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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Calendar.

- SEPTEMBER 17—Sunday—XIII after Pent II Sep Holy Name of Mary.
- 11—Monday—St Nicholas of Tolentine C Doub
- 12—Tuesday—St Catherine of Siena Virgin Doub.
- 13—Wednesday—St Paschal P C
- 14—Thursday—Exaltation of the Holy Cross of our Lord G Doub.
- 15—Friday—Octave Day of the Nativity Doub com &c.
- 16—Saturday—St Cornelius P and Cyprian B M Doub com &c.

Correspondence

VISIT TO THE TOMB OF PONTIUS PILATE.

[To the Editors of the Cross]

Gentlemen,—

In reading in your paper of the 24th of last June, an account of the Consecration of the Catholic Cathedral at Agra, Hindostan, East Indies, I perceived among the names of the Rev Fathers assisting on that occasion, one which has brought to my recollection pleasing reminiscence of days and events gone by. When about to leave France in the year 1841, I one day expressed to our superior my desire of going to Vienne, to see the tomb of Pontius Pilate before I should return to America. He being a good and fatherly man, and scarcely ever refusing to grant me, whom he always called "Mon bon American," my request, consented, but remarked that on the 21st of the following month the Consecration of the Bishop of Gap would take place in Vienne—that I had best postpone my going till then, when I could be present at the Consecration of the Bishop and visit the tomb of Pontius Pilate on the same day, and that he would permit five or six other young men of our society to go with me to bear me company, among whom he would appoint one to be my associate in particular, whom he said I would find to be both an intelligent and agreeable guide and companion on the road. I felt much delighted, as well as very thankful to our superior for his kind condescension, but waited with anxiety for the day that should bring us to Vienne. At length, however, the day arrived, and we were all in readiness. It was on Monday morning, the 21st of September, 1841; we got up, dressed, and took the road to Vienne, distance about seven leagues and a half. We soon got to the heights of Millanga, a neighbouring village, and it being the vendange (vintage), we met, as we went along, groups of men and women on either side of the road, some smoking their pipes, some singing their songs champetre, whilst others made every hill and valley resound with their loud laughter and merriment, waiting for the carts to come to take away their paniers well filled with grapes, and to leave them empty ones. Whoever has been in the grape-growing parts of France, knows that the vendange is a season of feasting and rejoicing, of universal happiness and merriment. Many persons afflicted with divers diseases descend from the mountains at this time, offer their services gratuitously for the grape gathering, without any other recompense but the opportunity of filling themselves with the fresh grapes, and of partaking of the hilarity and rejoicings of the vintage, they return home healed of whatever disease that had afflicted them. Many of those remarkable cures had been related to myself who was then labouring under the pressure of a severe asthma. It was a beautiful

night, under a serene, clear, mature autumnal sky, not a cloud was to be seen, the blue vault of heaven brilliantly adorned with stars, the moon half gone and in the western hemisphere, forming an angle of about 45 degrees with the horizon, a gentle and exhilarating zephyr softly nestled along the half-dried foliage of the hedges and the vineyards as if to whisper to nature that day was approaching. About this time we had finished our prayers, which, on this occasion, we undertook to recite *en charmen*, and having said the *Chaplet* and *De Profundis*, the subject of meditation for the day, having been proposed, each commenced his own reflections. For my own part I found subject sufficient for my meditation in the object of our journey. Whither, said I, am I going? To visit the tomb of Pontius Pilate, a worm of the earth like myself, and yet who had in his power to crucify or release the Lord of heaven and earth. Alas! how comes it to pass, that the Lord of glory, the Eternal Word who calls heaven and earth in the twinkling of an eye out of nothing, is in the hands of a weak and vile worm of the earth, with power to judge, condemn and crucify him. Who can comprehend or reconcile these extremes? Will those who stumble at the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist do it? After this who will be offended or discouraged on seeing the Church of Christ beset, persecuted, and sometimes, to human appearance, almost destroyed and overthrown by its sectarian enemies and the great ones of this world, while we behold Christ its founder and first principle, whom the Fathers call the Brightness of Eternal Light, and the Scriptures the Only Begotten Son of God, and the fairest among thousands, and to whom the sublime Isaiah appropriates so many titles of power, and might, and glory, now apparently weak and helpless, without succour or resource, and abandoned in the hands of Pontius Pilate—a Heathen without the light of true faith to direct him, and enable him to pass a merciful and righteous judgement. Who could believe it, did not the Church and book of God declare it? We now began to descend to the deep valley of the Garonne, and in about half an hour's walk saw ourselves at the head of the stream. We followed its course till we came to the crossing place, and some of our party proposed to shorten our road considerably by crossing the stream there, it was on a thick tree flattened a little on the top, but since what is called in France, *garde de fou*, had fallen away, I could not be prevailed on to venture across, therefore we continued our way along the stream, under the thick shade of clumps of large oaks and elms, it now being as dark as midnight, the moon having sunk beneath the highlands of Monterey, till we came to the skirts of an extensive orchard. From thence we came on the track of the railroad leading from Lyons to St Etienne, thence to Genose, a town on the bank of the Rhone, about eight miles from whence we had started. Here the day began to dawn, and I perceived the blue smoke beginning to curl up from two or three of the chimneys, and met one or two early risers in the streets. The rest of our road to Vienne led along the course of the Rhone amidst the most romantic, interesting, and picturesque scenery, affording abundant matter for description, but I shall hasten to Vienne to see the object of my anxiety and journey. A circumstance should be remarked here, which had then and has often since astonished myself, to-wit, that though I had then been for many years afflicted with a distressing asthma, unable to get out of my bed before six o'clock any morning, and forced to keep my bed two or three days out of every fortnight, and not

