



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

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

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

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



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?" —TERTULLIAN *Præscript* xlii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other 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.

- August 12—Sunday—XI after Pent 3d Aug St. Clare V d com 2 Oct.
- " 13—Monday—Oct of Transfig d com of Oct S. Laurence & c Mm.
- " 14—Tuesday—Vig S. Hermisdas P C d com of Oct Vig & c of Eusebius C.
- " 15—Wednesday—Assump B V M d I cl with Oct Holyd of Oblig in Diocess of Hx.
- " 16—Thursday—St. Roch C doub com of 2 Oct.
- " 17—Friday—Oct of St. Laurence doub com of Oct.
- " 18—Saturday—St. Hyacinth C d com of Oct & St. Agapitus M.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

TEMPERANCE.

We offer no apology for again occupying the attention of our readers, by this important subject. The time seems propitious for its discussion. The presence of Cholera and of Father Matthew, forcibly remind us of the punishment of vice, and the triumph of virtue. The great public Benefactor, who has wrought such wonders in his native land, has commenced his benevolent mission on the American continent, and this at a time when death is mowing down hundreds and thousands the unfortunate victims of intemperance. Little need we fear the spread of Cholera if our habits were temperate. In the great majority of cases the drunkard and the man of dissolute, intemperate habits is found to be the victim. The inflamed and disorganized state of the drunkard's stomach, invites and feeds this dreadful disease; and when it comes, the drunkard is a trembling, powerless victim before it. In this respect alone, the visit of Father Matthew must have already accomplished much good. Many must have been saved from this destroying pestilence, and snatched from the jaws of death. He will have preserved many a hearth and a homestead, from desolation and sorrow. No human mind can conceive the extent of those blessings which Temperance is sure to bring in its train. No tongue can describe the unutterable woes from which it preserves its unfortunate votaries.

We offered last week some religious reflections on the vice of intemperance, and presented some scriptural texts in support of our views. We will now consider this soul-destroying habit in its odious nature and frightful consequences. It is a vice which pre-eminently brutalizes and degrades. Man, says the Psalmist, has been compared to the beasts which have no

reason, and he has been made like to them. Never was the likeness more complete between the brute beast and man, than when the latter is in a state of intoxication. Nay, when a comparison is instituted, it is all in favour of the beast. The beast without reason, more truly fulfils the ends of its creation, than the drunkard who has been made after the image of God. The one has never received reason; the other has nearly destroyed the precious gift. The beast follows its natural instinct; the drunkard smothers his soul in the fumes of intemperance, and extinguishes his reason in draughts of liquid poison. The beast drinks to satisfy the wants of nature; the drunkard to gratify one of the lowest of the animal appetites. The beast will generally stop when its thirst is appeased; the man will continue to gulp down, long, long after he has been unable to distinguish what he is swallowing, or even to derive an animal gratification from the act. It is therefore, in some respect, an injustice to the brute creation to compare them to a drunken man. There are, however, various qualities in the beast, which are to him natural, but which are produced most unnaturally in the drunkard; and indeed, the transformation of the man into the beast is so complete and so general, that there is hardly any attribute of the beastly or animal nature with which the drunkard is not invested. In fact there are various classes of drunkards which remind you of different beasts. The ass, the dog, the sheep, the calf, the ape, the sow, the wolf, the tiger, laughing hyæna, &c., has each its human representative in the drunkard. The stupidity of the ass, the barking of the dog, the silliness of the sheep, the helpless bleating of the calf, the hideous grimaces of the ape, and the filthy evolutions of the grunting sow, may all be witnessed in the drunkard. The howl of the wolf, the bloody spring of the tiger, the malicious grin of the hyæna, are all to be found in the drunken type. In our streets, in our squares, in our houses, on our public roads, by land and by sea, we have roaring lions, creeping serpents, blubbering sea-calves, weeping crocodiles, rapacious foxes, devouring cormorants, snorting whales, bellowing bulls, and foetid polecats. The same drunken sot will, in the course of an hour, exhibit specimens of a half a dozen birds, beasts and fishes, so that he is in appearance as well as in fact, the greatest monster in creation, a *lusus nature* at which nature herself stands aghast. Take the most filthy, hideous and repulsive thing in creation, and compare it with the drunkard, and it gains by the comparison. Look at a

drunkard at home, or in public, and you will blush for our common humanity. He was made by God a little less than the Angels; he has degraded himself much lower than the brute. He was established in glory and honour; he has sunk into ignominy and disgrace. The tavern is his temple, his prayers are blasphemies, his belly is his God. In the midst of his infernal orgies he barks, he shouts, he roars, he screams, he bellows; he stamps, he kicks, he strikes, he gnaws, he tears, he snores, he grunts, he yawns, he hiccups, he vomits. Vengeance, hatred, blasphemy and bestial obscenity are on his serpent, slimy tongue; his eyes are fiery and bloodshot, his ears are stunned, his carbuncled nose is a dripping distillation of nastiness which mingles with his foul eructations, dropping into, and savouring his poisonous cup. His hair is a bundle of hissing serpents, his teeth chatter and rattle like ivory in a dice-box, his hands are palsied; a cess-pool is a pure fountain compared with his mephitic stomach, his knees totter, and his legs refuse to support his bloated carcass. The drunkard tramples on all the laws of nature, as well as all the precepts of God. He robs, he steals, he cheats; he breaks his word, he violates his promise, he betrays the secret which was confided to him. He has no honour, no principle, no spirit of independence, no regard for truth, no respect for modesty. Theft and sacrilege, adultery and murder he commits without remorse. He is a wicked husband, an ungrateful child, a cruel father, a false friend, a troublesome neighbour, a social pest. At home he is a roaring lion; when he appears in public a mid-day devil, vomiting fire and flame. He is always in excitement, his nerves are on the rack, his thoughts are scattered, his memory is weak, his will is vacillating, his judgment is obscured, his understanding is impaired. The drunkard is exposed to a thousand dangers from which the sober man is secure. Every time that he drinks to excess he is in peril of his life, his property, his liberty or his reputation. He may be seen by hundreds, and to be seen is to be despised. He may commit many crimes or which he is amenable to justice. He becomes an easy prey to the robber, the villain, and the cheat. He makes a ruinous purchase, his pockets are rifled; his valuables are stolen, he is sometimes even stripped of his clothes. Then he falls from his horse and breaks his neck, or fractures his skull; he tumbles into a river and is drowned, he falls into a dyke and is suffocated. His eyes swim, the earth reels, surrounding objects are in motion, he staggers from one side to the

