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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. 16—19.



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?" —TERTULLIAN Prescrip. xxii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- JULY 15—Sunday—VII after Pentecost office of the Sunday.
- " 16—Monday—Com of B V M of Mt Carmel gr dou.
- " 17—Tuesday—St. Leo IV P C doub.
- " 18—Wednesday—St Camillus of Lellis C doub com of Symphorosa V & Nm.
- " 19—Thursday—St Symmachus I P C dou.
- " 20—Friday—St. Jerome Emilianus C doub com St Margaret Vm.
- " 21—Saturday—St Alexius C doub com St Praxedes V.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 14.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

PIUS IX.

Whilst we are in hourly expectation of decisive news from Rome, it may appear useless to speculate on the probable consequences of French occupation. Yet we are induced to make a few remarks on the present state and prospects of his Holiness, because we have recently heard and read many crude speculations on the subject from Catholics and Protestants. In the first place, we feel no alarm, either for the Church or for her visible Head. We have more than eighteen centuries of glorious and consoling experience to confirm, if confirmation were needed, the immutable promises of Christ. For sixty generations his rock-built Church has securely defied all the ravages of time, all the malice of men, and all the rage of hell. She was fitly represented as a bark sailing through the tempestuous ocean of this life, and alternately contending with winds and waves, with rocks and quicksands. But the fisherman and his successors are always at the helm, and the Great Invisible Head, as of old in the Galilean lakes, is constantly present with the struggling crew. Ever and anon the weather-beaten vessel is threatened with destruction by the roar of the tempest and the swelling of the ocean. The timid amongst the crew exclaim that she is on the point of being submerged—that all is lost, and that God has abandoned her. "He, however, is only asleep," and when the danger is most imminent—when the heavens and the earth seem combined for the destruction of this agitated bark, He arises in His might, and with that powerful voice by which "the heavens were established," He commands the angry winds, and rebukes the swelling waves of the devouring sea, and straightway the hallowing winds are hushed, the foaming surges are lulled to rest, the crested waters sink

into placid repose on the soft and tranquil bosom of the deep, and 'a great calm ensues!' This is the simple epitome of the Church's history throughout every age and clime. This has frequently happened before, is occurring now, and will often happen again before the consummation of all things. For the Church, then, we have no fears; we never had. Even in the hour of her darkest trial our hopes are brightest. She will survive the present storm as well as all those which preceded it. When the first Pontiff was crucified by Nero, on the Janiculum, that ruthless tyrant little imagined that the successor of the murdered fisherman of Galilee would be seated on the throne of the Cæsars. On the same Janiculum, at the gate of St. Pancrazio, another bloody scene has been for some time enacting, in which the interests of the Church are deeply involved. The sworn foes of all religion and social order have been waging a deadly warfare with the real and pretended friends of the Catholic Faith. But whilst those wicked men are doing the work of hell, 'the Great High Priest and Bishop of our souls' the Divine Founder and Invisible Head of the Church is watching over his chosen vineyard with unsleeping vigilance, and in his own good time will scatter the enemies of the christian name, and again exalt his Divine Spouse, that all men may recognize her as 'the Church of the Living God, the 'Pillar and Ground of Truth,' the 'Tabernacle of God with men.'

The eventful history of the brief pontificate of Pius IX is not without many a useful lesson. The old stereotyped Protestant calumny, about the tyranny of the Popedom and the slavish spirit of the Catholic Religion, has been triumphantly disproved. Pope Pius has been the most liberal sovereign in Europe. His reign has been one of toleration and meekness—of extraordinary concessions and parental indulgence. Contrast the government of the Pope with that of any other Sovereign in Europe, and the Ninth Pius, as the Father of his people, will stand at the head of modern kings. True, that his government may have been too liberal, and his concessions too great, but it is certain he is no despot. If he erred, it was on the side of humanity and mercy. Had he resisted all improvement—had he refused all demands—had he left the former disturbers of Italy to pine away, as they deserved, in distant exile—had he not defrauded the galleys of their due, and the prisons of their appro-

prate inmates, and that afterwards in the upheaving of the troubled spirits of Europe the imperial throne of the Cæsar's was found to totter beneath him, what an outcry would have been raised, what hypocritical lamentations would have been poured forth, what profound political calculations would have been made, what prophetic conjectures after the fact would have been indulged in! Then indeed it would be asserted with confidence, that had the Pope done *all that he really has done*, his throne would be secure. The pacific policy of Pius has, however, disproved the theories of the ignorant politician, and taken away the last plank from the hypocrisy of the socialist, and the ruffianism of the Red Republican. It is now proved to Europe, and to the world, that what these men want is not good government or enlightened institutions, or mildly-administered laws, but pillage, and massacre, and chaos; not liberty of person and property for themselves, but the detestable privilege of robbing and murdering every body else. The Pope has contributed more than any living man to disenchant the silly, though well-meaning disciples of the ultra-liberal school, and to reduce their insane ravings about liberty, and so forth, to their proper standard and truly ridiculous absurdity.

He has done more. United with his meekness of disposition and goodness of heart, he has, in the midst of turbulence and excitement, displayed a coolness of judgment and firmness of purpose, which must command our admiration. In the hour of Austria's greatest weakness, no means were left untried to force him to declare war against her. But even with the dagger at his breast, he steadily refused. The value of his decision has been since fully known. In like manner has he resisted the hypocritical and ambitious schemes of the French. He could not exclude them when he made an appeal to Catholic Europe, but he stipulated that the interference of the Great Powers should be combined and simultaneous. Had this understanding been faithfully carried out, French ambition and mischief would have been neutralized. But the Gaul would display his miserable vanity and selfish spirit. He has done so, and covered himself with the ridicule of Europe. The foreign cut-throats in Rome have given the French democrats a truly republican reception, and have probably ere now received their reward. But the Pope has protested against the occupation of his capital by

such treacherous allies. The Pope is aware that the French are detested in every part of Italy, and especially at Rome, by the real Romans. They cannot now blame their excellent Sovereign for any of the miseries of French occupation. When those tyrants formerly evacuated Rome, the people of the Eternal City felt as much relieved as our Saviour did when the traitor Judas went out of the Supper room. General Oudinot will soon occupy the same place in the affections of the Romans as his famous predecessor General Miollis. It was for the latter that the following classic prayer was twisted into rhyme by the old women of Rome:—

O Santa Madre del Gran Quit ollis
Libera nos de questo Miollis

We suppose that another twist will suit the present French hero.

