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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 40.

God 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, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

OCTOBER 3—Sunday—NIX after Pentecost, 1 October, Holy Rosary, G.

- 1—Monday—St. Francis of Assisium, C.
- 5—Tuesday—St. Galla, Widow.
- 6—Wednesday—St. Bruno, C.
- 7—Thursday—St. Mark, P. C.
- 8—Friday—St. Brigitta, Widow.
- 9—Saturday—St. Denis, &c., Ms.

## DR. MILEY'S SERMON.

Preached on the occasion of the funeral obsequies of the Liberator in the Metropolitan Church.

*“And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written—Death is swallowed up in victory.”—1 Corinth. xv. 51.*

Would I deny that he is dead? Alas! alas! how could I? That dread mystery called death, did we not behold it gathering gradually but irresistibly over him and feature, reducing them to stillness rigid as marble, and silent as the grave, until at last it sat enthroned upon his kingly forehead like a shadow of eternity? How could we gausay that he is dead? Was it not this miserable right hand, alas, the day! that closed his eyes—his lips, on the accents of which millions used to hang enchanted? And it in the distraction of our bereavement we could be tempted to deny that he was dead, would we not be refuted and rebuked by the agony of our bosoms, by the void, never, alas! I fear, to be filled up, which the departure of his life has left, not alone in his own broken hearted country, but through all nations? No, no, alas! denied, doubted it cannot be, that he is dead.—Too true it is, that the destroyer, terrible and ruthless, who entering close as its shadow on the steps of sin, hath never ceased, since the original transgression, to track his victims through every clime and age, hath lain in ambush for him also on his pilgrimage. In Genoa the superb, the stroke which no skill can ward, no strength resist, which no entreaties can stay or turn aside, descended: falling upon him not by surprise, however, but serene and self-possessed as he ever was in life, and perfectly ready and prepared to meet it.

Yes, the stroke has fallen: but if religion has even more than launched the word pouring in such heaven descended virtue.

by her sacraments as not alone to take from death his sting, but to prepare even for his body a state of being ineffably more glorious than that which it before enjoyed, and a state that is to know no misery, or death; if O'Connell's fame, the imperishable element of energy that was in his principles and his deeds, has turned round, not fearing to confront the “King of Terrors,” and disarming him of his most dreaded weapons and insignia, has made of them so many trophies. If all this be true (and that it is, not we alone, but all the nations of the world, now echoing with his renown, bear witness), why then may we not, in the words of the Apostle, say of him that “this mortal hath put on immortality,” and that the mystery to be crowned and consummated in the general resurrection, has already had its beginning. Immortal in the wonders he has achieved, still more so in the means and in the impulses and principles by which he was enabled to accomplish those wonders, pervading the whole world by his renown; destined to be remembered with gratitude and admiration to the most remote posterity, and destined by virtue of his characteristic system, to be felt potently and beneficently, interfering in the amelioration of society to the remotest ages, not alone in his own active land, but in every other that is oppressed or needs reform, why may it not be said—and said correctly—as to all that is more formidable and portentous in this monster, that “Death, for O'Connell, is swallowed in victory”.....

You know, the whole world knows, how Rome received his heart! Her history spreads over more than thirty centuries, and it is emblazoned with pageants and triumphs without number, but you will search it paragraph by paragraph in vain to find another instance of such a triumph as this “mother of dead empires”—this capital of Christ's kingdom upon earth has solemnly voted and rendered to our Liberator's memory.

There is a sort of muffled rumour, I am told, that the expenses of that Roman triumph are to be paid by us. How could anything so stupidly absurd have been imagined, not to say believed? No believe me, it is not thus that Rome acquits herself of her great triumph. It is not thus, believe me, that Romans paid their tribute to O'Connell. His funeral was ordered by the Supreme Pontiff of Rome: His Holiness ordered that it should be piously but the Romans, in their enthusiasm for our Liberator's memory not only fulfilled their duty in complying with this injunction—they surpassed it. They gathered round his ecuataph the arts in which they stand pre-eminent, such as music, sculpture, painting, and that majestic eloquence of which their Venetian is such a master. The work of preparation knew no pause. It was urged forward by night as well as by day, and in the treasure which it cost there was not one half farthing of alien com-