unfrequently, every week; but on this occasion, notwithstanding I got up early and had been so little accustomed to travel on foot, I felt not the least inconvenience from my asthma—always kept ahead of our company—and even had frequently to wait for them on the road. We at length reached St. Collamb, a small town on the bank of the Rhone right opposite Vienne, whence we crossed the Rhone on an iron bridge, which ushered us into Vienne, the long wished for city. It was now about 9 o'clock in the morning, and having travelled seven leagues and a half, we felt that we would not be the worse of some refreshment, so we selected a neat little café not far from the Cathedral, which stood on a little eminence above, and took breakfast. About half past ten o'clock we mounted to the Cathedral, which was now beginning to be densely crowded with spectators from the adjacent towns and country places, with a multitude of the Clergy from the neighboring Cantons and Parishes, with several regiments or detachments of the army, together with a good sample of Suisse, arranged in different directions throughout the congregated multitude. Many persons in this country will scarcely understand what Suisse means, since I have seen none in any Church in America except in that of New Orleans. It became now quite a task to gain anything like a comfortable or advantageous position in the building, and indeed to enter it at all, when, happily, a Priest whom I had seen before at our house, recognised some of our party, and took great pleasure in exerting his kind endeavours in our behalf, to open the way for us through the crowd, and to lead us up to the temporary gallery erected for the occasion around the Church, and on which he placed us in a favorable position to witness all the ceremony of the Consecration. We overlooked the sanctuary, which, though as spacious as an ordinary country chapel, was on this occasion filled to overflowing with the most ancient and dignified of the Clergy, with municipal officers, and with veteran and distinguished military officers in full uniform. As for the ceremony itself I will not attempt to describe it. Suffice it to say, that there were present three or four of the French Prelates, among whom I noticed Archbishop DeBonald, now Cardinal Dr Bonald, at whose installation in the Cathedral of St John in Lyons, I had been present a few weeks before. The ceremony was attentively contemplated to throughout, in such peals from the military bands as seemed to jar every part and particle of the noble and venerable edifice. We now proposed to leave the Cathedral, and go in search of the tomb of Pontius Pilate. But I cannot bid adieu to this magnificent temple without a few observations. I shall take no notice of its vast dimensions, of its great Altar and spacious sanctuary, of its fluted columns, of its galleries, on the second of which a full grown man dwindles to a pygmy in the view of a person below. I shall only say that the ancient Cathedral of St Maurice is a standing, noble, and commanding monument of the piety of ages gone by, and that it loudly proclaims to the world in more than human eloquence, the zeal and perseverance of our predecessors in the faith for the honor and glory of God and of His House. I have not been able to see in all France such an instance of the zeal, patience, and perseverance of man to do something worthy of his Creator, as his noble edifice presents. There is not a stone, as well as I can recollect, from the ground to the top of the roof, in the end facing the street—which is also the great door—on which there is not sculptured some scriptural device representing man and things, lions, leopards,

eagles, and pelicans of the wilderness.—Suffice it, that even in France where there are other contemporary buildings of the kind, never is mention made on any occasion, of this Cathedral, without the qualificative *venerable*. It has suffered much from the Infidels in the great revolution; yet it nobly proclaims its Catholic ancestry. We now directed our course to the Pillar said to have been erected over the tomb of Pontius Pilate, and which stands solitary and alone in the midst of a commons, said to be the site of the ancient city of the Romans, distanced about three quarters of a mile below the present city, on the left bank of the Rhone. The base of the Pillar rests on four huge columns, about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. When we approached it I perceived a couple of ragged Carlists hanking beneath it; I spoke to them, but they sneaked away without making an answer. I then commenced to examine, with the greatest care, every part of and about the base of the Pillar, in the hope of discovering some inscription, indicating that the remains of Pontius Pilate laid there. I next made several excursions in the vicinity of it with the same intention, but had not been able to discover a tombstone, or monument, or inscription, or the least fragment, indicating that, or even that a city had ever stood there at all, and having been, in some respects, disappointed, I returned to the Pillar, and fell into the following train of reflections. Alas! Pontius Pilate, if you lie under this pile you are low enough, and sufficient weight lies on you. Oh! what happy days you have seen in Jerusalem. In your day the Messiah appeared in the Royal City—in your day water was turned into wine in or about Jerusalem—in your day the blind saw, the dumb spoke, the lame walked, the dead even resuscitated, the lepers cleansed throughout Jerusalem, and yet you remained a Pontius Pilate, while even he that laid at the pool with five pouches was healed. In your day the Potter's Field was purchased with the price of Jesus—in your day the enemy was slain, and the veil of the temple rent from top to bottom, opening the way for the human nature to God, and for God into the world. And as it is written: *Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, it remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*—So, in your day this grain of heavenly wheat was bruised and buffeted, and died, and bequeathed himself to his chosen twelve, and was put in the ground; and in three days revived and rose again from the dead; and in fifty days produced abundant fruit. But blessed be God and the Father of all Paternity, who gives us both the one and the other, the wheat to sow our fields, and the heavenly wheat for the seed and increase of our souls. And while the multitude of the disciples with joy, praised God with a loud voice, for the mighty works they had seen Jesus perform, and saluted Jesus with the title of King, saying: *Blessed be the King who cometh in the name of Lord, peace in heaven and glory on high,* you commuted yourself by listening to all that was rumoured by others, O Jesus, throughout Jerusalem, and either discredited all or gave yourself not the least concern to know any of these things of yourself. Alas! Pontius Pilate, what a noble criminal you have had in your judgment hall but how little ingenious you have been in your generation. Not content to scourge and crucify Jesus, you must also set up his accusation above his head, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that all who passed by, whether Jew, Greek, or Barbarian, whether learned or unlearned, might perceive the accusation of Jesus. How completely you prefigure in your

own person the rulers of this world, who indeed dwell in Jerusalem, but who, like you, while thousands from the east and west, from the north and south, publish throughout Jerusalem, all that Jesus has done for them, give themselves, nevertheless, no trouble to know Jesus, but on the contrary, afflict persecute, and harass his weak and helpless members that are in the world, just as you have scourged and crucified their Lord and Master in the days of his flesh. You would also call Jesus a King, but Jesus tells you that you ought to know that of yourself, and not by what was rumoured of him in Jerusalem, for Herod knew this much. You very ingenuously excuse yourself, and deny being a Jew, and that in a tone which manifestly shows that you despise Jesus and the Jews, and the Chief Priests and their religion, whose end is to know, love, and serve one only true and living God; and, of course, boast yourself of being a Pagan—whose religion is to cherish and worship every desire of a corrupted heart, and follow every inclination of an earthly mind. You would also pray Jesus for the truth, but your prayer was perfectly Pagan, as well as your religion, your prayers were not accompanied by faith, or hope, or love for the truth—for had you believed that Jesus could communicate to you the truth, and loved and desired the truth, and hoped for it, you would have waited attentively for the answer of Jesus; but instead of that you ask Jesus for the truth, then go out of his presence, without any longer thinking of, hoping or caring for the object of your prayer. Thus your prayer was at most nothing but the effect of habit. Thus Pontius Pilate, it evidently appears on the testimony of a faithful witness, the beloved disciple, in the 18th and 19th chapters of his Gospel, that your religion and your prayers were altogether Pagan. You could, it is true, by your creed and a wonderful stretch of imagination, people with Gods, Goddesses, and Demi-gods, not only heaven, but also the fields, woods, and even the firesides, with fawns and rural Divinities. This has been the religion of the Pagans of all ages—thus was your religion, Pontius Pilate, the religion of the imagination; nevertheless, a vain and inutile religion, which neither touches the heart, nor affects the morals. At this juncture I beheld, at a little distance, one of the natives, whose locks had been whitened by the snows of at least seventy winters. I hastened to him in hopes of obtaining from tradition what I could not by any other means. I asked him the first thing.—Friend, will you tell me whereabouts here is the tomb of Pontius Pilate? It is not thought to be just here, said he, the general opinion is that it has been washed away with the rest of the Roman burying-ground, which is said to have stood on the bank of the river. For what then is this Pillar? said I. At this, as if either startled by the intensesness of my inquiries, or suspecting me, by my air and accent, for a foreigner, he stared for a moment in my face, and with that modest reserve, characteristic of the peasants of that country, put an end to the conversation by a shrug of his shoulders, and an *un se pas*. Another thing that disappointed me was the style of the architecture, it was too modern in comparison to several specimens of Roman architecture I had examined, in particular an ancient Roman dungeon in Lyons, in which St. Pothin had died for the faith of Christ. I now went towards our company, who were at little distance of, taking the height of the Pillar, by means of shadows. At the head of this enterprise was Mr. Mermet, then Deacon, and now Father Mermet, at Agra, Hindostan. They found the Pillar to be about 48 feet high, which, with a part that had dilapidated, it appears to have once stood exactly 50 feet high. And this was the decision of Mr. Mermet, a mathematician of first class. This was he whom the superior gave me for a guide and companion on the road, the polished gentleman and scholar, but the humble and pious christian.

