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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 LOOSE 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?”

—TERTULLIAN Præscrip. xxii.

“There is one God, and one Church, and one Christ 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 Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- APRIL 29—Sunday—III Sunday after Easter Patronage of St Jos doub 2 cl
- 30—Monday—St Catherino of Sienna V 2
- MAY 1—Tuesday—SS Philip and James Apost 2d class.
- 2—Wednesday—St Athanasius B C Doct
- 3—Thursday—Finding of the Holy Cross doub 2d cl rom of St Eventus V M
- 4—Friday—St Monica Widow doub.
- 5—Saturday—St Pius V P C doub.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MRS. SETON, FOUNDESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

(Concluded).

The time had now arrived when it pleased the Almighty to extend the sphere of charity in which her daughters were engaged, by calling some members of the community to the care and education of the orphan. Rev'd Mr. Hurley having been deputed by the trustees of Trinity Church, Philadelphia, to obtain the services of the sisters for their asylum, which until then had been under the conduct of a matron, the superior readily acceded to their request and notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the times, (it being the year of the embargo,) on the 29th of September, 1814, three sisters left the mother house and proceeded by land to Philadelphia, for the purpose of becoming mothers to the helpless female orphans who were to be placed under their charge. This establishment is the second in order of priority that was confided to the care of the of the sisters, for Mount St Mary's seminary had already enjoyed the advantages of their services for the care of the sick and the superintendance of the household department.

Two years after the sisters had commenced their labors in Philadelphia, Mrs. Seton was visited by a severe trial in the death of her youngest daughter, who in 1812 had received an injury from a fall on the ice, and had been from that period a constant sufferer for the space of four years and nine months. She died on the 2d of November, 1816. The resignation and piety with which she bore her painful afflictions, edified the whole community.

About this period the most Rev Archbishop paid several visits to the valley, and always left it with increased admiration, edified by all that he had heard and seen. And who is there that has not received the same impressions? Who has ever visited that mountain and valley consecrated to Mary and Joseph, and witnessed the fervent piety of those who dwell there, their sacred avocations, their holy and good works, one unceasing tribute of praise and adoration to their Maker, without feeling that it is a hallowed spot, one upon which God has poured out his choicest blessings and where his divine Spirit loves to dwell? Who has ever visited that interesting institution at St. Joseph's, with a spirit however troubled, a heart however sad, that has not felt the soothing influence of the charity and holiness which pervade it, and has not left it with increased impressions of the peace and consolation which virtue awards to her generous followers? Few leave it, we venture to say, without casting a look of regret behind and envying the happiness of those whose lot has been cast in its tranquil solitude. But trials enter there too, at least such as the servants of God themselves are destined to experience, and full and ample was the measure allotted to her whose memory is cherished and whose name is blest, why in that abode still bright with the reflection of her sainted career, but in the remotest parts

of the United States, where the devoted charity of her daughters is active in its work of benevolence. One by one she laid in the grave those whom she loved; first her two sisters, who had severed every other tie and clung to her as the instrument of their salvation, their angel-guide to eternal happiness; then a daughter, her eldest, gifted with talents, graces and virtues, such as fall to the lot only of a few; and lastly, her youngest child, her innocent and pious Rebecca. If, while day by day and night after night she watched the protracted agonies of her dying child, her resignation to the will of God never failed her, and her fortitude relaxed nothing of its energy, let it not be attributed to a want of maternal love in her, who, prompted as much by the purest benevolence as by a desire to please God, had devoted herself entirely to the care of the orphan, the sick and the poor; and whose warm and generous heart expanded with love towards all, even the least attractive of her fellow creatures. Deep and bitter indeed was her interior grief; but she united it to that of the blessed mother of God, and through the intercession of the Queen of Heaven and comforter of the afflicted, she found strength and consolation in bowing calmly to the will of heaven. That the holy will of God should be accomplished was her constant prayer. “Thy will be done,” was always in her heart and daily on her lips, and with this disposition she did not find it difficult to resign into the hands of the Almighty those whom she had taught to aspire continually to a happier and a better world.

In 1817 an application was made from the city of New York requesting the sisters of charity to take charge of an orphan asylum. Full of zeal for the glory of God and of love for her fellow-creatures, Mrs. Seton rejoiced in being thus able to contribute to the advancement of his kingdom in the souls of those helpless beings. Before sending forth her spiritual children on this mission she gave them such instructions as her experience and correct judgment, as well as her piety suggested, recommending to them a spirit of union and charity, fidelity to the rules, and a great kindness and gentleness of manner. How they complied with the instructions of their enlightened superior may be gathered from the important services which they rendered to religion in the city of New York, and from the many flourishing establishments which they still have charge of in that place.

In her correspondence with the absent sisters, Mother Seton evinced the same thoughtful and tender affection that she manifested towards those around her. But the society over which she presided was soon to be deprived of her invaluable services and holy example. Early in 1819 she was confined to her room for several weeks by a severe attack of pulmonary inflammation, from which she had not perfectly recovered, when she again exposed her health by a walk over the premises. It was on this occasion she pointed out to the sisters who were with her, the site of a new chapel, the erection of which had been for years the object of her fondest wishes. From that day also her infirmities increased. During her illness she frequently assembled her spiritual daughters round her bed, and exhorted them to a faithful observance of their rules, as the surest means of promoting the divine honor and their own sanctification. When in the progress of her disease it became advisable to

* On the spot selected by Mother Seton, now stands the spacious and beautiful church, which was consecrated in May, 1821.

administer the last rites of religion, on preparation was necessary to communicate this intelligence to Mother Seton. She had consecrated to God every feeling of her heart, every aspiration of her soul, every action of her life, from the period that he called her in so signal a manner to his service, and as a reward of her fidelity he gave her his peace, that peace which the world cannot give, and which enabled her to await with composure the moment of her earthly dissolution. Surrounded by her sorrowing community, she alone remained unmoved, beseeching them to moderate their grief and humbly submit to the will of their divine master. She united with the most exemplary dispositions in the prayers that were offered for her, after which, again calling the sisters round her, she urged upon them the duties of mutual support and charity, of loving one another and remaining firm in the observance of their rule, and implored pardon from all for whatever offence or scandal she might have given them. On the night preceding her death two sisters remained with her, one of whom had been her constant companion through all the scene of her sufferings. Towards the approach of morning her symptoms were evidently more alarming, though the peace of her soul remained undisturbed; and about four o'clock she began an act of conformity to the will of God, when the words died away on her lips, and she peacefully expired, on the 4th of January, 1821, in the 46th year of her age.