O Santa Madro del Figlio santissimo
Libera nos de quest' Oudinot de Reggio.

Alcantine, even though the French should gratify the enemies of Catholicity by a tedious and unjust occupation of Rome, the Pope will not be embarrassed. He has the keys of Bologna the second city in his dominions, and a place fit to be the capital of an Empire. Thither he can repair, and rule as an independent Sovereign in the best portion of the States of the Church, as long as may be necessary. But, in anticipation of speedy news from the banks of the Tiber we must reluctantly stop the current of our thoughts.

ST. MARY'S.

Tuesday last being the anniversary of the demise of the Rev. Edward Daly, there was an Office and High Mass for the repose of his soul in the Cathedral, at which the Bishop and Clergy of the City were present. The High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Hannan, and the absolution was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh. The amiable character, unobtrusive virtues and gifted attainments of the deceased will be long remembered by his fellow citizens. May he rest in peace!

QUEEN VICTORIA.

It appears from an official Letter addressed by the Pope's Nuncio at Paris to the Marquis of Normanby that our Gracious Sovereign in the month of January last wrote with her own hand a letter of sympathy to His Holiness Pope Pius IX. We should not be surprised if some of the Exeter Hall bigots would declare that her Majesty had forfeited her right to the Crown of England by hold-

ing such wicked correspondence with 'the man of sin.' To follow up this heavy blow to the Saints, Queen Victoria lately honoured the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk with her company at a grand Dinner and Ball with the details of which the fashionable Papers are filled. Lord Carnarvon too, another Catholic Nobleman was in attendance on the Queen at the Duke of Norfolk's. How shocking! Our readers know that Norfolk is the Premier Duke of England and the Hereditary Earl Marshal. It is amusing to hear Protestant's prating about the vulgarity of Popery. All the real, old, royal, noble and aristocratic blood in England and Europe is, essentially Catholic, whilst the modern, upstart nobility are the children of Luther. The first Protestant nobility in England and Ireland derived their titles and ill-gotten estates from sacrilege, robbery and murder. There is more of ancient and illustrious lineage to be found in the Howard family alone than in any two dozen of your, Protestant Aristocracy.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

We perceive with much pleasure that the time-honoured Processions of Corpus Christi are beginning to be renewed in once-Catholic England. At Derby, and Nottingham, and Rugby and several other places this practical manifestation of the belief in the Real Presence was made to the great delight of Catholics and the edification of numerous Protestants who witnessed for the first time this imposing ceremony.

THE CROSS.

Some of the former City Subscribers to this Journal have complained of the non-delivery of their Paper. We beg to remind them that they have no claims upon the present Publisher to whom they have never subscribed one penny. Mr. Nugent the former Publisher gave due notice that he was ready to refund the ballance of all Subscriptions at the time that he ceased to hold connection with the Cross. It is the fault of the subscribers themselves if they have not availed themselves of the offer, and commenced their subscriptions with us. As there are depots for the Paper now established in various parts of the City any one can obtain it, on the days of publication in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence, if he be not willing to apply to our office.

CEREMONIAL AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HERRING COVE.

We beg to direct the particular attention of our readers to the opportunity afforded them on Tuesday next of assisting our meritorious fellow-Catholics of Herring Cove and Ferguson's Cove in their laudable efforts to complete the House of God in their respective Districts, and of enjoying at the same time a very pleasant and salubrious excursion. The Catholics of Herring Cove have made great individual sacrifices for the erection of their handsome new Church. Indeed we believe that in proportion to their means their subscriptions have been much larger than any received in other parts of the Diocese. The population being limited, great individual exertions were necessarily

demand. They are now about to make another general effort in the cause of religion, and we trust they will be nobly sustained by their friends and brethren in Halifax. Almost still stronger is the appeal to our benevolence from the small number of Catholics at Ferguson's Cove to enable them to complete their beautifully situated Temple—the Church of Stella Maris which towers on a rocky and romantic height at the entrance of our harbour. The proceeds of Tuesday will be divided between both churches.

How many hundreds—nay thousands of pounds have been given by the Catholics of this town during the last few years to strangers and foreigners—to parties of whom they know nothing, and for purposes which were often questionable? And all this time some of their own Churches and Institutions were struggling with difficulties, and their brethren in many parts of the Diocese, and even in the very neighborhood of the capital, presenting the most urgent claims for assistance. Surely this is not well-ordered charity or benevolence. There are some so whimsical that whilst they never give a copper at home for religious purposes, are most bountiful to strangers, and sometimes to impostors. We are not quite sure that religion does not lose more than she gains by the begging expeditions of Clergymen and Monks. Our readers well know the straitened circumstances of many Catholic districts in this Diocese, and yet we do not remember that any of our Clergy have been sent on a mendicant tour to Canada, or the States, or Ireland, or any where else. We could name a score of places in this very Diocese, and some of these at our own door, that have more powerful claims on our support than any object for which an appeal was made to us by strangers during the last ten years. But, from some recent examples, we think that the good people of Halifax are beginning to open their eyes, and to estimate those periodical and strange collectors at their proper value. For instance, not many days ago we were honored in Halifax by a visit from two collectors who live in the remote part of the State of Pennsylvania. They published an advertisement in some of the papers, declaring that they were patronized by several Bishops in the U. States, from whom they had received permission to collect. But they forgot to add some important modifications. Thus, the Bishop of Philadelphia in their own State declared: 'I hereby give permission to — to collect in this Diocese, except in the city of Philadelphia;' and the Bishop of New York: 'I hereby, &c. except in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.' Being thus treated in the places where they are best known, what claim had they on a community like this? But, we dare say the number of pigeons to be fleeced by strangers will grow exceedingly scarce in Halifax one of these days.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Nothing decisive from Rome, but the latest accounts from France state that the besieged being driven to great extremity, surrounded on every side, and cut off from their supplies of water, would speedily capitulate. The Venetians have also proposed to surrender on terms. In Germany the Red Republicans have been put down, and in France a most despotic and repressive system is about to be put into