This is what the Romans, the "ordo populusque Romanus," not only did not seek, but would not suffer. But Pius IX. would not be excluded; from his scanty treasures and with his own consecrated hands, the Pontiff presented a large contribution. The cross which was borne before the Cardinals at the Absolution was the Pope's; the Pope's vestments sent by express order, were worn in the requiem. It was his Eminence Cardinal Baluffi, who succeeded to the see of Imola, the late diocese of Pius IX., that gave the absolution on the first day; on the second day of the obsequies it was given by Cardinal Castreani, the Grand Penitentiary whose office and exclusive privilege it is to give the last absolution to the Popes. The funeral oration was rehearsed beforehand in the hearing of the Pope; when it was intimated that there might be some difficulty as to its being published the Pontiff smiled. You know what the consequence has been—stamped with the *imprimatur* of the master of the sacred palace—the funeral oration of O'Connell, by the great and good Ventura, published at Rome (and published uncuttailed), is now read with admiration throughout all Christian countries. The Governor of Rome was present, so were the ambassadors of the various courts of Europe; Cardinals, Prelates of the Papal Court, Bishops, Archbishops, and Patriarchs from every region of the Globe, the students of the Pope's own seminary assisted; the civic guards of Rome, with their Colonel and officers at their head, were marshalled round our Liberator's cenotaph; the Parish Priests of Rome would have none but themselves fill even the inferior offices of the sanctuary on this occasion. Never was there a tribute more exclusively and purely Roman—never was there a tribute paid with enthusiasm more ardent and disinterested. The very professors from the choirs of St. Peter, of the Sixtine chapel, the Lateran, the Liberian Basilica, and the other basilicas would accept no payment, though the wonders of their execution were such as it was said on all hands had seldom, if ever before been witnessed, even in Rome itself.

Thus fared it with O'Connell's heart. His body now there in state before you, invested and surrounded with so much pomp—so venerated and bewailed by millions, has the destroyer—Death been able to strip it of all honour—to maltreat, insult, and mock it as it his wont even with the remains of the mightiest of our kind, and those who were best beloved! That Carolingian Emperor, whose sway extended from the Elbe to the Atlantic, and spread far away beyond the Alps, on the side of that same thoroughfare by which O'Connell's body was brought along, was not his body obliged to be abandoned? But to receive O'Connell's remains and pay them honour, the Church Militant of France was under arms with the glorious successor of St. Irenæus at its head. That gallant people which has ever been, and still deserves to be arranged in the vanguard of Christendom, they almost resented as an indignity, that they were not afforded the opportunity to manifest how great was their admiration and their affection for him who belonged not alone to Ireland, but to universal Christianity..... It is not to his own country alone that his memory is cherished with an enthusiasm which bids defiance to the dulling influence of death. As late as November next the aisles of Notre Dame, in Paris, are to re-echo with his requiem, and his eulogy is to be pronounced by that cowed orator of France, who in the presence of assemblies pre-eminently scientific and addicted to scepticism, if not to infidelity, has the magic power to enkindle as much enthusiasm for the Faith as St. Bernard used to do in the time of the Crusaders..... Never to the memory of the Emperor or protentate of any order hath been paid such honours. But is it not just and congruous that in death he should have no equal—I mean amongst the heroes who live in history—since for merits he had no equal in his life? I know of no other hero for whom one cannot find a counterpart in history; but I maintain that for O'Connell there is none. He stands alone in the annals of the world.

I am aware how this assertion will be derided—held up to scornful mockery; but let us put it to the test. The proofs of it are familiar to yourselves, my brethren, as household words. And it is well they are so; for how else could I, upon a notice which I received but yesterday, have ventured to ascend the giddy eminence on which you see me now, in the hope to

obtain for these proofs their legitimate results! Indeed, nothing but the dread, the certainty that we would be disgraced through Christendom were he who made our altars free permitted to go down in ignominious silence to the grave, could have emboldened me to an attempt, which, even with this to palliate it, could not still, have escaped being stigmatized as rash, had not the funeral oration pronounced at Rome already lifted his name above the reach of slander and oblivion. I know his renown is safe.

It is known to all in what a prostrate state he found his country. Its religion was held to be anathema. To profess it was to be an outlaw. To obtain the franchises and honours of the State it was not enough to abjure its most sacred mysteries and dogmas—it was, moreover, indispensable to curse them—stigmatizing them as damnable by solemn oath upon the holy Evangelists of God. The highest law authorities in the realm proclaimed that this state of things could not be changed without overturning the British constitution. The British people were against the change—the navies, the armies, the Parliaments, the press, were against us, as were the most darling interests and untameably exasperated passions. The heir apparent swore that no such change should be permitted. Monarch after monarch was known to be bigoted against the measure of Emancipation. To you, my most reverend lords, its guardians and rulers, I appeal as to what the condition is in which O'Connell left, and has long since placed the Church. You will bear witness that he made it the envy of Christendom, rending every fetter that had involved it for ages, and obtaining for it a liberty and independence the most perfect of any portion of the whole Church of Christ.

This is a fact as certain as the existence of the Irish Church itself.

Again, there was in each city and town of Ireland a fortress of civil and religious tyranny, erected to keep green and ever bleeding, the wound of conquest, to outrage and oppress the vast majority of the nation. By them the Catholics were excluded from every office, and even from the lowest crafts.—The fountains of justice were poisoned by them, and perverted from a blessing into a new and bitter source of spoliation and oppression for the people. They were proclaimed to be grafted into the foundations of the State—that removed or stirred they could not be. But did not O'Connell, and that almost unaided, raze them to the ground, and plant so many fortresses of liberty upon their ruins!