Such was the close of Mrs Seton's brief, but saintly career, a death “precious in the sight of the Lord.” Who can advert to the simple mound under which her ashes repose, and not feel the sublimity of Christian virtue! There we behold no sculptured marble, no laudatory inscription; the rough stone with a mere cipher upon it as a reference, and the rose-bush at its side, are the only decorations of her tomb. But oh! how expressive are these badges of unaffected virtue! how loudly do they bespeak the transcendent piety, the brilliant recompense of her, who “accounted all things as filth that she might gain Christ,” and whose life of poverty and humility has been exchanged for the glory and riches of immortality! What a treasure of merit did she accumulate for herself! What a precious inheritance has she bequeathed to her religious in her bright example! A total renunciation of earthly things, an ardent desire to accomplish the will of heaven, a devoted attention to the service of her neighbour; such were the characteristic features in the virtue of Mother Seton, and these traits will always distinguish the life of a true sister of charity. They are the groundwork of that spiritual fabric which she proposes to raise by divorcing herself from the world. By the steady cultivation to these dispositions, the society founded by Mother Seton, has become a source of incalculable blessings to our country. What has attracted within its bosom so many souls thirsting for the refreshing waters that spring up to eternal life? What else has armed them with energy and perseverance in the discharge of their arduous duties? What else has sent them abroad unfearedly amid the vapors of pestilence, and caused them to rush with joy to the assistance of those from whom the rest of the world fled with terror? What else than the sustaining influence of their holy faith, the spirit of self-denial, has wrought and still produces amongst us these wonders of true and practical philanthropy? Numbering nearly three hundred members, St. Joseph's community supplies with charitable labourers thirty eight establishments in various parts of the United States, some dedicated to the

education of youth and the instruction of the poor, others to the care of the orphan and the comfort of the sick. Hastening in every direction to the relief of suffering mortals, their life is a continual struggle against the disasters which arise from indigence and infirmity, and they count the most exalted virtues of humanity among the ordinary actions of their state, fulfilling with a holy joy those works of charity which are most disgusting to human nature, but most honorable in the eyes of religion. In contemplating these glorious fruits of Mother Seton's labors and sacrifices, not only will her children rise up and proclaim her blessed, while they strive to emulate her exalted virtues, society at large will acknowledge with Cardinal Maury, that hers is “the devoted family of Providence, diffusing itself in all parts, to justify on the lips of the unhappy that sublime prayer, the depth of which man can feel and appreciate only in the hour of affliction, when he appeals to God through this tutelary adoption for peace and consolation; *Our Father, who art in heaven.*”

AID FOR THE POPE.

The Freeman's Journal of Monday announces that the parochial collections for the Pope in the Diocese of Meath amounted to 1,260l 2s. 9d. This sum, not only credible but astonishing, considering the circumstances of the people, has been transmitted, together with an address from the Diocese to the Very Rev. Dr. Cullen, President of the Irish College in Rome, for presentation to his Holiness.

On Sunday, the 18th inst., the subscription for the Pope was made in every parish of the Diocese of Ossory. Here, at Freshford, the Clergy and the people have nobly done their duty. In this good work they were well sustained by the generous and truly Catholic-hearted lady, Mrs. Bryan, who presented the Parish Priest with the donation of 100l for herself and her son and daughter. Her household, animated by the spirit of such an edifying example, generously gave 5l 13s. 6d. Mrs. Bryan is the relict of the late Colonel Bryan, of Jenkinstown Castle, in the county Kilkenny, and sister to the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The contribution on Sunday in the town of Thurles, was 65l, and at Carrick-on-Suir the sum collected amounted to 68l.

LIMERICK.—The collection for the Pope in Limerick, on Sunday last, amounted to between two and three hundred pounds. St. Michael's parish, including the Friaries, produced 182l 13s 6d, and which has been handed to the Rev. Mr. Raleigh, the Treasurer of the fund in this diocese. The proceeds of St Michael's were as follows:—the Parish Chapel, 67l 3s 6d; Dominican, 44l 10s; Franciscan, 42; Augustinian, 32l; including the personal subscription of Mr. Michael Cosac, 10l; Mr. John Spillane, 5l; Mr. Henry O'Shea; Mr. John Quin, 2l.

ROSCREA.—The collection at Roscrea on Sunday the 25th inst., amounted to 36l.

At Waterford 200l was collected for the Pope.

NEW ADVOCATES FOR REPEAL.—Within the last week the depot of the 38th Regiment, quartered in this town, discharged a great number of fine smart young men from further service. On Sunday last, a party of those men after leaving the barrack, tore from their forage caps the number of the regiment, and cheered heartily for the “Repeal of the Union” in Castle-street. We never had much confidence in Whig legislation; and this latter act of theirs for ever crows their want of wisdom.—Castler Telegraph.

THE BIBLE SOCIETIES.

There was a great gathering of Biblicals lately in our City, and much talk about the importance of the Bible—and much wailing over the benighted heathen—and much cant upon the usual topics which form the stock in trade of great Biblical orators. We have not yet heard whether the idolatrous papists came in for their usual quantum of abuse. It would indeed be a miracle of Biblical charity if they escaped, for of all the holy haters in the universe your Biblicals are the most intense. It seems, however, that such vulgar and worldly things as Politics absorbed much of the attention of the Saints on this occasion, and that the aged Chairman discharged a bottle of very flat-soda water on the heads of the "Great Liberals." Our contemporaries of the Chronicle and Sun have already pronounced their verdict on this pious, Scriptural effusion. We have no desire to meddle with the political part of the question, but, as we find the Hon'ble and Venerable Mr. Cogswell weeping and waiting on all occasions over the shameful neglect of God's Word, and the ungrateful backsliding of sinners, we would wish to help him onward in his holy progress, and direct his powerful zeal to those quarters which most need reformation. Now, when we cast our eyes over the wide world, we confess that of all places on earth England most requires the practical knowledge of the Scriptures—and that of all the sinners in England, the Bench of Bishops most require a careful perusal of the awful denunciations contained in the Bible.

"Non noster hic sermo"—

It is the declaration of one of the most Tory and English Papers in all England. We implore of Mr. Cogswell to read attentively every sentiment in the following extract from a late number of the John Bull, and if he do not summon a special meeting of the Halifax Biblicals to get up a Holy Ade for the conversion of the English Bishops in his own Church, it will be no fault of ours.—

WHERE ARE OUR BISHOPS?