operation against the disturbers of social order. It is ever thus with France, and yet she will not learn wisdom from experience. Poor Ireland, covered with sores after her four year's famine and disorder, is to be honored with a Royal visit. The Queen will, it is said, merely sail round a part of the coast from Cork to Belfast, en route for Scotland, which is the real destination of the Royal party. We suppose the Whigs thought it would be too bad if so many visits were paid to Scotland whilst "the Emerald gem of the Western world," the brightest jewel in the crown, was altogether neglected.

ST. CECILIA'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

We were happy to hear from several who were present at the Second Concert of this Society on Tuesday evening last, that the performances, both vocal and instrumental, were highly satisfactory.—When we consider the short time that has elapsed since the formation of the Society, the progress they have made is indeed most creditable.

ST. MARY'S CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the above Society took place on Sunday evening last, in the Vestry of St. Marys, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh in the chair, assisted by the Very Rev. the Vicar General, and the Rev. Messrs. Hannan and Madden.

In the absence of Mr. P. J. Compton, Mr. William Compton was requested to act as Secretary.

Returns were made by the superintendants of the classes at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's of the number of children in attendance at Catechism during the past quarter. These returns were most gratifying, more especially the one from the Female Department of St. Mary's, which showed an increase of 120 since being placed under the care and superintendance of the Sisters of Charity.

After some discussion upon the subject, it was agreed that a Pic Nic should be given to the children attending Catechism, at an early period, and a Committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The following appointments were made for the ensuing year:

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, President.
The Very Rev. T. L. Connolly, V. G., Vice President.
" " " Treasurer.
Mr. Andrew Murphy, Secretary.

A vote of thanks was then passed, and requested to be conveyed to the late Secretary, Mr. Philip J. Compton, for his past services.

The following persons were proposed and admitted members of the Society:—Capt. Thomas Burke, and Mr. John Flavin.

The necessary business having been gone through, the meeting adjourned, the concluding prayers being previously recited by the Bishop.

WM. COMPTON,
Acting Secretary.

Quarterly Receipts, £7 6s 5½d.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

A man named Hartley who retailed Tobacco at a small thatched house at Tralee, died lately of cholera, and left £1,000 sterling to the Convent of that town.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Treasurer of the Halifax Branch of this Association has received the following sums per Rev. David O'Connor, from the districts of Portuguese Cove, Bear Cove, and Ketch Harbour.

PORTUGUESE COVE.

Collected by Miss Rebecca O'Neill, £1 9 5½
Viz., Mr. Andrew Scallan 2s 6d, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Simon Cripps, 2s 6d each, Mrs. Richard O'Neill, senr., Mrs Richard O'Neill, junr., Mr Geo Wm O'Neill, Mrs Purcell, Mrs Bowers, Mrs Bourke, Mrs Michael Fitzgerald, junr., Mrs Welsher, Mrs Bourke, Mrs Eleanor Purcell, Miss M Bowers, Miss Rebecca O'Neill, Miss Margaret Martin, Mr Jas Fitzgerald, Mr Connors, Mr Terence Ryan, Mr R O'Neill, junr., Mr Thomas Holland, and Mr Joseph Fitzgerald, 1s 1d each; Mrs Smith, Miss E. Smith, Mr Terence, Mr P. Flinn, and Mr James Bateman, 7½d each.

KETCH HARBOUR.

Collected by Miss Margaret Fleming, £1 1 7
Mrs Margaret Fleming, Mrs Mary Martin, Mrs Henry Martin, Mrs Thomas McDonald, Mrs Peter Martin, Mrs Matthew McDonald, Mrs Hogan, Mrs Martin Connors, Mrs B. Gallagher, Mrs Michael Connors, Mrs Henebery, Mrs Thomas Martin, Mr Edward Martin, Mrs Stephen Murphy, Mrs Walt. Murphy, Mrs Brooks, Mrs Phelan, Mrs Jno Fleming, Mrs John Fleming, junr., Mrs Jas Fleming, Miss Mary Harrington, Miss Susan Martin, Miss Margaret O'Keefe, Miss Elizabeth Fegan, Miss Mary Quigley, Miss Susan Fleming, Miss Anno Phelan, Miss Susan Fleming, Mr Patrick Cronan, Mr Dennis Murphy, Mr John Young, Mrs Samuel Fleming, Mrs Wm Fagan, Mrs Dennis Connors, Miss Sarah Connors, and Miss Margaret Fleming, 7½d each.

Collected in the same place, by Miss Charlotte Martin, £0 8 1½d.

Mrs Mary J Martin, Mrs P Martin, Mrs J Martin, Mrs Fleming, Mrs Connors, Mrs J Martin, Mrs Jno Martin, Mrs Gallagher, Miss Charlotte Martin, Miss Elizabeth Martin, Mr Jno Martin, Mr Chas Ronayne, and Mrs P Mulrowney, 7½d each.

