and enterprising superior the Father Alexander Cvitkoviez, called Muenenstadt and Alexanderstadt. They are also established in Maryland, and have in the United States six houses and upwards of thirty Fathers.

At a mission given by the great P——, the following extraordinary adventure happened to Father L. It wanted but one hour of midnight, when the Father, exhausted by the heat and fatigue of the confessional, found himself obliged to breathe for a moment the fresh air—he made his way through the crowd, who were anxiously waiting for their turn before the confessionals; for the mission as of old, when Alphonsus with his first-born sons attacked the strongholds of Satan in Italy, had been successful in conquering multitudes of souls and leading them in triumph to the feet of their crucified Redeemer. The father had nearly reached the door, when he was startled by the appearance of a man who leaned with folded arms against a pillar, and regarded the scene with a scowl of intense hatred. Father L. stopped, the man raised his eyes towards him, and all the malignity of his expression seemed concentrated in the glare of destruction with which he regarded him. Knowing there could be nothing personal in this, but, that it must proceed from the common hatred with which that Church is regarded, to whom her master said, "Marvel not if the world hate you, for you know it hated me;" and full of compassion for the state of that heart in which hatred can take up her abode, Father L. approached him, and said in tones of gentle kindness, "Can I be useful to you?" The man's look became furious, and cursing the Father, he bid him go about his business. "No," said Father L. with an impulse that he could not resist, and for which he could not account: "I will not leave you, I will follow you; you are not in a condition to be left alone." "At your peril follow me!" retorted the other, and dashed out of the Church.—

The moon shone with that brilliancy so peculiar to the western hemisphere; Father L. saw the man

running in the distance, and though worn out by previous fatigue he started in pursuit—hearing the sound of the Father's footsteps he darted down one lane and up another, doubling like a hare pursued by the hounds; but all to no purpose—fiendish were the passions which impelled the fier and heavenly was the passion which urged on the pursuer: love is stronger than hatred, and at length Father L. overtook the man.

“Why do you pursue me?” he growled, almost gasping for breath; “I tell you it is at your peril; what have you to do with me—beware, this folly may cost you your life.” “I can be of use to you,” calmly replied the Father, “and I will not leave you.” Uttering a tremendous oath, the man again set off at full speed, and at length reached the door of a house in an obscure part of the city, thinking he had distanced his pursuer: but as he took out a key to let himself in, Father L. stood by his side. Mad with rage he drew out a pistol, pulled the trigger, it missed fire. The calm and unmoved appearance of the priest seemed to strike him; but resuming his former demeanour, he said, “I go into this house, dare not to follow me; I have another pistol here,” drawing one from his bosom, “they don't miss fire twice.” He opened the door, Father L. entered along with him; he found himself in a shabby looking parlor, beyond which was a door; and the man turning towards him said “If you follow me into that room you die!” The Father hesitated, and the man entered, and locked the door— they were heard in earnest conversation: the deep tones of the man seemed entreating, insisting, commanding; and the gentle voice of a woman rose in earnest supplication—suddenly a scream was heard a heavy fall, and infant voices crying, “O mamma! dearest mamma!” Father L. without further delay, threw himself against the door and burst into the room, where he found a beautiful young woman fainting on the floor; two little children who had jumped out of their crib, had crept weeping beside her, and the man stood contemplating the scene with a look of dogged ferocity. Without regarding him, Father L. raised the woman and laid her on a sofa, employing every method he could think of for her recovery, while he fondled and soothed the children who clung to his black robes, as if seeking protection from their unkindly parent. The woman at length opened her eyes, Father L. whispered words of comfort, the children kissed her, and clasped their tiny hands with joy to hear her speak once more. Suddenly the expression of the man's face became altogether changed, large tears started from his eyes and rolled from his rugged cheeks; the Father observing this, left the woman, took his hand and led him gently to the next room: “My son,” said Father L., “tell me the