There is a cry in the land of increasing crime. Respect for the law is daily diminishing. Fraud and theft are growing common; open robbery and violence alarmingly frequent. Vice, intemperance, debauchery, are stalking abroad. Murder and self-destruction are every day occurrences; the shedding of blood is not abhorred. The infant in the womb, and in the cradle, is crushed to death before it has grown conscious of its life. For base lucre parents kill their children, children their parents, the husband the wife, and the wife the husband, with deadly poison, insidiously mixed in the family meat. Such deeds are committed as cry to heaven for vengeance. Police is multiplied, the prisons are filled, the Judges travel their busy circuits, deliver charges, sum up evidence, receive verdicts, pronounce sentences. The country is re-echoing with the sound, and groaning under the weight, of its own iniquity. Where, all this while, are our Bishops? Does not the havoc of sin reach their ears? or if it reaches them, are they regardless of it? Do they imagine that a nation steeped in guilt, of which they are the Chief Pastors, is no concern of theirs?

There is a cry in the land of oppression and wrong. The faces of the poor are ground. The sympathies of life are dying out. Lazarus and Dives are the types of large classes of the community, dwelling close to each other, yet divided from each other by an impassable gulf. The love of pleasure and of ease shuts out from the rich man's sight the miseries of the poor man, lest they should cloud his complacent enjoyment. The regard of Mammon makes men look upon each other as mere representatives of pounds, shillings and pence. Competition, greediness of gain, and the prodigal avarice of selfishness, have turned thousands and tens of thousands of human beings into mere animate machines for earning money. The machines are fed on starvation allowance while they are in working condition, and when they are used up, they are cast off, and no man careth for them. A niggardly Poor Law dules out grudging rations to the most degraded, in whose breasts destitution has extinguished the last spark of the sense of shame, and the last ray of hope. Many rush into vicious and criminal courses, many perish from want, many die of a broken

heart, before they reach this last extremity. They who reach it betake themselves, to the "Union" squalid pauperism is the only thing known to them by that sacred name. The groans of unpolished destitution, the sight of hopeless, precarious, ill-requited industry, ascend to heaven, and cry for vengeance on the land. Where, all this while, are our Bishops? Are they unconscious of the sway which Mammon bears throughout the land, unconscious of the blood of the innocents which, like another Moloch, he exacts? Or do they think that hard heartedness which defrauds the labourer of his hire, and covetousness which considers nothing but multiplication of profits, and accumulation of wealth, are not sinful, so long as no Act of Parliament is violated, and no Police Magistrate can interfere? Are, perchance, their own eyes blinded with a bribe, that they cannot see the deceitfulness of riches? Is the fruit of covetousness so sweet to their taste that they cannot find it in their hearts to rebuke the evil which bears it?

There is a cry in the land of spiritual destitution. In large pastures, countless flocks are as sheep without a shepherd. In those beehives of humanity, where house is joined to house, and street to street—where at every corner some huge gir. palace rears its stately front, inviting the population of the neighbouring lanes and alleys to squander their scanty earnings, and to poison body and soul at once—there is to fifty, it may be to a hundred and more, of those shrines of Death, but one temple of the living God—and while the former are open every day, from early in the morning till late at night, the latter is opened only twice, it may be three or four times, a week, for an hour or two, for the performance of a service at which not one in ten, perhaps not one in twenty, or in fifty, attends—and of those that do attend, a tithe scarcely know or feel its meaning. Who is there to gather in the wandering outcasts? Who to invite in the careless sluggards? Who to stir up the hearts, and to enlighten the minds, of those who congregate, once or twice on the Sunday, in the house of God? A man struggling with poverty, weighed down by anxiety, harassed by demands upon his time, and perplexed by claims upon his pocket—labouring from day to day with failing strength to overtake a constantly accumulating load of duty, and sinking at last, either morally into callousness, or physically into his grave, beneath the pressure of unsuccessful labour, and of duty unfulfilled—beneath the scowl of misery which he cannot relieve, of ignorance which he cannot enlighten, of malevolence which he cannot conciliate—beneath the scorn of a haughty, purse-proud world, and—unkindest out of all—beneath the silent contempt and cold neglect of him to whom, at the beginning of his career, he looked up with enthusiastic love and devotion, as to his Spiritual Father, the Chief Pastor of his flock. There are, through the length and breadth of the land, many such flocks, miserably tended, perishing through lack of Christian knowledge, and still more through default of Christian principles—many such shepherds consuming their strength in the vain effort to achieve impossibilities, or pining in the hopeless inaction of despair. Where, once more we ask, where, all this while, are our Bishops?

Is it by inspecting plans at the Ecclesiastical Commission, for the purchase and erection of Episcopal palaces—by ascertaining the exhausted state of the fund appropriated for the improvement of small livings—is it by presiding at public meetings and making mealy mouthed speeches, or even soul-stirring appeals, to people who like to see a Bishop, and to hear him speak, and think they have fulfilled all righteousness if they cast a shilling or a half-crown into the plate at the door—is it by giving silent votes in the House of Lords, in support of the Ministers of the day, and procuring in return from a careless legislature some ill-concocted Act of Parliament, to facilitate the course of this or that operative, of episcopal government, to the increase of their own worldly power—is it by reading once in three years beneath the dank vaults of a chivalric Cathedral a visitation charge, abounding in vague generalities, in *dicta* of uncertain sound, with a dash of hopes and fears, and cold commiseration—cold as the Cathedral atmosphere itself—for the laborious and necessitous condition of the inferior Clergy—is it by such an exercise of the episcopal office as this that an answer can be supplied to the question which breaks forth from every nook and corner of our social system, "Where are our Bishops?" We hold the question in suspense: "Where are our Bishops?" A coming echo answers "Where?"—John Bull.

THE LADIES OF THE SACRE COEUR.

By advertisement which appeared in the City Paper this week the public have been informed that a Branch of this renowned Institution is about to be established in Halifax for the education of young Ladies. Such an academy has been long desired, and the anxious wish of many parents is at length gratified. We feel assured that those accomplished Ladies will not be long amongst us until the merits of their admirable system be universally recognized. Few amongst us could afford to send their children to other countries for a superior education. Now, this great advantage is brought home to our own doors. We hope therefore that so laudable an effort to advance Education in Nova Scotia will meet with the patronage which it deserves, not only in this but in the neighbouring provinces.— We respectfully ask all our brethren of the Press in British North America to make known the existence at Halifax of this invaluable Institution.

NEWS BY THE STEAMER.

The Cambria arrived on Wednesday and brought important news from Europe. The Danes and Germans have renewed the war, and Denmark has already lost two of her finest vessels. In Hungary Austria has sustained several defeats. This and the war in Denmark will probably bring on Russian intervention, and when once the Autocrat shall be mixed up with the belligerent politics of Western Europe, it is impossible to predict the consequences. The friends of monarchy in France are in high spirits, as they calculate on speedy success. The Republic is losing ground every day. There are rumours in England that Lord Melbourne died a Roman Catholic, and that he had been a Catholic for many years before his death. Mr Duffy has been again put upon his trial in Dublin.— There are four Catholics on the Jury. The Most Rev. Dr Crolly, the Primate of Ireland is no more. His Grace died of Cholera after an attack of nine hours. The greatest possible respect was manifested on the occasion by persons of all denominations. The most unbounded regard was always entertained in Ulster for this lamented dignitary. His mother was a presbyterian, and if we do not mistake, he was himself a convert to our holy faith.

