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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar Jona because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



Was anything concealed from PETER, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? — VERTULLIAN PRÆSCRIPT. XLII.

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

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

VOL. 4.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 2, 1848.

NO. 46.

### Calendar.

December 3—Sunday—First of Advent.  
4—Monday—St Peter Chrysologus B C and Doct Doub com &c.  
5—Tuesday—St Hilary P C Doub Sup from 10th Sept.  
6—Wednesday—St Nicholas B C Doub.  
7—Thursday—St Ambrose B C Doct Doub.  
8—Friday—Conception of the B V M Doub II class with Oct.  
9—Saturday—St Eutychianus P M Doub Sup com &c.

### Select Tales.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS ARTIST.

One beautiful summer morning about the year 1630, several youths of Seville, in Spain, approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio or workshop of the artist. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray gentlemen," exclaimed Istaritz angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night."

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova, "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Istaritz. "Last evening, I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos; "here is a small figure on the corner of my canvas; and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures, sometimes on my canvas, sometimes on the wall. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Istaritz," said Ferdinand.

"Gentlemen," replied Istaritz. "I protest—"

"You need not protest," replied Carlos; "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Istaritz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think you had done it in a jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. Truly strange things go on here in the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro Gomez, that it is the Zombi, who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Istaritz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in various parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my descent from the Cross." With these words Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise at his canvas, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin, but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and

all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this? who has painted this, gentlemen?" asked Murillo eagerly. "Speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin, will one day be master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! What delicacy! What skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, Senor," said Mendez in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it then Istaritz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?" But they all gave the same answer as Mendez. "It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed, this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they," asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, Senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting every thing in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels, but when we return in the morning not only is every thing in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches, (beautiful ones to be sure they are,) sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, Senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant." Sebastian, he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy of about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy timidly. "And have you done so?" "Yes, master." "Speak, then: who was here last night and this morning, before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I will make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trowsers without replying. "Ah! you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling him by the ear. "No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo. "No one but me, I swear to you master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo, "I wish to know who has sketched the head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find here every morning on coming to this studio. This night, instead of going to bed, you keep watch, and if tomorrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes of the lash—do you hear! I have said it; now go to grind the colours; and you gentlemen to work." From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for his restraint, and as the unknown picture occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch for the culprit. Give me the Naples yellow." "You do not need it, Senor Mendez, you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you it is the Zombi." "Are these negroes fools or asses, with their Zombi's?" said Gonzalo, laughing; "pray what is a Zombi?" "Oh, an imaginary being, of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has sketched the left arm of your St. John to such a length, that if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoestrings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Istaritz as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say the negroes have the faces of asses and the tongues of parrots," rejoined Gonzalo in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats the rote, while Sebastian shows judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding colors, he may one day astonish us by showing that he knows one colour from another."

"I know one color from another," said Sebastian, "but I do not know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils, and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eyes, so sharp, that many of them did not disdain to take his advice he frequently gave respectably. Although they sometimes teased the little mulatto, he was a great favorite with them all; and on quitting the studio, each gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder, counsel him to keep a strict watch, and catch the Zombi by the tail of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter of Seville—this studio, which during the day, was so animated and cheerful—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned on a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leaned against an easel immovable and still. He was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one, who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes which rested on a tall and handsome mulatto.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he in a melancholy tone. "To keep you company, Sebastian." "There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?" "I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a pensive smile. "He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad, how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered—"God! I pray constantly to him, father (and I hope he will one day listen to me,) that we may no longer be

slaves. But go to bed father; go go; and I shall go to mine in that corner and shall soon sleep. Good night, father, good night." "Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father that is a superstition in our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on the earth."

"Why then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all."

"Then good night my son;" and having kissed the boy, the mulatto retired.

The moment that Sebastian found himself alone, he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said, "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow, if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. O my God come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at day-break: it was only three o'clock. Any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; but not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three—then profit by

Let me at least be my master for three short hours. So begin; these figures must be effected;" and seizing a brush he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! no! I will do first—efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No! that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation.

Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time.

"Another touch," he exclaimed, "a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes; there! it opens—those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead! what delicacy! Oh my beautiful!"—and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils with their master at their head, standing beside him.

Sebastian never once thought of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and the brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was condemned at being caught in the commission of a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made. Murillo, having with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their indignation, approached Sebastian, and concealing his emotion, said, in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful

head of the Virgin, to the terrified slave, who stood like a statue before him, "Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing master," said Murillo.

"You, Senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," replied the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen—you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment, or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage; but, fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, Senor!" cried the pupils in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?" Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo; "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at the slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move; "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for. I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant you any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared—" and Sebastian, springing, his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy and his sparkling eyes, some devouring thoughts within, which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favour for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian," "Ask rich dresses, Sebastian," "Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile gave the countenance of his head and he was silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who from being the last pupil, had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo gently.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, "that I would risk something. Ask for freedom, Sebastian." At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father! the freedom of my father."

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms round Sebastian and pressed him to his heart.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day, consider yourself not only as my pupil, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word; and Sebastian Gomez, known better under the name of the mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the Churches of Seville, the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.

