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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 Prosc. xxii.

“There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious.”—St. Cyprian Ep. 42 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 Jerus. Cat. xi. l.

VOL. 5.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 10, 1849.

NO. 7.

COMPITUM;

OR,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church THE ROAD OF CHILDREN.

Continued

The stranger knew a boy, of tender age, who literally was enamoured of the church in which he served a voluntary acolyte. When walking out with him, this little companion would cunningly propose to return by some way that would lead past it, that he might at least salute it from the portal. How lovely was religion to his mind, occupying him thus in his diversions, as well as in his serious moments. Of the juvenile imitation of holy things St. Athanasius, with some other little boys of Alexandria furnishes a memorable instance, when the bishop of that see recognised the validity of the rites which they had enacted in their simplicity, as Sozomen in his history relates. Antonio de Escobar mentions that when St. Peter Nolasco was a little boy of eight years he had such love for blessed Mary, that in all the palaces of the Viscountess of Narbonne, his aunt, where he was educated by the monk Gaudet, he had made little alters, on which he placed her image. But what shall we say of the holy joy of children on the festivals, when they witness or assist at the procession? The amiable writer of ‘Letters from Belgium,’ most charmingly describes the little representatives of angels who assisted at the solemnities of Corpus Christi in a village of Flanders. ‘You would so love Catholic children,’ she exclaims; ‘they carry one back to the days when mothers took them to Jesus that He should bless them; for they are ever speaking of Him with the same childish affection as that which we may suppose those children felt and expressed when just fresh from his maternal arms.’ Truly, it is of children, as yielding to the influences his Church supplies, that our Divine Redeemer says, ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ No one who has ever compared young minds and hearts under the two directions of the Church and her antagonist will be able to controvert this assertion.

Again, what attestations of the truth and what manifestations of the love of Catholicity are seen in the minds of children when they are first instructed for the sacraments by holy priests, when they are accosted familiarly or solemnly blessed by them! How was that young maiden Genevieve sweetly moved when the holy German of Auxerre, being on his journey to the sea with St. Loup Bishop of Troyes, travelling on foot, on coming to Nanterre, singled her out of the crowd of children, kissed her forehead, saying to her parents, happy was the day of her birth, for it was a festival not only in their hearts and in their house, but also in heaven, and then, giving her a medal, bestowed upon her his parting benediction! St. Peter of Alcantara, when a child, being missed from home at dinner-time, his parents sent to look for him, and he was found in the church absorbed in contemplation. St. Martin was only ten-years old when he fled to the church, against the wish of his parents, to become a catechumen. La Febyre, one of the first companions of St. Ignatius of Loyola, when a child of six years, used to mount on a great stone and preach on the mysteries of faith on festivals to the country people, who listened to him with admiration. Marina

de Escobar beheld in a vision, among spirits glorified, Marina Hernandez of Valladolid, who died in her fifth year, saying with her last breath, ‘I am going to heaven to bless and praise God in the choir of angels.’ ‘Ah, my little darling, how well I know you,’ she exclaimed now, on seeing her in ecstasy; to whom the child replied, ‘Dear aunt, my occupation here is what I said it would be as I expired.’—The admirable and affecting history of the holy child Mary Theresa of Jesus, of the town of San Lucan de Baramede, who died in 1637, aged five years, one month, and seventeen days, a prodigy of sanctity in the third order of our Lady of Mercy, is related by the reverend fathers of that order. Her charity to the poor, which was so great that she used to give them a portion of her own dinner, her reverence in the church, her sweetness at home, and her wonderful perception of the mysteries of faith, furnish matter for some delightful pages in their history.

The Church received the homage of children on earth in the spirit which a poet supposes that the choirs above hearken to them, ‘Distinguishing in the deep song of millions round the faltering tongue, and storing every lowly word even by the utterer’s self unheard.’ And we may observe, too, that, in proportion as persons were imbued with the spirit of the Catholic religion, did they lovingly minister to children, to guide them on to truth. ‘It used to happen sometimes,’ says Marina de Escobar, ‘that while walking in the streets, and meeting little boys, I could not restrain the desire I felt of accosting them, through a desire of inducing them to love God; and I used to interrogate them, saying, ‘Little ones, do you know the angelic salutation and our Lord’s Prayer?’ and when they used to reply that they knew them well, I would add, ‘Pray thus, my pupils, daily, and beseech the blessed Virgin that God may make you his servants and give you a great love for Himself.’ They used to look at me while I spoke, and say, ‘So we will do, Lady!’ The same spirit was evinced by the gravest men towards the young who crossed their path. Don Lopez de Vega thus treated his little son Carlos with a Christian gravity. Having finished his poem of ‘The shepherds of Bethlehem,’ he dedicated that sacred pastoral to him. ‘This prose,’ says he, ‘and these verses, addressed to the child god, are suitable to thy age. Begin to study in Christ in reading of his childhood. He will instruct thee how thou shouldst conduct thyself in thy childhood. May He protect thee!’ In the first dialogue of Palmeri the venerable Angelo Pandolfini begins by observing, that great things should be discussed before many auditors, and, unlike Milton, who promises one day to edify his readers with the beauty of philosophy ‘when there shall be no children present,’ he proposes that the little boys of the house should be called in. Accordingly, in they come; when one of them requests that nothing may be said but what they can all understand Pandolfini then assures him that he will utter nothing but what will be intelligible to the least little head amongst them all. ‘Sometimes when we speak of grave high matters,’ says a poet, ‘a child comes in, farewell then the dark or intricate theme.’ The disputants stop short and smile—

‘Tis as the dawn that puts to flight
The melancholy reveries of a troubled night.’
The Church, moreover, invested some children with a dignity that history itself is obliged to

adult and chronic. A humble child of seven years, a shepherdess, admitted to the presence of the most illustrious strangers, becoming the patroness of Paris, and St. Benozet, a shepherd lad on the banks of the Rhone, patron of the ancient papal city. How many children, again, were conducted to the church literally as to a mother’s eye in regard to solicitude for their material nourishment! Brother Bartholemey Garriga, one of the greatest men that Montserrat ever produced, was thus offered in his childhood by his father, who was very poor, and who came leading an ass with panniers, having in one his son, and in the other a kid. The sacristan took the kid, but declined the boy. The father refusing to take him back, the monks carried him to the abbot, Brother Peter of Burgos, who placed him in the seminary. After nine years he received the habit, and became twice abbot of the monastery. It was he who built the new church, as he predicted when a boy, lamenting that the church of our Lady was then so small. He died in the hermitage of St. Dymas, which he had chosen for his retreat. He ordered the following notice of his life to be inscribed in the list of the deceased monks:—‘Fr Bart Garriga ex rusticana progenie or-us, ad presens cœnobium Divæ Virginis Mariæ de Monte Serrato anno 1511 octava in natis matris Patre suo adductus et oblatum fuit, cum infans septem annorum et parvis utulis pro servitio tantæ domus esset; sed per admodum Rev. Patrem abbatem nullo alio prætextu nisi solo amore Dei receptus in collegio aliorum scholarum coram Capitulo imaginem cœniventium aggregatus fuit.’ Here we find but an ancient track now overspread with weeds, and all but choked with rank plants, through which few can hope to follow it. Yet it was once well beaten; and at least, as historical, it claims our notice; for among the openings to truth presented on his part of the road of childhood, we must not overlook the provision made by the Catholic society of the middle ages to conduct it from the first by the action of what may be styled circumstance to a love for eternal things. All doubt being excluded by faith, the Church certainly evinced only her maternal solicitude by permitting such arrangements, as long as the evil passions of men did not turn what was innocent to abuse. And, after all, how many might now, in a joyless time, bereft of holiest privileges, desire such a reception as that of Garrigan at Montserrat; since, as a poet says,
Man is