BEAR COVE.

Collected by Miss Johnson, £0 8 1½d.

Mrs L W Johnson, Mrs L Johnson, Mrs T Johnson, Miss Johnson, Miss A Meagher, Mr Wm Johnson, Mr Chas Chareman, Mr Geo Smith, Mr L Johnson, Mr Francis Miller, and Mr Andrew Scallan, junr., 7½d each.

Collected in same place by Miss Susan Connell, £0 11 2d.

Mrs Michael Ryan, Mrs Ryan, Mrs Bridget Ryan, Miss Mary Anne Ryan, Mrs Connell, and Miss Susan Connell, 1s 1d each; Miss C Johnson, Miss Alice Scallan, 7½d each; Mr William Scallan, 2s 2d; Mr E Grace, 1s 3d.
Rev David O'Connor, £1 0 0

The above return is extremely creditable to the Catholics of Ketch Harbour, Portuguese Cove, and Bear Cove. It shows that they are deeply sensible of the great importance of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith; that they value in themselves the possession of that precious Faith, and are anxious that the whole world should enjoy the same inestimable advantage. May God bless them, and may their practical love of their holy religion excite other parts of the Diocese to follow their edifying example!

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Cross.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valu-

able assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication: Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square. Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets; Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottington and Cornwallis streets; Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church. Mr. Richard O'Neil, Water Street; Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf. Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.

We hope soon to have a long list of similar friends in every part of the city.

NOTTINGHAM.—ST. BARNABAS.

On Sunday June the 10th, the Catholics of this town and neighbourhood celebrated the festival of the Blessed Sacrament in their noble church with an unusual degree of grandeur and magnificence. During the previous days the church was busy as a hive, a continuous stream of rich and poor, old and young, flowed into it, each with a goodly contribution of evergreens, shrubs and flowers; whilst within were groups of industrious and right willing workers weaving all these respective offerings into crowns, garlands, wreaths, pendants, &c. On the Sunday morning the church looked indeed "as a bride adorned for her husband." From end to end it seemed one floral incrustation, a temple of flowers, arch and pillar, wall and window, transept and tower, in whatever direction the eye wandered, it rested on some sweet, tasteful design, harmonious with the varied outline of the building, and adding grace, lightness and beauty to the massive structure. The baptismal font with its delicate tracery and angel imagery, the chancel oak screens, the four eastern chapels with their elaborate altars, screens, &c., were all appropriately decorated and enriched. Wreaths, pendants, coronas and garlands of every variety of flower and rose that the season could afford, hung in gay festive profusion from each portion of the building; interspersed with large shields, bearing ecclesiastical devices, monograms, &c. in gold and rich colour. An imposing bold canopy of evergreens, flowers and roses was suspended from the centre of the tower loft, issuing in four finely-wrought and exquisitely finished festoons that hung in graceful pendants from the brazen cramps of the tower pillars. The sanctuary the Holy of Holies of the Catholic Church, was evidently the great point of interest, and high above all other parts of the sacred edifice in its character of decoration; presenting a full gorgeous array of crimson and gold enrichments; with festoons and heads of roses, dependant on every side, and clustering round every available support whether of pillar or pillar, screen or reredos. Thirteen small shields, in gold and red colour, representing the various armorial bearings of the church, were fixed in front of the rood-loft; also thirteen large vases filled with the choicest flowers, and a multitude of pendent wreaths of various sizes, &c., covering the whole extent of the rood, screen and loft, with a light floral tracery. Velvet hangings, enriched with lilies, and other emblems, enveloped the walls and side pillars of the sanctuary, surmounted by banners of silk, crimson, blue, green, and white, with gilt standards and crosses, and beautifully embroidered shells and devices. The three stately pillars at the east of the high altar were covered with enamelled work, in gold and rich colour, containing ciboriums, lilies, monograms, &c. Above these, and beneath the round right-royal orient window, hung the large banner of the Blessed Sacrament; ciborium, gold, on a crimson nimbus, encircled with gold stars, all on a blue ground powdered with stars. A splendid canopy of crimson silk velvet with rich gold fringe, and enamelled gold crown-imperial, rested on the tabernacle, in the centre of the altar, surrounded by large gilt candlesticks and a countless array of wax-lights arranged in various designs, triangles, &c. &c. At ten o'clock the church doors were thrown open; the big bell sent its joyous message throughout the length and breadth of the town, and in a little while the vast area was filled with an overflow-

ing congregation. At half-past ten the loud swelling notes of the organ announced the commencement of the day's sacred office. The Rev. F. Cheadle, accompanied by Deacon and Subdeacon, with numerous attendants in scarlet cassocks, surplices, approached the altar and there offered the Holy Eucharistic Sacrifice. The Celebrant and his immediate attendants were robed in rich gorgeous vestments of cloth of gold, enriched with precious stones; the noble present of Ambrose Isle Phillips, Esq., of Grace Dieu Manor, Leicestershire. This solemn service ended, the Rev. J. Mulligan ascended the pulpit and preached from Matthew, i, 23, "They shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." When the sermon was ended, again the bell was rung, and the organ poured forth its full heaving notes, filling the whole atmosphere up to the echoing roof with waves of sweetest sounds, and ushering in the procession, which moved through the sanctuary in the following order. First, a child in white carrying a small cross, blue and gold accompanied by a train of children from three to five years old, in white, with rich garlands of roses between each two, and small bouquets of flowers in their outer hands. They looked and walked like angels, come out from Heaven to join in the Christian's holiday. Lambs, in their virgin robes, their very appearance a Sermon on Innocence, Peace and Joy. In no place are children more lovely or more at home than in His House who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. For of such is the Kingdom of God." And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them. He blessed them." (Mark x., 14, 16.) Several groups of girls and young women came next, all in white dresses, veils, gold cloaks, blue and crimson, lighted tapers, roses, &c. accompanied by their respective banners; in all eight groups and eight banners. The Ecclesiastical part of the procession was led on by a youth carrying a large gilt cross; on either side walked an acolyte, with enriched processional candlesticks and lights, followed by eight torch-bearers. After them came the eighteen choristers, with their cantors and precentor, in rich copes; also two persons, wearing cloth of gold copes, and Master of Ceremonies in cope of the same material, with his assistant. Scarlet cassocks and surplices constituted the dress of the lesser attendants. The two thurifers walked next, incensing the Blessed Sacrament, then three little children in long flowing crimson dresses, strewing the way with rose leaves.