Dr. Miley here, by quotations from the Padre Ventura, and by original instances, compares O'Connell with, and exalts him above the heroes and emperors of ancient and modern history.

If we would find one most nearly his counterpart in greatness perhaps it is the hero of the Ireland of the East—John Sobieski, King of Poland—we should select. They were like each other in their chivalrous fidelity in nuptial life, in the exuberance of their affections for their offspring, in the deathless war they carried on, and the brilliancy of the victories won by them over the Church's enemies, and in this also, alas! that they struggled for the redemption and nationality of a distracted people.—Sobieski was also like him in his deep spirit of devotion, in his charming amenity in the private circle, in his self possession and dignity in the most clamorous and disorderly debate, in the midst of perils—and though last, not least, in his sunny love of poetry. But inasmuch as he also, like the others, had in his favour the resources which O'Connell had arrayed against him, and that he achieved his victories, not by moral, but by military means, the resemblance ends, except that I should add, perhaps, that they were also like in this, that each of them had the rare destiny to identify his country's history with his own. The very forces which conspired to forward, and influence, and aggrandize the greatness of all these, were uniformly arrayed against our hero. He had opposed to him the armies, the fleets, the British people, the Treasury, the law, the Parliaments, the King himself, and, more potent in this age, perhaps, than all, he had against him incessantly almost the whole artillery of the press. Do I exaggerate?.....

His predecessors conquered by brutal force, by agencies that spread desolation far and wide—by the two-edged sword and

the winged artillery that rains amongst the brave a wide wasting ruin which no breast-plate can resist or valour turn aside.—They had for resources those great powers, potent for a time, and which when wielded with genius are irresistible, but which are weak notwithstanding since we have seen the hoar frost reduce to nothing—to utter ruin the greatest exhibition of such forces that was ever made. But O'Connell had for the means of achieving victories the force of opinion—the great power of truth, of truth, of virtue, and of eternal justice; and in these, more than the shield and spear, and the power of artillery had he confidence. Without the shedding of a drop of blood—the infliction of one single calamity, or causing one crime to be committed against the laws of God or man, he bore away every obstacle that impeded his progress, and rescued his country from slavery and degradation. 'Tis this it is which renders him unique in the history of mankind, and places him high above the most illustrious men of ancient and modern times. . . . Already we see his doctrine taken up, and proclaimed with an enthusiasm which we never knew—by people that are far, far distant from us. His great system of political revolution is fast spreading through every nation. It will be hailed by them with a purer, and a more persevering, and a more consistent enthusiasm than by ourselves.

But how did he achieve these wonders? By what force did he succeed? What power came to his aid that enabled him to stand alone and effect things which no other hero had ever dreamt of? I will tell you, and you know it already by long experience and intimate acquaintance with his life. O'Connell was great—greatest amongst all the heroes that flourish in history—without a parallel in the records of all time, for this simple reason—he was an enthusiastic believer in the Providence of Jesus Christ, and because not alone in private life did he strive with all the intensity of his great soul to be his true and fervent disciple, but also in his public career, and in all the great enterprises in which he was engaged. You know it. Slander cannot gainsay it. He ever made it the guiding star and principle of his policy to be in harmony with the religion of his Church.

He commenced all his enterprises by the invocation of heaven's aid, and placed all the great things upon which he ventured under the especial patronage of the Virgin Mother whom he never failed to make his advocate. He never blushed to make profession of his faith, and was ever ready and emulously able to defend. It was he who planted his giant heel upon the obscene and impious philosophism of Voltaire in Ireland and crushed it to death. These were the great principles that actuated his life. Here is the great mystery of all his policy. Hence it was that he seemed omnipotent, so that no obstacle could resist him, and that he achieved things that have filled all nations with astonishment. He believed in the providence of Jesus Christ as a reality. He did not, like Napoleon, at least like him in the days of his infatuated ambition—he did not, like others, lift himself up against heaven—did not regard Christianity as a fable, but as a divinely established fact. Hence it was borne onward by a power irresistible—hence it was that his works remain and must endure for ever, because by these great principles of his policy, he placed himself in perfect harmony with the universe.

The eloquent preacher spoke of O'Connell's final resting place:—It is my opinion and humbly I propound it, that his destiny so far as depends on us, will not be complete unless you place his grave within the Island abbey of Darrynane, which he loved so well—which has been associated with the memory of his boyhood, and in which, in his days of renown, I may say of his inspiration and genius; he wished that his body until the resurrection should repose. He said, in 1845, and you all remember the echo of his words:—“No, men of Kerry, the man who animated the Repealers of other places is your brother Kerryman. Yes, for I was born amongst you; the echoes of the mountain stream by which my infancy was nursed are, I fancy, murmuring again in my ears. Yes, I am close to the scene of my earlier days, within view of my native mountains, and within sound of the stream that spoke to me in earlier life in tones of immortality. (Hear, hear.) Yes, we were ever loyal to our religion, our allegiance, and our country.—

(Cheer.) I am proud of you, men of Kerry (Increased cheering.) I was born amongst your mountains, and amongst them shall be my grave, though my name will go down as having burst the fetters of my countrymen, and given them liberty and peace.” (Renewed acclamation.)