The King of Prussia has declined the imperial crown offered to him at Frankfort. It is believed however that he would be glad to accept it, if he could.

THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL AT BALTIMORE.

The Council of the Catholic Bishops of the United States of America, will open at Baltimore on the 6th of May, the fourth Sunday after Easter. This is the last time, we believe, that all the American Bishops will assemble together in Solemn Council, as other Ecclesiastical Provinces are likely to be created, in which for the future, Provincial Councils will be held under their respective metropolitans. In addition to the new Archbishops of St Louis and Oregon, it is supposed that New York and New Orleans will be made Metropolitan Sees. The multiplication of Ecclesiastical Provinces and Archbishops proves the steady and gratifying progress of our religion throughout the American Continent, and by increasing the number of metropolitans forms so many additional rallying points and centres of union, to bind the Church dispersed, in more close attachment and devotion to the Holy See.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Halifax Catholic is thanked for his friendly letter, but we beg leave to assure him he has misunderstood the passages in question. Whenever we alluded in our past numbers to disturbances created by laymen in Halifax in former days, we never intended to make a sweeping charge against the laity in general. God forbid. We know their worth too well, and were aware that either then or now the Catholics of Halifax would not suffer in comparison with any other Catholic congregation in America. Our allusions of this nature were always directed to a few turbulent, restless creatures, who having no religion themselves, seemed determined not to suffer their religious neighbours to live in peace. Those were indeed days of calamity and bitterness, but it is unfair to suppose that Halifax was any particular exception to what generally prevailed throughout America. There is not a town of any note, from St. John's Newfoundland to New Orleans, in which ignorant laymen have not attempted to throw the Church

into confusion. But thank God! the American Church is now every where emerging from those painful struggles. Chaos is succeeded by discipline and order. With regard to our own city, we maintain that there is not a spot in the Catholic world which has been more remarkable for unity and peace than Halifax within the last three or four years. Hence the gratifying progress of religion throughout the City and Diocese. We agree with our correspondent that there is not the smallest likelihood of this blessed peace being disturbed. It is not in the power of any one under the present Catholic system, no matter how disposed, to do the least mischief, unless to himself. We have now a head amongst us who has proved his determination on many former occasions to keep every body in his proper sphere, and to protect the independence of the Church.

An Irishman, Picton. Read our observations in the Cross two or three weeks ago, and follow the advice of your respected Bishop, Dr. Fraser.

Celt. The insult referred to is not worth notice. Poverty is no crime, especially in the Irishman, and a native of the Sister Kingdom is one of the last who should reproach him with it. Irish poverty is clearly to be traced to English misrule. There was a time, 'long long ago' when the Britishers themselves were far more distinguished for rage and poverty than the natives of the Green Isle. When the celebrated Latin Epigrammatist, Martial, wanted a ragged comparison, his classical wit could supply nothing more appropriate than the "old unmentionables of a British Pauper."

"Sicut veteres braccas Pauperis Britanni!" We defy any one to point out in the whole range of the Greek or Latin Classics any thing so contemptuous to poor Ireland as the above delicate compliment.

An Admirer is thanked for calling our attention to the death of the lamented Vicar General of New York. We think we will best gratify his wishes by publishing an account of the death and funeral from the N. York Herald. The man who would elicit such an eulogy from James Gordon Bennett must indeed be a great and extraordinary character. There is but one opinion amongst all the Journals on the pious, zealous, charitable and brilliant career of the venerable deceased. Dr Power's brother is M. P. for the Co. Cork. He passed through Halifax on Good Friday last, on his way to Parliament, having come to New York to visit his dying brother. Another brother of the deceased is Dr William Power an eminent and highly respectable Physician in New York, who is married to a sister of the Hon. L. G. C. Doyle of this city. The Very Rev. Mr. Conolly Vicar General of Halifax, was present at the obsequies and funeral.

F. H. For an answer to your question we refer you to the interesting Biographical account of Mrs Seton, the Foundress of the S.S. of charity in the U. States, which is concluded in this day's Cross. The objects of these pious and benevolent Ladies can be seen in her life. The daughter of Mrs Seton was lately professed in the Convent of the S.S. of Mercy in New York by the Rt Rev. Dr Hughes who preached a beautiful sermon on the occasion.

The Sisters of Charity are soon expected in Halifax as well as the Ladies of the Sacre Coeur. The latter will open a respectable Academy at Brookside. The former will take charge of the Parochial Female Schools, visit the sick, and open an Orphan Asylum if they meet with proper support. From what we know of the benevolent and charitable disposition of the citizens of Halifax we are certain that the advent of those excellent women will be hailed with delight by all ranks and classes.

We are obliged to Mr Keefe, the Sexton of the Holy Cross Cemetery for the valuable statistics with which he has furnished us, and of which we shall make use as soon as possible.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. POWER.

The remains of this revered and beloved man were yesterday afternoon removed from his residence to St Peter's Church, where they lay in state during the afternoon and evening. In the course of the afternoon, thousands of persons visited the church, to gaze for the last time upon the countenance of the benevolent and pious father, who, during his life-time, had proved himself to be the friend of the poor, the urbane gentleman, and the accomplished scholar. The church was hung with appropriate weeds of mourning, and the tableau in front of the altar

was imposing in the extreme—There lay the aged priest, humanlike, to be sure, but with a smile upon his countenance, as if he had departed in the enjoyment of a conscience void of offence. The coffin was surrounded by burning tapers, but their light was dimmer, compared with the higher and holier portrayal of humanity that, even in death, beamed from that face which, in life, unprejudiced mind ever contemplated but with feelings of the kindest regard, and the esteem which is generated only by influences like those which he exerted by the moral power of his own pure mind. The galleries were filled with spectators, as were also the pews on the main floor of the church, while a continuous stream of visitors made their way up the central aisle, looking upon the corpse as they passed the altar, and finding egress through the side passages leading to the front of the church. Of those who remained in the church, hundreds were observed to be weeping, as if it were a father or brother who had been called away. And they were not all Roman Catholics who thus paid respect to the lamented dead. Many, very many, of those who passed the coffin were Protestants, and these evinced as much feeling as the others. Dr. Power was a firm Roman Catholic, but he was also the friend of all who made his acquaintance and were worthy of a good man's friendship. Now that he is no more, many a poor mortal will miss the open handed friend, who heard their tale of sorrow with feelings of tenderness and commiseration. Many a student will miss the accomplished scholar who had with uniring and successful steps trod the uneven path to the temple of science, who had firmly grasped and retained his hold upon so much learned lore, (the attainment of which is accomplished by traversing a rugged way, for "there is no royal road" to such learning as he possessed.) The practical philanthropist will miss a sage counsellor, who was ever ready and ingenious in devising ways and means for the accomplishment, in the best manner, of benevolent enterprises. And the church will miss one whose preeminent talent, ability, and learning were zealously devoted to its interests. At nine o'clock to-morrow morning, the body will be removed from St. Peter's Church to the Cathedral in Prince street, where the Bishop of the diocese will officiate in the performance of appropriate rites.