other, he describes all manner of geographical figures on the highway; he creeps like a serpent and grasps the earth for support; he advances like a crab, and continues to walk backwards whilst he is making the most violent efforts to go forward. No arabesque is more intricate, no Crotan labyrinth more tortuous than his zig-zag path. He falls upon his skull and his brains are dashed out, or upon his face, and he is smothered, or upon his side and he perishes from the inclemency of the weather. And if he escape death after wooing him in so many forms, who can describe the agony of his returning consciousness, or the trembling fits of his delirium? Hideous spectres surround him, frightful apparitions appal him, terrific and mysterious whispers curdle his blood; the demon of intemperance, to whom he has sold his body and soul, exults over his despairing victim, and all the imps of hell are, as it were, summoned to his bedside to laugh at his destruction, to mock his agony, and to tell him in the language of the damned that the reign of mercy is passed away and that hope is no more! The sequence is natural. He cuts his throat, he pierces his heart, he hangs himself or blows out his brains. But, before he executes this vengeance of heaven upon himself he will frequently murder his wife, dispatch his child or set fire to his house. If he is not prematurely cut off by a sudden accident, or a blow, or a wound, he is sure to hasten his end by the insidious poison which he daily imbibes. That spongy throat of his, cries out like the horse-leech, give, give; and is never satisfied. That scorched palate has lost all savour, and more powerful stimulants must be mingled with the hellish liquid, in order to arouse, for a moment the jaded sense. No foal shaft in a coal mine is more explosive than that bottomless pit, the drunkard's stomach. The heated blood is propelled through the swelling veins with rail-road speed, and the very marrow is flying in his bones. He exposes himself to a long catalogue of excruciating and fatal diseases. He leads a dying life, he endures a lingering martyrdom, and whether by apoplexy, or dropsy, or consumption or fever, Death is sure to clutch his wretched victim. So true is the old proverb that the *throat has killed more than the sword*. So true would be the Epitaph upon almost each of the cursed race of drunkards—*HERE LIES A SELF-MURDERER!*

But we must have done with the *Human Beast* for the present, as our soul is sickened at the contemplation of his degraded nature.

## VISITATION.

On Tuesday, the 1st instant, the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of Hammond Plains. Nearly all the Catholics of the settlement were present. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Phelan, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Hamman and Madden, and an appropriate Sermon preached by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly. A subscription was entered into and arrangements made for completing the Church and the enclosing of the Cemetery, and we have reason to hope that both will be accomplished before the close of the summer. The settlement of Hammond Plains is a very populous one, and would be much more prosperous than it is, if there were a greater facility of communication between it and the Capital. The old road is circuitous and from the head of Bedford Basin both hilly and rugged. Some time since a grant was obtained for the commencement of a new road, which when completed will shorten the distance by three miles, and confer a lasting benefit on the settlers at the Plains. We have heard that a considerable portion of the road is already finished, and that this new line will commence at Birch Cove.

## CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

The annual celebration of the Catechistical Society of St. Mary's was held on Tuesday last, and with such remarkable success that all with whom we have conversed, pronounced it to be the most splendid affair of the kind which was ever got up in Halifax. The procession from St. Mary's Church to the wharf was composed of about 1200 well dressed and orderly children of both sexes, with flags, banners, appropriate mottoes, rosettes and insignia of various kinds. They were marshalled and led by their zealous teachers, and were preceded by the fine band of the 7th, which was obtained through the kindness of the gentlemanly and gallant Colonel Farguharson. Three trips were made in the Steamer from Halifax to McNab's Island, the use of which was handsomely given by the worthy proprietor. The long passage leading from Water-Street to the wharf between Messrs. Ring and Cochran's was most tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. In fact it was transformed into a very beautiful avenue of trees. The landing place of the Island was excellent, and there were more than 3000 persons on the ground during the day. The children were plentifully regaled by the excellent members of the Catechistical Society, and were indulged in various amusements. After this the members dined together, the Bishop as President of the Society (which he never loses an opportunity to praise and compliment as it deserves for its invaluable services to the Catholic youth of Halifax) being in the Chair. The Vicar-General and the other clergymen were also present, and afforded their valuable assistance to the members of the Committee. When the third boat arrived from Halifax, the children were all drawn up on the brow of the hill in two lines and welcomed the visitors in the Steamer with three joyous cheers which made the welkin ring. Temperance was the order of the day and hence every thing went on in decorum and order. The consumption,

however, of those innocent beverages 'which cheer but not inebriate' such as lemonade, ginger and spruce beer, &c. was, we understand, enormous. It was on the whole a proud and glorious day for the Catholics of Halifax, and a spectacle which would do honor to the greatest Catholic city in Europe. We regret we were not present to report the particulars of this interesting fête, but we do trust some member of the valuable society by which it was conducted, will favour us with a more detailed account.