cause of all I have witnessed, for I can and will be of use to you.” “Father,” replied the now penitent sinner, “my difficulties are beyond your help, yet I will tell you all. Father, I was born a Catholic, but because our religion is generally despised and persecuted by the Protestants, I abandoned the true faith, thinking to advance my fortune more easily. At first the apostate was successful, but the curse of God was on me: I was threatened with heavy losses, and I married the daughter of a rich man, hoping by his assistance to weather the storm—but he refused to help me. I became bankrupt, and for four or five years dragged on a weary existence, striving in vain to retrieve my loss. My father-in-law is rich, my wife his only child, driven to despair, I resolved, accompanied by my wife, to visit him this night, and if he continued to resist our assistance, to shoot him dead on the spot. I left my house this evening, and having procured a brace of pistols, was returning home, when the lights and the crowd in your church attracted my attention, and I entered, it was the first time since my apostacy, that I had stood in the immediate presence of my God; the crime I had committed stared me in the face, but hatred filled my soul; and when you approached me, I felt as if possessed by devils. You know the rest—my wife horrified at my proposal, fainted when I produced the fire-arms. And now, my Father, is there forgiveness for such as me?”—and falling on his knees he sobbed, “Father, I would go to confessor!” His confession was heard, his contrition was sincere, and he received absolution; then, with a countenance radiant with peace and joy, he re-entered the room, where his wife still lay on the sofa. The miraculous change produced on her husband surprised her beyond measure; but when he told her all, she turned to Father L. and exclaimed, “I also will be a Catholic, the true religion only could work such a wonder as this!” “You will be a Catholic, I trust,” said the good Father, “but not in this moment of excitement; wait until you have calmly considered the matter, and been taught it by your reason well as by your feelings, that there can be but One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.”

Next day Father L. interested several influential persons in favor of the man. his father-in-law was persuaded to advance him money, he soon recovered his losses, and the whole family are at the present among the most respectable Catholics of the town of P—.

From the U. S. Catholic Magazine.
DEATH-BED OF TOM PAINE, 1809.
Extract of a letter from Bishop Fenwick to his brother at Georgetown College.
 A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to do this by a poor Ca-

tholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness; and who told him among other things, that in his wretched condition if any one could do him good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quaker) whom I had received into the Church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of a message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlman at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so: at which I was greatly rejoiced, because at the time I was so young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine: that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed upon a mode of proceeding with him.

We arrived at the house; a decent looking, elderly woman (probably his housekeeper,) came to the door, and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests; "for," said she, "Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of other different denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church."—Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen, she opened the door, and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep; and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him; "for," said she, "he is always in a bad humour when roused out of his sleep—'tis better to wait a little till he be awake." We accordingly sat down to await the more favourable moment. "Gentlemen," said the lady, after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine; for he is labouring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he can not possibly live, and must die shortly. He has sent for you to-day, because he was told that if any one could do him any good, you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy, which his physicians were ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when alone, are heart-rending. *O Lord help me! he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, God help me! Jesus Christ help me!* repeating the same expressions without any the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say: "*O God! what have I done to suffer so much!*" Then shortly after: "*But there is no God!*" And again, a little after: "*Yet if there should be a God what will become of me hereafter?*" Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him

and inquired what he wanted? *Stay with me,* he replied, *for God's sake: for I cannot bear to be left alone!* I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. Then, said he, *send even a child to stay with me; for it is a hell to be alone.* I never saw," she concluded, "a more unhappy, a more forsaken man; it seems he can not reconcile himself to die."

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room, across the passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room had awoken. We proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman; and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent in itself, but at present besmeared with filth: his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard; his countenance forbidding—and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken undoubtedly but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth presented very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also flowed in the track, and left its mark on the pillow. His face to a certain extent had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. F. Kohlmann having entered first, took a seat on the side, near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, F. Kohlmann, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Catholic priests, and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that as Paine had been in France, he was probably acquainted with that language, (which was not the fact) and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility, and could express his thoughts better in it than in the English.

"Mons. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre intitulé, *L'Age*

de la Raison on vous avez attaque l'écriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et d'autres de vos écrits publiés en France : et je suis persuadé que"—Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice, ordering him to speak English, thus: "Speak English, man, speak English." F. Kohlmann, without showing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself nearly as follows, after his interruption, in English: "Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled the *Age of Reason*, as well as all your other writings against the Christian religion: and am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir"—

"That's enough, sir, that's enough," said Paine again interrupting him; "I see what you would be about—I wish to hear no more from you, sir.—My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and an impostor."

F. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent and trouble him no more.—"I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you."

"The Bible, sir," said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, "is a sacred and divine book, which has stood the test and the criticisms of abler pens than yours—pens which have made at least some show of argument, and"—

"Your Bible," returned Paine, "contains nothing but fables; yes, fables, and I have proved it to a demonstration."

All this time I looked on the monster with pity mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that, in a very short time, he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him. Seeing that F. Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: "Mr. Paine you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and that this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of His creatures." "I will allow nothing, sir," he hastily replied, "I shall make no concessions."—"Well sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment," said I, "I will prove to you that there is such a Being; and I will demonstrate from His very nature, that he cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct." "Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to

say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room." This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so, that he foamed at the mouth. "Mr Paine," I continued, "I assure you, our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly; because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this, we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual."

Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than any he had hitherto used, he replied: "You can do me no good now—it is too late, I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect (this he spoke with a sigh) but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have indeed, told me as much." "You have misunderstood me," said I immediately to him, "We are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty, on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected his word, and uttered blasphemies against His Son." Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury: he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations.—I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had a pistol, he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. "Begone, and trouble me no more," said he, "I was in peace till you came." "We know better than that," replied F. Kohlmann; we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked—God has said it." Away with you, and your God too; leave the room instantly," he exclaimed, "all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had a little more time, I would prove it as I did about your imposter Jesus Christ." "Monster," exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, "you will have no more time. Your hour is arrived. Think rather of the awful account you have already to render, and, implore pardon of God, provoke no longer His just indignation upon your unhappy head." Paine here ordered us again to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. "Let us go," said I to F. Kohlmann, "we have nothing more to do here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him."

Upon this we withdrew from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and correct account of the transaction. (Signed)
 ✠ BENEDICT, Bp of Boston.

General Intelligence.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

The "General Convention" of the Protestant Episcopal denomination has at length adjourned *sine die*. Its proceedings possess, of course, but little interest for Catholics, except so far as the doings of all Protestant sects invite their notice at least as matters of curiosity. The case of Dr. Onderdonk, the suspended bishop (so-called) of New York, is altogether so unique, and had acquired so much notoriety, that many persons felt somewhat curious to know how it would be disposed of. We have previously stated that Dr. Onderdonk, soon after the meeting of his brother bishops, addressed them a memorial praying for such relief as they might feel disposed to grant, on the ground that he had employed the time of his suspension in self-examination, repentance, meditation and prayer, without however, having any acknowledgement as to the specific offences for which he had been condemned. After the lapse of some days, his brother bishops referred his case to a committee composed of five of their number, elected by ballot. This committee having taken his case into consideration, unanimously reported against his petition; urging various reasons for not granting it, and especially that there was no evidence that he had truly repented of the offences with which he was charged, and giving him "leave to withdraw his papers!" This report, which is said to have been couched in the strongest and most courteous terms, was adopted by a vote of sixteen to six! Two were absent, who, if present, would have made eighteen against him. The six who voted against the adoption of the report, it is said, were the same six who at the trial, voted for his acquittal. Thus the case of the poor old man remains in statu quo, or rather, still worse, as it is evidently much more hopeless, being now reduced almost to a certainty that his brother bishops are inexorable. His only hope now is in his own Diocesan Convention. If his high Church adherents have only consistency and courage enough to act upon their favorite theory of diocesan independence, they will forthwith untie his hands and let him to work again in defiance of the decision of the "House of Bishops."

"Although the sun rises on all mankind, a blind man derives no advantage from his light; yet the fault is not in the sun, but in the vital organs of the blind man. So likewise we must say of the only begotten of the Father. He indeed, is the true

light, which shines with bright effulgence for all mankind: but 'the god of this world,' as St Paul declares, 'hath blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ may not shine unto them.'—*St. Cyril of Alexandria in Joan i., v. 1, c. xi.*

HOW TO KEEP OFF OLD AGE.

A SUGGESTION TO YOUNG LADIES.—Intellectual culture is no doubt the best and the strongest barrier which the young can rear against the insidious advances of premature old age. Mental discipline is eminently healthful and life sustaining. We speak not of excessive application, but of diligent and persevering culture and exercise of mind.—The following remarks on the subject, by the Rev. Mr. Winslow, are commended to the consideration of all concerned, and especially to young ladies.

The premature old age observed in the appearance and infirmities of many ladies in our country is not the result of much study. We do not begin so study in this country as they do in Germany, nor as many do in France and England. It is a common thing among the educated ladies in Germany, to find those who can read or speak three or four different languages, and are extensively versed in mathematics and natural philosophy.

