

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X | 14X | 18X | 22X | 26X | 30X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X | 16X | 20X | 24X | 28X | 32X |

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 17.

god forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, APRIL 24, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- APRIL 25—Sunday—III Sunday after Easter, St. Mark, Evangelist.
- 26—Monday—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus Popes and Martyrs.
- 27—Tuesday—St. Anastasius Pope & Confessor.
- 28—Wednesday—Patronage of St. Joseph.
- 29—Thursday—St. Peter, Mart.
- 30—Friday—St. Catharine of Sienna, V.
- MAY 1—Saturday—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS FROM THE PROTESTANT PRESS AND FURTHER DEMOLITION OF BIG PROTESTANT LIES.

The Catholic Religion—the only Religion of Christ, is making astonishing progress in “the land of Cakes.” Thank God there is a wonderful religious revival in Scotland, and there are fresh importations every day of “hot-headed young priests from Ireland” who are perpetuating the same blessed work which was begun in “auld lang syne” many centuries ago by zealous Irish missionaries. The Scotch priests and Bishops seem fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and are exerting all their energies to second the favourable dispositions of their long deluded countrymen. As we stated lately there are more than One hundred Catholic priests and Bishops in Scotland alone, and their astonishing success has mortified and alarmed the enemies of the Gospel. “Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ascalon,”—one Catholic Bishop alone, Dr. Gillis of Edinburgh has terrified all the bigots in “auld Reekie.” His eloquence is so captivating, his arguments so irresistible, his detection and exposure of Protestant forgeries so keen and withering, that they cannot withstand him; they are afraid to meet him; they will enter into no controversy with him, and they are forced to behold with a dogged silence the numerous converts whom he is receiving year after year into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

From a report of the Edinburgh Presbytery of the Free Church of Scotland, which was lately published by the “Criminal” we find that the Knoxites have sounded the trumpet of alarm. But all will not do; the torrent has set in, and if the sanguinary Knox himself were now alive, he would be unable to resist it. England and Scotland are returning to the Faith of their Fathers. The long sufferings, tears, and prayers of the noblest children of Scotia—we mean of course the brave Catholic Highlanders who have clung to the Church of God in every trial, with the same tenacity as their Celtic brethren in Ireland—have at length reached the skies, and heaven seems to smile propitiously on the hills and valleys of their beloved country. In the report just alluded to after having avowed that Popery is “boldly spreading throughout the land” the presbytery go on thus:—

“There can be no doubt that in Scotland at least, much of the apparent progress of Popery is to be ascribed to the influx of Romanists from Ireland; (this same Ireland is a bitter pill to them in every part of the globe!) but that conceded, it is still apparent that *forts the most uncrucial* are made to cauce the unstable into the errors of Rome *Whichever Protestant may be* (all gentlemen of the Times and Guardian this is a hard hit) Romanists are earnest and devoted in the work of proselytizing; and cases are known where nominal Protestants have passed over to Popery, because of the *marked zeal of the priest*, contrasted with the alleged lethargy of the Minister.”

Serely the progress of Catholicism must be very great, when the Holy Fathers of the Protestant Church make such admissions as the above. But all the efforts to counteract it will be in vain. Protestantism is doomed; the foundation is on the wall, the sentence has been declared against it in caustic and almsully.—The rotten fastening of this “*triangle of shingles*” (we quote from our own Prophet Scribble) is stopped, and the shingles are flying about in all directions. The leaves that are scattered by the wind.” The Protestant settlers from old Scotland who left their native country twenty years ago, or less, have no notion of the extraordinary religious change that has taken place. There are six Priests and two Bishops in Edinburgh, and eleven Priests and a Bishop in Glasgow! How the poor “Criminal

would weep and tear his hair, if he were to return now to "the place from whence he came" and behold the spread of Popery amongst his awakening countrymen! We are almost afraid to tell him that there is what he terms "a Nursery of Ignorance, Vice, and Superstition" (a Convent) in the Scotch metropolis itself!

"The names of Knox and Calvin are VENERATED (!) by us, because as champions of christian truth, &c." And again:—"Their names will ever be held in grateful and hallowed recollection."

This is the sort of stuff to which the "Criminal" gives admission in his stupid Journal. If we spoke or wrote with as much veneration of Mary the Mother of Jesus, of St. Peter or St. Paul, we would be set down as rank idolaters by the Guardian. Knox and Galvin venerated! and held in grateful recollection!! For what? Is it for their beastly language, their infamous lives, their sanguinary spirit of perscution, their deeds of blood and fire, their ingratitude and treason? Venerate Knox "the ruffian of the reformation!" The murderer, the robber of the Church and poor, the spoliator of every thing sacred, the destroyer of God's temples, the dark conspirator, the wicked traitor, the rebel against his sovereign, and that sovereign a persecuted woman! Venerate *him* indeed, or hallow *his* memory! Oh no! we loathe and detest the wretch—we abominate the foul-mouthed villain—we execrate his memory, for we believe he was a disciple of hell, and one of the greatest scourges by which Scotland was ever afflicted. Would the Criminal allow his wife or children to pronounce any of the words in which the obscene tongue of this Reforming (!) Rascal, gave expression to the more filthy imaginations of his polluted soul? We would not defile our pages by the insertion of one of them; but are we to remain silent when we behold "an Unclean Devil" of this kind set up for the veneration of Christian people? We would earnestly conjure this misguided people to read the history of their country and their Church, and their modern Apostle, more carefully—to study his life and character—to mark the treachery of his conduct, the brutality of his actions, the impure violence of his expressions,—and they would soon learn that their cherished Idol is made of clay, that it is all rottenness within, and that *not veneration* but everlasting infamy should follow the memory of Knox.

