

J. L. Patterson, H. Heneage, &c., Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady E. Petre, Lady Gerard, Hon. Mrs. Standish, Lady Fitzgerald, Lady Doughty, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lady Radcliffe, Lady Bedingfield, Lady Hailes, Dowager Lady Mostyn, the Countess of Torrington, Viscountess Fielding, Viscountess Campden, Sir Robert and Miss Throckmorton, Mr. and Lady Harriet Searle, the Hon. Mr. Townley, Mr. H. Arundel, Mr. R. Arundel, Mr. Tegart, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tempest, Major Forbes, Mr. G. Blount, Mr. E. Gorman, &c.

His Eminence, who, on rising was greeted with hearty applause, commenced by remarking that almost every great capital had one characteristic spot in which would be found, collected and condensed, those features by which it was specially distinguished—one place to which a friend would lead a stranger in order to make him acquainted, at a glance, with what he considered the special prerogative of the country, and hold it up to his admiration. For instance, in Paris one would naturally take a friend to that magnificent square, the Place de la Concorde, where all was brilliant, gay, cheerful, and beautiful; show him the palace and the gardens; the Champs Elysees, full of carriages; and the avenue, filled with all sorts of resources for innocent pastimes, ended by the grand triumphal arch with the obelisk in the centre, and the gilded balustrades—one would naturally show all this to his friend as characteristic of a city that aspired to be the leader of fashion, and of modern art. If in London one desired to show a friend what he thought was peculiar to this immense empire, he would very likely refer him to one of the most striking points in the metropolis—that part where he was surrounded by the Bank, the Exchange, and the Mansion House; and point them out to him, not merely as specimens of modern English architecture, but as symbolical of all that the people of this country prided themselves in: he would point to that building wherein was stored immense wealth, which was poured forth to the ends of the earth in commerce; to that other building wherein, in the course of a day, by the interchange of a few words, millions changed hands; and then to that other grand pile, the work of our merchants, wherein their annual king, elected by themselves, sat in the morning, dispensing justice, and in the evening dispensing solid hospitality (loud applause.) In Rome, if he met a stranger on the road, took him by the hand, and wished to show him the striking and peculiar characteristics of that city, he might take two or three positions from which to view it, according to the disposition of the visitor's mind, or the influence he desired to produce. If he were a lover of antiquity and classic reminiscences, he might take him to the Capitol, and describe its ancient grandeur—tell him what those mounds of earth signified, what temples were buried beneath them—or, perchance, pointing to a column or pillar, convey a more vivid idea of what the original buildings were to his mind; in short, he would take him just where an ancient Roman would have taken him; to show him what he considered peculiar and characteristic of the city. But if he wished to show him what Rome was under its present and more beneficent sway—if his mind were given to religious thought, and he wished to see the grandeur, the beauty, and the glory of Modern Rome—he would lead him without hesitation to the Vatican. They might, perhaps expect, from the nature of the subject he had chosen, an ecclesiastical or religious address—they might expect a description of that magnificent church which had never yet been rivalled, of the paintings which adorned it, and of the relics of the Apostles it contained—they might expect an account of the Chair of St. Peter; and a description of the splendid ceremonials that from time to time took place in that glorious building; in fine, they might perhaps expect a description of the Vatican as the seat of ecclesiastical power, where dwelt the supreme ruler of the Church, Christ's Vicar and successor on earth; but not so—he felt that that would be out of place; and while, speaking as a Catholic, he could not repress his feelings on these topics (loud applause), he would at once explain that his lecture would not be a religious one—that his object was to speak of Rome as a great city, a metropolis, and its character, in that respect. And here he would remark, that he had no expectation the lecture would be as interesting as it ought to be: the subject was a large one, and would require much time to treat it adequately; besides there were many present who knew as much about it as he did. His plan would be to condense and throw together an account of the real advantages this favored spot presented. In the Vatican, the stranger found in reality everything he had gone to Italy to see: he did not find merely what he went to see in Rome, nor in the Papal States, but in all Italy: whether he went to learn or to teach, that was the place where he found everything in perfection. He would begin by stating what was to be found in Rome peculiar to it—which was to be found nowhere else. First, there was the most splendid church, whether as regarded materials, workmanship, or works of art, the world had ever seen; secondly, the most complete and perfect collection of ancient sculpture in the world; thirdly, the most complete collection of ancient inscriptions; fourthly, the finest collection of Etruscan antiquities that existed; fifthly, the best and most complete Christian museum; sixthly, a library that was unrivalled for the possession of rare and rich works; seventhly, a picture gallery, that was unequalled in Europe, not so far as the number of pictures was concerned, but for merit; eighthly, the finest collection of fresco paintings in the world, many of them by Michael Angelo and Raffaele; ninthly, the most beautiful mosaics, altar pieces, &c., to be found anywhere; and the unrivalled paintings on the dome of the Basilika; tenthly, the most extensive collection of historical documents—

