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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 45.

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

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 7, 1846.

## CALENDAR.

- NOVEMBER 8—XXII after Pentecost Octave Day of All Saints.  
 9—Dedication of Our Saviour's Church at St. John  
 Lateran;  
 10—St. Andrew Arellini C.  
 11—St. Martin Bishop and Confessor.  
 12—St. Martin I. P. M.  
 13—St. Nicholas I. P. C.  
 14—St. Desudedit I. P. C.

## ALL SAINTS.

This great solemnity was celebrated with becoming splendour at our Cathedral. At the first Masses, which were celebrated by the Right Revs. Drs. Dollard and Walsh, a large concourse of the faithful received the Holy Communion from the hands of those Prelates. The High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Dease—one of our former zealous missionaries in Halifax—who has been making a collection throughout North America for the new Cathedral at Longford, in his native Diocese. Mr. Dease made an earnest appeal to his old friends in Halifax, which we have no doubt will be well responded to.

At Vespers, Bishop Dollard again officiated assisted by Dr. Walsh and the Clergy. His Lordship also gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

A number of Candidates then came forward to take the Temperance Pledge which was administered by the Rev. J. Nugent, President of St. Mary's

and St. Patrick's Temperance Society. The devotions on this hallowed Festival were closed by the Office of the Dead which was read by the members of the Purgatorian Society at seven o'clock in the evening, when the Church was filled with fervent supplicants to the Throne of Grace for the eternal repose of those 'who have gone before us with the sign of faith.'

On Monday the Commemoration of All Souls, various Masses were offered throughout the morning at St. Mary's Dr. Walsh presided at the Office of the Dead, which commenced at ten o'clock, Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, Rev. Lawrence Dease, Rev. Messrs. Nugent, McIsaac, Walsh, Hennessy and Daly were also present. At the conclusion of the Office, the Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Right Rev. the Bishop of New Brunswick.

The Office of the Dead was recited in the evening by the Purgatorian Society, who assisted by large numbers have continued during the week the same holy and salutary devotion. We are delighted to be able to record those affecting accounts of the ceremonies of our religion, and the piety of our people.

The Right Rev. Dr. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown arrived in this city on Monday, from Prince Edward's Island, on his way to Rome. Bishop Dollard came over expressly from New

Brunswick to meet his Lordship. Thus we had the happiness of seeing three Catholic Bishops at St. Mary's this week. Dr. McDonnell sailed in the *Caledonia* for Liverpool, and was accompanied on board by his brother Prelates. On his way from the Island to Halifax he paid a visit to the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser at Antigonishe.

#### NEW CHURCH AT YARMOUTH.

During the recent Episcopal Visitation at Yarmouth, a meeting of the Catholics was held, at which the erection of a new Church was resolved on. A site was purchased from Mr. Edward Lonnegan, for one hundred pounds, half of which was paid upon the spot, and a spirited subscription was entered into. We have heard this week that the munificent sum of £40 has been subscribed towards this Church by James McCarthy, Esq., of Meteghan, and that the worthy French Catholics in that neighbourhood have promised some valuable donations of timber. Mr. McCarthy has also subscribed £32 towards the contemplated addition to the Church of St. Mande at Meteghan and the decoration of the Altar. Fifty pounds were bequeathed by his lamented brother Charles McCarthy for the same pious purpose. We deem it an act of justice to record those instances of truly Catholic spirit, and we hope we shall often have to discharge a similar duty towards other Catholics in the Province.

#### BEAR RIVER.

We have seen a letter from a Clergyman in the County of Digby which gives some edifying details of the Micmacs at Bear River, but from which we are sorry to learn that disease is making destructive ravages amongst them. The following is an extract:—

"I have just returned from the poor Indians after having completed my third visit. I was with them during last week, heard all their confessions and had the consolation to see these simple children of the Forest approach Holy of Holies. Never in the course of my life did I hear the *Kyrie, Gloria* and *Credo* chaunted with more thrilling effect. But I am sorry to have to inform you that the Angel of Death is among them, and that they are fast dropping off."