**VICTIMS OF THE CHOLERA.**—The cholera is raging in Egypt. We learn with regret that in July last, it was making victims among the "Sisters of O.L.C. of the good Shepherd," who, some years ago had, gone to exercise their mission of charity and of heroism in Cairo, and founded there an establishment. At last accounts two had been taken with the terrible epidemic and had expired in a few hours, having just time enough to receive the last sacraments.

The Emperor has purchased two telegraphic lines, one from Rome to Ferrara by Ancona and Bologna, and another from Rome to Civita Vecchia. A credit of £72,000, is applied to the Minister of Public Works for this purpose.

# The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

## ITEMS OF NEWS.

The Irish Attorney General has sustained a signal defeat in the acquittal by an independent Dublin jury of Mr Williams, one of the editors of the Irish Tribune. Mr Doherty and Mr Williams were joint editors of this paper, the former has been recently found guilty and sentenced to ten years transportation on the same charge, and on nearly the same testimony as that on which 12 independent men have acquitted Mr Williams. Two juries had already disagreed in the case of Mr D., and it was only after packing a jury that he has been found guilty. Every Catholic was struck off the jury by the Catholic Atty General of this liberal Government. They can have no difficulty in promoting Catholics when they find such characters as Monahan to do their dirty work. The Whigs, when out of power, have denounced the exclusion of Catholics,—they now have reduced it to a regular system which all future Governments can follow. Mr Williams and Mr. Doherty are both men of distinguished talents, and active members of several religious associations in Dublin. Mr. Williams was one of the founders of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and up to his confinement, he was one of its most prominent members in visiting and relieving the sick and destitute.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

WARD NUMBER 2.	
John Maher	£0 1 3
Bridget Callan	0 0 7 1/2
Laurence Brinn	0 1 3
Richard Power, senr.	0 1 3
Edward Power, junr.	0 0 7 1/2
Mr. Thomas Mahon	0 2 6
John Murphy	0 1 3
John Finan, shoemaker	0 5 2 1/2
John Cahill	0 5 0
Mrs. J. Cahill	0 3 1 1/2
William Doyle	0 2 6
Honora Collins	0 1 3
Thomas Gough	0 1 3
Mrs McCormack	0 3 9
Thomas Wall	0 2 6
Mrs Rouk	0 1 3
Mrs. Flemming	0 1 3
John Bennett	0 1 3
John Bennett	0 1 3
Mrs. P. Callan	0 0 7 1/2
Thomas Rerrdon	0 1 3
Peter Power	0 1 3
Peter Grant	0 1 3
P. Caulfield	0 0 7 1/2
William Hackett, Esq.	0 1 3
Mrs. Barton	0 2 6
Edward Sheny	0 2 6
Mrs. John Kehoe	0 5 2 1/2
Mrs. James Connelly	0 2 6
Patrick Kelly	0 3 1 1/2
Michael Toohill	0 1 3
Mrs. Philip Holden	0 1 3
Mrs. Ford	0 0 7 1/2
Mrs. James Flanigan	0 3 1
Johanna McDuff	0 1 3
Mary Ryan	0 1 3
Catharine Ryan	0 1 3
A friend	0 3 9
A friend	0 1 3
Mrs. William Connors	0 0 7 1/2
Richard Dunphy	0 1 3
Mrs. William Bates	0 5 0
Edward Heany	0 1 3
Patrick Connors	0 1 3
Mary Nislan	0 1 3
James Fitzgerald	6 1 3
Mrs. Bowlin	0 1 3
£5 13 2	

Widow Hickey	0 2 6
Edward Fenesy	0 2 6
Anne Shea	0 2 0
James Livingston	0 1 3
Mary Shea	0 1 3
Mrs. James Sullivan	0 0 7 1/2
Miss MoSweeney	0 6 2 1/2
Captain James Daley	1 0 0
Mrs. Captain Meagher	0 12 0
Mrs. J. Curry	0 2 6
William Burke	0 0 7 1/2
Master Edward Warren	0 2 6
Peter Furlong	0 10 0
Michael Keating	0 2 6
John Power	0 2 6
James Wall	0 2 6
Patrick Power, Esq. J. P.	0 10 0
Patrick Coakley	0 2 6
John Cahill	0 1 3
Thomas Lambord	0 1 3
Joseph Kools	0 2 6
John Leane	0 2 6
Michael Power	0 5 0
Widow Fogarty	0 1 3
John Power, senr.	0 1 3
£10 18 1 1/2	

