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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.



Is the Church likened unto a house? It is placed on the foundation of a rock, which is Peter. Will you represent it under the figure of a family? You behold our Redeemer paying the tribute as its master, and after him comes Peter as his representative. Is the Church a bark? Peter is its pilot; and it is our Redeemer who instructs him. Is the doctrine by which we are drawn from the gulph of Sin represented by a fisher's net? It is Peter who casts it; Peter who draws it; the other disciples lend their aid, but it is Peter that presents the fishes to our Redeemer. Is the Church represented by an embassy? Saint Peter is at its head. Do you prefer the figure of a Kingdom? Saint Peter carries its keys. In fine, will you have it shadowed under the symbol of flock and fold; Saint Peter is the Shepherd, and Universal Pastor under Jesus Christ. S. Francis of Sales. Controversial Disc. 42.

CALENDAR.

- APRIL 9—Sunday—Passion Sunday Semid.
- 10—Monday—Office of the Day Simp.
- 11—Tuesday—S. Leo the Great P Conf.
- 12—Wednesday—St Julius I P C Doub Sup.
- 13—Thursday—St Hermengild King and Mart Semid.
- 14—Friday—Seven dolors of B W M Great Doub com &c.
- 15—Saturday—Office of the Day Simp

FUNERAL ORATION ON DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BY THE PERE LACORDAIRE. (Concluded.)

O'Connell knew how to avoid both these rocks he remained young, and unconscious of years to the end of his life. I see youths in this audience. O'Connell was no younger than you when he disappeared from amongst us—he lived and he died in the purity of an uncorrupted youth.—Hardly glanced he at his triumph—scarcely had he forced the doors of parliament by a second election, when he left his position, and to the astonishment of all England, went to Ireland.—What sought he there? He went to announce to Ireland that to give liberty to conscience alone was not sufficient—that God and man are inseparable, and that after having served the kingdom of heaven, there remained for him the duty of benefitting his native land. He had only fulfilled the first commandment, not the second—and as both together make but one commandment, not to have fulfilled the second, was to be wanting in the full accomplishment of the first. He acknowledged himself to be old, to be at the climax of glory—yet his intention was to re-commence his life, and never to rest a single day till he had obtained perfect equality of rights between England and Ireland. For inasmuch as concerned human law, such was the state of the two countries, that the one was merely the satellite of the other. England had annihilated the property, the commerce, the industry—all the rights of Ireland to increase her own; and this odious system placed Ireland in such a state of inferiority, as to make it difficult for its people to drag out existence. Such is despotism, my brethren, and we are all less or more inclined to it—we all to a certain extent seek to diminish the rights of others, to augment our own, and the man who is free from this blot, so deeply fixed in our race, may believe he has arrived at the fulness of perfection of human nature.

O'Connell kept his word. No one day passed over in which he did not insist on the equality of rights between England and Ireland, and he spent in this work the last seventeen years of his life. He succeeded so far that the ministry presented several bills for the purpose of establishing equal rights between the countries, but parliament constantly rejected them. The Liberator was not dejected; he had the gratification to see the corporations of Ireland, hitherto exclusively Protestant, fall under his blows, and the first Catholic for two hundred years, he saw on his breast the insignia of Lord Mayor of Dublin.

This constancy in vindicating the rights of man for his country, without ever permitting himself to be cast down by age or want of success, would have been sufficient to mark the place of O'Connell amongst the liberators of the human race; for whoever serves his country in the general sense of the rights of all is not a man of one age or of one locality. He speaks for the existing people and for those to come; he gives them the example of perseverance, and he throws upon the world seed which sooner or latter the human race shall reap the benefit of. We shall be better

able to estimate the political conduct of O'Connell if we examine the basis on which he founded it and the doctrine which he has left us a legacy of on the subject of resistance to oppression.

To demand your right, such was the strong principle which O'Connell held against tyranny. There is in a right as in all which is true, an inherent force, eternal and indestructible, which never can disappear until rights themselves are no longer named. Tyranny would be invincible could it succeed in annihilating the idea of right with the name, and to silence for ever the mention of it. It endeavours to arrive at this goal, and to stop by every means of violence and corruption the mouth of justice. As long as these remain, a just soul with courageous lips, despotism is uneasy—it trembles—it thinks eternity conspires against it. Any other means are indifferent to it, and do not alarm it much. Do you make an appeal to arms?—a battle settles that. A riot? Is an affair of police. Violence is of time, right is of heaven. What dignity! what strength in rights which are advocated with calmness, with honesty, with sincerity from the heart of a good man. His spirit is contagious—when we hear him our souls acknowledge and adhere to him, a moment is sufficient sometimes to influence a whole people—to proclaim him, and to throw themselves on their knees. It may be objected, it is true, that the demanding of right is not always possible, that there are times and places where oppression is so inveterate that the thought of speech for right is as chimerical as the reality of right. It may be so, but such was not the position of O'Connell and of his country. O'Connell and Ireland could speak, write, petition, associate, elect magistrates and members for parliament. The rights of Ireland were disavowed but not disarmed, and in this state of things the doctrine of O'Connell was that of Christianity and of reason. Liberty is a work of virtue—a holy work, and, in consequence, a work of the soul.

But the demand for right ought to be unceasing, the liberation of a people is not the affair of a day; it encounters infallibly in the ideas passions, interests, and intricate relations of human affairs, a thousand obstacles accumulated by time, and when time alone, aided by a parallel and uninterrupted action, is able to remove. It is not enough, said O'Connell, to speak to day and tomorrow—to write, to petition, to associate for the present, we must speak always, must write always, petition always, associate always, until our end be attained and our rights granted. We must tire out injustice and force the hand of Providence. You see here, my brethren, this is not a school of vain aspirations and without resolution; it is the school of tempered souls, who know the value of the good they seek, and are not astonished that they must pay a dear price for it.—O'Connell, moreover, practised as he preached—that which he said he did; no life was ever more indefatigable than his. He laboured for the future as if inspired by the certainty of the present; he was never surprised, never discontented at not reaching his aim; he knew he could not attain it during his life, at least he had doubts about it, and yet you would say from his enthusiasm, that there was but one day, one step between him and liberty. Who can reckon the number of assemblies he addressed and presided over—the petitions he dictated, his journeys, his proceedings, his popular triumphs, that indecible arsenal of ideas and facts which composed the miraculous tissue of his 72 years! He was, indeed, the Hercules of liberty.

