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THE CROSS.



NEW
NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 29.

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

HALIFAX, JULY 17, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- July 18—Sunday—VIII after Pentecost, St. Camillus of Lellis, C.
 19—Monday—St. Symmachus I. P. C.
 20—Tuesday—St. Jerome Emilianus C.
 21—Wednesday—St. Alexius C.
 22—Thursday—St. Mary Magdalen Penitent.
 23—Friday—St. Appollinaris B. M.
 24—Saturday—St. Vincent of Paul, C.

APPENDIX TO THE LITANY OF ANATHEMAS.

In consequence of some twaddling inanities of the "slobbering driveller" we are induced to add an item or two to the celebrated Litany which was published some time since in the Cross, and which exploded like a bomb-shell in the Tory Protestant ranks. We are gravely informed now—what every Catholic school-boy knows—that the Litany in question was composed by one "Gother an Apologist of Rome." Surely this is no news to our readers; but it may help to enlighten "Protestant ignorance" if we state that Gother was once an English Protestant Minister—that he hated Popery and Papists as much as the "Criminal" himself—that he lived to see and repent of his error—that he became a fervent Catholic, nay a zealous Catholic Priest—that he led a most holy life and published an immense number of works connected with Catholic piety and doctrine, and that he was the instrument of heaven in bringing back many of his deluded fellow-countrymen to the faith of his forefathers. Yes, the Rev. John Gother published many useful works which some of his unordained namesakes in Halifax might peruse with profit. We would specify for instance, "*The Sinner's complaint to God,*" in which the "Criminal" who has wantonly attacked his unoffending neighbours, would find much matter for serious reflection. As every Catholic knows, Gother's book from which the Litany is taken, was published, and approved of, by a Bishop of the Catholic Church and a distinguished ornament of its prelacy. We allude to the

learned and pious Rt. Rev. Dr. Challoner. It is not long since those very anathemas were posted on the Gates of the Catholic Church, by a Catholic Bishop in New South Wales, as an authentic exposition of his creed, and that of his flock. We have published them before the eyes of our Bishop and Clergy, and none of them has protested against them either in the Church, or through the Press—a rather convincing proof that they contain true Catholic doctrine.

We now give our appendix to meet some special pleading, and petty-larceny ratiocination in the Tory Press.

Cursed is he that gives Divine Adoration to Images, Pictures or Relics.

Cursed is he that believes the Blessed Virgin to be a Goddess.

Cursed is he that offers her supreme homage or the adoration which is due to God alone.

Cursed is he that honours her or trusts in her, as much as he honours or trusts in God.

Cursed is he that supposes her to be equal to her Son.

Cursed is he that believes her not to be a creature of God, or believes that there is not an infinite distance between her and God.

Cursed is he that does not place his hopes of salvation in the merits of Christ, and in his atoning Sacrifice on the Cross.

Cursed is he that believes there is any other name given to men whereby they may be saved unless the name of Jesus.

Cursed is he who supposes that a Priest, a Bishop, or a Pope could give him leave to commit the smallest sin, or forgive him his sins, for money; or pardon him according to their own will without any regard to his dispositions, or absolve him from any crime unless he be sincerely repentant.

Cursed is he who believes that he will be saved merely because he is a Catholic, or a member of Christ's Church, or that Faith alone will save him without good works.

Cursed are those who would pronounce those anathemas for the purpose of deceiving their neighbours, or of concealing their real doctrines. Amen.

Are our Tory calumniators satisfied now?

AN IGNORANT TORY QUESTION ANSWERED AFTER THE IRISH FASHION.

The helpless imbecile of the Guardian cannot comprehend how the Papiests should pray to the blessed spirits in heaven, because he says they do not know what happens on earth.—He asks whether prayers to saints and angels do not imply that they are omniscient?

Whether it is possible for the friends of God to know what takes place here below?

To which we return this Irish answer.

Did not our Saviour declare in the Gospel that there is joy amongst the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance, nay, more joy than upon ninety nine just who need not penance? How could the angels of heaven rejoice at one single conversion of a sinner on earth, unless they were acquainted with the particulars of that conversion?

And as conversion cannot be known by outward signs, but is principally the work of the heart must not angels be acquainted with the interior dispositions and sincerity of the converted sinner, before they can legitimately rejoice at his conversion?

If the angels have this actual knowledge, is it not possible for them to be acquainted with what happens in this world?

If they are aware of the *internal sentiments* of a converted sinner, what difficulty is there in believing that they are also acquainted with the outward and visible fact of the Christian's prayer to invoke their intercession?

If it be lawful to ask the prayers of a fellow sinner on earth, how can it be unlawful to ask the prayers of God's favorites in heaven?

