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

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

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

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



“Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?”—TERTULLIAN *Prescrip* xxii.  
“There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious.”—St. Cyprian *Ep.* 43 ad plebem.  
“All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: *Thou art Christ*, and not this alone, but *the Son of the living God*.”—St. Cyril of Jerusalem. *Cat.* xi. l.

Calendar.

- JUNE 3—Sunday—Trinity Sunday I after Pentecost 2nd class.
- 4—Monday—St. Francis Caracciolo C. doub.
- 5—Tuesday—St. Ferdinand King C. doub.
- 6—Wednesday—St. Norbert B. C. doub.
- 7—Thursday—Corpus Christi 1st class Holiday of Obligation.
- 8—Friday—Of the Octave.
- 8—Saturday—Of the Octave cont. of SS Primas &c MM.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

From the time of Bossuet till the restoration of the Bourbons, no primordial champion of Catholicism arose in France. During the reign of Louis XV., the French priesthood was either torpid from the long and tranquil possession of power and emolument, or afraid to grapple with the wit, so much more fatal than argument, of triumphant infidelity, or, itself sceptical, partaking of a spirit and of opinions which had become all but universal among enlightened men. The reign of Louis XVI. was the battle-field of things far more substantial than creeds, and too much was menaced and overthrown to permit any theory of infallibility, either for king or pope, to be strenuously advocated. In the presence of the conflicts, and splendours, and European fulminations of the Republic and the Empire, any attempt to rehabilitate Catholicism in France would have seemed the pettiest, as well as the most preposterous, of pedantries. All that was possible, till the Revolution had spent its force, was to do as Chateaubriand did,—to throw the effulgence of a romantic imagination round and imaginary Christianity, to picture Catholicism, not in its historical aspects or in its popular influence, but in its poetic possibilities, and to inspire men to dream of an ideal Church as a compensation for that which recent catastrophes had stripped of its glory.

At the Restoration the Catholic Church in France not merely burst from the bloody eclipse of five-and-twenty years, but assumed a strength, a supremacy, and a life which it was far from possessing immediately before the Revolution. Indeed the Church alone largely profited from the Restoration, which accomplished little for the aristocracy, and far less than is usually supposed for the monarchy. To the aristocracy it gave the glitter and the pomp of its former position; but its grandeur as an institution, and its ramified tenacity as a faith in the popular heart, could not be renewed. To the monarchy it offered, almost unarmed, the magnificent symbols of authority, but the royal importance, unity and attitude, the royal awfulness which made monarchy the idol at once dreaded and beloved of millions, it was unable to bestow. To the Church, however, it was the weightiest and most welcome event which had been encountered from the period of the grand Lutheran disaster. What it was only in name to the Bourbons, it was in reality to the Church—a restoration. Various influences combined thirty years ago to strengthen the position of Romanism in France. The middle-age mania, then prevalent, among its other effects, good and bad, prodigiously augmented the number and the force of conservative tendencies; and the Catholic Church became the chief of conservative attachment, as best representing the picturesque splendour of a period which it was the fashion to idealise. Romanticism in literature, one of the most notable results of the enthusiasm for the middle ages, necessarily spurned at Protestantism and the simpler religious forms and beliefs as

utilitarian, meagre, and prosaic. After a century also of negation and scepticism, a return, if not to faith, yet to a faith in faith, was inevitable. Our age is not more distinguished than the ages that have immediately preceded it, for belief, but it possesses far more than they of the belief in the value of belief as an element of action. Now true faith always turns to the future, is fertile, and creates the future; faith in faith is sterile, timid, and turns for ever to the past. In addition to the operation of this circumstance, France felt the necessity of restoring its historical unity in order to revive the lustre of its historical position. And the most potent bond of its historical unity, even at its most rampart season of infidelity has been Catholicism. France, besides, has always eminently had the vocation of Propagandism; not so much from the depth of its convictions as from the fervour of its impulses. That vanity, or ambition, or philanthropy has much to do with creating and fostering the Propagandist spirit in France, we emphatically question. France has that sort of animal spirit as a nation which is characteristic of certain individuals. It is ridiculous to see in French propagandism any profounder schemes or remoter objects than the outbursts of that Gallic effervescence which has no law and no purpose but itself. The carnage at Waterloo put an end for a time to the military Propagandism of France. Germany, flooding every corner of Europe with its philosophy, poetry, its legends, and its dreams, became the grand literary Propagandist that France had been half a century before, the only commanding form, therefore, which French Propagandism could take was the Rehabilitation of the Catholic Church. To the fickleness of the French character there was a pleasant variety in this, and the pungency of the pleasure was augmented by an element of revenge, since the nation that had mainly helped to subdue and humiliate France, was the chief representative and champion of Protestantism throughout the world.

With this race of pedants, at once prosy and pretentious, Lamennais and Joseph de Maistre must never be classed. There was the sacred fire of genius, there the earnestness that needed no foreign agency to give it perpetuity and strength. Lamennais cannot be called an original thinker, his philosophy is of a commonplace kind, and owes its occasional sublimity not to the grandeur of his ideas, but to the elevation of his sentiments. As a writer, however, he has the highest merits, though not without the fault from which few French authors are free—that of being too rhetorical. Both as a writer and as a thinker, however, he stands considerably below De Maistre. Lamennais has more finish, is more uniformly eloquent, is more an artist. De Maistre is unequal, does not always arrange his materials well, is sometimes unskillful in the harmonising of parts, is chargeable with bad taste, with puerile conceits, and not unfrequently with heaviness of style. But if he is often inferior to Lamennais, he is just as often superior. There are pages of De Maistre which, from combining every variety of excellence, are not equalled by anything that has appeared since the death of Rousseau. Lamennais is a more comprehensive thinker than De Maistre, but not nearly so energetically individual. De Maistre's thoughts have boldness without breadth, sublimity without defect; they are interesting from their excessive one-sidedness. It is not in what he saw of the universe, but the manner of seeing it, that his value as a thinker consists.

His theories in favour of absolute monarchy have nothing new or striking; indeed his philosophy is more commonplace than that of Lamennais; but the ideas and illustrations which he pours out in the statement and defence of his theories, establish his claim to be a great writer. Nor is de Maistre peculiar in this. The grand primordial thinkers, the men destined to work a revolution in the whole world of thought, have seldom employed anything but commonplaces in advocacy of their innovations, while it is among those whose leading principles were commonplaces that the most ingenious thinkers and the best authors have been found. To the creators of the cathedrals, those noble poems of the middle ages, minute or profuse interior decorations must have seemed a matter of very subordinate attention. And to him who has filled a picture gallery with the choicest productions of genius, it must seem indifferent whether the exterior of the building containing them resemble a factory or a temple.

