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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 Præscript. xxi

"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 any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters, whatever is devised by human fiction, 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. 1.

Calendar.

- SEPTEMBER 9—Sunday—Within the Oct XV alter Pent 2d Sept Holy Name of Mary g d com of Oct & S Gorgonius M.
- 10—Monday—St Hilary P C d dom Oct.
- 11—Tuesday—St. Nicholas of Tolentine C d com of Oct & SS Protus & c Mm.
- 12—Wednesday—St Boniface I V P C dou 29th May sup
- 13—Thursday—St Felix I P C dou 30th May sup.
- 14—Friday—Exaltation of Cross of our Lord J C g d c Oct.
- 15—Saturday—Oct of Nat of B V Mary com, S Nicomedes M.

PROCESSION AT MONTREAL.

To the Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal:

MONTREAL, August 7th, 1849.

DEAR SIR—I see in your paper of Saturday last, an extract from a correspondence of the St. John's News, having reference to the Cholera in Montreal, and the means employed by our Bishop and the people to obtain a remission of the sentence which has been pronounced upon our city in punishment of its sins. What this writer says is very good and very fair for a Protestant, but he says nothing of the two processions to the *Bon Secours* Church, to implore the intercession of the patroness of our city, and this want I am about to supply. If I was silent on the subject before, it was because I wanted to see the faith of our people justified and their hopes realized, well knowing that such would be the case, and if I had written an account of these processions during the few days while yet the cholera did remain, there would have been many a voice to shout in impious derision, "Where is their God?" as they shame not to assert that "the Romanists have been praying to their Gods, of whom the greatest is the Virgin Mary!" So they would have shouted out with senseless exultation, "So the great God of the Papists is deaf to their prayers!" Now, therefore, that the fearful epidemic has all but disappeared from amongst us, I may tell your readers of these interesting processions, the last and greatest of which took place on last Sunday two weeks. I am almost sure that there were not less than twenty thousand persons walking in this procession—rich and poor, old and young, male and female—all anxious to render homage to the Mother of God, and all uniting, as they walked along, in the touching prayers which the Church addresses to her illustrious patroness. After going around to visit some others of the churches, the procession returned to the *Bon Secours*, and the scene at that moment was one which the mind cannot easily forget. It was a lovely evening and a lovely sight, when the grey soft summer twilight faded into night, and that vast multitude knelt in front of the quaint old church, lighted up and wreathed with flowers as for a joyous festival. Above was the cloudless sky, where Mary sits enthroned beside her divine Son, and below at the end of a long, long vista of glittering lights and over hanging haughts, was seen the statue of that Mother of Mercy, reminding the thousand, thousand supplicants of her many claims to their confidence. The church is situated with its back to the river, and at the foot of a steep hill, there called from the church *Bon Secours* street, and all the way up to where that street goes out on Notre Dame street, was thronged with a dense multitude, who knelt without other covering than the blue dome of

heaven. The church being of small dimensions was occupied almost exclusively by the different religious communities.

Yes, that correspondent, from whom you quoted, albeit that he professes himself no friend to our Church, said well and truly that it is in times of pestilence and contagion that the beauty of Catholicity shines out in its full lustre—making manifest the faith of the people, and the self-forgetfulness and undistinguishing benevolence (or rather charity) of the clergy and the religious communities at large. It is pleasant and consoling to receive such admissions as these, and they speak well for the candour and liberality of those who make them, but how much more deeply would these truths sink into the minds of right-thinking men of all religions, could they see for themselves the minute and practical illustration of Catholic faith and Catholic piety as exemplified in the daily, (aye, and nightly,) lives of our clergy. Could they follow the Catholic priest into the chamber where the pestilence is busy, and see him stand during the dead hours of night by the bed of the agonized sufferer, watching and praying for an interval of relief that he may administer the aids of religion to the departing christian, soothing by his presence and by his kind words the anguish of the last struggle, and bending over the ghastly face where death in his most revolting form is already visible—fearless for himself, the minister of God thinks only of the soul which is about to depart, bending all the energies of his mind to prepare it for that awful change.

Then, when they behold frail and delicate woman—the living personification of Catholic purity and Catholic charity—watching day after day, and night after night, by the deathbeds of the poor and the wretched who have no other friend, nursing them and tending them with fond solicitude while life remains, and when death has done his work performing the last sad offices of humanity, and preparing the poor disfigured body for its last long sleep, and this, too, when the nearest relatives of the dead (if any they had) would shrink from the revolting task. What impartial Protestant that saw such sights as these could fail to acknowledge—"This, indeed, is the charity that comes from faith; the charity that belongs of right to the chosen servants of God."

And yet we live in the midst of people whose hearts are so hardened by blind and obstinate prejudice, that even as the Egyptian King of old refused to acknowledge the power which, in his very presence, wrought wondrous miracles, so do they persist in denying the miracle-working faith of Catholics. So it is that we see these sensual, worldly-minded sectaries calling on each other to avail themselves of the good example of the Romanists, who pray so publicly and so devoutly that their God may avert this public scourge. "Let us, then," say they, pray to our God—the one true and living God—that He may spare us!" So absurd is this ranting that it were idle to comment upon it. Such rignarole calumny is below contempt, even below the vile effusions of Murty Sullivan or Thresham Gregg, and being so, we leave it where it deserves to lie.

Believe me to be, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, &c ,

NATCHEZ, July 12.