And Jack the faggot-lighter too is to be venerated, and his infamous memory *hallowed*! We thought we had said enough to excite the indignant horror of any christian at the bare mention of this villain's name. We thought he was cast overboard "soul, bones, and all." We thought it was unnecessary to rake up more of his infamous life, and that the "Criminal" and his friends had got ashamed of Calvin. Why did they not convert our positions or refute our authorities, or defend the memory of their miscreant Apostle? We gave them names, and dates, and places, and circumstances, and Protestant authorities.

It is true that an anonymous scribe in the Guardian of the 2nd inst. *professed* to answer our charges, and yet in a long letter he does not attempt to reply to one of them. Thus our proofs were left untouched. The writer alluded to, said that the "charges against Calvin might be reduced to three:—His participation in the burning of Servetus; his alleged violence of temper, and the corruption of morals said to have been prevalent in Geneva (not *said*, but *proved* from the records of Geneva itself) during his residence in that city." He thought proper to forget a fourth charge which we made, and one of no small con-

sequence either where a Reformer is concerned, or the Apostle of a new religion. We allude to the notorious *personal immorality* of Calvin, for which he was sentenced to death, and for which that sentence being commuted, his shoulders were branded with a red-hot iron. This charge is not stated at all by the writer in the Guardian; but we will remind him of it, not in the words of a Catholic author, but of a staunch Protestant Conrad Schlussemburg the superintendent and Inspector General of the Lutheran Churches in Germany. Let the people of the Criminal listen to his words and then shake hands with the people of the Times.

"De Calvini variis flagitiis, et SODOMITICIS LIBIDINIBUS, ob quas stigma Johannis Calvini darsso impressum fuit a magistratu sub quo vixit, &c." (Lib. II. 72.)

These detestable crimes of Calvin for the punishment of which fire and brimstone were formerly rained down from heaven, were considered as mere trifles by his defender in the Guardian. But to return to his defence. He states three charges and with regard to the first—the burning of Servetus he declares "Even his most ardent admirers, have never, so far as I am aware, attempted to justify it." He then launches out for the remainder of his letter into a tirade against Catholic persecution, &c., including the Waldenses, and St. Bartholomew, and Smithfield, and the Irish massacre of 1811, and John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and Dr. Kalley of Madeira, &c. So he admits *one* of the charges, makes no allusion to two others, and suppresses a fourth, and he calls this a defence of Calvin!!

Of course we took no notice of this Protestant Ignoramus, because his attempted defence was the strongest confirmation of our charges.

We are sound Protestants sometimes, and were never more so, than in protesting against the Protestant canonization of the monster of Geneva.

Venerate *his* name! Hallow *his* memory! *Never!* We protest against it, in the name of decency, in the name of humanity, in the name of mercy, in the name of charity, in the name of religion, in the name of God.

Venerate *him!* Hallow the memory of an impure and unnatural monster like that! of a violent and sanguinary savage; of a ruthless persecutor, of a man who burned his fellow creature and feasted his ferocious eyes on the agony of his death struggle. of a tyrant, an inquisitor, a blasphemer; of one who died in despair stricken by the hand of Almighty justice with a frightful disease; of one who uttered so many horrid blasphemies against the Body of Christ, and whose own Body, by a just judgement was literally devoured alive, and emitted such "an execrable smell" that neither himself nor his domestics could endure it whilst living, and that it was necessary to hurry it to the grave on the very day of his death!* No! good Protestants we shall *never* venerate such a Criminal as that.

Another of his Disciples (Johannes Hareu) who was also an eyewitness of his death tells us that "he died in despair, of a most shameful and foul disease, which God has threatened to rebels and those accursed" and he assures us that he beheld his tragical end with his own eyes.†

And there are Christians who venerate the name, and hallow the memory of such a wretch!

The Protestant author whom we quoted before (Schlussemburg) informs us that "the judgement of God fell upon Calvin in this life—that He visited him with the rod of his indignation

*Bolsec a disciple of Calvin, replying to Beza who admits that Calvin died of a complication of disorders, but makes no mention of the Herodian disease, writes thus.—"These who served him till his last breath are witnesses of that. (The disease in question.) Let Beza or any other who will, deny it; it is well verified that he cursed the hour he had ever studied and written, and that there issued from his ulcers and his body an execrable smell which was insupportable both to himself, and to his domestics." *Vie de Calvin*, Edit. Lyon 1677.

† "Calvinus in desperatione finiens vitam, obit turpissimo et fœdissimo morbo, quem Deus rebellibus et maledictis comminatus est, prius excruciatu et consumptus. Quod ego verissime attestari audeo, qui funestum et tragicum illius exitum et exitum his meis oculis præsens aspexi."

and horribly punished him"—that at the hour of his death "he despaired of his salvation, and invoked the Devils of hell—that he vomited forth oaths execrations and blasphemies," and that the condition of his body was so frightful that we dare not translate his description, from the original Latin text. †

And we are called upon to *enerate* this accursed blasphemer this invoker of Devils, this plague-stricken wretch, who died in despair!

Oh shame where is thy blush!

Fie! fie, christian brethren! Do not canonize crime, nor transfer to the memory of Devils, the veneration which is due to Saints!

Our readers are now acquainted with some particulars of Calvin's life and death, and will most probably agree with us that he deserves anything but veneration or respect. But perhaps it will be alleged that the purity of his doctrines compensated for the infamy of his life.