We are not surprised at this. The wonder is how those poor creatures exist at all. Their life

is a hard one at all times; but for the approach of sickness they are totally unprepared. The camp, or the wigwam afford very little temporal comfort to soothe the hard bed of the dying Indian. His chief support is in the religion which he loves dearer than his life. Surely our Provincial Parliament should in common humanity make a more adequate provision for this patient and interesting people.

#### JUBILEE.

We have seen a private letter from Rome of a recent date which states the existence of a current rumour in the Eternal City that a Jubilee will be proclaimed there from the 8th of December until Christmas, and that it will be extended to the whole Catholic world in the beginning of next year.

A correspondent begs to direct our attention to an attack upon the Jesuits which recently appeared in one of the City Journals. As we have not the article to which he alludes before us, we can say nothing upon its merits. The calumnies against that noble order of men, so distinguished throughout the whole earth for learning and piety, have been refuted a thousand times. In the whole history of their splendid career, we never knew them attacked unless by libertines or blockheads. We should not be surprised if a band of Jesuits landed in Halifax some fine morning before long. The bare possibility of such a thing makes us tremble for the nerves of some of the Popery-stricken grandames in this part of the world. They may as well resign themselves to their fate. Catholicity will accomplish its high and holy destiny in spite of all the opposition of earth and hell.

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#### LITERATURE.

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#### THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE INTERVIEW.

All the family of Lowe evinced the greatest joy on account of the return of the count; his countenance alone seemed a little tinged with sadness. The countess asked him the reason. "I fear,

said he, "that I shall not see that noble young man again, who so kindly lent me his wig and morning gown. I will be miserable, if I have not the satisfaction of testifying to him my gratitude for the favour that he has conferred upon me. I should like to know what he wished to do with these articles, which were so carefully wrapped up in his portmanteau.

"He is perhaps a strolling actor, one of those buffoons who frequent the country to amuse the people," replied the countess.

"I don't believe it, picture to yourself a mild and agreeable countenance, a nobleness of manner, clouded by a certain melancholy; a person of tall stature . . . ." All on a sudden, he hears the crack of the coachman's whip, and sees the carriage return. The count went to the window "Ah! it is my preserver that comes—Constance send the children out." said he to his wife, "in order that I may be alone with this young man; however, you may remain."

A moment after, Frederic entered the parlor.—The count advanced to meet him, pressed him to his heart, and testified his lively gratitude for what he had done for him. The countess likewise thanked him for having contributed in restoring her husband to her. The count made him sit down, and asked him his name, his business, and in what he could serve him. Frederic answered him with a tone of modesty, which charmed the noble lord; he also showed him the certificates of his professors. The count read them with attention. Frederic had too much delicacy to mention the ill treatment of which he had been the victim. "From this day forward said the count to him, after having asked him many questions, "I will take care of you. My family and myself start for the capital to-morrow; you will accompany us. I do not wish the prince to hear of my escape from any other than myself, and I will present myself before his highness in the same dress that I wore when I came to surprise my wife and children.—This is not very respectful, you may think, but the prince is my friend, and this will amuse him. I wish you to leave me this wig and morning-gown: I will keep them carefully, to remind me continually that to them I owe my liberty."

"These articles," replied Frederic, "have little value in themselves, but they are very precious in my eyes, and I cannot part with them."

"Why not?"

"Because they are the only souvenir that I have of a dear father."

"But your father must have had a fortune, since he has given you so excellent an education."

"My father left a very large fortune; but his second wife who was not my mother, used her influence over him to deprive me of my inheritance, and to draw from the weak old man a will entirely in favour of her own son. By inheritance I received only this wig and morning-gown, as a punishment for faults I never committed. I will, then, keep them, because the blessing of my father is attached to them, and I am happy in possessing them, because they have already rendered a service to such a man as your Excellency."

The count was struck at these words. He reflected some moments, then asked Frederic if he had any money, since his father had not left him any thing.

"I will tell you the whole truth, my lord; I should not have had wherewith to pay the expenses of my journey, had not one of my friends, formerly my fellow student, advanced me a hundred crowns. It is the attorney at Corlin, who has been so generous to me in my necessity."

The count wrote on a piece of paper the name of Corlin, attorney at Willemburg.