To the perseverance in the demand for rights he added another condition—that was, to be ever

an irrefragable organ of it; and, to explain this maxim by his conduct, we see first that he understood that every advocate of liberty should seek it equally and efficaciously for all, not only for his own party but even for his adversaries—not only for his own religion but for all religions—not only for his own country but for the entire world. Humanity is one, and its rights are the same in all places, even though the exercise of them differ according to the state of manners and of mind. Whoever excepts a single man in petitioning for right—whoever consents to the enslavement of a single man, were that man only bound by a single hair, is not a true man, and is not worthy to combat for the sacred cause of the human race! The public conscience will reject the man who demands an exclusive liberty—one careless of the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is only privilege, and the liberty which cares not for others is treason. We see nations arrive at a certain development of their social institutions, and there stop short or retrograde.—Do not ask why. You may feel assured that within that people there has been some secret sacrifice of right, and that these apparent defenders of liberty, incapable of wishing the same to others as to themselves, lost the illusion which conquers and saves—which preserves and extends liberty. The degenerate descendants of holy conflicts, their enervated discourses roll in a vicious circle, which it is sufficient to fear to know they are already repelled to.

Never did this occur to O'Connell; never, within fifty years, did his discourses lose for one moment the charm of sincerity. It vibrated for the rights of his enemy as well as for his own.—He branded oppression, no matter from whence it came, or on what head it fell; thus he attracted to this cause—to the cause of Ireland, souls separated from his by the most profound abysses—brotherly hands sought his hand from the farthest part of the globe. There is in the heart of an honest man who speaks for all, and sometimes seem to speak against himself—there is, I say, an immense power of logical and moral superiority, which almost infallibly produces reciprocity.

Yes, Catholics, understand this well—if you wish liberty for yourselves you wish it for all men, and for all under Heaven. If you ask only for yourselves it will never be granted. Give where you are masters, that it may be given to you where you are slaves.

O'Connell understood in a further sense, the maxim that we must be irrefragable in demanding our rights. He wished that a sincere and religious respect should be paid to authority, and to the law, which is its highest expression. For authority also is a liberty, and whoever wishes and yet attacks authority, knows not what he says nor what he does. Authority is an integral part of liberty, as duty is manifestly co-relative with right, the right of one man implies the duty of another. Hence it is that political charters, as well as the great charter of the gospel, consecrate at the same time right and duty, liberty and authority. The hand which separates them destroys them, and never shall any people who do not equally respect both be capable of becoming a free people. O'Connell pushed to the extent of superstition his respect for the law—he indulged in every liberty until he encountered a law in force; and yet no man ever made so surprising a use of the small space which persecuting laws left at his disposition. His profound knowledge of law was of great service to him in his magic advances and retreats, and he had the honour to die after forty seven years of political agitation without even having

incurred one final judicial condemnation. Once, at the time of the celebrated meeting of Clontarf, he feared he was caught in a snare from which he could not escape without soiling the baptismal robe of his popular and Christian leadership. On the eve of the meeting, when Dublin and Ireland were gorged with British troops, the viceroy proclaimed that the meeting should not be held. O'Connell shuddered at the thought of the inevitable conflict between the people and the army. Pale and agitated he sent off expresses on expresses, courier after courier during the entire night, and at length at the dawn of day, after a frightful night, he had the happiness to learn that not one soul would be at Clontarf where half-a-million was expected.

This was the occasion of his latest triumph. You know how England wished to punish him for the half century of agitation in which he had plunged the third of her empire—how he was cited, condemned, imprisoned—and how he appeared to the House of Lords, where he knew he had so many enemies. Illustrious epoch! when all Ireland came to visit its captive Liberator in his prison—when the assembled bishops offered up prayers to God that the man of Erin might be comforted in his tribulation, and come forth victorious! This prayer of the nation was heard, and after a magnanimous decree, which declared that O'Connell had not been in the wrong, Ireland had now once more the pride and consolation to carry its venerated father forth in all the glory with which she had surrounded him, and which appeared of increase or of termination.

In the opinion of men, O'Connell ought to have died that day; but the Arbitrer of Destinies and the Judge of Hearts had otherwise decided. O'Connell was a Christian—the faith and the love of God had been the vivifying principles of his entire existence; and yet, truly faithful although he was, perhaps he had not been insensible to the seductions of his magnificent triumphs. Glory is a subtle poison, which penetrates the shield of the best-regulated minds. O'Connell mented that God should purify him whilst alive, and after so many crowns which had never been disgraced, he should place on his head the crown of adversity, without which no glory is perfect on earth or in heaven.

O'Connell saw a portion of his friends detach themselves from him; his soul was wounded in pride and in friendship; it was also stricken in his people, whom he had so tenderly, so efficaciously served. A horrible famine mowed down under his eyes the children of Erin—he saw evils against which eloquence and genius availed nothing, and he felt in his inmost soul the emptiness of glory. But whilst he was a prey to this woe-fraught agony, suddenly, on the sacred banks of the Tiber, a voice was heard, which stirred to their centres the world and Christianity. Each expected a father who felt the wants of the times, who would take them under the direction of his pacific and pontifical hand, and elevate them from the earth to the level of religion.—this expectation and these vows were heard. O'Connell might die—Pius the Ninth had appeared in the world; O'Connell might be silent—Pius the Ninth spoke; O'Connell might descend into the shroud of the tomb—Pius the Ninth was in the chair of St. Peter. The old and dying athlete of the church and of humanity was not deceived—the strength and the weakness of his life were revealed to him; he knew that he had been but the precursor of a greater liberator than himself; and as John the Baptist went to visit in the desert the Messiah he expected, and whose shoe string he deemed himself unworthy to untie, O'Connell turned his eyes

towards Rome, and, making a large effort over age and over misfortune, he set out in the simplicity and in the joy of a pilgrim. But it was too late—the breath of life departed from him on the shores of the Mediterranean, when he almost saw in the distance the cupolas and the horizon of Rome. All Rome expected him, and prepared arches of triumph for his reception. He heart alone arrived in the city, where Pius IX received it. The Pontiff, placing his hands on the son of O'Connell, said these words to him—"Since I am deprived of the happiness, so long wished for, of embracing the hero of Christianity, I have at least the consolation to embrace his son." Seek not the tomb of O'Connell elsewhere than, brethren, it is not in Ireland, worthy though she was to possess him eternally. The tomb of O'Connell is in the arms and in the soul of Pius IX. It is there we must look when addressing to the Liberator our last words, the words of prayer and of adieu.

Let us recall our attention for a moment. My brethren, the interests of the Church are those of humanity, and the interests of humanity are those of the church. Christianity of which the Church is the living body, arrived at its present degree of lofty power by means alone of the profound relations which exist between it and humanity. Modern society is the expression of the wants of humanity, and in consequence, it is also the expression of the church; these few words give you the key to the life of O'Connell. O'Connell has been in our age of dissensions, the first mediator between the church and modern society, which is the same as to say—he was the first mediator between the church and humanity. We must follow his footsteps, my brethren, if we wish to serve God and man. Without doubt, it is the world which has separated itself from us which wished to exist and govern itself without us; but it is of little moment how the evil arose, or whose was the pride which led to the separation. We perceive to-day how much we need each other—let us make advances to the world which seeks and expects us. The admiration it pays to the memory of O'Connell, the encouraging cheers it raises around Pius IX. are vows made in the face of heaven, and a proof that it is not insensible towards him who understands its afflictions and its necessities. Let us understand these things—let us march at a distance, but with faith, on the glorious foot-steps we have this day contemplated; and if now you perceive in yourselves a will—if the vain shadows of the past are dissipated—if strength returns to you, and with it a presentment that you will not be useless to the cause of the church and of humanity, give credit to the true cause—say God spoke to you once by the soul of O'Connell.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

NEWS FROM THE U. STATES.

