

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 type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

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? — FERTULLIAN PRÆSCRIP. xvi. There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord Jesus 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 him in this way, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious. — St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem. All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, PETER the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: 'Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.' — St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- December 7—Sunday—Third of Advent.
18—Monday—Expectation of Delivery of B. V. M. G. Doub.
19—Tuesday—Stigmata of St Francis Doub from 17th Sept.
20—Wednesday—St. Brigitta's Widow Doub from 8th Oct (Ember Day.)
21—Thursday—St. Thomas Apost Doub II class.
22—Friday—St. Teresa V Doub from 15th Oct (Ember Day.)
23—St. Francis Xavier C Doub from 3rd Dec (Ember Day.)

Select Tales.

THE CROSS AND BEADS.

OR, KATHLEEN KENNEDY. (Concluded).

'Do you know what the Bible is?'
'Yes, your honor, it's the Word of God.'
'True; and this holy book is put into your hands by the owner of this estate,—by your landlord,—the proprietor of the site on which this house is built, and built, too, without permission either of myself or my agent. Do you understand me?'
'Well, yer honor.'

'Why, yer honor, if we begin at the soles of his feet, an' go up to the crown of his head, we'll see all he suffered an' how well he loved us all at once, yer honor; far sooner nor we cud read it in a book. The weans there can read it now, all but the two young one.'
'And what benefit, my good woman, do you derive from reading the cross, as you term it?'
'Oh, bedad, yer honor, only for that, iz poor creathurs cudn't live at all; so we cudn't. Why, when we luek at him there, we see our blissted Saviour, stripped almost naked lako ourselves; when we luek at the crown o' thorns on the head, we see the Jews mockin' him, jist the same as—some people mock ourselves for our religion; when we luek at his eyes, we see they wor niver dry, like our own; when we luek at the wound in his side, why we think less of our own wounds an' bruises, we get i'thin an' i'thout, every day av our lives. An' then, yer honor, seein' we're jist like our blissted Lord, why it comforts us, it makes us someway thankful, that our lives is like his own. Oh, indeed, yer honor, only for that we wudn't do at all; maybe it's tempted to murder, an' rob, an' steal, we'd be, when the hunger bites us. An' then, in regard i' tacin' the childer, it's far easier. If I hear one o' them cursin', or takin' His holy name in vain, to point up to the Saviour's lips, on the cross there, nor be luekin' for't in the Bible, even set in case I cud read.'

'It can teach you to save your soul.'
'Bedad, I think the cross teaches me better; it speaks to me far plainer, so it does. Maybe as yer honor says, if one cud read the Bible it id be best; but sure iz poor ignorant creathurs that cau't read, our cross an' our beads is a the comfort we have.'
'Wretched woman!' exclaimed the colonel, shaking his head solemnly, an' laying his hand upon the Bible, 'if you could get some pious Christian to read this holy book for you, the cross and the beads would soon be abandoned.'
'Is it give them up entirely, sir?'
'Yes, forever.'

careful, however, not to expose the contused part to the cold. Good-morning, colonel. 'Am happy to find the accident is, after all, but trifling. Good-morning.'
As Father Dominick was turning his horse's head from the door, he stooped and whispered a word or two in Kathleen's ear.
'Very well, my honest woman,' resumed Colonel Templeton, tying up the parcel; 'I cannot tarry any longer. You have spurned the Gospel from your door—it's time the messenger should leave also. Remember, however, this hut must be thrown down immediately—perhaps to-morrow. It cannot remain standing here a disgrace to the whole estate.'
'Oh, for mercy's sake yer honor, don't drive me an' my childer out again on the cowld world.'

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH.

We understand that his Lordship the Bishop may be expected from New York in the next Steamer. The Catholics of Halifax will be gratified to learn that his Lordship has at length been successful in attaining an object so long and so ardently wished for, namely, the introduction of a Religious Community of Ladies into this City.

NEWS BY THE NIAGARA.

The news brought by the Niagara is sad and distressing to the heart of every Catholic. The Chief Minister of Pius the Ninth has been brutally assassinated—his Secretary Monsignor Palma has been shot, and the Pope himself—the illustrious Pius IX.—has been assailed in his Palace. His faithful Swiss Guards have been overpowered and disarmed, and he has been obliged to yield to violence, and appoint a Radical Ministry. For the present the party who have been crushed in Paris, Frankfurt, Vienna, and Berlin, have secured a triumph in Rome; but it will be of short duration. Their principles and their object, however, they may have disguised them for a while—are now so well known, that no friend of liberty—no Government in Europe, can with safety to themselves, allow them to exist or be carried out. It is not liberty nor constitutional government which they seek—it is destruction of all order—the subversion of all constituted authority—the complete disruption of society—and a general distribution of property. We should be sorry to believe that the great body of the Roman people were imbued with those principles, or that they should be so ungrateful to their illustrious Sovereign who has already done so much to forward the cause of national liberty in Italy. We believe that these excesses which have disgraced Rome are the work of foreign emissaries, aided by the mob, and the few worthless demagogues to be found in every City. But their triumph will be brief. The English Press who were advocates of the introduction of a new order of things in Italy, have denounced these recent outrages, and the ingratitude exhibited towards the true friend of liberty. The Times and Chronicle seem now to doubt the capacity of the Italians for self-government.