"The Right Rev. J. J. Chance, Bishop of Natchez, greatly beloved and esteemed by the congregation worshipping in the Cathedral of St. Mary, as well as all religious people in Natchez, after an absence of more than fourteen months, on his tour to Rome, arrived at Natchez on Thursday evening, last week, in excellent health and spirits, on Sabbath

morning, according to previous notice, gave a sketch of his travels, and of the state of Roman affairs, to a large and deeply attentive assembly in St. Mary's Cathedral. The views of the learned and urbane prelate differ considerably from those generally entertained in this country respecting Roman affairs, but coming as they do from so good a republican as Bishop Chance, who has had, moreover, the advantage of being an eye witness and participator in the scenes he has described, his statements are worthy of publicity, and will command deep attention wherever the Bishop is known. I will attempt only a brief sketch:

"With the feelings of an exile returning from banishment, of a pastor returning to a flock from which he had been separated nearly fifteen months, of a father returning to his dearly beloved children, the Bishop said he came again among us, and thanked God that he once more breathed the balmy air of freedom in a free and unoppressed land. He had been a visitor to countries where he was received with open arms of friendship, love and respect, not on account of title or station, but because he enjoyed the nobler birthright of being an American citizen. The old would crowd around him, lamenting that they had not in early life accomplished their desires of emigration to the United States, where liberty existed not in word only, but in truth and deed, while the young would express their solemn determination to become American citizens and leave Europe, the land of murder, rapine, violence, and wrong, for ever.

"When he reached Paris, the Bishop said that all was tumult and revolution, and the balls flew thick around his head on that awful and mournful day on which the sainted Archbishop of Paris poured out his heart's blood in hearing the flag of peace and unity to the unfortunate destroyers of each other's lives. This solemn sacrifice not only gave the Bishop a name and a praise in every noble and good man's mouth in every land on earth, but also seemed to have a most miraculous effect in staying the torrent of civic blood, which, up to that moment, had been poured out like water on the streets.

"When Bishop Chance reached Rome, he found that holy man Pope, Pius the Ninth, obstructed in his great designs of governmental amelioration, and in his favorite project of dis severing the Pontifical States from Austrian dominion and interference.—Anarchy, murder, and rapine raged through the "Eternal City," not caused by Roman people or citizens, but by the hordes of banditti, fugitives from justice, who had fled from various parts of Europe to the milder and more paternal government of Rome.

"The Bishop declared that all the public edifices, St. Peter's the Vatican, the chapels, the libraries, the museums, and ancient halls of statuary and painting—all that was worth seeing and preserving in Rome—as well as the right of soil—all belonged to and was the undisputed property of the Roman Catholic Church all over the world. St. Peter's was built by the benefactions of the entire Catholic Church, the palace of the Pope, and the offices and halls of his thousand secretaries who aid in accomplishing the immense business of a church, which numbers in its communion two hundred millions of members—all was Catholic property, and these strangers, sojourners, adventurers, and vagrants in Rome—the stray socialist and communist from France, and the off-scourings of infidelity in general—had no more right to rise, take possession, and drive out the Papal authority, than the people of the District of Columbia have to rise, drive away President Taylor and his cabinet, seize and hold the capital and

government offices, the navy yard and arsenal. Should the inhabitants of the District of Columbia ever do this, every one of the States would be under the obligation to rise in arms, put down the insurgents, and restore the government to its allotted place again. So are all the Catholic governments of Europe under the same obligation to take their own property out of the hands of robbers and murderers, and replace the servants of their own church again in the sphere of their allotted duties."

CLAPHAM—THE REDEMPTORISTS

"Truly, Clapham is now a favoured spot: from sunrise to sunset the faithful adorer can visit the Blessed Sacrament in the present small chapel of the Redemptorist Fathers; weekdays as well as Sundays none need absent themselves from the Holy Sacrifice: for there being always several Masses, will suit all people and all classes. And who would like to begin a day of either labour, pleasure, or ease, without sanctifying at least some part of it in the house of God? Twice in the week there is that Holy Devotion of the Rosary of our Blessed Lady, and once Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; and to those who love the latter, they had better visit St. Mary's on Saturday or Sunday evenings, and hear for themselves what can be only compared to angels' music: and the incense, the beautiful incense, that ascends like the prayers of the just to throne of God,—all these helps, they comfort the strong and strengthen the weak. But there is something more yet: the youth of all classes are provided for here in the excellent Convent of Notre Dame, there being three schools under one roof—the boarding-school, the day and poor school. Nor is St. Anne's House to be forgotten, where Retreats are given to people in the world. Many, perhaps, do not know that such a blessing exists. In this house people can retire for a time to meditate upon eternal truths, to return to duties long since neglected, to consider uninterruptedly and before God their vocation in this world and by other spiritual means and instructions secure to themselves eternal life.

Truly, Clapham will be ere long a truly Catholic place. Those whose employment takes them daily to London, can here combine business, health, and religion with no trouble; and houses are so pretty and so plentiful that they seem to invite the Catholics to take them.—*Corresp. of Tablet.*

CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM

All we ask is, that for the honor of Protestantism, the arguments which truth ever furnishes in spontaneous growth should be employed under the only true spirit of christianity, that the truth will run and be glorified, walk and not faint. Let the works of Protestantism prove the superiority of her faith—and let her challenge Catholicism to a contest of good works. This is the only true mode of testing the truth. We should greatly rejoice in beholding such a contest. How would the earth soon blossom as the rose! How would sin and poverty be speedily banished, and every home a paradise!

The Catholics can show more devotion to the faith and the teachings of the church than can the Protestants. Behold each Catholic church! How it is crowded oftener than on Sundays merely, and how thick do the worshipping flock stand upon the very pavements about the doors with hats off and head bowed in the hot sun, all absorbed in the service! What Protestant church can present such a spectacle of religious devotion!

