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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 in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—St. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who 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 *De Prescrip.* c. 20.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whatsoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."—St. Cyprian *Ep.* 43 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme head 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 thou alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, *Cat.* xi. 1.

Calendar.

- Dec. 23—Sunday—IV Sunday of Advent.
- " 24—Monday—(Fast) Vigil of Nat of Our Lord J C
- " 25—Tuesday—Nat of our Lord J C doub 1 cl with oct
- " 26—Wednesday—St. Stephen, first Martyr, doub 2 class with oct
- " 27—Thursday—St John Apos & Evan doub 2 class with oct
- " 28—Friday—Holy Innocents Mm doub 2 class with oct
- " 29—Saturday—St Thomas of Canterbury BM doub by a recent decree.

INSULTS OFFERED IN GUERNSEY TO THE CATHOLIC DEAD.

From the Tablet.

Rather more than a year ago, we felt it our duty to call public attention to acts of extreme cruelty exercised by certain Protestants in Guernsey on a dying Catholic, whose sex and whose utter helplessness might have protected her against any ordinary tormentors. But the persons and others in whose power this dying woman, in consequence of her poverty, unhappily fell, had the fiendish cruelty to close the gates of the hospital against the friends who desired to soothe her last moments; and they beset her dying bed with Exeter-Hall arguments in the vain hope of wearying her out and making her apostatise when just within reached of her crown. But she remained steadfast to the last; those holy unseen companions, the angels and saints who hovered around her, were more mighty than the ministers of heresy. For the short time that the ears of that Catholic Christian were troubled with the clamour and disorder of false tongues, she now listens to the sweet, eternal music of heaven, and only remembers those who troubled her death-bed, to pray that they may be pardoned, and no longer wander about, barking at the sheep of the True Fold.

The people of Guernsey, or rather their Ministers, seem resolved to keep up the character they earned by the acts of cruelty, which we have adverted, and they have shown this by a late proceeding of still greater stupidity, if not of barbarity. The event alluded to was recorded at some length by a correspondent in last week's TABLET, but we need no apology for giving a connected summary of it in this part of our paper, and for offering afterwards such remarks as may suggest themselves.

On Friday November 16th, a French vessel, the *Epe*, Captain Mehuet, bound from Cherbourg to Havre, was wrecked on the west coast of

Guernsey, on the shore of Vazon Bay. With the exception of one man, all on board perished, to the number of thirteen, and among these were a Belgian lady named Madame Du Jardin and her two children. The survivor stated to the Rev. Eugene Connaty, Catholic Priest of Guernsey, that all the deceased were Catholics, and consequently the Priest recommended them to the prayers of the Faithful, and made preparation for their Christian interment. Behold the unity of the Faith! These Catholics were washed by the waves on the rocky and desert shore of a heretic country; but although utterly unknown, their brethren in the Faith did not neglect to pray for their souls, as if they had lived from childhood among them, and all pious care was taken that the offices of the Church should be said over their remains. More could not have been done had the mothers of the dead been there to see that due honour was paid to those whom, living, they had loved so dearly. But the fate of these strangers, wrecked on a foreign coast, naturally touched the hearts not only of the Catholics in the island, but of all persons who had the common sentiments of humanity. The funeral was fixed for the Sunday (Nov. 18th), and a great concourse of people assembled to shew respect to the dead, to give them reverentially that only hospitality which the dead can ask for, or receive. "The English, Irish, French, and Guernsese men generously contended to bear the bodies to the grave." The laws of the island required the bodies of those shipwrecked to be buried in the parish on the coasts of which they are found. Vazon Bay is in the parish of St. Mary de Castro, and accordingly to the churchyard of that parish, commonly called the Catel, the procession set out. It must have been a very touching and beautiful sight, on that wild desolate shore, where the ill-fated ship had struck, to behold coffin after coffin, borne in solemn procession, the Priest of a foreign country, but of the same religion, heading the long line of mourners, to render to the departed the last rites of the Catholic Religion. As we have said, the people did what they could, and humble as many of these unfortunate dead might have been, the French, English, and Belgian flags waved in honour over their remains.

So far all was well. Outside the gate of the churchyard, the Catholic Priest read the Office appointed by

the Church. The parson, who, favoured by the law, holds in his possession the desecrated shrine of St. Mary de Castro, would not suffer the Catholic service to be read in "his" churchyard. With this insult the Catholics would easily have put up. So long as the dead were buried like Christians, as they were, with the ancient Office of the Catholic Church read over them, like their ancestors from the days of St. Denys down to St. Louis, from St. Louis down to the martyred Archbishop of Paris, it matters very little indeed whether a Rev. Mr. Maingy chose to shut a gate in the face of a Catholic Priest, or whether he chose to open it. All that was a matter of courtesy.

However, no sooner was the Catholic service concluded, than this Reverend James Maingy, who represents the State-Church in the parish of St. Mary de Castro, had the audacity to come forward and insist that the Catholic dead—yes, the children of Our Holy Mother the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman—should be taken into His State-Church conventicle, that he might read his Protestant prayers over them! Catholic reader! is it not enough to strike you dumb?