— amidst a world of ills,
That may entice him, and to outward look
The merest thing of circumstance, and framed
By parents and instructors, at a chance,
Into a demon’s or an angel’s mould†.

So true, as far as it extends, is the Virgilian line:

— ad in teneris consuescere multum est†.

It would be a curious research, following Antonio de Yepes, monk of Montserrat, through his general chronicle of the Benedictine order, to note the multitude of holy children who in the monasteries of the middle ages were thus directed to truth and happiness by smooth short roads, the childhood showing the man, as morning shows the day; not left to wander till death through a labyrinth which had no egress, like some of the ill-fated children of the Athenians, or like others of them, to be devoured by some monster, as the minotaur, half brute, half man. As we now see children soldiers, whom Mars

dotes on for his novices, offered, as it were, by their parents to the god of war; so were for many ages boys of tender years initiated in the service and planners of the Prince of Peace.—St. Maur in his eleventh, St. Placidus in his seventh year, Fructus at the same age, St. Boniface in his fifth, Venerable Bede in his seventh, St. Hildegard in her eighth, St. Mechthild in her seventh, Panormitanus in his thirteenth, Petrus Diaconus in his fifth year, were clad in the religious habit without a voice being heard proclaiming that innocence was wronged. This custom was so common in Spain, that St. Fructuosus, Archbishop of Bracara, provided for the maintenance of nurses to take charge of the children until they should grow up. Down to much more recent times extreme youth was not an insuperable obstacle to reception into monasteries. St. Peter of Alcantara offered himself to the Franciscans at the age of sixteen. This yoke, thus early taken or imposed, appears to our age as a horrible and prodigious phenomenon; but without referring to the sacred words, that it is good for man to bear a yoke from his youth,—and it is hard to discover what yoke the moderns would approve of,—think you, supposing no constraint,—for in some cases at least, as that of St. Benedict, the will existed in the child,—was there no attraction felt by the young heart when submitted to the holy influence of a religious community? However, I am not going to dwell upon a discipline often forbidden, as to the Benedictine abbots of England, by the statutes of the Legate Otho in 1238, that was no doubt liable to be abused by the passions of self-interested men in secular life. Let us only observe here, how the whole theory and practice of the first education in the Catholic Church opens a wide avenue to truth almost irresistibly inviting to children, owing to the happy exemption of their age from any internal antagonism. ‘Qui aime bien, chaste bien,’ was the proverb; but chaster, says the commentator, meant not punir, but clever, instruire; an interpretation which will perhaps excuse the stipulation of the Earl of Warwick, on becoming tutor to the young Prince Henry VI., insisting on the droit de chatier. Catholicity requires that from mothers’ exquisite skill the first rules for instructing children should be derived; and, in fact, within the Church we find admirable principles indicating that origin laid down by Catholic guides for ensuring a kind, gentle, and yet firm government, avoiding those incessant complaints which are so contrary to the joyous mood in which the first innocent age should pass. Then, if we view him advanced a few steps further, what child would not prefer the sweet, mild, but austere instructions of a priest, proceeding by the rules of Gerason, expressed in his treatise ‘De Parvulis ad Christum trahendis,’ to the harsh, imperious, though in regard to licentiousness indulgent lessons of one of those brutal and pedantic professors who now in France so burn to supersede him? though, like the Gentiles of old, declaring all the while that the office of teaching is like the torture of the cross, and explaining their misery by saying with Cicero, ‘Nam quo quisque est sollicitior et ingeniosior, hoc docti iracundius et laboriosius.’

The instruction of children appears in a very

* Antonio de Yepes, Chronic Gen S. Bon 120 633.

† Le Roux de-Lincy, Le Livre des Proverbes. † Reglement donne par une dame de haute qualite a sa petite fille pour sa conduits et pour celle de sa maison. Art ix.

‡ Gers Op t ii 27. † P. de Rousin

* De. Legibus. i 17.

† In Evang Com Paneg tom vii 201.

‡ La Pere Marcheseo, Vie de S Pierre d’A 13.

§ Bartoli Hist de S Ignaci de L lib ii.

* Vit Ven Virg Marime, P ii lib i c 21.

† Hist de l’Ordre de la Mercy, 818—823.

‡ Vit Ven Verg Marime, lib i c 23.

§ La Vita Civile.

* Dom Louis Montegut Hist de Notre-Dame

du Montserrat, 183.

† Morris.

‡ George ii 272

different light to the teacher whom the Church inspires. In his last years, Gerson could not even endure any society but that of children.—He lived with and taught them, or rather he sought to receive instruction himself from these innocent friends of his Saviour. He counted on their intercession, and assembled them on the eve of his death to beg that they would pray for him, saying, 'Seigneur, ayez pitié de votre pauvre serviteur Jean Gerson.'

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, FEB'Y. 10.

THE CLARE COMMISSIONERS.

During the entire controversy on the School question in Clare, which so much disgusted the public some time ago, we refrained, for obvious reasons, from any allusion to the subject; and it we allude to it now, we do so for the purpose of performing an act of justice to an estimable young Clergyman whose name has been unwarrantably mixed up with that truly ridiculous affair. The name of the Rev. Mr. Carmody, of Meteghap, was appended to some document or documents connected with the celebrated Academics in Clare, and the investigation held thereupon. Now, we have seen a private Letter this week from Mr. Carmody himself, in which he declares "that he knew nothing of his name being mixed up with it, until he read it in the public prints, and that he never gave his sanction to any such thing."

We were going to add that this is "passing strange," but we cannot be surprised at any thing, when we remember that the Bishop of the Diocese himself was shamefully calumniated in the progress of this paltry squabble, and this during his absence. It was unblushingly asserted that he subscribed Twenty Pounds towards the expenses of a contested Election, in which two Catholic Candidates were opposed to each other. The Father of Lies himself never told nor insinuated a baser falsehood. We have good authority for stating that the Bishop never subscribed for any Election in the whole course of his life, much less for the mighty contest in Clare. Thus we might add this lying report to the thousand and one falsehoods which were so profusely circulated in 1847 concerning the Bishop and his Clergy.