But there is a late instance of bad spirit and false argumentation that has been employed.

against the Catholics. While they were mourning the loss of their relatives stricken down on the right and left by the Cholera, what kind of christian consolation did they meet at the hands of our zealous Protestants? Tell it not in laughter, that instead of dropping a tear over their affliction, Protestant divines lifted up holy hands to the God of the people in the presence of their congregation, and shut up the sympathies of the heart by declaring the Cholera a judgment of the Most High against the Catholics! Unmindful of the fact that the Catholics are made up largely from the rank of the poor unacclimated foreigners, and that those who belong to the principal Protestant sects are independent in means, educated in the best mode of preserving health, and native to the climate—unmindful of these adequate reasons for the difference of fatality amongst them, these learned and eloquent gentlemen declared the finger of God distinctly traced in the Cholera against the Catholics and the poor! No one need be told of this but once to insure a faithful remembrance of the blasphemy. How must it wring the heart of the mourner to be told that his father or mother, sister or brother, wife or child fell in obedience to the judgment of God against their religion? But one of the clergymen who thus consoled the Catholics was immediately called home to heaven by the same dreadful messenger. He was not permitted to preach another sermon—*Non-pareil, Protestant Paper of Cincinnati.*

LONDON.

ST. GEORGE'S.—FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.—St. George's was itself yesterday from five in the morning until nine at night, and all night, with the watch lights in the chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and of our Blessed Lady. The Lamps ever burning in the side chapels speak more than words of the faith one holds. All day these lights are burning, but the sun-stream throughout the day lessens their effect; it is when the shades of evening fall, and through the dark and silent night, that the red lamp tells on the walls of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. There He is: the light and glory and all of St. George—day and night He is there, and day and night the honouring lamp burns before Him—all day long he is there, and all the Faithful at any time may enter the church to adore him: but should no faithful soul be before him—and one cannot be always there—we leave the lamp ever burning, and with it our heart and soul. The silver lamp, crown-like in form, is also ever burning before the altar of the Blessed Virgin; but unlike the red sun light lamp before the altar of her son and Lord: her's is blue, a subdued, borrowed light—not shining, not visible, not honourable, but only in as much as the "great light" casts its glories upon her, and all the effulgence that God could throw on a created being has been poured out on Blessed Mary. Like the moon, her light is pale and soft—it falls here, and it falls there; it falls softly and silently everywhere, and like the moonlight, whether on the snow-heights of mountains, on the sides of the ravine, on rocks, on torrents, lakes, seas, or quiet hamlets, or large cities—the moonlight falls late at night with inexpressible sweetness and silver, and seems to soothe and calm all nature: so is it with the minds and hearts of men, wherever thy sweet, benign influence doth fall. Oh, Blessed Mary! thou night-light of the sky—thou moon in the High Heaven—thou Star of the Sea—thou guide—thou hope, after God, of poor, weak and wicked man! Thou art blessed, and all generations shall call thee blessed; all generations shall call me blessed. Ah! yes. In honour of her Assumption, before approaching the Altar of Sacrifice on which the offering to God was to be made in thanksgiving to His Supreme Majesty for all His gifts, and amongst others and above all others, for having created that Virgin Mother who bore the Redeemer of man, the great and only Mediator of Atonement, Jesus our Lord, a procession of all the assistants at the Mass moved round the church, and a beautiful and grand sight it must have been; for one in the procession ought to see nothing with the eyes of his body. It drives me wild whenever I see the rolling eye and irreverent gait of churchmen in a public procession, as I have seen abroad, and even in Rome. Some of those Monsignors, and others under and above them, wanted a scourge, and they have had it, but it has been a mild and merciful one; let them mind and not bring on themselves a second visitation. The nearer the church, the further from God, the nearer the altar, the further from God, the more in the midst of the Holy of Holies, the more offensive in spiritual faith, unless daring irreverence and presuming familiarity and off-hand kind of way of acting and no thinking

of the ever Divine Presence be constantly and constantly and continually seized by the throat and cast down! There is not a more dangerous situation than a continual living in the holy places and in going amidst holy things it require constant prayer and watchfulness, or one forgets the vengeance that waits for the profane. One who is ever about the altar—every day there, and every hour of the day—may be a Saint, and ought to be a Saint, but the next step is very easy, and will be taken unless there be great humility and much prayer. The church was very beautiful yesterday, the music very fair; but we shall never do without the fair sex. The Doctor preached a twenty-five minutes of common sense—quite enough: I wish all the long-winded preachers were in Heaven, though they don't deserve it, considering how many they keep in purgatory every Sunday they hold forth. The Vespers were given on earth; the chancel glowed with light; the chapel of the Blessed Virgin was exquisite. St. George's is St. George's, and there is no second, that is the truth.

FURTHER THOUGHTS

P.S. The cholera, thanks to God is cooling down very fast—it is leaving us and going to other parts. I have always been of this opinion, that where a man's duty is there he should remain and trust to God—it is the better way, depend upon it.

ANGLICAN VIEW OF BISHOPS.—"It is universally agreed on, and is indeed a simple matter of self-evident common sense, that Episcopal Charges possess not the least authority in an ecclesiastical sense.... What authority short of this they have—that is to say, what degree of courtesy and deference is to be paid them because they are; expressions of opinions made by Bishops—is a point open to discussion. To say that because (a Bishop) is appointed, we must defer to his dicta, is to trifle with our understanding.... Such a man represents Government, and you think Government wrong; then that man's opinion is no authority to you. 'Oh, but now he is a Bishop and speaks ex cathedra.' We answer, However respectful you may wish to be, you must be rational.... Here are certain opinions the cause; a bishopric the effect. The bishopric does not, in the smallest degree, alter the opinions. They are left just what they were, and you judge of them just as you did. It is intolerable in a rational point of view that (a man) should first receive a dignity because he represents the Government, and then that he must be supposed to represent the Church because he has the dignity. His (the Archbishop of York's) Charge, where it touches upon such points (i.e., the interpretation of doctrine) is substantially the pamphlet of a respectable liberal."—*Guardian* (Aug. 1, 1848). [After all, then, it is true, as we have all along said, that Anglican Bishops are mere Government officers, and that there so-called "consecration" leaves them just as it finds them.]

