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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 39.

forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 11.

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- SEPTEMBER 27—XVII after Pentecost.
 28—St. Wenceslaus King and M. Sem.
 29—Dedication of St. Michael Arch. Doub.
 30—St. Jerom C. Doct. Doub.
- OCTOBER 1—St. Remigius B. C. Sem.
 2—Holy Angel Guardians Doub.
 3—St. Mary Mag. de Pazzi V. Doub.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

A very numerous meeting of the Halifax Branch of this great Catholic Society was held at St. Mary's on Monday evening last, the Bishop in the Chair, assisted by the V. President, Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, and the Rev. Mr. Nugent of St. Mary's College. The receipts of the evening amounted to nearly Sixty Pounds, a gratifying proof of the continued zeal of the Catholics of Halifax in the promotion of this blessed work. Amongst the sums handed in were thirty shillings from the Island of Bermuda, and a Pound from Mr. James McCarthy of Meteghan. There was a considerable distribution amongst the Collectors, of the Annals and other religious Books, of pictures, medals, &c. The Bishop gave some account of the progress of the institution in France and other countries and closed the proceedings by reciting the prayers prescribed for gaining the indulgence.

We will print, in our next, the sums handed in by each Collector.

We have been informed that the Catholics of Parrsboro have purchased ten acres of land on which they are to erect a Church, and that they have already procured the Frame of the building. We need not say that we are delighted to hear such creditable accounts of their zeal, and that we will be happy to record the onward progress of a work which is so intimately connected with their own spiritual welfare, and that of their children.—The cloud which long hung over the Catholics of Cumberland, is, thank God, beginning to pass away.

RT. REV. DR. FLEMING.

This estimable Prelate arrived here last week, and after having remained in town a few days on business connected with his Cathedral, his Lordship returned to St John's, in the Unicorn Steamer on Friday 18th inst. We earnestly hope that the great object of the Bishops's present anxiety—namely, the roofing in of the Cathedral—will be accomplished before the commencement of the winter.

COLLECTIONS FOR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH THIS MONTH.

By Mr. Peter Morrissy, and Mr. Edward Barber.

Patrick Quinn £1, Mrs. Lannigan and Mrs. McGlen 5s 2d each. Mr. Curley 5s; Miss Laughlan, H. Hunter, John McGrath, 2s 6d.; Miss Barber

ber, Mrs. Condon, Mrs. Power, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Cavanagh, Mr. Walsh, Michl. O'Dwyer, Mrs. Flinn, Matthew Collins, Wm. Barry, Wm. Kelly, J. Nugent, Miss Longard, Mrs. McGrath, P. Bulger, Mr. Flinn, Mrs. Connors, T. McGunter, Maurice Meligan, Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Quirk, Mr. Lacy, Mrs. Gilfoyle, Edward Carey, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Phelan, Mary Wilson, T. Piekard, and Mrs. Mahoney 1s 3d each; P. Wallace, Mrs. Doyle, J. Fuller, P. Vaughan, Mrs. Marks, A. Boyle, Mrs. Hurley 7 1-2 each.

By Mr. Rodger Cunningham :

Mr. Peter Furlong £2 10s; Mrs. Mahoney 2s 6d Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss L. and Miss K. De-freytas 1s 3d; Mrs. O'Brien, and Mrs. Maher 7 1-2d.

By Messrs P. Ryan and W. Walsh.

John Dillon, John Dunn and James Sproon 2s 6d each; John Quan, John Kellerson, Thomas McGee, W. Tierny, Michl. Jennings, J. Willard, Martin Doolan, P. Maher, R. Dawson and Oliver Brennan 1s 3d each; T. Sullivan, Hugh Golden, Mrs. Langley, Michl. Morrissy, and Timothy Dunn 7 1-2d.

By Messrs. James Wallace and Michael Murphy :

Patk. Fahy 10s.; Terence Calnan, Wm. Colman 5s; Jer. Donohoe 5s 2 1-2; Michl. Dillon, Daniel McGuire 3s. 1 1-2d.; Wm. Tracy, Mrs. Fogarty, Jer. Donovan, Carberry Higgins, Daniel Dunn, Michl. McCormack, Richd. Hoban 2s 6d; Thos. Mulcahy, Timothy Murphy, Daniel Curran, John Duffy, Wm. Mahoney, Barth Sullivan, Thos. Cleary 1s 3d; John Delaney 7 1-2d.