Four armed steamers and four thousand men have been despatched from France to render immediate assistance to the Pope, and to secure him from all violence. A special Ambassador has also been sent from the French Government to assure His Holiness of their protection, and if he should be obliged to leave his own Capital, and inviting him to France, where he would receive a reception worthy of the French Nation, and worthy of himself. We have no fear for the personal safety of the Pope. Even amidst all their outrages the authors of the late disgraceful events pretended to respect his person. The prayers of every Catholic should be offered up for his protection and guidance during these critical times. We have every confidence that he will in a short period triumph over all adversaries, and that his Throne and his Government will be placed on a surer foundation than ever. The Tablet thus speaks of the recent events:

“But what shall we say of the terrible intelligence from Rome? In a few lines nothing worth saying can be said. The gulf of the Roman, and generally of the Italian, Liberator can hardly be exaggerated. The critical position—not of the Popedom, that was never safer or more firmly established—but of the Pope, of the Holy Pontiff, who, a few months ago, was the idol of all the pretended worshippers of freedom, is too potent to require enforcing by many words. Everybody asks what will become of the Pope? Will he take refuge in France? Will he accept the hospitality of England? Will he carry St. Peter's Chair from the blood-stained city, in old times the Babylon of the Apostles, and transfer it to the modern Babylon from the inhuman ferocity of Rome afflicted with a new Paganism? Will he erect his Spiritual Throne in Ireland? Will he dignify the New World with the presence of his august Pontificate? These questions are in every mouth, and it is more easy to ask them than to find a satisfactory solution of the great problem they involve.

A question so entirely within the providential and miraculous government of the world requires to be thought of and judged with a pe-

cular reserve. The Pope it seems has not yet abandoned his dominions, and may never abandon them. But it seems almost more than probable that the system of outrages which now flourishes in Rome is but a temporary phase of the great Italian distemper. The miscreants who there outrage all humanity by their crimes are powerful only by their superior audacity, and as to real numbers and permanent importance, are weak and impotent. Sooner or later they must and will be put down; and they can only be effectually put down by the development of an wanted courage and energy in the vacillating and cowardly majority. The Pope is not yet in exile; but if he be driven forth, depend upon it he will return in triumph at no very distant date.—ho, if God spares his life to see the end of that strange revolution of which he has witnessed the beginning—his successor, if the providence of God calls him speedily to the reward of a heavenly kingdom.

“Meanwhile, we need hardly say how much a duty it is to every Catholic to be instant in prayers to the Throne of Grace, for that divine and supernatural protection which has never deserted the Church in far blacker and fiercer trials; and a confidence which enables every true Catholic to feel his heart, his courage, and his faith elevated, amidst those chastisements which the Almighty sends upon his children for the purification and amendment of their lives.—Not for his own sins but for ours the Shepherd of the flock is smitten. He is bruised for our transgressions; and the healing of his wounds must be sought in our prayers, our penances, our austerities, the affliction of our souls and bodies, and the correction of our vices and concupiscencies.”

SWITZERLAND.

Monsignor Marelli, the Bishop of Geneva, has been imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon, by the Radical Government of Switzerland. This distinguished Prelate was hurried away from his residence without the least notice, and since his imprisonment all communication between him and his clergy has been prevented. He is not allowed to speak or communicate with any of his people. This is the liberty which may be expected from Radicals. The only crime of which this distinguished Prelate was guilty, has been in refusing to submit to conditions which interfered with the discipline of the Church, and were derogatory to his rights as a Bishop. One of the conditions was that all Candidates for the Ministry should be examined before their admission to Holy Orders, by a committee of laymen appointed by the Government.

By the constitution recently framed by the Radical majority, every person educated by a Jesuit, or by any religious order, is excluded from all the rights of citizenship, and declared incapable of holding any office in the State. This is another specimen of the liberty which may be expected from the Infidel Government of Switzerland.

THE STATE PRISONERS.

The Judges have deferred, until the 11th of January, their decision on the Writ of Error, brought by Smith O'Brien and the other State Prisoners. Should the decision be adverse, an appeal will be made to the House of Lords.

It is said that the sentence of transportation in the case of Mr. O'Donerty, will be commuted to a term of imprisonment, in consequence of two Juries having already disagreed in his case. A petition on his behalf, signed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Lord Cloncurry, and by the Jury who found him guilty, has been presented to the Lord Lieutenant.

ST. MARY'S SINGING SCHOOL.

Mr. Haggarty has arranged to devote two evenings in the week to the Class.—We recommend all who can spare an hour on Wednesday and Sunday evenings to join it without delay. The progress which has been already made by those who have attended is most gratifying, such an opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of music may never again be offered to the Catholics of this city. Parents who have the interest of their children at heart would do well to send them to the singing school. On the last evening on which we attended, we were glad to see that Mr. Haggarty had introduced a Piano, and we were happy to hear that he had made arrangements to continue the class during the winter. The terms are made so low as to be only sufficient to pay the expense of gas, fuel, &c.

M. A. W. New Brunswick.—We have received from our esteemed Correspondent, another of his beautiful translations of the Hymns of Prudentius.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Mrs. McCara, through the Very Rev. Mr. Conolly, has subscribed the sum of Three Pounds to the above Church.

Mr. Buckley's list of Subscribers in Wards 5 and 6, will appear next week.

CHOLERA.

The Cholera has appeared in New York, having been introduced in an emigrant vessel from Havre. Every effort has been made to prevent it from spreading, but several cases have appeared in the city. The mortality is very great in England in proportion to the number of cases. The last accounts were, however, more favorable. Ireland has been hitherto spared from this calamity. God grant that this may continue to be the case, as she is already sorely afflicted.