## EUROPE.

The Steamer arrived at an early hour on Tuesday. The news from Rome is brighter than usual. Order is beginning to be restored. It is fortunately, the interest and policy of the President of the French Republic to conciliate the great Powers of Europe, and French interference in Rome may end more favourably than was hoped for. Of this however we are not so certain. From an official report, as well as the concurrent testimony of private Letters, it appears the damage done to works of art has been wonderfully small. Of all the Churches, that of S. Pietro in Montorio suffered most, but the exquisite Temple of Bramante which is built over the spot where St. Peter was crucified has escaped all injury although three bomb shells fell in the Court Yard of the Monastery on which it is erected. It is said that the damages of the beautiful Pauline Fountain in the same neighbourhood can be repaired for a few crowns. The Pope's authority has been formally proclaimed by the French, and the Papal colours hoisted with a salute of 100 guns and a *Te Deum* at St. Peters. Garibaldi and his brigands were at Terni levying contributions and committing dreadful excesses. But as the French have occupied Viterbo with 3000 men, and the Tuscans are hastening to protect their frontier, and the Austrians marching from the North. Garibaldi will have a poor chance of escape, for, if he flies to the South the Neapolitans and Spaniards are ready to receive him. Lord Minto's pet, Ciceroacchio has taken to his heels, having learned there was an order for his arrest. The Eternal City has already been delivered from thousands of the foreign robbers and murderers who preyed upon her vitals. The Queen of Naples is near her confinement, and it is said the Pope has resolved to baptize her child in person, in order to testify his gratitude for the munificent hospitality he has received from the King and Queen. It is now said that the chief difficulty of the Pope on his return to Rome will be a financial one, in consequence of the enormous quantity of fictitious paper which was issued by the late Government. A Treaty has been concluded between Sardinia and Austria, another favourable omen for the peace of Europe.

There are rumours of great victories gained by the Hungarians over the Russians, &c. We put very little faith in them, nor do we believe that it is possible for the Hungarians to succeed against the power of Russia and Austria. France is more tranquil, but who can tell how long France will be quiet. Never, we believe, under Louis Napoleon whether as President or Emperor.

The English Parliament has closed its Sessional labours, and the Queen is now in Ireland. We have read with much care every thing relating to this ill-timed visit, and it only confirms our former opinion on the subject. The Queen has gone to Scotland several times, she has travelled in various parts of England. She has visited France, the low countries and the Rhine; but during the

twelve years of her reign she could never spare a week to visit Ireland, the fairest jewel in her Crown. And now she goes to that stricken land after three years' famine and pestilence, and whilst the Habeas Corpus act is suspended. Is it to behold the desolation of the country with her own eyes and to apply a remedy? No such object is avowed; no such merit claimed. Is it to stimulate trade, to revive manufactures, to bring back the absentees? No; the visit is not to be one of royal state, or of any useful duration. What then can be its object? Oh! if it were not avowed by the wretched unfeeling government themselves, we should not dare to insinuate a motive for the visit, so heartless, so indelicate, and so insulting. The Queen is going, or is gone to Ireland on a "pleasure trip!" a mere private excursion en route to her favourite Castle of Balmoral. Only think of a party of pleasure at such a time, to the poor emaciated skeleton of famished and murdered Ireland! It is horrible, revolting. The Queen should not pay her first visit to Ireland after that fashion. She should go as a Queen and with the Queenly attributes of mercy and parental compassion and justice for her suffering children, or not at all. She ought to have gone to enjoy her amusements in Scotland, without *stinging en passant* as it were, the cold bones of that contemptuous visit to hungry Ireland. But when we say this we arraign, not her, (God forbid!) but the shameless men who by their evil counsels have placed her before the world in this false and indelicate position.

Poor Ireland! this mockery of a Royal visit in the midst of thy tears and sighs and groans, is the climax of thy misery, and unless thou art true to thy old spirit, will be the crowning of all thy degradation!

## NEW-BRUNSWICK.

A new weekly Paper called the *St. John Freeman* has been just started in New-Brunswick, and certainly not before it was very much required in that Province. The first number was issued on the 4th instant, and it presents a very creditable appearance, both as to matter and form. It will be devoted to Catholic, Irish, and Liberal interests, and if it performs the promises contained in its manifesto, of which we have no doubt, it should command the hearty support of every Catholic in New-Brunswick. We have often lamented the political condition of our fellow Catholics in that Province, who though powerful in numbers and influence have been kept perpetually in the back ground by intolerant exclusives. We have often wondered that in a Catholic city like St. John, the low Orange vagabonds of New-Brunswick should ever dare to parade the streets in the offensive manner they have done on a recent occasion. The Catholics of St. John are powerful enough to drive every one of them into the Bay of Fundy. If they were united and directed by an intelligent, spirited press, the Orangemen would never attempt to insult them by their offensive exhibitions. It is evident that on a late occasion the Catholics acted without organization or concert. We deprecate from our hearts all hostile collision between man and man; but if the authorities either in Ireland or America will suffer this blood-thirsty gang to assemble in public armed to the teeth, and to wad up their wicked orgies by conflagration and murder, we do not see why Catholics should not be

well prepared, aye, and well armed to defend their lives and property. Catholics should never be the assailants, but they ought to be well prepared to defend themselves if unjustly attacked. One of the best modes of ensuring peace, especially with Orange ragamuffins is to be always ready for war. After the late sanguinary riots the want of a local, independent press must have been sadly felt by the Catholics of St. John. We therefore earnestly hope that they will sustain the new journal as it deserves.