The name of Lamennais is a familiar one every where. De Maistre's is scarcely so well known as it ought to be in France, and deserves to be better known than it is in England.

The Count Joseph de Maistre was born at Chambéry in Savoy, the 1st of April, 1753. His family was noble, and had that higher nobility which arises from illustrious services. His father was president in the senate of Savoy, and his mother was the daughter of the senator Joseph de Meiz, a learned and accomplished gentleman, who superintended the education and cultivated the talents of his two grandchildren, Joseph de Maistre and his younger brother, Xavier de Maistre. Xavier became a general in the Russian service, and is the author of some works of fiction, which have obtained great celebrity in France. Joseph was, from his youth, a hard student, gifted with a prodigious memory, he made the most rapid progress in all the branches of learning to which he devoted himself, and his works prove that he possessed an extraordinary erudition. At twenty he has completed his studies at the University of Turin. His principal pursuits at this time were jurisprudence, mathematics, ancient and modern languages, and fifteen hours of every day were spent in laborious thought and the acquisition of knowledge. At a rather later period he began the habit, which he never seems afterward to have abandoned, of copying striking extracts from all the books he read, and of noting down those suggestions which offered themselves to his meditations, and to which at the moment he could not give a matured and finished shape. The life of Joseph de Maistre was a peaceful and happy one,—a life of conscientious industry in the most varied fields of learning, and the honourable occupation in the service of his country,—when the storm of the French Revolution burst upon him, tore him away from the things he loved so well, and rendered his existence then-cessant, if not tragical, at least painful and uncertain. In 1788 the King of Sardinia made him a senator. This was official position, when, on the 22d September, 1792, the French army passed the Alps. The day after the King of Sardinia flying, Joseph de Maistre followed him. In January 1793 he ventured to return to Chambéry for the purpose of observing the course and tendency of events. Discovering how little he and those who wished the old order of things could do to oppose the power of the French, he left Savoy and fixed his residence at Lausanne. After various minor productions, he published, in 1796, a work of solid merits, entitled *Considerations sur la France*. It had immense success,

partly owing to the genius it displayed, but in no small measure also to the excitement of circumstances. It has been warmly praised for its eloquence, its sagacity, and the elevation of its style and ideas. But with all our admiration for de Maistre, we frankly confess that he was not the man to judge with justice, with breadth of view, with depth of penetration, an event so complicated in its causes, so rapid in its progress, as the French Revolution. The value of this, as of all his other works, must be sought not in its philosophical accuracy and political acuteness, but in the vigor, boldness, and thoroughness with which his strong and very peculiar impressions are given. The *Considerations* first enabled de Maistre to take that high rank which his subsequent productions so amply justified. The work had the double honour of being prohibited by the French Government, and of being praised by Louis XVIII. in a letter which he sent to the author.

De Maistre quitted Lausanne for Piedmont in 1797, called away by political circumstances. At Lausanne he is said to have known Neckar and his celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël. Towards the close of 1796, the young Charles Emmanuel IV., who had recently come to the throne, was forced by the French to leave Turin and all his continental provinces, and to seek elsewhere a refuge from a power that appeared irresistible. De Maistre remained a few days only after his master, and then set out for Venice. Here remaining, his existence was in many respects desolate enough. The late turn of affairs had stripped him of all he possessed, and he and his family had now to face whatever Poverty has bitterest for the nobly born. But De Maistre's character was too heroic, his religious sentiments too profound, his faith in the retributive justice of the Divine Government too much the main principle of his philosophy, to permit him to be crushed by even heavier calamities than these. His position also was prevented from becoming desperate by the friends whom his strong Absolutist opinions and his celebrity as a writer procured for him. Besides, if the trial was severe, it was not destined to be long. The expulsion of the French from Italy in 1799 by the combined operations of the Austrians and Russians, enabled him once more to return from exile. In the September of this year he was appointed to one of the highest offices in the Kingdom of Sardinia, to which were soon added others of equal importance, the functions of which he assumed on his arrival at Cagliari January 1800. After a residence of nearly two years at Cagliari, he was appointed, in September 1802, ambassador from the King of Sardinia to the court of St. Petersburg. A Catholic of the strictest kind, he must have considered it something more than a mere form that he was presented to the Pope at Rome before leaving Italy. Passing through Germany, he arrived at St. Petersburg on the 13th of May, 1803. Here he remained fourteen years; and though his official occupations do not seem to have been either numerous or difficult, there is testimony that they were well and wisely fulfilled; and that whatever influence he had with the emperor he generally employed to forward the interests of those who were struggling, and had nothing but their merits to recommend them. At the Russian capital some of his best works were written. In 1817 he was recalled. Immediately on his coming to Turin, the King of Sardinia conferred on him some of the highest dignities and title in his gift, at the same time acknowledging and lauding his devotedness and ability. But, from excessive industry, much

anxiety, frequent sorrows and many sufferings of all kinds, his health was already failing. Knowing that his infirmities were such as neither time nor medicine could cure, he sought from religion those consolations which earth could not give. He died from an attack of apoplexy the 26th of February, 1821, aged sixty-eight years.

The materials for Joseph de Maistre's life are scanty. The particulars we have communicated are mainly derived from one source, and that a suspicious one,—from a work deeply tinged with the Absolutist bigotry of the French Restoration. But as De Maistre's writings confirm the impression which his admiring biographer desires to convey, we believe that the picture we have given of him will remain substantially correct.

The books that have acquired for De Maistre an European reputation are his treatise *Du Pape*, which was given to the world a year or two before the author's death, and his *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, which appeared shortly after that event. His work on Bacon, published for the first time in 1836, though interesting to the student of philosophy, is never likely to acquire so much popularity and influence as those just mentioned.

The treatise *Du Pape* is more elaborately and logically written than the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, but it displays less genius. As, however, its leading topics are more closely connected with great contemporary movements, political and religious, we shall make it the text of what we have further to say regarding De Maistre. It is an acute and able defence of Papal infallibility, though it has more of theological value than of literary attraction. It is divided into four parts. The first treats of the Pope in his relation to the Catholic Church; the second, of the Pope in his relation to temporal sovereignties; the third, of the Pope in his relation to the civilisation and the happiness of nations; the fourth, of the Pope in his relation to the Churches called "Schismatic."

There is much in each part which can be interesting only to the Romish theologian or devotee. But if we wish to penetrate with a just and enlarged spirit into the philosophy of Romanism, we cannot have a better guide than De Maistre's book.