"God," says Calvin, "is the author and cause of sin; willing it, suggesting it, co-operating in it, and conducting the corrupted will of man to its commission!!" (See *Inst.* i. 18, u. 4.)

In the Nicene Creed we term Christ, "God of God, Light of Light." Calvin was so displeased with this, that he substituted the words "*God from Himself.*"—(*Inst.* i. 13.)

That remarkable sentence in St. John: "I and the Father are one: do not at all prove, in Calvin's opinion, the consubstantiality of the Father and the Son.

When our Saviour prayed in the garden, and in his bitter agony sweated drops of blood, Calvin says that "he then experienced the punishments and the horrors of the damned!" and that "he uttered under the agony of his pains those *unbecoming and inconsiderate words* which he was almost instantly pleased to correct!" (In *Harm. Evang.*) Nay more; when Christ on the Cross cried out *My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? he was then*, says Calvin, "burning with the fires of hell; whence as if he thought he should perish for ever, he uttered those words *under a feeling of despair!*"

After the death of our Redeemer, Calvin and his Disciples say that "he descended into hell—that is, before his death, his soul was tormented like the souls of the damned, with only one difference, viz: that his torments were soon to cease!" (In *Harm. Evang.*) Calvin further declares "that any who would deny this consoling doctrine, were "*a set of abandoned scoundrels' perditis velut onces!*"

And we are called upon by the people of the Guardian to *enerate* this name, and *hallow* the memory of Jack of Geneva!

SACRILEGE, IMPIETY, AND INTOLERANCE OF THE "PEOPLE OF THE TIMES."

The Rev Mr Maskell a Protestant Clergyman of the Diocese of Salisbury, has recently published a Book entitled the *Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England*. We quote an extract or two, in order to shew the "tolerant spirit," of the people of the Times:—

"Willis, in his mitred Abbies, gives the following account sent to Cromwell of the destruction of the magnificent church of Lewes in Sussex, taken from a book in the Cottonian library.

"Sussex, March 24, 1538.

"My Lord, I humbly commend to your Lordship. The last I wrote to your Lordship, was the 20th day of the present month, by the hands of Mr. Williamson; by the which I advertised your Lordship of the length and greatness of this church, and sale; we had begun to pull the whole down to the ground, and

† "Deum etiam in hoc sæculo iudicium suum in Calvinum patefecisse, quem in virga furoris visitavit, atque horribiliter punivit, ante mortis infelices horam. Deus enim manu sua potenti adeo percussit, ut desperata salute dæmonibus invocatis, jurans execrans, et blasphemans miseret me, animam malignam exhalaret; verbibus cirea pudenda in apostemate seu ulcera fatentissimo crescentibus, ita ut nullus assistentium factorem amplius ferre posset."—*Conrad Schluss*, ii. 72. an. 1592.

what manner and fashion they used in pulling it down. I will your Lordship of a vault on the right side of the High Altar that was borne with four pillars, having about it five Chapels. All this is down Thursday and Friday last. Now we are plucking down an higher vault, borne up by four thick and gross pillars. This shall be down for our second work. We brought from London seventeen persons, 3 Carpenters, 2 Smiths, 3 Plumbers, and one that keepeth Furnace; every one of these attendeth to his own office; ten of them heweth the walls about among the which are the 3 Carpenters. These made props to underset were the other cut away. The other break and cut the walls. These are men exercised much better than other men that we find here in the country. (May we not hope that the country people refused to be partakers of their sin?)—Wherefore we must both have more men and other things also that we have need of. By month a Tuesday they began to cart the lead and it shall be done with such diligence and saving as may be. So that our trust is, that your Lordship shall be much satisfied with what we do. Your Lordship's servant, John Portmarus." Vol. ii. Appendix, p. 26.

Surely the pious brethren of the monasteries in those unhappy times must have remembered, and sorrowfully repeated in the ears of the most High, "Thine adversaries roar in the midst of thy congregations; and set up their banners for tokens. Ho that hewed timber afore, out of thick trees; was known to bring it to an excellent work. But now they break down all the carved work thereof; with axes and hammers. They have set fire upon thy holy places; and have defiled the dwelling place of thy Name, even unto the ground. Yea they said in their hearts, Let us make havoc of them altogether. O God, how long shall thy adversary do this dishonour; how long shall the enemy blaspheme thy Name?" Ps. lxxiv.

I cannot help adding from an author not much inclined to sympathize with any but Roman and Druidical antiquity, and who speaks of himself moreover as "no encourager of superstitious foppery," the following passage: He is writing of the Abbey of Glastonbury about the year 1720, "Within a lustrium of years, a presbyterian tenant has made more barbarous havoc there than has been since the dissolution, for every week, a pillar, a buttress, a window jamb, or an angel of fine hewn stone is sold to the best bidder. Whilst I was there they were excoiating St. Joseph's chapel for this purpose, and the squared stones were laid up by lots in the abbot's kitchen, the rest goes to paving yards and stalls for cattle, or to the highway. I observed frequent instances of the townsmen being generally afraid to make such purchase, as thinking an unlucky fate attends the family where these materials are used, and they told me many stories and particular instances of it. Others that are but half religious will venture to build stables and outhouses with it, but by no means any part of the dwelling-house." In the next page we are told, "that the towns people bought: the stone of the vaults underneath the great hall to build a sorry mercat house; what they durst not have done singly, they perpetrated as a body, hoping vengeance would slip between so many," Stukely. *Itinerarium Cur. Iter. VI.* How well would it be for us to remember often such and all occasions, that God regards numbers no more than persons, and "though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished."

The destruction of the old Catholic Books is thus described by Mr. Maskell.