It was not to be supposed that the Catholics who had accompanied the procession could stand this. The deepest feelings were outraged at the very notion of such profanation. They rushed forward (they would have been cowards had they not done so), seized the coffin which the Protestants had laid hold of, and attempted to lower it into the grave. A violent scuffle ensued between the Protestants, the constables, and the Catholics; and for all the pain, the shame, the passionate disgust which such a scene must have created in the minds of all persons of common sense and decency, the Rev'd. Mr. Maingy is responsible. To reason with so silly a man as he evidently is, would have been useless: the Catholics had no alternative but to use force to save the bodies of the dead from insult. They succeeded in removing one coffin from the churchyard. Meanwhile, the parson and his myrmidons had got the rest into the church, and there he read over them, with what satisfaction is best known to himself, the Protestant service. The whole affair, which had commenced at three o'clock, was not over till six. The Catholics then interred, amidst a driving rain of a November night, the coffin they had removed—which was

that of the captain. Mr. Maingy perhaps did not like the turn things were taking; at all events, a night's rest sobered the Rev. gentleman's zeal for giving Catholics Protestant burial, for next day (the 20th), when another of the shipwrecked sailors was buried, he did not venture to face the party of determined men who accompanied the funeral procession. In fact, so deeply irritated were the French and Irish Catholics in the island, that on the following day—when the last corpse was to be interred—the military authorities actually held an extraordinary parade at the depot (Fort George), to hinder the Catholic soldiers from being present at the funeral. Parson Maingy by this time was of course conscious of his false position, and the funeral passed off like any other Catholic funeral.

THE LATE DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

Some of our contemporaries have been pleased to observe that the Catholics of this kingdom did not respect the Royal proclamation, by which a day of general thanksgiving was kept. It was made a matter of complaint, that we should treat with apparent disrespect the commandments of the Privy Council in relation to a subject which we deny to be within their jurisdiction to meddle with. On the whole we were gratified to learn that we were not employed in the same public ceremony and at the same time with the heretics among whom we live. It was objected to us that we alone were disobedient to the civil power, when Anglicans and Baptists, Jews and Methodists, agreed together to render homage to those injunctions which we hold it to be a sin to respect.

The learned correspondent of the *Times* went, it seems, to St. George's where every Thursday evening is given the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Lest the concourse of the Faithful there should appear to the worthy gentleman to be gathered together in obedience to the Queen's precept, care was taken that the sermon should prove the means of dissipating so pleasant an illusion, but he departed nevertheless in the full persuasion that Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock in the evening. Such is the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and such is an individual's knowledge of a whole system which he denounces and rejects.

Dr. Shute Barrington, the Protestant Bishop of Durham, has gained

stating in the House of Commons if the Reformation was establishing, it must be worth preserving. The apparent epigrammatic form of the expression has preserved it from oblivion, for it has no meaning, because many things are worth establishing, which cannot be worth preserving. However, we let that pass and accept the dictum for what it is worth; and say that if it was worth our while to disobey Elizabeth it must be worth our while to continue of the same mind. It would be folly in us, now that the fight is nearly over and the battle won, to fall down before the supremacy of the State, and yield obedience in things spiritual to the commandment of the temporal sovereign.

We are not the less loyal, nor the less willing subjects, because we prefer the authority of the Pope in matters relating to Divine worship to the authority of the Privy Council, whose members may be of any religion—or of none. It is not a question of loyalty at all, or of respect or obedience to the Queen, but one of duty towards God, which even heretics must allow ought to have the pre-eminence among the many obligations by which one man is bound to another. He who should expect us to give obedience to such Royal proclamation as the recent one ought, if consistent with himself, to expect us also to go to the heretical places where the heretical rites are observed. We dare not enter into these for the purpose of joining in devotions practised there, and it is but reasonable that we should likewise avoid the scandal which must inevitably arise if we combine with heretics to observe certain extraordinary solemnities, which do not bind us otherwise than through concurrence and agreement with the commandment of the civil power, by which they become of general observance.

Though we took no part with heresy on Thursday week, yet we do acknowledge the great goodness of Almighty God in withdrawing from us the deadly scourge which had fallen so heavily upon us. We had already begun our thanksgiving, and we are now about to complete in a more solemn form the outward expression of our thankfulness. Not because our Privy Council commands, begs, or desires it, but in obedience to his voice who presents to us in this district the more solemn authority of the Successor of St. Peter. With him neither Queen nor Council may interfere in those affairs which concern religion, and as he had not ordered us to keep the Thursday set apart for the rest of our fellow-subjects, we were under no obligation to keep it. That was no holiday to us, and did not require from us any peculiar observance any more than the day that followed it or the day by which it was preceded.

We certainly beg to thank our censors for calling public attention to our neglect of the day of Thanksgiving. They have shewn how ready the public mind is to forge fetters for us, inviting us at first to similarity of observances, in order to compel us to uniformity. Let the Queen's commands be but once obeyed, and we may in all probability find honourable mention of us in the subsequent proclamation. There is analogous precedent for it to be found in Scotland. There the Presbyterians are "exhorted" as the Established religion, and together with them are invited the members of "the Episcopal persuasion."—*Tablet.*

THE POPE'S RETURN.—The Roman correspondent of the *Times* gives the following translation of the late petition of Prince Odescalchi and the deputies of the municipality to solicit the Pope's return:—