## WARD NO. 1.

James Lonergan	£0 1 3
John Corkeran	0 1 3
James Kennedy	0 0 8
Eugustin O'Hilloren	0 1 3
Dennis Shea	0 1 3
Timothy Donivan	0 0 7 1/2
William Ward	0 1 3
Edward Leahy	0 1 3
Mrs. John Driskell	0 1 3
James Cunningham	0 1 3
Ellen Keardon	0 2 6
Anne Kavanagh	0 2 6
Mrs. Doris Archibald	0 2 6
Ellen Moylan	0 2 6
Thomas Dighin	0 3 1 1/2
Catherine Donigan	0 2 6
Margaret Ledwage	0 2 6
Joseph Butler	0 1 3
A Friend at St. Mary's Church	0 2 6
Mary Burke	0 0 7 1/2
Honora Barky	0 1 3
John McCormack	0 2 6
Francis Fox	0 3 1 1/2
Mrs. Hanlon	0 6 2 1/2
Mrs. Compton	0 1 3
Mrs. Doyle	0 3 1 1/2
Mrs. Shuce	0 1 3
Mrs. Dillon	0 1 3
Mrs. P. Callan	0 1 3
Thomas Rerrdon	0 1 3
Peter Power	0 1 3
Peter Grant	0 1 3
P. Caulfield	0 1 3
William Hackett, Esq.	0 10 0
Mrs. Barton	0 1 3
Edward Sheny	0 1 3
Mrs. John Kehoe	0 2 6
Mrs. James Connelly	0 1 3
Patrick Kelly	0 1 3
Michael Toohill	0 1 3
Mrs. Philip Holden	0 1 3
Mrs. Ford	0 0 7 1/2
Mrs. James Flanigan	0 3 1
Johanna McDuff	0 1 3
Mary Ryan	0 1 3
Catharine Ryan	0 1 3
A friend	0 3 9
A friend	0 1 3
Mrs. William Connors	0 0 7 1/2
Richard Dunphy	0 1 3
Mrs. William Bates	0 5 0
Edward Heany	0 1 3
Patrick Connors	0 1 3
Mary Nislan	0 1 3
James Fitzgerald	6 1 3
Mrs. Bowlin	0 1 3
£5 13 2	

- Paid to the Rev. T. L. Conolly, V. G., the above amounts, collected in Wards 1 and 2.

W. BUCKLEY, Collector.

Total Amount collected for November.

Ward No. 1	£5 13 2
" 2	10 18 1 1/2
" 3	15 15 0
" 4	12 11 5
" 5 and 6	11 14 4
£50 10 0 1/2	
W. B.	

## CIRCULAR.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

Venerable and Beloved Brethren:

Many of you are aware that, for several years, it has been the object of my most ardent desires to open St. Charles's College, for the preparatory education of youths, destined to the ecclesiastical state. I am happy at length to announce to you that the obstacles which have retarded this auspicious consummation have been removed. The debt due on the buildings has been liquidated, and through the blessing of Providence, the Institution will, on the first day of November, be ready for the reception of pupils under the charge of reverend gentlemen, whose piety, zeal, and acquirements are a guaranty of its stability and successful operation.

While the church is happily extending the boundaries, the number of laborers does not increase in proportion to the harvest which is spreading and thickening around them. In this Diocese, as elsewhere, numerous Congregations are either entirely destitute of Pastors, or are visited at distant and uncertain intervals. Not only are we deprived of the means of enlightening thousands who knew not and therefore blasphemed the spotless Spouse of Christ; but we have not infrequently, from the same cause, to deplore the lukewarmness or prevarication of the children of the faith. In fact, were it not for co-operation of devoted clergymen from foreign lands, still more lamentable would be the condition of our Missions. But even from that source, we cannot expect long to fill the ranks of the holy ministry. The experience of all ages and Christian countries proves that a National Church must seek within its own bosom the resources of its own legendry and prosperity. The Divine Author of our holy religion fails not to provide his people with instruments for its preservation and propagation. Youth are not wanting, who, at an early period, feel themselves called to the holy service; but we have not provided adequate means to foster and shelter their pious yearnings. The continued contact with those of another age, but actuated by different views and feelings, if not professing a different religion, has not just colleges, proved but too generally, to be a most equivocal vocation. St. Charles's College is intended to supply this deficiency, and to supply the want of a national church, and to supply the want of a national church, and to supply the want of a national church.

Firstly. That the pastors of the different congregations shall read this Circular to their assembled flocks at the earliest opportunity, and, on the Sunday following, take up a collection, for furnishing the house, and defraying other expenses of immediate necessity.

Secondly. That they shall take up every year, a collection for their churches on Easter Sunday, or, when circumstances require, on some other day in the Paschal time.

Thirdly. That they shall be careful to find out such boys as show promising marks of a Clerical vocation.

Fourthly. That they shall exert themselves to contribute to defray the expenses of needy applicants.

Fifthly. That the Laity and the Religious Communities, will generously co-operate in this highly meritorious work.

The Holy Sacrifice and a general Communion of St. Charles's pupils will be offered monthly for the spiritual and temporal welfare of benefactors.

Given at Baltimore, October 5th, 1848.

SAMUEL, Archbishop of Baltimore.

### CONVERSIONS.

We believe the following distinguished conversions have never yet been published in the United States, and are indebted to an esteemed friend for the information.

The Rev. Mr. Allen, Episcopal clergyman, Dunbarton, West of Scotland, has been received into the Catholic Church, and is now studying for the Priesthood in Paris.

Mrs. Gray, near Airdrie, West of Scotland, was received within the last few months into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

It is a singular fact, that the use of milk was unknown on this continent, at the time of its discovery by Columbus. The cow and the mare, which now furnish us with countless quantities of the noblest of North and South American products, were introduced by the Spanish conquerors.