There is however, a vicesemblance in this last calumny which calls for our especial notice, and which, under all the circumstances, adds considerably to the wanton malignity and ingratitude of those who gave it currency.

It is true that the Bishop gave Twenty Pounds in Clare; but it is false that he gave it for Electioneering purposes, and no one knows this better than Mr. Comeau, one of the sitting members, who actually received the money from his Lordship, and who is now in town.—But, when was it given, and for what purpose?

It was given in July, 1846, full thirteen months before the General Election, and at a time when there was not one word about such an event.

For what purpose was it given?

There are hundreds in Clare, and some now in Halifax, who could satisfactorily answer this question. For the benefit of the uninitiated, however, we must relate a small history.

For a great number of years a fierce dispute had existed amongst the Acadian French in Clare, respecting the boundaries of certain lands which were granted at two successive periods to two large bodies of French settlers. The families who received the first grant were called the *Shore Party*, because their farms lay along the shore of St Mary's Bay. The later comers, who settled in the woods behind the lands of the former, were called the *Concession Party*. It seems that in times past, when the land was not so valuable as it is now, the Concession party made unconscious inroads on the grounds of their neighbours. This state of things was further confused by the disputed boundary lines of surveyors. The dispute was growing hotter from year to year, and at length both parties went to law. When we say that upwards of one hundred families at both sides were deeply involved in this litigation, our readers may form some idea of the harrassing excitement that was produced in Clare. The Digby lawyers were well fed, but the sad harvest reaped by the litigants was scandal, dissensions, malice, and all uncharitableness. In fact, the whole district was divided into two parties who were pitted against each other in hostile camps. The principle in-

olved was tested over and over in the Law Courts, and the Law invariably decided in favor of the *Shore Party*. Their opponents, however, relying on the strength of their case, would not be satisfied, and after each defeat they returned to the struggle with new dollars and fresh courage. On this that their own lawyers told them their case was hopeless, but they forced the lawyers to go on. This was the melancholy state of things when the Bishop made his Visitation in Clare in July, 1846. He found the people of the district in open war with each other, vast sums of money having been already expended, and no appearance of a termination of the business until one or both parties should be ruined. The Bishop interfered for the sake of peace, and the cessation of scandal. He addressed them several times on the subject, and invited all parties to come before him, with all the evidence, oral and written, which they could produce in favour of their respective claims, promising to decide by an equitable arbitration if possible. The two parties assembled accordingly, and the Bishop patiently listened to every tittle of evidence which they had to produce.—(We give our particulars from an eye witness, who was present during the whole time). He then earnestly recommended a charitable settlement of the dispute. And having heard that the *Shore Party* had offered, before Law proceedings were first begun, to divide the disputed territory with their opponents, he proposed that all their legal expenses should be refunded to them on condition that they should renew their peaceable offer. They naturally replied that they were now in a different position—that after three years of harrassing litigation the Law of the Land had decided in their favor, and that some of them were upon in actual legal possession of the whole of their portion of the disputed territory. (This amounted to about 40 acres, as we have heard, in ever one case.) Nevertheless, for the sake of peace, and to show their respect for their Chief Pastor, who had taken so much trouble on their account, they adopted the suggestion of His Lordship. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr Bourneuf, who was one of the *Shore Party*, for the straight-forward and manly part he acted in this affair.

When the above liberal proposal was made to the *Concessionists*, they hesitated for a long time, and flatly refused to pay a penny of the Law Costs. It was then that the Bishop, fearing that themselves and their families would be ruined by a protracted litigation, put his hand in his pocket and offered them Twenty Pounds towards refunding the Law Costs. This sum was given by His Lordship to Mr Comeau, the spokesman of the *Concessionists*, who was influenced, no doubt, by a laudable desire to promote the interests of his own friends. A Deed of Agreement was drawn up by the Bishop, and was immediately signed by about 50 of the litigants. The rest signed soon after. All the minor difficulties of the case were adjusted by him in a satisfactory manner; the Law proceedings were stayed, and that desolating fire brand was extinguished in the District. In all this we believe that the Bishop discharged the duties of a Minister of Peace. But what shall we say of those who would insinuate in the newspapers and otherwise that the Bishop gave this money to oppose the election of this same Mr. Comeau thirteen months after, and thereby to promote excitement and contention in the very district, the pacification of which had cost him so much trouble?

We shall not add another syllable to this plain statement, unless to express a hope that the journals which gave circulation to the above calumnies will also print their refutation. As for the parties who, in his absence, have wantonly dragged our Bishop's name into the most contemptible newspaper squabble we have ever read, and with which he had no connection whatsoever, we leave them to the grace of blushing, if such a grace has not long since departed.

PRUDENTIUS.

We have received the closing number of the *Cathemerinon* of Prudentius; and we beg to express our gratification and thanks to the worthy translator—an old Alumnus of St Mary's College, Halifax—who, with so much credit to himself, has placed before our readers the beauties of this ancient poet. None but those who have read the original can estimate the labours of our gifted Correspondent, or the happy facility with which he has transfused the genius of Prudentius into English versification. When

the Poem shall be finished, we hope the entire will be published in a more durable form than the columns of a Newspaper; for we are sorry to say that English Catholic literature is sadly deficient in works of this kind. The beauties of our numerous Catholic poets are confined to the dead or foreign languages, and every laudable attempt like the present, to make them familiar to the English reader, should be hailed with gratitude and delight by every friend of religion.

We should be sorry that the *Cathemerinon* of Prudentius would close our connection with M. A. W.; and we sincerely hope that his poetical pen will still further delight our readers. There are several beautiful Hymns in the *Peri Stephanon* of Prudentius, which seem to court his patronage; or if he wish to exchange the devout Spaniard for some other Christian Poet, we are sure he will feel no difficulty in making a selection.

If the *Cathemerinon* should be republished in a Book form—as we earnestly hope, for the benefit of Catholic Colleges and Schools—we think the Latin text should accompany the translation. The accuracy, fidelity and beauty of the latter cannot be sufficiently perceived unless placed in juxtaposition with the former.

CURIOUS STATE OF THINGS IN IRELAND.

The recent accounts from the land of suffering and persecution are more startling than any thing we have heard of for a long time. Society seems to be breaking up, and resolving itself into some of its original elements. The small farmers are emigrating in shoals.

The lands are deserted and in many cases untilled, though the burthens on land have increased to an alarming extent.

The iron-hearted landlords are at length beginning to reap the just reward of their iniquities. No one pities them. Cast off and rejected by England who hitherto supported them at the point of the bayonet, they are execrated in Ireland, in Europe, throughout the world.