"Most Holy Father—Three months have elapsed, Most Holy Father, since we, at your most saintly feet, humbly and respectfully presented, in the name of Rome, the sentiments of sincere joy which that city experienced in seeing you replaced by means of the victorious French army, and of those of the magnanimous allied Princes, on the august throne of

your glorious predecessors; and in seeing in your holy person the supreme Vicar of Christ, and the infallible centre of our holy religion, returned to the seat of Christianity. We then express to you, Most Holy Father, our lively desires that the city nourished the hope that your august presence would speedily dry up those tears which it had shed profusely over the calamities caused to it by the despotic government of men entirely forgetful of every principle of honour, honesty, and justice. But without effect, since it sees months and days succeed each other without being able to hail the auspicious moment of your return. Rome, Most Holy Father, by means of us recalls you to her bosom, and asks aloud for you as her only consoler, as the sole means of repairing those disasters and those misfortunes which from every side cruelly torment and dreadfully oppress her. Think, Most Holy Father, that unhappy Rome extends to you her affectionate arms, and shews uncovered the wounds which have been inflicted on her by those who, whilst they raised a cry in the name of liberty, heedlessly trampled upon her, and sucked from her the vital blood, even to the last drop. Rome, Most Holy Father, can no longer live without its supreme chief, without its legitimate sovereign. Every order and every condition of citizen in the Eternal City are in sorrow and in sickness, because their commerce is deranged, arts neglected, and all sorts of industry unoccupied; and your abandoned children are in the extremest want, without any person being able to give them help or comfort. We, Most Holy Father, are certain that in hearing statements so true and so afflicting, your paternal heart will no longer be able to resist those bonds of affection which invite you to Rome, and that without further delay you will come to that city on which you have ever bestowed the most ample benevolence; and we, Most Holy Father, will not rise from your feet until you console us by granting that favour which we ask in the name of Rome, and commission us to be the harbingers to our fellow-citizens of the news of your long-wished-for return."

The *Gazette*, which gives this address, adds that though the Pope spoke to the deputation in the most affecting manner, he admitted that he could hold out no hopes to them of his immediate return. On the other hand, letters of the 10th inst. received at Paris from Rome announce as certain the Pope's speedy arrival at Rome. In the Consistory, held on the 15th inst., the Cardinals had received orders to prepare for their departure. These letters also state, that so far from retarding his Holiness, the late occurrences in Paris would, if anything, hasten his return to his capital.

M. de Courcelles was expected at Portici to regulate his return.

La Patrie in like manner mentions that the Pope has announced his intention to return to Rome on the 28th. He proposes to return by land, and he will stop at Terracina and Velletri, where General Cordova is to assemble 2,000 men, to be reviewed by the Holy Father, previous to their being embarked for Spain.

PEACE AND UNITY.

It is indeed a bad and ill constituted mind that delights in contest. Peace is one of the greatest of blessings. Among nations it is sought for by the wise and its possession is a theme of congratulation. In society and in family it is indispensable to real enjoyment.

BEATI PACIFICI—Blessed are the peacemakers.—But St. Thomas tells us that every kind of tranquillity is not peace, but only the tranquillity that arises from good order. The nation that purchases tranquillity at the price of its rights—the society or the family that permits crime to go unrevenged, because of the disturbance that its repression may occasion—deserves not the name of peaceful. So in individuals, what a number of errorists there are who object to reflection upon their religious principles, or the authority on which they profess to believe, for fear that the "peace" of their minds may be destroyed.

When Jesus Christ left peace as an inheritance to His disciples, He stipulated expressly that He gave peace not as the world gives it, not worldly peace—On the contrary, He warned His followers that in the world they should have tribulation. Christian peace supposes, therefore, conflicts and troubles with the world. Exterior calm is no part of its prerogative, but rather an evidence of its loss. It is a spiritual possession, and its empire, in this life, is within.

If the Catholic Church peace is to be found only in unity of the flock, and this unity is the communion of the Episcopate. From the days of Simon Magus down, there have never been wanting a certain number of men in the Catholic Church, with less or more of her spirit and of her gifts who prostitute the graces they have received to the cause of disorder. Sooner or later such workers are found to separate themselves from the fellowship of the Apostles, and henceforth to pursue their private ends by ways utterly crooked and perverse. Secret disloyalty to authority, and unfaithfulness to obligations go ever first; but little by little these pronounce themselves in unambiguous acts, and the authorities of the Church, local or supreme, are forced to notice the irregularities. Meantime pride, long fostered, cannot brook the required correction, and hidden error becomes open schism or heresy.

What then becomes the duty of whatever is noble or sincere on the side of the condemned? Here is the difficulty that in continual instances through all ages of the Church has been the test and the occasion of fall to many. One of the Saints and early fathers of the Church furnishes the only true reply: Obey your Bishops. Let my soul answer for his who cleaves fast to the Episcopate. "This Episcopate has its head at Rome, and its branches in every quarter of the globe. As the ultimate decision of this Episcopate is the test of truth, and submission to it the test of standing or falling to every member of the Catholic Church, so to watch its steps and regulate his conduct by its wishes is the path of security beforehand for every man."—*New York Freeman.*

PIUS IX.

In the early part of November, 1848, a deputation from a distant part of the Papal states reached Rome, and immediately applied for an audience of the Holy Father. They were the representatives of a commune not far distant from Ascoli, situated on the frontier of Naples, on the slopes of the Appenines. As almost invariably in such cases, which I may add were of no uncommon occurrence under the paternal government of the Popes, the cure of the parish, the village physician, and two of the wealthiest landlords, represented the deputation. The object of their mission was to expose to the sovereign the necessitous state of the district in which they lived, which was threatened with a prospect of absolute want when the winter season should have set in with rigour. The crop of Indian corn which constituted the staple food of the people had completely failed in consequence of the previous dry summer.