FATHER MATHEW again administered the pledge yesterday in the school-room adjacent to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mulberry street. Great numbers of every description, high and low, rich and poor, and of every religious denomination, filled the room from morning until late in the evening. He received them with all his usual kindness, and conversed with them in his own affable manner, asking their names, what country they came from, &c. Having learned their intention of becoming sons of temperance, he then made mention, in a few, brief words, of the great obligation they had of being true to their cause, and of the great responsibility if they proved refractory. The zeal and anxiety which they evinced in pressing forward to receive the pledge from his hand, must have been highly gratifying to his benevolent feelings; and it will be with no small degree of pleasure and delight, that he will observe the prodigious effect of his unremitting labors in his own favorite cause. With joy and gratification he must also have perceived, that the great bulk of the American people are as much if not more, in favor of the cause of temperance as the people in the old world; and we may assert, without the slightest hesitation, that the day he landed on these western shores will ever be to him a day of sweet recollection. To upwards of several thousands he has already administered the pledge in this place, and, as we understand, will continue to do so until his departure from this city. Having greeted Father Mathew, they then knelt down, while he recites the following words—"I promise through Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, cordials, ciders, fruit liquors, and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness of every kind," which they then repeat after him. This being finished, he now lays his hand on their heads, makes the sign of the cross on their foreheads with his thumb, and says, "God bless you!" They then pass to another part of the room, where the clerks are situated, in order to get their names enrolled, after which they receive a ticket and medal. He administered the pledge to 2,000 yesterday, giving them a cordial shake of the hand.—*N. York Paper.*

"Is this a time for the gratification of religious animosities? We know a poor girl absolutely driven from the house in which she had been hired, though suffering from sickness, because she wished to be visited by a Catholic clergyman! We know of another left to suffer from the want of those ordinary attentions due to the sick, because she had requested the visit of a Catholic clergyman, being told, in addition, that when able she should leave the house. And this has been done by long faced psalm singing bigots!"

The above is from the Catholic Telegraph, but our friends at Cincinnati, are not the only ones, who have received pain at the sight of the wrongs inflicted upon a most worthy class of people. We could point to instances of inhumanity or rather of brutality worse, if possible, even than these. In our own vicinity, persecutions, threats and once even personal violence have been used to induce young and unprotected girls at service to violate the wise and salutary discipline of their church. We, by no means, mean to assert, that these instances are frequent. Protestants, though out of the pale of the Church, have many honorable sentiments and too much humanity so as to outrage the rights of conscience. We only allude to the subject in order to hold up to execration those individuals of the community, who after appearing in public as the most pious of men, retire into the recesses of their families and become guilty of conduct such as that recorded above.—*C. Herald.*

FATHER MATHEW has left New York for Boston. Since his arrival in America he has administered the temperance pledge in New York and Brooklyn to nearly 20,000 people.—*C. Herald.*



**THE HARVEST**—The Queen's visit and the harvest prospects have given a tone of cheerfulness to the provincial journals, which affords a most striking and gratifying contrast with the deep despondency that prevailed almost universally even two or three months ago. There is, no doubt, still a great amount of destitution, especially in the western districts; but much less is said about it, for hope has come to the aid of the suffering people, and all other classes are influenced by the prospects of plenty.—*Correspondent of the Daily News.*

**THE SISTERS OF MERCY.**—The following very flattering communication, regarding the services of the Sisters of Mercy, has been transmitted to the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, by the Hon. S. Prendergast Vereker, foreman of the City of Limerick grand jury:—

"City Grand Jury Room, July 11, 1849.  
My dear Lord—I have been requested to transmit to you the following resolution, moved by Mr. White, and unanimously agreed to by the grand jury this day:—

"Resolved—That the highest praise is deserved by the Sisters of Mercy, in this city, from their ceaseless exertions in the cause of charity, and more especially during the prevalence of the cholera here, and that the thanks of the grand jury are hereby given them."

"I beg you will communicate this resolution to those excellent ladies, and assure them it is cordially agreed in by, my Lord, yours very truly,

"S. PRENDERGAST VEREKER."