I am, Gentlemen, your obdt. servt.

VIATOR.

[In consequence of its great length, we have been obliged to omit several parts of the above communication. We do not vouch for the historical accuracy of the opinion concerning Pilate's tomb. It is certain, however, that there is an old castle on the banks of the Rhone, called Pontius Pilate's castle or tomb. According to ancient tradition Pilate was disgraced on his return from Jerusalem, and banished to Gaul, where he ended his days.]—Edrns.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The last Steamer has not brought much news of importance. Italian affairs are still unsettled. Another outbreak is dreaded in unfortunate Paris. The six hundredth anniversary of the Cathedral of Cologne has been celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and the King of Prussia was present. The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna. Hungary and Bohemia are still disturbed. The Danish War is resumed. Commercial prospects in England are gloomy, and the Chartists have given considerable annoyance. In Ireland the failure of the Potato crop is still more confidently announced, and the price of food has risen throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Martin of the *Felon* has been convicted and sentenced to Ten years transportation. Mr. O'Doherty has had a second trial, and a twiced jury of Catholics and Protestants could not agree to a verdict, and were discharged. The unfortunate young man is still detained in custody, and the Government say they will try him a third time! This is excessively shabby and wears more than the appearance of persecution. The Government seem to act in the same spirit throughout the Provinces, where numerous arbitrary arrests have been made under the late Algerine acts, and a reign of terror has been established. This insane and vindictive policy leaves little ground to hope for a pacific future. The people will be ground down whilst the 50,000 bayonets are pointed at their throat, but how long can England afford to keep the country on these terms? It is said a special commission will be issued to try Smith O'Brien and others, probably at Nenagh. Doheny and O'Gorman have as yet eluded the vigilance of the soldiers and police. The near approach of Cholera is dreaded, and if to this, Famine be superadded, the mind shrinks from contemplating the terrible fate that seems in store for Ireland.

PIC-NIC OF THE CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday last this very gratifying demonstration took place, and we feel bound to say that it reflected the highest credit on all the parties concerned. It is already known to our readers that the zealous members of that valuable and excellent body, the Catechistical Society, had resolved on giving a holiday entertainment to the children who attend Sunday Catechism at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's. Nothing was left undone to carry out their benevolent designs in the most effectual manner. Preparations were made on an extensive scale for the entertainment, and although more than a thousand children had to be provided for, it is astonishing with what satisfaction every thing was conducted. At an early hour the children mustered in strong force at St. Mary's, and having been arranged under their respective teachers, with appropriate banners, emblems and decorations, they walked in procession to the number of Eleven Hundred to one of the wharves where the Steamboat was prepared to take them to Melville Island. On their way they paid the usual mark of respect to the Representative of our most gracious Sovereign, and was addressed in kind and flattering terms by His Excellency the Governor. The procession was headed by the Band of the 35th Regt the use of which for the occasion was most kindly given by the worthy Major Lowth. Arrived at Melville Island, the various amusements of the day commenced, and were followed by a very substantial repast to which ample justice was done by our young friends. At 2 o'clock upwards of a thousand of our fellow-citizens proceeded in the *Micmac* Steamer to enjoy the enlivening scene, while vast numbers arrived from all directions by land in the neighbourhood of the Island. We have never looked upon a more smiling scene. The children were all very neatly, we might add, tastefully attired, and their conduct was remarkably good. The band continued for a long time their enlivening airs, and in the evening the Steamer made two trips to Halifax to convey the parties home. We have heard but one opinion expressed of this very splendid fête, and we beg to congratulate the Members of the Society on this very gratifying result of their useful labours.

The Rev. Mr. Wallace, of New Brunswick, formerly a student of St. Mary's College, preached at the Cathedral on Sunday last.

RT. REV. DR. FRASER.

We feel much pleasure in announcing to our readers the arrival in town of the venerable Bishop of Arichat, who has come on a visit to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh at St. Mary's. His Lordship arrived on Thursday evening last, and was accompanied by the worthy pastor of St. Andrew's, the Rev. Dr. McKinnon. The numerous friends of Bishop Fraser throughout the Province with which he has been so long and so honourably connected, will be delighted to hear that his Lordship is in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

MGR AFFRE.

At the solemn obsequies for the repose of the soul of the heroic Archbishop of Paris, which lately took place at Notre Dame, one thousand Priests and several Bishops were present. The celebrant was the venerable Cardinal De la Tour D'Auvergne. Bishop of Arras, who notwithstanding his great age, came from Arras for the purpose. His Eminence had consecrated the deceased Archbishop eight years before, and is himself the Senior of the French Episcopacy.—The Funeral Sermon, which lasted three hours, was preached by the Abbe Cœur. An immense multitude of all ranks were present to honour the illustrious dead,

BERMUDA.

We are authorized to state, in contradiction to a report in a Limerick Paper, that the Rev. Mr. McLeod the zealous Catholic Missionary has never written to any one in Limerick, or in any part of Ireland concerning the treatment of Mr. Mitchell at the Convict Ship in Bermuda. The publishers in Limerick of the report alluded to must have, therefore, drawn upon their imagination.

We have received this week the gratifying intelligence of two recent conversions to our Holy Faith in a part of this Diocese where such an event never occurred before, and where a conversion to Catholicity seemed almost impossible.—May our Lord daily add to his Church those who are to be saved!

ST. MARY'S.

At an Ordination held in our Cathedral on Thursday last, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh conferred the Holy Order of Priesthood on the Rev. D. O'Connor.

ST. PATRICK'S.

The Very Rev. Mr. Conolly will preach at St. Patrick's on to-morrow evening immediately after Vespers.

CONFERENCE.