The Rev. D. Power was born near Cord, in Ireland, and at the time of his death was in his fifty-seventh year. He was educated at the celebrated college of Maynooth, from whence he graduated with all the honors of that institution. He was classmate with of Tuam, Father Mathew, and other eminent men. Thirty two years ago he was invited by the congregation of St. Peter's church, in New York, to become their pastor, and soon after receiving the invitation, he made up his mind to accept it, and to embark for these shores, although the highest honors which the Catholic church in Ireland could confer, were open to him and within his reach. He could not, however, resist the flattering call which was made upon him; and from the time of his first arrival until the day of his decease, the Rev. Dr. Power has been principal pastor of that church. After the death of the Right Rev. Bishop Connelly, of New York, he was appointed administrator of the diocese—the duties of which he performed in the most satisfactory manner. He was preeminent as a scholar. He was intimately acquainted with the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, Italian, and other languages, as he was with his own, but nothing of the pedant did he ever exhibit. His library contained none but the choicest standard works, ancient and modern. But it was in private life that the venerable deceased shone most brightly. His charity knew no bounds. In helping the needy and distressed, he knew no distinction of creed or persuasion. His pocket was ever open to the needy, be they Protestant, Dissenter or Catholic. Its liberality was limited only by his means. For the sake of the poor, he lived poor and died poor—his estate not being worth five dollars. In all truth, we may say truly great man has fallen.—N. Y. Herald.

THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. DR. POWER.

The funeral of Dr. Power, the Rev. Vicar General of the diocese of New York, and for many years pastor of St. Peter's Church in this city, took place yesterday morning. As we have before stated, the remains of this excellent man were lying in state at the church in Barclay street, where he officiated for more than thirty years. During the whole of the afternoon of Sunday, the house was visited by thousands, who came there when they heard of his death, to take one last look at the face of him who had been their friend and advisor for so long a time. There were indeed many tears shed—not the formal and forced tears which they felt bound to exhibit, but the spontaneous effusions of hearts rent with all the force of stern reality. They felt that a friend was lost to them. There lay the good old man, with a smile upon his countenance

—a placid, benevolent smile, that told of a life not spent in vain, of an existence which only ceased when his work was done here, and which could but promise to the beholder that the spirit that lately lighted up the testament of mortality, took its leave of earth in tranquility, buoyed up by the assurance of a speedy translation to scenes of heavenly beauty. The features of the face were no distorted appearance, and although it was indeed death that met the gaze of the beholder, yet the coffin and the shroud were more convincing agents of the fact that were the appearance of the face itself. In fact, it seemed as if the deceased were lying in a sweet repose, and dreaming of some agreeable incident. Almost every one who visited the church remarked the fact which we have mentioned. The moving throng did not cease during the afternoon of Sunday, and the whole scene was extremely impressive. Although hundreds were passing through the aisles, yet they made their way so noiselessly, and withal in such solemn order, that it seemed as if they were treading upon holy ground, and feared to desecrate it. Still they moved on, and as they passed the coffin turned their heads to gaze upon the dead—tears and not words expressing the emotions which moved their breasts. The congregation, meantime, remained both in the galleries and nave of the church, all were absorbed in contemplation, and for the most part, bathed in tears, and the mere spectator could come to no other conclusion than that a general friend of that large congregation had been separated from them. And the conclusion was a just one. The deceased was indeed a friend to them all. They remembered that when they wanted a counsellor sage to instruct them, or a friend ready to aid them, they found such a counsellor or such a friend in their pastor. He had not been to them a stern and severe censor, but more like a father or a brother pitying their misfortunes, and sharing with them their joys and sorrows. How, then, could he fail to be mourned as he was mourned!

It had been announced that at nine o'clock yesterday morning the body would be removed from St. Peter's Church to the Cathedral in Prince street, where the funeral rites were to take place. At an early hour, the street in front of the church was thronged with spectators, who kept assembling, adding hundreds on hundreds to the multitude, until, according to the estimate made, there were full five thousand people assembled; and yet even in the street, a solemn silence was observed; men and women talked with each other in whispers, as if fearing to break the rules of propriety by allowing the confused noise of voices to be heard on the solemn occasion. There was no hearse, for many of the friends of the deceased—gentlemen of great respectability—had determined to perform their last office of respect to him by bearing his remains to the place of their last repose on earth. The anxiety to gaze for the last time upon the face of the departed, was evinced by so many that it was past nine o'clock before the recession was ready to move; but the time at last arrived when they must start: the coffin was closed, the pall was adjusted, and arrangements made for the procession.

At a quarter past nine o'clock precisely, the remains of the venerated deceased were removed from the church, for the purpose of being conveyed to St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Prince street, where the religious services prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church, in such cases, were to be performed. The numerous friends, relatives, fellow clergymen, and admirers of the deceased arranged themselves in procession in the following order:—

- Rev. D. C. Pise, U. D., Right Rev. Bishop McClusky, Rev. Mr. Connelly, D. D.
- Catholic Clergymen of the Diocese—sixteen in number.
- PALL BEARERS, eight in number.
- COFFIN
- Borne on men's shoulders.
- Theological Students of St. John's College, Fordham.
- Relatives of the Deceased.
- Sisters of Charity, to the number of thirty.
- Orphan children, to the number of two hundred and fifty.
- Sunday School Scholars of St. Peter's Church.
- Sunday School Scholars of other Churches.
- Congregation of St. Peter's Church.
- Congregation of other Churches.
- Citizens generally, Protestant and Catholic.
- The procession, embracing several thousand

persons, proceeded with measured tread and in silence up Barclay street to Broadway, up Broadway to Prince street and the Cathedral. On arriving at that sacred edifice, we found it and the streets adjacent crowded to excess; but through the admirable arrangements of Alderman Carroll, of the Fourteenth ward, there was not the slightest inconvenience experienced in removing the body to the interior, and placing the coffin on the large catafalque, or temporary structure appropriately decorated in the usual way in funeral solemnities of this character, where it remained until the solemn services for the dead were concluded.