God's vengeance has already overtaken them in a signal and striking manner. Their parks and mansions have in several instances been purchased by the Poor Law Commissioners, and many a squire's house is already occupied as a Supplementary Pauper Asylum.—Whosoever does not behold the finger of Providence here is blind and stupid.

But the end is not yet. The cries and groans of the poor down-trodden Irish have pierced the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth; and the Lord has arisen to judge their cause, and to avenge it.

The English arms too are doubly tarnished in this inhuman struggle. Fifty thousand bayonets have been forcing the starving Irish to maintain the silence of the grave, to support a devil-born Church by their tears and blood, to endure a slavery more bitter than death itself.

But the English army was not sufficiently disgraced. It is now to be recruited from the *Poor House*, or rather from the outcasts of the Pauper Asylum!

We do not joke. In some parts of Ireland, the paupers applying for relief are ordered to go to the *Recruiting Sergeants* of the District, and if on approval by those swaggering Cockaders, they refuse to enlist, they are immediately cut off from the Poor Law Bocks! This is indeed the most delicate compliment that has been paid within our memory to Queen Victoria and the British Army. From the porridge Pan of the Poor House to the Canteen of the Barrack there is now but one step. 'Enlist or Starve' will be the motto of the new Battalions. We suppose they will be dieted on stirabout and water gruel to enable them to fight the frog-feeding French, if Nap the 2nd should by and bye take it into his head to play over again the pranks of his uncle, and to fulminate a new Berlin Decree against 'the nation of shop keepers!'

Not many days have elapsed, according to the *Dublin Freeman*, since a crowd of half starved, shivering wretches who were denied admission at the Poor House, were seen at an early hour grouped around the Castle Gate of Dublin, waiting for a chance of enlistment. Oh! if "Corporal Cobbett" were now alive, how he would apostrophize, "the Envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world!"

The celebrated "Battle of the Salt Herrings" which was formerly fought on French ground will be superseded one of these fine days by "the Battle of Rotten Potatoes and Stirabout."

Oh! England, England! great indeed is thy fall! and terrible is the humiliation which God has still in store for thee!

BURIAL RIOT.

A painful struggle which according to the *Honesdale Democrat*, amounted to a riot occurred lately at the burial of a Catholic lady of Honesdale, whose husband, a Protestant, insisted that she should be interred in a Protestant grave yard. The step-father a respectable Catholic, claimed for her Catholic interment, conformably to her dying request; but the President Judge of the district, being consulted declared that the will of the husband was paramount. Unfortunately the friends of the deceased resolved to enforce her wish, and a disgraceful contest occurred, which happily ended without bloodshed. The interment finally took place in Protestant burial ground.

We take the above from the *Philadelphia Catholic Herald*. It exhibits one of the least of the unhappy consequences of what are called 'Mixed Marriages.' Those mixed marriages are an unmixed curse, and have caused the damnation of thousands. They are reprobated by the Divine and Natural Law, they are declared sinful by the Church, they have been detested by various Popes who declare that the Church 'abhors' them; they are unaccompanied by the sacrament of marriage, and are thus void of all grace or blessing. And yet, *soi-disant* Catholics will contract such heathen alliances, and expose their own souls as well as those of their unfortunate children to everlasting damnation.

How much better for Mrs Gilmoro of Honesdale, (the unhappy Lady alluded to above,) to have married a member of her own religion, or to have remained single all her life, rather than contract a criminal alliance with her brutal bigot of a husband, the enemy of God and of his Holy Church! Even the Disciple of Love St John gives this warning. 'If any man come to you, and bring not this doctrine (of Christ) receive him not into the house, nor say to him God speed you.' (2 Epist v 10.) And St Paul says to Titus. 'A man that is a heretic after the first and second admonition, avoid.' (iii 10.) What would these Apostles say to a Catholic, to a privileged child of the Church, to a member of Christ's mystical Body, who has the criminal courage to *intermarry* with heretics, and especially with those who detest the Church, and Faith of Christ? What would they say especially to *Catholic females* who place their temporal and eternal happiness in the keeping of one who is most likely to ruin both—who deprive themselves of the grace of the Sacrament of Marriage—who exclude Jesus Christ and his Blessed Mother from their profane nuptials—who contract a mere human, natural, carnal alliance, without benison or priest—who surrender their souls and bodies to the tender mercies of 'heathens and publicans' that 'will not hear the Church'—who bind themselves as wives in disgraceful bondage to those cruel men who sport with their religious feelings in life, and pursue them with unrelenting ferocity to the grave!—What would St Paul or St John say to them!—Or rather, what will the Judge of the living, and the dead say to them at the last day!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notus Scotus is respectfully declined. Ours is not a political Journal, and any thing he has to say respecting the present Government *pro* or *con*, will appear much more appropriately in a secular paper.

Our correspondent *Amicus* is rather unreasonable. He writes us a second letter, though we excused ourselves for not printing the first. We do not wish to enter into the College Question, because we have no wish to beat the air, or run a-muck against a windmill. We will wait patiently until the Government plan is propounded, if they have a plan. We do not believe with *Amicus* that it is their intention to deprive the youth of Nova Scotia of every opportunity of acquiring a classical education, or one superior to that which can be obtained in the Common Schools, for that would be to shut out from them all hope of reaching any of the respectable professions, and to transform the Province into another Bœotia. They will not, we think, incur the Horatian reproach:—"Dam vitant stultitiam in contraria currant."

THE HALIFAX CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.

In this little volume,—which has been lately published, and which is indispensable in every Catholic family,—besides much other useful matter, there is an Explanation of all the Psalms used at *Vespers*, on Sundays, by the Catholic Church.

"One of the military," announced in our list of subscriptions last week, as giving 2s. 5d. towards the Propagation of the Faith, is Christopher Seagrave, Private of the 97th Regiment.

UNITED STATES.