**THE ROYAL VISIT.**—And now the royal Victoria may visit Ireland. Now she need not be afraid of that ugly spirit of independence. Has all the unflinching determination of the Irish nation been transported with Mitchel and Martin, are her enthusiasm with Meagher, her noble chivalrous spirit with O'Brien and McManus? Under the paternal Whig governor the people have perished not in thousands, but in millions. The survivors are overwhelmed with difficulties quite insurmountable, and in many of them every spark of public spirit is extinguished. With the Dublin Corporation that congratulated their friends, the Whigs, on having subdued the great rebellion, and John Reynolds, its mayor elect; with the Cork Corporation, like abject slaves ready to throw themselves at the Royal feet, and in terms of the most degrading flattery, most humbly thank her most gracious majesty for the honor she does them, with nothing to be seen but loyalty and paupers; and nothing else surely, would Lord John ever wish to see there. Ireland is now in a state fit to receive its sovereign. We hope the different boards of guardians will send a few spare common paupers, that the ministers may be able to judge in what part of the country their starvation policy is best carried out. There will be, no doubt, loyal addresses beyond number; and crowds of the curious and of those who have nothing better to attend to, will crowd round her majesty; and ladies, forgetting their patriotism, in their anxiety will go to see and be seen, and a few cheers from the paupers, well fed for the occasion, will be raised; and white handkerchiefs will be waved by hands that should be better engaged; and windows will be illuminated by lodging-house keepers, to whom the visit will seem a special interposition of Providence; and great guns, of course, will be fired off; and the royal visitor and her ministers will return, congratulating themselves on having exorcised the spirit of Irish independence. And the lying English press will tell the world that the Irish are the most loyal and devoted subjects of her Majesty: but there will be many who will view all this with the disgust that every one must feel who is in truth an Irishman, and will treasure up the memory of it to a day of retribution. Let us hope and strive that that day may not be far distant.—*St. John Freeman.*

**DIED**—On the 29th ult., at Milltown, St. Stephen, after a lingering illness, which he bore with resignation to the Divine Will, the Rev. John Cummings, Parish Priest, in the 52d year of his age. Strongly attached to the doctrines of the Church of Rome, which he maintained and expressed he had the happy skill to do without giving offence, and his loss is deeply mourned by members of other denominations as by his own people. In his former Parish of St. Andrews, where he resided for many years, he will be long remembered, as one whose house and hand were ever open to the stranger, the poor and the afflicted.—*St. John Freeman.*

**RECEPTION OF FATHER MATHEW IN BOSTON.**

The distinguished Apostle of Temperance arrived as was anticipated, on Monday evening and stopped for the night, in Watertown, at the residence of William A. White, Esq. On Tuesday morning he was received by the several Temperance Associations of the city, and by the friends of Temperance in general, and by them escorted through the principal streets of the city under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Moses Kimball, Esq.

We are obliged to go to press before the termination of the ceremonies, and therefore we cannot give, this week, an account of them. Next week we shall give all the particulars, with the results of the good Father's labors in the sacred cause of Temperance. Father Mathew needs no praise or recommendation from us to aid him in the prosecution of his great work. His praise is in every mouth, and his sacrifices and labors and pious zeal in behalf of his countrymen are known to all. In New York he has already administered the teetotal pledge to many thousands of persons, and we hope and believe that his efforts will be crowned with equal success in Boston. The faults and vice of Irishmen nearly all proceed from intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. Let them become temperate, and they become at once the most moral, orderly, and virtuous portion of our population. Who are the most trusty servants of our richmen? Who the most faithful laborers? Who the most industrious mechanics? Who the most honest tradesmen? Who the most retiring and peace-loving citizens? Who the most cheerful and generous contributors to every pious and benevolent work? The answer is one and the same to all. They are temperate Irishmen.

True, our police records are filled with the names and evil deeds of Irishmen. But who are those Irishmen? Trace them to their homes and places of resort. You will find them grog-sellers and grog-drinkers. You will find them brutal husbands, negligent and stupid wives, ungrateful children, unnatural parents.

Welcome, then, Apostle of Temperance! In the name of virtue, and of religion, and of the Prince of peace, we bid you welcome.—*Catholic Observer.*

**FRANCE.**

**RAILWAYS IN A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.**—On Thursday week the railway of Chartres was inaugurated with great solemnity in the presence of the President of the Republic. An altar was erected on the future railway, when two Clergy advanced in procession. The Vicar-General, Bishop-elect of Poitiers, delivered an address on the necessity of attaching thoughts of heaven to things of earth. Afterwards a *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral. Then followed a grand banquet, presided over by the President, who, in his speech observed that "it was at Chartres that St. Bernard began the preaching of the second crusade, and society was saved by the Faith; it was at Chartres too that Henry IV. made that famous appeal to conciliation in the midst of parties which convulsed France, and France was again saved." "I drink therefore," said the President, "to the Faith—to the Conciliation."—*Ami de la Religion.*

Mgr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, U.S., lately spent a few days at Lyons, on his road to Gaeta, whither he proceeds to lay before the Holy Father the acts of the late National Council of Baltimore. The Prelate gave the most gratifying account of the progress of Catholicism in America, and of the charity the Faithful had displayed in the contribution of Peter's pence.—*Ami de la Religion.*

When the Pope reviewed the Spanish troops at Gaeta, the standard of Castile, according to the old custom in the Spanish army, was laid open at the feet of his Holiness, who, ignorant of what was required of him in return, asked the Bishop of Cuenca what he was to do. The prelate replied, that the Sovereign Pontiff being considered God's Vicar on earth, or as the King of Kings, the banner had been so placed in order that he might tread upon it with his sacred feet. After going

through this ceremony, and blessing the troops, the Bishop of Cuenca knelt and made him the following petition:—"Most Holy Father, let me hope I am worthy of receiving a boon from you, which is that you give me the shoes you wear, because, after treading upon the standard of Castile, they cannot touch any but Spanish ground." Another pair of shoes, provided by the Bishop, were then brought, and Pius presented his to that dignitary, who doubtless has thus secured to himself a Cardinal's hat.