**FRANCE—THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.**

They pretend that the clergy are or Henry the Fifth, and the Madame Cavaignac, the mother of the chief of the Government, being a legitimist, has brought her distinguished son round to legitimate principles. Never were there statements more destitute of foundation than these.— You ask me what has been the course of the clergy during the last six months?

The Clergy of France are no longer politicians. They have, during the last eighteen years, confined themselves strictly to the line of their sacred duties. They are poorly paid, and they are hard worked, and they labour incessantly and with cheerfulness, and consequently with success:—Some of them may hold political opinions, but they never express them. Under the sage guidance of their immortal chief, slaughtered so treacherously by the Red Republicans on the 25th of June, the clergy of Paris became the most zealous ministers of religion that France had ever seen; and in the course of that time they recalled to their church, not by political declamation, but by their precepts and their unremitting ecclesiastical efforts, the population who had during nearly forty years been estranged from them. This immense good they effected without in the slightest manner mixing in politics; and of this affection the proof is to be found in their passing through the late Revolution, not merely unharmed, but without insult.

Some of the clergy may, I repeat, cherish monarchical predilections, but if they had evinced them at any period they would have been slaughtered on the 21st of February last, immediately after the massacre by the Municipal Guards.— Had the clergy of France, in our time, been politicians, the churches in which they now sacrifice to the Almighty would be desecrated—barracks or magazines probably. They did no such thing, however. Poor, worn out with incessant toil and exertion in their holy mission, they—the successors of the martyrs of 1792 and 1793—inspired by the wise counsel and the spunky example of their metropolitan, whose vigour and energy were only surpassed by his piety and charity—they proceeded onward in the course to which he pointed, and they dissuaded from Deism and Atheism, and they won over to the church the population which had abandoned, execrated, cursed it; and the sacred edifices into which some half dozen disrespectful spectators, from mere motives of curiosity, entered in the course of a day, became thronged with faith-worshippers. All this resulted from the labours of the exemplary Catholic priesthood of France, in their own proper calling (if I may use a term so familiar.) They were not thanked by votes of clubs or public meetings; but the merited, and they received, the acknowledgements and the blessings of Denis Affre, the late Archbishop of Paris, and will, let us hope, obtain much higher rewards.

Such men are incapable now of undoing all that they have done by plunging into politics.— The alleged conversion of General Cavaignac to Legitimacy, by his most respectable and talented parent, is utterly destitute of truth: but, as I propose being present at the proceedings in the National Assembly, to-day, on the subject of the Committee of inquiry, I am obliged to sum up the remaining topics in very few words.

**THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.**

This week has added little to the development of the vast movements going forward around Vienna. After an agonising period of suspense, during which all who could leave the place fled as if from a devoted city, and those who remained busied themselves, with Republican determination, in measures of defence, Jelischich and his hordes of Croats sat down before the capital. Auersperg and the Austrian troops were already in strong position with out the walls, and, on the other hand, rumours were rife of Kossuth and his Hungarians being on the march to the relief of the Viennese revolutionists, whose movement had perhaps been brought about by Hungarian gold. Thus were nations gathering round that ancient seat of empire—*jam jam lap sura*. One looked each day for the news of a great battle; however, for the present, nothing worthy of note has taken place—except of out-post skirmishes metely a deputation from the Diet to remonstrate with the Slavonic chief, which he received graciously yet courteously, and lastly, his retreat towards Syria, without effecting a junction with Auersperg. A few days will clear up his plans, but as yet the statements are various, both as to the numbers and discipline of his troops, and the prospects of a conflict.

The strife between the Croatian and Slavonic races, now that it has once burst out, was sure to affect the troops in Italy. Collisions have taken place, though without any great result hitherto. The black and difficult future for Austrian rule in Lombardy, is not amended by the illness of the old Fabius, who has won for it so many triumphs. There is hardly any other news from Italy, except the meeting of the self-styled and self-summoned Italian Congress at Turin.

In Prussia, matters proceed much as they have done for some weeks past; the King becoming more and more a mere sceptred shadow, like Louis XVI. after the first triumphs of the Revolution. A step has been made towards destroying the noblesse by abolishing the laws affecting intermarriages with plebeians. The oath of fidelity to the King is not to be required of the Burger Guard. The Assembly has ruled it that he no longer reigns "by the grace of God."

In Spain, after the brief reverses sustained at first, the Carlist cause seems becoming formidable; a conspiracy has been discovered in the garrison at Barcelona, and avowed, it is true, but its extent, and above all, the proof it affords that the army cannot be trusted, renders the position of the Government anxious and uncertain. Cabrera is in the field, and has been victorious in one or two of those skirmishes, between a few hundreds or scores on each side, of which Spanish advices always supply such lengthy details.

At Paris, the great event is the formation of the new Ministry. General Cavaignac has at length fairly called the practised talent of the old regime to his councils, thus adding at once to his weakness and his strength. The question of the state of siege has been agitated during the past week, but without any other result ascertained beyond the continued although mitigated opinion, that it is still necessary.