If Protestants, in their churches, ask the prayers of each other, and believe that it does not derogate from Christ's merits, how can they blame Catholics for soliciting the prayers of the Saints?

Those whose prayers we ask on earth may be one day, devils, as we are not assured of their final perseverance; what crime then can it be to invoke the aid of those who are confirmed in grace and glory?

VERY LIKE A WHALE!

That crawling Serpent, y'clept the Christian Messenger has lately discharged some of its foul Tory venom in the publication of an extract on confession purporting to be taken from a work on Popery "by William Hogan, Esq., formerly a Catholic Priest." The Serpent says that it cannot recommend the perusal of this infamous Book, as there are such strange passages in it. This however, we look upon as sheer hypocrisy and Bunkum, and an intended stimulus to that low, nasty bigotry which loves to wallow (in the Protestant and gentlemanly phraseology of the *Times*), amidst "guts and garbage" and other "gutter vomitings."* In the published extract, William Hogan, Esquire, (but no gentleman) gravely asserts that all the Restitutions made to Protestants through the salutary influence of the Confessional, are paid by the Priests out of their own pockets. And for what? To ingratiate themselves with unsuspecting Protestants, and to get invited to their houses!!!

This Protestant friendship must often cost the priests dearly, as it sometimes happens that those Restitutions amount to several Hundred Pounds.

*See *Times* on the Eucharist.

How very like a whale! No Liberal Protestant could ever swallow such a bouncer as that; but no "garbage" comes amiss to your true Tory stomach.

We have heard that 600 copies of Wm. Hogan's infamous book were imported lately from Boston to fan the flame of anti-Catholic prejudice for the political benefit of the Tories. What do they care if the book be a whole tissue of lies, so loosely woven together that they fall to pieces on the slightest examination? What is it to them that Hogan has been an ill conditioned vagabond for more than twenty years, and that all the Protestants who at first patronised him in the United States have long since abandoned him in disgust as a besotted drunkard, an obscene monster, a brazen faced and convicted calumniator? Mr. Johnston and his friends of the Messenger care very little about all this, provided the Book will keep up the Tory steam until after the 5th of August. However we will not envy them all the votes they can catch by this new Orange coloured bait.

If the art of Printing had been discovered in our Saviour's time, and that Judas the Traitor after he had sold his Divine Master, sat down to write an abusive pamphlet, instead of going to hang his cursed body, what a torrent of invectives and calumny he might have let loose on Christ and the eleven faithful Apostles! What a rapid sale such a volume would have had in Jerusalem! and with what voracity it would have been swallowed by the Scribes and Pharisees of the Day! Verily, the wise man was right when he said,

"There is nothing new under the Sun."

GRAND ORDINATION IN PARIS.

At the Ordination held in the Church of St. Sulpice by the Archbishop of Paris, on last Ember Saturday, no less 235 clergymen received various orders; twenty four received Tonsure—thirty seven Minor Orders,—sixty nine, Subdeaconship,—forty one Deaconship,—and forty four the plenitude of the Priesthood. Eleven students of the Irish College were amongst the number. In addition to the above, twenty eight students were ordained at the seminary of the Holy Ghost, by his Lordship the Bishop of Langres—thus giving a total of 263—including 56 Priests, in one day.

THE JUBILEE AT CHEZZETCOOKE.

This was a happy week for the simple-hearted Acadians at Chezzetcooke. It was the week of the Jubilee. On Monday the Bishop and Vicar General went down to that beautiful settlement to give the French Catholics there an opportunity of complying with the conditions of the Jubilee. The whole population hastened to avail themselves of this precious opportunity and the Confessionals which were filled by the Bishop, Very Rev. Mr. Conolly, and the Rev. Mr. McLeod were constantly surrounded with penitents. On Tuesday morning there was a Pontifical High Mass, at which the Vicar General preached in French and English. In the evening, His Lordship gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament and addressed an earnest exhortation to the French Catholics on the necessity of educating their children, as well as on the principal mysteries of religion. On Wednesday morning, at the Bishop's Mass nearly 200 persons received the Holy Communion, and nine were confirmed. The foundations of an addition to the Church were afterwards marked and the first stone laid and blessed by Dr.

Walsh. This addition is to be 50 feet by 30, and together with a handsome tower and spire which are also contemplated, will form a very respectable and commodious building. The Bishop returned to town on Wednesday evening, leaving the Vicar General, and Father McLeod to complete the exercises of the Jubilee.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The meeting of the Parishoners held on last Sunday, to determine whether the improvements of this fine Church should be continued or suspended during the present summer, was attended with the most favourable results for the good cause. The Bishop was in the Chair, and Mr. W. Walsh was appointed to act as Secretary. Dr. Walsh read a clear and interesting account of the receipts and expenditure from the year 1812 up to the present time, and described the present condition of the Sacred Edifice. He was followed by the Very Rev. Mr. Conolly who entered into various details connected with the building, and made an earnest appeal to the well-known spirit and piety of the Catholics of Halifax to induce them to resume the works at the House of God which had been suspended for the last five months in consequence of the Irish famine.