Pius the Ninth received these good people with all that kindness and urbanity for which he is so well known, and having heard from their own lips a plain statement of the poverty of their district, he at once wrote an order on the treasury for a sum of 3,000 Roman crowns excusing the smallness of the sum on the plea of the critical state of the finances. It may be conceived how heartfelt were the acknowledgments of the deputations for this generous succour. The order is at once presented at the treasury; but to the dismay of the bearers payment is promptly refused. A second application is instantly made to his Holiness, who being informed of the circumstance of the refusal of payment by the treasury, expressed his astonishment, and instantly sends for M. Rossi, who, in addition to the post of prime minister, then occupied temporarily, that of minister of the finances. On M. Rossi's appearance, his Holiness eagerly demands an explanation of this strange occurrence. The minister's answer was laconic. "Holy Father, the exchequer is absolutely empty, the government is penniless." Pius the Ninth, with a sweet smile, immediately rejoined:—"But these poor people are in great want. Let them have this trifling sum!"—*dopo tutto si remediava.* Later we shall set all to rights. "But, Holy Father," said M. Rossi, "you forget the statute you have granted." According to its provisions you cease to exercise a control over the revenues of the state. The chambers, when they meet, must first vote a sum, and I am accountable to them." The Pope remonstrated, urging his entire igno-

rance that the provisions of the constitution could interfere with even so trifling an act of benevolence. But M. Rossi, as a good constitutional minister, remained firm, and to the deep mortification of his Holiness, the members of the deputation were obliged to return to their native mountains with the only succour which the scanty private purse of the Holy Father could afford them.

Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 7.

GENTLEMEN,

For fear that, from these accounts of big chapels and blazing vestments, you should imagine that the priests of New-Brunswick have haply nothing to do but sing sweet Gregorian and pronounce well-tuned periods to crowded congregations, I shall beg leave most respectfully to undeceive you. Don't begin to fancy any such thing. We have lots of data appraising us that harder work for priests than is here is not to be found between the yellow sea and cold Kamschtaka. One half the world does not know how the other half lives. That's a saying true as sunlight.

"Ye gentlemen of England!

That live at home, at ease,"

How little do ye know what 'tis

To fast, and faint, and freeze.

Excuse these last two lines; they are a deviation from the poet's words, but still we use them as being very applicable to our case. Fasting, and fainting, and freezing, are three murdering words, yet fasting, and fainting, and freezing are well known to the priests of New-Brunswick. We know of gentlemen of the sacerdotal strain who have to fast till one o'clock every day for a whole week at a stretch. These persons happen to have missions of one hundred miles in circumference, consequently they are constantly on their rounds. When they make appearance in some of the remote districts, the people of course come flocking to them for the purpose of preparing for communion. Before mass they keep coming, coming, coming, until at last they bring eleven o'clock with them before they allow time to clergyman to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. By the time communion is given, mass celebrated, and instruction imparted, one o'clock is staring the poor starving man into the face—a fact well known to all acquainted with the matter. That day passes—the next commences; the same routine is gone through, and so on until the whole week is "used up," and the clergyman with it. Fainting is a necessary consequence of fasting, but we wait this part of the enquiry, and pass on to the freezing point—though we could if we were so minded, tell some long stories of this self-same fainting. Freeze! In all truth, New Brunswick, you are the place for frost, and frost-bitten people! Jack of January is so fond of you, that he sticks to you for full six months, and even then goes against his will. But how are we going to make a case of frozen priests? We have a few of them on hand, but we take the following, as it is of more recent date, a just as true as need be. Our reverend friend was just after saying his office and within an ace of being settled do for the night, when tantarara—rap, rap, rap, went the door-knocker. Myer how the old roof rung and half shivers shivered! Who's there? What's the matter? A sick call, sir, to Q—, person is dying—afraid you won't take him alive! The priest prepared himself for the journey—thirty-four—and oh! only to think of it this almost makes a man blow his fire. There was such a sparkling in the stars that it would make a horse to look at it; the skies were split down the frost most

spitefully; the nails in the roofs round about were breaking their legs, jumping down out of their huling places, seeking as it were more comfortable lodgings, and the wind that whizzed by was as sharp as a razor of the keenest edge. We saw the priest going, and we pined him. We were glad at all events that priest-hood had not fallen upon our shoulders. We cannot describe the sufferings undergone by him that night, but with a slight essay of rhapsody we can have a pretty exact knowledge of their acuteness. In consequence of bad roads, and a worse horse, he was out all night. The next day he returned, and if he did, what a sight he was. His face was frozen and blood-shot, and he looked as worn and wearied as if he had travelled all the way from Tartary without stopping. He told us that the horse gave out in the very loneliest part of the road, and that they had to coax him to carry them along. The priest did not get over it for a month. He got a heavy cold, and a pleurisy, and was very near death. This is no uncommon occurrence—it happens in every district in the Province, and times too unnumbered! Poor men! "quid non patiuntur pro Ecclesia Dei?" We dare say that to convince you of what we are going to relate, will require a strong asseveration on our part. Upon our veracity, then, we tell you that it is the double-distilled truth, and nothing less. We were with the clergyman ourselves during the whole transaction. He had been for a week upon one of the missionary excursions of which we told you above, fasting for seven successive days till at least one o'clock each day. The last day's duty was done, and he was preparing about seven next morning to return to his lodgings about twenty-four miles distant. The snow was falling in rather sparing flakes, but it did not seem to threaten a storm. He was just getting into his sleigh, when hark ye! bells ringing and jingling as if a war horse was shaking them, were heard coming up direct for the house from which he was about parting. A sick call, I suppose, and a sick call it was—a person ten miles off dying. Away he went, and the snow began to fall somewhat more freely. He returned home about twelve at noon, and after stopping a few minutes we prepared to move homewards. The snow came on thicker after we had got about five miles; then thicker still, and still thicker, till at last with falling and drifting, we could see the horse only at intervals. With well powdered locks and heavy whitened garments, we arrived by seven o'clock at our place of destination. We were going to sit to a cup of tea, when, would you believe it, another sick call was announced by a youngster half out of breath with running and snow-drifts. But, fortunately! 'twas only six miles away, and so we took the boy's horse, (our own being 'done up,') and, in company with the boy, steered for the sick man's house. Well, the storm was howling in right good earnest, and the snow was nearly belly-deep. Fortunately it was only six miles, we said, but most unfortunately we were six hours making our way! 'Tis as true as this is New Brunswick. We did not get there until one o'clock that night; and such a house for such a sick man! Oh! I will not attempt to describe it—'tis incredible. I will merely say that you could count the stars through the roof—that there was but one apartment in the place—that no bed at all of any description was to be seen—that the sick man lay on a wallet made of old bags and straw, and as dirty—but where is the use of talking? Perhaps its match was not in creation. Of course no one except those of the household could expect to sleep there. After all sacraments had been administered, "Come, Peter, and the priest, we had better try it again." Peter felt staggered at the

