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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 34.

and 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. 14.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 30, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- Aug. 31—Sunday XVI after Pentecost—St Raymond Nonatus Confessor.
- Sept. 1—Monday—St Lewis, King, Confessor.
- 2—Tuesday—St Stephen, King of Hungary—Confessor.
- 3—Wednesday—St Beiface IV—Pope and Confessor.
- 4—Thursday—St Rose of Viterbo—Virgin.
- 5—Friday—St Lawrence Justiman,—Bishop and Conf.
- 6—Saturday—St Felix I—Pope and Martyr.

ORIGINAL.

VISITATION AT PROSPECT.

The Episcopal Visitation of this District was held last Sunday. On the previous day the Bishop accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Dollard, who has been staying this last week on a visit with Dr. Walsh, went down to Prospect. The Rev. Mr. Doyle, who has just been promoted from Liverpool to this District, accompanied the Bishops. When they arrived at the head of Prospect harbour they were met by nearly all the Catholics of the surrounding District who came in a numerous fleet of well-trimmed boats with music and colours flying, to meet them. They soon formed in regular order, and having received the Bishops and three Clergymen on board, they rowed down towards Prospect in gallant style, awakening a thousand echoes as they passed, by the continual discharge of fire arms. As they approached the town of Prospect every thing was prepared to give them a hearty welcome. The firing was renewed,

on land and water, and three lusty cheers were given by the whole population. The ceremony of reception at the Church being over, the *Te Deum* was sung, and the Bishop addressed a few words to the congregation, who soon filled the Church. The people were particularly delighted to see the good Bishop of New Brunswick, whose name has been held in grateful veneration throughout the neighbourhood of Halifax, in consequence of his truly charitable exertions during the prevalence of cholera. All declared it was a happy day for Prospect to behold two Bishops of their Church amongst them, and said it was an honour they would never forget.

Indeed the sacred proceedings of Sunday must be for ever memorable in that secluded spot. It was a day, from morning until night, dedicated to the holiest purposes of religion. At 6 o'clock Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Phelan, after which the Right Rev. Dr. Dollard, and Dr. Walsh, offered the Holy Sacrifice. The latter administered the Holy Communion to nearly two hundred persons. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy then officiated, and at 11 o'clock High Mass *coram Episcopo* was offered up by the Rev. Edmond Doyle, with Messrs. Kennedy and Hennessy as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. When the Gospel was sung, the Rev. Mr. Kennedy delivered a very instructive discourse on the Sacrament of Confirmation. High Mass being over, an Indulgence was

given, to all present, by Dr. Walsh, who announced the objects of the Visitation, and exhorted those who were about to be confirmed. One hundred and thirty-six persons, some of whom were converts, were then "sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." Many of those confirmed had the happiness to receive the adorable Eucharist that day, for the first time.

At three o'clock a Parochial Meeting was held, the Bishop in the chair. Various resolutions were passed, respecting the erection of a new and more commodious Church for which an elevated site has been chosen, so that the House of God may overlook the habitations of his people, and the weary fisherman returning from his perilous labours on the ocean, may descry from afar as the first beacon of hope the village spire. A Committee was appointed to prepare plans and collect subscriptions which are to be handed to Rev. Mr. Doyle, as Treasurer. We will be happy to receive and acknowledge any subscriptions that may be forwarded for the new Church of Prospect, and also for the intended Church at Chczetcook.

Solemn Vespers were chaunted, after the Parochial Meeting, and the venerable Bishop of New Brunswick, at the request of Dr. Walsh, gave his solemn Benediction to the assembled faithful. After Vespers the laity, two and two, the Clergy and the Bishops, proceeded to the Cemetery where the Absolution of the dead was performed by Dr. Walsh attired in Black Cope, Plain Mitre, &c. During this affecting ceremony all remained uncovered; and fervently united their prayers with those of the Church for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. When the *Libera me Domine* ("Deliver me O Lord from eternal death in that dreadful day when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire, &c.") was chaunted, its pathetic tones were re-echoed in the stillness of a beautiful evening across the glassy surface of the bay, and seemed to excite the most thrilling emotions in the devout and breathless multitude.

At six o'clock the delighted people returned to their homes, after a well-spent and happy day.