The third Ecclesiastical Conference for the present year in the Eastern District of this Diocese, was held at Eel brook, on Wednesday 30th of August, when the Clergy were hospitably entertained by the Abbé Goudot. The next Conference will be held about the middle of this month at St. Mary's, Frenchtown.

For the Cross

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS No. 6.

HYMNUS AD INCENSUM CEREI PASCHALIS *
Thou good Creator of the radiant light
With grateful chalice dividing day and night,
The day is passed and darkness clouds the poles,
Pour forth thy radiance o'er thy servants' souls.

Thou hast decked with many a star the sky
And bade the moon's pale lustre shine on high,
Yet hast thou also to our senses shown
How light may sparkle from the flinty stone.

And this, O God! thou gavest as a sign
That all mankind should seek that light divine
Which from the Saviour hath for ever broke,
The rock of which the great Apostle spoke.

That we might labour for that bright reward,
Which dwells within the bosom of our Lord,
That solid rock from which each kindly ray
Descends to lighten up those hearts of clay.

From out the oil our lights we fashion now,
Now form we flambeaus from the withered bough;
Now other torches we again contrive
From soft wax gathered from the honied hive.

And whether thus, the lamp doth feed its thread
Or o'er the wick the shining wax is spread,
Or the pitched pine its nourishment bestows,
Yet brightly still the burning lustre glows.

The heated substance from its blazing top.

* Hymn at the lighting of the Paschal Candle.

In gentle gliding streams down, drop by drop,
For now the fervour of the fiery glow,
Beats on it, warm, and bids the liquor flow

Thus by thy bounty, mighty Lord of all
In streaming light shines out the glittering ball,
The dazzling lustre emulates the day,
And darkness flies before the blaze away.

But who beholds not that the true lights course
Is down from God in whom it has its source?
The Lord of glory thus did Moses see
In light arrayed amid the burning tree

The sandals ordered swift to be unbound
Lest they should desecrate the holy ground,
Blest was the man who saw in that bright flame
The power whose glory fills th' aetherial frame.

Long used to wail beneath a tyrant's sway,
Now wandering free along the desert way,
God's chosen people followed the pure fire,
Safe in the merits of their faithful Sire.

Amid the wild where their footsteps strayed,
Bearing their camps beneath the midnight shade,
Bright as the day that heavenly radiance shone,
And led the children of the promise on.

The raging ruler of that hostile band
Summons to battle all his warrior-band,
In rushing cohorts calls the dread array,
And bids the brazen trumpet loudly bray.

The sword is seized—the soldiers swiftly arm—
The blast of war pours out its wild alarm;
There, one is brandishing the deathful spear,
Another fits the Gnosian arrow here.

In compact close move forth the warlike force,
And some ascend the car—some mount the horse,
The waving banners to the breezes stream,
And gorgeons, dreadful, from the folding gleam.

But, freed at length from Egypt's hostile chain,
A day of rest glads Israel's joyful train,
Wearied and worn they gain the Red Sea's tide,
And set them down along the water's side.

When now the cruel foe approached the bank,
Bringing down war in many a serried rank;
Forthwith did Moses bid his people flee,
And with firm march move onward thro' the sea.

Full in the vision of that foe accursed
From either side the rolling billows burst,
And here and there a wall of water stands,
While thro' the chasm move o'er the Jewish bands

With fearful rage inflamed, that murderous throng
As with their impious chief they rushed along,
Thirsting to pour abroad the Hebrew's blood,
Now dared to follow thro' the hanging flood.

The tyrant's host with blinded fury raves,
And headlong hastens through the purple waves,
But the wild waves discard, with thundering fall,
And in one roaring vortex swallows all.

Then might be seen, wide floating far and near,
Cohorts and steeds, and many a broken spear,
With the dead bodies of that host abhorred—
A judgment just on Egypt's bloody lord.

Thy praise, O God, what mortal tongue can sing,
Thou that of old did crush that cruel king,
Making him bow beneath thy servant's hand,
With fearful plagues overspreading all the land.

That didst prevent the billows in their wrath,
From spreading o'er thy peoples sacred path,
When thou didst lead them thro' the depths below
While the swift wave o'erwhelmed the haughty foe!

Thou—to whose praise burst forth the gushing
tide,
From the dry rock, and plenteous streams supplied,
Slaking the thirst of all who suffered there,
Beneath the fervour of the sultry air!

The bitter waters of the desert sea,
Thou mad'st as honey from the wondrous tree;
It was the wood that gave the grateful taste,
Thus in the cross the hope of man is placed.

The camp thou fill'dst with many a sweet supply
In grateful flow descending from on high,
They heap the tables with the wondrous meat,
Which thou hast sent them from thy blessed sea:

And now thou driv'st along the gentle gale,
In thickening cloud, full many a flying quail—
Around, about they strew the desert o'er,
To earth they cling nor strive again to soar.

Such mighty blessings hath the Almighty hand
Poured forth, of old, upon his chosen band,
By whose indulgence we are also fed
Upon the banquet of the mystic bread.

With word of power he makes each temple flee,
And calls us weary thro' life's troubled sea,
To hold the soul, with thousand toils oppressed,
Mount up at last and gain its home of rest

Celestial odours scent that blissful ground,
With many a purple blossom spread around,
And joyous fountains fling their silvery spray
O'er the rich rose, soft Dill and saffron gay

There from its graceful, stone the balsam flows,
And there the cinnamon in fragrance grows,
And there the tree of life shoots up on high
Where heaven's pure stream goes ever murmuring by.

Th' immortal blest that always there rejoice,
In dulcet notes attune their heavenly voice,
Pour o'er that land of light their paeans sweet,
And tread on lilies with their snowy feet.

Such hours of joy, too, blessed those depths of hell,

In which the ancient just were known to dwell,
When Christ the Lord upon that happy night,
In hence to the Father winged his glorious flight

Nor rose the Saviour like the morning star
That drives the gloom before its face afar,
But brighter than the morn he shined the day,
And earth laughed out beneath the joyous ray.

That gloomy prison saw its power descend,
And all its dreary bondage at an end;
From sorrow free its captive train arose
And mighty joys succeeds their former woes.

We near the shrine—the sacrifice prepare,
That raise our anxious souls to God in prayer,
Make happy vigils all the heart's employ,
And keep the night a festival of joy.

Hung from the waving chimes the lamps so bright,
Pour o'er the fretted dome the lucid light,
The lustre quickened by the oily stream,
Flings thro' the shining glass a gorgeous gleam.

Then, such a scene comes flashing on the eye
It seems, in truth, another burning sky,
O'er which bright Phosper scatters far his rays,
And Taurus, Liber mingle in the blaze.

Behold, O gracious Pow'r! the sacred light,
We burn to thee and the dewy night,
Than which no blessing is to us more dear,
In which thy other favours all appear.