A very ingenious chapter in the first part is that on the use of the Latin language in the services of the Romish Church. This peculiarity has been frequently and fiercely denied. De Maistre has great show of reason when he endeavours to establish that a Catholic, of Universal Church, should have a catholic, or universal language; for a brotherhood of feeling, a sympathy of devotion, are thus promoted which could not otherwise exist. In whatever region of the globe the Roman Catholic may be, if he finds a Catholic temple to worship in, he not only beholds the same ritual with which he had from childhood been familiar, but he thrills to the tones of some grand Latin tongue which speaks so potently to his earliest religious impressions. Three things strongly set forth the claims of the Latin to be the universal language of the Church: first, its dignity; secondly, its spirituality; thirdly, it is the language of modern civilisation. As to its dignity, we have only to consider that it is the language of the people who conquered the world, and that it has all the force and nobleness by which they were distinguished. They were the most majestic of nations; theirs is the only ancient language that contains the word *majesty*, the Greek having nothing that exactly corresponds to it; and the Latin language is majestic as were the Romans themselves. What more befitting the dignity of a religion than a language so majestic! But the Latin is as spiritual as it is majestic. Blended with the gross idioms of the barbarians, our forefathers, it has refined and softened those idioms, and given them that spiritual element which is their most beautiful characteristic. Now religion being eminently spiritual, it finds adequate utterance in the most spiritual of languages. What vehicle, also, since the origin of modern history, have the great civilising influences employed? Medals, coins, tombs, laws, canons, primitive annals, all monuments whatever, speak Latin. A still more energetic agency of civilisation Latin became when adopted as the language of science,—when Copernicus, Kepler, Descartes, Newton, and many others, employed it to immortalise their thoughts and their systems. During the period, moreover, when our present European

communities were shaping themselves into organic existence, Latin was the language of literature, and no publicist, historian, theologian, antiquary wrote in any other. When Protestants object to the use of the Latin language in the services of the Catholic Church, they forget that what they consider the most important part of public worship, the sermon, is in the vulgar tongue, alike when delivered in a Catholic as in a Protestant temple. As the Catholic, likewise, considers the performance of mass as the essential portion of worship, and the rest as accessory, and as mass is generally performed in a very low voice, what matters it whether the words are pronounced in French, German, or Hebrew? And are not Protestants unjust in calling Latin, when employed in worship, an unknown tongue? The proportion of Catholics acquainted with Latin is very considerable, there is scarcely an uneducated Catholic ignorant of it. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the prayers of the Church are all translated. There are books in abundance which explain every part of the service, so that the import of no movement, of no ceremony, is lost, though every word uttered may not be exactly understood. What the intelligence does not clearly seize is exceedingly small in amount, and what escapes the intelligence goes to deepen that reverence, that mysterious awe, which are so indispensable to religion. Finally, as a Universal Church requires a universal language, so an Immutible Church requires an immutable language, that it may avoid change in every thing, it must be raised far above the caprices and the corruptions to which modern languages are exposed.

Such—sometimes in our own words, sometimes in his—is De Maistre's defence of Latin, as the language of the Catholic Church's public services. How far it is sound and satisfactory we leave our readers to judge.—*New York Albion*.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

### PIUS IX.

We know not at this moment whether the Common Father of the Faithful is still an exile on the promontory of Gaeta, or whether, like his glorious predecessor the Seventh Pius he has returned in triumph to the Capital of the Christian world.

The memorable events of the last eight months though sad and afflicting in many respects have been pregnant with meaning in others.

Many bitter prejudices against our Religion have been removed—many stupid calumnies have been unanswerably refuted.

It is proved that the Pope is not hostile to rational liberty and the progressive amelioration of the human race. The most liberal sovereign in the world has been the Pope. He has outstripped all the liberal Governments in the ample privileges which he voluntarily conceded to his subjects. He pardoned with a generous and god-like heart; he showed that he wished to reign not by fear but by love. It is true he was cruelly deceived; it is certain that many of his subjects were not worthy of such a Sovereign, nor capable of comprehending the extent of his sacrifices, but he has satisfactorily disposed of the usual Protestant calumny. The brief reign of Pius IX has proved more. In his exile at Gaeta he has attracted more spiritual attachment, and received more glorious homage than even if he were enthroned in the Vatican. Take away the pomp of St Peter's, the splendours of the Quirinal, the magnificence of Rome, and the Pope is nothing. So say our enemies. But what are the facts?—The days of his pilgrimage at Gaeta have been days of continual triumph. The whole Church has been moved from its centre to its circumference. From every part of the known world the most gratifying protestations of respect, obedience, and love have poured in upon the Holy Father. Sovereigns themselves have come to prostrate themselves at his feet, and to implore his benediction. His sacred College have gathered round him, his brethren of the Episcopate have united themselves with the other princes of the Church and have come from all parts to do him homage. Those who could not come, have sent the effusions of their hearts and the practical proofs of their benevolence. The pious tribute of the ages, of faith to the viceregent of Christ has been renewed before our eyes, and Protestants have been surprised at the countless millions of Peter's pence which have been despatch-

ed to the papal treasury by every tribe, and tongue, and people. This nodding principle of Catholic vigour, would never have been so fully understood, if Pius IX had always remained tranquilly seated in the Vatican. But the revolution at Rome, and the temporal reverses of the Holy Father have stirred the hearts of nations; and we now see, that whether in prison or on a throne, whether beneath the regal dome of St Peter's, or on the classic rock of Gaeta, the successor of the fisherman is seen to receive the affectionate homage of the children of the church. Thus has God in his wisdom been pleased to draw good out of evil; thus, as in former times, does the Spouse of Jesus Christ, the Holy Catholic Church shine out with more glorious effulgence in proportion to the attempt of her enemies to obscure and oppress her. Why have the gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The powers of earth leagued with the powers of hell have risen up against the Lord, and against his anointed. Impious and abortive attempt!—*He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh at them: and the Lord shall deride them.*

### ST. MARY'S.

On Sunday, within the Octave of the Ascension, a truly edifying and novel sight was witnessed at the Cathedral. The two Communities of Religious Ladies who have recently arrived in our City were present at the High Mass, at which the Bishop assisted pontifically, and the Rev Mr McSweeney preached.

On Whitsunday a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev Dr Walsh, assisted by Rev Messrs Hannan and Melsaac, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and the Rev Denis Geary as Master of Ceremonies. After the Gospel the Very Rev Mr Conolly preached on the Mystery of the day, and an Indulgence of forty days was conceded to all present. The Rev Mr McSweeney preached at St Patrick's Church. There were Pontifical Vespers at the Cathedral, after which the Bishop gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

On Whitmonday the Bishop attended by eight Priests solemnly blessed the beautiful Chapel of St Vincent of Paul, in the Convent of the SS. of Charity. His Lordship then celebrated High Mass, after which the Parochial Schools under the care of the Sisters were inaugurated. The Hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung by the Bishop and Clergy to invoke the assistance of the Holy Ghost on this blessed work of charity. The impressive ceremonies of the day were concluded by a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to the Almighty for the spiritual benefits recently conferred upon the City of Halifax. The children of the Schools and a considerable number of other Catholics were present, on this gratifying occasion.