On Monday, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, the Bishops and Clergy again officiated, and at eleven o'clock the harbour was crowded with boats to accompany them on their return to Halifax. The

cheering was long and loud, the discharge of musquetry was uninterrupted, and after rowing nearly five miles to the head of Prospect bay, the Bishops and Clergy landed, and, before they set out for town, were saluted with a *feu de joie* and continual cheering. On the whole, the Catholics of Prospect have done themselves immortal honour, and proved that they know how to value the blessings of their holy Religion.

LITERATURE.

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

God of the poor man! hear us—
 Thou, Giver of all good!
 At this our humble meal, be near us—
 Bless, bless our food.
 We have been toiling through the day,
 Sleep hangs upon each brow;
 Through the dim night hear us pray—
 Look down and bless us now!

God of the poor man! heed us,
 As thus on bended knee,
 For all thou hast decreed us,
 We praise and glory thee,
 The hands that made the wealthy,
 Unmake them at thy will;
 They make us strong and healthy—
 May we remain so still.

God of the poor man! listen
 To those whose all is gone—
 To those whose eyelids glisten
 With sorrow deep and lone!
 Oh, answer, we beseech Thee,
 Their broken anguished prayer!
 Let their dark woes first reach thee—
 Beam on the sufferers here!

God of the poor man! lowly
 His heart with love doth beat—
 He hath no gift more holy,
 To deck thy mercy seat;
 Take it, our Father! tho' it be
 Shaded with earthly sin—
 Nought else hath he, to offer Thee,
 To make it right within.

God of the poor man! shining
 Amidst his little cot—
 Though fortune be declining,
 With thee how bright his lot!
 Guard, now, the night before us—
 Let quiet slumber come—
 Spread, spread thy mantle o'er us—
 And bless the poor man's home.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints

PERFECTION.

Perfection consists in one only thing, which is to do the will of God; since, according to the declaration of God, it is necessary to deny ourselves, to bear our cross and to follow him, if we would be perfect, who can be said to deny himself better, to bear his cross better, or to follow Christ better, than he who never studies his own will, but always that of God? See, then, how little is necessary, in order to become a saint? Nothing else than to habituate oneself on every occasion to desire that which God willeth.—S. VINCENT OF PAUL.

In this respect more than in any thing else it was that the same saint showed the purity and solidity of his virtue, in studying always to follow and fulfil the will of our Lord. This was the great principle on which he founded all his resolutions, and with which he faithfully and constantly executed what he had resolved; trampling under foot all self-interest, and always preferring the divine will and the glory and service of God to any thing else whatsoever, without any exception. Of David, says our Lord, that he was the man after his own heart; and what does God declare the foundation of all this great sanctity? 'Because, said he, he will fulfil my will.' S. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi was so attached to this, that she used frequently to say, that she never could have resolved to do even the most trifling action, such as to go from one room to another, if she had not thought that it was in conformity to the divine will, and that she would never omit doing any thing which she believed was pleasing to the Divine Majesty; and that if, having began any action, the thought should have suggested itself to her, while she was about it, that it was contrary to the will of our Lord, in that same instant, she would have immediately abandoned it, even though the not accomplishing it should have cost her life. Thaulecius makes mention of a certain learned and holy man, who being at the point of death was begged by his friends to leave them some good piece of advice; his answer was this, 'The summary and the substance of all doctrine is, to take all things that happen, from the hand of God, and not to desire aught but to accomplish in all things his divine will.' The venerable mother Seraphina, had such an affection for the will of God, that she often asked her director to manifest it to her, saying, 'Tell me, reverend father, what I ought to do, and suffer me not to do any thing of myself; in order that I may please his Divine Majesty, because to behold him though ever so little displeased, would be enough to annihilate a thousand worlds.' And one day being seized with a great desire to do nothing of her own will, but the will of God alone, with the consent of her director, she made a vow to that effect.

The words "servant of God," meaneth, to have a great charity towards our neighbours, and an inviolable resolution to follow in all things the divine will, to confide in God with simplicity and humility, to bear up against our defects, and to endure with forbearance the imperfections of others.—S. FRANCIS OF SALAZAR.