By Messrs. P. Going and E. Eustace:

John Doran £1; John Power 5s 2 1-2d Cornelius Hennessy, Thos. Howley, 2s. 6d; Wm. Burk 1s 3d. Last month: Timothy Driscoll £1 5s 2 1-2d; Patrick Tallant 10s. 5c.; Mrs. O'Neill 3s 1 1-2d.; Wm. Burk 1s 3d.

By Messrs. P. Walsh and James Wall.

Michael Holland £1; John Lannigan 6s 3d; Mary Mahoney 5s; Ellen Suttles, Patrick Poole 2s 6d.; Mary Dunphy, Gath. Hogill, Thos. Deegan, Johanna Brown, Thos. Sullivan, Mrs. Murphy, Wm. Connors 1s 3d; Mrs. Sullivan, Eliza Milner 7 1-2d; each.

By Messrs James Kelly and J. Tuohill.

Michl. Tuohill 6s.; Edward Power, Patk. Hol-

den, Lawrence Kenny, John Curramor, James Furvis 1s 3d.; Mr. Moffet, Wm. Carew, Wm. Foley, Wm. Doyle 7 1-2d.

(Remainder in our next.)

BERMUDA.

The Revd. Mr. Hannan, after a pleasant passage of nine days from Halifax, has arrived in Bermuda to the great joy of the Catholics there.

NEW CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

A handsome Cemetery adjoining the Church at Lunenburg was lately consecrated during the Bishop's visitation in that town.

On Wednesday next, 30th inst., the obsequies for his late Holiness will be celebrated at St. Mary's at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The Conference of the Clergy will be held the same day.

The Office of the Dead which was hitherto reited on Sunday Evenings by the members of the Purgatorian Society in the Church of "Our Lady of Sorrows" Cemetery of the Holy Cross, will be said at St. Mary's, Halifax, during the winter months at the usual hour.

NEW CALEDONIA.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. EPALLE.—The *Sydney Morning Chronicle* of the 25th of April has the following appalling intelligence:—By the arrival of the Marian Watson, on Thursday, from the islands of San-Christoval and New Caledonia, we have received the melancholy intelligence of the death by the hands of the savages, of the truly amiable and beloved Dr. Epalle, Vicar Apostolic of North Western Oceanica. This event has cast a saddening gloom over the Catholics of Sydney, a gloom in which many of their Protestant friends also participate; as the mild, amiable, and gentlemanly deportment of the good Bishop, who resided amongst us for four months previous to his departure for the scene of his mission, endeared him to all who had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with him. It was hoped that the labours of this gentle and truly apostolic prelate would have produced much fruit in the Islands of the Southern Seas, and that he would, in the hands of Heaven have been the instrument of bringing innumerable souls, who now sit in the darkness of the shadow of death, to a full knowledge of God's holy truth, as revealed by His only Son, and ever man-

tained and propagated by his one, only, and Catholic Church. He was a man wellfitted for such a mission, for, though only in the prime of his life, he had long laboured, and with success, amongst the unenlightened Heathens of the Southern hemisphere, having been for many years Vicar General to the New Zealand Mission. Schooled as it were at the feet of such a master as the amiable and indefatigable Bishop Pompallier, Right Rev. Dr. Epalle appeared to be in every respect a man well-fitted to enter upon, and succeed in, a mission such as the one to which he had been so wisely appointed. Heaven, however, in the decrees of its inscrutable wisdom, has differently ordained; at the very outset of his labours, the holy Bishop has sealed with his blood his testimony to the Faith, and to his ardent desire to propagate amongst the heathen the truths of the eternal Gospel; thus adding another to the glorious band of martyrs, who from the first establishment of the Church even to our times, have so nobly illustrated her Faith and triumphed by their death over the powers of darkness; for it is no less true now than it was in the time of Tertullian that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; and we confidently anticipate that the blood of this good prelate will not have fallen upon barren ground, but that it will 'bring forth fruit a hundredfold.' From the known cruelty of disposition of the savages amongst whom Bishop Epalle and his fellow-labourers were destined to exercise their apostolic ministry, it was expected that news would be received that some of these messengers of good tidings had been slain by the hands of those, for whose eternal welfare they had left country, home, friends, and all that was dear to them; and for which each and all of them were fully prepared. The sad intelligence we are now called upon to record, has painfully realised those fearful forebodings. The language of the Archbishop of Sydney, at the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, held on the 7th of September, has thus assumed the character of prophecy. Speaking of these mission, his Grace said—'The reflection naturally forces itself upon their minds, perhaps, before twelve months had passed away, the bodies of these pious missionaries might be prostrate in the earth, their brains dashed out by the club of the savage, who had misinterpreted the end for which they had come amongst them; but their souls would be happy with their God.' The mission, though it has commenced with the death of its head, is not, and will not be abandoned. It is for the present stationed on the island of San Christoval, one of the same group, and God in his own good time, will make it productive in the meantime, let us not be as men 'sorrowing without hope,' but pray 'the Lord of the harvest, that he will send more labourers into the vineyard.'—The following is the account of the