O then the eye's true light! the reason's ray!
Guide of the spirit's walk! the body's way!
Receive the light thy servants offer now,
Made from the fatness of the olive bough.

And grant me this, thou great Eternal One,
Thro' Christ our Lord, thy sole-begotten Son,
In whom shone forth the glory of thy deeds,
From whom and thee the Paraclete proceeds:

By whom doth reign in wisdom, glory, light,
In holiness, in majesty and might,
The living God in one mysterious three
Throughout the ages of eternity!

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Sept. 1, 1848.

THE FESTIVAL AT COLOGNE

On the 11th inst, commenced the long expected Festival of Cologne, in celebration of the 600th anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone of the present far-famed Dome, the one that replaced St. Peter's Cathedral, which perished by fire. Sunday, the first day of the festival, was ushered in by the ringing of all the church bells, amidst which the deep-toned ones of the venerable cathedral were easily distinguishable. About 9 o'clock the Vicar of the Empire, accompanied by General Van Rauch (who has been appointed by the King of Prussia to wait on his Imperial Highness during his stay in Cologne), and the present architect of the cathedral, Herr Zwirner, inspected the entire edifice, and frequently expressed his satisfaction with the new portions. Shortly after 11 o'clock the principal singing societies of Cologne assembled in the large and handsome ball-room of the Casino, and gave a vocal concert, which passed off with great success. At one p.m. all the delegates from the various "cathedral" building fund societies in Germany (and their name is Legion), assembled under the presidency of the head of the central society, in the so-called Rathhaus (townhall), and entered into interesting accounts of the progress of the clubs, the amount of their respective subscriptions, &c. The Rathhaus, which dates from the thirteenth century, contains the celebrated Hans-Hall, in which are found a number of large stone statues, representing the members of the Hanseatic League. In the Rathhaus there are also good collections of drawings and copper engravings, a well-assorted library, and handsome Gobelins. Over the marble porch are a number of bas-reliefs, containing inscriptions in honour of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Agrippa, Constantine, and the German Emperor Maximilian, the founder of the Imperial Chamber and Aulic Council. Another bas-relief represents Hermann Gryn (the heroic burgomaster of Cologne under Emperor the Second) being a soldier in the army of the Emperor.

thrown in consequence of his strenuous defence of the liberties or privileges of the city. Connected with the Rathhaus is a very old church called the Rathkapelle; which, during more than 400 years, was employed as a Jewish synagogue. It was consecrated for the Christian worship in 1438, by order of the Senate of Cologne. The great attraction of the day was the grand procession from the Neumarkt to the cathedral.—Between two and three the procession, after having stopped at the Archbishop's palace, in order to invite him by deputation to join it, moved through the principal streets in the following order.—The mounted band of the civic guard; a division of the mounted civic guard; infantry band of ditto; the choirs of the three gymnasia and of the burgher school; the chief singing club; a number of other singing societies, the male and female orphan schools; a second band of the civic guard; the various trades employed in the cathedral, the general banner of the cathedral clubs; the directors of the central building fund club, the Bishops of Ermeland, Hildesheim, Mayence, Munster, Osnaburgh, Ruremonde, Spire, and Treves, and the Archbishop of Cologne, all in pontificalibus, and attended by a numerous body of clergymen. Next came the members of the central cathedral club; the members of the other clubs; two more bands of music, and a mounted detachment of the civic guard. An immense crowd was assembled in the streets in the line of procession, and the windows of the houses (all of which were gaily bedecked with banners, flowers, or branches of trees), were filled with ladies. The greatest order and decorum prevailed. As soon as the procession, with its host of banners, reached the Klosterplatz, opposite the great entrance of the cathedral, the northern and southern doors of that edifice were thrown open to the public, and several thousands immediately entered, but all the good places had been reserved for those who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets. Detachments of the civic guards were stationed all round the choir, and a portion of the southern nave.—The Vicar of the Empire, who had been conducted by the procession from the house of the Provost of the cathedral, entered that edifice by the door between the tower already standing, and the foundation of the second one, which, in all probability, will not be finished for the next thirty years. The procession stopped at the western entrance of the cathedral, the various choirs and singing societies chanting the psalm of David *Letatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus.* After a few words from the Archbishop, the procession entered the church; the architect made over to the Archbishop the new portion of the building, and the splendid window, given by the ex-King of Bavaria, was uncovered. Another psalm, *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua!* was chanted and the procession then advanced to the choir, where a *Te Deum* and the Episcopal Benediction concluded that part of the ceremonies of the day.—About half-past six the King of Prussia arrived at the Deutz station of the Berlin Railway, amidst the ringing of all the church bells, and the discharge of cannon from both sides of the river. His Majesty crossed over to the Cologne side of the Rhine, and proceeded on foot amidst the cheers of the assembled crowds, and in company of the Archduke John, to the house of the Governor of Cologne. After a short stay, the King and the Vicar of the Empire proceeded to the palace at Brühl, in which Queen Victoria stayed one night on her visit to Germany. The King of Prussia was accompanied by Prince Frederick, Prince Charles, the President of the Council, and the Minister of the Interior.

MANCHESTER.—OPENING OF THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

On Wednesday morning the new Catholic Cathedral, which has just been finished in Salford, was opened for public worship. One of Beethoven's solemn masses in C was performed on the occasion. The ceremony was, as usual, gorgeous in the extreme, and in the chancel of the church and near the altar there were 150 Priests and seven Bishops. The hour appointed for the commencement of the service was eleven o'clock, at which hour every available seat in the immense building was filled. Amongst the company present we observed the Earl and Countess of Arundel and Surrey, Sir Thomas de Trafford's family, Hon. C. Langdale, Lady F. Stapleton, Sir W. Lawson, and a great number of the Catholic gentry of Lancashire. The choir was numerous and strong. The ceremony was

commenced by a procession of the Priests and Bishops, which produced a very imposing effect. The procession left the sacristy shortly after eleven o'clock, headed by the Cross-bearer, the Rev. P. Kaye, and the Acolytes bearing candles, and proceeded down the north aisle and up the nave to the chancel. After the Cross-bearer, the Clergy followed two and two, then the different Bishops and their Chaplains, viz., the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs V. A. of the Yorkshire District; Dr. Wareing, V. A. of the Eastern District; Dr. Wiseman, Pro-V. A. of the London District; Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy; and last, the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Vicar Apostolic of Wales, with the Deacon, the Rev. Dr. Roskell, the Sub-Deacon, the Rev. J. Rimmers; and Assistant Priest, the Rev. W. Turner. As soon as all had taken their places, the Bishop intoned the first words of the Office of Tenebrae, and the hymn which immediately followed was the magnificent composition of Prestrina. The three psalms were then sung by the Clergy and choir, whilst Tenebrae was being sung by the Bishop. He was clothed in dalmatic and chasuble ready for the celebration of the Mass which immediately followed. The usual ceremonies of the Mass were then proceeded with until the Gospel, when the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman ascended the pulpit, and preached an impressive sermon from the 26th chapter of St. Matthew, 18th verse, and also from the 20th chapter and 21st verse of the gospel of St. John, "All power is given to me in earth and in heaven," &c. After the sermon the Deacon chanted the "Confiteor," and the Bishop granted an Indulgence to all present. The Mass then proceeded as usual, and at the end the Bishop gave the Benediction, and the procession returned in the same order to the sacristy. After the service was over, about 400 of the Clergy, gentleman, and ladies who attended the church, partook of a cold collation in the large room of the Salford Town Hall. Daniel Lee, Esq., presided.