### FIRE.

An alarm of fire was given about midnight on Saturday last, in the vicinity of Spring Gardens. On hastening to the spot we discovered a crazy old fabric on fire opposite the entrance of the Catholic Cemetery. By considerable exertions the adjoining property of Mr Letson was happily saved. But that the weather was so calm, the beautiful little Church in the Cemetery, and perhaps the Sexton's lodge would have been destroyed. As it was, some articles belonging to the Cemetery were burned, and as we have since heard some of the rails about the graves were scorched. The origin of the fire is enveloped in mystery. We understand some very suspicious characters (strangers) were seen hovering about the premises on Saturday or the previous day.

### THE BONFIRE AT MONTREAL.

More than one of our readers have written to express their surprise that no allusion has been made in the Cross to the Montreal Riots. Our simple answer is that we do not believe Religion had any thing to do with the affair. National and political feeling were at the bottom of the whole of it. If the Irish have joined the Canadians many reasons might be assigned for the step. They did not join them in the Rebellion of 1837. If they have done so now, we do not think it is from any feeling of gratitude. We believe that the Irish, whether Protestant or Catholic owe very little to the Canadians, and we should not be surprised at any amount of apathy they might exhibit in purely Canadian affairs. It is not so however, with the Mother Country. *La belle France* has always been friendly to Ireland, and hence the most cordial and amicable feelings have always existed between the two Nations.

## THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Niagara arrived at an early hour on Thursday morning.

The news of the Canadian outbreak had reached England. Lord Elgin has tendered his resignation which we sincerely hope will not be accepted. Such a precedent would be fatal.—The task of reconciling all conflicting interests in Canada is a difficult one, and the Governor should always receive the most strenuous support from the authorities at home.

The aspect of Europe is most belligerent. Indeed we hardly see how a general war can be prevented. France, Italy, Germany, Hungary, are all in commotion. Three armies were marching on Rome—the Austrians from the North, the Neapolitans from the South, and Oudinot with fresh reinforcements from Civita Vecchia.

Lord John Russell has given notice of the expulsion of Smith O'Brien from the House of Commons. The rate in aid Bill has passed the House of Lords. We will see whether the Orange noblemen and gentry of the North of Ireland will now fulfil their pompous threats. On dit—that Smith O'Brien will be transported to Bermuda. Ministers have sent £26,000 to Ireland to relieve the frightful distress which prevails. Cholera and famine are raging simultaneously in the West, and all accounts agree in stating that Ireland is now plunged in the lowest depths of misery and suffering.

### NEW YORK RIOTS.

Macready went home in the last Steamer.—His exit from the American stage was fearfully tragic. All the water in the ocean will never wash Forrest from the deep dye he has contracted. The least homage he can offer to the memory of the dead, and the feelings of the living is to retire for ever from public life. We are often amused at seeing Macready characterised in the papers as 'the great English Actor.' The man was born in the City of Dublin. It is even just so with Miss Hayes the present Prima Donna in the Musical World. She is the 'great English Singer' though she was born on the banks of the Shannon. In like manner Lord Gough was a great English Commander when he gained five splendid victories. He meets with a trifling reverse when presto, he has nothing but "the hot blood of Tipperary" in his veins. He annihilates the Sikhs and lo! he is metamorphosed into an Englishman again.

### COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

We perceive from the American Papers that The Very Rev. T. Conolly V. G. of this Diocese assisted at the recent Council at Baltimore as Theologian to Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick the Bishop of Boston.

### PROSPECT.

There will be an Episcopal Visitation at Prospect on Tuesday the 19th of June.

The Ladies of the Sacro Cœur opened their School at Brookside on Monday last.

### A NEW COLONY FROM IRELAND.

At this moment arrangements are in progress for a systematic emigration, on a vast scale from districts and by a class apparently not much affected by the prevailing embarrassments. In fact, it is in contemplation to establish an Irish colony in the United States, composed of substantial graziers and farmers from the counties of Carlow, Kildare, and Meath. Several Roman Catholic Clergymen, including Parish Priests, are to give up their parishes in those counties, in order to enter upon a new mission with the colonists in the "far west." This project has been on foot for a month or two, and is to be conducted quite systematically. The Rev. J. Maher, P. P. of Graigue, Carlow, a man of remarkable energy and unbounded influence amongst the Roman Catholic population, is one of the Clergymen connected with the project, and a letter on the subject addressed by him to the tenantry appeared in the Dublin Evening Post of Tuesday.

DIocese of Vincennes.—CONVERSIONS.—The Faith is making rapid advances in this Diocese under the charge of the Rt. Rev. Dr. St. Palais. On Easter Sunday the Rev. Patrick Murphy received six adult converts into the Church at Mount Pleasant, Martin County Indiana.

[From the Tablet]

## CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF BRUGES.

My dear —, I have just returned from a most interesting visit to Belgium, and I will record my impressions of it, while yet fresh, in the shape of a letter to you. The object of my going was to attend the consecration of Mgr. Malon, as Bishop of Bruges, to which See he has been designated since last autumn, but owing to the troubled state of things at Rome, it was only very lately that the Bulls for his consecration were received. Mgr. Malon, I should tell you, was formerly the Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Louvain, and appears to have been raised to the Episcopate by acclamation. My own acquaintance with him began seven years ago, when I was a Protestant, and was revived in 1845, shortly before I became a Catholic; when, at the instance of a common acquaintance, Mgr. Malon took the trouble of writing me a letter of four sheets of paper on Catholic Unity; a very interesting and able document, which had its weight, with other things, in helping me to my decision in that memorable year. It is curious enough that the first consecration of a Catholic Bishop I have been present at should be that of Mgr. Malon. However, he kindly asked me to go to it, and so I did, in company with a party of four, and as happy a party we were as you might wish to see. Travelling together, it is said, either makes friendships or breaks them, and ours was of the former sort. We had, moreover, the advantage of being, in a manner, under the wing of our Bishop; for at Bruges we fell in with Dr. Wiseman, who had arrived at the same point by a different route. I need hardly tell you what an advantage this was to us all, for Dr. Wiseman knows every body and every thing abroad, and his name was, of course, a passport for us with all the distinguished and interesting Ecclesiastics whom we met. Now, then, let me proceed with my story. After a beautiful passage of six hours, we got to Ostend on Monday morning, the 30th ult., at eight, when after hearing Mass and breakfasting we started for Bruges. The church at Ostend presents nothing very remarkable; but there is always something unspeakably delightful in feeling oneself (as a Catholic) at home in foreign churches, and hearing 'Per omnia secula seculorum' on the other side the water. I think any one would have been struck by the reverent appearance of things at Mass. We got to Bruges in the afternoon, and found it full of bustle on account of the coming solemnities. They were beginning to decorate the streets for the procession, and everywhere are seen long programmes of the order of the day of consecration. We first paid our respects to our own Bishop, and then repaired to the "Evechie," where we found Mgr. Malon, full of courtesy and kindness, and were all appointed our several places in the cathedral for the next day. Mgr. Malon is a very pleasant intelligent looking man, about forty, and, in fact, something like Father Faber—a good omen, I hope. I observed that he wore a richer chain than our Bishops, and a very splendid pectoral cross; altogether, his appearance was very prepossessing. The next point of interest was the arrival of the assisting Bishops, who all excepting Dr. Wiseman, came together in the evening. At the station where the train was expected, crowds were assembled, as if to welcome some prince or conqueror; and the station was decorated with flags. This was the first sign we had of the light in which Bishops are regarded in a true Catholic country. The crowd was so great that we made a push to get through the station to the platform, a privilege which was yielded on payment of a franc, and receiving a railway ticket as a passport. The train soon arrived and was received with cheers. The venerable party passed through the station house, and was received by many on bended knees, and by all with heads uncovered. It consisted of the Papal Nuncio (an Archbishop), the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, the Archbishop of Paris, all the Bishops of Belgium, the Bishop of Luxembourg, and the Archbishop of Tyre, in partibus. These, with Dr. Wiseman (whom they called L'Evêque de Londres), were, I think, all the Bishops present. The Cardinal Archbishop is quite a sight in himself. Such grace, sweetness, and majesty combined as realise one's very *beau idéal* of a prince of the Church. Mgr. Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris, is a sweet placid, and not elderly man; a peculiar interest hangs over the successor of Aître. The Nuncio is a very striking person in appearance. What one re-

marks about all these Catholic dignitaries is the entire absence of pomposity. They never seem to you aware that any eyes are upon them. As to the Cardinal, I cannot get his figure out of my head. I now come to the morning of May 1, the day of consecration itself. The arrangements were so good that there was no occasion to go earlier than the time mentioned for the ceremonial. Accordingly at half-past eight we were at the cathedral in our places. Precisely at that hour all the bells in the city began to ring, or rather toll, at a quick, joyful, summoning pace. The day was glorious. In the space before the great door of the cathedral were drawing up the military with their band. The cathedral itself is a beautiful structure of great height, with a choir (which was quite concealed), and two fine transepts. It was arranged as follows:—In front of the screen was erected a spacious platform for the ceremonial, seven or eight steps above the area of the church, with a high altar, and a side altar for the Bishop elect. The transepts were filled with spectators. In the nave, on the right and left sides of the platform, were seats for the Canons of the cathedral, below them were the civil and military authorities; on either side along the nave were the Clergy of other dioceses, and the rest of the church was appropriated almost entirely to the people of the town, rich and poor without distinction. On the platform, right and left, were seats for the Bishops and for the Chaplains; behind them, in the centre, was a footstool for the Consecrator. Shortly after our arrival, the procession approached from the palace; the Clergy, in surplices, preceding the Bishops. The Archbishop of Malines was habited in his Cardinal's robes, wearing on his head a small red cap, not large enough to conceal his silver hair. The Bishop's wore copes of gold. As the procession entered the drums beat, and the musicians (who were concealed behind the screen) struck up a joyful movement. The orchestra consisted of an instrumental band, besides the organ, with a full chorus of voices, the trebles being sustained by boys, for women singers, I believe, are not allowed at Belgium—at least, I heard none while there. When the Bishops and Clergy were seated, and the Cardinal (the Consecrator) had exchanged his scarlet robes for his cope of crimson and gold (it was St. Philip and St. James' day, and the colour was accordingly red), and the Bishop elect had vested in his sacerdotal habits (except the chasuble, instead of which he assumes the cope), and had been led, wearing his cap, between the two Assisting-Bishops (also in copes) to the centre the ceremony began by the reading of the Papal Brief. This is followed by the "Examen," in which occurs a magnificent piece of dogmatic theology on the Blessed Trinity; read it, and then fancy the "Archbishop" of D., or the "Bishop" of H., undergoing it! I suppose you know the Office of the Consecration of a Bishop. You remember that the Consecrator and the Bishop elect celebrate Mass together at different altars. It is after the Alleluia, or the Tract, that the Consecration properly begins. Then the Bishop elect leaves his altar and comes in front of the Consecrator, and while the Consecrator and all the Bishops and Clergy incline their heads, kneeling, he (the Elect) prostrates himself on the ground while the Litanies of the Saints are sung, as at the Ordination of the other Clergy, as it to enlist all the Court of Heaven in behalf of those who are about to receive the exalted communion. I should tell you that at Bruges all the people were let into the cathedral without distinction as soon as the Mass began. I can conceive nothing more impressive to them than the sight of their future Bishop in this posture of profound humiliation—annihilating himself, as it were, before the Presence at which even the angels shroud their faces. Certainly, a Bishop should always be consecrated, if possible, in his own cathedral. Near me there were some who could hardly restrain themselves from crying out when they saw Monseigneur flat on his face. I should tell you, however, that the glorious Litanies were sadly messed at Bruges, owing to the great mistake of accompanying them with the organ for the organ and the voices did not keep time, and thus the petitions and answers were frequently jumbled together. At the end of the Litanies, as at the Ordination, the Consecrator rises and gives the Bishop elect the triple benediction.—After the Litanies, the Consecrator places the Book of the Gospels on the shoulders of the Elect, where it remains till that part of the ceremony when it is delivered into his hands. Then follows the Consecration itself, in these

simple words:—"Receive the Holy Ghost" the Consecrator and Assistant Bishops imposing hands on the head of the Bishop elect. To this succeeds a grand Preface, sung by the Consecrator with hands extended, as supplementary to the Consecration. This is followed by the most touching act in all Ordinations, the solemn anointing during the singing of the "Veni Creator." But whereas the Priest, you know, is anointed on the hands only with the Oil of Catechumens, the Bishop receives on his head (i.e. on the "corona" or tonsure) the anointing with the Holy Chrism. The Preface if afterwards continued. As I have criticised the Litanies at Bruges, I must in justice add that the "Veni Creator," in that majestic Gregorian tone, was exceedingly fine. At the end of the Preface, the Consecrator intones the beautiful antiphon from Psalm cxxxii., "The ointment on the head," &c. and it was sung through by the choir with the Psalm to which it belongs, "Behold, how good and pleasant it is," &c. How these psalms seem written for the occasion! The hands of the Bishop elect are now anointed with the Holy Chrism, as if to confer on him the plenitude of the Priesthood. Remember that all this time he is still inclining under cover of the Book of the Gospels, with a commission to preach them, and the Consecrator seals all by giving his new brother the kiss of peace, as the Assisting Bishops also do—and a right good embrace it was.