Bishop's death, as furnished by Captain Richards, the commander of the Marian Watson:—'Schooner Marian Watson, at Astrolabe Harbour, Isle of St. George, December, 1845. Tuesday, 14th December.—At 7-30 AM. Bishop Epalle, Messrs. Fremont and Chauraine, with a lay brother, left the ship in a whale boat, in charge of the second mate and four hands, for the purpose, as they had been two days previous on the Island of Ysable, to see if they could find a place adapted for a settlement or station. About 10.30 the boat returned to the ship with three severely wounded, having been attacked by the natives. On getting the Bishop on deck, and his wounds examined by Mr. Guior, we found there were no hopes of his recovery, having received four large cuts on the head, and all clean through the skull, so as to expose the brain. Mr. Fremont, with two wounds, and the second mate with one, which had the appearance of being done with a tomahawk. The account of this melancholy affair I got from Mr. Chauraine, the Bishop's secretary. On landing they saw some natives, and all armed; one of them, who appeared to be a chief came to the boat, and wanted the Bishop's ring. The second mate and our seamen also landed, and walked up the beach, the natives coming still out of the bush towards the boat. This chief asked for a tomahawk, which the second mate gave, as he did not like his appearance. By this time several natives had got about the boat, and taking particular notice of the fire-arms. It appears no one paid any attention to the natives being all dressed or painted as natives generally are when they are for war—and the first alarm was the Bishop crying out, and a yell from the natives running out of the bush. The second blow the Bishop fell, at which time three or four natives were round him. Mr. Fremont and the second mate made for the water, and the report of a pistol from the boat saved them from sharing the same fate. Mr. Chauraine most ably fought his way through this mob of savages with stones only, and got to the boat, when he seized a cutlas, and fearlessly risked his own life to go to the assistance of his lordship, whom they were dragging along the beach, tearing his clothes off, when, at the second report of a musket and pistol, they all ran off into the bush. It appears that these natives are well acquainted with fire-arms, as, on the signal being given they tried to heave up the boat, and others wetted the arms with salt water. The Bishop departed this life at four P. M., on Friday, the 19th December, but never took notice or spoke after being taken into the boat. On Saturday, the 20th December, at five A. M., we all left the ship, and buried the body about six A. M. The grave is close to a place marked on the French charts, Debarcoir—the outer point of Astrolabe Harbour, and the highest peak near Cape Prieto, on the island of Ysable. On one of the small stones along the

grave is the mark ✠ where lies the remains of John Baptiste Epalle, Bishop of Sion, Vicar Apostolic of Melansic and Miconisic.

The excellent Prelate who has thus received the Crown of Martyrdom was a member of the Congregation of Piepus in Paris, and was consecrated at Rome in the Summer of 1811 by his Eminence Cardinal Fransoni, assisted by the Archbishop of Chalcedon, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, of Halifax. The title which his Lordship received, was the same as that borne by the late Dr. Burke,—Bishop of Sion. It is a curious fact connected with the mission of Melansic, that Dr. Epalle's predecessor, Mgr Rochouse who sailed from France at the close of 1812, with Priests, Nuns, &c., to the amount of forty individuals, was never heard of since. It was after two years delay that it was concluded he had perished at sea, and that Dr. Epalle was appointed to succeed him.

General Intelligence.

INDIA—MAJOR LAURENCE'S ASYLUM; CATHOLIC SOLDIERS, THEIR CHILDREN AND ORPHANS.