The accounts of the progress of our Religion in the States are most cheering.

Several Jesuit Fathers have arrived at New Orleans as Professors for Colleges in Mobile and Louisiana. Four of them are of English birth.

The Bill for a Chergship to Rome has passed the House of Representatives by an immense majority. When introduced into the Senate, Mr. Brenton, a Senator of great influence proposed an Amendment: that instead of a *Chargé a Full Minister* should be appointed. Hon. C. J. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania and General Shier's are spoken of as the most likely to be appointed.—Both were present at the St Patrick's Dinner at Washington on the 17th ult.

Rev Francis Ashe, O. S. A., a native of Cork died lately in the Augustinian Convent at Philadelphia. He was greatly respected by all classes for his piety and zeal.

Three Sisters of Mercy died in one week lately in Pittsburg. Two of them were Irish and one German.

The Legislature of Louisiana unanimously adopted a most complimentary resolution and Address to Pius IX on the 15th of March. True liberality is beginning to be firmly established on a solid basis in the neighbouring Republic. How the little narrow-minded bigots of this Province ought to hang down their heads for shame at the contrast! No matter what situation a Catholic receives here, they raise their paltry, selfish cry of Popish Ascendancy. We only regret that they dont get reason to squeak more loudly.

There were 126 Adult Converts to the Catholic Faith last year in Texas. When Bishop Odin was sent there eight years ago, there were but 2

priests. Now there are 15. There are 12 Catholic Churches completed in Texas, 5 in progress of erection, and 42 different stations are visited by the Clergy.

The amiable and respected Editor of the Catholic Herald of Philadelphia announces with great happiness in a recent number of that valuable Journal the conversion of one of the members of his family. The Editor had been an Episcopalian Clergyman himself before his conversion and that of his Lady to the Catholic Faith.

There was a High Mass and Sermon on St. Patrick's Day at St Patrick's Church, Washington. The Sermon was delivered by the Rev Mr Ward, S. J. of Georgetown College.

The Rev Mr Shaw of Boston preached an eloquent Sermon on Faith in St Matthew's Church Washington on the First Sunday of Lent. Mr. Shaw is a convert to the Church and the son of a very wealthy and respectable citizen of Boston.

CATHOLIC ASCENDANCY.

In three successive Sessions the Catholics of this city have sent numerous signed petitions to the Legislature praying for assistance to the schools at St. Patrick's, in which district several hundreds of Catholic children are deprived of the benefits of Education. This year the matter was referred to a select committee, who reported favourably to the House, and recommended the small grant of £50 per annum for the Education of 800 poor children. The report was brought before the House this week, and the paltry sum recommended by the committee was refused by a large majority. There may be motives of selfishness and expediency in thus defeating the just claims of a large body of the people, but at all events it is amusing to hear the cry of Catholic Ascendancy raised in the face of a fact so disgraceful as the above to the character of a Liberal House. We will return to the subject, and meantime will feel obliged to any one who will favour us with a list of the division on this subject. We have heard that the late Attorney General, Mr. Johnston, both in the Committee and the House, voted in favour of the grant, and declared his belief that the claim was fully established. The account of Common Schools at present stands thus:

Total sum voted for Halifax,	£600
To various Protestant Schools,	500
To Catholic School's of St. Mary's,	100

The Catholics forming nearly one half the population of the City, and having twice more poor children to be educated than those who receive the £500. This is Catholic Ascendancy and Liberal Government with a vengeance!

RECENT NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The English Mail Steamer arrived yesterday. An outbreak was recently apprehended in Ireland. Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. T. F. Meagher, and Mr. Mitchell have had informations sworn against them for delivering certain speeches and publishing certain articles calculated to excite unlawful opposition to her Majesty's Government. Maurice and John O'Connell attended and offered to become securities for Messrs. O'Brien and Meagher. The troops in Ireland are ordered to carry their arms to their places of worship. The accounts from France are gloomy and betoken no good for the peace of England. The intonation of the Republicans to provoke a quarrel with England was made manifest by M. Lamartine the Foreign Minister, who, in a speech to the Irish residents, announced that "the heart of France was never closed to Ireland," and predicted the speedy triumph of the Irish political and religious agitation. One thing is certain, that the oppression of Ireland by England will for the future cost the latter country more dearly than ever.

The Earl of Miltown has attended the Repeal Association.

Her Majesty has been safely delivered of a Princess in Buckingham Palace.

There has been a Revolution in Austria, and Prince Metternich has been dismissed.

The reports from the provinces of Ireland as to destitution, are very painful. Distress exists, to a great extent, in many parts of the south and west.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas, an Anglican clergyman, formerly of Exeter College, Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church at St. Edmund's College, Herts, and confirmed by Dr. Wiseman on Sunday fortnight.

The Hon. Mr. Robie has resigned his Seat as President of the Legislative Council, and the Honble Michael Tobin has been appointed by his Excellency to the vacant chair.

THE REVIVAL OF THE POTATO.
For the benefit of our country readers we copy from the *Dublin Weekly Register* some very practical observations on this important topic. The Editor, Alderman Staunton, late Lord Mayor of Dublin is exceedingly well informed on Agricultural as well as financial subjects, and has been an extensive cultivator of land for many years. Some modifications of the following plan should of course be made in this Province, to suit the difference of climate, but we think the general principles are as applicable here as elsewhere, and we have no doubt that if skilful farmers in Nova Scotia should apply themselves for two or three years to the production of sound, healthy seed potatoes, they would be well remunerated for their industry.

"We prophesied at the first appearance of the Potato blight that the effect would be but temporary. When there appeared an almost universal agreement that "the Potato was gone for ever," we anticipated its re-appearance, and hazarded the assertion, that those who would not die very soon would see it as abundant as ever in Ireland. We were guided in our conclusions by some facts in the history of the root which chance threw in our way. We had heard that it was universally destroyed by a blight in the year 1765, and that a few years restored it. We remembered a statement of the late George Ensor that several failures occurred within his own memory, and that he has known a few months to make such a difference in the price of this vegetable that the same quantity of it which was bought at the beginning for one penny sold in the end for twenty. We were aware that the Potato degenerates rapidly, and that its powers of production require to be often stimulated. We had no doubt that the visitations of 1846-7 would set every appliance in activity capable of reviving so favourite an esculent, and we are by no means surprised to hear that, in the present season, "every body seems determined to try the Potato again," and that there is likely to be as general a plantation of it as has been witnessed in our times.