Frederic was then conducted to a fine room, and the count appointed him a servant. What a pleasant night he spent in the castle! The future did not seem so dreary; his thoughts ranged on the most agreeable subjects.

The next day the family set out for the capital. The count carried the comical dress which had aided his escape, and also a suit ornamented with gold lace, and covered with badges of the orders of which he was a member. Frederic travelled in a separate carriage with the son of the count. Being desirous to know why the count had been taken from his castle and shut up in the tower, from which he escaped the day before,—he put many questions about it to his companion, who informed him that his father had become an object of hatred to the neighbouring prince, because he had recommended to his sovereign many vigorous measures to stop the smuggling that had been carried on with impunity, and would not consent to the dismemberment of one of the finest provinces, which this same prince claimed. "My father," added the young count, "was then prime-minister, and the most influential man in the country; our enemies knew that he directed the councils of our sovereign. To punish his fidelity to his prince, they watched the moment when he was to spend some days at the very castle which we have just left, and carried him from the garden to his prison. Our prince protested against this infraction of the law of nations; he demanded the liberty of his most devoted servant: he threatened war; but he obtained nothing, and my father still remained a prisoner. We did

all that we could without being able to succeed.—My father will be surprised when he hears that the array is assembling at this moment, and that in a little while it will enter the territory of the enemy. The prince who loves him much, will tell him all.

The count of Lowe met with the most flattering reception, such a one as was to be expected from a prince who was well acquainted with his merits and fidelity. He spent three hours with him, and was immediately reinstated in his office. On leaving the Prince he went to his family, and said to Frederic: "My young friend, I have spoken of you to the prince, who is desirous to see you.—You will accompany me the day after to-morrow."

The poor young man blushed, and excused himself, not having clothes fine enough to appear before his highness; but the count remedied that difficulty by carrying him to a tailor who furnished him with every thing. Frederic was then presented to his sovereign, who thanked him for the service which he had rendered the count of Lowe, and gave him in testimony of his particular satisfaction, a magnificent ring, ornamented with his initials, and sparkling with diamonds, together with a paper, which Frederic opened on going out. It was a certificate of his appointment as assistant surgeon in one of the regiments then in garrison in the capital, and contained the promise of immediate promotion, in case of zeal and good behaviour in his service.—These favors drew tears from the young man. He trembled with joy on going to cast himself into the arms of the count, to thank him for these favors. "You see, my friend," said this noble lord, "what is written below this appointment.—Fulfill our expectations, and you will prosper.—The wig of your father will bring you happiness."

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### General Intelligence.

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#### PILGRIMAGES.

Among the many interesting and touching acts of popular piety, which abounds on all sides in Catholic countries, that of Pilgrimages is assuredly one of the most prominent. In every clime where the true faith is paramount, certain spots have always existed consecrated from very ancient times to a particular or religious honour. Sometimes it is a populous city, sometimes a poor village, sometimes a poor nook of a valley, or a barren mountain fastness. The object which sheds over the scene, whatever it may be, its peculiar halo of sanctity, is either a church or chapel containing some shrine of a renowned Saint, some precious relic, or more commonly still, an image of our Blessed Lady and her divine Son, black

with hoar antiquity, and originally imported from the East. By attestations of the most solemn and exact description, by the display of gold and silver offerings from kings and princes, and by other mementos from all rank of the community, which usually cover the interior walls and roofs of pilgrimage churches, the conviction is unshakenly established among the devout of all classes, that heaven is pleased to listen more propitiously to the prayer of Faith within their precincts than elsewhere. Hence they are continually resorted to by those who look more habitually to heaven than to earth, when any special grace or other benefit is humbly desired. Nor is it contrary to mere reason, to suppose that a fervent and toiling resort of all orders of society to a certain spot, persevered in for generations, and still continuing so to be must otherwise be impossible, unless extraordinary favours were to be gained at it. Within the domain of religious sentiment it is quite natural and consecutive, that a locality once perhaps the scene of the acts, or where repose the blessed remains of a saint whose superior merits the Almighty has been pleased to intimate by miracles, should be distinguished by a more copious and ready dispensation of his graces, and also be more exclusively the medium of extraordinary boons.—With regard to our blessed Lady, she who occupies so transcendent an exaltation at the side of her omnipotent Son, it cannot but be imagined, that where her effigy, from whatever cause originally has attracted an extraordinary and universal devotion God will there, for her sake be peculiarly open to her intercession in behalf of his servants, whose ardent demonstrations of love and confidence in him, through one who is so glorified in his sight must needs be peculiarly grateful.