THE PEACE PARTY.

THE PRELATES AND THE REBEL CHIEFS.—The Clergy of Archbishop M'Hale's diocese are the first in the field as meditators on the part of Mr. Smith O'Brien, a vast body of them having signed the following memorial to the Queen on behalf of the unfortunate gentleman—

"May it please your Majesty—We, the Roman Catholic Clergy of the diocese of Tuam, in Ireland, most respectfully approach your most gracious Majesty with the expression of our unbounded attachment to the person of your Majesty, and of eternal loyalty to the throne of these realms, which is occupied with so much dignity by your most gracious Majesty, humbly praying your Majesty's benevolent attention to the unfortunate scenes now acting in this portion of your Majesty's dominions.

We beg to assure your Majesty that we do not yield to any class or portion of your Majesty's subjects in sincere and conscientious loyalty to your throne, and devoted attachment to your most gracious Majesty's royal person.

"We have witnessed with pain the proceedings of a few inexperienced young men for some months past. We disagreed with them on principle. We denounced them as enemies of order, religion and country. Yet we now feel commiseration for their folly as intensely as we felt indignation when we beheld them carried away by the impetuosity of their ardent but erroneous aspirations for liberty. We trust it is unnecessary for us to assure your Majesty that in the trying period of the last few years of unexampled distress and destitution, when death stared us in every shape—starvation, hunger, and its concomitant, typhus fever—we braved all, and never ceased to exhort our flocks to resignation to the Divine will and to strict obedience to the laws of the land. We then confidently hope that your most gracious Majesty will be pleased to take into your merciful consideration the unfortunate situation of Mr. Smith O'Brien and the other unreflecting persons who have so foolishly embarked in the late lamentable outbreak; thereby proving to the world their utter insanity.

"The prerogative of mercy is the brightest diadem in your Majesty's glorious crown. We, the loyal and faithful Roman Catholic Clergy of Tuam, appeal to that noble attribute on behalf of the deluded William Smith O'Brien and his deluded and misguided associates, and beg to assure your Majesty that the exercise of mercy on this occasion towards these unfortunate spirits will secure to your Majesty and throne more of pure

and true loyalty than the shedding of the blood of thousands.

"Rest assured, the heart of Ireland is sourd and true towards your gracious Majesty—hence we implore, we entreat, nay, we most humbly beg—'no blood,' and as ministers of religion, whose sacred duty it is to inculcate peace and good-will amongst men, we further beg to assure your Majesty that the concession of the prayer of this our petition shall be an additional stimulant to us to uphold the laws, and to secure, even at the sacrifice of our lives, the stability of that throne which is so happily occupied by your most gracious Majesty, and your memorialists will ever pray, &c."—*Times.*

WATERFORD, Aug. 5.—At about two o'clock to-day, hearing the toll of one of the Catholic chapels tolling violently, I ran into the street to inquire the cause, and found the police force in motion, and the townspeople flocking together. On inquiry, I learned that T. Francis Strange, Esq., solicitor, and President of the Felon Club, was arrested and lodged in the King-street police station. Proceeding farther on, I found the police searching for other prisoners; they took into custody Mr. Supple, glover; Mr. Patrick McAuliffe, clothier; Mr. Fogarty, assistant to surgeon Kenney; and Thomas William Condon, a whitesmith, Secretary to the Wolfe-Tone Club; a man of superior abilities. Torrents of rain, just at that moment, cleared the streets most effectually. About an hour after the arrests, the prisoners were taken through the widest streets, and by a circuitous route to the gaol. When they were entering the prison gates, the scene baffles all description; the women wishing that they were men to take revenge, abusing the cowardice of the clubs, and venting their indignation in cries, loud and deep, against the "Peelers." On the return of the escort stones were unsparingly thrown amongst the police. One woman was arrested by them, but rescued by the others, the police not deeming it prudent to use their firearms. A troop of dragoons, with Sir Charles O'Donnell and Mr. Tabuteau, R.M., assisted the police. Four boys were made prisoners for stone throwing, and I must say that the forbearing conduct of the police and military, both officers and men, cannot be lauded too highly. The force in camp was augmented to-day by the arrival of 240 marines.—*Corres. of Morning Chronicle.*

UNIFORMITY IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—

The Bishop of Exeter, in his recent Charge, stated that he had received a book written by a clergyman, containing this "remarkable fact." "There was an annual clerical meeting held at the Rev. Daniel Wilson's, at Islington, on the 5th of January, 1842. Archdeacon Hoare was in the chair, and there were nearly one hundred clergymen present. The subject for discussion being the Baptismal Service, and the doctrine of Regeneration as connected with that rite, several speakers stated their opinions. The four clergymen who spoke had each received some weeks' notice of the meeting; and their declarations, therefore, were well digested statements prepared for the occasion. Yet the result was that, on that appointed day, they all differed as to the mode in which they were to reconcile their own notions to the doctrines of the Church." Now, we know, said his lordship, that truth is one and uniform; while error is multifarious, and will always be found to differ in different portions.—*Nonconformist.*

GENEVA.—(From Baptist Noel's tour, &c.)—

Vaud is thriving, too; numbers of laborers and artisans are recruited from the poor adjacent departments of France, and the still poorer valleys of Savoy. All these new settlers are Catholics, and as the full rights of citizens are easily and speedily acquired, and few of the settlers ever leave their adopted country, the proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics becomes annually less and less—hence a numerical majority of Roman Catholics, at no distant day, seems inevitable; and a numerical majority, according to the present constitution must determine the whole aspect of the Government; for the canton is governed by a Great Council and a Council of State; both these are chosen by the people; and as the suffrage is universal, a Roman Catholic majority in a few years will return two Roman Catholic Councils, and both the legislative and executive government of the once Protestant Geneva will be again in servitude to the Pope

From the N. York Freeman's Journal.
CONFIRMATION IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
PATERSON, N. J.

August 8th, 1848.