The whole life of this saint, as also that of S. Vincent of Paul, was nothing else but a faithful and

continual exercise of these acts of virtue on the occasions which every day present themselves; by which means both the one and the other became great servants of God. In the lives of the Western Fathers it is related of S. Fintanus, that every day he was visited by an angel, and that this having ceased for several days, when the saint had the happiness of seeing him again, he asked him why he had deprived him for so long a time of his most sweet presence; Because, replied the angel, I was sent to be present at the death of a matron who was a great servant of God, and better than thou, because she hath done things that thou hast not done; she has never offended any one who was present by her words, nor murmured against any one absent, nor ever hath she complained of the weather, however hot or cold it may have been, nor of any thing else, whatever it might have been, or however it might have happened; but always entirely conformed herself unto the will of God, in whose hands are all things. One day as S. Gertrude was grieving over a little defect into which she was wont to fall from time to time, she begged our Lord that moment to deliver her from it; but Jesus said to her with a sweet and mild look, You would wish then that I should be deprived of a great honour and yourself of a great reward? know that as often as any one acknowledgeth his failing, and proposeth to avoid it for the time to come, he gaineth a great reward for himself; and as often as he abstaineth from falling into it again for the love of me, he rendereth me the same honour that a brave soldier to his king when he fighteth manfully against his enemies and overcometh them.

LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

LETTER I.

Belgium, ——— 1842.

My dear old Thomas,

I hope you have received the messages I have sent you by several friends, to whom I have written, for I wish you to know I have not forgotten you. I thank you very much for your proofs of attachment to me, and wish to reward it by showing that I remember you. I am sure it will give you pleasure to have a letter from me, telling you something about Belgium and the people I am living amongst. Besides, I am afraid lest you should be made unhappy by the strange things which have happened since I left home, as I hear a great many people are much frightened lest England should become Roman Catholic; and I wish to show you what Roman Catholics are, that you may see there is nothing to be afraid of, should that take place. I am not going to write like a sermon is written, or a book of 'Essays,' though I know you used to love such dry books better than any thing, and always begged to keep them longer and longer to read over and over again. No, I am going to tell you about old men just like yourself, and old women just like old Mary; and sometimes I shall tell you about young per-

sons, and sometimes about children, and sometimes about what they do in their religion, and what I do; and all about the Church and the services, and the manner of praying; and of taking the most Holy Sacrament, and about funerals and baptisms; all is so very different from what you can imagine, that I am sure it will amuse you very much to hear about such things. Sometimes I shall tell you about the Clergymen, and sometimes about the Bishops. And you must remember that what I tell you is truth. I shall tell you only what I see and hear myself, and the things that I live amongst.

I shall sometimes write to other of my dear old neighbours, as I know they must be very curious to know what I am doing, and why I never came back amongst them. So give my kind remembrance to Mary Turner and Sarah Jones, and others who inquire after me, and tell them they may all expect a letter from me in their turn. Tell them I have never forgotten them, and that I missed the pleasant visits I used to pay to them, very much at first, for I could not speak to any of the poor people here, because I had not learned their language. But I soon became able to say a few words, and they were all so very kind in trying to understand me, that I could talk with them in a few months pretty well; and now I run in and out their cottages, and talk just as I used to do at Endley; and I love them very much, and tell them all about you all, and make them laugh, and they tell droll stories to make me laugh, just as you used to do.

I was very glad to hear little Harry and his mother had come to lodge with you. It must be a great pleasure to you to be all together again. I have been thinking little Harry is now ten years old, so I hope he can do much to reward his good mother for all she has done and suffered for him. Tell him, if I hear a good account of him, I shall write him a letter also; for he would like to hear about the boys and girls of Belgium, who are very much like the boys and girls of England, sometimes good and sometimes naughty; though, tell Harry, I wonder really how they ever come to be naughty, seeing the pains that is taken to make them good, just as I should wonder to hear that Harry was ever naughty, knowing the care, and kindness, and trouble, with which his mother has bred him up. Every child in Belgium has as much care bestowed upon it, as Harry has had, as an only child, and his mother a widow with nothing left but Harry left to love and care for. I will tell you how this is: every Roman Catholic child belongs to a tender vigilant mother—that mother is the Church. This good mother has so arranged all her plans for the education of children, that no one is neglected. Every little village has its own Clergyman living in it, who is only allowed to become a priest, on condition that he devotes himself entirely to his flock in all the several