The Hon. E. Kenny next addressed the meeting and expressed his conviction of the necessity of prosecuting the good work without delay, and his belief that notwithstanding the many heavy calls of charity that had been made upon the people this year, the Catholics of Halifax would not permit the Church of Ireland's national Apostle to remain unfinished for another year. He concluded by moving a Resolution to that effect, and also that a new Subscription be immediately entered into for the completion of the Church. This was seconded by Mr. Thomas Ring and was passed unanimously. In accordance with this Resolution a List was opened, and the amount subscribed before the close of the meeting was nearly THREE HUNDREN POUNDS.*

Mr. P. Morrissey and Mr. Patrick Walsh next addressed the Chair. The latter made some very forcible and just observations on the un catholic and discreditable conduct of some of the Parishioners who were universally absent on all public occasions like the present, and who for many years past never contributed a single shilling for any parochial purpose of this kind, thus unjustly throwing the whole weight of the Parochial burthens on a few generous individuals. He hoped that a sense of Duty, if not a feeling of shame, would at length move the hearts and pockets of those whom God had blessed with means, but who ungratefully made Him no return from their worldly substance. In order that the whole Parish should know who were the real supporters of religion amongst them, and who were the niggardly defaulters, he moved a Resolution to the effect that a Public appeal be made to the Parishoners at large, in behalf of St. Patrick's Church, that the Committee of Collectors be requested to solicit the Subscription of every Catholic who was able to pay, and also to report the result of their individual applications. The above remarks elicited much applause, and the resolution having been seconded by Mr. P. Morrissey was carried without a dissenting voice.

It was next moved by Mr. Roger Cunningham, and seconded by Mr. James Wallace that the monthly collections, which had been suspended in consequence of the Irish famine, should be resumed without delay. This having been carried, thanks were voted to the Bishop, and the Meeting separated.

*We will publish the List of Subscribers.

The satisfactory proceedings of this Meeting are of such importance to the Catholics of Halifax and especially to the populous District of the North End, that we offer them our most unfeigned congratulations on the prospect of a speedy and glorious completion of the work which will form an imperishable monument of their piety and zeal.

Now that the works are to be resumed, we know that we need not say one word to stimulate the exertions of the Committee who have already proved by their unremitting exertions that their hearts and souls are in the good cause. Shame upon the Catholic who will not give them a cordial welcome, and a cheerful offering. Shame upon the Irishman who will refuse his generous mite to the Church of the Sancted Patrick.

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, AT HERRING COVE.

The solemn dedication of this Church will be performed on Thursday next 23rd inst by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh. A Steamer will be in readiness at a convenient hour for the purpose of conveying all those who may wish to be present on this interesting occasion. A more delightful excursion—combining rational amusement and recreation with the performance of a pious duty—can scarcely be imagined.

NEWS BY THE LAST STEAMER.

The remains of the Liberator of Ireland were expected to reach Southampton this day, and to arrive in Dublin about Tuesday next.

The Rev. William Delany, P. P. of Bandon has been appointed Bishop of Cork, according to private accounts from Rome. The Rt Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Oriense, and formerly V. A. of British Guiana, died lately in the neighbourhood of Cork.

The Rev. Mr. Duggan, an amiable, zealous, and edifying priest of the Capuchin (Father Mathew's) order, died lately in Cork, after an illness of fever which lasted 14 days.

CATHOLICITY IN THE BERMUDAS.

LETTER II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Bermudas, March 23, 1817

My dear Sir—I have a strong presentiment that this Mission will not be abandoned. There is a hope within me which tells me the sacred cause of Catholicity will not languish in the Bermudas, and though I cannot say how, or where, or when the wants of our little mission will be supplied, yet I know there is one above who can touch the hearts of men, and make them, even when unwilling, the pliant creatures and instruments of His will. No; I cannot bring myself to believe that this Mission will be left deserted; for, with all the utilitarian grovelling of the day, the fountain of Catholic charity is still clear, and full and deep—the streams that issue from it are still fertilising and copious; and I do think that some kind hand will reach us a cup of its refreshing waters. The time, to be sure, for an appeal like the present, may seem inauspicious, but all times and seasons are equal with God and ancillary to his purposes. We have reason it is true, to weep over the misfortunes of our poor brethren in Ireland, and if there is one spark of charity in our bosoms, we should endeavor to mitigate their sufferings, and contribute to their relief. Their afflictions so severely, so peaceably and patiently borne, are enough to make the heart bleed and call forth its most tender sympathies. Superior to the very instincts of nature, the religious people of Ireland, under the pressure of an awful famine, had preferred death to food obtained by violence and bloodshed. What an heroic but