Mr. Editor.—Though the many and momentous movements of a political character now in progress here and elsewhere greatly engage the attention of the public, and the time of journalists, a sketch of a different and less exciting kind may not be unacceptible to some of your readers. The following is of the later kind.—

On Sunday last, Bishop Hughes made his annual visitation to St. John's Church, of this town. Before commencing the 8 o'clock Mass, the distinguished Prelate spoke for more than half an hour to the children present, on the nature, importance and manifold fruits which the Sacrament he was about to administer confers on those who worthily receive it. At the close of his eloquent and purely pastoral address, he gave Confirmation to upwards of 100 persons, among whom were three converts to our Holy Faith. The adorable sacrifice of the Mass being concluded, the Bishop gave Holy Communion to about 450 individuals, and then retired from the Church a few moments.

At the 11 o'clock, or High Mass, which was sung by the Rev. Father Tappert, of the order of Redemptorists, the sanctuary, which is very spacious, presented a truly grand and imposing spectacle. Besides the Bishop, Father Larkin, of Fordham College, our own worthy Pastor Rev. T. Quinn, and the celebrant, Father Tappert, there were 22 Alter boys, neatly and tastefully attired in surplice and soutan.

When the usual time arrived, the Bishop ascended the pulpit (which is venerated by the Pastor and people more for its antiquity than its convenience and comfort) and delivered a discourse, which rivetted the attention of the vast congregation there assembled for more than an hour.

On the whole, Mr. Editor, the day was one that will not be soon or easily forgotten by the good people of Paterson.

Yours, A CATHOLIC.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY.

The building of this Church was commenced last fall. Since the opening of spring, last April, it has been renewed with energy, and may be covered by winter. It is erected in a place where, a few months ago, no one would have dreamed or have been willing to believe that such a building could be commenced. However, Rev. Mr. Havermans has undertaken the enterprise, and he has the spirit and industry to consummate it. The work is so great a one, that the Rev. gentleman thought it would take many years to finish it, but it has been carried on so briskly under his auspices that but a few months will elapse before it will be ready for use. The building is now up as high as the windows which will be set in a few days. Its length, exclusive of the steps, is 170 feet, in the body it is 70 feet wide, and in the transept it is 101 feet. The walls, above the basement, will be 50 feet high. The basement will be 9 feet high. The basement is firmly built with cut stone; the upper walls will be brick. A more solid foundation was never laid than that upon which this great building is to rest. The nave of the building is supported by lofty columns and ornamented with 18 superb windows, above and below by 24 windows in lancet form. The tower will be carried out with brick about 15 feet above the roof, where it will stop until such time as the congregation may be able to carry it up to its destined height—intended to be 250 feet. The Church will be built in the ancient style of Gothic architecture, in the shape of a cross—a model of this kind—neat in its proportions, large in its dimensions, complete in its finish, though simple in form, and well adapted to accommodate a large congregation. The expense of the building, when enclosed, it is estimated will reach \$25,000. when completed, it will not probably fall short of \$60,000. David Hathaway, Architect, Edwin Warner, Superintendent.

This Church stands in the middle of a block two hundred feet long and 130 feet wide. On the south it fronts Jackson street, on the east the Greenbush road, on the west Third street. The neighborhood where it stands is so rapidly increasing that the moment it is ready, it will have a flourishing congregation to worship in it. So much for the prosperity of Troy and the well directed enterprise of Father Havermans and our adopted citizens.

We cannot close this article without inviting

our citizens to aid in completing this great enterprise. It is such a one as should induce generous contributions, not only as a thing in all respects creditable to the city, and calculated to honor it, but as an agency for the promotion of substantial good. Thus far, Mr. Havermans has received little assistance from others to carry forward this enterprise, and has contributed largely from his own means, besides devoting much of his time, to get it under headway. Now we trust that a disposition will be manifested by all to assist in the object according to their means. Let all have the honor of doing something to advance the project.

In this connection, it may be well to mention that there is another institution just springing up in the neighborhood of St. Mary's church, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, from Emmetsburgh, Maryland, for the instruction of youth, and also, prospectively, intended as an asylum for the sick.

These noble and beneficent enterprises are among the good works which Father Havermans has undertaken, and which he will not fail to accomplish. Such works will long stand as a monument of philanthropy and true christian excellence.—Troy Daily Wag

It is very delightful to hear of one spot after another of our dear country being blessed and adorned with Catholic privileges. These are the offspring of severe sacrifices, but therefore the fuller of hope. We apprehend the description below is of the Church at Madison, N. J., in the mission of Mr. McQuade.

Mr. Editor—Longing to escape for a few days from the noise and confusion of a city which seems totally forgetful of all except the concerns of this world, I found myself one fine afternoon last week making my flight as fast as a sturdy locomotive could carry me into the interior of New Jersey. Fairly landed, "bag and baggage," I took a long breath and felt inwardly thankful that I might now relieve myself and recruit for a while in the composure afforded by a country village. Invariably my first move on arriving in a strange place, is to inquire if it be blessed with a Catholic Church, and if so, immediately to start in quest of it: for nothing gives me such a thrill of pleasure as to behold the Altar upon which our Lord makes His abode afar off from the habitation of men, particularly if the Holy Sacrifice be there offered daily, and the soul-stirring offices of Holy Mother are celebrated with the splendor of which the edifice will admit. Accordingly, after supper, having procured the services of a friend who offered to conduct me, I started off to my habitual errand. A red brick building which stood at the top of the hill first attracted my attention, and I immediately exclaimed, "What a Church!" The same old square box! Nothing but a meeting-house affair after all." My friend, with a smile, immediately corrected my mistake, however, by informing me that that was only the village academy, "the Church," said he, "will meet your view as you turn the corner after we get up the hill." The object of my visit soon greeted me, a pretty white wooden edifice, with pointed windows, and pillars in front, surmounted by a cupola and gilt Cross, which, illumined by the setting sun, seemed to glitter in the blue ground of the evening sky, and brought "O Cruz Are" to the lips of the beholder. A few minutes walk brought us to the door. As we entered and made our genuflection, the sun was just casting one of his last rays across the tabernacle upon a beautiful image of the mother of God, the heavenly smile upon whose countenance seemed to welcome the stranger who came to visit her adorable Son. We paused a few moments and departed, but that visit to the Blessed Sacrament left an impression that will not soon be effaced. Who that has beheld a Catholic Altar at sunset, with its noble candlesticks, and painting, and tabernacle, the embodiment of all that is sacred, will not understand the sensations which crowd upon the soul at such a moment? After attending to the duties incident upon Saturday night, being much fatigued, I retired to rest, and of course slept soundly. I was awakened rather unexpectedly in the morning by the sound of a bell. I rubbed my eyes, all was still as before save the reverberation of a rich-toned among the hills. Again it sounded and then succeeded another pause. A third peal followed. By this time I comprehended the meaning of this alternate ringing, and crossed myself, for it was the Angelus. Yes, in this Protestant village as regularly as the year goes round, the Angelus, (such a