"These orders were strictly obeyed and the monasteries were one after another suppressed, their libraries destroyed, and then churches and private houses were ransacked. The number of the books produced must have been very great; ships were laden with them and they were carried over sea; they were used, says an eye witness, "by some to scour their candlesticks, by some to rub their boots, some were sold to grocers and soap-boilers, a single merchant purchasing at forty shillings a piece, two noble libraries for gray paper, and such as having already sufficed for ten years, were abundantly enough for many years more."* True, this refers to the abbey and church libraries in

*Letter of John Bale to Leland, quoted Blunt *Hist. of Reformation*, p. 156.

general: but the main stock of those collections was undoubtedly formed of Missals and Breviaries, and Legends, and Church Annals, which the wild passion of Edward's days, knew not the value of and hated, which the more sober and earnest reverence of after years has ceaselessly regretted.

Not for a word in favour of the "Olden Monks" from this honest clergyman of the Church of England.—

"I cannot but particularly protest against the second chapter of Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History of England, entitled 'the Dissolution.' Our well-meaning but stupid and that a writer reputed to be so eloquent and learned, would have descended to the common track of others in his years, who, when upon the subject, think that a little more is necessary than to speak ill and sneeringly of Monastic life, its usages, and the effects which it produced. The horrible crimes which were charged against the unhappy inmates of Convents in those days, have been long acknowledged to be generally unfounded, and in every case exaggerated; what, then, are we to say of a writer who, not content with repeating these calumnies, declares that they are also 'probably true on the nature of such foundations'? In short we are told to beware of 'Romanising high churchmen, such as Collier, and the whole class of antiquaries, Wood, Hearne, Drake, Brown Willis, &c., &c., who are, with hardly an exception, partial to the monastic orders.' Surely they are not to be feared, because they have inquired into the facts of their history, and been forced by the very knowledge and a love of truth, to speak the truth concerning them. I would quote only one passage more. Forced to mention the aims which were given by monasteries, Mr. Hallam says, 'It is by no means probable, that however some in particular districts may have had the effect of the cessation of hospitality to converts, the poor in general, after some time, were placed in a worse condition by their dissolution; nor are we to forget that the class to whom the Abbey lands have fallen have been distinguished at all times, and never more than in the first century after that transfusion of property, for their charity and munificence?' No names are given of any families so distinguished: nor could they have been. It is a well turned sentence; unjust in its intended application to the monastic orders, and useless if to flatter also an object, for how many can even pretend to apply it to their lives? Of all the families then enriched by sacrifice, it is said that there is one only of any note at present, which still retains the Abbey lands. And a curse seems to have followed the very transfer of them."

The Englishmen, Gentlemen, and Christians, have at length revealed themselves in their true colours. Their last exhibition of Hypocrisy and Lth exceeds in disgusting vileness the most shocking passages in Luther himself. From almost the very beginning of this controversy, we entertained a very poor opinion of their literary powers, as it proceeded, we were fully convinced of their gross ignorance and treated their effusions with the contempt and scorn which they deserved. Their recent brutality, however, has placed them far beneath our contempt. We wish Protestantism joy of its champion, and we would beseech every Protestant in the Province to procure a copy of the three mortal columns in the last Times headed the 'Crown of Thorns' and printed in lines, as if it were Poetry, and study there the genius, and spirit of his Religion. His perusal do not excite disgust and nausea in every Christian mind, we are sadly deceived. It is worth one hundred controversial articles for our purpose. It exposes a depth of depravity, a mystery of iniquity, a rabid excess of impiety, an audacious spirit of blasphemy, a carnal hearted softness of heart, a revolting filthiness of imagination—a wicked, brazen, reckless, godless, diabolical spirit, for which we were not prepared even from the Gentlemen and Christians! O Protestants! Protestants! read, we conjure you, the last thirty lines of this infernal production, and lay

your hands upon your hearts, and ask yourselves whether *this* can be a faithful exposition of your religion, or one of which you can conscientiously approve. Does not its foul and fetid odour smell rank of hell? Can any cause be good which requires such a defence as this? Could the anonymous wretch who wrote it, have believed in Christ, when he gave utterance to such language respecting his adorable Body?

For ourselves we must confess that we have read many of the blasphemous effusions of heretics and infidels from the days of Julian the Apostate to that impure maniac, Martin Luther; from Voltaire to Strauss; and from John Knox to Thresham Gregg—but we have never met with any thing so depraved, so degradingly brutal, so horribly fiendish in sentiment and expression as this hideous monstrosity.

And so we have reduced Protestantism at last to its proper level, amidst "guts and garbage" and "gutter vomitings," and "carrion meat," and "carrion filth," and "the putrefaction of a dog's maw," and "carrion dogs licking up vomits from the gutter" and the "gobbing up, and vomiting of the Lord God," and "the *hugging* down, and *smuggling* down, from heaven, by a *munibing* priest, the Christ in consecrated dough," and "the vomiting of the Pedicemer into the gutter."!!!!!!

And this is Protestant controversy! and a specimen of the Anglicanism, Gentility, and Christianity of the people of the Times!

A proper respect for ourselves, and for the character of our Journal will prevent us from noticing them again by name.— We have no ambition to enter the ranks of rascality and ruffianism.

"Those 'carrion dogs' of Protestantism may for the future 'vomit forth' their filthy 'garbage' as they please, but they shall not catch us within any distance of the 'gutter' in which they are now prostrate. To use their own congenial phraseology they must, henceforward, 'lick up' their own filthy eruptions. They are literally 'gone to the Dogs!'"