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

In the contributions of Saturday, not to the relief committee, but to Doctor Spratt, for special allocation, was the munificent sum of £50, accompanied with the following observation:—"From a native of Dublin, who, with true love and loyalty towards the Queen, could not bring himself to illuminate or show any symptom of mock joy whilst his country continues to suffer under bad laws, badly administered, and consequent frightful want."—*Dublin Freeman.*

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

HUNGARY.

The struggle now going on between a large portion of the people of Hungary and the powerful armies of Austria and Russia has engaged the attention not only of Europe, but of the entire world. The enthusiasm which has been excited in favour of the Hungarian cause at both sides of the Atlantic is truly astonishing not only when we consider the very imperfect information which exists on the real state of Hungary, but the general character of the sympathizers and the hopeless nature of the contest. In the first place we have been repeatedly assured that the Austrian frontier is strictly

closed against all English and French travellers, and at the same time we read the minutest accounts of the progress of the war in the Journals of those countries. They do not tell us how the information is derived, as no traveller can obtain a passport for the seat of operations. Their intelligence also is filled with such a marvellous confusions of names, dates, persons and places that it is surprising how many have been deceived by those apocryphal accounts. For many years we have been wont to distrust nearly all the continental news which appeared in the leading English Journals. Whenever national objects or prejudices were in question, they lied deliberately, systematically, and without scruple. They by a series of shameful calumnies blackened the character of every lawful sovereign whom they wished to dethrone, and exaggerated the faults of every Government which they sought to destroy. To form an accurate notion of this foul English trick one should reside for some time in various parts of continental Europe, be an eye witness of daily occurrences, and read a description of them afterwards in the English press. Spain and Portugal have long and deeply suffered from this shameful system, and within the last eighteen months, from Paris to St. Petersburg and from Naples to Copenhagen, no one has escaped from those indefatigable caterers of calumny and invective. We say nothing of English misrepresentation of America, and especially of the United States, though we believe more barefaced impostures were never practised before the world than in the lying, gross caricatures of our noble Republican neighbours by nearly the entire head of English tourists. But during all the recent revolutions in Europe, it is now notorious that England played the same game. She calumniated the King of Naples, she misrepresented the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; she (in conjunction with France) lured the unfortunate King of Sardinia into imminent danger, and then basely left him to perish. Both Radetski and the Archduke Regnier were the victims of her calumnies according as it suited her purpose. She cajoled, and flattered and ruined the ex-King of Bavaria; and when in an evil hour he became the dupe of Lola Montes, the London correspondents appealed to his vanity and pride against the advice of his sincerest friends and most loyal subjects, whom they represented to be the agents of the Jesuits. But when his doom was sealed all his miserable weaknesses were paraded and ridiculed before Europe in the Letters of those very correspondents. They calumniated the late and present Emperor of Austria, and as for the Czar, he who was toadied and idolized a short time ago in London by the corrupt English Aristocracy, is now represented as a monster of cruelty. Hence all the dreadful accounts of the burning of villages, and the massacre of men, women and children in Hungary, and all the lying reports about the Hungarian insurrection. The Sicilians were encouraged by England to rebel against their lawful Sovereign, and were afterwards left to their fate in the presence of an English fleet. The King of Sardinia was encouraged to try his strength with the Austrians in

Lombardy, and when the decisive moment arrived, he was abandoned to his sad fate. The same policy is now pursued with the unfortunate Hungarians. A mock sympathy is got up in England, fiery speeches are delivered, and vast promises made. But, all this inflated bombast will end in a bottle of smoke. The Hungarians may be encouraged by those noisy demonstrations to protract a little longer a hopeless struggle. But when the day of extermination and utter defeat shall arrive, as it assuredly will, they will discover that England was a rotten reed to lean upon, and that her hypocritical sympathy was assumed more for the purpose of embarrassing the other powers, than for any real desire to assist Hungary. England, we repeat, has been playing this game all over Europe, but we are confident she will reap the whirlwind at no distant day. When Russia and Austria will have put down Hungary it is not unlikely that they will direct their particular attention to England as the prime disturber of Europe, and that Lord Palmerston, will be overwhelmed by the numerous difficulties into which his unscrupulous policy has brought him.

EUROPE.

The news by the last steamer is important. Vienna is reduced to the last extremity, and the Hungarian insurrection is at an end. Gorgey about whose pretended victories the newspapers have published so many falsehoods, has surrendered at discretion with 30 or 40,000 troops to the old conqueror of Poland, whilst Kossuth, Bem and the other imbeciles who have brought so many calamities on Hungary, have fled for their lives. In fact that country is now completely subjugated, and its condition is ten times worse than when the revolution began. The columns of this journal for some time past show that we never believed it possible for the Hungarians to succeed against Austria, and that we always predicted the present result. An article printed elsewhere, and which was written several days ago, points in the same direction. The Hungarian bubble has now burst, and the consequences to Europe will, we think, be very serious. We do not envy Lord Palmerston his present mortifying position. Austria and Russia are in the ascendant, Italy is subdued, old Mehemet is dead, the *entente cordiale* with France hangs by a very uncertain tenure, and a new war is threatened in India. Russia we suspect, will soon be very busy in that direction, whilst English influence in Egypt is not so likely to be maintained, as during the life-time of the old murderer of the Mamelukes. What will the stump-orators of N. York say when they hear of the Hungarian surrender? Or what will become of the thousand Hungarians who, it is said, lately sold out their farms in Wisconsin to pay their travelling expenses to Hungary. Really the whole world seem to have been bitten with insanity for the last two years. We have had some very profound dissertations on Hungary in some of our own Papers, but we dare say the Editors will back out now with the greatest ease imaginable, just as the last *Willmer*, forgetting all its previous statements comes out with the coolest assurance in the following manner. "Previous to this abrupt conclusion of the war, it is plain that notwithstanding the gallant defence the Hungarians have made, they have been worsted in almost all the last encounters, and finding the Russian forces altogether overwhelming, as we knew perfectly from the beginning they would be (!) the Austrian Generals have felt compelled to throw themselves upon the mercy of their conquerors." And thus the Hungarian humbug has ended. But, we think the chastisement of England for her complicity in the trou-

bles of Europe is not very remote. There is another Government too, which we think will meet the scourge, and for which we shall have no pity. We allude to infidel, tyrannical Switzerland, which has been trampling upon all the rights of conscience with impunity during the general confusion. We think it is the interest and duty of Austria to make her respect for the future the Federal compact, and the principles of justice.