The two Masses now proceed together, the Consecrator's at the high altar, and the Bishop elect's at his side chapel. I should tell you that ever since the anointing of the head and hands the Bishop elect has worn a bandage round his forehead, and held his hands in a sling, out of reverence to the sacred substance of the Chrism yet adhering to his person. It has a most curious effect, and wonderfully beautiful. But now that he is on the point of celebrating Mass, the bandages are removed, the head and hands washed, and the hair combed—fine fun for the Protestants!

After the Offertory, the consecrated Bishop comes from his altar and presents his Consecrator with two lighted torches, two loaves of bread, and two barrels of wine, I am not able to explain this ceremony; I do not know whether it bears on the Holy Eucharist, or is a mere symbol of Episcopal hospitality. After the first prayer before communion, the consecrated Bishop approaches to the right of the Consecrator, and receives the Pax. And after the Consecrator has received the Holy Communion, he communicates the consecrated Bishop under both species. The Consecrator and Consecrated then conclude the Mass at the same altar. After the Consecrator has given the blessing to the people, he blesses the Mitre, and then imposes it with a prayer on the head of the new Bishop. (Read that wonderful prayer!) He finally blesses the Episcopal Gloves, and puts them on the hands of the Bishop. The Consecrator then enthrones the new Bishop in his own seat, and places the crozier in his hand. His own mitre is removed, as if in token of resigning his honours, and he intones the "Te Deum." Whereupon the new Bishop is led through the church by the Assisting Bishops, giving his benediction to the people as he passes. He returns to his seat, which he occupies while the hymn proceeds. The scene at this moment was indescribably grand and affecting. In the middle was the Bishop, now invested with all the insignia of office; his brethren, even of higher rank withdrawing to do him honour; Bishops and Clergy forming a semi-circle of which he was the central point, all eyes turned towards him, and hearts (I hope) uplifted in prayer that the blessings of heaven might descend in profusion upon his anointed head.

When the new Bishop returned to the Palace he received the principal Clergy with embraces, and I am told that he positively hugged his father and brother, who were waiting to greet him.

In the evening we were at a dinner given by the Bishop in the seminary; a very grand affair. Healths were proposed and drunk at its termination with speeches in very good taste. First of course came the Pope, which was responded to by the Nuncio, who gave the "King and Queen." Then followed the "Civil and Military Governors," and the "Bishops, National and foreign," to which the Archbishops of Malines and Paris replied, the latter with vibrant oratorical power. One thing I liked particularly—that instead of the tiresome interchange of unmeaning compliments which characterises our English proceedings in that line, no one here

returned thanks for himself, but simply proposed some other health. Thus, too, time was gained, which, as the process of dinner had lasted quite three hours and a half, was a point of some importance. After dinner we had a nice chat in the reception room. Dr. Wiseman was so kind as to present us, both to the Cardinal and to the Archbishop of Paris.

On the third day after the consecration, the new Bishop made his public entry into the city. He was met at the gate by the Bishops and Clergy, with the Civil and Military Authorities. It was arranged that all the Bishops should walk, but as a violent storm of thunder and rain came on (by the way we observed all the people crossing themselves at the lightning), this arrangement was ultimately confined to the new Bishop alone. We were of course at first very much tempted to grumble at the weather; the single exception in our tour to the most glorious sunshine. But, really I am not sure that it was not in some respects a gain; for it brought out the patience and devotion of the people in a beautiful light. This public entry was indeed "a sight for a sight" in those days of blasphemy and reproach. It was like the triumphal procession of a hero or popular favourite; kings and queens rarely meet with the like. Imagine the whole population of a town turning out and patiently enduring a drenching rain for half an hour to do honour to their Bishop! As the procession passed the gate of the town, the Clergy chanted the "Veni Creator." The Bishop in his vestments, and wearing his mitre, walked under a canopy, supported by the oldest Priest in the diocese, a complete veteran. The streets were prettily planted with trees, and the houses decorated with festoons and flags. At all the Religious houses, the holy inmates appeared at the windows to receive the Bishop's benediction; the children of the school were drawn up for a similar purpose. Thus did we tread the curious picturesque streets of that old city, till we reached the Cathedral where we found a guard of honour drawn up, who saluted the Bishop and cast at his feet their banners to receive his blessing. As he entered the Cathedral, the drums beat, and trumpets sounded, mingling with the notes of the "Te Deum" from within. The nave was lined with soldiers, as at royal receptions. Here one felt that the Church was in her proper place. In the Cathedral the Bishop was enthroned, and afterwards at the palace held a levee, at which Dr. Wiseman introduced us, and all the English residents, as his "lack."

In the evening the town was illuminated. All the Bishops were out in open-carriages to see the rejoicings and give the delighted people the encouragement of their presence. It was a bright moonlight night, and those beautiful streets with their tall houses and painted gables, were seen to peculiar advantage under the blended light of the moon and the illuminations, revealing at intervals the most picturesque masses of architecture, and throwing out the colours of the festoons between window and window, and the flags which pointed at one another from opposite sides. And in the distance was the stately tower of the "Halle," illuminated in parts, so as at once to break, and define, its enormous height. And gazing on this almost gaily scene, one could say, "Ald this is the world's homage to the Church."

I have left no room to tell you of our trip to Antwerp, this shall form the subject of another and much shorter letter.—Yours, &c., &c.

F. O.

### SALE OF A WIFE.

A young man named Freeman, having resolved to withdraw himself from the Edge of wedlock, brought his wife to Mansfield market, and speedily disposed of his "angel love," halter included, for the astounding sum of 12s. 6d. The purchaser disposed of the halter for 2s., and thus eventually obtained the precious allotment for 1s. 3d. After the sale Freeman demanded of the woman the wedding-ring he supposed her to have on her finger. The wily woman, having surmised that such a circumstance might probably occur, had provided herself with a penny brass ring, which she presented to him instead of the gold one, and which the unblinking salesman, with much apparent complacency deposited carefully in his pocket. Nature having infused no large amount of bashfulness into their composition there was no diffidence displayed on either side, nor were the parties in the least disconcerted by the laughs and jeers of the crowd of idlers that witnessed the novel spectacle.—*Nottsham Review.*

(The Bible seems much wanted in that part of England.

## Poetry.

" Amor castus in te esse debet, quo amore desideres videre coelum et terram, non campos liquidos maria, non spectacula nugatoris, non fulgorem gemmarum, sed desideres videre Deum tuum, et solum."—

*Sti. Augustini, Hom. ix.*

Chaste love ought to dwell in thee, by which love thou mayest desire to see not heaven and earth,—not the liquid azure of the sea,—not empty trifles,—not the splendour of gems,—but that thou mayest desire to see thy God, and him only.