What a nice recapitulation we can now make of this memorable controversy? They began the war in the most wanton manner. Unwilling to disturb the peace of the community, we for a long time bore their taunts in silence. When we spoke out in the language of defence, we were met with calumnious scurrility. We appealed to the liberty of the press, and it was sought to be refused us. We gave a reason of the hope that was in us, and undertook to defend our doctrines, as well as reply to all objections. We were met by the hue and cry of intolerance. When we stated our tenets and solemnly anathematized the shocking doctrines which were falsely imputed to us we were still charged with those doctrines and impudently told that our ignorant opponents knew what we believed better than we did ourselves. Then came personalities thick and three-fold against the absent and present; against the most unoffending members of our communion both lay and clerical. Even the Head of our Church in this Diocese was not spared no more than his Clergy. Our country too, was attacked and ridiculed, and this at a moment when her unexampled sufferings would have disarmed even the most truculent savage. We were

*The words in inverted commas are only a portion of the horrible and disgusting expressions of the last Times in reference to the august Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord! We are sick of nausea and bitterness of heart in transcribing these dreadful words. May the anger of God be averted from the writer and publishers!

threatened also, as well as insulted. Unable to cope with us in argument, they cried out for pains and penalties, for applications to the Governor and Memorials of the Secretary of State, for the prosecution and banishment of our Clergy. And after having given those various proofs of their desire to elicit religious truth, and their love of *free discussion*, they wind up their tortuous arguments with the "gutter vomitings" of the "carrion dog," in their last number.

We are sure our readers will follow the advice of the Apostle which we proposed to ourselves when we read this last *canine garbage* of the absurdity called Protestantism.

"Beware of Logs. Beware of Evil Workers!" Philipp. iii. 2.

N. B. We will continue our refutation of Protestant arguments and our contradiction of Protestant Lies.

Is the Church of England a "degraded creature of the State which made her, and could unmake her to-morrow—or not?"

Is the Queen the Head of the Church in *temporals* only?

Those are two important questions raised in the Protestant Press, to which we are determined to give a convincing answer at the first opportunity.

EXETER HALL VILLAINIES—THE IRISH FAMINE.

We copy the following Letters from a recent number of the *Tablet*, and in doing so, we beg to express our full concurrence in the sentiments of their Protestant and Catholic writers. We have before denounced in no very measured terms, the diabolical arts of those Protestant Pharisees, who in the present awful calamity are attempting to cram Bibles and Tracts, instead of food, down the parched throats of our starving fellow-countrymen. The execration of the whole Christian world will assuredly fall on those inhuman monsters who refuse to relieve the agonies of the famishing body, unless on condition of the souls' apostasy from conscience and from God. And these men call themselves Christians, and Bible readers, and Preachers of the word of God! Only imagine a sacerdotal miscreant at the bedside of an Irish peasant who is expiring from starvation. With an Evangelical Tract in one hand, and a loaf of bread in the other he subjects the dying creature to more than the torments of Tantalus. He holds in his impious hands the scales of life and death, and cries out to God's image, as the heathen tyrants did to the primitive martyrs—Sacrifice your conscience, or you perish! If you become a hypocrite, I will save your life; if you do not accept the Protestant Bible, or the Anti-Popery Tract, you starve! No Bible, no Bread! No Tract, no Drink to alleviate your last pangs, or restore your exhausted energies! And this is called the Propagation of the Gospel!!!

Oh God of Justice, wilt thou not avenge this! Oh Father of the Poor, wilt thou not, "on account of this wretchedness of the needy, and the groanings of the poor, arise, and defend thy own cause" against those mid-day Devils?

Oh Protestantism is this thy fell spirit, or is it thus thou readest the Gospel of love! May heaven preserve us from such specimens of the good Samaritan. We would consider it mild punishment if the whole batch of bigots who have concocted this cold-blooded scheme, were consigned to the tender mercies—not of "the Old gentleman"—but of Nicholas the woman-and-child-murdering tyrant of the Russias, to be by him transported to the frozen wastes of Siberia which are not half so cold as their own petrified and icy hearts. We certainly shall not be sur-

prised if we hear soon that some signal malediction of God shall fall upon the accursed heads of those demons in human form.

The Protestant Bible and Tract, and the Protestant Proselyter only wanted this last infernal ingredient to commend them to the eternal hatred and disgust of the Irish Nation. It will be remembered and treasured up in our heart of hearts long, long, after the present dire visitation shall have passed away!

"STEPNEY.

"A Protestant reader of your truly valuable paper sends with his respects the enclosed, being the half of his mite towards the present distress in Ireland, the remaining half will be given by him to the authorities who collect on behalf of the Queen's Letter.

The writer takes this opportunity of remarking how deeply his feelings were wounded at a sermon in his own parish church on Sunday morning week, wherein the preacher, speaking of Romanism, thus expressed himself—"Popery, that withering curse!" How any (I was going to say Christian!) Minister of God's Word could dare so to speak of any Church which has "Our Blessed Saviour" for its foundation-stone, (and who will be bold enough to say the Roman Church has not?) he cannot imagine.

The writer trembled for the poor preacher at the time, for he felt and feels now, that it was blasphemy!

As a lover of the Church of England, but never, never a despiser or enemy of the Church of Rome, he must protest against such doctrine, or, if such is the doctrine of his Church, the sooner he renounces it the better.

May the Great Head of both your Church and his accept this humble gift, however unworthy the giver, and in his own appointed time soften the terrors of His present afflicting hand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

MOORGATE-STREET.