The Pope will not come back to Rome for some time. It is said however that for a short time he will proceed to Albano within 9 miles of the city, near which at his country residence of Castle-Gandolpho, he will give his blessing, and distribute various decorations to the French army. After this he visits Naples, where he will receive a magnificent welcome, and thence he goes to Loretto and Bologna. A wing of the Jesuits College at Rome has been destroyed by fire, and amongst other valuable things which perished, was the hallowed chamber in which the princely and angelical youth St. Aloysius Gonzaga lived and died. Religion makes great progress in Paris, and murders in England. One wretched woman has confessed that she poisoned eight of her own children with arsenic which the fiend put on the breast that should have nourished them. She, like Rush is represented to have been very regular in her prayers and her attendance at meeting. It is rumoured that all the Irish State prisoners will be pardoned. From the turn affairs have taken in Europe it is now more likely than ever, and we shall therefore feel as little gratitude for it, as we did for the Royal visit. English policy and English interests are at the bottom of all.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hibernus asks us where we got our information concerning the Queen's visit to Ireland. We reply, from various sources, far more worthy of credit than the lying Journals in the English interest. We could have published more unpalatable news respecting this visit, but a sense of delicacy and of what is due to our Gracious Sovereign prevented us. We know that it was all a political move. There is another of Sir Robert Peel's 'black specks' on the horizon of Europe, and it was considered prudent to make an experiment on the too confiding and generous nature of the Irish. An European war, with the Irish heart and arm alienated from the *Sister* country, would be a very serious affair. We are certain that notwithstanding all that has been said about this memorable visit, the people of Ireland are as little attached to England as they were before Queen Victoria landed on the Quay of Cork. Time will tell.

An *Irishman* is too late to be of any use. The Grand Jury of St. John, N. B. have lately made a special Presentment on the sanguinary riot, by which that town was disgraced on the 12th of July, which, we trust, will have the effect of preventing a recurrence of those shocking scenes. We do not see any danger of the peace of Halifax being disturbed by such attempts. At Electioneering times our citizens are very determined in the maintenance of their respective political opinions, but we are certain they have no desire to shed each others blood in vulgar street broils.

H.—Your suggestion could do no good. The excitement in Montreal and other parts of Canada is no mystery to us. The Orange faction there, just as in Ireland, is the *Frankenstein* of the British Government. They have created the destructive Monster, and they now feel it

very difficult to destroy it. They encouraged Orangeism in Canada for the avowed purpose of neutralising the native Canadians, and of establishing what is called a British party. For many long years they directly encouraged this spirit and taught that party to despise the Canadians and to look upon themselves as the Lords and masters of the country. Hence, the just dissatisfaction of the majority of the people, as in Ireland, at the insulting domination of a miserable, bigotted and truculent minority. But when in Ireland or Canada the Government is forced by the necessity of the case, to return to some of the first and simplest principles of justice, their spoiled Orange pets reveal their natural ferocity, and treason, conflagration and murder are the grateful returns they make to the wicked Government which so long patted them on the back to the grievous detriment of others.

Calvinus.—Your objection is 'as old as the hills,' and has been answered before in this Journal. We are always ready to answer any objection against our creed which may be addressed to us in respectful language, by conscientious opponents, but we never notice senseless trash. The *Quomodo?* of *Calvinus* is an old *Jewish* question, and is so styled by St. Cyril of Alexandria, who as early as the beginning of the Fifth Century, thus replies to the very objection which has been sent us;—

"The Jews strove among themselves, saying: HOW can this man give us his flesh to eat? This HOW is a Jewish exclamation, and a cause of the severest punishment. For will not the Jews be worthy of the greatest torments, who so condemn God, the creator of all things, as to dare to put the question, HOW, concerning his operations? The evil-disposed, indecible man, immediately with arrogance regrets as frivolous and false, whatsoever he does not understand; yielding to no one, and thinking that there is nothing which is above his comprehension. And of this caste we shall discover were the Jews; for whereas they ought readily to have received the words of our Saviour, whose divine virtue and power had been evinced to them by the evidence of his miracles, and had any things appeared difficult, they should have asked a solution of them. They are seen to act quite contrary. With one voice, they addressed to God, with great impiety, the language: *How can this man give us his flesh to eat?* And they reflected not, that *nothing is impossible with God*. But if thou O Jew! (mind this *Calvinus!*) continuest yet to urge this *How*, I will in like manner ask thee, *how* the rod of Moses was changed into a Serpent? *how* the waters were changed into the nature of blood? Wherefore, it would have much more become you to believe Christ, and humbly to ask of him whatever seemed difficult, than foolishly to exclaim: *How can this man give us his flesh to eat?* Do you not see that when such language is uttered, great arrogance is manifested? For our part, let us derive great instruction from the iniquity of others, and cherishing a firm faith in these mysteries, let us never, on so sublime a point express in words, or entertain in thought this HOW." St. Cyril of Alex. Comment in Johan. L. IV.