THE CAPACITY OF THE WEST.—From the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains, from the frozen lakes of the North to the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico! Every soil, every climate, every variety of surface. Of all the great products of the world, coffee is the only one which does not, or may not grow there. Take the people of Britain, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Italy and Spain, and place the whole in the valley beyond the Appalachians, and it would continue to ask for 'more.' Ohio alone, without sinking a nail below the level of her valleys, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty seven hundred years, and Ohio is but a pigny, in the way of bitumen, compared with Western Pennsylvania and Virginia. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Erie, and forms the very mountains of Missouri and Arkansas. Salt wells up from secret store-houses in every northwestern state.—Lead enough to shoot the human race extinct, is raised from the great metallic dykes of Illinois and Wisconsin. Copper and silver beckon all trusting capitalists to the shores of Lake Superior. And mark the water course, the chain of lakes, the immense plains graded for railroads by Nature's own hand, the reservoirs of water waiting for canals to use them. Already the farmer, far in the interior woods Ohio or Indiana, may ship his produce to his own door to reach Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New Orleans, and every mile of his transit shall be by canal, steamboat, and railcar.—North American Review.

INTERESTING LECTURES.

Mr. Buckingham, son of the distinguished traveller, has been recently delivering in New York, a course of Lectures on the Middle Ages. The New York Press speak in the highest terms of the Lectures, of the extent of Mr. Buckingham's researches, and of the immense amount of information which he has acquired on this very interesting period of the history of Europe. Protestant writers are so much in the habit of describing the ignorance and mental darkness of the period which preceded the reformation, that it is gratifying to find a gentleman of Mr. Buckingham's talents, coming forward to do justice to the learning and the enlightenment of these ages. “Robicouque regnat Lutheranismus, ibi est literarum interitus,” was the remark of the learned Erasmus, when lamenting the vandalism of the early Reformers in destroying libraries, places of education, and in checking the impulse which literature received after the invention of the art of printing. Hallam, an English Protestant, is also obliged to confess that the Reformation was opposed to the progress of literature. Had not the bright prospect with which the sixteenth century opened been clouded by the fanaticism of Luther and his followers, not only literature, but civil liberty and the moral and social condition of the world would, under the guidance of the Catholic Church, have been in a far better position than they are now.

But it is for the impulse that Biblical learning received, that Protestants principally extoll the so called Reformation. The Bible, according to them, was an unknown book to the laity—even Priests and Monks were ignorant of it; and we are told that the conversion of Luther, and the blessing of his subsequent enlightenment are due to his having accidentally discovered a copy of the Bible during a visit to Rome. We need not say that this is utterly false, as it was morally impossible that Luther, who belonged to a religious order, should not frequently have seen numberless copies of the Bible. Scarcely had printing been discovered, when several versions of the Bible were published, in every country of Europe, and some of these passed through as many as sixteen editions. This was many years before Luther and the authors of the Reformation were heard of. The publication of so many editions is the best evidence of the circulation of the Bible, and of the encouragement given to the work by the Church. Mr. Buckingham does full justice to the exertions of the Clergy in circulating the Bible during what Protestants are wont to call the “Dark Ages.” We copy from the New York Herald the following notice of one of his Lectures:

From the New York Herald.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES ON THE MIDDLE AGES.

Mr. Leicester F. A. Buckingham delivered, last evening, at Clinton Hall, the fourth lecture of his course; the immediate object selected for consideration being the extent to which the Bible was read and studied by the monks and clergy, and rendered by them accessible to the people. The announcement of this topic, and of the peculiar views which it was the intention of the lecturer to maintain, attracted a very large audience, which has gradually increased in numbers at every successive lecture he has given; and it was not difficult to perceive that a very strong impression was created by the novel, striking, voluminous, and overwhelming testimony which he adduced on this interesting question, casting an entirely new light on the religious condition of the middle ages, and proving most satisfactorily the truth of the opinions it was presented to support. After a few preliminary observations as to the nature of the expectations with which the investigation should be commenced, Mr. Buckingham proceeded to the consideration of the first point to be examined—the possession of the scriptures by the monks and clergy. This was not left to their own individual choice; it was a matter of positive compulsion; for the canons of the church required that every priest, prior to his ordination, should possess certain portions of the sacred writings. Every church and monastery possessed several copies of the scriptures; the records of medicinal history, which were cited at great length, are full of notices of donations of Bibles to such establishments, by both lay and clerical benefactors; and many authorities were cited to prove that it was by no means unusual for a single church or monastery to possess very many separate copies of various portions of the Scriptures. Missionaries to heathen nations took with them copies of the Bible; and the same book was the constant travelling companion of the monks and clergy, who were accustomed to carry it about with them in their journeyings. That they were in the constant habit of reading the Scriptures most assiduously, was demonstrated by a variety of evidence. Their study of the fathers he proved to be an indirect reading of the Bible, since their works consisted of scriptural commentary, largely interspersed with scriptural quotations; but they were also most diligent in reading the Bible for themselves. The monastic rules referred them to that volume as the best guide to a virtuous and holy life; the precepts of saints and the canons of councils pointed to it as the fittest theme for their study and meditation; and their practice was in perfect accordance with the advice thus strongly inculcated. In their churches the Bible was read with remarkable diligence; and private scriptural reading occupied a large share of their attention. The monks of various orders were compelled by the rules of their founders, to commit the psalms, and, in some instances, the whole of the New Testament, to memory; and many instances were cited of individuals who exceeded even those requirements, and cultivated an equally familiar acquaintance with other portions of the sacred volume. This reading and committing to memory, was accompanied by a careful study of the Scriptures. The writing of commentaries occupied a large portion of their time; their sermons and homilies were full of biblical quotations, and their tone of thought and style of language were eminently Scriptural, and harmonies and concordances of their production yet remain, and evidence a very advanced acquaintance with Scriptural knowledge. They were equally assiduous in multiplying copies of the Bible; and very many of these are still in preservation, although the custom which then prevailed of binding Bibles, and portions of the Scripture, in gold and silver plates, studded with gems, exposed them to greater peril than any other books during the ravages of predatory warfare. Special regulations were made to secure the utmost excellence in this department of their labor; and some individuals are peculiarly commemorated by monastic biographers for the astonishing fruits of their diligence in multiplying copies of the Scriptures. Mr. Buckingham then proceeded to examine the efforts made by the monks and clergy to render the Bible accessible to the laity. Of course they could not so overcome the circumstances of the age as to render it possible for every man to possess a Bible; zealous as they were they could not perform impossibilities; the utmost that could be expected of them was