Sir—I am compelled again to put my hand in my pocket and pull out another sovereign (in addition to others given at public collections) through the witchery produced by the perusal of the letter of that wonder-worker, "Father Thomas," contained in your last publication, wherein he so forcibly portrays the miseries of the famishing inhabitants of the parish of Kilmoo, at the utmost extremity of the south of Ireland, and the nefarious means adopted by those imps of the Father of Lies, the *soul-kidnapping swaddlers*, to convert the starving people to Protestantism, through the fascination and at the rate of so many *piggins* of soup and *bundles* of frize.

This trifles I take the liberty of enclosing to you herein, and request you will be pleased to let it be forwarded, if possible, to the Rev. Laurence O'Sullivan, Parish Priest of the above parish of Kilmoo, Crook-haven, in the south of the county of Cork, in aid of my poor and now grievously afflicted co-patriot-sons, among whom I was born. It grieves me that my means are not commensurate to the impulses of my heart to assist them more liberally, and to enable that worthy Priest to counteract the diabolical tricks of those *Psalm-singing deceivers* who avail themselves of the present famine to pervert my poor countrymen; I am consoled, however, with the conviction that their triumph will be short lived, for as soon as the Almighty will be pleased to remove this heavy scourge from the people, they will pitch the religion, soup, &c., as well as the said villainous imps in sheep's clothing, to their prompter, promoter, and father—the Old Gentleman.

Convinced that you will forgive the trouble and comply with my request, I remain, Sir, your constant admirer and reader.

M. C.

Since the above was sent to press, we have seen the following admirable letter from the gifted President of the Irish College at Rome, which contains some strong allusions to this disgusting subject of Proselytism in famine.

"Irish College, Rome, March 8.

My Lord—I beg to forward to your Lordship 20*l.* to be distributed in any way you think best among the poor. This sum is to

be considered as belonging to the fund raised in Rome, under the patronage of his Holiness and Cardinal Fransoni, for the famished poor of Ireland. The accounts which have reached this city of their sufferings have created a deep sensation. The Holy Father, whose charity is as extensive as his jurisdiction, feels the greatest sympathy for his distant and faithful children.—The Cardinals are animated with the same sentiments as those of the Pope, and all the good Romans, following the example of the Princes of the Church, are praying most fervently to the Almighty, and imploring him to look with mercy on and to spare an afflicted people. I trust that the united prayers of the Faithful will obtain this happy consummation. It is from God alone that relief can be expected; it is in him alone that we should place our trust in in so awful a calamity. If all were to unite in performing penance for the offences committed against the Divine Majesty, and it is to our sins we should attribute the misfortunes of the country, if all were to unite in laying their humble and fervent supplications before the throne of the Most High he would soon heal the wounds he has inflicted, and restore peace and abundance to the country. We have heard here with horror of the attempt which fanatics are making to induce the poor victims of famine to abandon the faith of their fathers, and to barter the most precious gift of Heaven for a mess of pottage. The men who think of robbing the poor people of their faith whilst they are groaning under such a calamity must be vile indeed. A charitable and enlightened public ought to preserve their names for eternal execration. Their solicitations their proposals must be a terrible temptation to a starving man; but I am persuaded that our poor countrymen will suffer every privation, and undergo death itself rather than renounce their Faith. If they be resigned to the holy will of God if they adhere to their religion, notwithstanding the efforts that are made to seduce them, they must be considered as real martyrs in the cause of God; their generosity in their sufferings will shew that they have the true faith, that faith which putteth the evil one to flight, and overcometh the world. How different is the conduct of the Pope and good Romans from that of our fanatics. We had a great inundation of the Tiber here this winter and the Jews' quarter of the city was completely covered with water. Did the Pope in these circumstances refuse them assistance unless they would promise to become Christians? No.—His Holiness and the Roman nobility did as much for the Jews as for the other poor sufferers in this city. During the inundation they provided them with bread and other provisions; they relieved all their wants; but they did not think that such a time was proper to propose to them a change of religion. This was true charity, this is the charity which is inculcated by the example of the head of the Catholic Church; this is the charity which shows that they who profess it are true disciples of Jesus Christ. To the pretended charity of fanatics, and to their exertions to pervert poor Catholics, we may apply the words of our most mild Redeemer—"Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, because you go round earth and sea to make one proselyte; and when he is made, you make him a child of Hell, two-fold worse than yourselves."—I have the honor to be, my Lord, your Lordship's devoted and obedient servant.

PAUL CULLEN.

"To the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Catholic Bishop of Dromore, Violet-hill, Newry."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

A meeting will be held immediately after Vespers, to-morrow of the Halifax Branch of this Glorious Association. The last Quarterly Meeting was held on the 22nd of January. A full attendance of Members is confidently expected.

RELIEF OF IRELAND.

The gallant Captain Colman, of the 14th Regt., who is now stationed at Sydney Cape Breton, has forwarded a subscription of three Pounds, through the Very Rev. Mr. Conolly for the relief of his suffering countrymen in Ireland.

Amongst the £24 sent from Metoghan for the same benevolent purpose, it is but justice to state that £5 were subscribed by the Rev. William McLrod, and £5 by James McCarthy, Esqr.

Accounts have been received by the last Packet of the lamented demise of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, the Lord Bishop of Cork, who had governed that important See, for the last thirty-two years and who has departed this life full of years and virtues, amongst the universal regret of all ranks and classes of his people. Doctor Murphy was a most distinguished preacher an elegant scholar, and the most indefatigable collector in Europe of rare and valuable works. It is said that his library amounts to 200,000 volumes. What a noble and truly Catholic Legacy to his diocese and to Ireland! Doctor Murphy must have died extremely poor, as the whole of his moderate income was expended in charity to the poor, in the promotion of religion and sacred literature. He had no sons or daughters to provide for. The poor were his children; and like the noble Catholic Bishops in the good old times, he has left enduring memorials of his piety and zeal. May he rest in peace! And may the Lord in his mercy provide for the widowed Church of Cork a pastor after his own heart—a worthy successor of a Moylan and a Murphy!