THE TRANSATLANTIC PACKET STATION.

In connection with Ireland's future we have some cheering intelligence to communicate—intelligence that we think cannot be more appositely introduced than at the mo-

ment when the national heart is throbbing with enthusiasm, and the national spirit animated by hope. In one cheering word, then, Irishmen, *the establishment of Galway as a trans-Atlantic packet station is almost an accomplished fact*. It has been stated and demonstrated to the government by Mr. McMahon, the great manager and capitalist of Cunard's line of steamers and packet-ships, that a saving of £150,000 a year may be effected by adopting Galway as the American packet-station, and three steamers of 1,500 tons each are now building in Liverpool to ply between Galway and Halifax. It is proposed that they shall carry the mail, and we understand that the average length of time occupied by their passage will not exceed six days. There is a railroad now in progress of formation from Halifax to Quebec, and already an electric telegraph is established between New York and Halifax; so that commercial intelligence can be conveyed at least three days sooner by this than by the ordinary route. It is further, we have reason to believe, proposed to send the West India mails to Halifax, at which port the West India steamers are to meet the Galway packets, thus establishing a direct communication between Ireland and the West Indies—*Dublin Evening Packet*. (This has been since denied.)

The Sultan has lately sent to the Armenian Monks in Rome his Imperial Standard; his cypher, in gold upon a dark ground; his portrait; and a letter expressive of favour to that establishment. The Superior of these Monks has lately received a letter, dated Jan. 3, 1849, from his friend the Bishop of Rosalia, V. A. of Tunis, from which he has allowed us to make the following extract:—"My pastoral visitation has gone off with much eclat, for his Highness the Bey was so condescending as to give me one of his best carriages with six horses, together with his state coachman, five mounted mamelukes, four *gendarmes*, and four servants, all on horseback and armed, for my safety and honour and that of my co-visitors and companions, consisting of two Religious and an Ecclesiastic. He likewise gave orders to all the Governors of the towns to place at my disposal and that of my suite their own official residences, and to retire meanwhile to the barracks, furnishing supplies of luen, domestics, provisions, and necessaries, of all kinds, leaving no want unsupplied or mark of honour unpaid to me and my suite. So fully and precisely were these orders conveyed, that all ranks, whether civil or military, vied with each other in shewing the greatest amount of respect and kindness. It has indeed been a triumph for Holy Church to see the Catholic Bishop thus honoured and esteemed by the Mussulmans. More than all, the Christians on every side flocked to hear the Word of God in their various tongues, to receive the Sacraments and assist at the Functions. We have established two new missions; one at Media, and another in the island of Gerbe, which borders on the state of Tripoli."—*Corres. of Tablet*.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

To the Editor of the Freeman.

DUBLIN, 13th August, 1849.

SIR—It is with much reluctance that I trespass on your space, nor is it to repel the slanders of the subsidized press that I do so; but to discharge what I conceive to be a public duty by exposing the tyranny to which I have been subjected for daring to give public expression to my feelings upon a public question.

I have until now refrained from doing so lest it might be supposed that I was actuated by a desire to disturb the general harmony of the past week. But as the excitement consequent on the royal visit has now nearly passed away, I think I may lay before the public, through the medium of your journal, the facts connected with my arrest and imprisonment, without subjecting myself to the imputation of desiring to excite to offence against the Queen.

The charge preferred against me by Mr. Inspector Guy was that instead of illuminating my house I did ("most atrociously," as Mr. Porter observed) hang

my windows with mourning, and describe thereon the "atrocious" "famine" and "pestilence," and (not having the fear of Lord Clarendon before my eyes) did suspend from my house a large mourning flag bearing the "atrocious" emblem of an old Irish harp.

This I conceive to be an inoffensive expression of my opinions, and I have an authority of an eminent council for stating that it was *strictly legal*. Yet, for thus dissenting from this church-yard revelry, for thus refusing to participate in this act of shutting from the Sovereign's eye all evidence of national suffering, my house was invaded by a gang of detectives—my property seized, and I was dragged through the streets by armed policemen, imprisoned and shut out from all communication with my friends, even from the counsel who was to have defended me. But this is not all I have to complain of;—When brought to the Castle-yard, I was informed by Colonel Brown that I was arrested under the suspension of the habeas corpus act; in an hour afterwards I was told by Mr. Guy that there was *some delay* in making out the charge, and at half-past ten o'clock that night (Sunday) I was removed to Chancery-lane station-house, and informed that I was arrested on the above-mentioned charge, and that informations were sworn at the office of the Clerk of the Crown against me, which the Clerk of the Crown most positively denies.

The following morning my counsel sought, but was refused, communication with me, and politely informed that the case would not be heard until next (Tuesday) morning, as the magistrates had to attend the royal procession; yet strange to say, after this intimation, Mr. Porter was sent for, and at five o'clock on Monday evening I was brought to the Head-office, and after a few minutes notice, when Mr. Porter sat *privately* to hear the charge (which however they declined to press, knowing they could not sustain it), and thus juggling me out of the assistance of counsel, they succeeded in preventing the exposure of proceedings which they well knew to be illegal. However, the arrest and imprisonment had its effect, and the weak-minded who desired to avoid a like fate lighted their candles, and Dublin assumed an air of gaiety and joy. As for my part, I will seek redress before a proper tribunal, and assert my right to do what I like with my house, within the law, as I please.

I have the honour to be Sir, your obedient servant,

MICHAEL REILLY.

CHURCH OF THE EASTERN PASSAGE

CONSECRATION OF THE CEMETERY.