Our excellent contemporary the Boston *Catholic Observer* has come out in its new dress, with a beautiful and appropriate Head piece, and a double quantity of useful matter. It contains a scathing denunciation of the New York Nation, and of that pompous little Tom Tit, T. D. McGee, of runaway notoriety. This would-be Infidel has received another powerful castigation from a writer in the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*—We are delighted to find the Catholic Press in the U. States taking to task this very bad specimen of the Young Irishers. They seem to have known him well in Ireland itself, even during the hottest fervour of the physical-force agitation. When the Council or Committee of 21 was found inconveniently numerous, it was proposed to reduce the number, in order to elude the vigilance of the Castle. T. D. McGee's name was not left on the small number of the elect, and we have heard that he was dreadfully stomachached in consequence thereof. He is now in very good hands at this side of the water, and we think that before long, a similar vote of "want of confidence" will be passed upon him by every Irishman in America, who really deserves the name.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Collected by Mr Buckley in Ward No. 3:—

Mrs Mitcham and Richard McNeely, 5s each; Patrick Drummond, Mrs Barber, Mrs James Hardey, Peter Morrissey, Mrs John Walsh, Patrick Hogan, Henry Reilly, Mrs George Bagnall, William Leahy, A Friend, Widow Kenny, Patrick Fahy, and James Duggan, 2s 6d each; William Tierney, Joseph Butler, Mrs John Moore, Thomas Gilfoyle, Cornelius O'Sullivan, William Kavanagh, Peter Loughlan, Mrs John Casoy, Mrs Condon, Miss Catherine Doyle, Cornelius Mallowney, Mrs Gunter, Mrs John McGrath, Mrs Connors, Charles Crowley, John Hendry, Daniel Buckley, William Kelley, Mrs Daniel O'Sullivan, James Cartney, Patrick Maughan, Widow Whelan, James Cummins, Wm Colman, Simon Gorman, Gasper Wilson, Widow Kavanagh, Widow Holmes, Patrick McLoughlin, Pierce Larkin, Arthur Jones, James Brennan, Edward Tobin, John McEvoy, Mrs S Carrow, Robert Walsh, Andrew Cullerton, Edward Boastace, James Daly, Jeremiah Quinlan, Mrs Smithers, Martin Fahbert, Richard Neville, Maurice Halloran, Patrick Godfrey, Patrick Farrell, Michael Power, A Friend, Widow Kehoe, Sarah Brackett, Charles McIntyre, Miss Catherine Devaney, and Mrs David O'Brien, 1s 3d. each; John Cummins, 1s.; Mrs Martin, 8d.; Patrick Vaughan, James Maher, Patrick McDermott, Mrs Catherine Marsh, Mrs Rafter, Widow Maher, Widow Reynard, Maurice McDonald, Widow Kennedy, and A Friend, 7d. each.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLICS OF FRANCE TO THE POPE.

The following noble address to His Holiness was deliberated and adopted at the Catholic Circle of Paris, on Dec. 18th, 1848. It is worthy of the great nation whose high and generous emotions it expresses. Neither faith nor chivalry, neither religious nor political grandeur can be extinct, where hearts can so utter themselves in words which, at such a time as this, do in effect constitute actions.

Most Holy Father—

The Catholic world has murmured with painful indignation on hearing of the attempt which Rome has witnessed carried into effect against your Holiness. May the unanimity of our beloved Father!

Your Holiness, with that kindness which you draw from Divine sources, has heaped your benefits on Rome and Italy. You have consecrated the rights of the weak, recalled their duties to the strong. You have spoken to the nations, and the oceans, taking a holy enthusiasm from each of your words, transmitted them to each other as a force and as a light for marching more surely towards the future.

The universe, moved by so high and tender a voice, learned once again the civilising virtue of that Chair of Rome, which substituted right for might, which created the Christian republic, snatched Europe from barbarism and the world from chaos.

The spiritual sovereignty of souls, drawing from the sovereignty of the city, twice a queen, its independence, its serenity, its splendour, behold what it was that struck the soul, that was a light for all consciences! The supreme Ponti-

ficato and the sacred principality formed at Rome a glorious and necessary union; for it is good that there was, in this world, a throne where the Prince was a father—a State, whose men were less subjects than sons!

The union, sealed by ages, frantic men have sworn to shatter. They have sworn to destroy that temporal sovereignty of the Papacy, which is the guarantee of the independence of Catholic consciences throughout the whole world. They have sworn it; but their evil design will perish.

The true Romans, reanimated by their ancient love, will emerge from that torpor which freezes their courage; they will return to you, to their father. Your enemies will fall under universal reprobation.

Most Holy Father, such is our hope; but if it were not to be realised, your children of France would cry out to you: 'Come to us!' or rather, 'Behold us, ourselves, our arms, our goods, our lives. Seek, Most Holy Father, we wait; prostrate in grief, at the venerated feet of the visible Chief of the Church, Spouse of Christ.'

We, as Catholics, are ready to follow you as Peter followed the Lord; as Frenchmen, we desire to maintain the foundation of Pepin and Charlemagne. It is the French tradition! The Papacy, at Rome, is not only Italy, it is Christianity!

Meanwhile, with our brethren, with our Pastors, we in clore of God, who touches the insensate, and enlightens them, that Rome may return to herself, that she may restore you, Most Holy Father, to her affection, as when she marched in your train, ruling over the whole world.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.—The *Daily News* contains the following announcement:—"Within the last five years the Rev. J. P. Eden has been presented to four benefices in succession, by the Bishop of Durham. The last is, Bishop Wearmouth, value 2,000l. a year." All doubts as to the exact locality of the Garden of Eden are now, of course, set at rest. It blooms in the county of Durham.—*Punch*.

The *Warwick Advertiser* says that it has been found necessary to expel two of the scholars in Rugby School, for attending the Roman Catholic chapel in Warwick, and declaring their belief in the tenets of the church of Rome.

ITALY—ROME.

THE AFFAIRS OF THE POPE.—The Naples Correspondent of the *Times* asserts that the French took advantage of the murder of Count Rossi to induce his Holiness to leave Rome, their only motive being the electioneering use they could make of his presence in France; that his Holiness however, decided on going to Minorca instead of France, and that a Spanish steamer was sent for from Marseilles, but its arrival at Gaeta was delayed by French intrigues. The Pope, coming to Gaeta, and finding no Spanish steamer in waiting, at once resolved to throw himself on the hospitality of the King of Naples, who nobly, and without consulting his Government, gave him the most cordial welcome. Thus were the French intrigues, according to the *Times*' Correspondent, thoroughly defeated.

I think," he continues, "the anxiety to possess the person of the Pontiff is pretty well evinced, not only by the part played by the Duke d'Harcourt, the Minister of the Republic at Rome, but by the extraordinary mission of M. de Corcelles and the unexpected coming of an aide-de-camp of General Cavaignac, who astonished all the world on Saturday at Gaeta. The Pope remains at Gaeta for the present, as the foreign diplomatists insist on his not leaving the immediate frontier, and as hopes are still entertained by France and Spain that he will select one of the steamers as a refuge. That the King of Naples is not idle, on his part, and his Majesty and the Royal family pass the greater part of their time at Gaeta, not only out of respect for their illustrious guest, but for the purpose, apparently, of overlooking the manœuvres of the allies. The anxiety to obtain the Pope is not confined to the King of Naples and the representatives of France and Spain; and the Provisional Government of Rome are anxiously desiring his return. A deputation came to the frontier on Saturday (the 9th inst.) to implore his Holiness to restore his person to the care of his beloved subjects; but the Pope refused to receive them, and the gentlemen were not allowed to cross the line. The Minister of France complained that the