**A SCENE ON THE RIVER JORDAN.**

"At 9 o'clock P.M. we arrived at 'El Meshra,' the bathing place of the christian pilgrims, after having been 15 hours in the boats. This ford is consecrated by tradition, as the place where the Israelites passed over with the ark of the covenant; and where our blessed Saviour was baptized by John. Feeling that it would be desecration to moor the boats at a place so sacred, we passed it, and with some difficulty found a landing below. My first act was to bathe in the consecrated stream, thanking God, first, for the precious favor of being permitted to visit such a spot; and secondly, for his protecting care throughout our perilous voyage. For a long time after, I sat upon the bank, my mind oppressed with awe, as I mused upon the great and wondrous events which had here occurred. Perhaps directly before me.—For this is near Jericho, the waters stood and rose up upon a heap, and the multitudinous host of the Israelites passed over—and, in the bed of the stream a few yards distant may be the twelve stones, marking 'the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood.' Tradition, sustained by the geographical features of the country, makes this also the scene of the baptism of the Redeemer. The mind of man, trammelled by sin cannot soar in contemplation of so sublime an event. On that wondrous day, when the Deity veiled in flesh descended the bank, all nature hushed in awe looked on. And the impetuous river, in grateful homage, must have stayed its course, and gently laved the body of its Lord. In such a place it seemed almost desecration to permit the mind to be diverted by the cares which pressed upon it—but it was wrong, for next to faith surely the highest christian obligation is the performance of duty. Over against this was no doubt the Bethabara of the New Testament, whether the Saviour retired, when the Jews sought to take him at the feast of the dedication. The interpretation of Bethabara is 'a place of passage over.' Our Lord repaired to Bethabara, where John was baptizing; and as the ford probably derived its name from the passage of the Israelites with the ark of the covenant, the interference is not unreasonable, that this place has been doubly hallowed.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

*Erin.*—George the Fourth landed in Ireland on the 12th of August 1821.

*Flaccus.*—Santeuil was a member of the celebrated Abby of St. Victor in Paris, contemporary and friend of Bossuet. Many of the Hymns in the Parisian Breviary were composed by him.

*Collector.*—The July No. has not yet arrived, nor can it be expected for some time. The Annals are first published in French at Lyons. They are afterwards published in English at Dublin under the Managing Committee of the Association. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of the July number in French. It contains some interesting accounts of the Catholic missions in Japan.

A zealous Bishop in Corea sends the following list of the results of his administration in a country where it is death to profess the Catholic Faith:—

Confessions,	5246
Communions,	4225
Adult Baptisms,	768
Catechumens,	467
Infants Baptized,	943
Children of Pagans baptized,	1050
Of whom died,	961
Confirmations,	568
Marriages,	300
Extreme Unctions,	53

On the 15th of May last a Bishop, six priests, a subdeacon, a student and four Brothers embarked at Cherbourg on board the Corvette *Chandernagor* for the Mission of Madagascar. Four of the priests and three of the Brothers were Jesuits.

A Teetotaler need not be alarmed. When Father Mathew comes to Halifax he will meet a truly Catholic reception.

*P. Dartmouth.*—The punishment administered in our last we think quite sufficient. No scuti.

*Medicus* suggests that that luxurious retreat on the North West Arm called the Penitentiary (because we presume no penance is ever practised or imposed there) should be converted into a Lunatic Asylum or Fever Hospital. A capital idea! With regard to the other subject, the complaints of such unreasonable patients ought to be disregarded. If people were in half such haste to pay a physician, as they are to send for him when sick, there would not be so many struggling sons of Esculapius in the world. Patients should remember that a poor physician has a disease of his own to be cured as well as they

Pharmaca das agrotos: aurum tibi porrigit ager. Tu morbum curas illius, ille tuum.

*C. D.*—We are not surprised at the sympathy. The saints know each other. Or rather as the Spanish proverb has it *con un libro no se mata otro.* One wolf never devours another.

*Cemetery.*—We are glad to hear it. Our best counsellors are the Dead. Who knows? And yet, the terrible sentence of our Saviour recurs to the mind. They have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them. If they hear not them, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead.

*A Northern.*—No. It was Sir Robert Peel himself in his place in parliament applied the epithet of 'VAGABONDS' to the Irish Orangemen. He ought to know them well.

**THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.**

**THE CROSS**—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square.

- Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets;
- Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets;
- Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church.
- Mr. Richard O'Neil, Water Street;
- Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf.
- Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—

- Ketch Harbour*—John Martin, J. P.
- Portuguese Cove*—Mr. Richard O'Neil, Senr.
- Bear Cove*—Samuel Johnson, J. P.
- Herring Cove*—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power.
- Ferguson's Cove*—Mr. William Conway.
- Quarries*—Mr. O'Keefe.
- North West Arm*—Mr. Patrick Brennan.
- Upper Prospect*—Peter Power, J. P.

**CITY CLOTHING STORE,**

North Corner of Duke and Water Streets.

**SPRING IMPORTATIONS.**

THE Subscriber has just received per R. M. Steamships Niagara and Cumbria from Liverpool, and Acadia from London, a large supply of

**Ready Made Clothing,**

Of the newest fashion and style, suitable for the Summer season. A varied assortment of Superfine Black, Invisible Green, Blue, Brown and Cashmere CLOTHS, Fancy Doekings, TWEEDS, and Cassimeres; Men's China Silk, Merino, Lamb's Wool, Brown Cotton SHIRTS and DRAWERS, Fancy, Regatta, and White Cotton Shirts (trimmed with Linen); OUTFITS, &c. &c. together with the residue of his former Stock, will be sold either wholesale or retail at the lowest possible rate. Articles made up, at his Establishment, in the most fashionable and durable style.