And the discourse was wound up in these words:—“I need not conjure you, my most reverend lords and fathers, that he who liberated our altars and conferred on the Church such unexampled liberties should never be forgotten by you when offering the spotless victim. Need I supplicate of my own very reverend and reverend brethren that those altars which he set free shall never be ascended by them without a memento for O'Connell's soul? or those faithful people whom he liberated from bondage—who were introduced by his exertions into all the blessings of the constitution—who are no longer aliens in the land that gave them birth, but invested with the rights of citizenship—need I implore of them, as they feel gratitude for his great services—as they would not brand themselves for ever with the stain most disgraceful to humanity to pledge themselves by vow in the presence of his mortal remains now there before them, that through life they shall be faithful to his principles—that nothing shall ever be able to beguile them again from that great theory established by him, which is the wonder of the world, and which has won for his country so many bloodless triumphs? We will pledge ourselves around his tomb to bury all our differences in oblivion, and work together for the interests of that country which he loved so well. We will pledge ourselves to maintain his principles inviolate—to violate no law of God or man—to rely not on the sabre, or artillery, but on the universal principles of truth, morality and justice, by which O'Connell achieved so many triumphs, by which his name was rendered terrible to the oppressor, and the hope of the oppressed—which caused him to be held in veneration by multitudes in every clime who had paid honour to his lifeless body, and were almost ready to suffer death along with him on account of the great things that he effected. Joined together in the communion of that holy Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a faithful servant, by the love of which he guided his people into liberty, and which enabled him to triumph over so many difficulties united in one common application around God's altar, let us implore for his soul eternal rest, invoking St. Patrick, the Apostle of our country, and the great Saints innumerable that have shed a lustre upon this land of benediction—the martyrs who have suffered for that Church—and above all that mother of mercy—that Star of the Sea—that comfortress of the Afflicted, to whom even in child like devotion, he addressed his supplications for her intercession. To her let our prayers ascend, that her virgin spotless hands may be lifted to her divine Son, to obtain for him a lot amongst the just forever; that though his body may for a while be consigned to that grave, it may hear the note of triumph from the Archangel's trumpet calling upon it to be re-united to the spirit already in beatitude—to enjoy the crown that by his fidelity he hath secured—to receive the blessing of the Saviour, and abide for all eternity with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be all honour, praise, and glory, now and for evermore.—Amen.”

#### ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Sunday last was a high Festival with the members of this glorious Catholic Association. The solemn Mass of thanksgiving was offered up at St. Mary's for the continued success of the Foreign Missions, and to beg the Divine Blessing for the zealous labours of the Apostles of Catholicity throughout the world. The Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Very Rev. Mr. Conolly, being Master of Ceremonies, and Rev. Mr. Hannan and Rev. Mr. Phelan Deacon and Sub-deacon. During the Mass, a very eloquent and effective Sermon was delivered by the Vicar General, in the course of which he recounted the astonishing triumphs of the Catholic Faith in the New world, throughout the last century, and ex-

horted the Members of the Association to renew their exertions in the great cause. The Church was filled in every part, and after Mass an immense number of the Associates received the Holy Communion at the hands of the Bishop.

The sum of Two thousand Six hundred and Twenty-five Francs was remitted to Paris from the Halifax Branch by the last Packet.

#### CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

The Quarterly Meeting was held on Sunday last at St. Mary's the Bishop in the Chair, assisted by the Vicar General and the Rev. Messrs. Hannan, Phelan, and Daly. The subscriptions amounting to upwards of Ten Pounds were first received; the returns of the attendance of children at Catechism for the last Quarter were handed in, and various Teachers, male and female, volunteered their charitable assistance for the next three months in the noble task of instructing the ignorant. A permanent committee, including the resident clergy, was appointed to superintend the details of the Fuel Fund which was first raised by this useful society. Arrangements were afterwards made for the approaching examination of the children, and the distribution of premiums. Fourteen new members were admitted and after the transaction of other business connected with the Society, the meeting—a most numerous one—was adjourned.