THE "IRISH PRIESTS."

Our Protestant brethren are sometimes astonished at the affectionate veneration which is shewn to their beloved Clergy by the members of Christ's Church. They cannot comprehend the attachment of the Irish Catholic to the Irish Priest. Never was affection more dearly purchased, or more deservedly bestowed. The Irish Catholic would be ungrateful indeed, if he did not love the Irish Priest, and the priest should forget the noblest instincts of nature, as well as the holiest precepts of religion, if he did not devote himself, heart and soul to the welfare of his flock. The union of the Irish Priesthood and the Irish people has braved the whole power of England for three centuries, and survived the most bloody persecution that is recorded in the annals of mankind. These remarks have been called forth by the perusal of a Letter in the Tablet of the 27th March, in which the devoted sacrifices of the calumniated Irish Priest at this awful crisis, are beautifully portrayed. The narrow-minded bigots in this community who have strained their No-Popery threats in "hollerin out" against "Irish Priests" would do well to read it:—

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

Runcorn, Cheshire, March 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Sir—The following extract from a private letter from a gentleman residing in Ireland to a lady in England, may perhaps be interesting to many of your readers; and, considering the ungenerous attempts already made, and now frequently repeated by an adverse press to depreciate the services of the beloved Priesthood of Ireland during the ter-

rible calamity which has visited their faithful flocks, it may possess its uses as well.

The letter is dated Listowel, March, 1847.

The gentleman having given an "outline" of the condition of the unfortunate people, whose many woes and wretchedness bid defiance to either the poet's or the painter's art; woes which, as he says, make the head giddy, the brain swim, and the sight vanish even faintly to describe; which suppose so wide spread and so desolating a calamity as already, to make it manifest even to the most heedless that the energies of whole provinces are emasculated; a calamity too, which has made, and continues to make, the air pestiferous with the lifeless remains of its almost countless victims, proceeds:—

"Next to the poor, our clergy should be placed in the scale of human suffering. In appearance they closely resemble each other. They each want flesh and blood. The clergy are much worse clad than our workhouse paupers. They are enveloped in threadbare cloaks or top-coats, covering wretched, scant articles of dress that your servants would cast away. Their horses are cut up for want of oats, bran, or meal;—In fact, they are only fit for dogs' meat. The clergy are afoot nearly seventeen hours out of twenty-four every day. Their money, watches, furniture, clothes, are gone, and hundreds of them, I fear, must fall victims to their clerical duties.

"I went to a farm yesterday, about two miles from—. Having learnt that the priest would be there, I wished to see him, that he might prepare a young woman of seventeen, a child of one of my labourers, who was in fever, and for whom I found it impossible to procure space for a bed in the hospital of Listowel, or in that attached to the workhouse. The house—(no—it deserves not the name!)—in which the priest was stood before me. I entered. Two children of, I should think, the ages respectively five and seven, were crouching over a few lumps of peat. I asked one—When did the priest leave? The child said—He is not gone—he is with daddy. Then the child handed me a splinter of lighted bog-wood, and with it I found out where the priest was. There I saw five fever patients; the father and mother, the two sons, and a daughter. All lay stretched on dirty straw, and the priest, a young man of twenty-seven years of age, lay likewise stretched between the husband and wife. Here was this faithful child of the Church found ministering consolation to the poor dying man, and receiving into his ear and mouth, as he heard his confession, the infectious poison of his latest breath! He told me to take a handkerchief from his top-coat pocket. I did so. It contained meal. He then told me to prepare a drink for the creatures. A pot, water, and turf were procured. A drink was made, but this poor father of this

wretched and helpless family was a corpse before it could be ready.

"Before I left this abode of pestilence and death, the priest took the dead man in his arms, and laid him in a corner. He would not allow me to assist him. The top-coat became his winding-sheet? He told the oldest child he would call for it next day, and he assured me it had been converted to that use frequently before.

"As my case was not urgent, he differed it until evening; and he set off in the teeth of as sharp and piercing an east wind as has blown in this quarter for the last twelve months, with five pounds of meal in his kerchief, the kerchief on his stick, and the stick across his shoulder. This meal he had to divide between two other families, at least.

"About seven months ago this priest was one of the finest young men in our parish. He is five feet eleven inches in stature. He was then proportionably stout, but he is now an actual skeleton, with something in his pale and haggard face so wild, so woe-begone, that the cabin scene did not take such a strong hold of me as his look of distress. After giving me an affectionate shake of the hand, he went forth on his weary mission with his threadbare clothes."

The gentleman adds:—

"I have not penned the above narrative for the purpose of giving you an idea of the state of our peasantry. No; for if I wished to harrow up my feelings I could have recourse to scenes twenty times more frightful. My object is attained should I succeed in giving you the means of forming some faint notion of the state of our faithful clergy from the pen of an eye-witness, on whose veracity you can rely."

Well may the priests be the beloved object of a devoted and suffering people, when such scenes as the above may be witnessed. And when has it been otherwise in Ireland? For ages have this generous people drunk deeply of the lessons taught in Bethlehem, Gethsamani, and on Calvary; and always have their faithful pastors been at hand to risk all for the sake of Him who died for both.—War, and intrigue, and false hearted treachery and fanatic zeal, and the strong arm of the powerful, and foul mouthed calumny, each in turn and in common attempted the destruction of the people's Faith, and their devotedness to their Clergy. But the amiable and glorious reciprocity and ardent attachment endured and yet endures. And although a wiler method, perhaps, and a more comprehensive scheme than has as yet been attempted seems now on foot for the accomplishment of this two-fold object, with God's blessing the people and their clergy shall triumph.