duties of a pastor, of which the education and care of children is amongst the first; but I shall tell Harry more about this, when I write to him. At present I am writing to you, my good old Thomas, and must, therefore, talk of graver things. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see the care and kindness which are shown towards the old, among Roman Catholics. The father and mother generally live with their children and grandchildren, as they are taught by the Church that one of their first duties is to protect their parents in the old age. They are seldom required to work, but share the family property in common. It is very pleasing to hear the respect with which such an old parent is treated. They never speak to a father or mother without adding the name, "Yes, father; No, father." When the old father or mother is sick, it is very beautiful to see the devoted attention with which they are nursed. I have stood by many such a death-bed. When a son or daughter is married, the husband or wife, viz., son or daughter-in-law think themselves equally bound to cherish the old father or mother-in-law. I have seen a son-in-law seated on the bed behind his very aged mother-in-law, to support her in her dying moments, administering to her every little alleviation which he could think of; and changing her position as he fancied the poor sufferer seemed fatigued, or restless. The grand-children are taught that they owe the same respect to the grandfather and grandmother as they do to their own parents. An old man who died here a few days since, was so tenderly watched by his little grand-daughter, about eleven years old, that he would allow no one else to do any thing for him that she could do. One day while I was sitting by him, his night-cap slipped off, and his son went gently behind him to smooth his ruffled grey hair and replace it, but the old man turned quickly round and said, "Let Coleta do it—she can do that." Long before he was really ill, this little girl used to tie his shoes, and watch over him with the kindest affection. This is only a part of the same system, which teaches and enforces this respect for the aged. The same careful teaching is extended to all the various relations and circumstances of life; and the means by which Roman Catholics are so strongly attracted to act right are, that religion is made the ground and foundation of every thing. Every thing is mixed up with religion, even their recreations.

I often used to read over with delight the parts of the Bible which describe the manner of living of the Jews, before and when they had taken possession of the promised land; and used to think how kind God was to them, in mixing up his service with every action of their life, and in giving

them so many holidays, in which his solemn service was the first occupation ; but I did not know that there existed a religion still wherein the same nearness to God might be enjoyed ; where He was remembered in every thing, in every action, in every recreation, in every labour which occurs to mankind in daily life. Where He dwells with man as a dear friend, an indulgent parent, to soften every sorrow, and heighten every joy.

Such a religion does, however, exist. In the same manner as God condescended to rule and arrange even the smallest affairs of Roman Catholics. All are protected and watched over, and cared for, and prayed for. No Roman Catholic knows what it is to be solitary and wholly abandoned. He is a member of a body united to each other in one common band of pious interest and holy communion with their heavenly Father, and Jesus their Redeemer. The Church is constantly calling them together for social worship, and social recreation, or for social sympathy under sorrow, with solemn prayer, or cheering thanksgiving. Every thing is regulated for their spiritual advantage, and as far as may be for their temporal good. Their comfort and happiness are watched over in every thing ; for example :

The Church services are so ordered, that every member of each family may attend the morning service. In towns where there are many clergymen, each performs a service at a different hour every day, from five in the morning to nine. Each service lasts about half an hour. In villages where there is only one clergyman, this order is only observed on Sundays. And so week days only so many of a family go to church in the morning as can be spared at one time. Where there are two clergymen, even in a village, there is always sufficient time, between the services, every morning, to enable all the members of a family to go to one or the other. Our village is a very small one, and there is another small one close to it. Being so near, the bishop allowed always but one clergyman to each parish, and the services were regulated as if they were both in the same parish, (that is, the Sunday services), there always being sufficient time between each to allow those who lived at the distant parts of the parishes to return home before the others of the family set off. The rector of this next parish has, however, become weak by old age, and he is now allowed a curate. Therefore, we have every day three services, all early in the morning, at different hours, so that every body can go to church every morning if they like. Of course many have important work to do which they cannot leave, such as farmers and farm-servants. But I observe many even of these regularly at their church. Our butcher's wife, who is the mother of nine children,