thought. A bad wood, no road, a lazy horse, and a wild night, called up ideas that would frighten less timid folks than Peter. Out we went once more, and plunge—we drove into it. We had gone fifty yards when Robbin stopped stone still. After some deliberation he started afresh, but did not long continue. With alternate moving and staggering we arrived at the top of a hill along the opposite side of which the snow was completely blown away. Glory, 'twas a sight to see clear ground once more, and so Peter, taking advantage of our situation, gave Robbin rather an 'unkind cut' to accelerate his speed down the steep, when oh rination and new discomfort! a sheet of ice that completely crusted the height, sent poor smooth-shod Bob sprawling on all-fours to the bottom of the valley. The animal was considerably mortified by this sudden upsetting of his gravity, and seemed determined on taking a "snooze" till morning where he lay. Peter's wits were put to the rack endeavoring to devise the best means of righting the fallen steed, and at last surrendered, we cannot say how, inasmuch as the snow prevented the use of our vision. "Get on, sir,"—not a bit, he stood solid as the rock of Gibraltar. The enraged postilion laid on the lashes, loud and long, and lusty, but 'twas 'no go.' Robbin was incorrigible, inflexible. Peter, ever ready at contrivances, made a desperate effort to play the necromancer by cheating his charger into the belief that there was no load behind, and so up he gets upon the straddle, not, however, without some heavy exertions by reason of heavy boots, and divers other appendages impeding the man's agility. The horse seemingly approving the compromise resumed his gait, but "who could paint that gait?" 'Twas surely a double dead march. Step, step, stagger, halt! Moored again, yes anchored fast, and there we held. The storm was still howling, the snow was still shovelling down. Peter dismounted, and once more dealt out the stripes unsparingly. Bob was case-hardened, whip-proof, wind-proof, weather-proof! Again he moved awhile, again he stopped awhile, again Peter rode awhile, again he came down awhile. Finally the sudden gurgling of a brook through one of its sprung holes informed us that we had got off the road, and there we were distressed indeed. "Why did we not get out and walk it," you will say? Pity you were not there to see; we guess it would take longer legs than ours to wade such drifts. But to make a long story short, we will say that by fair dint of alternate walkings and waitings, mountings and dismountings, lashes, &c., we succeeded at length in making out our lodgings, and then daylight had his eyes full open, viewing all our woes. As for ourselves we cannot describe our distress; as for the priest you can form no idea of it from the fact that he was a poor, delicate, asthmatic man, who, you would imagine, would not live even in the best of weather above a month. "Ex uno disce omnes." You can now understand the pleasures of missionary life in New Brunswick. How many times did ye ever catch a parson or a methodist preacher out this way in a January night? You nor anybody else ever did in your life. This reminds us of a circumstance touching this matter, and which we will briefly relate. Three poor black men, who lived not a thousand miles off, were lying very ill of the typhus fever. They were Protestants and being conscious of death's approach, sent word to a rich white neighbor of their own persuasion to get the minister for them. 'Twas about 9 o'clock in the evening when the request was made. The man had two fine horses, sleighs, and every thing to suit. The distance was only four miles, and the "going" was not like that we described but of glassy glare. What was that

neighbour's answer? "Oh, I wont go—there is no use of going; parson S— never goes to see any one in the night." Sure enough it was true for him. Some one else having more charity, having gone for the parson, came back with the answer that he could not go that night, but he would the next day. An Irish Catholic happening to ask the poor negroes would they wish that he should go for the priest for them, got the rejoinder he wished, and went for the priest, who, tho' it was midnight, did not refuse. He came and baptized the poor sick men, and shortly after the ceremony saw them close their eyes in eternal, blissful sleep. The priest, tho' he caught the fever, is still alive and well, and those poor souls whom he regenerated with the waters of the Saviour, are now making intercession for him at the throne of grace.

We should like vastly well to get hold of the Journals of some of our clergymen. We are certain that they tell of some beautiful scenery, and so forth. If we only had the matter we should endeavour to sew up, however clumsily, a book of it, and doubtless it would be interesting. "Many a time and oft" was the Bishop, when a missionary in Miramichi, seen taking his long canoe cruises up those inland streams where hard times we'll go bail we experienced to overflowing. Many a time did he see, after a cold night's lodging in a log-house, the wreaths of snow most fantastically flowering his blanket in the morning. Some people remark to us that the poor stage-drivers who are out all night are to be pitied as much as the priests. Verily, this is a "wise saw," but we please to inform those 'wise acres' who make the remark, that these same coach drivers are men accustomed from boyhood to hard labour; besides it comes to pass that they are not in the habit of having old wind-broken hacks to bear them along, but well fed hardened horses that are able to travel; moreover, the coach road does not generally be a bye-road—the Queen's highway is mostly the ground in question.* But enough.