#### General Intelligence.

##### LETTER FROM A CATHOLIC PRIEST.— GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

We believe it is not too much to say that the Germans compose at least two-fifths of the entire Catholic population of the United States. The whole number of Priests is 831, but of these only 703 are actually engaged in the care of souls. So nearly as we can ascertain, of these between 140 and 150 are German Priests. The *Catholic Almanack* recently computed 812 churches, and of these only a little more than forty as hearing sermons in German. But in the two dioceses of Cincinnati and Vincennes alone, there are already forty-three such. Once more, the whole number of Catholics in this country is set down at 1,200,000, of which the Germans are given but 60,000. Now the fact is, that the five cities, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, and Cincinnati, contain easily 60,000 Catholic Germans. Perhaps it is not known in the east that through the west there are Catholic congregations where not one-fourth, not one-third, nor one-half, but oftentimes four-fifths, are Germans, while they never, or very rarely, hear the Word of God in their own mother-tongue, and constantly want the sweet satisfaction of having amongst them a Priest of their own race, sympathising with their character, and understanding how to guide and govern them..... The diocese of Milwaukee, which we quoted from the *Catholic Telegraph* last week, as being the most promising in the United States, is almost without exception German. The

only daily Catholic paper published in America—and it is truly Catholic—is published and supported by the Germans in Cincinnati. The Church of St. Alphonsus at Baltimore, acknowledged as the most Catholic and beautiful Church for the interior in the United State, is German, and built by Germans. The only section of Catholics, we believe, of whom it can be said that every church they build is accompanied by its schoolhouse, where their children are taught first of all their religion, is the German. And we might mention many things more within the bounds of the most simple and undeniable justice..... We desire that they should remember in becoming citizens of the United States (and they do become deeply attached citizens) they should henceforth think of themselves as American Catholics. We do not hesitate to say the difference of their language, necessarily so little known among us, almost cancels that active and most powerful impulse, that their firmness and exhaustless energy would otherwise communicate to the Catholic population of America. It is not a duty to cease to love "fatherland," but it is a duty most of all in so multifarious a mingling of races as is to be found with us, to merge the distinctions of nationality and language as soon as it can be, whether Irish, or German, or French, or what not, in the better name of Catholic, and the more appropriate of American patriots.—*New York Freeman's Journal*

##### THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION IN 1780 —THE GORDON MOB IN LONDON.

The mob was wonderfully well disciplined for their lawless work. A number of men, shabbily dressed, but of intellectual features and superior mien, were continually gliding among them, and whispering their orders during the burning of Newgate. There was an air of audacious security in the look and bearing of these men, that showed too plainly how well they had calculated their plans, and how little they feared the faint and reluctant opposition they had hitherto encountered, or might meet with in future. But these saintly men knew that their followers, the chosen, hired, and petted children of the Association, must be thirsty and exhausted after their meritorious toils. They knew, too, that a Popish distiller, of the name of Langdale, lived but a few score yards from Newgate; that he had choice spirits in his extensive stores—which would exceedingly refresh the urgent needs of the saints. These creature comforts they would plentifully partake of; they would piously inebriate themselves with popish gin that night, in thanksgiving for the crowning mercies they had received. The remainder of the Papist's stock should be consumed on the morrow, as a sign and a testimony that the reign of the saints had begun.

At once, therefore, and before the ruins of Newgate had ceased to blaze, the whole of the mob rushed to Mr. Langdale's distillery, which was situated near the foot of Holborn-bridge. Mr. Langdale was the most eminent distiller in England, and his stock of spirits on hand was immense. At first, a few playful pleasantries were uttered by the ringleaders. They merely threatened to demolish his house, and destroy his effects and stock. To appease them, Mr. Langdale assembled his few remaining workmen, who brought the coveted gin in tubs, and pailsful, and distributed to all who chose to partake. Several hundred gallons were thus imbibed by the saints. It proved however an intellectual peace-offering, as we shall shortly see.

The last act of incendiarism this night, was the destruction of the new prison at Clerkenwell. The same horrors were repeated there, as at the burning of Newgate; and many hundreds of ferocious felons were unexpectedly let loose to aid the nefarious designs of the Protestant Association.

The most terrible alarm prevailed this night throughout the whole of London. The most exaggerated reports were flying about, and men's hearts withered away through fear. If the Protestant population trembled for their lives and safety, how much more the doomed and defenceless Catholics. Few went to rest—to sleep was almost impossible. The glare of so many awful conflagrations—the rushing sound and clamour of the now mighty host of rioters—their repeated yells of the “No Popery” cry—banished sleep from many an aching eye that troubled night. Nearly every house was illuminated; it was so ordered by the mob. A darkened window was instantly driven in by a crackling shower of stones. The most dismal apprehensions were entertained for the morrow, and those apprehensions were fearfully verified.

Before the rioters separated, they had the audacity to send written notices to every prison yet standing, stating that they would come and burn them down on the morrow. There might have been some humanity in this, as so many of the prisoners were already perishing in the conflagration of Newgate. It shows, however, how conscious they were of their strength, and how little they dreaded the resistance of an imbecile Government.