that they should make the best use of the means actually within their reach. The church in those ages opposed no obstacles to the reading of the Scriptures; on the contrary, her most strenuous efforts were devoted to the encouragement of this practice, which was declared to be most conducive to spiritual perfection. Mr. Buckingham entered into a lengthened and eloquent vindication of the church in the middle ages, against those aspersions, and pointed to her universal practice in many respects, as an evidence of her real feeling towards the Scriptures. In the earliest ages, translations were made of the Bible into French, Anglo-Saxon, English, Gaelic, Gothic, German, Italian, Bohemian, Arabic, Armenian, and Russian, which were avowedly made for the use and benefit of the laity, as he proved by many authorities. The spiritual teachers urged their flocks to pursue the reading of the Scriptures, as the best guard against temptation and the surest help to virtue. Books of prayer and meditation, consisting of selected extracts from the Bible, appropriate to various circumstances, were composed by the monks for the use of the laity; the gospels were read and explained from the altar in the native language; laymen often gave Bibles to churches and monasteries, and bequeathed copies of the Scriptures to their children; in the monastic libraries, which were open and accessible to all, Bibles were found in abundance, and it was a favorite work of charity to bequeath Bibles to be chained in the churches for the use of the people. In the monastic schools the study of the Scriptures formed a principal feature in the course of education, by kings and nobles the reading of the Bible was pursued with zeal and assiduity; and no means were left unemployed to mark the veneration with which all classes regarded the sacred volume.

We have been compelled to content ourselves with a mere outline of the matters treated of in Mr. Buckingham's lengthened and brilliant lectures. It would be vain to attempt to convey to our readers, in the necessarily circumscribed limits of this report, any of the evidence by which he sustained his various propositions, but it was most abundant, curious, and convincing in its character. In maintaining views so diametrically opposed to the general current of popular opinion, he naturally laboured under the greatest disadvantages, since at every step some deeply rooted prejudice had to be attacked and overturned, but it is due to him to say that throughout the whole discourse, he never, for a moment, departed from the dispassionate and gentlemanly tone of scholar-like courtesy which has characterized his previous lectures. Each position he maintained was supported by the citation of numerous and overwhelming testimonies, and if there were any present who did not fully concur with him in his conclusions, they could not fail to be struck by the new and interesting views which he opened to them of the spiritual condition of our ancestors.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Buckingham will deliver the concluding lecture of this course, in which he proposes to adduce some further testimony with regard to the Bible in the middle ages, after the invention of printing; and to add some observations on the political and social features presented by that period of history. We have never, on any occasion, witnessed, in this city, so large an assembly of scholars, divines, and literati, of all classes and creeds; and we were gratified to see, from the large attendance of the gentler sex, that the beauty and fashion of our city felt an equally lively interest in such topics. As the room was inconveniently crowded on Tuesday next, we would suggest to the eloquent lecturer the propriety of giving his closing lecture in a more capacious building.

TIME WILL END.

Who is the man living that shall not see death? Mortal men dwell in houses of clay; their foundation is in the dust, and they are crushed before the moth." Neither they who trust in wealth, nor the man of poverty, can redeem life from the grave. It is the place appointed for all the living. There the oppressor and the oppressed sleep together. The servant and his master will lie side by side. There the indolent and voluptuous find a couch, and the weary and heavy laden a resting place. Rulers and ruled, lofty and low, exalted and humble, rich and poor, bond and free, holy and vile—all are there. They lie down in the dust alike, and the worm shall cover them. In that war there is no discharge. Age, sex, beauty, wealth, circumstances, entreaty, prayer, piety, or blasphemy, are alike unavailing with him who leads the nations into dust.

AUSTRIA.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

The Times gives the following graphic description of some of the events of the siege by a member of the University of Oxford, who only arrived in Vienna the day before the murder of Count Latour:—

“Vienna, Nov. 9.

“As the regular post, long interrupted, is resumed to day, I am at length able to write you some account of the dreadful scenes which I have witnessed here during the past month. While travelling in Greece in September I caught at Thermopylae a malaria fever, of which I was very nearly dying; and as soon as I recovered was sent to Vienna for change of air, where I arrived just in the time to see the insurrection of the 6th of October, the murder of Count Latour, and the massacre of some of his officers on the altar of the Cathedral, whither they had fled for refuge—deeds as horrid as any perpetrated in the first French revolution. It is now certain that the leaders of the insurgents here were acting in concert with the chiefs of the late revolts at Paris, Frankfurt, and Berlin, and that they had intended, in case they had repulsed the Imperial army, to abolish property, set up the guillotine—in short, establish a *Republique Rouge*, and a Reign of Terror on the French model. Europe at a large cannot be thankful enough that this greatest and, probably, last effort in favour of Communism, has been so signally defeated,—chiefly, as all allow, through the instrumentality of Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, who marched on Vienna contrary to express orders, and when, indeed, he had been attained of high treason, ‘determined,’ as he said in his proclamation, ‘to save the Emperor in spite of himself, or, if it is the will of Heaven that the Austrian monarchy should be dissolved, not to survive its downfall.’ The old generals who recollect Austerlitz, Moscow, and Leipzig are comparing with the most brilliant exploits of Hannibal and Napoleon Jellachich's march across Hungary—a hostile and most difficult country—at a time when the Emperor had repeatedly ordered him to submit to the rebels, and had left his army wholly unprovided for. On that dreadful night of the 31st October, I saw the glorious fellow, a young and magnificent looking man, by the blaze of the burning houses, and the flashing of 200 cannon, lead his wild Croats and Servians to the storm, his tall white plume shining, like Henri Quatre at Ivry, as the pole star of the whole army.—All agree that he is one of those remarkable men who are raised up from time to time to mould the destinies of nations.