deputation was so unceremoniously treated, but the officer in charge showed him an order written by Cardinal Antonelli, Chamberlain to the Pope, in which it was expressly and formally stated that he was determined not to communicate, directly or indirectly, with an usurper Government. It is said at Rome, and may be said at Paris, that the Pope, in consequence of the deputation being sent back, in under duress by the King of Naples, but the order was written by the proper officer, and the foreign Ministers at Gaeta are the best witnesses of his perfect freedom. Letters from Rome state that this determination had created a great sensation among the friends of the Provisional Government. The Prince of Canino took advantage of it to propose in the Chamber a resolution, to the effect that the temporal throne was vacant, and that the sovereignty rested in the people; which resolution, by the way, was referred to the *bureau*, whilst others exclaimed, 'What is to be done, and how is the Government to be conducted, without money, and the presence of the Sovereign?' The Minister, Galetti, says another authority 'considered the Pontiff no longer responsible for his acts—the mere tool and instrument of foreign diplomatists. Nevertheless he was not disposed at the present juncture to render impossible a friendly understanding. As a step towards that amicable adjustment he would propose in selecting a regency to act during the Pope's absence, there should be placed at the head of it the very cardinal (Castracane) whom the Pope himself had chosen, and had named in that paper of the 27th November which, by reason of the flight of the other members of the proposed junta, had taken no effect. Galetti had much difficulty in carrying his point with the assembly, but ultimately the ministerial proposal was carried at a late hour of the evening. On Saturday morning, (the 9th) at day-break, Cardinal Castracane sent off another deputation in his own name, to Gaeta, and the Pope's answer was to be known the same evening too late for post. Castracane is one of the oldest and most illustrious names in the roll of Roman nobility. The princes of that house have been always men of unsullied honour and integrity.' Two of the Ministers—Lunati, of Finance, and Sereni, of Grace and Justice—had previously retired; and every one naturally inquires if Messrs. Sterbini, Mamiani, and Galetti have strength sufficient to support their awful responsibility."

The diplomatic circle at Gaeta is strengthened by the arrival of M. de Boutenoff and M. de Pareto, the one the known Russian Minister, the other the Sardinian Envoy, and by the Prussian Charge, the Baron Kamuz, and the Belgian, M. de Ravenstein. No less than twenty nine cardinals have also arrived, and the Pope has been enabled to hold a consistory. From every quarter the nobility, the gentry, and the people are flocking in to receive the Papal benediction, and nearly the whole time of his Holiness is devoted to receiving the anxious crowd that implore his aid. The general feeling at Naples is, that his Holiness will be recalled to Rome by a demonstration of the people being made in his favour, and that the armed intervention of no Italian or foreign power will be necessary.

The *Pensiero Italiano* of Genoa, of the 14th inst., publishes the following important news from Rome, dated the 11th.—"The Provisional Government has been proclaimed. It consists of the Senators of Rome and Bologna, and of the Gonfaloniere of Ancona. The Pope was declared to have forfeited his temporal power. The Minister Sterbini harangued the people, and announced that the Pope alone, as Bishop, should be permitted to return to Rome, and that the entrance of the city was to be interdicted to all the cardinals and prelates. The people, enthusiastic with joy, traversed the streets of Rome, crying, 'Death to the Pope! Death to the Cardinals!'"

The *Moniteur* publishes the following letters, which have passed between General Cavaignac and the Pope.

From General Cavaignac to His Holiness.

Paris, Dec. 3.

Very Holy Father—I address this despatch, and another from the Archbishop of Nices, your Nuncio to the Government of the Republic, to your Holiness, by one of my aides-de-camp,

The French nation, deeply afflicted at the troubles with which your Holiness has been, moreover, profoundly affected at the sentiment of

to demand temporarily, hospitality in France, which it will be happy and proud to secure to you, and which it will render worthy of itself and of your Holiness. I write to you, therefore, in order that no feeling of uneasiness or unfounded apprehension may divert your Holiness from your first resolution. The Republic, the existence of which is already consecrated by the mature, persevering, and sovereign will of the French nation, will see with pride your Holiness give to the world spectacle of that exclusively religious consecration which your presence in the midst of it announces, and it will receive you with the dignity and the religious respect which becomes this great and generous nation. I have felt the necessity of giving your Holiness this assurance, and I heartily desire that your arrival may take place without much delay.

It is with those sentiments, Very Holy Father, that I am your respectful son.

General Cavaignac.

The following is the reply of his Holiness:—

Monsieur le General—I addressed you a letter through the medium of M. de Corcelles, to express my feelings and my extreme gratitude to France. That gratitude increases more and more in seeing the new steps you are taking towards me, in your own name, and in that of France, by sending me one of your aides-de-camp with a letter offering me hospitality in a land which has been, and ever will be, fertile in characters eminently Catholic and devoted to the Holy See. And here my heart feels the necessity of again assuring you that a favourable opportunity will not fail to present itself when I may extend with my own hand my apostolic benediction over the great and generous French family.

Although Providence has conducted me by surprising means to the place in which I am at present, without the least premeditation or the least concert on my part, that does not prevent me, even here, from prostrating myself before God, whose Vicar, though unworthy, I am, supplicating Him to shed His benedictions on you and on all France.

Pius Papa Nonus.

Given at Gaeta, 10th December, 1848.

A minor assassination has taken place at Rome. In a wine shop the coachman of the Bavarian Ambassador, who had driven the Pope (disguised as chaplain to his master, De Spaur, on the night of the 24th), having boasted of his cleverness in rescuing the Pontiff from the vagabond Romans, was instantly set upon and pogniarde. He is not yet dead.

The most perfect tranquillity prevailed at Bologna on the 10th inst. On the 9th, General Zucchi addressed the following letter to M. Cambrillo, Minister of War, at Rome:—

"I retained the command I at first intended to resign; because, having hitherto succeeded in maintaining order and tranquillity at Bologna, notwithstanding a thousand provocations, I consider it needful for the cause of order to preserve it some time longer. Your institutions morely tend to excite insubordination and revolt among the troops. You appear to delight in this, as also in attacking absent men, which is an act of cowardice. But I hope we shall meet one of these days, when I will tell you my mind more categorically, and bring you to account for your insolent conduct."

On the 7th he and the Marquis Carlo Bevilacqua had received the Pope's decree of the 27th ult., appointing them members of the Committee of the Provisional Government established at Gaeta. The Prolegate of Bologna has published the letter addressed to him on the subject by those two personages: 'We should be wanting in honour if we refused to respond to the confidence shown us by the Sovereign in appointing us members of the Committee of the Provisional Government. The interest of the country itself imposes upon us the duty of complying with the wish of His Holiness, and to labour as much as lies in our power to effect a just reconciliation between the people and the Prince. May God assist us in the accomplishment of our undertaking, which is the sole cause of our departure, and in establishing Italian nationality. Should our endeavours prove unsuccessful or useless, in consequence of circumstances, we will re-enter private life with the satisfaction of having at least paid our debt to the country, and the Sovereign. We leave the present declaration in your hands, in order that our fellow-citizens may find in it the moving principle of our conduct. Signed General Zucchi and Carlo Bevilacqua.' General Zucchi and the Marquis Bevilacqua

Hymns of the Heart.