mournful example to the world! How consolatory to see the precepts and counsels of the Gospel so nobly, so triumphantly carried out. Yet, many a poor victim, whom famine swept away, is now, I trust, enjoying the company of the Saints. At the hour of death, the faithful Priesthood of Ireland stood by the bedside of the expiring victims. They spoke of another and a brighter world; they soothed the pangs which they could not remove, and to the pious Catholic made that seem a blessing which the world regarded as a curse and as a scourge. But, still, there is a famine and a desolation of a more awful nature than that which wastes the body and renders the house tenantless; a famine which does not leave its victim at the threshold of death, but which may haunt him through eternity; a desolation which no time, no season, no power can remove, a spiritual death, the absence of the Minister of Jesus, the want of religious consolations when the dying man is seven hundred miles removed from the Priest, whom he is so anxious to see; when he gazes back with horror upon his sinful life, the dark catalogue of his crimes arrayed before his eyes, and eternity yawning at his feet; there, there is indeed a terrible desolation. It may not affect the senses so powerfully as the famine, which wastes the frame and saps the physical energies; but it is not on that account the less real nor the less deplorable and viewed with the eye of faith its consequences are infinitely more tremendous.

But it is not among Catholics alone that the labours of a Priest in the Bermudas would be productive of good. The state of society is not unfavourable to the propagation of our creed.—The Protestants know nothing of the Catholic faith, unless through the sources which I have already pointed out. Their isolated position deprived them of such experience; but it is hoped that when they see the blessed fruits of the religion which they were taught to hate and despise, that their opinions and feelings will be widely different from what they had hitherto been, and that many of them will seek rest for their souls in its tranquil bosom. Society here may be divided into three classes—those who hold offices under the Government; the native white population; and the coloured people formerly slaves, who acquired their liberty by the Act of 1834. The relation that subsisted between the slaves and their masters, so far as social intercourse is concerned, does not appear to have been materially changed during the last thirteen years. With the name of liberty, and possessing all the legal privileges of the British Constitution the coloured people are still regarded by the great majority of their white brethren as a degraded and an inferior class, too stupid to appreciate the freedom so injudiciously bestowed upon them, and unable or unfit to enjoy its blessings and advantages. The indolence and mental imbecility of the African race are continually obtruded upon your notice by the whites; and their dishonesty and moral obtuseness in most matters, frequently form the topics of conversation. These accusations may be partially true. But it is rather unfair to blame others for consequences arising from a system introduced by ourselves. It is not all at once that the marks of a long and painful bondage can be obliterated. Nor could we reasonably expect much elevation of soul, much moral refinement, in those who felt that their masters could abuse and beat them with impunity, and sell them as they would do their pigs, their cows and their horses. I do not deny that there is great room for improvement in the character and condition of the coloured population, but in the nature of things it will take more time than a warm hearted philanthropist can contemplate with patience, before such improvement can assume a decided character.

The peculiar boast of our dissenting brethren is, that they possess the religion of the Bible—that liberty of opinion is their prerogative, and birth right. Without stopping to contravene this position, it is singular, that notwithstanding the various forms of worship to which this religion of the Bible gave rise among the whites, it should produce such a marvellous uniformity among their sable-coloured bondsmen; for if you knew the religion of the master, you had an infallible clue to that of the slave. Is it wonderful, then, that a people thus fettered in body and in soul should require a little time to recover from the lethargy in which such a debasing system had involved them?

Since my arrival here, I have found all the coloured people with whom I came in contact, uniformly civil, polite and obliging, and I have no doubt that if we had a church in which they might witness our ceremonies, and hear our creed explained, numbers would be found to enter into the "one fold of the one Shepherd." If the bug-bear of worldly respectability which at present appears to have a strong hold upon their heart, were once fairly surmounted, I think the constitution of the Negro's mind would soon lead him to abandon the cold abstractions of modern sectarianism. But of this I am quite sure, that two Sisters of charity would contribute more towards the elevation of the character of the coloured people, than all the money, all the speeches, all the bonnets, fanning, and fretting of all the mountebanks of Exeter Hall.

When I asserted that the officials here were characterised by a higher sense of justice than they had exhibited in times past I certainly did not mean to say that these gentlemen even did us common justice. However, if a man does not altogether abandon the scourge, we feel thankful if he has diminished the number of stripes that he was in the habit of inflicting upon us. Of the military authorities I have little or no cause of complaint. They have everything, probably, which the present regulations of the service, as regards Catholics, enabled them to do, nor do I feel it my duty to canvass their feelings or opinions expressed or conjectured. If at any time they drew a distinction between the practice and the theory of Catholic Emancipation, they were only following in the track of much mightier personages than themselves; and if they have relaxed a little in their restrictive policy, it is because those mighty personages have seen the inconvenience of maintaining such a distinction in every petty detail of the affairs of a widely extended empire.