"Joyful in His path to scatter
Roses sweet and lilies fair."

Four persons, in large, ample, scarlet civic cloaks, with ermine collars, sleeves, &c., carried the rich Latin canopy, (the truly noble offering of the Right Honourable the Countess of Shrewsbury,) which was supported on four brass standards, each standard surmounted by four silver bells; all designed by Welby Pugin, Esq. Beneath the canopy walked the Celebrant, in rich Latin cope with gold embroidery, and humeral veil of the same material, bearing in both hands the gold remonstrance, in which the Blessed Sacrament reposed. On either side walked Deacon and Subdeacon, in dalmatic of cloth of gold. A group of young women, clothed in white robes, with long white veils, and lighted candles, closed the procession. And as it slowly moved down the nave and round the aisles, and the sublime notes from organ and choir rose up on high like "the noise of many waters," mingling with the fragrant clouds of incense that floated on every side, tinged with countless colours, the glorious summer sun streaming in through the richly-stained windows, it seemed indeed as if "the temple was filled with the majesty of God." The morning service was concluded with solemn Benediction: one loud, concentrated hymn of praise resounded through the sacred building; then all was hushed in profound homage and lowly adoration. In the evening at half-past six the usual Complin service was chanted with a dignity becoming the day's high festivity. The Rev. F. Cheadle preached from Psalm xc., 4, "He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works." The sermon ended, the Sanctuary was lighted up with a countless array of lights; the clergy with all their ecclesiastical attendants filled the holy place, and all the other portions of the morning procession, with their banners, lighted tapers, &c. having reached the centre of the nave, occupied its full length on bonded knees. The Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was given as in the morning, again the sublime anthem from organ and choir filled, as with one vast soul, the entire building: a stillness like that of ecstasy followed; the whole peo-

ple was lowered down in solemn adoration. Then all rose and retired—the choir chanting Psalm cxvi. "O Praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people. For His mercy is confirmed upon us: and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever."—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

THE CRY OF STARVING MILLIONS.

As every pound saves a life, may I as an humble advocate of our suffering people, earnestly beseech the benevolent to come forward at this awful crisis and take part in the salvation of their fellow-creatures. In the month of April last, viewing the horrid scenes on every side, and anticipating the desolation which now surrounds us, I considered it my sacred duty to request a meeting to be held in order to adopt the most effectual means of preserving the lives of our people in the South and West of Ireland, until God in his mercy would bless the country with a plentiful harvest. From the appalling apathy around I nearly despaired of success, and almost deemed it presumptuous to make the attempt in favour of our famishing countrymen; but owing to the generous sympathy of a few benevolent gentlemen I was cheered on, the meeting was held in the Royal Exchange on the 3d May, and no man can tell the good that has resulted from that great public exhibition. The Protestant Minister and the Catholic Priest joined together—men of every class combined, and with a harmony which perhaps never was exceeded, in six weeks nearly £3,000 have been received and distributed to 160 parishes, and, at a moderate calculation, perhaps no less than 100,000 individuals have been saved from death.

In the administration of the funds thus confided to the General Relief Committee, holding meetings daily at the Royal Exchange, the most awful details have been laid before its members, and no Christian could listen to such details without having his heart nearly rent at the misery and wretchedness to which our people are reduced, and striving by every means in his power to alleviate them. Who can describe these miseries, mainly produced by the actual want of food, and at a time when that food is comparatively cheap? Thousands thrown out of their once comfortable cabins, and these cabins afterwards levelled to the ground lest their former starving inmates might once more seek there a shelter—those unfortunate outcasts, many of them literally naked, left to perish on the public way, their bodies unburied, and in many cases actually devoured by dogs—thousands struggling to exist by eating noxious weeds and the flesh of horses when they could procure it. Even where the people have been pressed down by poor rates to support the starving, thousands have perished either by not getting food in due time, in quantities not sufficient for existence, or in getting bad food not fit for dogs to eat.

And even those unfortunate beings who have endeavoured to obtain relief in poorhouses, it is now an incontrovertible fact admitted even by the English press, less inclined to give credence to such statements, that hundreds are huddled together in rooms of 32 feet square, 62 in 29 beds; the consequence of which is that those places have been turned into pesthouses from want of room and ventilation—thus externally and internally the state of the poor in the famine districts of Ireland is the most dreadful that has ever been submitted to the view of mankind, and but for the goodness of God it would seem to be beyond the hope of human redemption. But no; whilst we call upon all those who by their office have an awful duty to discharge in preventing the continuance, or at least the recurrence, of such inhuman exhibitions, we have endeavoured, far as all our energies, and means would allow, to arrest the ravages of such dreadful evils. But though we have been enabled to relieve some of this unparalleled misery, the means at our command have been just exhausted, owing to the pressing and harrowing applications which have been daily submitted to our consideration. The most authentic accounts laid before us declare that the misery is on the increase, and that unless something substantial be done, and done in time, thousands more must fall victims to the awful death of starvation before the month of September. Gracious Heaven! is it possible that in a Christian land, surrounded by all the means of wealth and millions of money, such scenes of want shall be suffered to continue? Will not all, from the highest even to the humblest classes, come forward to rescue their brethren from destruction? Already many have nobly done their duty, and

some have given the most astonishing proofs of their benevolence. Poor roomkeepers, struggling tradesmen, and hard-working labourers and servants have given their last penny—nay, have deprived themselves of some of the necessaries of life to save their famishing fellow creatures.