Dear Sir—I enclose an extract from the Catholic Herald of Calcutta, which cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of the Catholic Body in these kingdoms. Perhaps the Institute might take up the subject, and obtain from Government some protection for the children of our poor Catholic soldiers in India and elsewhere.

I am sure that I need not urge you to use your powerful pen in this case.—I am, Sir, respectfully yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

London, August 15.

“We learn from the *Englishman* of the 11th inst that the Commander in Chief and the officers of the Bengal Military Service have given donations to the amount of rupees 24,050, towards the erection and support of an Asylum for European Soldier's children, to be established in Mussorie, and that annual subscriptions amounting to rupees 6,086 have been already received. Masters and Mistresses, all Protestants of course, are to be brought out from England, at a great expense, to conduct the Institution; the Protestant version of the Scriptures is to be taught in the classes, by Protestant teachers, and yet we are told that the establishment is intended for the children of Catholic soldiers no less than for those of Protestants.

“We beg of the Catholic soldiers of the Indian army to open their eyes to the snare which is here laid for the faith of their little ones dear to them as

their own lives, and to prove themselves as faithful to their God, by guarding the faith of their offspring, as they have ever shown themselves loyal and brave in the cause of their country and Sovereign.

“We confess, we have every confidence in the sincere and generous hearts of the Irish Catholic soldiers; for we never yet knew them to betray their religion, for a bribe, no matter how insidiously proposed for their acceptance; and we are sure they will not abandon, to perversion and eternal ruin, those innocent, helpless little children for whose salvation they are bound, both by the laws of God and nature, to provide, even at the risk of their lives, if it be necessary.

“We repeat, we have unbounded confidence in the fidelity of the Irish soldiers; for they are the descendants of those heroic Christians whose forefathers could not be bribed out of their religion, by all the wealth of England, or induced to abandon their children to heresy, by the terror of the bayonet or the scaffold. But what is to become of the brave men who shed their blood for their Queen, in the late engagements at the Sutlej? May the God of mercy, who is the father of the widow and the orphan protect them, and open for them an asylum where they may learn that holy religion which was the consolation of their brave and loyal fathers, in their dying moments. We are astonished that the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and the officers of the Bengal Army who saw these brave men sacrifice their lives in the service of their country, should think of taking advantage of the destitute condition in which their infant children have been left by that sacrifice, to shut them up in a Protestant Asylum to be deprived of the faith of their fathers, by Protestant teachers. O shame! O ingratitude! O base and unworthy return for so much loyalty, bravery, and self devotion in the cause of their sovereign! If we had not read it, in black and white, we never could bring ourselves to suspect Sir Hugh Gough for any such proceeding. Our present Governor General, Sir Henry Hardinge, pledged his honourable word in the House of Commons, when he was Secretary of War, that Catholic soldiers should have justice done to their religious wants in India, and this is the way in which he proposes to fulfil his engagement.

“The Governor-General in prudence, ought to pause before he lends himself to the infliction of such a wound like this, on the minds of the Catholic soldiers; for if it be known at home that this is the way the faith of their children is assailed, recruits may be fewer than the present exigency of Indian affairs requires. The just, the prudent, and the only honest method of providing for the

temporal and spiritual wants of the children of Catholic soldiers would be, to aid their guardians, their Bishops, and spiritual pastors, in establishing and supporting those benevolent and charitable institutions expressly intended for such children.

We understand that the Right Rev. Dr. Borghi, Vicar Apostolic of Agra, is about establishing an Asylum at Mussoorie also, for the children of Catholic soldiers, if supported by public charity, and we hope the Government will not grudge some support to it; we are sure the Catholic soldiers, and many benevolent and charitable officers of the army, will not be wanting to forward so laudable an undertaking. The best possible care will be taken of the religious persons whose lives are consecrated to the care of the orphan and the education of youth, not for filthy lucre's sake (like the masters and mistresses to be brought from England but for the love of that God who gave his life for the little ones entrusted to their care. Lest the public should be imposed upon by the specious assertion, that the new Protestant institution is to be conducted on the liberal (insidious) principles of the La Martiniere in Calcutta, we may as well tell our fellow Catholics, that no Catholic is allowed to have his children educated as inmates in the Martiniere, and that the Holy See has expressed the strongest disapprobation of the principles on which that establishment is conducted.—The Archbishop Vicar-Apostolic of Bengal, therefore or the Right Rev. Dr. Borghi, or any of the Catholic Bishops of India, can never consent that any Catholic child should be educated in the Protestant asylum to be opened at Mussoorie; and if any Catholic should send his child to it he may be sure that he will not be entitled to the sacraments or rites of the Church. We shall return to the subject again, shortly, and in the meantime let us ask our readers to pray with us for the protection and salvation of the poor little orphans of the Catholic soldiers, who together with their priest, Rev. F. Francis, fell at the Sutlej, faithful to God and their Sovereign.—*Calcutta Catholic Herald.*