We know something practically of Potato cultivation, and can, we think, supply a few hints on the subject that may be generally useful.

The best seed is an unripe Potato. The imported seed, which has been most successful, has been derived from districts in Scotland, where it is grown in an elevated, ungenial soil, not affording heat enough to force it to full maturity. There are Farmers whose habits have been to sow late and dig out early, that the seed might be less ripe. The Potato best for eating is generally worst for seed. An experienced purchaser, in making his selection for planting, will prefer the Potato through which his knife will pass with the greatest ease. The hard Potato, which will present greater resistance to the knife, he will avoid. If the hard Potato be boiled it will, probably, be found dry, mealy, and well flavoured. It has arrived at maturity. The unripe Potato, on the contrary, will be wet and unpleasant to the taste, but it will possess a great superiority in its productive powers. The ripe Potato will grow, except it be placed in unfavourable circumstances, but the produce in point of quality and quantity will be far inferior to that derived from the unripe seed.

We do not hazard a theory on this subject un sanctioned by high authority. We have ourselves seen it proved, so as to admit of no doubt; but three or four years ago a writer in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England wrote an Essay, in which the opinion as to the preference due to unripe seed is advocated, and to that Essay was awarded a premium by the first Agriculturists in Great Britain.

The Potato will, of course, succeed best under the most favourable circumstances. But what are the circumstances which are favourable? Well tilled ground, wide drills, fresh seed placed under the manure, sowing in droppy weather, and between the middle and closing of April, are all important. Sappy seed is best. That the sap should be as little as possible diminished, it should be as little as possible exposed to the air. It should be cut on the day it is put into the ground. It is well to put it under the manure for two reasons—first, to allow of its being immediately covered, and secondly, to place it in a position giving the tubers the best chance of becoming full and abundant. They stretch themselves horizontally, and it is obviously of importance to give them room. If the season should be dry and warm, they require to be protected from the heat of the sun. We have no

seed two fields of Potatoes in a dry season equal in every thing but this—that there were small and shallow drills in one, and wide and deep ones in the other; and when the produce was dug out, there was in the former only one fifth of the usual produce, while in the latter the crop was abundant.

We think it very likely that the desire to "try the potato again," understood at present to be so universally prevalent, will induce many, to use any seed that may come within their reach. It is a season, however, in which caution is now more than commonly necessary. Though reliance may be placed on good seed, it is very probable that the missing of the root will be more common than in ordinary years where the seed is inferior. Above all things care should be taken that the seed, whether it be ripe or unripe, should not exhibit the least tendency to decay.

Mr. Hogan, a member of the Dublin Society, has translated from the German a memoir on the cultivation of the Potato, by which it appears that the root has been produced, in Germany, from what we will call the apple, or berry seed, with great success, in a single year. The following passage will be read with great interest. The writer is M. Zander, of Boitzenberg—

For many years a kind of dry rot and pock-mark has been observed amongst potatoes in consequence of which many of them were quite unfit for food; this suggested to me the idea of obtaining them from seed, and I directed my efforts to the procuring of fully-grown potatoes in one year, in which I have succeeded. The raising of potatoes from seed is nothing new; the attempt has often been made, but it required three or four years before they came to perfection.

I first raised potatoes from seed six years ago. I sowed an eighth of an ounce, and obtained nearly seven sacks of fully-grown perfectly sound potatoes, although in the same year almost all the potatoes in my neighbourhood were affected by pock-mark and dry rot.

I have regularly raised potatoes from seed ever since, and they have remained sound during the whole time; and last year (1845), when the disease had spread over all Europe, and attained the greatest virulence in this neighbourhood, those potatoes which I had previously raised from seed, as well as those of the preceding year, continued perfectly exempt from disease. I have also given potatoes raised from seed to my friends and acquaintances, and these have also remained perfectly free from the universally prevailing disease. The Minister of the Interior took notice of my proceedings, and sent two officers to investigate on the spot the facts I had communicated to the government respecting my potatoes. These officers were present when I caused some potatoes to be dug out, which I raised from the year before, and amongst them was a plant which produced 280 potatoes; many stems produced from 100 to 130; the smallest produce from one plant was half a metze,* and the majority of the plants produced from one to one and a half metze. Potatoes raised from seed are very mealy, and have a peculiarly pleasant and fine flavour; they produce a richer crop in the second year, and it increases in the third; there is then no further increase, and they have attained their greatest perfection.

From an ounce of seed you may raise upwards of fifty sacks of potatoes; the smallest crop I ever had from half an ounce was twenty-four sacks. You will find the following description of the manner of raising potatoes from seed more complete than that which the government has published: for in that everything is given too superficially.

My views of the potato disease, which has spread so universally for some years, are as follows:—With all plants, propagation by seed is most in accordance with nature. We have propagated the potato for a century in a mode that is unnatural, and in a climate which is cold and foreign to it. This has now caused a complete degeneracy. In one word, our potatoes have become weakened and degenerated by a long continued unnatural mode of propagation, and they cannot, during their growth, bear any sudden change of temperature, drought, or moisture; and I have the firm conviction that the potato diseases which have now prevailed for some years, such as pock-marks and dry rot, and the disease of last year, which was formerly unknown, were caused amongst our weak and degenerate potatoes by sudden changes of temperature. A

* The metze holds 3½lbs of potatoes.

weak or nervous individual is very sensible of every change of weather or temperature, and so it has been for years with potatoes which have been weakened by an artificial mode of propagation. I am in possession of the strongest roots that we can again raise healthy and strong potatoes from seed. The potatoes which I have raised from seed the last six years have been free from the prevailing disease, and surpass in quality all the old sorts.

The fact that Potatoes may be raised from berry seed, and a great variety of them, has been long well known in this country, but the process by which this mode of cultivation is made available in Germany, in a single season, will be new to most of our readers:—

At the end of March, or beginning of April, the potato seed should be sown on a hot bed, the frame being sown a quarter of an inch asunder. If there are no ashes to put over the bed, it should be covered at night and in cold weather by mats or boards, as the young plants are very sensitive to frost. It is very important that the seed should be sown on a hot bed made of horse dung, as it sprouts with difficulty, and requires artificial heat to make it early productive in our climate. If the seed is sown in a cold bed, it remains until the middle of May before it comes up, and the crop will be retarded and diminished, but if it is sown as I have pointed out, there will be fine large plants in the middle of May, which may be planted out in the field. Until the plants are put out, the soil in which they were sown must be kept moderately moist, and when they are put out they must be freely watered if the weather should be dry.