The poor, disgraced, and outraged king, was in great alarm for his own safety and that of his family. His equerries brought him hourly news of the proceedings of the rioters; and when his Majesty heard of the destruction of Newgate, he gave orders to have apartments fitted up in the King's-mews, where the Royal family might be under the protection of the household brigade. It was a mournful sitting. Revolutionary anarchy seemed everywhere prevailing, and the fears of Queen Charlotte amounted almost to delirium.—The king could not retire to rest. Every five

minutes he went to a window, surveyed with a shudder the red glare of the midnight sky, and listened to the hoarse and distant roars of the rioters. He would then pace rapidly up and down the apartment, and again and again look out at the scene of horrors. At times his grief and resentment amounted to a paroxysm of mental anguish. It was in one of these moments of exacerbation, that Queen Charlotte threw herself upon her knees before him, seized his hands, bedewed them with her tears, and piteously, earnestly implored him—for the sake of herself and her children—to refuse his assent to the Catholic Relief Bill, that so these tumults might be stayed.

“No, madam,” the King sternly replied; “I will never be bullied nor dictated to by a mob!”

#### ITALY—ROME—FERRARA.

After the issue of the protest a deputation of the citizens went to thank the Legate, whose conduct was admirable during the late painful circumstances, and requested him to convey the sentiments of affection and respect of the population to his Holiness. “The Ferrarese,” said the foreman of the deputation, “would prefer seeing their town destroyed to its foundation rather than it should fall under the yoke of Austria.”

ROME.—All is animation! The people of Rome, on their side, manifested with energy their patriotic feelings on hearing of the new outrage committed by Austria. Lists of subscriptions for the defence of the territory were covered with names. Ciccernacchi had circulated several among the people, and there is not at present a single Roman but is ready to respond to the appeal of his beloved Sovereign, should it be necessary, to repel by force a foreign invasion. At a recent meeting of citizens Count Ferretti, brother to the Cardinal Secretary of State, expressed himself with his usual frankness and firmness respecting the intentions of the Government, which, he exclaimed amidst universal applause, was determined to support his rights by every possible means, and to the last extremity. The Sovereign Pontiff shows himself equal to the peril, and animated with a holy enthusiasm. At a Council of Cardinals over which he presided, and where several important decisions were adopted, the Pope is understood to have said, “Since the Austrians have unmasked themselves, my resolution is formed, and I am very tranquil.” “Pius IX.” says the *Italia*, in a supplement containing an abstract of that meeting, “left the Council-room quite radiant, and said to a high personage who was waiting to give him an account of the situation of the capital, ‘Take proper measures, tell the people to be quiet, and the enemies will depart disappointed.’ The post of the Civic Guard was doubled in the quarter of the square of Venice, where the palace of the Austrian Ambassador is sit-

uated. Austria too much relied on the seeds of discord she had sown in the Roman dominions. Her expectations have miserably failed. It is no longer possible for her to reckon on the co-operation of the retrograde and absolutist party, which has ceased to exist, being now only represented by a few wretches, confined in the Castle of St. Angelo, and by some members of the Administration who have fled from the Roman states. Austria is now in presence of a nation united, compact, enthusiastic beyond description, ready to rise like one man to defend its independence, and adoring its Sovereign, in whom it places every confidence, and who relies on his people. That power must perceive that it is no easy undertaking to oppress such a nation. Times are greatly changed. Absolutism is no longer opposed by a handful of patriots and revolvers, having to contend against their own Government, a strong party, and foreign bayonets. The matter is serious, very serious, and the Holy Father was justified in proclaiming himself more easy in his mind than ever."

Later news from Rome is not only more decisive, but more important. It was reported in that capital that the Secretary of State had forwarded a note to the Cabinet of Vienna, in which he declared that, should the Austrians evacuate the town of Ferrara within a fortnight, the Pope would recall his Nuncio from Vienna, and send passports to Count Lutzon, the Austrian Ambassador at Rome. The Pope had instructed the Governors of Ancona and Civita Vecchia to supply those fortresses with three months' provisions. Count Bludoff, the Russian Envoy, had taken leave of His Holiness, and departed for St. Petersburg.

#### VERY REV. MR. HUDON

When the melancholy account of the death of this lamented Dignitary reached us, we regretted that we were unable to give a memoir of the deceased, who was formerly Cure of Arichat in Cape Breton. We therefore feel much pleasure in extracting the following just tribute to departed worth from the *Montreal Courier* :

"It is with the deepest concern that we announce the death of the Rev. M. Hyacinthe Hudon, Vicar-General of this Diocese, and Canon Dean of the Chapter of the Cathedral. He died after thirteen days' suffering from typhus fever. Mr Hudon was born at Riviere Ouelle, in the Diocese of Quebec, in the Seminary of which city he passed through a course of classical and theological studies with brilliant success, and was ordained Priest at Nicolet on the 9th of March, 1817. Immediately after his admission to Holy Orders, Mr. Hudon was entrusted with the spiritual charge of St. Roch's suburbs, in Quebec, and the superintendence of the schools established in that locality,