said to me when the new curate came, "It's so comforting, now, I can go every day to church, and let my servant go also." I said, "I wonder how you find time to go to church every day, with your business and so many children?" She replied, "I never find the time lost—for if ever I stay at home from church because I am busy, I always find I lose more time, and the day does not go on well with me at all." Indeed I observe this habit of going every morning to church is the source of all other good habits. For in order to go to church they must rise early. They generally rise early enough to get all, or a great part of their household work done before they go ; so that after church they are ready to sit down to their sewing or knitting, with every thing about them in the neatest order. I love to go in after church, and be asked to visit their sleeping rooms, kitchens, and cellars, (as they call the clean little bricked room where they keep their food, stores, &c.) being sure to be gratified with the sight of most unscrupulously clean bed hangings, with pretty square pillows laid on the outside of the beds, boards white as marble, every thing in its place, and in the cellar all the vegetables cut and prepared ready for the soup, (every Belgian must have his soup,) a bright saucepan, filled with potatoes, standing ready to place on the fire, wood cut, and turf piled up handy for the business of cooking, so that the mistress may prepare the family dinner without in the least soiling her clean house, and knit or sew while she watches it. This going to church every day leads them also to be very neat in their clothes. A ragged gown or apron is scarcely ever seen on any of our villagers. They would be ashamed to be seen ragged or dirty, and as they are every morning in the public church, they take good care always to preserve themselves in neat order. They think it a great dishonour done to God also, if they go to church dirty or ragged. Every duty is in this same way made referable to God. In the same manner as the Jews were commanded to perform all their ceremonies, and to offer all their sacrifices as figures, and remembrances of Christ yet to come into the world to live and die for them ; so Roman Catholics are trained to perform all their services and works as remembrances of His having been in the world, and having lived and died for them. Of them it may be with truth said, that "In Him they live, and move, and have their being." Their church services are generally representations and commemorations of Him in his blessed passion and death ; even the dresses of their minister have all significant meaning about Christ, which are taught and explained to their children from their earliest infancy. Their holidays and festivals are all arranged so as to bring Christ before them in eye-

ry various circumstance of either his earthly life, or sacred death or heavenly glory. His passion and death are set before them in their most solemn services, and his life as man on earth is constantly set before them for their rule and example in their daily life. Even the most trifling actions are in some way used to bring Christ before them, and are made a subject of prayer or ejaculation. I hope I shall have an opportunity of describing to you some of our beautiful festival days, which will show you how true is what I have here said, that Christ with Roman Catholics is all in all. But why should I wait to describe festival days? for all our days would interest you to hear about. So I will tell you exactly how we pass our ordinary days first, and then try to amuse you by telling you about grand gay days. But I fear my letter is growing long enough to tire your poor old eyes; and I think by this time you have laid down your spectacles, and have asked Harry to read it to you, or perhaps Mrs. Williamson, if Harry cannot yet read writing. I had better, therefore, defer my description of a Roman Catholic day, to my next letter. I shall send this in a parcel to Mrs. Werner, and ask her to carry the letter to you; and then she will write me word all you say about it, which I know will be something droll, as you always love a little fun.

Thursday.—I find I cannot send my letters and parcel this week, I shall, therefore, add a little more before they go.

To be continued.

A FEAST IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The holy festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated yesterday with a degree of pomp, of which I had not entertained the smallest idea. The morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells and other similar demonstrations of joy. At ten o'clock, upon a signal given at the governor's house, the community prepared to join in the general cavalcade, and now, for the first time, I was to see the outside of the convent. We were arranged in order, in a large square, within the gates; first, the young choristers were divided into four bands, twelve in each; these are the children under the tuition of the fathers. The first division was to precede the whole singing a particular service appropriate to the day. On either side these children walked lay brothers, bearing ensigns, or pictures representing the different achievements of their patron saint. Then followed the novices, every one bearing some precious relic or another, enclosed in boxes of ebony and ivory, curiously wrought.

To us succeeded another band of music, accompanied by all the visitors of distinction, of which there were not a few from the distant plantations.

Next came the elder fathers of the convent, two and two, each carrying something relative to the festival, and after them the superior, drest in all the regalia of his office, surrounded by the young students going to Cordova and six lay brothers, bearing banners. The remainder of the community, choristers, and several newly-baptized Indians, brought up the rear; every one in this procession being arrayed in their richest and gayest attire. The cavalcade, having cleared the convent-gate, entered a large handsome square; on one side of which stands the cathedral, a very fine well-finished edifice, crowned with a cupola, and open on all sides to the view. Round this square were assembled the societies of several other orders, all dressed in paraphernalia; and a more curious scene I never witnessed. It seemed as if people from all nations of the earth were collected together, presenting every different shade of the complexion, from the silver-haired inhabitant of Denmark to the sable-hued native of Guinea.