Scotch's Clothing constantly kept on hand. Orders from the country punctually attended to. RODGER CUNNINGHAM.

## THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

Fountain of Love! Thyself true God!  
Who through eternal days  
From Father and from Son hast flow  
In uncreated ways!

O Majesty unspeakable!  
O Person all divine!  
How in the Threefold Majesty  
Doth Thy Procession shine!

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light  
Thy fiery Breath doth move,  
Thou art a wonder by Thyself  
To worship and to love!

Proceeding, yet of equal age  
With Those whose love Thou art,  
Proceeding, yet distinct from Those  
From whom Thou seem'st to part:

An undivided Nature shared  
With Father and with Son;  
A Person by Thyself; with Them  
Thy simple essence One!

Bond art Thou of the other Twain!  
Omnipotent and free!  
The consummating Love of God!  
The Limit of the Three!

Thou limitest infinity,  
Thyself all infinite;  
The Godhead lives and loves, and rests,  
In Thine eternal light.

I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love!  
True God! Sole Fount of Grace!  
And now before Thy blessed throne  
My sinful self abase.

Ocean, wide flowing Ocean, Thou,  
Of uncreated Love;  
I tremble as within my soul  
I feel Thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore,  
Awful, immense Thou art,  
A sea which can contract itself  
Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven too  
Out on the shoreless sea,  
A harbour that can hold full well  
Shipwrecked Humanity.

Thou art an unborn Breath outbreathed  
Or angels and on men,  
Subduing all things to Thyself,  
We know not how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth  
Create while He consumes!  
A God of light, whose rays on earth  
Darken where He illumines!

All things, dread Spirit! to Thy praise  
Thy Presence doth transmute;  
Evil itself Thy glory hears,  
Its one abiding fruit.

—F. W. Faber.

## CATHOLIC CHURCH AT SAN FERNANDO.

The 20th of May was solemnly consecrated to the service of the Almighty, the new and handsome Roman Catholic Church of San Fernando. This Church is 152 feet in length, 100 feet wide in the transept or cross, and 50 feet wide in the nave (all these measurements in the clear); the walls of the principal roof are 40 feet in height. We regret not having been able to attend personally this interesting ceremony—but a friend present on the occasion, has kindly enabled us to supply our readers with all necessary information.

The office of dedication, which, according to the Roman Ritual, is of a great length, was very imposing and impressive. His Lordship the Right Reverend Doctor Smith, Bishop of Olympus accompanied by twelve of his clergy, officiated on the occasion. The Reverend R. C. Poirier preached the dedication sermon. It was a very appropriate one, and listened to by the large congregation with deep attention. Mr. Wehkind, our talented townsman, presided at the beautiful new organ with great effect. The music was well selected and much admired. The number of persons in church, and those who necessarily remained outside—congregated round the building for want of room in the interior, amounted to 4000. Almost every quarter of the Island was represented by some of its inhabitants, but Port Spain in particular was distinguished

the presence of many of its elite of both sexes. The superb marble altar, the gift of Madam Louis Philip, attracted much notice—the pulpit, a remarkably neat one, as we understand, the work of a native mechanic; the organ gallery was admired for its elegance.

On the next day (21st) the town of San Fernando was yet more daily decorated than on the day previous, and thousands of the inhabitants of all ranks and classes thronged the wharf at an early hour to welcome his Excellency the Governor, who had kindly consented to honor the day's festivities with his presence. His Lordship, the Bishop, and several gentlemen, lay and clerical, received His Excellency, who landed under a salute of 17 guns, and amidst the loud and prolonged vivas of the assembled thousands. His Excellency, His Lordship the Bishop, and a large number of very respectable gentlemen, were hospitably entertained at 7 o'clock, by the worthy Cure of San Fernando, the Rev. Mr. Christophe. Immediately after dinner a splendid succession of fireworks, which lasted nearly two hours, gratified the connoisseurs, and appeared to electrify the thousands of laborers, many of whom, for the first time, witnessed such an exhibition. The town was handsomely illuminated on both nights, and never had San Fernando presented so gay a scene.

We understand that the Roman Catholics of the Naporimas express themselves as deeply grateful to his Excellency the Governor, and the honorable Board of Council for their munificent grant towards the erection of this so much needed edifice. We are informed that the Bishop, who had returned to Port of Spain, proceeds thither again to day, to assist on Sunday next at a very numerous first communion in the morning, and to administer the apostolic rite of confirmation in the evening.

It appears that two other Roman Catholic Churches have been consecrated within the last three weeks; one at Erin (district of Cedros), and the other at Gasparil (district of Pointe-a-Pierre). Much credit is due to the Roman Catholics of the districts we have named, for completing these churches in the present depressed state of the colony, without soliciting or receiving any Government aid for that purpose.—*Port of Spain Gazette.*

PLANTING THE CROSS IN THE NEW WORLD.—When Friar Bayl first erected a cross on the American Continent, Columbus and his companions are represented by Lopez de Vega, thus saluting it:

"Glorious and holy bed! on which our God was stretched. Thou art the noble banner raised against sin by Him who, in dying conquered death and gave us life; and sull on the wood I mark the traces of thy sacred blood. Indestructible mast of the vessel of the church, that mountest to heaven like the mystic ladder of Jacob, thou hast for sail the shroud which enveloped the body of the God-man, and no pilot can ever equal the great Priest who guideth thee! Divine rod of Moses that dividest the Red Sea, bright flaming beacon that guidest man in his march, I plant thee not without trembling, on this land, which is unworthy of thee, because it knoweth not the true God! Verdant palm of victory, on which the head of Christ is placed appearing in a new world, purify it from idolatry, for thou art stained with the blood which flowed for all men! Melodious harp of David, on which was colorously fixed him whose coming thou didst prophesy, and on which the holy King did chant that melancholy music which afflicted Heaven, convert to faith by thy strains all this barbarous pole. Vessel on which life did traverse the sea of death, in abdicating the attribute of divinity and becoming man—garment still red with the innocent blood of the new Joseph for whom Mary wept, glorious and venerated garment, be our guide and our banner amidst those savage tribes!"