"This is the place to try men's souls." In our next epistle we shall conclude our remarks on the state of religion in New-Brunswick, and then, with Shelly, we shall sing to our old church in the valley—
"So now our summer task is ended, Mary,
And we return to thee, our own heart's home."

Yours, &c. M. A. W.
* (Another moreover; the priest is fasting as he has to celebrate next day, and cannot wet his lips. We can also attest that the above descriptions are applicable likewise to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Edrs. of Cross.)

The Cross;
HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.
M. POWER, PRINTER.
THE BAZAAR.

The Bazaar is over, and the noble result is such as to cover with immortal honour the generous citizens of Halifax. Never was manifestation more deep, more cordial, or more universal. Never was offered a more spontaneous or fervent sacrifice, than the united oblation which was made this week by our fellow-citizens at the shrine of Charity. Mason Hall was the neutral ground on which the flag of Universal Philanthropy was hoisted, and beneath its glorious folds, volunteers from every religious and political encampment met together, grasped each other by the hand, and—if smiling happy faces be an index of the heart,—felt intensely how delightful a thing it is for the children of the same Heavenly Father to co-operate in a labour of love, and to emulate each other in providing a home for the houseless Orphan. Here all the ruder passions were hushed; here all minor differences were laid aside, and all secular dissensions were forgotten. Men seemed to know not that they were ever opposed to each other, either in religion or politics.

Glory be to Halifax! for it has not only sustained, but enhanced its rich reputation for enlarged benevolence. We confess we are proud of the magnificent spectacle of this week; proud of our city; proud of her fair daughters and generous sons; proud of the kindly feelings which have been engendered; proud of the triumph of the best feelings of our nature over all its infirmities; proud of the happy auguries of future union and peace, undisturbed as little as may be, by those accidental differences of opinion which exist in all large com-

munities, and proud of the munificent sum than Six Hundred Pounds which, contributed times like these, speaks volumes as to the and depth of the Charitable feeling which the breasts of the people of our fair city.

We prize the amount received, but we know it will dry up many a tear, and consolation to many an afflicted heart. It infinitely more the God-like feelings which ed this noble benevolence. The Bazar Orphan Asylum is indeed a delightful scene of beautiful harmony and good which all the parties concerned, may look with pleasure. The memorable 15th of Dec is a day, *albo notanda lapillo* in the annals of Halifax.

We regret that we can do no more than make a brief allusion to this gratifying But we are resolved to collect and publish the fullest possible details of this Fancy Fair with names of the principal contributors and subscribers, and we will feel thankful for any information that may be afforded us on the subject.

Already have the Ladies of the Managing Committee gracefully spoken their own thanks to the public in general for their valuable co-operation. But the friends of humanity little know how deeply they are indebted to the indefatigable exertions of those good Ladies themselves, for the eminently glorious result which has been achieved. But this delicate and sacred ground we forbear to tread, nor shall we mingle ought of human praise, with deeds of love which have already secured, we trust, the approbation and reward of Heaven. It

The collection of articles exposed for sale Tuesday in the Mason Hall, was exceedingly rich; and more lovely vendors never presented doll's head-dress, or "forget-me-not", for a lady's bid. But what a rush! Gad, we were one time nearly smothered—overpowered for crushed—by a bevy of beauties in rich furs, who took no heed to our remonstrances for room to breathe. We, and hundreds more, found it not to an impossibility to move along beside the table to get a glance at the rich and valuable specimens of needle, and other work, they bore. Much money was lost to the Committee, in consequence we are sure. We do not speak for ourselves—course—for, unfortunately, like Editors in general we have little to spare in this way—but for a respectable company, with anxious purchasers, faces, around about us. The Hall, however, is truly too small. It might have answered in the past, when nobody attended Bazaars but fashionable people—but now when "the million" out to throw their mite into the general fund, a becoming ardour to promote a good object, a room large enough to hold "the million" should be obtained. We almost forgot to say that excellent refreshment tables were spread in the north end of the room, attended by amiable and obliging Ladies, whose irresistible persuasiveness would seduce a man who had just partaken heartily of baked pork and beans, to swallow a dozen ice-creams or jellies. The room has the usual decorations—with here and there a strange contrivance, from juxtaposition—but looks well nevertheless—and then, there is the fine Band of the 7th Regt. in itself a source of attraction, to amuse and cheer the company with delightful music. We have not heard what amount was taken at the door, but it must be large, from the number known to have visited the Hall.—Sun.

For the last two days there has been a general rush to Masonic Hall, to behold the wonders of art displayed there by the fairer portion of our citizens. It would not do to begin enumerating the many really elegant articles that have been sold during yesterday and to day. It is sufficient to say that on no occasion has our city acquitted itself more honourably. The cause of the Orphan is so sacred, that it is not surprising the appeal made by the Ladies should have been so nobly responded to, by all classes and creeds. The Bazaar will close this evening. And should any of the articles remain on hand, it will, we learn, be simply an adjournment until a more convenient season.—Chronicle. (Not a single article remained unsold. Edrs. of Cross.)

EUROPE.

The news by the Packet of Saturday last adds very little to our previous knowledge of the state of affairs in Europe.