Mr. James Lawlor, and Mr. Cornelius O'Sullivan, the two Parishioners who were appointed to collect for the Church have made their applications this week for that purpose, and succeeded in obtaining over a hundred dollars. We have been favoured with the List of Subscribers which we shall feel great pleasure in publishing next week. We understand that the solemn ceremony of blessing the new Cemetery attached to the above Church will take place at 3 o'clock to-morrow. This ceremony will be performed by the Bishop. As some of the interior works are not yet finished, the consecration of the Church will be deferred for some time.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—

Ketch Harbour—John Martin, J. P.
Portuguese Cove—Mr. Richard Neal, Senr.
Bear Cove—Samuel Johnson, J. P.
Herring Cove—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power.
Ferguson's Cove—Mr. William Conway.
Quarries—Mr. O'Keefe.
North West Arm—Mr. Patrick Brennan.
Upper Prospect—Peter Power, J. P.

HORRIBLE FACTS PROVED AT CASTLEWELLAN

Facts have been proved beyond all reasonable doubt at Castlewellan which are calculated to make Irishmen blush for their country. Such cold-blooded atrocities, such inhuman brutalities, were never surpassed—we should rather say equalled or known—in any country having pretensions even to the name of civilization not to speak of Christianity. It is said there is a kind of "honour among thieves," and certainly the fierce and animal-like savage who, scalping knife in hand, pursues his enemy, rarely wreaks his insatiable vengeance on old women, children, and idiots. It remained for the Orangemen of the county of Down to outdo the savage in savageness and the brute in brutality. It has been their especial privilege to show the world how far demented men, demoralized by the abuse of Christianity itself, can sink below the untutored savage and senseless brute, and approach even the demons themselves in fiendish atrocity.

The investigation is now over, at least it is over for a time; and though it cannot be denied that the period for fair comment on the proceedings has arrived, still we do not wish to anticipate Mr. Berwick, the able, impartial, and high-minded judge whose business it is to report on the whole case. But there are some horrible things which were so clearly proved during the investigation that they must be regarded by all parties as established facts. On these we wish to fix public attention. Against such deeds we would wish to create a public opinion, that by its agency, rather than by that of law or armed force, our common country, our common civilization, our common Christianity, may be henceforth saved from such revolting disgraces.

On the last day of the investigation—Saturday—Margaret King being sworn and examined, deposed as follows:—

I was in my own house when the door was broken open and my uncle, Patrick King, killed; and the house was filled with Orangemen, and he came and begged his life; and one of the Orangemen, with a stone in his hand, struck him on the head, and three of them pulled him down the room; I made my escape then, and one of the Orangemen, with a gun in his hand, lifted a stone and d—d my soul for a Papish bitch, and knocked me down off the garden ditch with the stone; I returned to the garden and found three of them stabbing my uncle. I hid in the byre, in a little straw, and some of them came into the byre and stabbed the cow in two places; they then broke the stake and let the cow out; I then went out and saw my mother with my uncle, and I took him on my knee, and my uncle lived about ten minutes after; a soldier came up and said "may be he will live yet; he died on my knee."

To Mr. Rae—They d—d my grandmother, spat in her face, hit her on the head with a stone, and cut her arms, and then lifted a chair and smashed it on her forehead, the chair is there to be seen yet.

Our readers must bear in mind that all this was done in the name of religion! The whole proceeding was a religious ceremony—a religious triumph. The d—ing of the old woman, the spitting in the face, the hitting on the head, and the cutting of the head of the grey-haired old grandmother, was all done as part and parcel of the homage due to "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory." It is thus the Orangemen have sacrificed to the manes of the dead Dutchman for many and many a year.

We will quote three witnesses on this part of the subject:—

Margaret Trainor examined—When the work commenced I was in our own land, coming down to see the soldiers that were riding; when I was coming down in our own field I heard the first shot on the road; I saw the smoke; I will not say whether it was a squib or not; I had not time to say a word until I heard many; I ran up my own field and lay in the "shough," and a man with a sash on him came up and said, "D—n your souls, boys, here is a Papish and I'll smother her," he had no gun, but he lifted a stone and threw it at me; I ran on and then saw Mr. Beers, and he said, "D—n your souls, boys, pop her," I then ran on and took a side direction from them, and heard two shots passing by my head, and I saw no more.

Lifen King examined by Mr. Rae—Our house was wrecked; it is the long house near the cross roads at Mahermayo, when the disturbance began I saw Mr. F. Beers, and heard him say "come boys, you are into

M'Mullan's land, d—n your souls! blow them, man, woman, and child out of it!"

Elizabeth M'Poland sworn and examined, said—I saw Mr. Francis Beers on the twelfth, about a quarter of an hour after the firing began, I saw him a few perches from the school-house; he was in the field when I heard him using the words (I suppose to his own party)—"Fire, and kill on," when I heard these words I ran away to my own field, and one of the party fired a gun at me, and the ball went through the sleeve of the gown upon me.—*Dublin Freeman.*

A NOVEL BABY.—At the Mansion House, on Saturday, Sarah Prime was charged with having committed a robbery. The prisoner, who is a young woman, was met by a policeman, near Leadenhall Market. She was accompanied by two elderly persons, and they all shewed a disposition to avoid the officer, who, however, contrived to meet them plump at two or three turnings. The prisoner had in her arms what appeared to be a child, and would have passed for such if she had not betrayed such dread of the policeman, who, thereupon, took the liberty to enquire into the nature of her burthen. "Sure isn't it my baby?" said she. "Ah, then, don't be so cruel as to wake him for he's been very tender in his bowels." The policeman, however, was so cruel as to try and awake the baby; but upon stripping it to the skin, he found it to be a very fine leg of pickled pork—Alderman Gibbs: Did she carry it as a woman would carry her child?—The policeman: Certainly, my Lord, and she spoke to it when I went up to her as a mother would do so keep it from crying. (Laughter.)—Alderman Gibbs: Well, prisoner, do you choose to give any account of the manner in which you became the mother of this leg of pork? (A laugh.)—The Prisoner: Please your Lordship, I never said it was a child until he axed me whether it was't one, and I thought I would't satisfy him by telling him that it was, for as I paid for it I might call it what I liked. (Laughter.)—Alderman Gibbs: You certainly hit upon a very ingenious name, at the same time that it proved to be a very awkward one. There can be no doubt that you stole the meat, and you must go to Bridewell for one month.—The Prisoner: Faith, then, I did't steal a morsel of it.—Committed.—*London Paper.*

HONOR TO THE MONKS.—We have already been convinced that no imputation has been so inconsiderately cast against the monks as that of ignorance; for, were it true, from what source could the multitude of literary remains of the middle ages have been derived?