CONSECRATION AND OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF HANLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., was solemnly consecrated in honour of our Blessed Lady and St. Alphonsus, by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, the beautiful church lately built at Hanley, in Worcestershire, at the expense of John Vincent Gandolfi, Esq., from the design of Mr Charles Hansom. The Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Vicar-Apostolic of Wales, on the same day consecrated the altar of St. Alphonsus. On Friday, August 21, the

Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne consecrated the Altar of Our Lady; and on Saturday, August 22, the Cemetery, surrounding the church, was solemnly blessed by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. The Rev. John Wheble superintended the whole as Master of the Ceremonies.

On Thursday, August 20, being the Feast of St. Bernard, the church was opened for the worship of God by a solemn Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Weedall, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, the Rev. Francis Amherst, the Rev. Francis Searle, the Rev. Michael Crewe, &c. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, and the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, assisted in copes and mitres. After the Gospel, the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman preached on the text from the 11th Book of Chronicles, vii, 16, "I have chosen and sanctified this place, that my name may be there for ever, and my eyes and my heart may remain there perpetually." The discourse opened with a most striking expression of the feelings with which his heart had been affected on the preceding day while taking possession, in the name of Almighty God and of the Holy Catholic Church, of the sacred building in which we were assembled. He had had the happiness of performing many such ceremonies. On all these occasions, most sublime, most elevating are the sentiments with which the different parts of the service inspire us. But there were circumstances in the present case peculiarly striking. As to the general impressions just adverted to, he called on us to compare the overflowing richness and eloquence the varied imagery, with which the Catholic Church invests all her solemnities; the commanding authority with which she claims, in the name of her Divine Head, the service of all the elements which she employs in her solemn benedictions, with the dry, unmeaning formalities used by the body which possesses the outward ascendancy in this unhappy country; and thus he led us to sigh for the return of the happy days when the Catholic Church was mistress in England, and before she was supplanted by those who with strange ignorance of human nature, had imagined that religion could have a hold on the heart and soul when stripped, as they had stripped it, of all that could engage and captivate the outward feelings and senses, independently of which the soul of man cannot act or move in his present state. It is as if a tree were expected to bear fruit if stripped of its leaves.

But chiefly he dwelt on one feature, prominent in all the Offices of the Catholic religion, particularly in the consecration of a church; how they declare her to be the Church, not of one age, or of one people, but that of all ages and nations; how, for the composition of the lustral water and for the

other materials with which she consecrates the floor, the walls, and the altar, the entire fabric of the church, she collects the produce of all regions of the world as of the different parts of her own vast empire; the balsam of Peru, the oil of Italy, the wine of Spain, the incense of Arabia, &c.; and what, alas! from England? Only the Ashes!—fit emblem of the spiritual desolation to which her pretended pastors have reduced her. Again, when on the pavement of the church, in one part of the consecration, he had traced in transverse lines the letters of the Latin and Greek alphabet. How did that set before him the fact, though this church was built in England, it belonged not to the Church of England alone, but to the Church which claims dominion from east to west, and from north to south; to the Church not of to-day, but of the day when east and west were happily united, and of the day when they shall be united again. But not only does the church, in her Consecration service exhibit herself as Catholic, inasmuch as she embraces all nations and all ages of this present world, she declares herself that kingdom which is not of this world, and which is to stand eternally when this world is passed away, by calling, with that tone of intimate yet reverent familiarity, which she alone knows how to adopt, on all the holy angels and saints of God's kingdom above to take possession with her of this Temple, which she makes His, so long as the materials which the skill of the artificers has put together, shall hold their place.