In Ecclesiastical politics, it is interesting to mention that the Abbe Dupanloup has taken the direction of the *Ami de la Religion*, which will be supported by the influence of the Catholic names of Father de Ravignan, and MM de Montalembert, de Falloux, and De Champagny.

**TORONTO CONSECRATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.**

On Friday, Sept 29th, the ceremony of consecrating the new Cathedral of St. Michael took place. Five Bishops, representing the Sees of Montreal, Kingston, and Bytown, together with a large number of the Clergy from various parts of the province, were in attendance. The services were led by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Montreal, who officiated as chief celebrant; and the sermon was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop Phelin. The text selected by his Lordship, was from II. Paral. vii. 11—16. The subject was treated with much ability, and in a spirit of devotion. The duties of christian charity, and of the cultivation of universal peace, were strongly insisted upon, and the Bishop took occasion, in recommending these virtues to his audience, to make reference to the apostolic exertions of the founder of the Cathedral, the late lamented Right Rev. Bishop, whose memory would remain endeared to his people by the calm and peaceful walk, which during his happy but short mission among them, he had pursued. He also took occasion to allude to the gratifying results which, in his own diocese, had been produced, by the course he had himself pursued since his appointment; and most earnestly entreated the Catholics of the Diocese of Toronto, to persevere in the good work which had been commenced by the departed Father. The spirit of Christian forbearance, and humble submission to the requirements of Providence, recommended by Bishop Phelin to his auditors, was certainly in strong contrast to that which has been evinced by several of the Clergy of other religious denominations, during the last few weeks, whose denunciations of the doctrines and services of the Catholic Church, have been neither few nor gentle. We should, however, be but very defectively carrying into practice the duties recommended by the Right Rev. Prelate, were we to attempt any reticent notice of these unchristian and ill judged allusions to the ceremony of consecrating the Cathedral of St. Michael. We believe we shall best fulfil our duty as a Christian and a journalist, by treating them with the censure of our silence. We have ever made it our study to abstain from animadversion upon the peculiar religious opinions or discipline of our fellow men. We do not believe that we should ever induce others to adopt our opinions, by treating theirs with derision or con-

tempt; and it is our conviction that those public journalists who have thought proper to indulge in such insulting language as that used by the *British Canadian*, the *Church*, and the *Brantford Courier*, in referring to the recent consecration, have added nothing to their own respectability or popularity, by their intolerance. It would certainly be very painful to us to know that the Catholic press of this country had so far deviated from the line of duty, or Christian forbearance, as to offer a similar offence to their Protestant brethren. We believe no such instances can be adduced, and we trust that whatever may be the provocation given, the same rule will continue to be observed. The inability of Bishop Hughes to attend at the service was very much regretted, particularly as his disposition was the cause of his Lordship's absence.

**THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.**

All the writers, of every nation and creed, with whom we are acquainted, are unanimous on these points; all declare, *una voce*, that to appreciate, or even to imagine, the moral or social degradation of the Russian clergy, it is necessary to have lived amongst them. The very proverbs which are current in Russian society, of every class, and which are heard in Russia alone, reveal their true character. "Son of a priest," is the last insult, to which a man has recourse in reviling an enemy. "Am I a pope, that I should eat twice?" is the disdainful allusion to the habits of the half famished clergy. "Like pastor like flock," is the comment upon the irregularities of laymen. And these are only specimens. Like the fallen priesthood of Syria and Armenia, the chief characteristics of the Russian clergy appear to be habitual drunkenness, profound ignorance, and the lowest of a sordid and animal existence.— "The drunkenness is so common amongst them," says Chesner, "that it excites no observation." In the ships of this navy, he adds, where they always receive an increase of salary, "the commanders usually place the chaplain under arrest, twenty-four hours before divine service, to make sure that he will not present himself drunk before the altar." Their general character may be gathered from the official and annual "reports" of the "holy synod" itself. In the report for 1836, it appears that during that single year, one in fifty of the whole Russian clergy, was under condemnation by the public sentence of the various tribunals. Since that period, the moral state of the clergy, if we may believe the reluctant testimony of the synod, has steadily deteriorated. In 1837, comparing the number of offenders with the total number of clergy, it was found that these amounted for the whole empire to twenty-four! in 1838, to one in twenty, and in 1820, to one in twenty. In the years, from 1835 to 1830, the synod reported 15,443, or one-sixth of the 102,400 clergy of every rank and grade, were under sentence, and that as the supreme power, himself declares, "for infamous crimes."—*Public Review*.

**IMMIGRANT ARRIVALS at New York in the month of September, 1848:—From**

Ireland	7,481
Germany	3,870
England	2,746
Scotland	695
France	340
Holland	198
Switzerland	200
Spain	124
Wales	2401
Norway	81
Sweden	15
West Indies	31
Denmark	9
South America	25
Italy	22
Poland	27
Portugal	19
Mexico	6
Russia	131
<b>Total</b>	<b>15,917</b>

Total amount of immigrant arrivals at this port from January 1st to September 30th, 143,236, upward of one half of which were from Ireland.