*St. Augustine.*

O Love, fair love and chaste, how sweet  
The kindled flame of thy desire,  
That seeks no other aim but God—  
Not Heaven, nor earth, nor ocean's sheet  
Of liquid blue, nor jewel's fire,  
Nor ought that owes material load!

How should my heart, retired from all,  
Rest seraph-like, on Thee alone,  
Willing to close mine eyes in death,  
So to escape corporeal thrall,  
And bow'd before thy heavenly throne,  
Swallow it sight, what here is Faith!

And yet how infinite remote  
My best desires, my sinful will,  
Pleased with the idle shades that pass,  
I grasp at air, and fondly doat,  
Despite of better knowledge, still  
On what is vanity—alas!

For if to friends we look for rest,  
And give our fond affections play,  
How soon alas! comes heavy gloom,  
And those we loved the dearest, best,  
Like early blossom, pass away,  
Shedding their leaves on sorrow's tomb!

Alas! what wretchedness is mine,  
What want extreme, and depth of need,  
How heavily beneath the load  
Of chilling poverty I pine,  
How listlessly my footsteps tread,  
With feeble efforts, virtue's road

How does the idle love of earth  
Intrude where Heaven alone should come,  
Where only bitter tears should fall,  
I lavish in capricious mirth,—  
How do I make this world my home,  
And nestle in its luring thrall!

How oft my thoughts, like wandering fires,  
Eccentric fly in orbits wild,  
How often seek the flowery plains  
Of vanity, my heart's desires,  
How oft my idle will beguiled,  
Gives to loose recklessness the reins!

And must it thus for ever be,  
Shall still my heart rove wild abroad,—  
What words, alas! my wants can tell,  
Apart from love—apart from Thee,  
My loving Father, Friend, and God,—  
Teach me to love, and love Thee well!

Most sweet and loving Jesus, hear!  
Thy multitudinous love pour forth,  
That love that from thy beauty wells,—  
Fill my heart big with love, and clear  
Its dross away, and sinful death,—  
Grant me thy love and nothing else!

Tainted and foul, and feebly given  
To fly from earth's unholy ways,  
Cleanse me and let the holy flame  
Of love look brighter up to Heaven;  
Irresolute no more, let grace  
Graw as I breathe thy holy name!

Sweet Jesus! Oh what music deep  
Breathes in thy name, richness how vast!  
And fullest harmony divine!  
What strength and growing virtues sweep  
Around the choir, and bid me haste  
The infinite consent to join!

Then hear my heart's resolve;—to seek  
Henceforth thy will and only thine,

\* "Dulcissime et amantissime Jesu, infundo obsecro, multitudinem caritatis in pectore meo, ut te solum in corde habeam."—

*Sti Augustini, in Lib. Medit. c. 35.*

\* "O Deus! O Jesu! amor tuus, et nihil aliud."

*Ex. verbis Sti Francisci de Assisio.*

Here let me weep, and here deplore,  
Let my proud heart by penance break,—  
But so thy ready grace be mine,  
Increase my wants still more and more!

Grant me the gift of tears, to mourn  
My wandering will, desire, and thought,  
Naked and poor; sweet Jesus, Thou  
Wert once more naked and forlorn,—  
Then, by thy love, reject me not,  
But give me strength, and clothe me now!

I ask not wealth, nor worldly store,  
Contentment vain of worldly ease,  
Nor to be set from sorrow free,—  
But Jesus, let me love Thee more,  
And ever may my love increase,  
Apart from all, and lost in Thee!

### PUBLIC PROTESTANT PENANCE.

In an age when men reconcile themselves to innovation and complacently talk of progress, it is somewhat refreshing to be carried back even in thought to earlier, and, of course, to better days. It is therefore a subject of pure gratulation that we can now recal to our own, and we hope, our readers' memories to forgotten events, but which all-changing time has recently in a manner renewed. The parish church of Fen Ditton, near Cambridge, was on Sunday last the scene of a most venerable service and imposing ceremonial, the account of which we have read with befitting reverence. The lovers of primitive antiquity also, and of mediæval discipline will, we are sure, be extremely gratified with the recognition of their principles, and with the evidence of their undying vigour, and, above all, with the knowledge that they are so deeply imbedded in the body of the English law.

The village fiddler of Fen Ditton, in a drunken revel, forgot the respect due to the wife of the Rector, and touching and concerning her uttered certain defamatory and slanderous words. For this the miserable fiddler, by name Edward Smith, was handed over to the judicial care of Sir Herbert Jenner Faust. His music could not charm that inexorable Judge; and knowing this he declined to appear before him, preferring rather the distant contemplation of that dead tribunal, where detected Parsons are seen to tremble, and abstractors of church-rates make acquaintance with poverty. In due time sentence was pronounced: Mr Smith was to study the ancient Penitential Canons, and to undergo the salutary discipline enjoined him by the Judge of the Protestant Penitentiary. Accordingly, on the 6th of May he laid aside his fiddle, and putting on the garment of penance, humbled himself for the slander he had uttered.

To witness this edifying sight; this restoration of the primitive discipline, a large congregation proceeded to the church of Fen Ditton. It was a great function, and the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants to assist with all devotion at the solemn act. Even the churchyard was crowded, and those within the church in the fervour of their zeal fought with each other for the best places. The most resolute, or, possibly, the most devout, took possession of the screen, and sat upon it in the form in which men sit on horseback. Genuflexion was unfortunately in that case out of the question. Exactly at eleven o'clock the procession, consisting of the Rev. A. H. Small, who had come from Cambridge to take a part in the day's solemnity, the Rector and his slandered wife, entered the church: the former proceeded to perform the usual service, and the latter to their pew. When Mr. Small began, the assembled congregation became extremely fervid. At first there was a chorus of laughter, and other tokens of the religious spirit of Fen Ditton. Some of the responses used were not in the printed Prayer Book, and Mr. Small must have been a little startled when he heard the first, but before its time; "Speak up, old boy!" But it was "the impressive discourse" that excited most devotion; the mob outside, anxious to hear it, broke the windows, and within there arose to the roof of the church in graceful eddies the thick smoke of fragrant tobacco: probably mistaken and substituted that for incense. There was also a dogfight in the churchyard, and the sound of catcalls and of whistles in the church mingled solemnly with the noisy sacrament of the assembled congregation.