The most celebrated places of pilgrimage in Bavaria, and one of the most so in all Europe, is at the town of Alotting, over the high altar of whose parish church stands an image of our Lady and child, which ever since the seventh century, has been and still continues to be, the blessed medium of well authenticated miraculous favours. For the long space of twelve centuries, during which it has occupied its present position, no interruption has taken place in the extraordinary veneration paid to it, nor in the pilgrimages annually undertaken from all parts to supplicate heaven before it. At this day they proceed as zealously as ever; and among the crowds of illustrious names inscribed on the books of our Lady of Allotting, that of Charlemagne figures among the earliest, and that of Pope Pius VI. among the more recent ones. A solemn pilgrimage sets out for this place once a year from Munich—the first Sunday in July is the day reserved for the occasion. This year I made

a point of witnessing the departure of the Pilgrims nor can there well be imagined a more beautiful religious demonstration, or one more calculated to leave a suetifying impression behind it on the most callous spectator. At three o'clock in the morning of Sunday July sixth I arose and proceeded to St. Peter's parish church, the most ancient and venerable in Munich, where I found so large a congregation already assembled, that I had the greatest difficulty in pushing my way into the nave so as to have a good view of the proceedings. High Mass was in course of celebration, and terminated at half past four. A sermon was then preached to the vast gathering of Pilgrims. It was a very moving discourse, and delivered in an animated style. In the course of it the preacher drew a striking comparison between the pilgrimage on which his hearers were presently to set forth, and that of human life, on which we are all travelling. He impressed it upon them that they should let the first be a type of the latter. He alluded to the fatigues and inconveniences which would await them on their way to our Lady of Allotting; and said that they must look on these as figuring the trials which virtue had to suffer on its mortal career. This was the spirit in which he said they must set out, if they meant fully to profit by so holy an undertaking. Among other things he also said, that the Catholic church prescribed or countenanced no religious act, even of the most trifling kind, that was not pregnant with sacred significancy, and fitted to convey some eternal lesson to a devout mind. Then towards the end, he pointed out what they ought to invoke heaven for without fail, on their arrival at the blessed spot. Besides their own particular intentions, they ought not he said, to forget on such an occasion to apply their hearty prayers for the propagation of the true faith, for the suppression of heresy, and the repentance of sinners. On this latter point he dwelt in very vivid colours. Neither were they to pass over their king and country nor the pastors, who, like himself, were solicitous and laboured so hard for their flocks, but who needed as much as any the prayers of those flocks so that grace might not fail them, without which nothing could be done. He concluded by a solemn prayer for the blessing of God on the pilgrims, who all joined in it kneeling, and then gave them his own blessing. A hymn was next chaunted in general chorus, and presently the great cross and banners which were to head the procession, and the priests who were to accompany it as far as the gates of the town, moved slowly towards the great door of the church. In the meantime the pilgrims issued out at all sides and formed in two parallel lines of two abreast in the street. I sought and obtained an advantageous point of view in the great square called the Schraunen Platz close at hand along which they must defile. It was now about half past five, the sun shone resplendently, and the gaunt old tower of St. Peter's, seemed actually to shake its side with the merry peal it rang out. Vast crowds were congregated on the scene.—First came the affecting effigy of our Lord crucified which ever leads the way on such solemnities, finely significant of the main hope and stay of a Christian under every variety of situation and circumstance on earth. Next followed a train of priests in surplices and stoles attended by assistants carrying banners. Then came a company of pilgrims, all men, in full costume, who, with staff in hand walked at a grave and measured pace; and habited in long robes of serge corded about the waist, with wallets at their backs, the scallop shell at the breast, and sandals on their feet, headed the long train of their companions in common clothes, and stamped the character of the proceeding. Following them walked the interminable lines of the great body of pilgrims, amounting to over four thousand persons, as I was informed. They consisted of people of all ages, both sexes, and various stations. Each one wore suspended at the breast a medal as a badge. It is true that the far greater proportion belonged to the poorer classes. But as it was mainly among such that Christ himself dwelt familiarly when on earth, so it has ever continued to be the case, that the more open and fervent practises of religion should be principally upheld by those who have only the simplicity of their hearts to offer to God; but which simplicity when vented in his honour and worship he values far above all the science and knowledge that ever has been, or will yet be, discovered or forged by the infatuation of intellectual pride. Still there was a reasonable sprinkling here and there of those who by their dress and air showed that they were members of what is called the better sort. Among them several ladies well known in polite circles were recognised together with some gentlemen of literary distinction. It was striking to observe how utterly one spirit inspired such a heterogenous mass. Old men who seemed hardly able to walk by the aid of a staff, young girls full of comeliness and hope, decrepit dames withered by years and sorrow, stalworth youths fresh and elastic as if ready to foot it to Jerusalem itself, were to be seen all blended promiscuously together, and equally absorbed by the blessed journey they had undertaken. As the procession moved forwards, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth," resounded alternately in harmonious chorus and fervent recitation from its ranks together with the doxology and other sacred burdens, which, however, I did not catch so intelligibly or constantly. On their arrival at the Isergate