Our libraries contain vast numbers of important manuscripts, which we owe to the scriptoria of the old English monasteries, and that these are only a small portion of what once existed may be seen from the numerous catalogues of monastic libraries still preserved. For example, we may mention the enormous collection of manuscripts preserved at St. Mary's Monastery, on the banks of the Thames. Enormous for those times, for the catalogue, which has escaped the notice of Mr. Merryweather, is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and fills a large folio volume! This is the most important register of the kind with which we are acquainted, and well deserves publication. Unfortunately, very few volumes, preserved in this valuable collection, appear to have descended to our times. According to Baile, the destruction of manuscripts, at the Reformation, was most lamentable.

"Never," he says, "had we been offended for the loss of our libraries, being so many in number and in so desolate places, for the most part, if the chief monuments and most notable works of our excellent writers had been preserved; if there had been, in every shire in England, but one solemn library devoted to the preservation of those noble works, and preference of good learning in our posterity, it had been somewhat. But to destroy all, without consideration, is, and will be, unto England, forever, a most horrible infamy, among the grave signors of other nations. A great number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library books, some to serve their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea, to the bookbinders, not in small, but, at times, whole ships full. I know a merchant, which shall, at this time, be nameless that bought the contents of two noble libraries, for forty shillings price, a shame is it to be spoken! This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey pay for the space of more than these ten years,

and he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men who love their nation as they should do."

Even if this account be exaggerated, there can be no doubt but that it is substantially true, and it is, indeed, confirmed, in many respects, by undoubted testimony. The destruction of manuscripts, however, was not confined to the Reformers. It continued during the following century, and will probably continue, to some extent, as long as manuscripts exist. We can vouch for having seen a cartulary rescued from the hands of a gamekeeper, within the last few years, the first leaves actually having been perforated by a punch, the old vellum serving for wadding! In the seventeenth century the ancient manuscripts served for book covers, and still more ignoble purposes.—*Literary Gazette.*

SISTERS OF CHARITY IN ST. LOUIS.—I have been remiss in duty in not before paying a tribute of praise and gratitude to a body of Christian and benevolent females, but for whose heroic conduct our list of mortality would have been swelled to a far greater length than even its fearful appearance now presents. I allude to the "Sisters of Charity" of the city of St. Louis. In every sense of the word they have proven themselves to be the "good Samaritans" of this community. When panic and alarm had driven the relatives of the departed, in some of our most respectable families, to seek safety in flight from the presence of the dead, and none could be found to pay the last offices to such as slept in death, and to robe the body for the grave, these dauntless, self-sacrificing, religiously devoted females have never been appealed to in vain but have frequently gone and performed that which none others were willing to undertake. When public city hospitals were established in every ward in this city, where the most loathsome objects of this loathsome disease were huddled together in large numbers, and to take care of whom neither money nor entreaties could secure attendants, these "Sisters of Charity," with heroic firmness, again threw themselves into the breach, and voluntarily tendered their services to the public authority as nurses. Here, in these charnel-houses of the living, for week in and week out, they have stood as faithful sentinels facing the arch-enemy Death with a composure and fearlessness that but an unbounded reliance in the overshadowing care of a crucified Redeemer could impart, and contesting, inch by inch, the combat between that enemy and his victims with whom they were constantly surrounded. And when they have found that nature must yield to the king of terrors, and that the curtain of death was rapidly drawing around the sufferer, upon bended knees they could be seen reclining over infected lips, and entreating the expiring penitent to look with the eye of faith upon the image of their expiring Saviour. In the dens of vice, and in the humble habitations of the most destitute amongst us, and that are ever found in the outskirts and the by-places of all large cities, these messengers of mercy, philanthropy, and charity can be seen moving by day and by night, ministering unto the sick, comforting the afflicted, and gathering together helpless orphan infancy, that places of refuge might be secure for them in some of the different asylums of our city. When I see such disinterested benevolence as this—at a time, too, when fear has rent asunder the ties of affection and consanguinity; when many of our clergy, with their families, have sought in flight that protection which they so pathetically preach, in time of health, can only be found of God, and where almost every one acts upon the selfish and unchristian principle of "Every man take care of himself"—I feel as if that public acknowledgement should be made which such praiseworthy and benevolent conduct deserves.—*Letter from St. Louis.*

The *Roman Journal* of the 26th ult. publishes the following letter, addressed by the Sultan Abdul Medjid to Padre Arsenio, Superior of the Armenian Monks:—

"We have been apprised that the Armenian Catholic Monks of the Order of Anthony, established at Rome near the Vatican, and esteemed for a length of time amongst the most faithful subjects of our empire, are using every effort in their power to procure their co-religionists, our subjects, the advantages of education and morality, the foundation of wisdom and happiness. We have spontaneously sent to the said monastery the portrait of our person, our Imperial cypher, and our Imperial standard, to give them a proof of our satisfaction and our special protection."

ASSOCIATION

For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

Pious and truly charitable "Institution of the Propagation of the Faith" was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:—

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur.*

Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PEACOCK, *Superiress, either personally or by letter.*

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 14, 1849.