But peculiarly on the present occasion was this character of Catholicity displayed, when he viewed this Church, consecrated in England in honour of Our Lady and St. Alphonsus—of that poor but blessed Maid of Nazareth, who, first of all the Saints of the New Covenant, as *above* them all gained that name of "Blessed," and of the last whom the Church has ranked amongst her Saints,—of that Neapolitan nobleman, who, being in early youth weaned from the world's vanities, devoted his soul to the love of God, and particularly was distinguished in these latter days by setting forth and exalting the glories of Mary, who in return, was made the channel of grace and glory to him, as when once from her image (while he spoke of her) Divine rays of light beamed on his countenance. Well might we rejoice in being members of this Church, and in finding thus, on all sides, and in all ways, such varied signs of her Truth.

We do not pretend to give an adequate report of this admirable discourse; we have merely set down in our simple style, some of the ideas with which it was enriched. The choir of St. Chad's Cathedral contributed their services with great effect. The organ (a greatly admired instru-

ment) is from the establishment of Messrs. Bevington.

The only unfavourable circumstance of this happy day was the rain which fell almost incessantly, and, of course, prevented what would have been one of the most impressive parts of the function, the procession before High Mass, passing by the walk round the churchyard, as had been proposed. It was therefore confined to the interior of the church.

After High Mass a large company proceeded from the church to Blackmore Park, which lies at the distance of about half a mile; where, at three o'clock, they were regaled by Thomas C. Hornyold, Esq., (owner of the park and uncle to the generous founder of the church), with a splendid entertainment under a marquee, erected before the door of the mansion, where, we suppose, more than a hundred sat down, surprised to find themselves entirely protected from the rain which still fell during part of the time profusely. Mr. Hornyold was in the chair, with Mr. Bodenham as his Vice-President. The entertainment was concluded in the genuine English style of toasts and speeches; the much respected gentleman at the head of the table conducting these with a spirit of cordial hospitality and benevolence which made it one of the most agreeable scenes of this nature that we have ever witnessed.

DONCASTER.

To the Editor of the Tablet.—The Rev. Father Gaudentius, of St. Stephen, the eminent and learned Monk of the Order of the Passionists, brought to a close on the 18th the spiritual Retreat which he had commenced here on the 6th of August. And judging from the crowds that were in constant attendance, three times a day (6 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 1-2 at night), and from the great number of Catholics that approached the Holy Sacrament, great, it is to be hoped, will be the fruits produced. Of the ability with which the Retreat has been conducted it is impossible to speak too highly, neither is it possible to appreciate too greatly the learning, the zeal, and the spirituality, of this Holy Father. During the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament the four last nights of the Retreat, 172 wax candles burned round the sacred and adorable Host.

AN IMPRESSION.

We select the following passage from the letter of a correspondent, for the whole of which we have not space:—"Last year I was for a few hours only over in Granville (Normandy), and there, for the first time in my life, saw a Catholic Church in a Catholic country, in its grandeur, beauty and sublimity; and further saw that which I had never seen in my own Protestant Church in my own Protestant country—a crowded week-day evening service, and again at four o'clock on the following morning, still a week day, a service equally, if not more, crowded than before—not to show off the garish colours of a fashionable audience—the solemn gloom of the place and the garb of those assembled would not have admitted that; but a congregation apparently full of fervent and humble piety, with numberless devotees at the various shrines, absorbed in meditation, on their knees, unnoticed and unnoticed. My poor tender hearted better self, who was with me, burst into tears, and I could only keep mentally exclaiming—"this, this is indeed the House of Prayer, the very Gate of Heaven." I am quite aware that much of this was excitement in a strange country, and under peculiar circumstances. But oh, to be often thus excited, I trust holily and happily excited, would indeed be a blessing.

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER. II.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Continued.

The other students went in silence to the door of his room, and tied it with a rope to prevent any one from opening it from within. They then listened. Suddenly one of them struck the window. The dancing master, surprised at this nocturnal visit, went to the window, and saw a frightful figure, which uttered threats against him,—'Promise me,' said the figure, with a sepulchral voice, 'that you will make no more jests about religion? If you ever dare laugh again at holy things, you are a ruined man.'

The free-thinker, trembling like a leaf, answered in a weak voice, 'Pardon, pardon, I will never say any thing more.'

At these words, the figure repeated its threats and disappeared.