of the city, the priests of St. Peter's took leave of the pilgrims solemnly giving them their blessing and consigning them for the rest of the way to the leadership of a young curate chosen for that purpose. Great numbers of all ranks followed in the wake of the pious wayfarers for a considerable distance out of town, and it was fortunate that the weather turned out as glorious as the occasion.—The greatest manifestations of respect and sympathy were made by the multitudes of people who stood uncovered wherever the pilgrims appeared. Among the most enthusiastic of the spectators, an English priest was particularly remarkable. He was making a short stay at Munich, and was quite fresh from his native land. It was quite exhilarating to see how he darted about hither and thither in his white collar and long black coat, as completely imbued with the spirit of the scene, as the most thorough-going votary of our Lady of Allotting present. The crowd everywhere made way for him, paying him all manner of respect; and he devoutly hung upon the flanks of the expedition for a long way in the country. I ought to mention that the pilgrims were attended by a train of omnibusses and other carriages. Some of these no doubt had previously been retained by parties to relieve the fatigues of the road, and the rest as is customary, followed on speculation. For it commonly happens that many persons who are not so strong as others require help, more especially when the distance is considerable; and thus these conveyances are conveniently at hand to afford a lift at need. Very great numbers, however, being extremely poor, are not able to pay for a ride and this gives an opportunity for the offices of charity on the part of their companions who are better off, and who accordingly do not fail gaining all the merit they can by comforting the afflicted. In this manner all who need it obtain some alleviation in the toils of the march. At every village too they joined by additional bodies of Pilgrims, and their passage is everywhere hailed by the ringing of the church bells. Allotting being two days march from Munich, the pilgrims pass the night at a village situated about half way. Under these circumstances they receive free hospitality from the inhabitants, who look upon their presence under their roofs as a blessing. On arrival at Allotting, the pilgrims flock to the confessionals, hear High Mass and communicate. Then they are absorbed by the particular petitions which each one has to the Almighty, through the powerful intercession of Mary. On Thursday, I witnessed their return into Munich. This took place about eight o'clock in the evening, and was also a very moving scene. As may be imagined, they presented a very changed appearance to that with which they set forth on the preceding Sunday. Then all was buoyant