If the potato plants have advanced so far by the middle or end of May as to have attained the height of four inches, they may be planted out in a loose rich soil, at about the same distance from one another as potatoes are usually planted, and this is best done on a cloudy day, or immediately after rain. It is of importance that they should be put down into the earth two inches lower than they stood in the seed bed; this will cause them to form fresh roots, which produce the most numerous and best tubers.

If the plants have not produced tubers, they may be left until they have attained a height of five or six inches, and may be planted three inches deeper in the ground than they stand in the seed; they will thus produce more roots; but care must be taken that the young plants do not produce tubers while they remain in the seed bed, and they should be often examined lest they should do so, as they will be very much weakened if allowed to form tubers before they are put out.

The earthing up of the potatoes raised from seed should be done early, and not too much; for if the plants are put out in weather which is not very unfavourable, they soon begin to shoot up, and the entire soil is penetrated by very small fibres, which would be injured by a high or late earthing up, the production of tubers be delayed for a fortnight or three weeks, and the produce diminished. I must remark that the potato plants thrive best in a rich sandy soil, which has been deeply dug up.

That there is an activity at present in all quarters of Ireland in preparations for potato culture is known in various ways. The representations in the newspapers and by private letters, of the traveller, and the extraordinary advance in the price of manure, attest the fact. We would advise the planters to be in time with their work, that they may be able to convert their ground to another purpose, if there should be a disappointment.

IRELAND—THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

In the hour of its darkest gloom Ireland was not false to the fame it had earned for pure love of the Christian religion and for the most genuine charity in wishing to extend that blessing to the heathen "who sits in the darkness of the shadow of death." The report of the receipts of the Irish branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith for the year ending January 3d, 1848, has just been published. *Three thousand and seventy eight pounds six shillings and sevenpence halfpenny* did Ireland give as a proof of its devotion to the sublime virtues of Christianity, and of its good will to all men in the gloomiest year of its dreadful history, the mournfully memorable 1847. Did ever famine stricken land before rise so sublime in its afflictions. Famine and pestilence on every side—monster graves, swallowing hecatombs of the promiscuous dead—no hope for man, and the more fearful hand of God apparently withdraws.

Such was the position of the perishing millions. Were there murmurs? No: a people whose virtue is as enduring as their hills, blessed the chastening rod that smote them—triumphed in their adversity—rose nearer to heaven the more they were crushed into the earth, and freely gave of their mites and their crumbs, three thousand and seventy eight pounds six shillings and sixpence halfpenny for the propagation of that religion which had sustained them in the direst of disasters, and willed that the pagan should have the light of faith even should they and their children be without bread.

Look on this picture of heroic charity you lordly calumniators of this religion-loving country. See before you open your mouths in slander, if there be anything equal to it among the nations of the earth. Learn you pampered great ones—you who know not sorrow nor affliction, nor what it is to see the objects of your dearest affections withering away and dying inch by inch of most excruciating hunger, and be without means to stop the serpent death, who is coiling his wreaths around them—learn you proud Divises, who live in a land rich in money but loathsome as a lazaretto for the deep depravity which as a mist overspreads it from shore to shore; learn to admire and imitate, not to calumniate, the enduring love of religion—the sublime love and heroic charity of the well-trying, true and faithful people of Ireland.

A large portion of the money collected was sent to the general fund in France. A considerable sum was expended in Ireland on the printing, publishing, and circulating of fifty four thousand seven hundred copies of the Annals of the Faith, besides collector's books and other similar matters; a taste for reading, education and charity, in its most heavenly form.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Report of the receipts and disbursements of the Irish Branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, for the year ending January 3d. 1848:

RECEIPTS.	
Received from the 2d. of January, 1847, to the 3d. of Jan. 1848,	£3,078 6 7½
	£3,078 6 7½
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Remitted to France	£1,923 12 6
Printing of Annals, &c.	747 10 4½
Carriage of parcels to subscribers	127 1 1½
Advertising in newspapers	121 17 6
Expenses of administration, including rent, stationery, &c.	155 4 5
	£3,078 6 7½

Names of the Dioceses, and the sum which each has respectively contributed during the year to the Funds of the Association:

Armagh	£59 11 5
Ardagh	7 7 8
Clogher	2 0 2
Derry	22 13 0
Down & Connor	31 15 4
Dromoro	15 2 0
Kilmore	17 15 2
Meath	91 2 1
Raphoe	5 4 0
Dublin	1,154 1 6
Ferries	184 14 4½
Kildare and Leighlin	130 5 6
Ossory	111 8 5½
Cashel	113 5 0
Cloyne and Ross	167 3 10
Cork	340 13 11
Kerry	13 11 6
Killalee	80 15 0
Limerick	57 11 0
Waterford	363 0 10
Tuam	41 9 6
Achonry	14 8 8
Clonsfert	6 13 6
Elphin	22 13 10
Galway	4 6 10
Kilmacduagh	22 5 6
	£3,078 6 7½

A. O'CONNELL, P.P., hon. sec.
Central Committee Rooms, 10, Essex bridge,
January 7, 1848.

The clearance system has not abated. Thirty one dwelling houses in one townland in Clonsfert diocese were levelled in a day. In the neighbourhood of Kiltrush 185 people were ejected lately, and near Athlone 104 individuals. The poor law is rendered inefficient in its operations by the conduct of the guardians in many districts. Two additional boards, Longford and Kiltrush, have been dissolved. In Roscommon, a public meeting, convened by the sheriff, was held on the 20th, to petition for the abolition of the entire poor laws.—*Dublin paper*.

Father Mathew has signified his intention to leave Cork for America in May. He expects to be in New York in that month.

EXTERMINATION OF THE PEOPLE—PATIENCE OF THE VICTIMS.—On Saturday last we witnessed, with no small degree of sorrow and disgust, the wholesale levelling of twenty-one houses and the extermination of one hundred and forty of the happy individuals in the centre of this town by Mr. Hackett, sub-sheriff for the county Roscommon, under a writ of *habere*. The melancholy spectacle, the rain pouring down in torrents the entire day; and to be looked on the hapless inmates as they were driven from their homes that were being destroyed over their heads, and heard their piteous lamentations, would have appalled the stoutest heart. It would be perfectly useless to attempt to describe the sufferings of the unfortunate creatures, or endeavouring to take from the ruins of their once happy homes their miserable articles of furniture. All this happened on a market day, in a crowded town, without the slightest disturbance occurring, the poor people submitting in silence and with Christian resignation to the heavy infliction which cast them houseless on the world.

It was truly a heartrending sight, and surely sufficient misery and destitution existed in this parish without adding to the number those who hitherto supported themselves by honest industry. But, alas! for the poor and afflicted, the majesty of the law must be vindicated, while human victims are offered up as holocausts to the enmity or caprice of heartless exterminators. What caused this wholesale eviction we are not at present acquainted with. We believe the property was involved in Law, in Chancery, but we are not aware at whose instigation the houses were levelled, and so many helpless beings sent outcasts on the world, to become a burden on the ratepayers. The greater number of the persons had their rent paid, and very few were in arrears.—*Athlone Sentinel*.