The statistics of the lunatic asylums of this country, go to show that, of the female patients, four sixths are wives of clergymen. We derive our information from a clergyman who is entitled to confidence, and who has paid especial attention to the subject.—*Atlas*.

**WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.**

Dr. SILVESTER, an Italian by birth, and an eminent chemist, has discovered a mode of hardening the human body to the consistency of stone or solid marble, which he is about to exhibit in London. His specimens have excited great astonishment. One was the head of a lady, with the hair parted and dressed, retaining its flexible properties and colors, although the surface from which it grew resembled stone— somewhat like a wax model; also a child's head plump and dimpled as in life, and a tongue petrified, as if it had never uttered a sound. This petrifying process is said to be simple and cheap. A bouquet of choice flowers—the juices first extracted by a pneumatic process—preserved their natural colors, but were as hard and rigid as if some cunning workman had carved them from Parian marble; for not only the leaves and petals were rendered stone-like, but the minute hair-formed stems were rendered coralline.

**EMIGRATION.**—Within the memory of the oldest inhabitants the spirits of emigration was never more rife, during the spring of the year than it is now, though it is on the brink of winter. Scarcely a day passes in which strangers are not observed tending their way towards the seaports of Drogheda or Dublin, flying from the misery which threatens their homes upon the arrival of winter. Numbers are collecting their little stores for transmission, fearing, should they delay till spring, that the small means in their possession, would be exhausted in the support of "leg-bail" to landlords, creditors, and rate-collectors.—*Meath Herald*.

Good—Inspruck, Oct. 10th.—So soon as the infamous decree of the Frankfort diet, banishing to perpetuity the Jesuits, Liguorians, and Redemptorists, had reached Inspruck, and had spread through the surrounding country, a large deputation of the Tyrol peasantry waited on Baron Von Berz, the Governor, and demanded that the convents should not be touched, and that no further annoyance should be given to their clergy. They added: "We are good Catholics, and will no longer let the radicals of Vienna make laws for us at their pleasure."

A convent of Redemptorists at Inspruck, with only some six priests, has in it, at all of the Conventuals of the order, the main-stay of the German soul. We do not inquire whether more of the Jesuits are to be found there or not.

The Congress of Chili was in session at latest date. The Government had published a decree, ordering that in all events brought against the Bishops, the metropolitan is the proper judge, sitting the acting of the Council of Trent as authority: according to which the secular courts take cognizance of criminal cases, and ecclesiastical courts of civil.

A motion has been brought forward in reference to public education—that the Government should enter upon it more fully; and that inspectors should be appointed, who shall visit all the schools now established or may be established in the republic; whether they be public or private. Fifty thousand dollars, it has been proposed, should be appropriated, to be used by the President, at his discretion, in attracting immigrants from Europe. An agent of the Government went forward in the last steamer, to negotiate in Europe on the same matter. The *Mercurio* says: The first thing which the European emigrant asks of America is toleration of his religious opinions. Freedom in the public worship of God would attract more European emigrants to Chili than millions of dollars.

**CARRIER PROCEEDED.**—Capitain Allen, arrived at Kingston on the 6th instant from Boston. When about three miles E. N. E. from Scituate Light, a pigeon was seen flying toward the schooner, and very soon came on board, apparently much fatigued. Tied to the legs of the pigeon was sixteen pages of paper, making seventy two inches in length, and four inches wide, containing the news by the steamer Cambria, which was then in sight, bound for Boston.—The subject can be examined by calling on Benjamin Deane, Esq., of Kingston.—*Plymouth Messenger*.

**CHARGE TO ROBE.**—Theodore S. Fay and Mr. J. R. Broadhead, both American Secretaries of Legation abroad, are prominent candidates for the vacant Charge at Rome.

### BEAUTY OF JEWESSES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one: "Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the son of God, scourging him, crowning him with thorns, and subjecting him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him, under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a case of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair—Christ on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the women who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him spices; and weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. 'Woman why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' at the sound of his voice, Mary's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.'—The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rooted on the brow of the Jewess."

### I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE.

The above, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson which too many are prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessings God is giving us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its lights as well as its shades, and, it is neither wise nor grateful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the picture. He who looks on the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better and a happier man than those who, as Franklin says, "are always looking at the ugly leg," and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

### DOING GOOD.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, while we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in portion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

### THE "HONEST AND GOOD HEART."

It is humble, because it feels how far its goodness is from extending unto God, and how much there is that belongs to the unapproachable servant even in his best services. It is submissive, because he that is of God heareth God's words, and receives them with implicit faith and thankful acquiescence. It glories not in its attainments, or in its spiritual progress, because it is written, that it is God that maketh it to differ from another's, and that he reuseth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.

**A GOOD WIFE**—A friend of ours who has been spending a few weeks in the "country," and who visited some of the private dwellings of the rustic inhabitants, tells of a singular man who lives near Brookfield. He is somewhat noted for his odd expressions. He was one day visited by a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who went to hear his "talk." "Now young gentlemen," said he, "I will give you some directions how to tell a good wife. A good wife will be like three things, and she will not be like three things. She will be like the snail, who stays at home, and she will not be like the snail who carries all on his back. She will be like the eel, that speaks when spoken to, and she will not be like the eel, that says he has the last word. She will be like the town clock that speaks at the right time, and she will not be like the town clock, heard all over town."