stranger in our city of Churches,) is heard morning, noon, and night, sweetly inviting the Christian to meditate upon the Incarnation of the Son of God. I joyfully answered the summons, and another half hour found me on my second visit to the chapel. I was misinformed as to the hour for High Mass, and arrived in time to take my place among the worshippers in the porch. The Eryrie was just finished, and all were absorbed in their devotions. Vespers were sung at 9 o'clock, and I took care to be more punctual. The priest having intoned *Deus in adiutorium*, the response followed with a burst of music, and accompanied the deep tone of the organ with a swell which at once convinced me that it proceeded from no ordinary choir. With one or two exceptions I have never heard the psalms so well chanted. The standard music of the Church was strictly adhered to throughout. After the psalms followed not "Fading still fading," but any of the like hymns which I confess never to feel much relish for in our Catholic Churches, no indeed,—but *Lucis Creator*, so sweetly embodied in the old tone of by-gone days as almost to melt one's very soul. I pause not to speak of benediction, for I have already exceeded the limits of an ordinary communication. Besides, wherever this sweet service may be given it is above any attempt at description. Neither do I stop to remark upon what most of all interested me—the attention paid to the instruction of the children, the future hope of the Church, her most precious treasure. Perhaps I shall hereafter claim your indulgence for a second communication. Hoping that the contents of the present may afford matter of interest to many of your city readers, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours respectfully,

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

It has been mentioned in several of the papers that Chateaubriand has for nearly forty years been preparing memoirs of his eventful life, with the intention of having them published when it should have come to a close. The *Univers* publishes the preface to these remarkable papers in one of its recent numbers, and we have been so entertained by reading it that we shall attempt translating the chief part of it for the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, without destroying the peculiar style of the author. It must be remembered that this preface was written in 1833. And again it must be kept in mind that the writer was a poet, an old man, and one who indeed was mixed up with remarkable characters and times—these reflections will excuse what otherwise seems somewhat too self complacent.

PARIS, Dec. 1, 1833.

As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my death, as, at my age, the days accorded to man are days of grace, or rather of rigor, I am going, in the fear of being taken away by surprise, to explain myself in relation to a labor destined to beguile for me the languor of these last and weary hours, that every one must, and none is unwilling, to pass through.

The Memoirs at whose head this preface will appear, embrace, or will embrace, the entire course of my life.—They were commenced in 1811, and have been continued down till this day. In what is finished I recount, and will recount in what is yet but begun, my childhood, my education, my youth, my entry on public service, my arrival at Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the first scenes of the Revolution, my voyages to America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany and England, my re-entry into France under the Empire, my way to Jerusalem, my occupations and labors under the Restoration, finally the complete history of this Resurrection and of its fall.

I have met nearly all the men who have played a part great or small in foreign parts or in my own country, from Washington to Napoleon; from Louis XVIII to Alexander of Russia; from Pious VII to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria to Malshobes and Mirabeau, from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, Lapeyrouse, Morecau. I have made part of a triumvirate without example—three poets of opposite views and nations having been almost at the same time ministers of foreign affairs. I in France, Canning in England, Martinez de la Rosa in Spain.

Successively I have passed through the empty years of my youth, the years so fully occupied of the Republican Era, the glory of Napoleon, and the reign of the legitimacy. I have explored the cease of the old and now

worlds, and have trodden the soil of the four quarters of the world. . . . have been seated at the table of kings, at the fetes of princes and princesses, and have fallen again into poverty and suffered prison.

I have been in relations with a host of persons celebrated in arms, in the church, in politics, in law, in sciences and arts. I am in possession of immense materials—more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, those of the time I was minister of foreign affairs, amongst which are some possessed by no other than myself, without copy and unknown. I have carried the musket of the soldier, the staff of the traveller, the burden of the pilgrim,—a voyager over, my duties have been inconstant as my sails, a halcyon. I have built my nest on the billows.

I have mixed in peace and war, I have signed treaties and protocols, and have written volumes on my way. I have been initiated into the secrets of parties, of the court, and of the State, I have seen near at hand misfortunes, the highest fortunes, and the greatest of renown. I have assisted at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, at the building up and pulling down of thrones—I have made matter for history and I may well write it, and my life, solitary, dreamy, poetic, marched through this world of realities, of catastrophes, of tumult and of noise with the sons of my song . . . with the daughters of my fiction.

And now there remain about but four or five contemporaries of a long renown. Alfieri, Canova and Monte have disappeared. Of its bright days Italy retains but Pindemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has worn out his best years in the dungeons of Spielberg; the talents of the country of Dante are condemned to silence or driven to languish in a foreign land. Byron and Canning have died in their youth, Walter Scott has at length left us, Goethe has gone full of years and of earthly glory. France has little left of her brilliant past—she commences another era, I wait to bury my generation, like the old priest who, in the sacking of Beziers, was to toll the bell, before himself perishing, when the last citizen should have expired.

When death shall have dropped the curtain between me and the world it will be found that the drama in which I have acted divides itself into three parts: The soldier till 1800,—the writer till 1814,—the statesman till the present time.

Of modern French authors I will be found to be the only one whose whole life has corresponded to his writings. Traveller, soldier, poet, statesman, it is in the forest, I have sung of the forest, on the deep I have painted the sea, in the camp I have spoken of armies, in exile I have learned the exile, in courts, in affairs, in assemblies, I have studied princes, diplomacy, laws and history.

The different sentiments of my different times of life my youth penetrating my age, the gravity of my years of experience saddening my lighter years, the rays of my sun, from its aurora to its setting, crossing and confounding each other like the scattered reflections of my existence, give a sort of indefinable unity to my labor—my cradle to my tomb, my tomb to my cradle; my sufferings become pleasures, my pleasures griefs; and one cannot say if these Memoirs are the work of a green head or a gray.

Many of my friends have urged me to publish now a part of my history; I could not consent. First, in spite of myself, I would be less frank less truthful; then too I have throughout supposed myself writing while seated beside my coffin. From this my work has taken a certain religious character which I could not take away from it without injury. Life now goes ill with me, death will perhaps prove better.

CHATEAUBRIAND

STATE OF FEELING IN IRELAND.—The Irish Correspondent of Wednesday's *Times*, writing from Thurles, says.—"The attitude of the people still continues decidedly and unmistakably hostile. I should even say that this feeling is on the increase within the last few days, for the impression of terror created by the first appearance of a large military force has sensibly diminished, and by a thousand slight but undoubted signs one is hourly reminded that one is living in an enemy's country. An overwhelming rebelliousness of spirit has seized upon the people, and it is not the sacrifice of a few lives, in an obscure struggle with the consabulary, which will stifle the gigantic growth of so many years' agitation. They believe that 'the war,' as they call it, has only been postponed, and that when the Priests are won over to the popular cause its triumph is secure."