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.—DUBLIN, July 13.—The Lord Mayor is about to issue a proclamation for a general illumination of the city, in honour of the Queen's visit. The long line of Dublin quays, when illuminated, would surpass any similar scene in the empire. When George IV. came here his suite were astonished at the splendid effect of Dublin when illuminated at night. The high-sheriff of the county, Mr. Ennis, has convened a meeting of his bailiwick, for the 23rd inst., for the purpose of addressing her Majesty. The good people of Wexford are in the greatest delight at a report that it is very likely her Majesty will honour their town with a visit. After arriving at the Cove of Cork, her Majesty will proceed up the river in the Fairy, and receive on board such deputations as may ob-

tain liberty to present addresses. The Queen will also land at Cork, and drive round the city. She is anxious that no expensive arrangements should be made for her reception, and is desirous that such precautions should be taken as to prevent accidents. A letter to the Mayor of Cork, from Mr. Fagan, M.P., states the foregoing particulars. It is very pleasing to observe that the local popular paper—the *Cork Reporter*—calls upon the citizens to give her Majesty a gratifying reception.

## ITALY—ROME.

THE ENTRY OF THE FRENCH INTO ROME.—ASSASSINATION OF PRIESTS.—The following information is from the correspondent of the *Chronicle*. It will be perceived that it differs from other accounts as to the reception of the French. However, the writer admits that some smaller parties of the French who entered first, were "not ill received." "About 6 o'clock, on the evening of the 3d inst., several regiments of all arms, crossed the Tiber, and took up their quarters in the different positions assigned to them. They were evidently the pick of the French army; all fine men, with arms and equipments in splendid order, and each regiment marched through the Corso, by way of parading their force before the population. First came a squadron of horse grenadiers, with a fine band. Immediately on turning the corner of the long street leading from the bridge of St. Angelo to the Corso, the head of the column was received with a burst of groans, hootings, and shouts of "*Viva la Repubblica Romana*" from the promenaders, by whom the Corso is always crowded at this hour. The trumpets instantly pealed a triumphal flourish by way of response. The bystanders in the street, and the spectators in the windows, were evidently galled to the quick; I could read their thoughts in their faces. Next came a battalion of infantry, then dragoons, with magnificent brass helmets, mounted on better horses than the French army could boast of ten years ago; then *chasseurs a cheval* (a sort of hussars, but less absurdly dressed than our own, with light caps on their heads, and long carabines or rifles slung at their backs), and lastly more infantry. Each corps was received in exactly the same manner, and each made the same characteristic reply, drums beating and trumpets sounding. I must think this triumphal procession was in very bad taste; but it is of a piece with all the measures of General, or, as the street hawkers call him, Cardinal Oudinot. In the evening the French patrols, and even single officers and men, were greeted by the people in the streets with such epithets as "*briganti*" and "*assassini*." July 3rd was one of those awful intervals in which the bands of order and authority are relaxed, and society is for a moment abandoned to the guidance of impulse and passion. It did not pass away without some deeds of blood, several men were killed in the street and in open day. One of these was a Priest, who, as some French soldiers were passing in the Corso, about one o'clock, called out "*Viva Pio Nona! Viva gli Francesi!*" Another was a man who was proprietor or manager of a vineyard near the gate of St. Pancrazio, and who is said to have acted the part of a guide and spy for the French troops. He was seen in the Piazza Colonna at three o'clock, and immediately surrounded by a group of men, most of them armed, by whom he was despatched at the corner of an adjoining street. Three other men, Priests or Friars, were killed the same day. The French troops now form the guard of all the public places, in conjunction with the Romans. The barricades near the bridges have been already removed. The Triumvirate resigned on July 1st, and three persons—Messrs. Salicetti, Manani, and Calandrelli,—were named to carry on the Government provisionally, and execute whatever capitulation General Oudinot might be disposed to grant.

## CONVERSIONS.

Mr. Pierce Butler, a very respectable shop-keeper and corn dealer at Cahirciveen, with his family, publicly conformed, on Sunday last, to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. His brother, Mr. Tobias Butler, who was also a Protestant, and "Registrar of Births and Marriages," became a convert last year, and died in the Roman Catholic Faith.—*Cork Examiner.*

On Sunday last, Anno Reynolds, residing at Lavally, in the neighbourhood of Tram, having made a solemn public recantation, was received into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Patrick Conry, R.C.C., of that town.—*Tuam Herald, July 14.*

## ASSOCIATION

## For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

This pious and truly charitable Institution of the Propagation of the Faith was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross; on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received throughout the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese, and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

## Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the Sacre Cœur.

## Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the Sacre Cœur have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PEACOCK, Superiress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax; its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 16, 1840.