**BONAPARTE'S LOVE OF CHURCH BELLS.**—The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, which I could never account for, he listened to them with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the avenue leading to the plain of Ruel, how often has the tolling of the village bells interrupted our most serious conversation. He stopped short lest the moving of our feet should cause the loss of those sounds which charmed him. He used even to be vexed because my feelings on those occasions did not accord with his own. So powerful was the effect produced on him by these bells, that his voice would falter as he said: "Ah! this recalls to my mind the first year I passed at Brienne. (Napoleon's first school conducted by monks;) I was then happy." When the bells ceased he would resume his gigantic speculations, and launch into futurity, place a crown upon his head, and hurl kings from their thrones.—*Beurrienn's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

**ENEMIES**—Alexander's *Messenger* gives the following advice: "Have you enemies! Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made out of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark:—'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling, while endeavouring to live down the malice of those against you. If you stop to quarrel, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error."

**SISTERS OF CHARITY.**—There is not a yellow fever season in New Orleans, which is not marked by the death of some of the self-sacrificing Sisters of Charity. Sister Julia Shirk, a native of Baltimore, about fifty-eight years of age, died on the 26th ult. at New Orleans, of yellow fever, in the Charity Hospital, cheerfully bearing her share of the labors that devolve on the members of her Order. The duty devolving on this society is a severe one. It is to attend the sick in hospitals, without distinction of rank or religion. They do not pass by a sick Protestant to attend a sick Catholic, all are alike in the eyes of the Sisters, and to their wants, all equally succor in the last stages of existence. Other religious denominations freely give them money for charitable purposes; the Sisters freely sacrifice their lives.—*Wash Gazette.*

**CHURCH-YARD ADORNMENTS.**—I was much struck with the appearance of several new graves in the church yard of (Swords, near Dublin), rudely ornamented with crosses, garlands, curiously cut paper, &c. &c., and interspersed with flowers, aromatic herbs, myrtle, &c. I believe these were tokens of affection to regard to young women and children. The rude blasts were scattering these proofs of love after death; and the flowers and herbs, like the cheeks of the once lovely deceased, were faded and withered to blush and smile no more. A frozen-hearted formalist may condemn this, and call it superstition. True religion and pure affection would give it a far different name. I felt affected and edified by these dumb remembrances of life, youth, beauty, and affection, of death, disappointed hopes, broken bonds, keen sorrow, and lasting distress. I felt and could have wept with the disconsolate parents, and survivors; and kissed the fingers that composed those garlands, the tokens of pure affection; and the crosses by which the meritorious death of our blessed Saviour was thus set out to public view as the only foundation of the survivor's hope that death, the last enemy, should be finally destroyed; and that those hearts knit together here in pure and honest love, should be re-united in eternity,—where bonds can no more be broken, and death can never enter.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

There are but two classes of the wise; the men who serve God, because they have found him; and the men who seek him, because they have found him not. All others may say, "Is there not a ho in my right hand?"—*Rev. R. Cecil.*

### DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.

[Extract of a Private Letter.]  
BUFFALO, Nov. 3, 1848.

Bishop Timon will leave on Monday for Galveston, Texas, for the purpose of, amongst other matters, preaching at the consecration of the Cathedral, built by Bishop Odin, in that city.

The Bishop having been appointed Prefect Apostolic of Texas in 1837, and having governed it in spirituals, until the appointment of Bishop Odin as Vicar Apostolic, it was natural that his worthy Bishop, Priests and people, should solicit, at the consecration of the Cathedral the presence of him who gave the first impulse to religion in Texas.

After the repeated and earnest solicitations of Bishop Odin and many friends, our worthy Bishop revisits this distant field of his past labor, where he will doubtless find that the good seed sown in hope is ripening to a glorious maturity.

DEAR SIR—Complying, as far as my unceasing occupations permit, with the promise I made to you, I send you the following details of the onward movement of religion in this diocese. You, I am sure, will rejoice to hear that we have now at Buffalo an excellent Hospital under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. The building is 80 feet long by 40 wide, three or rather four stories high, as the basement is nearly all out of ground. From the cupola, the view over the Lake and surrounding country is magnificent. Though but lately opened, yet up to this date 45 patients have been admitted, 29 have recovered, some of them most unexpectedly, their case having been pronounced hopeless; but the healthy and elevated situation, and the kind treatment, with God's blessing, have restored to health those men who, most probably, would be now in their graves had the hospital not existed; two have died; fourteen remain under medical treatment.—This holy work of mercy has found some bigots to oppose it, the greater portion, however, are warm in commendation, yet alas! contributions come in slowly, like angel's visits, "few and far between," hence the poor Bishop is forced to contract debts to continue the work. Many zealous and charitable ladies are getting up a fair for it, with every prospect of success.

A Female Orphan Asylum has also been established.—it is yet but a bud, struggling against difficulties and poverty, for it, the worst of all.