At last a cry was raised, "Smith is coming!" and soon after the devout penitent entered the sacred building. The crowd within proceeded to another fight, in order to obtain a better view

of the condemned fiddler. The "impressive discourse" was not yet ended. The shouting without was now taken up by those within, and "three hearty cheers" were given to encourage the poor man in his penitential act. He was borne aloft on men's arms and placed upon a hassock in front of the Rector and his wife.— "One cheer more" was then given, and the humble Smith proceeded to perform his allotted penance. A sympathetic broom immediately flew across the church, followed by a hassock; these fell close to the pulpit, where the preacher was labouring at his sermon. The pews (modern inventions) were then demolished and the splintered woodwork was hurled about, the hassocks also "thick as hail" rose and descended, and the church was thrown into utter confusion.

Mr Smith read his recantation of the slanderous words, but not a word was heard. The preacher descended from the pulpit to hear it, but matters could not be improved. The pulpit was occupied immediately, as being probably the best place to see from. The penitent fiddler discharged his function, and when he was concluding it, a hassock struck Mr Small, and Smith departed from his place. He was then carried on men's shoulders out of the Church amid the enthusiastic cheers of the mob; and when he had reached the inn of the village he was called upon to make a speech. He expressed modestly his regret that he could not ask the people home to dinner, because he was a poor man—and thus his penance was devoutly performed.

The mob spent the rest of the day in smoking and drinking; some of them proceeded to solicit alms for the fiddler, and others to the Rectory, where they broke the windows. To them it was anything but a penance, for they amused themselves as well as they could, and comforted themselves with the stimulating drinks supplied by the village inns. It seems that in the morning application had been made to the Rector, to dispense with the penance, and that he was willing to do so; but the injured wife, zealous for discipline, refused to accede, insisting on the full accomplishment of the penance which the Ecclesiastical Judge had decreed to be due. On the whole it was a strange sight, and mediævalists may learn from it what the restoration of primitive discipline may do for them if they can succeed in their cherished labours.

This was a scene in an English parish church, brought about by the majesty of English law. The National Church—as it is called—with all the appliances of wealth, and with the aid of the civil power, has brought the people of this country to such a condition that they are worse even than savages. Within three miles of the University of Cambridge was the scene enacted and the day so hallowed was Sunday. It was in a rural parish, where innocence is supposed to reside, and where piety chooses its most agreeable dwelling-place. It was by enlightened Protestants, rescued from the darkness of Popery, and free from the bondage of a debasing superstition, that these deeds were done, and by them was that very day desecrated which Englishmen boast that they so religiously observe. It was in the "pure and reformed branch" that the disgraceful scenes occurred, and on the occasion of vindicating the good name of an injured wife.—*Tablet.*

### CHANTING IN ROME.

An extract, selected for the Witness, from 'Kip's Christmas Holidays in Rome,' on chanting at the Chapel of the Propaganda.

"The chanting at the Chapel this evening, was without any pretensions to the character of fine music, yet there were something to me very inspiring in the sound. Perhaps it arose in part from the fact, that I knew what they were singing—only the pure words of inspiration, which two thousand years ago were sung on the mountains, and among the valleys of Judea, and had ever since bear the sacred Hymns of the Christian Church. They were the regular Vesper Psalms for the evening, in the rich and picturesque language of the Vulgate, were the Orientalism of Scripture is blended up with such curious felicity with the idiom of the Latin. The chanting was antiphonal, the forty students ranged on one side singing the first verse, and immediately those on the other side taking up the strain and singing the second. In the middle of the Chapel stood a high lectern, and when

\* Millman's History of Christianity, vol. 2, p. 334.

each Psalm was ended seven or eight students—among whom were two Chinese—left their places and gathered around it, to lead the singing of the *Gloria Patri*, in which the whole assembly on both sides joined. The organ was pealing over head as an accompaniment, and when I heard the deep-toned sound of so many voices chanting the rich Latin words, and saw the upturned faces of those who stood about the lectern, I felt that it was indeed a solemn and impressive service. Widely as we might differ on many points, here at least was common ground. The words they sung were heritage of each branch alike of the Christian Church, and if uttered with a true heart fervently, might well raise them above the cares of this lower world, to the calm lofty devotion which elevated the spirit of the kingly poet, when he indited the sublime strains.'

### REMAINS OF DR. SEABURY.

[From the Catholic Herald.]

Since the departure of the late editor of the Churchman from the literary world, his brethren of the low church, and of the high church, have expressed themselves rather unkindly as to the course which he had pursued. The Calendar reproaches him with intemperance of language, but praises his determined hostility to Roman errors as sanctioned by the council of Trent.—The Protestant Churchman, anxious to tear from the Doctor's brow this laurel-wreath, gives the following extract:—

From "The Churchman," Jan 20, 1842.

"But we are referred to Trent, and cautioned not to be misled by Sarpi. But, in truth, we have no wish to avail ourselves of any advantage of this sort, being much more inclined to vindicate that holy council, for the sake of our common Christianity, than to disparage it for the sake of any potty advantage over the present Church of Rome. We have no wish to regard it in any other light than as a body of Christian bishops, eminent in their day for learning and piety, and deliberating on the most awful concerns which can engage the attention of man; and so viewing it, we have often and humbly, and with the highest profit, pondered its decisions: and most pitifully cheap do we hold the judgment of that man who can speak of them in a tone of levity and ridicule. We approve most of the decisions of this holy council, and we respect them all."

### CANADA.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

It is almost certain that all the Catholics of Canada, of what race soever, are now ranged on the side of the government—so that not only the French and Irish, but even the Scotch Catholics are almost to a man in favor of Lord Elgin and the existing administration. There are several settlements of Highland Scotch (chiefly Catholics) up west, and they are all decidedly opposed to the proceedings of their countrymen down here.

You have been misinformed with regard to the doings in Quebec. The Governor was not burned in their effigy, thanks to the prompt intervention of the Irish and Canadians. The attempt was certainly made but made but without success. This party is so far kept under in Quebec that the government would be much safer there and the parliament been seated within its walls no incendiary mob dare attack it. The fire bells of the city which have all along rung the alarm for the mob, have been taken down by order of the corporation, and it is said the fire-companies are to be disbanded, and a new body of police will be made to supply their place.

### Wtd.

- May 28—Patrick, son of Michael and Mary Sullivan, aged 12 months.
- 30—Michael Hoban, native of Ireland, aged 19 years.
- 30—Mary Farquhar, native of Halifax, aged 19 years.

### Centenary Notice.

At a Meeting of the General Committee for celebrating the Centenary of the Settlement of Halifax, it was unanimously resolved, that the Clergy of all denominations be requested to open their respective places of Worship throughout the City for Divine Service on the morning of the EIGHTH OF JUNE next, at an early hour—that Prayers may be offered to Almighty God for the future prosperity of the City. W. C. MANNING, Sec'y. Halifax papers—religious and secular—will oblige by copying the above. June 1.