Shortly after the arrival of the present Governor, Cap an Ellott, at Bermuda, I waited on his Excellency, in company with the Rev. Mr. Hannan, my excellent predecessor in the mission. We were received kindly, and courteously. Our visit was one of ceremony, but as his Excellency in the course of conversation, introduced some topics connected with our misery in the islands, we stated in precise terms our wants and our grievances. We told the Governor that a very short time previously, a woman, the wife of an engineer, had died in the dockyard, that she had attended by a Roman Catholic clergyman, that it was a notorious fact that she professed the Catholic faith, and notwithstanding that, the Protestant chaplain at the dockyard insisted that she should be interred according to the rites of the Established Church, and that the Rev. Gentleman read the service over the corpse accordingly. His Excellency said that his power did not extend to such cases as he had no immediate controul over that department, and that he would speak to Mr. Ballingall, the superintendent, about the matter. Since that time, however, another instance of the same kind occurred, of which his Excellency, I believe, heard nothing. I told his Excellency, that in the British Colonies of North America such a state of things had no existence, and that to those who were accustomed to colonial usages, based upon more enlightened views, it appeared both anomalous and revolting.—His Excellency seemed to coincide with me, and promised that he would do all in his power to remove every legitimate cause of complaint. The Governor has been but a few weeks in office, so that we cannot blame him for anything that has occurred. In a short time, however, he will know his men, and see through the workings of the system thoroughly. We further told his Excellency, that when the Priest visited any of the convicts on board the hulks, he had no private room, and consequently that he could administer no Sacrament to the prisoner, nor could he speak to him on any subject, unless in the presence, and within the hearing of his fellow convicts. His Excellency replied, that as that was a matter which came more immediately under his jurisdiction, he would endeavour to procure the necessary accommodation. Finally, we told the Governor that the system of forcing all convicts to attend at the Protestant service, besides being a violation of that liberty of conscience which the Government professed to extend to all its subjects, was calculated to produce neither order nor uniformity, but suspicion, division, hatred, bickering, and down-

right contempt, if not of the doctrine preached at least, of its preacher. To this the Governor replied, that whatever his own opinion on the subject might be, redress must be sought elsewhere, as there was an Act of Parliament positively providing that all the convicts should attend divine service, performed by a Minister of the Establishment, and that there was no room left for the exercise of a Governor's discretion.

Upon the whole we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of our visit; to whatever extent the Governor interferes with the conduct of those officials, his interference must produce some good.

Such, my dear Sir, is the mission of the Bermudas and such the difficulties which the missionary has to encounter. Alone in the midst of the Atlantic, far away from friends and from country, without a brother clergyman near, on whom he might lean for support in his trials, the starting thought frequently flashing across his mind, that if his hour came, no priest would stand beside his bed to console him or assist him in his final struggle; that however earnestly he might deprecate the idea of his body being deposited in a Protestant churchyard after the performance of a Protestant funeral service, such a contingency in the present state of affairs was quite probable. I appeal then to the charity of the faithful, and ask them—is this mission to be abandoned? Is the banner of the Cross never to float over the “still-veiled Bermoothes,” over those beautiful islands of which the poet of Ireland sang that he found them a place

For saints to live, and bards to die in.

Is that little church with its tapering spire and its gilt cross a thing of fancy's vision, never to assume the shape of reality! It is delightful on an evening here to ascend the summit of some hill and gaze on all the varied beauties of these Islands; but to whatever point of the horizon you turn, the well known sign of redemption greets not your view, and the heart is saddened, rather than pleased at the magnificent prospect before you. The cedar, the jasmine, the pupaw, the date palm, the palmetto, and the banana interspersed with white-roofed houses, the nameless islets, or miniature archipelagos which abound in every creek, the variegated colour of the waters floating over beds of coral at different depths beneath the surface; the warm sun reminding you that you are in the neighbourhood of the tropics, and the mantle of perpetual verdure with which the islands are clothed—all remind one of some fairy scene which he thought had no existence unless in the realms of imagination. But who will contribute to add another beauty to that landscape more cheering to the eye of Faith than all the gorgeous splendour of Bermudian scenery! Who will assist us to put up our little church, and to buy a small scrap of land for the interment of our dead? Some pious and faithful souls to whom the Almighty has given the goods of this world may cast a glance at this appeal, they may be inspired to assist us; and surely if they do assist they will contribute to a work of great godliness. I do not despair, I hope yet to see that church proudly raise its head to the skies, an object of beauty from without, and within a place where many an earnest worshipper will send up sweeter incense to heaven than ever arose from the fragrance scented Bermudas. I do not despair. I am convinced, my dear Sir, that you will gladly receive any trifling offering with which the faithful may entrust you for the mission in Bermuda. Our benefactors will be held in grateful remembrance, and our prayers shall be offered up in their behalf. The Bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr Walsh, will also receive any sum that may be sent him, or it may be sent directly to the resident missionary, who has the honour to subscribe himself your humble servant,

JOHN NUGENT, Catholic Priest.