No. 6.

ECCE AGNUS DEI.

Behold the Lamb!

Oh! Thou for sinners slain,—
Let it not be in vain,
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,—
Thee,—Thee alone my refuge make,—
Thy pierced side!

Behold the Lamb!

Into the sacred flood,—
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:—
Wash me and make me pure and clean,
Uphold me thro' life's changeful scene,
Till all be past!

Behold the Lamb!

Archangels,—fold your wings,—
Seraphs,—hush all the strings
Of million lyres:
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love,—
Unveil'd,—enthron'd,—ador'd above,
All heaven admires!

Behold the Lamb!

Drop down, ye glorious skies,—
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—
For man once lost!
Yet lo! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—
And to His church Himself He gives,—
Incarnate Host!

Behold the Lamb!

All hail,—Eternal Word!—
Thou universal Lord,—
Purge out our leaven:
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with Thy celestial food,—
Manna from heaven!

Behold the Lamb!

Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—
Oh! Lord,—how long!
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelm'd with
fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

Behold the Lamb!

Worthy is He alone,—
Upon the iris throne
Of God above!
One with the Ancient of all days,—
One with the Paraclete in praise,—
All light,—all love!

[For the Cross.]

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS. HYMN AT FASTING.

O King of Nazareth! O Bethlehem's pride!
Thou beautiful offspring of a virgin-bride!
Word of God! Saviour! be Thou ever nigh,
Regard our fastings with a gracious eye,
While thus to Thee we make our sacrifice.

Nought is there purer than this sacred art
By which all guilt is banished from the heart,
By which the passions of the flesh are quelled,
And every wild intemperance expelled,
That the free soul unfettered still may rise.

By this is conquered every vain excess—
Wine, that degrades, and sloth that harms no
less—

All lustful thoughts—all ribaldrous offence—
The varied evils of rebellious sense,—
Each overruled, possesses feebler sway.

If we so revel in the banquet's sweets
As ne'er to keep us from its tempting meats,
The frequent pleasure sates us to the full,
Makes the bright radiance of the soul grow dull,
Till soon—the mind is dormant as the clay.

Then be our cravings subject to control,
That Virtue's light may shine within the soul,
Thus shall the mind be beautiful as before,
On pinion free pursue its flight once more,
To seek the Lord, and heav'nly raptures taste.

By such observance was Elias blessed,
That ancient priest—the dreary desert's guest,
Who, far removed from every care and strife,
Renounced the doings of this sinful life,
With holy silence round him in the waste.

Soon was he borne upon his heav'nly flight,
By steeds of flame and in a car of light,
Lest the vile contact of the wicked age,
Would stain the virtue of the sainted age,
For deeds of fasting far and wide renowned.

Moses, the faithful Witness of the Laws,
Could not approach the great Eternal Cause,
Till he had fasted while the orb of day
O'er all the skies diffusing his glad ray
For forty times performed his daily round.

The holy suppliant's only food was tears,—
Through all the night his deep distress appears,
Prostrated lowly on the dewy sod,
Till, roused, he started to the voice of God,
And quaked to view insufferable light.

Not less unconscious of this art was John,
The blest precursor of th' Almighty Son,
Who made again the crooked pathways straight,
And gave new form to man's disordered state,
Leaving a way where we might walk aright.

The messenger fulfilled the sacred call,
The way preparing for the Lord of all,
That every mountain might be made descend,
And each rough way in gentle smoothness end,
That nought should stay Truth's progress to
the earth.

That wondrous child, from rare conception sprung,
Not yet upon his mother's breast had hung,
To gain the milk unfound in her late stage—
Nay—nor yet issued from the womb of age,
When he proclaimed the coming Saviour's
birth.

And afterward, in vest of camel's hair,
And waist surrounded by a girdle bare,
The holy Hermit hastened to the wild
To live alone, unblemished, undisturbed,
Flying communion with offending men.

The rigid mortal in that dwelling drear
Contented—vowed to abstinence severe,
His little hunger only would relieve,
When nightly shades had banished distant eve,
Yet nought but "locusts and wild honey"
then.

He was the first to preach Salvation's word,
In Jordan's river he baptized our Lord,
Who cleansed the waters and ordained that they
Should thenceforth wash each sinful stain away,
While from above the Holy Spirit came.

Cleansed in that fountain we go forth new men,
Regenerated and all born again,
Pure as the silver casting lustrous light,
Or gold refined that glitters trebly bright,
Beaming and glowing from the cleansing flame.

Now sing the glories of the fasts of old,
Whose truthful tale in Holy Books is told,
When heav'n, relenting, stayed the threat'ning
fire,

Bade the red lightnings of its wrath expire,
And saved the people from their destined fall.

There was an ancient city far renowned,
Begirt with strength, with every beauty crown'd,
Where foulest crime, prevailing far and wide,
With worst perversity and headstrong pride,
From God's sweet worship drew the hearts of
all.

The mighty Judge, indignant at her lust,
At length arises in his anger just,
With sword of flame arrays his red right hand,
Seized the loud thunder, grasped the lightning's
brand,
Threat'ning swift doom to that polluted pile.

But while his mercy still decrees a time
In which they haply may bewail each crime,
And free themselves from sin's degrading yoke,
Indulgent Providence suspends the stroke,
And the dread judgment is delayed awhile.

Forthwith he bids the prophet Jonas go
And warn the city of the coming blow;
But Jonas knowing 'tis his Maker's joy,
To save frail mortals, rather than destroy,
Silent pursued his flight to Tarshish' walls.

And now he mounts a lofty vessel's side—
The binding hawsers quickly are untied—
They plough the deep, but soon wild winds pre-
vail,

The cause is sought that wakes the rising gale,
The lots are cast—the lot on Jonas falls.

Of all the others death is his alone
Whose hidden fault the fatal cast has shown,—
Headlong he falls—the billows round him sweep;
But lo! a whale swift draws him from the deep,
Burying the Prophet in its monstrous womb.

Thus sudden taken, swift he downward sped,
O'er the fierce tongue and by the jaws so dread,
Nor harmed, nor hurt, nor hindered on his way,

For monster-teeth to make an easy prey,
But safe descending to his living tomb.

While three days pass and while three nights
go by,
Within that prison is he doomed to lie;
There he surveys each dreary dark retreat,
While quick and short his pulse's thrillings beat,
For wild gusts trouble the surrounding spot.

Where break the billows with a hollow sound,
And wreath the rocks with snowy foam around,
Lo! he is belched the third glad night, at last,
From out the bowels of that monster vast,
Astounded—wondering at his happy lot.