On looking around the church, we observed that every seat was filled, and that hundreds—we might say thousands—were standing in the aisles, door-ways and other places, from which they could get a glance at the solemn scenes before them. The interior was dressed with the emblems of mourning. The throng was so great that but comparatively few enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing the solemn service performed, before the sacred deposit was confided to the vaults of the church. The right reverend the Bishop of the diocese occupied an elevated seat on one side of the sanctuary, and the Bishop of Albany one on the other. A number of clergymen were ranged on both sides. Looking from the sanctuary on the silent crowd of worshippers were distinguished, at once, the afflicted relatives of the deceased; and on the opposite side, the devoted Sisters of Charity, presenting, as it were, before the altar of expiation, a group of interesting orphans—a second time orphans, bereft of a parent. All of the Sisters had grief and sadness depicted on their countenances, for they felt poignantly the loss which they sustained in the death of Dr. Power; and well they might, for he was their protector—their parent. "I bequeath to you," said the late Bishop Connelly, of the diocese of New York, in the year 1825, on his death-bed, to Dr. Power—"I bequeath to you, as a legacy, the sisters and the orphans. Be to them a father and protector." He accepted the legacy, and in the spirit in which it was given to him he fulfilled the injunction laid upon him. The natural result was, that he was beloved by them, and it is to their care and attention that Dr. Power was spared to the church so long. He was, as we have before informed our readers sick for many years previous to his death, and the watchfulness and the sisterly care which he received from them, no doubt prolonged his life a great deal. From them, our eyes glanced more than once through the aisle, and every where tell on cheeks bedewed with tears—on countenances eloquent with emotion. We felt repeatedly, that had not the religious sentiment reigned supreme, frequent bursts of feeling would have resounded throughout the building, and interrupted the solemn rites. The whole impression was heightened, when the supreme pastor of the diocese, in the sacred and appropriate robe of mourning, afterwards stood forth, and forcibly sketched the useful and holy career of his departed colleague.

The Very Reverend JOHN LORAN then read the burial ritual, or *Officium Defunctorum*, commencing with the one hundred and fourteenth Psalm, in Latin:

Dilexerunt Quoniam exaudivit Dominus vocem orationis mee.
Quid inclinavit aures suas mihi et in diebus meis invocabo.
And ending with
Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebi sue. Et crevit cornu salutis nobis; in dno David pueri sui.
Sicut locutus est per ore sanctorum quia seculo sunt Prophetarum ejus, &c., &c.

The Right Rev. JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York, arrayed in full pontificals, then walked to the platform immediately in front of the coffin, and spoke for about fifteen or twenty minutes to the thousands within the Cathedral. After alluding in appropriate terms to the deceased, he said that in the melancholy spectacle before them, were involved the principles which distinguish Christianity from Paganism, as regards the feelings of the survivors. There was no occasion, he said, for friends or relatives to weep like those, who in the words which St. Paul delivered to his disciples, "have no hope." With us who have been enlightened by revelation from on High, death is the flesh as not annihilation. It is not even a misfortune; it is but a brief separation, and it will depend on ourselves to be reunited in another and better

world, with those whom we loved in this chequered vale of earth. The application of this doctrine, he said, very naturally found a plea on the occasion of the departure of him whom we now mourn. He has but gone to his reward. "He is not dead, but sleepeth," as our Lord said of Lazarus. He then rapidly sketched the early vocation and the heroic sacrifices which the deceased made in the cause to which he was called, and to his zealous mission from Ireland to the United States; his untiring and multiplied labors, which, he said, were more than equal to the energies of two ordinary ministers. In conclusion, he gave his audience to understand that on another occasion, a solemn eulogy of the deceased would be delivered, which would do more justice to his memory, in commemoration of his many virtues and eminent services.

According to the prescribed forms of the Catholic Church, a fragrant cloud of hallowed incense perfumed the sanctuary and hovered over the catafalque, while the coffin was successively sprinkled with holy water by every one of the attendant clergy; the organ meanwhile pealing forth in mournful swell the funeral dirge.

At length arrived the awful hour of consigning the earthly remains of the deceased to the tomb. A solemn procession was formed, headed by the subdeacon, bearing the cross between two clerics with torches, and leading the way to the subterranean vault, whither the clergy were followed by many of our most respectable citizens, clad in mourning. The two bishops then, for the last time, blessed the lifeless remains, and the tomb was closed over; but the memory of him who there reposes will long survive. Long shall this community cherish a fond and hallowed remembrance of the Very Reverend Dr. Power.

The body was deposited in the family vault of Thomas E. Davis, Esq., of this city, brother-in-law of the deceased clergyman.

In about six weeks, a grand and solemn dirge and equim will be performed in St. Peter's church, in commemoration of Dr. Power's memory.—*Idem*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS!

On and after the First Day of June next, the connection of the Subscriber with the "Cross" Newspaper, as Printer and Publisher, will cease, he not finding it convenient longer to continue the same. This, therefore, is to notify all present and late Subscribers, (many of whom have not paid one penny since January, 1846) that the amount of their respective Subscriptions, due to the period aforesaid, must be paid forthwith—otherwise they will be indiscriminately sued for. All who may have paid their Subscription in advance for the present year, will have the balance, \$2 11d, for the remaining seven months, returned to them, on application to the Subscriber, after the period above named, at the Office of the "Sun" and "Irish Volunteer."

RICHARD NUGENT.

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

- Trouble not your head about the weather nor the government.
- The holidays of joy are the vigils of sorrow.
- Try your friend with a falsehood, and if he keep it, tell him the truth.
- A light purse is a heavy curse.
- Trust not a horse's heel nor a dog's tooth.
- Seek not for a good man's pedigree.
- Serve a great man and you will know what sorrow is.
- Send your noble blood to auction and see what it will bring.
- Patch by patch is good husbandry, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.
- One may better steal a horse than another look over the fence.
- Look not a gift horse in the mouth.
- Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
- If the Counsel be good no matter who gave it. Many talk like philosophers and live like fools. If you would be a Pope you must think of nothing else.
- If you play with a fool at home he will play with you abroad.
- Nothing should be done in haste but catching a flea.
- An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit.
- Never loosa a sheep for a half-penny's worth of tar.
- Neither give to all nor contend with fools.
- No sweet without sweat, no gain without pain.

Spans of the Heart.

No. 15.

LACRYMA IUS EST JESUS.

Brought were the mornings first impoiled
O'er earth, and sea, and air ;
The birth days of a rising world—
For power divine was there

But fairer shone the tears of God,
For Lazarus o'er his grave ;—
Since love divine bedew'd the sod
Of one He sought to save.