The Spanish troops in Italy were about to return to their own country, and the French garrison in Rome were most anxious to find a decent pretext for imitating the example of the Spaniards. His Holiness still declines to return to the Eternal City though repeatedly invited to do so, and has wisely resolved not to come back at all, unless in the quality of an independent Sovereign, untrammelled by foreign dictation or interference. Meantime the Romans are paying the just penalty of their former ungrateful apathy, or still more ungrateful hostility. They are now convinced that Rome without the Pope, is the earth without the Sun.

The numerous accounts of conversions to Catholic Faith which are daily occurring in England are most gratifying, and are only exceeded, if possible, in interest by the constant recurrence of similar happy changes in the United States. Our separated brethren at the sides of the Atlantic are fast listening to the One fold of the One Shepherd. One of the chief topics of interest in the London Gleaners, and fashionable world was the awful murder that took place for the hair of the unfortunate Maria Manning at Horse-monger Lane. It appears that immediately after the hangings were cut down, and their bodies were dragged into the gallows room, the women present cut off great quantities of the hair of the murderess which they afterwards sold to great advantage in very small quantities. Some very fashionable people were seen at the purchasers of these hideous relics. We would certainly prefer to treasure the Relic of a Martyr, a Confessor or a Virgin, but *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

PROVINCIAL.

CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC BLIND ASYLUM.—On Monday evening last a concert was given in the Theatre, by a number of the pupils of the Catholic Blind Asylum, Liverpool, under the direction of Miss Parsons. The house was literally crammed on the occasion, every possible position affording sight and hearing, being occupied before the commencement of the concert; numbers returned home who were unable to obtain standing room, even in the gallery, a portion of the partition of which had been taken down to extend the accommodation as much as possible. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Jones, Catholic Bishop of the district, was seated in one of the side boxes during the course of the performances. The female portion of the audience occupying the dress circle presented an array of beauty and fashion seldom if ever witnessed on any previous occasion within the walls of our theatre. The programme exhibited a choice selection of songs, duets, songs, &c., from some of the celebrated "maestrie;" and it must be confessed that we did not anticipate anything so promising to the rich musical treat really afforded by the chaste, effective, and in some instances elaborately finished style in which of the most difficult compositions were rendered by the pupils; and this in spite of the great disadvantage under which they must have laboured to attain such a degree of proficiency as they exhibited. Several of the pieces were encored—all deservedly and enthusiastically received. In the interval between the paths, one of the pupils, named Michael McCormick, an interesting looking boy, eight years of age, played several popular airs on the piano, with a facility of execution truly marvellous for his years, and afterwards accompanied a violin, played in a masterly style by another of the pupils, with an ability that excited unmitigated surprise in the audience, and elicited much approbation. The little fellow subsequently read, indiscriminately, various passages from the Bible, with a fluency and correctness equally remarkable. We believe this poor child was taken from the streets by the institution, he having at the time, neither relation nor friend in the world. The concert, which went off to the entire satisfaction of every one present, concluded with the National Anthem. During the greater part of Monday and the following day the blind pupils were engaged at work in the large room in the Bull Inn, where they were visited by crowds of respectable people, who readily purchased the articles manufactured by them. The receipts at the theatre, added to the proceeds of the sale of manufactured articles, amount, after deducting the necessary expenses, to the sum of £65.—*Preston Chronicle* of Nov. 17.

MORALITY OF PRINT-SHOPS.—A correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows to that journal:—"Sir,—You who are so ably advocating the cause of sanitary reform, will not, I am sure, refuse to lend me your aid towards the removal of nuisances no less injurious to the mind than want of pure water, bad drainage, &c., prove to the body. I allude to a class of publications of the most indecent description, which are exposed for sale in many shops in streets of great resort in London. The windows containing them are generally surrounded by a crowd of all ages, the errand-boy with basket on arm and the lottery-headed sinner alike eagerly imbibing the poison. Nor is this all. For the convenience of those who cannot purchase, a notice is placed in the window to the effect that 'These books are lent to read.' All this is bad enough, but impunity has so emboldened

these vandals to vice, that lately several weekly penny sheets have been issued disgraced with plates of a disgusting nature, and abounding with obscenity; these are even hawked about the streets, and so prevalent has the taste for vice become, that in nearly every town and village in England they are sold by the smaller news-vendors, and thus find their own way into many a factory and cottage, corrupting God knows how many, and too often undoing all the good that the priest and the schoolmaster have striven to effect. Surely, Sir, such things should not be. Much has been written about the sale of poisons for the body, but are not these much more to be dreaded, by which the mind is poisoned and the soul destroyed? The magnitude of the evil is such that it requires an engine powerful as the *Times* to remove it."