“For some days after the 6th of October the insurgents here, like our Long Parliament, waged war against the Emperor in his own name, and preserved tolerable order. But, after the *corps diplomatique*, all the nobility and gentry, and 60,000 of the principal citizens had withdrawn and when Jellachich and Windischgratz had completed the investment of the city, the mask was thrown off, and the terrorism indeed became awful. The university—that is, not the ‘dons,’ but the students, who exercise an influence in Germany which it is hard for an Englishman to understand—guided by some foreign emissaries of revolution, usurped all authority, arming the mob from the spoils of the Imperial arsenal, and forming it into an Academic Legion. They dominated over the Convention, the National Guard, and all moderate men; in short, it was a second conquest of the Presbyterians by the Independents, or of the Girondins by the Montagnards. There were no means of escape; ruffianly press-gangs burst continually into all the hotels and cafes, forcing every one, without exception, at the point of the bayonet and pike to take arms and work at the barricades. You may imagine the exasperation into which we strangers and all respectable Viennese were thrown by such outrages, perpetrated on us in the name of liberty; and what a ‘bore’ it would have been to have got shot, as some foreigners I knew were, whilst forced to fight for so detestable a cause. On October 23d the Imperialists summoned the city to surrender conditionally, and at the expiration of the forty-eight hours' thinking time (*bedenkzeit*) as Jellachich called it, the attack began most punctually on the insurgent outposts. From three o'clock p.m. on the 25th, until the evening of the 31st, the fighting continued, with little intermission by day, while at night the heavens were all in a blaze with the glare of burning houses. 200,000 men were, in all, employed on both sides—a far greater number than fought at Waterloo; but the loss

does not much exceed 2,000, as both parties were so much under cover. The grand attack on the suburbs (from which the city, properly so called, is separated by a broad glacis and regular ramparts) began at ten a.m. on Saturday, the 28th, and after eight hours' tremendous fighting left the Imperialists in possession of the Belvedere Palace, which commands the city to the east, and of the Leopoldstadt, the Southwark of Vienna. On Sunday morning, the 29th my friend H— and I managed to escape from one of the advanced barricades, whither we had been pressed, into the Leopoldstadt, where we were most kindly received by the troops, both officers and men, to whom we were able to give valuable information as to the real state and disposition of the rebel forces. There the devastation is dreadful. The Jagerzeile, the beautiful street leading to the Prater, had been the scene of the hardest fighting of all, as it had been fortified by a succession of barricades, built up to the first floor windows in a half-moon shape, with regular embrasures, and planted with cannon. This was strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses, but they, and the pools of blood all about, did not strike us so much as the horrid smell of roast flesh, arising from the half-burnt bodies of rebels killed in the houses fired by congreve rockets, which we saw used by the troops with terrible effect. Half of the houses in this beautiful suburb are thus burnt down, while the other half are riddled with shell and shot. On every side you may see weeping wives, sisters, and daughters, picking literally piecemeal out of the ruins the half-consumed bodies of their relatives.

On Sunday evening the city, dreading a bombardment from the Belvedere, agreed to surrender but the capitulation was shamefully violated, when early the next morning the approach of the Hungarians to raise the siege was signalled from the tower of the cathedral. Then came the real crisis; most of the troops and guns were removed from the Leopoldstadt to meet the enemy in the rear, while the remainder set to work to barricade the bridge which connects the suburb with the city, so as to prevent a *sortie*—H— and I, and some other foreigners, dreadfully exasperated by the treatment we had met with from the rebels, and excited by the ‘pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,’ offered the General our services, which, as men were scarce, were thankfully accepted, and setting to work in good earnest under the direction of the engineer officers, we soon erected—soldiers and civilians working together—a strong breastplate of paving stones—[N.B. Macadamising the streets of the continental cities would effectually prevent revolutions]—from which the six cannon left us swept the bridge with such a murderous fire of grape that a sally became impossible.

“Of course we were fired on continually from the ramparts, and I for the first time literally tasted blood, which was dashed over my face and clothes when a round shot carried off the head of an artilleryman by my side. All this time the roar of cannon, the whizzing of rockets, and the roll of musketry in our rear, told us that the Hungarian army had joined battle, while in our front, from all the ramparts, tops of houses and churches, the rebels were firing signal guns, and waving flags to cheer them on. It was a clear, sunshiny, autumn day, and all felt that there were trembling in the balance, not only the fate of the grand old Austrian Empire—‘An *Siegen* und an *Ehrenreich*,’ the monarchy of Charles V. and Maria Theresa, and so long the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks—but with it the peace and safety of Europe. At length the firing behind us gradually slackened, and then died away, and towards sunset the victorious Imperialists marched back from the field of battle, having utterly routed the Hungarians and driven 3,000 of them into the Danube, which will roll their bodies down to Perih—a fearful tidings of their defeat. You may fancy what cheers now arose from the Imperialists, and what yells of despair from the rebels, whose offers of a conditional surrender were now scornfully rejected. That night and the following morning (Tuesday 31st) were devoted to the needful repose of the troops, wearied by the incessant fighting of the past week; but at 3 p.m. a tremendous bombardment of shells and rockets was opened from the Belvedere Gardens, and as soon as it got dark Jellachich stormed the ramparts, the troops getting into the City just in time to prevent a general plundering and massacre by the armed mob of all the respectable citizens, and to save the unvalued collection of art and literature in the Imperial Palace, to which

rebels had set fire in their impotent rage and spite. The adjoining church, however, where the hearts of the long line of Austrian Emperors are interred, and which was rich in splendid monuments, has been burnt to the ground. So were the tombs of the French Kings St Denis rifled by the revolutionary mob.