STOP PRESS!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!—EXTRAORDINARY ARRIVAL AT MELVILLE ISLAND!

Our readers will share in the flutter of delight which agitates our bosoms, in making the glorious

announcement, that we have skinned the Tory Protestant Parsons into something like decency, and that, even at the eleventh hour a Protestant clergyman has visited the Fever Hospitals at Melville Island! Oh that horrid Cross! If we had not called public attention to the matter, no Protestant Parson would have ever gone near the House of Death. Three or four sick Protestants who were attended at Melville Island may thank us, for whatever spiritual benefit they derived from this unexpected visit. We have heard that the young gentleman who was selected for this visit, is what the Tory Papers called “a celibate preacher,” and certainly if none of the married Parsons ventured to go, it is an additional argument in favour of Popish celibacy. We confess we have no pity for the mortifying predicament in which the Tory preachers are thus placed. We cannot forget their impudent bullying, and the brazen pertinacity with which they denied that there were any Protestants in Melville Island.

We will publish next week the analogous case in Glasgow, which caused such confusion amongst the Tory Parsons there.

General Intelligence.

HEROISM OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

The author of one of the most fascinating books which has past through our hands for a long time, we mean “Eothen,” speaking of the Monks of Palestine, and of the plague which had set its spotted foot in the holy city of Jerusalem, tells us—“The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needless that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk therefore was chosen, either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building belonging to the establishment, at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning, he was ordered to ring it, *if he could*; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place.

In this way, twenty one of the monks were taken off."

The whole tale sounds fearful and romantic, told of that mystic Holy Land, and the plague-stricken city of Jerusalem, with its martyr monks. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell—the silence that reigned instead of it, and then the drawing of the lots (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday) and the going forth of the newly doomed man—all this must have widened the gulph that opens to the shades below. When his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for "big, bullying pestilence," to follow a forlorn monk, from the beds of the dying, and wrench away his life from him as he lay all alone in an out-house.

Strange system of faith and morals, that old Catholic Christianity must be, that thus unites in the person of one meek monk, a hero and a victim, a martyr and a confessor. The principle is not true of the East or the West, of the extreme barbarian North or of the sunny South. It is universally spread as the religion of which they are the merciful ministers. Substitute Cork for Jerusalem, this moment, and you have a plague as deadly, and consecrated martyrs going forth, in the pale morning, and the darkness of the stilly night, to grapple with their mortal destiny, as heroic as the twenty one canonised men mentioned in EORHEN, and embalmed in the memories of Jerusalem. Nor is it confined to Cork. From Belfast to the mountains of Kerry, from Waterford to Connemara—there is pestilence, and the reeking death rioting in hamlets, and frequent funerals making black the way, and open churchyards in perpetual requisition. The step of the Irish priest follows quick upon that of fever, in the cabin of the Irishman. One is as certain and holy in ministering, as the other is certain and deadly in its mission. The world may fly that proscribed hovel; its inmates may be banned, its living things doomed and devoted, without redemption, to the genius of unsparing typhus—all the mercies of this world may sink, because of self danger—neighbourly kindness and the sympathy of those above us may be gone—the physician have other and higher calls—the lord of the land care not for the perishing of the animated clods upon his human property—but the priest is there for ever, from generation to generation, and day or night, wet or cold, summer or winter, there he is, live or die, true to his one eternal duty.

The consequences are already obvious in this most stricken land. Some of the best and purest from amongst our Irish Ecclesiastical ranks have been struck down, and others are now struggling between life and death.

Hoping, trembling, lingering, sighing,

and made, to feel

The pain, the bliss of dying.