Among the crowd some Indian caciques held a very conspicuous place. They wore party-colored cotton habits, prettily decorated with a variety of feathers, arranged in a very judicious and elegant manner. Bands of wood, red, purple, and yellow, encircled their heads, and supported some of the most beautiful plumes I ever beheld. Several of the caciques wore glittering ornaments on their chins; others on their necks, arms, and legs. But if these Indians pleased by the gaiety of their attire, another tribe interested me no less by their simplicity. These were clad in white cotton vestments, with no other ornaments than large full white feathers, rising one above another round the head. This dress, contrasted with the dark copper colour of their skins, was peculiarly striking, and gave a most singular, though extremely pleasing appearance to the whole.

The outsides of the houses round the square were hung with festoons of flowers, and live birds, tied with strings, to prevent their escape, but long enough to admit of their fluttering sufficiently to expand their beautiful plumage: a contrivance which I must confess had a very picturesque effect. The portico of the church was decorated with an uncommon quantity of real and artificial flowers, in the disposal of which a great share of taste had been displayed. Under the principal arch was a band of musicians, who sung and played most enchantingly. Indeed there is not a place in the world, not even Italy, where sacred music is more studiously attended to. Upon a volley being fired by some of the soldiers, who were all drawn up on one side of the square, the procession commenced by the military, fully accoutred, two and two, to the sound of drums, trumpets, and other martial music, at intervals calling to discharge their pie-

ees: the bells of all the churches ringing, and the ships in the harbour returning the firing in the town: so that altogether you may suppose the concert by no means a despicable one. First, after the soldiers, came the order of St. Francis, arranged in nearly the same manner as ourselves: then followed another Division of the military, and the choristers of the cathedral: to them succeeded the order of St. James; and, thirdly, we came in. Between our rear and the advanced guard of the fourth community was borne on a very high altar, richly decorated, the Elements of the Eucharist, surrounded by a vast number of people of the first rank and quality; some of them bearing lighted wax candles, highly perfumed; others, incense; many, banners; and not a few, relics: the whole group flanked by soldiers on horseback, arrayed in their newest and best attire, firing alternately to the right and left; and wherever a cross was erected, which I believe was at the end of every street, the whole cavalcade halted to sing the appointed service.

After the Eucharist came another division of soldiers, and after them all the remaining religious of the town, while on either side of the street—for we took the middle—marched the nobility, men, women, and children, but, notwithstanding their numbers, all ranged in regular order, and observing a profound silence, except when they joined in the general choruses, and then blessed St. Dominick. What a din was there! Each division of the whole procession was attended by a band of music, which, halting at the crosses, played almost divinely; and sorry enough I was, when the devotion of the multitude, breaking forth in audible sounds, spoiled such excellent harmony.

The decorations of the houses surpassed in magnificence any thing I ever beheld in Europe on the like occasion. The streets are wide, and most of them in a straight line; the houses in general low, with here and there a very elegant church or public building, finished according to the rules of European architecture. Every habitation was hung either with tapestry or coloured cottons of various dyes, ornamented with feathers in a very ingenious manner; between which were suspended festoons of flowers, articles of plate, and even jewels, according to the riches of the owner. Across the streets, from side to side, were triumphal arches, composed of boughs of trees artfully interwoven; from which hung, as at the portico of the church, a great variety of living birds, all suspended in the most advantageous point of view, and some of them beyond description beautiful. Between the arches were set out a vast quantity of eatables; such as cakes, pies, fruits, &c., all disposed in a very agreeable manner; and I could not help finding a kind of pecu-

liar *English pleasure* at this part of the exhibition. Close to the houses, on each side of the streets, were likewise placed living animals— young tigers, lions, wolves, dogs, and even monkeys of a particular large species—secured so carefully as to prevent any possibility of their escaping, or hurting those that might come near them. From the windows were suspended baskets, very neatly wove, of a lovely green colour, containing every kind of seed or grain with which they mean to sow the land, that the Saviour of the World might bestow his benediction on them as he passes, which they think will undoubtedly procure them a plentiful harvest; and they are seldom, if ever, disappointed.

There is not a street through which the procession passes but is adorned in this splendid manner: for on this festival the riches of every individual are displayed to the greatest advantage possible, and with a peculiar degree of art; which must, I should think, occupy a considerable time in preparation.