The morning after the storm we marched into the city with the victorious troops; pretty figures, indeed, after even our four days' campaigning, as of course we had escaped on Sunday with nothing but the clothes we wore—now torn and disfigured with blood and dirt. Martial law is of course proclaimed, and the leaders of the revolt are being shot in batches as they are caught. We have seen the execution of several of the chief students, who had rather ‘fraternised’ with us as English University-men on our first arrival, but who latterly had become too great men to condescend to notice or protect us from outrage; so we feel no pity for them.—The great body of students who have borne arms are to be forced to serve as common soldiers among the savage Croats, Jellachich daily remarking, in yesterday's proclamation, that ‘as they had been pleased to play at soldiers without being called on, they should now have an opportunity of exercising the profession in a legitimate way.’ Tranquility and confidence are already bestowed, and thousands of the fugitive families are daily returning. But it must be long before Vienna can become what it once was—the very headquarters of pleasure and amusement; indeed, in constitutional countries (and a constitution has been granted to Austria), where men have something more serious to attend to, there can probably never exist the light-hearted gaiety for which the Austrians were once so distinguished.

MARCH OF STARVATION, CASTLEBAR.—The condition of Castlebar, from starving beggars, is truly horrible. The streets are constantly rendered almost impassable by stoals of human skeletons, in a state we aver, of nudity, importuning the inhabitants for food. To see those creatures of God's creation picking up the filthy entrails of fish, turnip ends, &c., out of the filthy sewers, and devouring them with as much zeal as if they had undergone the process of cooking, is indeed shocking. Out-door relief, we may say, there is none, and in-door assistance cannot be afforded, the Vice Guardians finding it difficult to provide sustenance for the poor already in the house, the number of whom far exceeds that for which the establishment was originally built; the sheds recently erected are also filled.

ADDERGOOLE.—In the Poor-Law division of Addergoole the condition of the starving population is, we learn, awful. Thousands of human beings may be seen prowling about the hamlets and fields, devouring decayed potato peels and green herbs. Applications are daily made to the Vice-Guardians for relief, which those officials cannot afford for want of money; and we very much dread they will find it difficult to get money, if left dependent to the rates.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY AND THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.—A long correspondence (for which we have not room this week) has taken place between the Roman Catholic Clergy of Granard union and the Poor Law Commissioners on the subject of the report made by Captain Long, in which he charged the Clergy of the Granard union with exciting their flock from the altar to tumult and sedition. The result has been that Captain Long at last stated that he did not intend to substantiate the charges; and when further pressed, wrote a letter of apology stating his regret at having made such a charge, as he had since learned it was untrue.

OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.—The public profanation of this day, which shocks the traveller in France especially, has awakened the zeal of the Pious Bishop of Langres, who has formed an Association to promote its due observance. Leaving to others to combat the sophistry of some persons, who contend that the legal enforcement of it would be a violation of the liberty of worship guaranteed by the charter, he has enlisted a large number of devout Catholics in an effort to correct this lamentable neglect of divine worship, as also to atone for the horrid sin of Blasphemy. He has sought and obtained the sanction of the Pope, who has graciously directed his own name to be inscribed as a member of the Association. This is worthy of Jus-

Doctry.

ON AN INFANT DAUGHTER'S FIRST WALKING.

He! a naughty little elf!
O'er thy adventurous self!
Fairly off! O, fair betide thee!
With no thing beside thee;
Not a leading string to guide thee,
Nor a chair to creep or crawl by;
Nor a cushioned stool to fall by;
Not a finger tip to catch at;
Not a sleeve or skirt to snatch at;
Fairly off at length to sea,
Full twelve inches (can it be
Really, truly!) from the lee
Of mamma's protecting knee!

Fair and softly—soft and fairly—
Little bark, thou sail'st it rarely,
In thy new born power and pride,
O'er the carpet's live tide,
Lurching through from side to side,
Ever and anon, and heaving
Like a tipsy chorub reeling,
(If e'en cherub saucy gipsy!
Smile like thee, or e'er get tipsy!)
Even as though you dancing mote
In the sunny air afloat,
Or the merest breath that met thee,
Might suffice to overset thee!

Helm-a-weather! steady, steady—
Nay, the danger's past already;
Thou, with gentle course untroubled,
Table-Cape full well hast doubled,
Sofa-Point hast shut ahead
Safe by Footstool Island sped,
And art steering, well and truly
On for Closet-Harbor duly!

Anchor now, or turn in time,
E'er within the torrid clime,
Which the tropic fender bounds,
And with brazen zone surrounds.
Turn then, weary little vessel,
Nor with further perils wrestle;
Turn thee to refit awhile
In a sweetly sheltering smile
Of thine own Maternal Isle—
In the haven of dear rest
Proffered by the doating brass,
And the ever ready knee
Of a mother true to thee,
As the best of mothers be!