whilst, as the march of fever progresses, we see nothing else for the *forlorn hope* of the Catholic world in Ireland, but dying, like the soldiers of old in their harness—giving up their merciful lives in the cause of the gentlest humanity, and doing their spinting to the last, blessing him that gives and him that receives. Surely this is heroism, and of the noblest kind—thus quietly devoting oneself to death for the good of others—yielding up our breath without a struggle, because of a duty—accounting ourselves as nothing when the solemn behests of a better and holier world speak to our listening souls. Whatever sages and sophists have writ, or poets sung, with respect to the cheap estimation in which man should hold his worldly breath, yet our clayey instincts have revolted. The mere philosophy of man did not convince the world, and the sages of Greece and Rome, and the "dead kings of melody" uttered their magnificent wisdom to unwilling ears. It remained for the priests of the Christian world—the disciples of the gentlest master, from whose lips issued only doctrines of the peaceablest morality that proud man ever heard, or dreamed of in his philosophy—to show examples of a sublime fortitude, and a heroism unexampled in ancient or modern times. And all this from the innate beauty of religion which is virtue, and not for the contemptible glory of a worldly applause, *SENeca* to be sure said "Recte facti, fecisse merces est; officii fructus ipsum officium est." (The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—The fruit of a good office is the office itself) But the apostle taught wiser and better—*Gloria nostra est testimonium conscientiae nostrae*—*Corn. 2 chap.*)

The history of modern Ireland and the history of the Catholic Clergy are one and the same thing. You can trace the fall and rise of the people, with the penal degradation and partial enfranchisement of the priests. As the one were exiled or hanged, so were the others debased and made servile to the infamy of ascendancy. As the popular teachers had the manacles taken from their limbs, and the gags from their lips, so the political catechumens were instructed and grew into the manhood of freedom, under their wise and energetic schooling. In some quarter of a century, Ireland progressed in all the ways and means of freedom with the stride of a young giant; but foremost in the van of that army of freedom were the clergy of the people. Alas, our tread upon the free heather has been arrested—our ranks thinned, our pride nearly crushed and our spirit broken, but there are the priests of Ireland still, for ever true and fo ever undivorced—in the glory of the free fight for national liberty, battling equally, as they *do now*, when treading on the

heels of a plague and warning against a doubly armed death.

In the days of prosecution, their home was the forest solitude and their doom, the gibbet—in the days of freedom,—they sat amongst their children and reared up temples for the decent worship of the Divinity, in the land—in the days of the plague, their foot is still on the mountain, and their ministering is still amongst the stricken, and the bereaved and the dying and the dead—but in persecution and freedom—in the sorrow born of man, and his puny power, or the sickness begotten of God in his eternal wisdom—there is no severing the links that bind for ever

THE PRIESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND AND THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES.

—*Cork Examiner.*

DIED.—On thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, universally regretted, Miss NUGENT, (in religion Mrs MARY JOSEPH) of the Order of Mercy, in her 48th year, of malignant typhus fever, contracted in her attendance at St. John's Hospital.—The last visit of the Rev. Sisters of the above Order was paid on Wednesday, 2nd inst;—on which occasion Miss Nugent gave spiritual consolation and instruction to no fewer than thirty-six patients; and on that day, she received the reward which the Almighty in His inscrutable wisdom so frequently bestows on those devoted to the practice of the most exalted virtues; for, on returning to her Convent, she bore with her the fatal pestilence which developed itself the next day, and after lingering until the fifteenth day, she resigned her spirit into His hands, to whom it had been long consecrated.

The Religious Order to which Miss Nugent belonged, has, in this country received a severe shock by the death of so distinguished a member; her educational attainments were of the very first class, and her capacity for imparting these, to others, could only be equalled by the mildness and suavity with which she conveyed her instructions; whilst her unaffected piety and zeal, inculcated the most invaluable of all lessons, by the force of example—and proceeding from so pure a source, sunk deeper into the heart, than any precept could reach. To the poor and the afflicted, her removal from amongst them is deemed a real calamity, and there are thousands in St Johns, this day, whose countenance proclaim more unequivocally, than any language could, that a great loss has befallen this community.

The writer of these lines has had the happiness of being intimately acquainted with Miss Nugent, from the period of her arrival in Newfoundland and until her retirement from the world, some years since,

when she devoted herself exclusively to the services of religion; and he feels a melancholy pleasure in thus humbly endeavoring to pourtray even a shadow of those virtues and inestimable qualities, which characterized this truly excellent lady to all who came within the sphere of her influence, or who claimed to be ranked amongst her intimates and friends. Her funeral took place this morning, within the Cathedral, at 6 o'clock—*Newfoundland Paper.*

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. POWER, OF KILROSSENTY.