It is clearly proved that the high cultivation of the intellect is favourable to protracted usefulness and long life. Highly educated men and women, on an average, live longer, and enjoy more even and pure health than those of little or no culture. The mind is life—the very essence of life, and where there is most of mind, other things equal, there is most of that which imparts life and vigor to the body. It is believed that thousands in this country annually die some twenty years sooner than they would, had they bestowed a higher cultivation upon their intellect. We must be more intellectual and less sensual—more of that which dies not, and less of that which dies—if we would prolong and invigorate whatever of us is immortal. It is said to be better to wear out than to rust out. The truth is, after all, very few in this country can claim the honor of wearing out, intellectually. But hundreds are daily dying through mental rust. Why does the man of business languish and die so soon on retiring to enjoy in idleness his gains? Just because the life-giving power, the mind, has ceased to act. Rust, stagnation, disease, gloomy spirits and death, must inevitably come. The perpetual tug and excitement of business, as it is done in this country, frequently overtakes and breaks down the mind; not so much by the intellectual labor, as by the excitement attending it. Now the study of the languages, sciences &c., and the putting forth of the mental energies in the form of written thoughts for the world, afford just that kind

of mental effort which is most favourable to long and vigorous life. Accordingly, literary and scientific men are, as a class, long lived. If our females would give up their dissipations, renounce their novels and their indolence, put away their inglorious rust, and their vain-glorious excitements together—and rise higher on the scale of intellectual, thinking, spiritual beings, they might secure to themselves and to their children a far more healthy, youthful, prolonged earthly existence than most of them now enjoy.

ITALY.

A letter from Leghorn states that the small republic of San Marino, which reckons no more than about 8,000 citizens, has not escaped from being affected by the agitation which surrounds it. Its senate, which was composed of 70 burghers, has been transformed into a chamber of representatives. Every citizen is an elector, and the sittings are to be public. All this has been accomplished without any disturbance or opposition. The *Novelliste* of Marseilles gives, under the date of Naples, October 13, a letter, in which it is stated that the hopes of measures of reform and clemency which were indulged in a few days before (and which were magnified into something approaching to certainty by the *Journal des Debats*) are all dissipated, and that the same spectacle of savage cruelty is continued throughout the country. One of the *Romeos*, Jean Dominique, was executed, and after decapitation the bleeding head was presented to his nephew Pietro, who was compelled to carry it on a pole through the streets of Reggio.

The Romans (says a journal) are still in ecstacy with the Pope, and their Civic Guard, the creation of His Holiness. The Tuscans were even more enthusiastic; and the King of Sardinia was seriously engaged in preparing to carry out his measures of reform.

A letter of the 30th ult. tells us that the Padre Rossi, of the Oratorio of San Fillippo Neri, has been sent by Cardinal Feretti as express courier to Vienna and Berlin, with despatches for those courts, Padre Rossi has spent a great part of his life in Germany, especially in Vienna, and lately acted as religious adviser to Mr. Newman and the other English converts at Rome. His mission is said to be one of the greatest importance.

Letters of the 2d instant bring the intelligence of a *motu proprio* of Pius IX. to organise the municipal council and senate of Rome. The capital will thus acquire the benefit of municipal institutions, and the control of the registers of the civil State will be transferred from ecclesiastical to civil authorities.

We learn from the *Daily Bee* that the "Secre-

tary-of-State has entrusted to an eminent citizen of Pennsylvania, who has lately set out on a tour of Europe, the pleasing office of assuring his Holiness, Pius the IX., of the warm sympathy of our Government and people in his present liberal and well-directed efforts for the amelioration of Italy.—*B. C. Observer.*

The following obituary which we find in the *Catholic Miscellany*, records a very interesting event:

Died on the 5th ult., in New Orleans, the Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, late of Augusta, Geo.

The papers generally have announced the demise of this distinguished jurist, scholar and poet, and to their well-merited eulogiums we will add nothing. One fact however which we have not seen noticed will be interesting to our readers. Mr. Wilde finding himself in danger of death requested the attendance of a Catholic clergyman, and devoutly received the Sacraments of the Catholic Church.

We live in this world with pain and trouble; our strength becometh exhausted; we must then obey the God who will aid us, sustain us, and grant us health. We must be active and careful to acquire what our necessities demand.

Wouldst thou live quietly, indulge not in slander, for it produceth many disputes.

BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

November 13—	Mrs. Thornton, of a daughter.
" 15—	" Walsh, of a daughter.
" 15—	" Egan, of a daughter.
" 15—	" Cogan, of a daughter.
" 16—	" McIntosh, of a son.
" 16—	" Munroe, of a daughter.
" 17—	" Wright, of a daughter.
" 17—	" McCann, of a son.
" 18—	" Reilly, of a son.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

November—Patrick, infant son of Valentine and Bridget Mulloy, aged 2 months and 15 days. 12th—Ann Plato, (wid.) native of the United States, aged 100 years. 16th—Ellen, daughter of Patrick and Mary Moran, aged 20 years.

Published by RITCHIE & NUGENT, No. 2, Upper Water Street Halifax.—Terms—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage.

All communications for the Editors of the *Cross* are to be addressed (if by letter post paid,) to No. 2, Upper Water Street Halifax.