Nay, adventurous little ship!
If thine anchor's still a trip,
And, instead of port, you choose
Such another toilsome cruise,
Whereso'er the whim may lead thee,
On! my treasure! and God speed thee,
Hackneyed as perchance they be,
Solemn words are these to me,
Nor from an irreverent lip
Heedlessly or lightly slip;
Even He, whose name I take
Thus, my dear one, for thy sake,
In this seeming idle strain,
Knows I take it not 'in vain,'
But, as in a parent's prayer,
Unto Him to bless and spare.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

We hear much of the evil wrought in Society, but little of the good that is silently at work to counteract it. We are as prone now as were our fathers in olden times, to

"Write men's faults on scrolls of brass,
Their virtues in the sand."

And of this we were reminded by a little incident which occurred in our own city the past week, an incident which probably would never have been made public save by accident, while had the reverse been the case, every newspaper would have held up the picture of dishonesty and depravity.

A merchant of this city who had been somewhat delayed by his own payments, was going up Chesnut street in much haste to take up a note which had fallen due at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. Standing on or near the steps of the United States Hotel, were two "gentlemen of leisure," who, as he came up, seemed just to have discovered some object lying upon the pavement. Glancing before him he saw, and as quickly caught up, a roll of bank notes, while those behind him congratulated him in no very elegant terms upon his "luck."—The roll contained some \$860, and the gentleman thinking it quite as safe in his hands as that the original owners, entered the bank, settled

his own account, and as he did so the thought flashed across him, that the notes had been intended for similar payment, and the flour of three was fast approaching

Quick as thought he applied to the teller, but there was no note of that amount due. Still pursued with the idea that the credit of some house might be endangered by the loss, he looked once more over the waif. The notes were all from the Bank of the Northern Liberties, in Vine street, below Third. No time was lost ere he had presented himself at its counter.

"Has a check been drawn here this morning for \$860?" said he.

"Yes, several hours since," was the reply.

"Who gave the check?"

The name of a firm in Third street was returned. They were industrious mechanics with a small capital. There was more reason than ever for haste. Had it been a large or wealthy house their credit might not have been so easily shaken.

Fairly breathless, our friend entered the store. Its owner received him with some surprise, more particularly when he hurriedly asked "Have you a note to pay to-day?" naming the sum which he held, begging at the same time to be excused for so abrupt and singular an inquiry, coming from an entire stranger.

"One of that amount fell due at the Bank of North America," was the reply, "but was paid several hours ago; at least I sent my brother for the purpose."

There was not a moment to be lost; the Bank would be closed, perhaps, ere they reached it.—Without waiting for explanation, he hurried the astonished man down Third street, and entering the Bank, called for the note. There were some odd cents more than the money he held, and paying the trifling sum from his own purse, he narrowly saved a protest. The thanks of the man he had thus relieved must be imagined. He insisted that the merchant should walk back with him, and await the arrival of the brother who had so carelessly imperilled the firm; for as he explained to his benefactor, the sum had been the saving of many months for this one object, and had it fallen into dishonest hands could not have been replaced.

The young man came in not long after with a face pale as the dead, and confirmed the loss.—He could offer no excuse: he felt the extent of the mischief which he supposed had been wrought, and despair had now taken the place of hope, for he knew the hour of three had passed. He had been searching since the moment he had discovered the loss, not daring to return. Once more the merchant was doubly rewarded for his trouble, as he saw the glow of thankfulness light up that anxious face as the explanation was given.

"But, young air," said he, "I found the money where you had no call. You drew the money in Vine, below Third, and you should have gone directly down Third to Chesnut and made your payment. How happened it that I found the notes in Chesnut, above Fourth street?"

The trembling confession was made: "It was only ten," he said, and he had looked in to see a friend working in some establishment just above there. After passing an hour or so in chat, he bethought him of his errand, and was on his way down Chesnut street. After a mild rebuke, the merchant left the brothers to talk over their narrow escape, and began to think for the first time that it was past his dinner hour.

We make no apology for occupying so large a space in our "chit-chat," in the above relation. There are many who would have made restitution of the notes as soon as their ownership had been proved—some, indeed, might have made exertions for the discovery, but most would have waited for the next morning's "Ledger" advertisement of "Lost," and would not have dreamed of so closely linking a chain of evidence, and so promptly repairing mischief, that another's carelessness had wrought. And cannot our young men, who are trusted to make deposits, take heed by this fearful trial? It is not a single instance where families have been brought to the verge of ruin by similar losses.—*Cath. Herald.*

THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGES—LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

To the Very Rev. and Rev. the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese of Tuam.
Rome, Feast of St. Calixtus, 1848.
Dear and Venerable Brethren—We lost, no

time in transmitting the two accompanying documents, which will not fail, amidst all your afflictions, to cheer you with the consolations of religion. They evince the tender and unceasing solicitude of the Apostolic See for the spiritual interests of its faithful children in Ireland. One worthy of that see, 'the mother and mistress of all churches,' 'which heresy never tainted,' guards the pure and sensitive faith of the Catholic youth against the corrupting mixture of error. The other, equally illustrative of the charity of the same Roman Church, which even in the time of St. Paul was 'spoken of over the whole world,' breathes the compassion of a tender mother for the suffering poor, and dispenses the richest treasures of the Church to all who will mercifully contribute towards their alleviation.

During the last disastrous season of distress and famine, the good Holy Father, whose heart was moved by the cries of his children, awakened the sympathy of the Christian world in their behalf; and though his resources were but limited, encouraged the charity of others by the generous and noble example of his own. Now, when the same awful scourge threatens to be still more destructive, and when the enemy of mankind strives to steel the hearts of all against compassion for their sufferings, or to convert the famine into a huge engine of seduction, the Holy Father again comes to their aid, dispenses those spiritual treasures with which he is entrusted, and, by appealing to their hopes of eternal bliss, will secure the lives as well as the faith of the people.