Sweet drops of grace, the pledges given
Of Mercy's mighty plan,—
That He, who was the Prince of heaven,
Had pity upon man !

Let us Thy dear example, Lord,
Fix'd in our memories keep,—
That we, obedient to Thy word,
May weep with those that weep

ST. GEORGE'S.

The Spiritual Retreat, conducted by the Rev. M. Furlong and two other gentlemen of the same Religious Order, commences on Sunday next, at three o'clock in the afternoon—and not on Low Sunday. This mistake was the TABLET's—or mine. As I have so much to answer for, perhaps the TABLET will take the blame, this once, and exonerate me. For the variety of religious functions during the "Great Week," many expensive things will be required; and for the honour of the Church, the zealous and rich of our body will be pleased to bear this in mind, and provide accordingly. Great fault was found with the calico hangings at the back of the high altar, during the "Forty Hours" uninterrupted adoration of the Adorable Sacrament; but everything else was worthy of the action and of the place. The Bishop carried the Adorable Sacrament in procession round the interior of the church under a rich canopy of eight bearers, preceded by a long train of attendants in surplices and copes, singing-boys and men; Acolytes and Cross-bearers; boys scattering flowers; smoking censers; burning wax-lights; flaming torches; the Guild-men, leading the processional throng, and the group—Cross-bearer, Torch-bearers, and Mitre; Assistant Deacons, in rich vestments, and attendants in white, crowding round the canopy, and bringing up the whole of the rich variegated church, as it were, into one large, gorgeous knot—such was the function at St George's at the commencement of the "Forty Hours," or, as the Chechinets and Nikels and Biscooms say, the Quarant'oro. The quality of the stuff which was used for the drapery on the adored occasion was mean. Well, so it was; and do you take care that it never happens again, so set to work, and make something better, something richer—something more worthy of the sacred place and of the occasion. Dress the altar and the place where "He dwelleth;" make it white as snow, and rich as gold, and let precious stuffs and stones mark it out for "His sanctuary." But what can I do, the poorest of the poor—what do you do? You find fault—that is all. You will not get a blessing, young man, for finding fault with St George's, and doing nothing else; I fear that some trouble will attend you unless you change. And you—my fine, rich, young or old lady-babbling—what shall I say to you? I tell you what, if you spoke less and did more, it would be all the better for yourself. Don't be conceited and consequential. Madam: nothing in the world-politic or world-religious is right with you. Everybody, except the nice man, is good for little; all the rest—statesmen, Priests, or Bishops—are very much below the mark! Now, do learn a secret—learn to hold your tongue. There is a vast deal of talking about charitable objects everywhere, but what else? Nothing else, or the next thing to it; and pray what is that? Twenty shillings from those who could well spare twenty pounds. The ladies and gentlemen look after themselves now a-days, but once upon a time they looked after religious things and religious persons; they looked after the things and the persons dedicated to God—provided, renewed, and did much, very silently, and said very little about it. But now, who looks after the Church and Churchmen? If everything be nice and comfortable and respectable—nice seats, nice music, nice people about—all is nice, no doubt; but, mind ye, don't attempt to ask for

shillings—throw the church open, and trust to public voluntary donations. No one thinks of nobody now. With the things—so with the person? The calico is blamed, but that is all there it ends. Thus, through the whole of the chapter. Then, as to Bishops and Priests—there are no tithes now, no glebes—no, they have changed hands. Well, and how do those who serve the altar contrive to live? I can tell you—with extreme difficulty. But do you, who have the means, ask any questions on this subject? Don't fear—ask; there will be no offence, I assure you—ask me: I shall not be offended. Rich men and women—look ye to this; look as your ancestors looked, and do as did they—their names are in eternal benediction.

FATHER THOMAS.

P.S.—Splendid exceptions there are to this leaden indifference to the wants of the Church and Churchmen. These persons are blessed in their day, and will be—let us devoutly pray—for everlasting ages.

SCOTLAND.

PERTSHIRE—Sir William Drummond Stewart of Grandtully, has recently erected a magnificent private Chapel at Murthly Castle, Perthshire, designed for the services of the Roman Catholic Church, and dedicated to St Anthony the Eremita. Sir William is now having executed in chromolithography a series of views and details of it, intended, we believe, for private distribution. Judging from several of the prints and the series of designs of which we have been favoured with a view, this chapel bids fair to rival Roslin in the beauty and variety of its details. It is finished throughout in the gorgeous Byzantine style. An open timber roof, of good design, is powdered with silver stars, on a blue ground. Above the altar, the whole east wall is occupied with a painting of the miraculous conversion of Constantine, executed by Mr Alexander Christie, the talented director of the Edinburgh School of Design; who has also painted a series of colossal heads of saints, which occupy spaces between the windows on the east and west walls; and four beautiful allegorical figures of St Catherine, St Margaret, St George, and St Andrew, which form the chief decorations of the west wall. Besides these, the lunettes, formed by the intersection of the timbers, and the spaces between the arcades on the walls are filled with Byzantine decorations. The backgrounds of the allegorical figures, and of the Saints heads, are chiefly laid in on gold diaper work, and being executed in fac-simile with the chromolithographic illustrations, the result is singularly gorgeous, though at the same time without the slightest sacrifice of harmony.—*Limerick Reporter.*

IRELAND—AID FOR THE POPE.

CIRCULAR OF THE BISHOP OF ARDAGH.—We quote as follows from the circular of the Right Rev. Dr O'Higgins to the Clergy of the Diocese of Ardagh, in which his Lordship appoints Passion Sunday for his Diocesan Collection;—
"If the whole Church of God weeps over this persecution of her venerated Chief Pastor, and offers him her sympathies and assistance, assuredly his Holiness has strong and peculiar claims on the Church of Ireland. You will recollect that when, through an unforeseen calamity, the people of this country were perishing by thousands from starvation and pestilence, and when those whose duties it was to procure them the means of preserving life looked on with indifference, PIUS IX., with the tenderness of a father's feelings, opened his scanty treasure and, forgetful of his own wants, munificently came to their assistance. It is also to his circular letter to all the Bishops of the world, in favour of the poor, that we owe those charitable donations from abroad which gave such timely relief and prevent Ireland from becoming a wilderness. But, above all, you can never cease to remember with the warmest gratitude, that on a late occasion, when, under the name of protection and friendship, a most deadly blow was aimed at the faith and morals of our Catholic youth, our beloved Holy Father, with his characteristic zeal, vigilance, and decision, promptly came to our assistance, and condemned, as intrinsically rotten, the projected sinks of infidelity and vice, thus saving Ireland from the awful consequences of an education intended to extinguish the faith of her children, corrupt their morals, and destroy for ever their national independence. It is true that, though in exile, Pius IX. is not at present