AN IRISH ELECTION SCENE.

THURSDAY.—The committee re-assembled at the usual hour this morning, Mr. Ryan in the chair.

The first witness called this morning was Miss Ryan, daughter of Pat Ryan, barber, of Kilslesh. She stated that she had for some time been in the habit of assisting her father in his business, and she remembered being sent for on the morning of the election, between four and five o'clock, to go to Mr. Sisk's house, a publican at Kilslesh, to operate upon the chins of a number of free and independent electors of the borough. She shaved the chins of no less than 35 voters, not one of whom could sit or stand for drunkenness. Some of them she found lying upon straw in the yard drunk, with bottles and drinking materials placed by their side, while others were snoozing upon the kitchen floor, two or three of them lying amidst the contents of their own stomachs. The free and independents were held up by the sober portion while she shaved them; but D. McLellan was in that state that it was utterly impossible to shave him, because he could not be held up at all, he was so drunk. The consequence was, that during the operation of shaving, she unfortunately cut his throat and her own finger at the same time. Mr Guinness, the sitting member, and Dr Jago, his friend, were present, and assisted in holding up the free and independents, while she operated upon them, and appeared to her to be as drunk as the rest of them. The process of shaving occupied from between four and five o'clock till nine in the morning, and immediately after they had been rendered somewhat decent they were marched up to the poll. Parson Ryder was the Protestant incumbent of a neighbouring parish, and while the voters were led up to the poll he supplied them with whiskey, and talked about the liberty and freedom of election (roars of laughter).

Pat Ryan, father of the last witness, proved that he received 3s 6d from the agent of the sitting member on account of the chairing.

Mr Herd was recalled, and proved that several electors who voted for Mr Guinness came to the poll in a state of comparative intoxication. They came in a jingle or car, the curtains of which were kept closed by the Rev Mr Ryder, a Protestant clergyman, and a relative of the Archdeacon.—*London Paper*.

A recent statistical work on France states that the bulk of the property of Louis Philippe was in forests, and, as Duke of Orleans his income thence was at least £300,000 a year. The crown estates he possessed as King were also principally in woods, yielding him £250,000 more.

STATISTICS OF THE RIGHT REV. DR DAVIS, O.S.B.—In the year 1832, when Dr. Ullathorne went over to Australia, as Vicar-General of Bishop Morris (for Australia was then subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of the Mauritius), he found but three Priests in the whole of that extensive colony. During the sixteen years which have since then elapsed, a hierarchy has been there established, the metropolitan see being fixed at Sydney, with Suffragans at Adelaide, Hobart Town, and Perth. In his recent visit to Europe, Archbishop Polding procured a further erection of sees, one of which is fixed at Maitland, a town about sixty miles north of Sydney. To this see has been appointed the Rev. C. H. Davis, Prefect at St. Gregory's College, Downside, the ceremony of whose consecration took place in Bath, on the Feast of St. Mathias. The consecrating Prelate was the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District. The Right Rev. Drs. Morris and Wareing officiated as assistant Prelates, the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, of Wales, was also in attendance; and about thirty Priests were present, amongst whom were the Very Rev. Dr Barber, President of the English Benedictine Congregation; the Very Rev. W. Henderson, O.S.B., Vicar General of the District; the Very Rev. Mgr. Brindle, D.D., of Prior-park; the Rev. J. Wilson, Prior of Downside; the Rev. Messrs. Turner, Brewer, Kendal, Duck, Wilkinson, &c. (O.S.B.) and the members of the community of Downside; Rev. Messrs. Mackinnon, Speakman, and Bampton, (S.J.) and the Rev. J. Rooker, D. D., Shattock, O'Farrell, Casey, Woollet, &c. All the students of Downside also assisted, in cassock and surplice. The Rev. Dr Rooker acted as assistant Priest, and the Rev. J. Hall and E. F. Davis as Deacon and Sub Deacon. The chaplains to the Bishop-Elect were the Rev. Prior of Downside, and the Rev. R. F. Davis, his Lordship's brother. The Rev. J. Bonomi, of Prior-park, officiated as Master of Ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Tidmarsh of Downside. The choir was composed of the united choirs of Downside and Prior-park, with the assistance of Messrs. Field and Millar. J. Lambey, Esq., of Salisbury, a schoolfellow and an attached friend of the Bishop-Elect, presided at the Organ; and Lord Ansdell, of Wardour, also assisted in the choir. The Apostolic Mandate was read by Dr. Barber. After the usual examination of the Bishop-Elect, Bishop Morris preached a very eloquent sermon, from Acts i. 8, "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." We understand that the sermon will shortly be published. A collection was then made for the new diocese. The chapel was crowded almost to excess. The music sung on the occasion was principally from Hayden; but the *Kyrie* was the composition of the newly consecrated Prelate. His Lordship will probably sail from England during the month of May; and as he has no prospect of receiving any aid from Government, his reliance must be placed on the charity of the faithful.—*London Tablet*.

The Printers of Paris took an active part in the late Revolution. They were foremost in the fighting ranks every where—leading on and encouraging the people to achieve the glorious victory which at length crowned their efforts. We cannot but feel proud of our craft—when we find the majority of them ever fighting with pen or sword, as the case may be, for the liberties of the down-trodden masses. Our readers may guess the part the Printers of Paris took, when we tell them that *Twenty-seven* of their number were killed.

The French Government has received a telegraphic despatch, announcing that the King of Bavaria had abdicated; no dates or other particulars are given, the telegraph being interrupted by the weather.

A letter from Copenhagen of the 14th inst. announces that a report was circulated that a Russian fleet was to pass through the Sound for the purpose of assisting the King of Naples; the Danish people had conveyed artillery to the coast, to oppose the passage of the Russians.

The Catholic population in the United States is estimated at 1,190,700.

The Queen and Prince Albert have subscribed £200 on behalf of the English workmen driven from France.

Poetry.

"Miscerans ab initio meli, ut salubris amaritudo salutem dare tunc possit, cum immaximo temperata dulcore bibi poterat. — i. e. planiora soremoris mane in Beneficiorum Dei, cum dolore pro peccatis —"

S. Bernardi, 8^o per. Cantic. Cantic. Ser. LX

Bring tears, we need them all to mourn
Our sinful life with sorrow deep,
For ah! the past can ne'er return,
What have we left to do but weep!

To fast, to sigh with lonely wail,
Meekly to nurse a contrite heart,—
To bid the voice of mirth be mute,
To watch, and wake, and live apart.

Gladly to welcome malice, spite,
The railing tongue—as all deserved—
To bow to persecution's night,
For rack, and death in horror nerve'd.