by the late Mgr. J. Q. Plessis. The zeal with which he discharged his arduous duties endeared him to the people of St. Roch's, who still cherish a grateful remembrance of their old pastor. After several years spent in the fulfilment of his pastoral duties in Quebec, he became attached to the Gulf Missions, in which he was most indefatigable. His connection with these missions terminated in 1826, when he was appointed Cure of Ste. Madeleine de Rigand. Six years afterwards he was transferred to the curacy of Boucherville, and finally he was removed to Montreal, having been constituted a principal member of the Cathedral Chapter, established in 1841. In the discharge of the duties of these various ministrations, Mr. Hudon was distinguished by his great ability, by the uniform regularity of his life, and by his ardent zeal, to which at length he has fallen a victim, as well as by his profound charity for the unfortunate emigrants, who are perishing by hundreds in the immediate vicinity of our city. His loss will be severely felt, not only in Montreal, but by the Roman Catholics throughout the entire Diocese, where his efficient services are fully appreciated. By his death, the Catholic Temperance Society has to mourn the loss of its President, the Community of the Bon Pasteur that of its local Superior and most zealous benefactor, and we have all to lament the death of a good man and excellent citizen. When the remains of Mr. Hudon were consigned to the grave, the members of the Temperance Society and a great number of others were present to pay the last tribute of respect."

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT AUSTRALIA.

St Patrick's-day was kept as a high holiday at Sydney. The day was beautifully fine, and at an early hour the members of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society assembled at St. Patrick's Hall, Church-Hill, from which place accompanied by their splendid banners and their excellent band, they walked in procession through the principal streets of the city. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church by the Rev. J. C. Summer, and a panegyric upon St. Patrick was delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. Gregory, Vicar-General. The splendid and commodious edifice was crowded to excess in every part. At the conclusion of the service a collection amounting to upwards of £20 was made towards the funds for the completion of the building. In the evening a grand musical entertainment was given in St. Patrick's Hall by the band of the society, assisted by one or two professional performers. The Rev. Dean McEncro presided, and there were upwards of eight hundred persons assembled in the hall. We rejoice (says the *Chronicle*) in being able to state, that never, since we have been in the colony, did we ob-

serve a St. Patrick's-day pass off so pleasantly and so happily as did that on Wednesday last; scarcely a drunken individual was to be seen throughout the city.

### ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

On the evening of the first Sunday in March the usual meetings of the above societies were held in Saint Patrick's Hall. The Rev. Dean M'Encro was in the chair, and in opening the proceedings of the evening, he said, that it afforded him the greatest satisfaction, as it must do to every member of Saint Patrick's Society, to witness the progress the contractors had made in getting the splendid Gothic windows now in course of being put into the edifice. But they must be still better pleased to notice the progress the collectors had made in raising funds to pay for these very tasteful and perfect specimens of Church architecture. The collection was £12 6s 6d. The Rev. Chairman then opened the business of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, by stating that on the arrival of every vessel from the various regions of the globe, they were being put in possession of some new and important intelligence as to the progress of the Faith throughout the civilized as well as the savage portions of the globe. The Arch d' Alliance that entered the Harbour of Port Jackson on last evening, after having touched at several of the Missionary stations scattered throughout the countless isles of the great Pacific Ocean, had brought very encouraging news as to the spread of the Gospel, and the cultivation of Christian virtues amongst the lately savage and cannibal inhabitants of several of these groups of Islands. One or two missionaries have visited our shores to recruit their exhausted health under the salubrious sky of Australia and to depart again for their apostolic labours as soon as they may be restored to a comparative degree of health. The missionaries at San Christoval, the faithful companions of the venerated Bishop Epalle, had suffered much from fever, produced by the excessively humid and warm atmosphere of that tropical climate.—*Sydney Chronicle*.

### CONVERSION OF FORTY PROTESTANTS IN DERRY WORKHOUSE.

Some forty conversions to the Catholic Faith have taken place in the Derry workhouse. It is to be presumed these conversions were sincere. No man should be accused of corrupt motives in an act of such vital importance, unless there be unmistakable *prime facie* evidence of his want of sincerity. In the present case there is no such evidence. Behold how the Protestant organ treats these converts:—"Several paupers," says *the Mail*, "in the workhouse of Derry, have recently

gone through the technical process of changing their religion, having no religion to change, being as credulous as ignorance could make, or superstition desire to find them, a miracle was promised as the price of their conversion.

### PHILADELPHIA.

The Baptist Church in Fourth-street has been consecrated and opened by Bishop Hughes as a Catholic Church.—*Freeman*.—At Quincy, in Illinois, a Church is nearly completed 101 feet long, 65 wide, and 40 high, with a steeple of 170 feet. The greater part of the population of 6,000 are Catholic Germans.—*Wahrheit's Freund*.—At Hazel-green in Wisconsin on the 11th of August, the Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, founder of the Catholic Institution at Sussinawa Mound, opened a new Catholic church, a neat brick building.—*Argus*.—There are eight Catholic churches in Cincinnati.—*Cist's Advocate*.