General Intelligence.

THE POPE'S PUBLIC AUDIENCES.

From the time that our beloved sovereign Lord Pius IX. was first elevated to the dignity of supreme pontiff, in order to place himself in impartial communication with all his subjects, and to know immediately the wants, the wrongs, and the claims of all, he desired, with the benignity of his nature, to make his sacred person accessible with every facility and freedom to every one desiring admission. He not only facilitated the usual means of presenting petitions by ordering his court that any one might approach him to deliver memorial, on whatever occasion it might be leaving his palace, and that at the post office and in the Quirinal Palace boxes should be placed for the reception of all petitions addressed to his holiness; but in his zeal for justice, desirous to restore the admirable practice of many other popes and secular sovereigns—that of public audience. This is now regularly held every fortnight at the apostolic palace on Thursdays, from nine to about two o'clock, and to avoid confusion from the number of applicants, with the following regulations:—Whoever desires admission has only to present a simple memorial to his holiness, the *Maestro di Camera*, with his name, cognomen, condition, and residence. That official chooses fifty among the first inscribed, and advertises them of the day when they may be admitted, assigned to each the number of precedents. They present themselves at the appointed hour in the anti-chamber of the hall of audience, habited in the best manner their condition allows, and each waits until the number annexed to his name is called. The audience chamber is an immense hall, simply but richly furnished. At one end, under a canopy, is a seat a little elevated; at one side, a table with writing apparatus; at the other end is the entrance guarded by a single individual of the guard of nobles, and at some distance four private chamberlains in their court dress. His holiness enters at nine, and takes his seat; then the *Maestro di Camera* calls four or five of those in anti-chamber, stations them on one side the entrance, and invites the first to approach the throne, accompanying him and suggesting the acts of homage to be performed. When arrived before his holiness, the supplicant kneels, kisses his foot, and then presents the petition. With unfeeling benevolence, the sovereign pontiff, having read his memorial, encourages him to answer to such questions and observations as he may make on its contents; finally he either signifies accordance and returns it with a rescript to the petitioner; or writing a comment upon it, directs it to one of the first magistrates, always taking care that impartiality should be shown by others to the individual, to whom he then imparts his paternal benediction, and dismisses him. This audience called public because granted to all, might, in regard to the form, be called private; for although the guard, the four chamberlains and other applicants are present, these being at the distance of at least 33 paces from the throne, can hear no word of what passes at the other extremity. What the paternal solitudes of the sovereign pontiff are for the upright and impartial administration of justice to his beloved people, we have now sufficient proof of, and may be sensible what devotion, veneration, and fidelity is called for by a clemency and benignity so great.—*Roman Advertiser*.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The following is the prayer against famine, as ordered by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, to be piously recited by the faithful, especially during the performance of the Jubilee:—

"Let us pray. Favourably look down upon thy people, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and in thy mercy turn from them the scourges of thine anger. Give ear, O Lord, we implore Thee, to our humble supplications, that thou wouldst mercifully avert from us the horrors of famine; and enlighten our hearts sincerely to acknowledge that all these evils proceed from thy just indignation, and can be removed only by thy mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

The Waterford Freeman describes the poor labourers who have been dismissed from the works as patrolling the streets in a mass amounting to 2,000 peaceably soliciting bread from the various bakers, by whom they were most kindly supplied. Two women were crushed to death in the crowds seeking for relief at the poor house.

The Bengal Catholic Herald of the 6th February gives a very interesting account of an interview held on the 5th between the Archbishop of Edessa and several Catholic gentlemen of Calcutta and Lord Elphinstone.

We are told that at the funeral of the late Mr. Railton, which took place yesterday, the old Catholic custom of a dole to the poor—one hundred loaves—was observed. The bread was distributed after Mass.—*Tablet*.

On last Sunday, March the 21st, the Very Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Esker, preached for the Irish destitution, in the Catholic Church of the Holy Cross, Wellington-street, Leicester, Leicestershire, the collection after the sermon was £34, which sum, the Rev. Dr. Nickolds, pastor of the congregation, forwarded by the post of last Tuesday, to his Grace the most Rev. Dr. Murray, of Dublin, for the General Central Relief Committee for all Ireland.—*Correspondent of the Tablet*.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- APRIL 16—Mrs. Fitzgibbon of a Son.
17—Mrs. Howley of a Son.
17—Mrs. O'Brien of a Daughter.
17—Mrs. Cadogan of a Daughter.
19—Mrs. Desmond of a Daughter.
20—Mrs. Keating of a Son.
20—Mrs. Sullivan of a Son.
22—Mrs. Boyle of a Son.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

- APRIL 20—James, Son of James and Catharine Hardy aged 13 years, and 6 months.
20—Ann Brown, Wife of Thomas Brown, Native of Halifax, aged 24 years.
20—Henry McClinton, Private of the 69th Regt., Native of Ireland aged 34 years.
22—Peter Fawlas, Native of Ireland, aged 60 years.
23—Margaret Jane, infant Daughter of Patrick and Margaret Walsh, aged 7 weeks.

Published by RITCHIE & NUORNT, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax.—Terms—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage.

All communications for the Editors of the Cross are to be addressed (if by letter post paid,) to No. 2, Upper Water Street Halifax.