The students, who had listened at the door, could scarcely help bursting with laughter. They untied the rope and went away; but the president, who was then walking about the house, met them, and asked them whence they came. They endeavored to excuse themselves, and told him nothing; but he

insisted; Frederic, the most reasonable of the band, was called upon to tell the truth, and at length related the whole affair. The president could not help laughing, when he heard the trick; he, however, reprimanded them severely, inflicted a light punishment, and forbade them to tell the joke.

Whilst he was yet scolding them, the house resounded with cries. The poor dancing master, recovered from the first impression which the apparition had made on him, hastened from his room to the corridor, crying for help, and declaring that he had seen the devil. The whole house was instantly aroused. The president ran also, knowing full well what kind of a devil had appeared to him. He took the little man to his room, and explained the whole mystery; but he, whose imagination was very much excited, would not believe what the president said; he persisted in declaring that he had seen the devil: "Because," said he, "it is impossible for a boy, even with stilts, to reach the windows of the first story, where his room was. He added that he had seen the head of the ghost all on fire; that he had seen threatening horns, horrible teeth, eyes that darted forth lightning, and fifty other things of the kind," that existed only in his imagination. The next day he left the college, to the great delight of every one: he thus saved the president the trouble of turning him away.

The fame of this exploit spread with rapidity over the whole country; the public papers inserted it in their columns, and at length it reached Sophia's ears. This was fine news for her. She did not fail to attribute what she called "a dreadful thing," to Frederick, and said openly, that "he was now evidently a confirmed hypocrite, capable of committing any action however bad. In this manner the wicked woman took every occasion of reviving the animosity of the aged father against his innocent son, and closed every avenue that might lead to reconciliation.

From a late valuable Edition of the Speeches of the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan, by Dr. Madden, we extract the Editor's judgement of the peculiar character of Grattan's eloquence.

One cannot pass those times without remarking that much of Grattan's force in Irish politics was to be attributed to the conformity between his mind and the genius of his countrymen. He may be considered as the first great representative of Irish eloquence, and though Burke possesses the superiority as a statesman, Grattan carries the palm as the greater orator. The eloquence of Burke in the British Senate has often been characterised (and with justice) as Irish oratory. Indeed, any one that consults the English Ministerial writers who drudged in the service of George Grenville, may be amused by the mode in which they attack

Burke as an Irishman. But Grattan was not (as many have idly said) a pupil of Burke in oratory. His style was far more dramatic, more startling, more picturesque, and less prolix. It was not prone to run into dissertation, and was always calculated to move the passions, while it appealed to the judgement of the audience. As a public speaker, it must be confessed, with all admiration for his intellect, that Burke was frequently wearisome. His speeches were made to be read, and not to be spoken. But Grattan contrived with singular genius to be always original—generally profound, and never tiresome.

We must make room for another extract from this memoir. It is from the summary which follows the account of Grattan's death.

Reader! if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic countrymen—study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him, for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities, caused by their unhappy history—and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character.

Reader! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant religion with tyranny—learn from Grattan, that it is possible to be a Protestant, and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think also that in the hour of his triumph, he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his virtuous life, that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience.

But, reader! whether you be Protestant or Catholic, and whatever be your party, you will do well as an Irishman to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn from him how to regard your countrymen of all denominations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If (as some do) you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country containing such elements as those which roused the genius of Grattan, never need despair, *sursum corda*. Be not disheartened.

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A. J. RITCHIE.

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AT ST. MARY'S.

- SEPT. 19—Mrs. Ferguson of a Son.
 19—Mrs. Quin of a Son.
 20—Mrs. Higgins of a Son.
 21—Mrs. Walsh of a Son.
 21—Mrs. Riley of a Son.
 21—Mrs. Cochrane of a Daughter.
 21—Mrs. Kahan of a Son.
 22—Mrs. Smith of a Daughter.
 23—Mrs. Bushel of a Son.
 23—Mrs. Henderson of a Son.
 24—Mrs. Rowley of a Daughter.
 24—Mrs. Walsh of a Son.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- SEPT. 23—John Fitzpatrick to Margaret Brophy.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- SEPT. 20—Bridget Burns, a native of Carlow, Ireland, aged 58 years.
 21—Thomas Cutt, a native of Ireland, aged 72 years.
 22—Nicholas Foley, a native of Halifax, 50 years.
 24—Margaret, daughter of Edward and Bridget Shea, aged 13 months.

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