Such is the life that we should lead,
From early youth to latest old,
Who have in word, or thought or deed,
Proudly with open front rebell'd.

Yet happily it is well, the while
The long and bitter cup we drain,
At times to raise a chaste'n'd smile,
E'er we look down to weep again!

To lift to God a grateful eye,
For all His hidden love so vast,
With honeyed gratitude to fly
The over worn wood of the past.

With watery eye to look above,
And watch hope's arc of brilliant light,
By crystal streams to show thy love,
The while ye nurse a heart contrite.

Thus mingled shall our souls advance
In strength, and temper'd hope, and fear;
Thus may we meekly wait death's trance,
To wake in love's whole atmosphere!

LENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE VISCOUNT DE WALSH.

When the inclement severities of winter have passed by, but before the mild warmth of spring has shed its balmy influence, when societies in cities begins to grow tired of the noisy and barren pleasures which have agitated it during the season of frost and snow, of a sudden a death silence pervades each town; folly, with its remarks and its senseless shouts, its balls and its cavalcades, its disgusting saturnalia, and its impious childlessness, becomes mute.

And what is it that has thus so suddenly restored reason to the crowds who before appeared attacked by a vertigo?—Religion. She has scattered a few ashes on all those heads which were smitten with delirium, and now they have become calm; those men who were now but more boisterous in their mirth, have heard a voice issuing from the sanctuary, and which cried to them, "Man, remember that thou art but dust, and that unto dust thou must return."

This memento, given by the Church, has been the remedy to the strange madness of the crowd. Ash Wednesday has opened the whole forty days, and the days of fasting and the days of prayer, of retirement and of mortification, have commenced. He who shall now remain in ignorance, he who shall not shake off the shadows of death, by which he was surrounded, will indeed be culpable; for religion, the mother of all mankind, offers on all sides her succor and her instruction, her peace and consolation.

See all those churches, their portals are thrown widely open. Look at those altars, tapers are burning, and incense ascends from them. Listen beneath those vaulted cells, and you will hear the priests of the God of mercy, inviting you to repentance, and announcing his forgiveness.

During the season of folly and of riot, we have all, more or less, tasted of worldly pleasure. Well, then? the day being ended, its labors and its business having ceased, now that our churches are so beautiful, so inspiring, with the last rays of daylight fading from their stained glass windows, let us enter them and see whether the priests speak truly, let us see whether the yoke of the Lord be really easy. Should there still be noise without it will not reach those who are assembled within the church, or it will be weakened and deadened. Those distant noises are lost amid the chanting of the hymns, with the faithful singing in chorus, while waiting for their priest, when, by the light of lamps, he appears in the pulpit, after the invitation, "Holy Spirit descend upon us." The attentive crowd then take their seats. Then, they in fact appear like one large family, assembled in the mansion of their Father; then, the word of the minister of the Gospel can fall with power upon that multi-

tude, prepared, by prayer and fasting, to receive them. They are the well ploughed field, prepared to receive good seed.

Oh! great and sublime subjects are not wanting to the preacher, during the forty days of preaching. Never did profane eloquence have such an arena opened to it, the expanse through which the preacher may lead his flock is infinite; his time is all eternity. Look at the gallery of pictures he presents,—the earth, hell, heaven, repentance, penitence, mercy, virtue, death!—What holy inspirations! all those of the ancient Prophets.—What consolation to bestow! all those of the Gospel.—The majestic power of Jehovah, amid the thunder and the lightning, dictating his laws from Mount Sinai! the touching tenderness of Jesus, blessing little children! Agar in the desert, Joseph sold by his brothers; Tobias accompanying the Angel; the Maccabees defending their country, the Divine Son of the Virgin consoling the afflicted, healing the sick, giving life to the dead, the people listening to the parables of the Saviour, and weeping at that of the prodigal son; such are the subjects with which the preacher can move the hearts of the crowd who flock to hear him; and if we leave them cold and unmoved, they must indeed be hardened, or he must have remained poor while surrounded by such riches.

Ash Wednesday has, like all days of penitence, lost much of its austerity. In former days, says the historian of the Festivals of the Church, this day was selected to expose in public penitence those sinners who were to be received and reconciled, or to partake the communion with the faithful on Easter Sunday, the priests, first of all, heard their confession, and covered them afterwards with a shirt of haircloth or a sack, then threw ashes upon their heads, sprinkled them with holy water, and recited to them, accompanied by all the clergy, the seven penitential psalms.

On the return of the procession, they made them walk barefooted, then drove them from the church with a crosier, and they were not again received into it until *Holy Thursday*. During the time that they were conducting them to the door of the temple, to drive them from it, the priests sang the words which God pronounced against Adam and Eve, when he expelled them from the terrestrial paradise. The door was then shut against them, and the Mass of the faithful was then commenced.

During the whole of Lent, in towns as well as in the country, in the vast cathedrals of the cities as in the humble churches of the hamlets, the words of the Gospel continually are heard; God holds his court of forgiving mercy, and all those who stand in need of pardon, may then present themselves.

The Church has assumed its world colored ornament, and flowers are no longer seen upon its altars; veils envelope the form of Christ, and the images of the saints; and when the evening sermon is concluded, it is the holy pyx which the priest takes from the tabernacle, wherewith to bless the kneeling faithful.

The *Miserere*, the *Parce Domine populo tuo* have taken the place of hymns of joy, and the greater part of those Christians who have come to listen to the word of God, have from early morning obeyed one of his commandments; they have observed the part ordered by the Church; until noon, they have taken no description of food, and unless they have given alms to the poor, to entitle them to a dispensation, they must abstain from meat during the whole of the forty days of penitence, and it is only in the evening, long after the sun has set, that they may seat themselves and partake of a frugal collation.

The origin of Fasting goes back to a very remote age, fasting is of almost as ancient date as grief. Abraham, weeping for Sarah, Jacob, weeping for Joseph, mingled fasting with their regrets and prayers. Since the time of Moses, Fasts are frequent among the Jews, but as to the Fasts which are now read in their Calendar, they are posterior to the law. The legislator of the Hebrews does not in his books order any particular Fast, excepting the Fast of *Solemn Expiation*, which is strictly and generally observed. Joshua and the elders of Israel remained prostrate before the ark, from morning until evening, without taking food. After the defeat of the Israelites before Ai, the eleven tribes, which had taken arms against that of Benjamin seeing that they could not stand against the soldiers of their enemies, prostrated themselves before the ark, and remained there without eating until nightfall. David fasted during the illness

of the first born son he had by Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah. In all countries men in their days of trouble and terror and grief have felt the necessity of imposing upon themselves privations, in order to avert the scourges or the sorrows by which they were threatened to be overwhelmed, and for long ages past, in order to arrest misfortune, man has raised his supplicating voice to God, and has placed his tears and the pleasures he has sacrificed between himself and the avertures which threatened him.