Still much remains to be done. Let all within our city and its vicinities who have not already subscribed—and there are thousands—not wait until called on by collectors, but send in forthwith their donations to our committee at the Royal Exchange, and bear in mind that every pound thus given saves a life. Let every town and parish from which assistance ought to be expected, meet and co-operate with our committee, as they have done in Dublin, Wexford, and Drogheda.

It is not perhaps necessary for me to call on the wealthy and benevolent out of Ireland to assist our people at this trying moment; it is hoped that our deputation, now in London on this God-like mission, will receive that generous response which their zeal so justly merits, and that from the land of wealth, where generous hearts feel the accumulated miseries of Ireland, thousands of pounds will be forwarded to our committee for distribution in the distressed districts. And oh! that my feeble voice could be heard at the other side of the Atlantic. Millions of those who carried from their native land all that they possessed will surely now feel for their suffering brethren left behind, and who exclaim almost in the language of despair and desperation, "Save us or we perish!"—thus, by transmitting in time their benevolent contributions, another million may be snatched from the all-devouring jaws of death. I need not say that if to this want so dreadful and so general, particularly in the West and South of Ireland, disease (for which our people have been so peculiarly predisposed by withering and wasting poverty) follows, no human being can anticipate the consequences. To arrest the ravages of disease, as well as death, it is then necessary that the assistance in favor of the poor of Ireland should not only be universal, but be prompt and effectual.

In the name of the God of charity—for the sake of our common suffering nature—may I implore of all who have means to come forward and relieve a generous, noble-hearted, but now starving people.

Let no cold calculation of sordid avarice prevent the spontaneous feeling of benevolence, but by timely and effective aid arrest the arm of death, and by taking effectual means enable the people, perhaps, to raise themselves and their country by profitable employment from their present abject condition to that state for which God and nature intended them.

Yours, &c.

JOHN SPRATT, D.D.

56 Aungier-street, Dublin, June 20, 1849.

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 these regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PEACOCK, Superioress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central portion 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.

VOTE YOURSELF A FARM—PORTUGUESE SYMPATHISERS.

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal.

(Concluded.)

I was rather late for a large portion of the discourse. Enough remained, however, to give me an idea of its style, which was grandiloquent and anti-Catholic to a degree. This monster Popery, observed Growling, has been deprived of its fangs and teeth in England and France, but the blood of its mangled victims still reek on its insatiable jaws, which yawn and thirst for more. Fe, fau, fum!—Oh! christian friends—continued "Growling"—lose no time or opportunity in crushing this demon, or it will crush you. The Romish Church may endeavour to throw the odium of this persecution on the judicial authorities of Madeira, as it was by that body the martyrs were condemned and outlawed. But, christian friends, was it not a Popish judge who tried them, and did not all his satellites belong to the same abominable creed. According to this style of logic, Catholics should lose no time in calling meetings to express their indignation at the unwarrantable liberty which Protestant judges sometimes take in passing sentence on their erring brethren.

The Doctor, it seems, had illustrated his arguments by a series of anecdotes previous to my coming, a fact which I ascertained from a very short gentleman, who seemed rather disposed to elevate himself at the expense of my toes. The only anecdote I had the good fortune to hear during the discourse related to the Covenanters, who the Doctor said were tied to a stake (whether beef or pork is not known) on the sea shore, and kept there till the tide came in and wet them all over. He did not mention whether this outrage was committed by Catholics or Protestants. Covenanters generally accuse the latter. It matters not, however, the story went down with all the rest. At the termination of this discourse, the Rev. Growling announced that the object of the meeting was to take up a collection towards defraying the expense of sending the martyrs to the farms procured for them in Illinois. He hoped the congregation would act liberally, as the collection was also to secure him from any loss for having put down his name for a certain sum a few nights previous at the Tabernacle for the same object (disinterested man.) He further stated, that any coin put on the plate under a shilling would go to the Church; but over that, such as 25 or 50 cent pieces, would go to the martyr fund. According to this financial arrangement, the latter got about, as much as tradition reports the Connaught man to have shot at. I took particular care to examine the plates after meeting, and, with the exception of an odd quarter dollar straggling here and there through a mass of coppers, the most expensive coin to be seen was ten cents, notwithstanding all the arguments and persuasions which Doctor Growling used to realize a contrary result. Among other things, he told of a gentleman who was so interested at the Tabernacle meeting as to make a donation of his gold watch. This story may be true, but it sounds very much like watch stuffing. While the collection was in progress, Dr. G. announced the attraction of the evening, namely, a hymn by the Portuguese. After a good deal of tumbling and poking, the performers arose with a sort of a reluctant "wish you'd let me alone" air, such as animals are wont to exhibit when stirred up by their keepers at the close of a long day's performance. They murmured forth something (probably a hymn) in a lazy, maudible tone, but as it was evidently of a confidential nature, the audience were left totally ignorant as to either the words or the air. I was rather disappointed, as the Rev. Doctor prefaced the performance by saying it would be the most interesting and affecting. His gentle heart, I fear, leads him astray.

At the conclusion of the martyr exhibition, the Rev. Mr. Snorton, president of the guano society, ascended the rostrum: he was a very, very tall man, very very thin man, admirably adapted as to figure for investigating the interior of pumps, with a sour, bloodless countenance, where black, yellow and green seemed struggling for mastery, in point of personal appearance he was the direct opposite of his learned predecessor, one being a sort of John Calvin magnified, and the other a John Knox running to seed—his remarks were as ignorant and bilious as his looks. "Popery" he would not tolerate in any shape or at any price; all was well enough now, but wait till Catholics got a little more power, and then people's houses would be burnt about their ears. It struck me, that perhaps after all, this Rev.