Eight Seminary men live with the Bishop in his rented house; he aids in teaching them, and all wears the form of the most exact seminaries. Three priests have already been ordained, but the increasing wants of the diocese far outstrip all the increased means of supply. Since the retreats which have been preached in each considerable locality, the number of posts requiring close attendance, and the number of communicants have greatly augmented. At Youngstown, near the mouth of Niagara River, and at Lewistown, the Bishop's visit produced most happy effect; 31 persons were confirmed. Not being able to obtain the use of any church or public building at Lewistown, the Bishop preached to a large audience in an unfinished private house; a subscription was immediately begun, and, in a few days, one of the Protestant churches being for sale, it was purchased, and is now used in the holy worship of our religion. At Niagara Falls, the Bishop preached in the Methodist Church, next day in a private house, he celebrated Mass, preached, and confirmed 17 persons. Judge Porter, generously gave a lot. It is much to be desired that in so celebrated a spot, visited by Catholics from all parts of the world, a Church in some way worthy its sacred use, could be built; but alas! the Catholics are poor. Passing thence to a German settlement, near Pendleton, the Bishop examined the children in their catechism, preached in German, and confirmed 16 persons. Whilst giving a retreat in Rochester, the Bishop secured a church for the French and Canadians—Rev. Father Masson, C.S.S.R., was named pastor. And now, many of those who had been scattered as sheep without a shepherd, rejoice in the care of a zealous pastor, hear instructions each Sunday in their own language, and profit by the mercy vouchsafed, frequent the holy sacraments, and bless God for the comfort they received.

New York, Oct. 2nd, 1847.

The old farce of "Catholic votes and Catholic voters" is about being re-enacted in our community. Why we should form a distinct element in political calculations is beyond my comprehension. Catholics as such have no peculiar interest in the country which requires a separate organi-

sation; the questions of the Tariff, Internal Improvements, &c., do not involve any Catholic dogmas or practice, and yet we never have an Election, but the Catholics are appealed to as a separate body, it being assumed as of course that they all vote on the same side. I apprehend that the true cause of this manoeuvre of politicians, will be found little creditable to Catholic intelligence. I can assign no other reason for it than that the belief is prevalent that Catholics as a body, are people who have prejudices but no opinions, that they do not reflect or inform themselves upon the questions before the country, but that they can be led by any person who may flatter their vanity, or otherwise conciliate their prejudices. An impression so injurious to the Church in this country, so much calculated to retard its progress, should certainly be removed, and there are no means more efficient for that purpose, than to treat every proposition addressed to a Catholic voter as an insult, unless a Catholic right be involved.

**A PIOUS CUSTOM.**—We read in the French papers that after the death of the illustrious Chateaubriand, his family wishing to do a good work for the repose of his soul, distributed 8,000 francs to the poor. This reminds us of an edifying custom which is practiced in several countries of Europe, and which we would be happy to see universally adopted by the Catholics of the U. States. There, when a Catholic dies, besides the holy sacrifice which is several times offered up for him, a sum proportioned to his means is appropriated for alms giving, a portion of which most commonly is distributed to the poor of the place or of the neighbourhood, whilst the other is given to charitable institutions, with request that prayers be offered up for the happy repose of the deceased. It is all done agreeably to the last wishes of the person, who commonly has consigned it in his last will. This is doing and acting consistently with the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which points out to us prayers and alms-giving as means of relieving the suffering of our departed brethren, who may be yet detained for a while in the place of expiration.

This is truly a Catholic practice, and there is no reason why we should not follow it in this country, as well as in others. Great—we may say, extravagant expenses are made in our cities at funerals, and without any necessity. It would be far better to appropriate a certain sum for charitable works, that would benefit the soul of our deceased relations. Our country Catholics could, generally speaking, do the same, without rendering themselves any poorer. In every congregation there are some destitute families, some poor, and in cities we have our St. Vincent's Orphans, our Good Shepherd's Penitents, and our Catholic and Protestant poor to be fed, clothed and buried by our Catholic benevolent societies; these are fit objects of charity; and how edifying would it not be to hear that Catholics remember them on their death bed in their last will, in order to be afterwards remembered by them in their prayers, or that the surviving relatives think on them, when dividing among themselves the temporal goods of which they become the owners!—*Cath. Advocate.*

### Births

- November 27—Mrs Romley, of a son.
- 27—Mrs Farrell, of a son.
- 27—Mrs Kelly, of a son.
- 28—Mrs Henderson, of a son.
- 30—Mrs Vaughan, of a daughter.

### Married.

- November 18—John Lyons, to Bridget Burke.
- 29—William Wabbolt, to Mary Ann Foran.
- 30—Charles Burke, to Helen Glassebrook.
- 30—James Quinn, to Mary Burke.
- 30—George Bailely, to Angelina Harrisons.
- 30—Robert Flinn, to Bridget Moran.

### Died.

- November 27—John Flynn, native of Waterford, Ireland, aged 38 years.
- 30—Francis Boyle, private of the 38th regt., native of Ireland, aged 32 years.
- 29—Margaret Leitch, native of Halifax, N S, aged 20 years.