cy of step and animation of look. Their bodily energies corresponded to their religious enthusiasm. But now the former had all but entirely failed them, and they seemed mainly borne up by the invulnerableness of the latter. They had assuredly now the aspect of pilgrims. Covered with dust and humility, sun-burnt and blistered, disordered in dress and haggard in men, they advanced wearily and haltingly along. Many were the aged of both sexes who were almost wholly supported on the arms of those, who themselves might have needed assistance. But in the midst of this physical depression, the holy fervour of their souls vented in continual anthems and responses of divine praise evidently survived as fresh, perhaps fresher than ever. One old man in particular struck me. He seemed at least over seventy, and was borne up by two stout young men, his son and son-in-law, as I afterwards learned. All strength seemed to have evaporated out of him—his features were hollow and ghastly, his long white-ened locks and grizzled beard distracted, his clothes torn—and he moved along passively at the will of his supporters who held him up between them, each having an arm round his body. But though thus physically disabled, the enthusiastic patriarch none the less continually gasped forth.—“Holy! holy! holy!” with heavenward glance and hands joined above his head, producing everywhere a sympathetic admiration, and at the same time proving that true religious zeal is in its nature indomitable, and such as no mortals ills or obstacles can ever subdue or dishearten. But the fact is, if anything could prove the efficacy of a pilgrimage to Allotting, and the truth of the extraordinary graces asserted to be attainable there, it was the spectacle of these pilgrims on their return, chaunting and reciting as ardently and unremittingly as ever, while hardly able to drag one foot after the other. It was not in vain that they had put up their prayers before the blessed image—their souls at least had derived renewed vigor of holiness, and their faith was fixed firmer than formerly. Though their strength was spent, and their limbs aching with lassitude, they had received such sacred consolation, such interior assurance as made them quite insensible in their religious exaltation to any corporeal ills. They had been as it were, to drink of some spiritual mineral waters, which had imbued them with such celestial energies, as only faith professed and asserted like theirs can possibly experience. “Well,” said an English Protestant who was looking on, “be these pilgrimages what they may, superstition or not superstition, if the Catholics do not possess sincerity of religious sentiment, I should like to know where else it is to be looked for?”

## BODMIN—OPENING OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

This neat church, built in the early English style, was opened with becoming solemnity on Thursday last (the Feast of our Lady of Mercy), by his Lordship the Bishop of the Western District and the clergy of the duchy. Being the first Catholic mission founded in that part of the country for upwards of three centuries, public curiosity was considerably excited, and vast multitudes assembled to witness the ceremonies, and to be instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Bishop Ullathorne gratified to the utmost of their wishes this laudable desire on the part of the multitude for personal information respecting the doctrine and rites of their fathers. Three several times on the day of the dedication, and three times on the Sunday following did the pious and learned Bishop, by his lucid and learned discourses, bring conviction and comfort to their understandings and their hearts.—It was impossible for candid minds to listen and not be convinced. Accordingly numbers of individuals expressed on the spot their conviction of the truths of Catholicity, and signified their intention of attending in future the Catholic worship; whilst some highly respectable individuals and connected by the nearest relationship with members of the Protestant Church establishment; gave in their unqualified adhesion to Catholicity, and even fixed on a very proximate opportunity of joining the Church. Nothing could exceed the decorum of the thronged audiences. Their zeal grew with the interest which the Bishop's discourses excited. Every attendance improved on the preceding until at length the church—ample as it was supposed to be—proved insufficient for the multitudes. Behold in Cornwall another successful effort to propagate Catholicity in central and populous districts in which hitherto no organised Catholic congregation existed merely because no opportunities were offered to the countless, fervent, and truth-loving spirits for satisfying their innate thirst for truth! Appeals to the public have of late been made for small pecuniary assistance in this great work of mercy and of love—edifying appeals that could neither compromise the dignity of the sacerdotal character, nor disgust the sensibilities of the public. Yet it is said these appeals were made with little or no beneficial result. This is discouraging when it is considered that Cornwall was hitherto one of the strongholds of irreligion, and the last forlorn fortress of usurped spiritual domination. In seizing the capital of the county and planting the standard of religion within the fortress, a great work has been accomplished. But outposts are to be secured and protected; distant stations to be established; and a complete machinery put in motion to reanimate the long suspended action of religion and to diffuse vitality

and health into his decrepid and emaciated frame. When small trifles for the dispersed and distant members of the Catholic body will secure on a permanent footing these inestimable blessings, it is to be hoped that the pastor of this mission will be yet liberally assisted in carrying out such sublime and meritorious projects. Let it be remembered that those who assist will be associated in the merit and reward of this glorious undertaking.—St. Mary's Bodmin,—Feast of St. Wenceslaus.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