Another light has been dimmed—another star extinguished in this fatal year—the Rev. Richard Power is no more. The space in the world which our lost friend occupied was narrow indeed, compared with his vast abilities. Those who knew him, however, understood and appreciated them. A priest, who was an honour to the mission, even among the priests of Ireland, were first rate. As a writer the duties to which he devoted himself prevented his undertaking anything to fix the attention of the world—but when he did take up the pen in the cause of patriotism, liberty, religion or country, who could surpass him? We have greatly missed him for some time past, both as an attached friend and a constant contributor. The letters published in the Pilot, signed, “A priest of the diocese of Waterford,” were from his pen—they fixed the attention of country. He also contributed to the Pilot under other signatures, when that became so known as to be equivalent to his own name. He likewise furnished occasional articles; and ever did the mark of his pen appear but in its effects one could discern the hand of a master.—Deeply were we indebted to his kindness—proudly did we feel his preference, confidence, and good opinion; and unaffectedly do we sorrow for his sad and premature loss. The following extract from a private letter will give some particulars on this truly affecting bereavement:—

“I am deeply pained to communicate to you an account of the death of another able and sincere friend to Old Ireland—the Rev. Richard Power, late P. P. of Kilrosenty in the diocese of Waterford. This melancholy account has reached us from Rome, through a private letter from one who had the unwished for satisfaction of being one of the number of his sorrowing and admiring countrymen who attended the solemn obsequies of the mournful occasion of his funeral. This sad event occurred in the Agustinian Convent in Rome, which he retired last autumn to recruit his health which had been greatly impaired in the discharge of deeply painful and important duties. By letters recently received, his friends were gladdened

by the hopes held out to them of his speedy restoration to his country, as he was then rapidly improving; but it pleased an all ruling Providence that it should be otherwise, for he sunk on the 27th of May—oppressed, I doubt not, by the announcement of the crushing catastrophe that had befallen his afflicted country in the ever-to-be-lamented death of the Great Liberator, and immediately after the arrival of the heart of that illustrious man in the Holy City."

The Memorial de Rouen relates the following:—"A few days ago several workmen were dining together in a public house at Goupillere, Rensfeugeres, when one of them gave way to a habit of swearing by God. The master of the house made remonstrance with him, which was taken in good part. Another man, however, a weaver, named Herubel, after denying the existence of a God, uttered the most impious language, at last said, in a contemptuous tone. "I will go and sup with your God this night." The words were scarcely pronounced when the man fell dead upon the ground, as if he had been struck by a thunder-bolt."

RAPID INCREASE.

The Christian Repository furnishes the following interesting item of statistical information:—

POPERY IN TRINIDAD—Twelve priests began to labour in this Island in 1828, and the result is, that sixty-six priests now minister to 166,000 Catholics.

ITALY.

A letter from Bologna of the 9th, says that Cardinal Amat, the legate, had just nominated the Candidates among which the Pope is to choose the deputies of that Province. They are six in number, because it is hoped that Pius IX. will consent to allow two deputies to Bologna, which is the largest state of the Papal dominions. All six are highly esteemed by the public. The columns of the civic guard, which were formed at Forli and Cesene to prevent smuggling in grain, have spontaneously dissolved themselves thereby complying with the wishes of the authorities.

The Waterford Chronicle records the death of a student of St. John's College, who died on Sunday evening at his residence in Dungarvan, in the 24th year of his age. Mr. Power was just after finishing his studies for the Priesthood in St. John's College, Waterford, where the amiability of his disposition and the angelic purity of his life, and his fervent but unaffected piety, had secur-

ed for him the love and esteem of his fellow-students.

BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

JUNE 28,	Mrs. Maloney of a Son.
28,	" Connell of a Daughter.
JULY 2,	" Dann of a Son.
2,	" Harrigan of a Daughter.
2,	" Connors of a Daughter.
3,	" Haley of a Daughter.
3,	" Shea of a Daughter.
5,	" Croxton of a Daughter.
5,	" Atlick of a Daughter.
5,	" Mulcahy of a Son.
5,	" Cahoon of a Son.
5,	" Casey of a Son.
6,	" Dalton of a Son.
6,	" Lyndsay of a Son.
6,	" Conolly of a Daughter.
6,	" Jamieson of a Son.
7,	" Keating of a Son.
7,	" Murphy of a Son.
8,	" Dillon of a Son.
8,	" Hickey of a Daughter.
8,	" Gray of a Son.
9,	" Fitzgerald of a Son.
10,	" Lydiard of a Daughter.
10,	" Hunt of a Daughter.
12,	" Fitzgerald of a Daughter.
12,	" Birmingham of a Daughter.
13,	" Crocket of a Son.
13,	" Hinck of a Son.
14,	" Donovan of a Son.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

JULY 6—	Edward Roche to Eliza Connors.
6—	John Martin to Sarah Dunphy.
8—	Joseph Johnston to Ann Dalton.
12—	Michael Pouty to Mary Elizabeth Turpen.
13—	Samuel E. Sellon to Mary McNeil.
13—	Edward Walsh to Catharine May.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

JULY 4—	Michael, Infant Son of John and Bridget Power, aged 2 months.
5—	John, Infant Son of David and Rebecca Mooney aged 9 months.
6—	Eliza Meagher, Native of Halifax, aged 29 years.
9—	Catharine, Daughter of Timothy and Margaret O'Driscoll, aged 15 months and 7 days.

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