Snorton was only the agent of some Insurance company in disguise—drumming up custom—in these times men will do strange things to earn an honest penny.—The Rev. gentleman seemed to entertain peculiar notions, too, about English grammar and the pronunciation of words, many of which he ended with *er*, thus shadow shader, window winder, china chiner, he was evidently an ering man. From a terrific onslaught on Popery he turned to the Madeira martyrs by way of refreshment, and so besmeared that respectable body, making them angels all but the wings, that it seemed a cruelty not to knock them on the head and permit their pure spirits to ascend where they belonged. Scarcely had Snorton closed his remarks when Growling, probably thinking the wind was getting a little out of his sails, started up to relate one anecdote more—of the same sort which was left—on his own account. A pious and amiable Portuguese, he said, who by the light of the bible had renounced Popery and its abominations, was one day walking in Madeira, (the Island, of course, temperance forbids any other conclusion) when a blood-thirsty Priest, (I quote his words verbatim) accosted him thus: "Kneel down you cursed bible heretic and worship this"—holding up a brass crucifix—"this is my God!"

"I know it is your God," responded the meek convert, but mine is—before the words were out the infuriated Priest dashed the crucifix in his face, and left him weltering in his blood,—this is what we call in Ireland taking a dirty advantage of a man—to say the least it was a new and "striking feature" in religious controversy.

I could relate anecdotes of a similar character all night, said Growling, but the Rev. Mr. Snorton and myself will shortly publish a small volume, which will contain brief sketches of Popish atrocities never before given to the public: every one should call at the office number—Nassau street, and provide themselves with a copy—the price will be low.—Any article on the board for four cents!

How invaluable must such a book be for Christian meditation, so calculated to inspire kind and charitable thoughts—how instructive was all this exhibit of narrow bigotry to a people already not over prepossessed with their Catholic neighbors, every one of whom they must now regard as bitter enemies.—Much as those Rev. Ranters stigmatised Popish Tyranny and Persecution, I should be sorry to see either the sword or the ermine in their keeping where Catholic life or Catholic honor was at stake.

As regards the "martyred Portuguese," all we can learn about them is, that they are "outlaws," who, for different offences, were punished by the civil authorities of Madeira, nothing more. If their pious sympathisers, however, intend carrying out the farm system, they may do a large business in the conversion line, as there is yet abundance of Catholic weeds to work upon in the lazaroni* of Naples, the sans culotets of Paris, the brigands of Spain, and the radicals of Rome, all easy, proselytes to any paying business—from a cut throat to a parson. There are many "India rubber" Catholics, too, in our own land who will be found ready at any time to advocate all that is rotten in Society, Infidelity, Socialism, Ultra-Radicalism, or any other ism, that will give unbridled license to their will.

When the enemies of the Catholic Church can point to converts such as daily, hourly, enter her fold, converts, many of whom have been the brightest ornaments of whatever fragment of Protestantism they may have belonged, but wearied by the tempest of unceasing doubt, have relinquished wealth and rank and friends to secure that certainty and peace which the Church of God alone contains, when they can point to such as these, then may they exult, but not till then.

VINCENT.

* We must beg to differ from the worthy writer here. The Lazaroni of Naples are in general a moral, pious, and industrious class, notwithstanding the ignorant taunts of English Protestant tourists. We say this from personal observation, as well as on the authority of respectable Protestants who resided many years in Naples.

DERBY.—FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.—On Sunday, (the 10th inst.), being within the octave of Corpus Christi, the annual procession in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, took place in the Church of St. Mary and the grounds attached. By the pious care of the congregation, who not only sent in trees and flowers from far and near but also assisted in the work of decoration the church presented a most festive appearance, every pillar and arch being festooned and hung with garlands of laurel, whilst the principal doorways were

surrounded by a profusion of the most beautiful flowers. The sanctuary itself and the statue of the Blessed Virgin were tastefully adorned with wreaths of roses, and the beautiful altar, blazing with light, shone out magnificently from the depth of the chancel. Mass was sung by the Rev. T. Sing, who also delivered a sermon. The Rev. J. Daniel officiated as Master of the Ceremonies. At the end of Mass the procession entered and arranged itself in the nave before the high altar. The Blessed Sacrament having been taken from the tabernacle, the whole procession moved down the left aisle of the church and passed through the west doorway into the grounds, the vergers of the church and the cross-bearer leading. After these came about eighty boys and men in surplices carrying banners, and the boy's choir singing the "Laudate Dominum." The banner of St. Joseph was carried in front of the boys. These were followed by torch-bearers, and thirty girls dressed in white, with veils and wreaths of white roses, carrying banners and strewing the ground with rose leaves. The last of these carried a banner recently worked by some of the ladies of the congregation, on which was a most beautiful figure of the Blessed Virgin and Child. Lastly came the Blessed Sacrament, carried under a canopy by the Rev. T. Sing, and preceded by the thurifers. The procession was closed by the choir, and most of the congregation. In the garden, an altar had been erected under an arch of rock-work, and upon this the Blessed Sacrament was placed, whilst the choir sang the "O Salutaris," and the "Tantum Ergo." Benediction was then given, and as all was hushed in silent adoration, the Blessed Sacrament raised in front of the altar and sparkling in the sun; on either side the long lines of kneeling figures clothed in white, and with banners gently waving, the cross proudly upreared, and in the background the kneeling people, presented altogether a spectacle such as is seldom seen in Protestant England. After Benediction, the procession passed round the garden, the choir singing the "Lauda Sion," and as the last notes of it died away the boys in front began the psalm "Quam Dilectus." Thus the procession again entered the church, the people kneeling with the greatest devotion as it passed. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed for a short time on the high altar, and the procession then returned to the presbytery. In the evening vespers were sung, and afterwards Benediction was given in the church and garden. The weather during the day was rainy, except for the half-hour, morning and evening, when the procession and benediction were to take place, during which time the sun shone out most beautifully. The church and grounds were crowded to excess, but the greatest order prevailed, and the Protestants present showed great respect; and indeed some were afterwards observed collecting the leaves over which the Blessed Sacrament had passed and putting them in their Bibles. So impressive and beautiful did the service of the Church appear even to those who were unable to join in her adoration.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