in personal danger. All the Catholic princes of the earth sympathise with him in his troubles, and, more than ever, offer him the sincere homage of their undivided spiritual allegiance. But still he has difficulties to contend with which cannot be removed except by a combination of all classes and universal exertion. A band of robbers have seized on his lawful inheritance, and left him without any pecuniary resources. In this emergency it is the obvious and imperative duty of every true Christian, no matter how limited his means to contribute something towards the sacred fund, and to shew to the world that he glories in making the pious sacrifice. I am persuaded that your flock will earnestly enter into these pious sentiments, and that each of them, save those who are labouring under extreme destitution, will make an extraordinary effort suited to the occasion. I cannot conceal from myself that this appeal is made under most unfavourable circumstances, at a time when the people of the Diocese of misery; but still it would grieve me that any one among us professing the Holy Catholic religion would not, even at the sacrifice of a few of his stunted meals, cheerfully come forward and contribute his mite as a token of his heartfelt attachment to the Centre of Unity, and of his affection and veneration for our persecuted Holy Father. I remain, Rev. dear Sir, very faithfully yours,
W. O'Higgins.

AN IRISH GUARD FOR THE POPE.

The *Wexford Guardian* has the following piece of news:—"We are assured on the authority of a private letter from Gaeta, that his Holiness has actually entertained the proposition made to him by some Irish gentleman now in Gaeta, of forming a body-guard of Irishmen for his Holiness, on his restoration to his temporal dominions. It is well known that the Swiss Guards have been totally tainted with the infidelity of the Carbonari rebels, and consequently cannot be relied upon. It was represented to the Pope that in the course of a few weeks 10,000 Irishmen could be enlisted in his service, who would protect his sacred person against all foes to the last drop of the blood of the last man of them. His Holiness, with his well-known confidence in the fidelity of the Irish character, is said to have replied, that to the honour and attachment of Irishmen he would intrust himself before all the world—that State considerations might render it not advisable, but yet, that circumstances might arise which would afford him the opportunity of proving to the Christian world, how gladly and gratefully he would accept what he might venture to call the tender of the Irish heart. What a proud distinction this would be for the faithful people of Ireland."

The *Tipperrary Vindicator* contains the following letter addressed to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, by Colonel Sir Charles O'Donnell, commanding at Waterford:—

Waterford, March 24.

"My Lord—I have perused your address to the Roman Catholic clergy and laity of the diocese of Limerick, recommending a collection in aid of His Holiness the Pope, with feelings of deep interest and sympathy for the position and sufferings of the Holy Father.

"So far as a Protestant may be permitted to the utmost acquiesce in the sentiments it embodies, and as a private and humble individual beg to be allowed to contribute my mite to the fund about to be created for so laudable a purpose.

"And, my Lord, were it sanctioned by my Queen, I should be happy to raise a Legion of Limerick and Tipperrary 'Boys' in the cause of the persecuted Monarch. In such an enterprise I venture to assert, that of the O'Donnells of the south a thousand at least—men who have the will to do and the soul to dare, would readily array themselves under my banner, inscribed as it is with the ancient motto of Christianity and of their sept,—to defend the sacred chair of Peter, and replace the holy, pious, and enlightened Pontiff who has been elected to occupy it.

"I have the honour to be, with much consideration and respect, your Lordship's most obedient and very humble servant.

C. R. O'DONNELL.

Colonel of the Staff commanding at Waterford. To the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, D.D., Catholic Lord Bishop of Limerick, &c."

DESTITUTION OF PROTESTANT MINISTERS.—At the close of his sermon at Trinity Church, last Sunday morning, the Rev. Dr. Buck made the following lamentable statement. He said that in consequence of his appointment to the incumbency of a church in a neighbouring county, an appointment which he owed to the kindness of utter strangers, he should terminate his ministry in that church in the course of three or four weeks. His regret at parting with a congregation before whom he had officiated for nine months would have been greater had he considered that his services had been deemed of advantage to them, but when he reflected that for the performance of his ministerial duties during that period he had not received £20, and, although his duties in the week had exceeded those which he had performed during the previous twenty-four years, that he had not received a single fee of any kind for doing them, he could not consider that his labours were valued by the proprietors of the church. He might say, and he could do so with perfect sincerity, that during this period he and his family had suffered from absolute hunger, and that he had only been preserved from starvation by the destruction of his little property.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Births

- April 13—Mrs Foley, of a daughter.
- 16—Mrs Linclian, of a son.
- 16—Mrs Murphy, of a daughter.
- 16—Mrs Larkin, of a daughter.
- 16—Mrs McGrath, of a daughter.
- 17—Mrs Doyle, of a son.
- 17—Mrs Sunderland, of a son.
- 18—Mrs Griffin, of a son.
- 18—Mrs Foley, of a daughter.
- 21—Mrs George, of a daughter.
- 21—Mrs Buckley, of a son.
- 24—Mrs Kenny, of a daughter.
- 25—Mrs Coady, of a son.
- 25—Mrs Buckley, of a daughter.
- 26—Mrs Grant, of a son.

Married.

- April 16—George Mitchell, to Catherine Malong.
- 17—Andrew Lyndsay, to Catherine Mahony.

Died.

- April 13—John, son of Thos and Ellen Roache, aged 10 years.
- " 17—Patrick, son of Thomas and Ellen Roache, aged 13 years and 2 mths.
- " 20—James, son of Thomas and Ellen Roache, aged 15 years.
- " 21—Margaret, daughter of Thomas and Ellen Roache, aged 5 years.
- " 23—Timothy Dirreen, native of County Cork, aged 28 years.
- " 23—Daniel, infant son of William and Honora Delany, aged 1 year and 2 months.

Academy for Young Ladies,

AT BROOKSIDE,

Under the Direction of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart."

THE PUBLIC are respectfully informed, that an ACADEMY for Young Ladies will be opened in a few weeks, at Brookside, Spring Gardens, where a solid and refined Education will be given under the direction of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose superior Educational Establishments in Paris, Rome, Turin, and the principal Cities of Europe, have for many years past secured the patronage of the most noble and respectable families in the Old World. Their success has been so remarkable in the United States of America, that the most respectable citizens in the neighbouring Republics, without distinction of religion, have confided their children to their care.

MUSIC, the MODERN LANGUAGES, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught. The system pursued by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding-principle which enforces their regulations.

Several members of the Royal families of Europe have received their education under the auspices of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax, as to require no special description. Further particulars will be made known on the arrival of the Ladies themselves. Halifax, 21st April, 1849.

DIRECTORY FOR 1849.

The Directory for 1849—just Published. Price 7d.—can be obtained at this Office.