## IRELAND.

DINGLE.—THE VINCENTIANS.—“I met the Vincentian Missionaries on their return from Dingle, where they had been to try to convert the *Soupers* (wretched beings who had been induced by promises of *soup*, &c., to renounce their faith.) I had a detailed account of their labours and, I rejoice to add, success. Numbers have returned to bewail their crime, and face want and persecution in a spirit of penance. One circumstance will convey to you an idea of the total prostration, if I should not rather say, destruction of Catholic feeling in that neighbourhood. It is this—that the comfortable Catholics, such as shopkeepers, &c., were in the habit of counselling the poor ignorant creatures to go over to their seducers for a time, until their distress should cease: nay, some used to subscribe to the fund for proselyting their fellow-Catholics! These good missionaries however, have now every reason to hope, from the wise and salutary measures taken, that a better spirit has been permanently awakened, and that many still outstanding will soon be reclaimed.”—*Extract from a private letter.*

## AN IRISH STUDENT IN ROME.

At the *Concursus* held on the 13th and 21st of July last at the Roman University, twenty-nine students were entered as competitors for the gold and silver medals; and after a scrutinizing examination of eight hours on each day, the two prizes were carried away by a student of the diocese of Cloyne. The successful candidate for university and ecclesiastical distinction is only in his twenty-third year—a Sub-deacon in Holy orders, a student of the Irish College at Rome for about a year—his previous course having been pursued in the Irish College in Paris. His name is Thomas Cloke, a nephew of the venerable and venerated parish priest of Charleville. The competitors for those distinguished honours were selected from the various Colleges in the Eternal City. It seldom falls to the lot of any one student to obtain the two medals; but on the occasion in question it



was reserved for an Irishman to bear away the high marks of literary distinction which have been conferred on Rev. Mr. Croko.

### PROMOTION.

To the parish of Clonegad, Clare, vacant by the sudden death of the Reverend George O'Shaughnessy, the Reverend Mr. Brian, curate of Kilrush, has been appointed.—*Freeman*.

### PROFESSION.

On the 24th ult., at Loretto Abbey, the solemn ceremony of religious profession was celebrated. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray assisted. A beautiful and instructive discourse on the virtues of the Blessed Mother of God, and the obligations of the ascetic life was preached by the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, of Waterford. The attendance was most respectable and numerous.

### POETRY.

#### REFLECTIONS.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away,  
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;  
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;  
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er;  
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;  
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are  
flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not to recall;  
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;  
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;  
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears have you  
been;

Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;  
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! you will shortly be past;  
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye may last;  
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight:  
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;  
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod;  
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

Take care lest you admit any suspicions into your mind, because they are the poison of friendship.

—*St. Augustine.*

Whenever you give anything, mortify not with harsh words. A sweet word excels whatever you can give; it is above all your other presents.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To Country Subscribers—we have this to say—all papers must be paid for in *ADVANCE*, after the expiration of the present year, all papers not so paid for, will be discontinued. It is impossible to collect subscriptions of *FIVE SHILLINGS* scattered over a whole Province. The man who cannot pay this sum for his paper in advance, is not more likely to do so at the end of the year. We pay *CASH* for paper and labour weekly, and we must be paid *CASH* by our subscribers, to enable us to continue to do so.

A. J. RITCHIE. *cl*

### BIRTHS RECORDED.

#### AT ST. MARY'S.

- OCTOBER 30—Mrs. Burns of a Son.  
31—Mrs. Gopley of a Daughter.  
NOVEMBER 1—Mrs. McManus of a Son.  
2—Mrs. Keys of a Daughter.  
3—Mrs. Murphy of a Daughter.

### INTERMENTS.

#### AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- NOVEMBER 2—Austin Needham, native of Ireland, aged 61 years.  
3—Mary Ann, Infant Daughter of James and Elizabeth Dalton, aged 3 months and 16 days.  
3—John Kennedy, native of Carrick-on-Suir, County of Tipperary, Ireland, aged 54 years.

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