RUGBY.—ST. MARIE'S, DUNCHURCH ROAD.—On Trinity Sunday, a Catholic Mission, or Spiritual Retreat, was opened in this Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop of the Central District, with Pontifical High Mass. In the evening, the service commenced with solemn Benediction, after which, the Bishop, in his usual pleasing style, addressed an audience of 800 persons, from a platform, erected at the Cross in the Churchyard, adjoining St. Marie's. The choir then sang the "Litany of Loretto," at the conclusion of which the Rev. Father Furlong preached an eloquent and moving discourse on "Hearing the Word of God," with an energy of style and depth of reasoning perfectly new to many of his auditors. The Mission continued till the Octave Day of Corpus Christi, during which time St. Marie's was densely crowded by people of various creeds and religious persuasions from the town of Rugby and the adjacent villages. To some of the audience an explanation of the real tenets of Catholic doctrine and sound Gospel morality, which were forcibly and clearly developed, were a novelty—to many, a Catholic Mission or Retreat of twelve successive days, with daily services and a sermon delivered at each service, was a subject of astonishment. During the Octave of the Festival of Corpus Christi the solemn and imposing procession of the Adorable Sacrament in the open air, was an object of great attraction. On Friday, June 5th, Alexander Craikshank, Esq., made a public profession of the Catholic faith, on which occasion the Rev.

Father Furlong delivered two most masterly and pathetic discourses. On Tuesday, the ceremony of the Renewal of Baptismal Vows had a surprising effect on the minds of the multitude assembled in St. Marie's. Too much praise cannot be given to those zealous and apostolic labourers in the vineyard of the Lord—the good and pious Fathers of the Institute of Charity. The unique splendor of St. Marie's, the beautiful decorations of the altars, and the solemn and devotional Gregorian music accompanying each service, reflected great credit upon all parties connected with the arrangements of the retreat. This interesting Mission was closed by the Right Rev. Bishop of the Central District, on the Octave Day of Corpus Christi. His Lordship preached a most appropriate and argumentative sermon on the "Doctrine of Transubstantiation"—that great stumbling-block to the Protestant world, although it is the bright sun of Christianity, the centre of its system. During this Mission much prejudice has been removed from the minds of our separated brethren, and England's Faith of a thousand years has again "taken root in an honourable people." The congregation of St. Marie's, Rugby, offer their most heartfelt thanks to the Fathers of the Institute of Charity, for the valuable services which they have rendered.—*Ibid.*

ROME.

A letter in the Times, dated Florence, June 4, says, "The most authentic accounts received from Rome are melancholy. A person whom we know received letters of the 1st from a man of respectability in the middle ranks of life, which state the city to be in a most melancholy condition—all trade, and even work, at a stand; no supplies entering the city, nor any money to purchase necessities; the poor dying of want, and yet fast increasing from the ruin that spreads every day; no police, no justice, no redress for outrages; people put to death in the street for the most trifling causes, and no notice taken, a melancholy sadness brooding over the whole place. A canon of St. Peter's, who made his escape to this place, says that he knows of at least seventy or eighty priests that have been put to death, taken up and sent to a convent, where they are speedily disposed of, and all exist in hourly fear of a like fate. I mentioned, I think, in my last the irretrievable damage that had been done to the environs, and even within the walls of Rome, in cutting down trees, destroying gardens, the Borghes Villa, and much of the fine wood, the Doria Pamphili, the Villa Albani, Villa Patricci, close to the Porta Pia gate, all the trees on the Ripetta and between St. Maria Maggiore and St. John Laterans, and a vast deal more talked of, which I hope is not all true. It is a serious question what shall be done to secure the Roman States and Italy in general from the consequences of all this miserable commotion. Of the 40,000 to 50,000 men now in arms as defenders of Rome, there are, at a moderate computation, from 20,000 to 30,000 strangers, adventurers, bravos, ruffians escaped from justice or in dread of her men of desperate fortunes, and peasants turned soldiers from the madness of enthusiasm. These men can never again re-enter society as useful or even innocuous members of it; nor will they choose to starve, nor can they have any way of transporting themselves elsewhere to seek their livelihood—how are they to be disposed of? I heard it observed the other day that were it the Austrians who had to settle the Roman matters, they would make short work of it, by sending all these fellows—Lombards, Romagnoles, Poles, Frenchmen, &c., under a guard to Hungary, where they might be made soldiers of and so expended; but the French have already too many of such cattle and will be sadly at a loss what to make of them. In short, if even the gravest consequences of a general war be escaped, there is enough in the affairs of Italy to give great alarm to those who have at heart the preservation of tranquillity and the safe progress of civilisation and general improvement."

CONFIRMATION.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell administered this Sacrament in the Cathedral, on Sunday afternoon, to two hundred and twenty-eight persons, including several converts to the Catholic Faith. The same Sacrament was administered in the Church of St. Joseph, to four hundred and forty-two persons, by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Vincennes. The number of young persons confirmed this year, in the city Churches, will exceed one thousand.—*Catholic Telegraph.*