Lent is a commemoration of the fasting of our Lord, when he remained in the desert for forty days and nights. He, who had never sinned, had no reason to perform penance; but he had come to teach men to mortify their passions, and it was his will that each act of his life should be to them a model, an example for them to imitate. Therefore solitude, retirement, silence, and the throwing aside of worldly affairs, temperance and sobriety, were good things to teach mankind. Amid the noise, the turmoil, the agitations of society, there is but little room for grave and pious thoughts; the inspirations which elevate the soul come not from the public squares. Elijah was in the desert when the Spirit of the Lord caused him to ascend the chariot of fire. Solitude and silence do not resemble death—in them there is a whole life for the mind. It might be thought that God has permitted angels to remain in the desert to commune with the saints who retire there to seek repose.

When from the public walks of our cities we gaze upon the vault of heaven, sparkling with innumerable stars; when we enjoy the calmness which night and sleep have cast upon the busy haunts of man, our soul feels itself already unfettered from many of those bonds which attach it to the interest of the world. In the desert that seeling is much stronger, and the wings which raise us towards heaven, there spread themselves more freely. There if you hear some murmuring noises, it is the wind moaning through the trees—it is a torrent which is roaring in the distance; these noises are far more soul inspiring than the measured steps of the patrol taking its nightly rounds, or the obscene songs of drunkards expelled from some low taverns.

The soft and plaintive sound proceeding from the waving sound of the palm tree or the cedar, seem to you like the voices of friends whom you have lost, and who bewail your fate because your soul has not yet joined theirs. The noise of the torrent which you hear reminds you of the stormy scenes of life; your days are as the waves, they pass on hurriedly and can never return.

This truce which is ordained during Lent,—this alienation from the business and pleasures of life—this absence from festive meetings, is, therefore, good and salutary. Men living in the world, we all know the alluring attractions of the seasons of banquets and of balls; but it is with sincerity we now ask: Is it around the festive table—is it amid the throng of an assembly, that great thoughts flash upon our minds? No, we must give to every thing its due. The noisy tumult of the world, which is not without its charm, has a stunning effect upon the senses, and sometimes occasions us, momentarily, to forget our sorrows. Retirement bestows peace and holy enthusiasm; the one intoxicates, the other exalts.

In order to reach the great week, that week of suffering to the Son of God, Lent is a holy preparation. To celebrate Easter duly, we should be pure; we should put on our sandals, and take our pilgrim's staff; we should be prepared for our long journey. The instruction we receive during the forty days, teaches us that death delights in surprising men in the midst of gay festivities; and that he takes pleasure in coming like a thief in the night, to strike the heads that are crowned with diamonds and with flowers.

Religion incessantly cries out to us—"In order to keep Easter as it should be kept, you must not sit down quietly; you must be watchful, and break off from those pleasures which enervate and delay you. The Christian is a traveller; the earth is not his resting place; he should consider it but as a hostelry, which he leaves after having slept in it, or as a tent which he has planted on the road side, and which he folds up and carries off when the night is spent. We must not praise before we have reached the habitation of our father. And the habitation of our father is in heaven! And this is said, is repeated every morning and evening to Christians who come to meditate, to recruit their strength, and to obtain repose within our churches during the forty days of fasting, of prayer, and meditation. If philosophism, or rather that which in our days

is called rationalism, succeeded in giving to society those manners which it has dreamed of in its visionary ideas of perfectibility and progress, the whole year would be similar, and would possess none of those varied aspects which religion has given to it, every month, every day would be like the preceding one; there would be no festival of holy gladness, no mournful solemnities. The year from the commencement to the end, would be like a flat and monotonous country, without effects of either light or shade.

Religion is a better appreciate that which is best fitting for mankind. He knows that to our light and inconstant nature, diversity is necessary, and has accordingly bestreved it over the Christian year.

In former days, nothing could be more striking in Catholic countries, than the advent of Lent after the series of joyous festivals of Christmas, New Year's day, Twelfth night, and Candlemas. On Ash Wednesday, society at once assumed a widely different aspect, in the towns there was no longer the same noises, the crowd bore a totally different appearance; there were no mountebanks or jugglers in the streets, but in their stead, congregations of penitents and pilgrims.—The gay songs were hushed, nor was there any dancing in the evening; but pious hymns were sung before the statues of the Virgin, or the tutelary saint of the parish. In the houses no joyous feasts, but repasts which from their frugality called to mind the love-feasts of the primitive Christians—and therefore was there among the fervently faithful the most eager impatience for the arrival of that magnificent Easter day, when all should again sing Hallelujah! Then, that sweet hilarity, the daughter of innocence and peace returned to the lawn and fields, to the presbyteries, and to the mansions, and our forefathers who had fasted with submission, broke their fast with gladness.

RELIGION IN PARIS.

In regard to religion itself, one of the most striking features of this Revolution is the universal respect shown to the Churches and to the Priests whilst the infuriated mob ransacked the Tuileries, a few persons managed to secure the Crucifix and the Hosts in the chapel. A youth bearing the polytechnical uniform took the latter in his hands, whilst the former was borne by another person, and the multitude accompanied both bareheaded and in a sort of procession to the neighbouring parish Church. At the house of the Jesuits, yea, at the house of the Jesuits, the people after visiting the establishment came to the chapel, where their leader bade them to respect the sanctity of the place and to kneel down before God. And the people knelt down, and after adoring their God, they came out in peace. This, I have from the Jesuit who accompanied him. The Abbe Desgenettes was begged, through the intermedium of his now revolutionary mayor, to reopen his Church, a thing which he had done as early as Friday last, and as the venerable Cure passed along through files of armed men in order to pay a visit to the new mayor, they spontaneously opened to make room for him, and he was greeted with many a friendly salutation. This, also, I have from himself. Priests passed and repassed through the barricades in their sacerdotal dress, and some were openly cheered by the people, whilst more encountered no insult. I should never end were I to produce the numerous examples of respect shown to the religious establishments and persons.

If you add to this that the Christian Brothers are now again seen in the streets at the head of their schools; that Nuns and Sisters of Charity do not fear to go about upon their usual duties, you will acknowledge that never was a more extraordinary revolution accomplished in so short a time.—*Correspondent of the Tablet.*

Died.

April 1—Mary Ann, daughter of Patrick and Mary Vaughan, native of Cork, Ireland, aged 6 years. 6—William Cashen, Private of 23d regt, native of Ireland, aged 34 years. 7—Bridget, daughter of Mr & Mrs Walsh, aged 25 years. 11—Thomas, infant son of Thos & Ellen Gorman, aged 12 months and 15 days; Thos Gilh, native of Galway, Ireland, aged 42 years; William Burns, native of Halifax, aged 24 years.

THE CROSS,

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