PURITANISM AT ACKWORTH.—It is our very painful duty this week to record one of those outrages upon Christian character which are alike revolting to an intelligent community and a disgrace to that system of religion by which they are sanctioned. The circumstances of the case, as nearly as we can gather, are briefly these:—The family of John Gully, Esq., having recently been visited by a painful bereavement, application was made to Mr. Kenworthy, the clergyman, to have the deceased interred in the churchyard of Ackworth, where a former branch of Mr. Gully's family had been already buried. Permission was given for the interment (which the rev. gentleman knew he durst not refuse), but the deceased young lady having been a Roman Catholic, he would not allow the corpse to be taken within the precincts of the church. It was not likely that a high-minded and honest man like Mr. Gully would submit to such an insult. What parent with a heart bleeding under the loss of an amiable child, could endure to have the mark of degradation stamped upon the remains of that child, by being denied the right of Christian burial? And yet this most undoubtedly would have been the case had the parties been without the means of providing another place of sepulture. Happily this was not Mr. Gully's position, and a remedy in his case was at hand, though the circumstances must have caused the mourning family much additional sorrow. Ackworth-park being contiguous to the churchyard, a spot was selected, as near as possible to the place where the other members of the family had been buried; and this being by a Catholic clergyman set apart as a place of sepulture, the remains of Miss Gully were deposited there on Thursday, the 15th instant, according to the rites of that church in whose faith she died. The conduct of Mr. Kenworthy needs no comment. Surely such a system will soon lack defenders, and will give place to one whose principles are more equitable and just. We have no quarrel with Episcopalianism as such, but we object to a church being called National, and being supported by national funds, denying its citizens a right to its privileges.—*Leeds Mercury*.

CONVERSIONS.—A few days ago, the Rev. H. Bittleston, assistant-minister of Margaret-street Chapel, was received into the Church by the Reverend Father Oakely. Just one week previously, W. R. Gawthorn, Esq., with his family (intimate friends of Mr. Bittleston's, and members of the congregation of Margaret-street Chapel), was also received into the Church. It may be interesting to add, that Mr. and Mrs. Finlason, two of the converts confirmed the other day at the Oratory, and cousins of Mr. Gawthorn, had arrived at the conclusion that it was their duty to submit to the Church almost on the same day that he did, though neither of them knew that the other was even considering the subject.—*Correspondent*.

A few days ago, Miss Catharine O'Donnell, niece to Dennis Potter, Esq., solicitor, was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Patrick Conry, R.C.C. of Tuam. Also Miss Alicia Grant, only daughter of Charles Grant, Esq., Clonamare, was received by the same zealous clergyman.—*Tuam Herald*.

NORTHAMPTON.—Last Sunday (Nov. 4) Confirmation was given here by Bishop Wareing to twenty persons, many of whom were converts to our Holy Faith. Many of the military were also to have been confirmed at the same time, but unfortunately they were ordered to head-quarters at Weedon on the

preceding Thursday. His Lordship gave a very excellent discourse on the nature and effects of Confirmation, which must have pleased and instructed both Catholics and Protestants. A new church is much wanted in this large town, for the present chapel is so crowded, that his Lordship has been obliged to erect (at his own expense) a small but handsome gallery at the west entrance. A Guild—to be called "St. Crispin's Guild," is about to be established by the Rev. Mr. Dalton, under the direction of Mr. Archer, Managing Actuary of the Catholic Life Assurance Company. This Guild will, we trust, be instrumental in effecting much good among the Catholics of the town.

MRS. MANNING AND HER PROTESTANT DIRECTOR.—A Catholic Priest writes as follows to the *Times*:—"Sir,—A Northumbrian Rector has drawn public attention to the fact of Mr. and Mrs. Manning having received communion in the Anglican Church, in a state of apparent impenitence, before their execution. But he appears to imply that such a course of proceeding would be tolerated in the Catholic Church. You will, I hope, allow me to state, through the same medium of communication with the public, that with us the Holy Communion is never given except after previous confession and absolution, and that absolution is not given without sufficient evidence of penitential sorrow. The administration of Holy Communion to persons in the state in which the Mannings are described to have been would have been regarded by any Catholic Priest as an act of the most fearful sacrilege."

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—ADELAIDE.—From a letter of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy to his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Carew, V. A. of Bengal, we quote as follows:—"The colony of Adelaide is in a very flourishing condition. Any person coming here with a little capital and with a little knowledge of farming, and who will purchase a few acres of land, is sure to do well. I would not advise any person seeking clerkship or situations in mercantile offices to emigrate to this colony. Shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, and indeed tradesmen of all sorts are certain to get employment. Emigrants are coming in upon us very fast. At this moment there are 310 girls, all Catholics, from the south of Ireland, waiting in the bay to be landed; their age from fifteen to twenty-four. These will form a congregation in one of our country districts. Many more Catholics are on their way to South Australia and the neighbouring colonies. We are now beginning to get some insight into the adorable ways of Providence in afflicting poor Ireland with such famine and misery. The Almighty has sent this visitation in order to force numbers of Catholics to our shores and to those of America, in order to propagate more extensively the Catholic Faith, and he has strengthened the poor people of Ireland to bear the sufferings and famine with the patience of martyrs, and afterwards has peopled Heaven with those truly Christian heroes. 'Domine Dominus noster quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra.' Our mines are getting on most flourishingly. As smelting has now commenced upon a large scale, and as India is a first rate market for copper, we shall have in future much intercourse with Calcutta. Our wheat carries the highest price in the English corn market, in fact, everything seems to promise most flourishing success to this gifted place. We are in good health—the climate is exceedingly delightful. Vineyards are rising in every direction, and as we have abundance of funds from our land sale to secure the passage of emigrants from home, we are sure to have a steady supply of labourers to cultivate our fields.—June 10, 1849.

ORPHAN ASYLUM.

CARD.

THE Ladies, Managing Committee of the Bazaar, at the Mason Hall, embrace the earliest opportunity of tendering their most grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of Halifax, of all denominations, for their spontaneous, liberal, and truly Christian support, by which the magnificent sum of more than Six Hundred Pounds has been realized for the sacred cause of Charity.
December 22. 2w.

ASSOCIATION

For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

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

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

- 1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half penny per week.
- 2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Ave* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the Sacre Cœur.

Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Halifax, July 14, 1849.