Far more fruitful in works of charity will such appeals to the Faith of the wealthy be found than those recent institutions which, after grinding the poor, and crushing the rich down to their level, are now, we understand, turned into so many citadels to war against the spiritual jurisdiction of the ordinary of the diocese. You will understand our allusion to the recent insolent attempts made in our absence by officials who seem not to know the extent of their own power, but who, in the spirit of the proud man of Syria, would appear not to be content until they usurped the rights of the sanctuary. They shall not prevail against our spiritual jurisdiction or the faith of the people. Should they persevere, like the charter schools of Ireland, and so many other elaborate contrivances of persecution, under the specious name of charity, their existence will soon become a tale.

This recent attempt on the part of those highly-pensioned ministers of compulsory charity to interfere with our spiritual rights and duties gives you all a seasonable forewarning of what would be the fate of the Catholic people and Clergy of Ireland, if, through the use of a similar pension, the former, like those Commissioners, were to be the pensioners of the Crown, at once the slaves of the Ministers, and, perhaps, not unlike these functionaries, some the insolent oppressors of those who would resist the encroachments on the freedom and purity of our holy religion.

But we will not afflict your joy at those glad tidings by any such gloomy anticipations of a hireling and stipendiary Priesthood. It will not be permitted to any persons to enter into conventions with the enemies of our Faith, and to ascertain the price at which they may be permitted to betray into the hands of those who would bind and make a mockery of her the ever-faithful Church of Ireland. As for our parts, our course is determined, our resolves are fixed. We are determined not to be seen to rise in worldly prosperity whilst the nation is sinking, or to insult, by the offensive parade of wealth and splendour, the starvation of an oppressed people. The land on which the holy unction has been poured to be lifted up in prayer for the Faithful, shall never be soiled with a bribe proffered for the betrayal of their Faith and of our own. No; it may be said of the longest-lived that the days of their pilgrimage in this land are few. We shall not, then, on this dark eve of the rising splendour of our holy religion, fall into any act of despondence. And yet it would be a grievous and fatal act of despondence to think for a moment of accepting such a poisonous boon, on account of the suffering and poverty of the people. 'Faith fears not starvation,' says St. Jerome. The Holy and Illustrious Pontiff, whose Feast we celebrate this day suffered from famine, too. Before his career was crowned with martyrdom.—Besides, this year of suffering will soon pass away, and will be seen succeeded by more cheering seasons. In the mean time we shall joyfully,

like the Baptist, be content with such humble food and raiment as the Desert of our country can supply, rather than forego the duty of rebuking cruelty and profligacy in the high places, which are poured down like water, and bringing on the land the wrath and vengeance of Heaven.

And in the discharge of those duties of admonishing, with the freedom and the mildness of the Gospel, the high and the lowly, we will be giving not only to God what belongs to God, but also to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar. We will thus be the more efficient promoters of order and the public tranquility. This truth is now attested by the deplorable state of the country.—Whilst battalions of armed men, and a corresponding force of other functionaries could not preserve the public peace but at the dreadful sacrifice of the lives of the people, this task of peace has, in the midst of the most terrible temptations to disorder, been performed by your poor, unpensioned, and faithful Pastors, who, though the victims of all sorts of slander, retort not when they are reviled, but courageously braving the calumnies of oppressors on the one hand, and the discontent of some of the deluded people on the other, perform those duties which they owe to their religion and their God, and rescue a misguided and maddened population from the frightful horrors of anarchy, into which the guilty rashness of some few was nigh plunging them. Those were men who unfortunately forsook the councils of peace, and who were cheered on in their foolish career by every enemy of Ireland, in order that by their excesses they might bring discredit upon those legitimate and hallowed efforts for the safety of our Faith and nation which won for the late illustrious G'Connell an imperishable fame as the benefactor of his country. Had the Catholic Clergy been the salaried servants of an anti-Catholic Minister, their hold on the affections of the people would have been lost; the people, frenzied by despair, would have rushed on their fate; and thus our country and our religion would have been exposed to ruin.—While we must, as ministers of the God of Peace, condemn such criminal acts, we cannot but lament that some were the dupes of designing men; nor can we forget that in the very process of punishing them our Holy Religion is insulted and reviled, and Catholics branded still with the stigma that even on their oath they are undeserving of credit. It is an abuse of confidence to think that men who thus insult our religion could mean well in pensioning its pastors.

You will not, I trust, be wanting in gratitude to our good and great Pontiff, the Ninth Pius, nor fail, according to your means, to co-operate in seconding his exhortations towards the establishment of a Catholic University. To this important subject we have but time merely to make allusion. In reference to the subject of the condemned Colleges—condemned as full of "grievous and intrinsic dangers," you will rejoice without any feeling of an ungenerous kind mingling with your joy. It is not the triumph of any party. God forbid! The Church of God knows not the spirit of party-ship. It is the triumph of Truth over Error—the triumph of Faith over the Powers of the world—the triumph of Christ over his enemies, who are labouring to sever the members from the Head—his representative on earth—and again to sever those members themselves of the One Mystical Body from each other: but they shall not succeed. Neither now, nor at any other time however lowering the prospect, shall the enemy prevail against the Irish faithful portion of the Catholic Church. We shall not forget to keep the most powerful bond of unity by having recourse, in our doubts and difficulties, to that "See from which sacerdotal unity is derived."

In the hope of soon seeing you, and contributing to lighten your afflictions by sharing in their burden, we conclude this letter with the prayer of the Apostle, "That God may make you abound in charity towards one another, and towards all men, as we do also towards you—to confirm your hearts without blame in holiness before God and our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

Births

December 6—Mrs Scott, of a daughter.
10—Mrs Phelan, of a son.
14—Mrs O'Brien, of a son.
14—Mrs Rivals, of a daughter.