Filled with affright and urged by heav'nly force
Back to the Ninivites he bends his course,
Now to denounce them for their deeds of shame:
"Soon Niniveh shall sink beneath the flame,"
The wrath of God hangs burning o'er her now.

Then fled he swiftly to a neighb'ring height,
To mark the work of horror and affright,
To see a waste where glory once had been,
And all the terrors of the fearful scene,
He sat, o'erhung by many a verdant bough.

But lo! the doomed swift feel a bitter woe—
What sighs, burst forth! what tears of sorrow
flow!

Princes and peers—youth—men of every class,
Hither and thither fly—a woful mass,
While shrieks of women rend the sounding
air.

Now is forgot each revel of the past,
And Heav'n is called on with a solemn fast;
Her silk and gems the matron casts aside,
Dark weeds of woe succeed the pomp of pride,
And show'rs of ashes fill the flowing hair.

The wretched fathers move in squalid vest,
The weeping crowd in shaggy hair are dressed,
With locks all loose young maids in sackcloth
vail,

Their face all shaded with the mournful veil,
While screaming striplings grasp the ground
in dread.

The king himself resigns his robe of state
Of golden texture and of massive weight,
Tears off his trinkets—slings his sceptre down,
From his galled brow removes the radiant crown,
And scatters ashes on his royal head.

The bowl, the banquet, are no longer sought,
Strict fasting now demands the general thought,
Yea, e'en the cradles float with frequent tears,
Poured forth in vain, by those of infant years,
For milk which now the mother's breast do-
nies.

The watchful spirit of the herding swain
Within close covert shuts his horned train,
Lest e'en the brute would crop its grassy food,
Or quench its thirst amid the swelling flood,
While from the stalls loud bellowings arise.

Appeased by this, Jehovah's wrath is done,
And gracious pardon is immediate won,
For heav'nly favor is still ready shown,
When sinful mortals for their crimes atone
By tears of sorrow poured to mercy's ark.

Yet wherefore sing we fasts of ancient date,
When Jesus' self confirmed their use of late,
Appearing here in limbs of mortal mould,
Yet, long before by prophet tongues foretold,
The great Emmanuel, or, our God with us.

Who freed this flesh, (by nature all so vain,
And ever bound in Pleasure's flowery chain),
Leading it forth in Virtue's narrow way,
The liberator of our fragile clay,
And ancient victor of careering crime.

Retiring lone where stillest silence reigned,
For forty days and nights the Lord remained,
Without receiving ought of earthly fare,
By wholesome fasting only nourished there,
And heav'nly joys that cheered the dreary
time.

The foe, amazed to find frail man, thus strong,
As there to struggle with distress so long,
With wily art endeavored now to find
If God could come in form of human kind,
But quick repulsed, back rushes he again.

This bless'd observance, then, let's ever make,
Which thou, O Lord, hast practised for our sake,
That when we quail before Temptation's might;
Thou great Ordainer of each sacred rite!
The conquering soul triumphant still may
reign.

'Tis this which Satan marks with envious eye,
This glads the Ruler of the earth and sky,
Sweetens the victim on the hallowed shrine,
Wakes the cold slumbering soul to faith divine,
And drives each stormy passion from the
heart.

Swifter than waters stop the fire's red glow,
Swifter than sunbeams melt the wasting snow,
Doth the deep power of Fasting's sacred way
Send from the soul each sinful gust away,
If heav'nly Charity but claim a part.

For 'tis true Virtue's first and greatest deed—
'To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
On those who want; our kindly aims bestow,
And last, observe, between the high, the low,
One rule of conduct evermore the same.

He who for praise is lavish of his gains,
Already has the merit of his pains,
But he who giveth, letting none behold,
Shall see his fruit increase a thousand fold,
While fadeless glories shall enwreath his
name.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Jan. 20, 1849.

End of the Cathermerinon.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

A correspondent of the Manchester Time
newspaper, writes as follows:—

"In September and October last a friend and
I made a tour through a considerable part of
Ireland, and found that our preconceived opinions
of Ireland and the Irish were much altered by
what we saw during our journey. Travellers in
that country have very erroneous impressions as
to the inns and the accommodation they afford.
We may briefly say they were excellent in
everything, and moderate in price; and in the
smaller towns or places in which we had occasion
to stop, had always good beds and capital food,
and every thing clean. We were never at a loss
for travelling. Our tour was from Belfast to
Dublin, thence to Tipperary, Fermoy and Cork,
thence to Bandon, Bantry, Kenmare, Killarney,
Cahirvee, Dingle, Tralee, Limerick, Killaloe,
Portumna, Galway, Clifden, Westport, Castletown,
Balina, Sligo, Ballyshannon, Enniskillen,
Armagh, and to Belfast again. If there be impro-
vident habits amongst the Irish, there is little
drunkenness. We have not seen ten men in a
state of intoxication, and not one woman in
liquor; and we have never had an insult offered
to us, but, on the contrary, we have experienced
the greatest courtesy by the very poorest of the
poor. Indeed we heard often the expression
that they hoped more English people would come
amongst them and witness their condition.

"As regards the country, we have no hesita-
tion in saying that it is naturally the finest part
of the united kingdom, possessing the richest
and best land, but having the disadvantage that
there is no one to look after its cultivation. The
gentry, as a whole, have no interest in the land.
Many of them are as poverty stricken as the poor
themselves, and those who are not so are, gene-
rally speaking, absentees, and their land (not
bog) is one mass of undrained uncultivation, full
of weeds of the most luxuriant description.
There are exceptions, but we speak generally as
to the state of the country, excepting in the
neighbourhood of Belfast, and near a few towns.
Without work, and consequently without
wages, they do certainly look a little savage;
but there are men under rags, men able and
willing to work, if they could find work.

Births.

February 5—Mrs Sweeny, of a daughter.
" 5—Mrs McCulley, of a son.
" 5—Mrs Callaghan, of a daughter.
" 6—Mrs Cloony, of a daughter.
" 8—Mrs Aylward, of a son.
" 9—Mrs Donovan, of a son.

Married.

February 6—Benoni Legoff, to Bridget Warren.
" 6—Thomas Hogan, to Mary Cough-
lan.
" 7—Thos McGorlick, to Ellen Kirby.

Died.

February 2—Charles Robert, infant son of Sam-
uel and Ann Shanks, aged 5 months
and 15 days.
" 8—Catharine Coady, native of Halifax,
aged 71 years.
" 2—Mary Jones, native of Halifax,
aged 32 years.
" 4—Owen Flinn, native of the County
Sligo, Ireland, aged 62 years.
" 4—Catharine, daughter of Timothy
and Mary Martin, aged 10 months.
" 6—Mary, daughter of Patrick and
Elizabeth O'Mally, aged 4 years.
" 7—James Fanning, native of Callan,
Kilkenny, aged 38 years.