In one of the streets leading to the great square I saw three of the largest peacocks I ever beheld: also pheasants of an extraordinary size and beauty, not much unlike peacocks in point of feather, but taller, with more slender legs; and in lieu of a long sweeping tail, small tufts of feathers, composed of dark brown, beautifully shaded with green and gold: but their eyes and plumage, in beauty and variety of colours, far surpassed any of the biped kind that had ever before met my inspection. They all appeared very tame; and, with several other large birds fastened in a similar way, were not in the least disturbed by the firing, the shouts of the multitude, or the trampling of the horses. The ground was all over strewed with herbs and flowers, so regularly disposed as to resemble, in many places, the most delicate Persian carpets. In fine, all the sweets of nature seemed collected in one spot, to honour the sacred festival: and a greater assemblage of people of all ranks, ages, and conditions, I never witnessed, even in the most populous city in Europe; nor so profound a silence and regularity, except when the pious responses were made.

The governor was dressed in a rich Spanish habit, tastily ornamented with gold, jewels, &c. He was surrounded by a numerous and very splendid retinue, as none but the sick are exempt from assistance at this ceremony.

When the procession reached the cathedral the air was almost rent by the multitude of voices; and we entered the edifice during a heavy discharge of artillery from the garrison and ships in the harbour, also volleys of musquetry from the soldiers in the streets. Here high mass was celebrated, and the sacrament administered; which

ceremony of course occupied a considerable time, and when ended, the different communities retired in the same order to their respective convents. The principal visitors and caciques are invited to the governor's, where a plentiful banquet is provided for them, composed of every delicacy the country affords. The eatables, &c. with which the streets were adorned are taken down, and distributed by the parish priests among the inhabitants, who entertain all strangers that choose to partake of them. At night there is a general rejoicing, when some very ingenious fire-works are displayed, and national games are exhibited, such as hunting or baiting the wild bull, &c. and various martial exercises, in which the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres particularly excel.—[Duvie's Letters from Paraguay.]

UNROMANTIC ASSOCIATION.—At the pool of Siloam we met with several women, some carrying pichers on their shoulders, and others a black swine without a head. The swine's skin had been converted into a water vessel, and, when filled, it really looked as if it were alive. The manner and appearance of these ugly women, with their swine's skin-water jugs were very unfit to be the representative of the fair Rebecca with her picher of water at the well of Nabor!—*Letters of a German Countess.*

THE RICH AND THE POOR.—Let it not be believed that the man of poverty himself is excluded from happiness.—Mediocrity and indigence frequently procure for him advantages that opulence and grandeur are obliged to acknowledge. The soul of the needy man always in action never ceases to form desires while the rich and the powerful are frequently in the afflicting embarrassment of either not knowing what to wish for, or else of desiring those objects which it is impossible to obtain. The poor man's body, habituated to labour knows the sweets of repose; this repose of the body is the most troublesome fangue to him who is wearied with idleness. Exercise and frugality procure for the one, vigor, health and contentment; the intemperance and sloth of the other furnish him only with disgust and infirmities. Indigence sets all the springs of the soul to work; it is the mother of industry from its bosom arise genius, talents, and merit to which opulence and grandeur pay their homage. In short, the blows of fate find in the poor man a flexible reed who bends without breaking.

He that values himself upon conscience, not opinion, never heeds reproaches. When I am evil-spoken of, I take it thus; if I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have, I will mend.

A wise lady has said, "If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example."

Evils in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

The end of hearing and learning is not to fill our heads with notions, or our mouths with talk, but to rectify and direct our affections and conversations.

EDUCATION.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament. It chastens vice; it gives at once a grace, an ornament to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave—a reasoning slave.

HAPPINESS.—That man, who to the utmost of his power, augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—It seems sometimes odd enough, that when young ladies are so sedulously taught by the world all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are seldom taught the great one he would prize. They are taught to be exhibitors—he wants a companion. He wants neither a singing animal, nor a drawing animal, nor a dancing animal—he wants a talking animal. But to talk they are never taught, all they know of it is slander, and that too often 'comes by nature.'—[Colton.]

TRUE COUETTESY.—'Manners,' said the eloquent Edmund Burke, 'are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The laws touch us here, there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air, we breathe in. They give the whole form and color to our lives.—According to their quality they aid morals; they supply them or they totally destroy them.'

Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in signing pardons; and delighted in conveying through his mouth all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress vile humours, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

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Published by A. J. RICHIE, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax
 Terms—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage.
 All Letters addressed to the Publisher must be post paid.