### A REMARKABLE RECONTANTION.

The Rev. Nicholas Beatty, who some time ago, it appears, renounced the Roman Catholic religion has returned to that faith, and has addressed a very remarkable letter to his bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Higgins, on the subject. Mr. Beatty says:—"I declare to your lordship, in the presence of God—and desire my words to be proclaimed throughout the church of Ireland—that in renouncing the holy Roman Catholic faith as I lately did, I acted against the dictates of my conscience, and I was instigated only by the evil passions of my heart, by anger, and a want of submission to the lawful authority of my superiors. The writings which have been published in my name, I intend more fully to retract; but I wish to say here that they are, and ever were, totally opposite to my convictions. In fact, I never for a moment doubted the doctrines of that one, true, and holy Roman Catholic church in which I had been baptized and educated, and to the bosom of which I have now returned."

In a territory of the province of Lucca, there was a certain nun who was held in great reputation for her sanctity about the time that St. Joseph of Cupertino lived, and he being one day in the house of the marquis of that place, and being asked by him concerning his opinion of the report which was circulated of the sanctity of that nun, he replied, "One you have here who is indeed a saint, who is not known;" and forthwith he named to him a certain poor widow, concerning whom there had never been any talk. The marquis made inquiries concerning the qualities of this one, and he found that she always remained at home shut up in her little cottage along with her little



daughters, continually working in order to maintain them, and that she never suffered herself to be seen out of doors, except once a day, which was very early in the morning, when she went to church to hear Mass.

### SALFORD—LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A NEW CONVENT.

On Tuesday the foundation stone of a new convent for the Sisters of Charity at Salford, was laid by Sister Louise. The ground on which the new building is about to be erected adjoins the school in Clemence-street, which is under the superintendence of those ladies. There was a select company present at the laying of the first stone, which was consecrated by the Rev. J. Boardman, who was attired in a surplice and stole during the proceedings.—*Manchester paper.*

### CONVERSIONS.

The Rev. J. Bell, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and of the late Rev. Mr. Irving's views, has been received into the Church.

Mr. and Miss Richards, of Southampton, have also been received.

On Thursday last, at Spanish Chapel, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, of Portman-street, and their family, along with Miss Christian and Miss Mary Banks, were received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. William Hunt.—*Correspondence of London Tablet.*

### ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—TAKING THE VEIL.

At the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., on the 2nd July, Miss Eliza Snowden, of Maryland was received to the White Veil—the Most Rev. Archbishop presiding on the occasion.

St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi 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 with 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 begun 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 her life.

Thaulerius 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 desire aught but to accomplish in all things his divine will"

How many people would remain mute, if they were forbid to speak well of themselves and ill of others.

### BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

September 18—Mrs. Holden of a daughter; Mrs. Casey of a son. 20th—Mrs. Dalton of a son. 23—Mrs. Healy of a son; Mrs. Maher, of a daughter. 21—Mrs. McGrath of a daughter; Mrs. Reatney of a daughter. 25—Mrs. Leynox of a daughter; Mrs. Hannegan of a son; Mrs. Regan of a son. 26—Mrs. Cashman of a son; Mrs. Walsh of a son; Mrs. McCarthy of a son. 28—Mrs. McDeed of a son; Mrs. O'Neil of a son; Mrs. Power of a daughter; Mrs. Kenny of a daughter; Mrs. Lynch of a daughter; Mrs. Gardner of a son; Mrs. Grolan of a son.

October 1—Mrs. Armstrong of a daughter; Mrs. Arthur of a son.

### MARRIAGES RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

September 21—Michael Bowler to Mary Walsh. 23—Patrick Lowry to Catharine Brennan.

### INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

July 15th—John, son of Charles and Mary Ann Ballard, aged 12 months.

September 5—Mary, daughter of John and Mary Killroy, aged 1 year and 6 months; Catharine, daughter of John and Mary Dunphy, aged 1 year and 2 months. 6th—John Kenny, native of Ireland, aged 69 years. 8th—Bridget, daughter of James and Bridget Hayden, aged 1 year and 3 months. Ellen, daughter of Michael and Mary Barratt, aged 6 months. 9th—Ellen, daughter of Edward and Mary Power, aged 1 year and 6 months; Catharine, wife of William Donovan, native of the County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 12 years. 18th—Catharine, daughter of William and Catharine Murphy, aged 5 years. 19th—Bridget, daughter of Thomas and Ann Carver, aged 9 months. 22nd—John Bucks, native of the County Waterford, Ireland, aged 10 years. Maurice Fitzgerald, native of the County Kerry, Ireland, aged 60 years. 21th—Ellen, daughter of Thomas and Johannah Kennedy, aged 1 year and 2 months. 27th—John, son of Michael and Ann Harvey, aged 12 months. 28th—John, son of William and Catharine Gunnvon, aged 1 year and 4 months; Patrick Gahan, native of Nova Scotia, aged 24 years. 30th—Catharine, infant daughter of Thomas and Anne Murphy, aged 4 months and 15 days.

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