ly, an unique Egyptian museum, containing specimens of Egyptian art from the time of Adrian; till plundered (for he was sorry to say one of the evils that had befallen Rome in modern days was the plundering of this collection) an extensive and most complete collection of medals; and thirteenthly, the most beautiful specimens of tapestry in the world, the designs being taken from cartoons by Raffaele. Here were thirteen objects of beauty and art, that were absolutely unrivalled. They might go through all the capitals of Europe, and in some of them they might find an excellent collection in some one particular department of art, but they could not find one that could be put in comparison with that at Rome. If Italy was the land of art, Rome was the heart of Italy; and, if so, then she was the heart of the whole world of art. Taking single objects he had no hesitation in saying that the Vatican contained—first, the best statue and group of sculpture that had come down from ancient antiquity; secondly, the best painting of ancient times; third, the best picture from the best painter the world ever knew—"The Transfiguration"; fourth, the grandest war picture that was ever produced; fifth, one of the most ancient and most valuable Biblical manuscripts that has been preserved; and sixth, the two most ancient illustrated classical manuscripts known to exist—those of Virgil and Terence. Surely now they might allow him to say, that there was no place in the world that could excite so much reverence, honor, and admiration as the Vatican. But its great charm was not in the collections of antiquity, of art, of taste, of the beautiful, however extensive; these were not arranged in a mere gallery; they were placed in apartments forming a portion of the palace of the sovereign—they were adjuncts adding to its grandeur, its beauty, its magnificence. To give them some idea of the Vatican, let them pick out thirty or forty of the best pictures in the National Gallery—the masterpieces—for that was about the number in the Vatican collection, though they occupied as much room as the whole Gallery here, every picture being placed in the light where it could be best seen; then let them go to the British Museum, and, throwing aside the department of natural history, let them take the statues, the Assyrian antiquities, the collection of medals, and library; let them then bring Hampton Court—not the cartoons, but the building—and add all to Buckingham Palace; they would then have a gallery of paintings, a collection of objects of antiquity, and of medals, and of statues, and a library, all in one building: in other words, they would have something like the Vatican (applause). Then the poorest person in Rome could see all this, and take the same interest in it as the lord of all (applause); there was no sentinel to stop and challenge him; he was free to look about him as he pleased, and, very probably, going up the staircase he might meet the Pontiff coming down, but not a word was said to him, nor was the slightest obstruction thrown in his way (loud applause). In fact, it was the people's palace, while it was the Sovereign's home (loud applause.) But what about the church? Take St. Paul's—the structure by which they could best have any idea of it—there was not one object of art in it that a stranger would love to dwell on; contrast St. Paul's Churchyard with the shops around it, with the magnificent vestibule by which they approached the Basilika of the Apostles; there was the sublime obelisk in the centre, the two beautiful fountains at the side, the portico of ninety columns, and upwards of 300 statues, all in the open air. This was not all. Besides the palace of the sovereign, the Vatican contained apartments for the Secretary of State, the Prefect of the Apostolical palace, and all the great officers of the household—one of whom (Monsignor Talbot) he had the honor of having at his right hand—with coach-houses, stables, and all the other appendages requisite in the establishment of the Pontiff. All these were connected edifices under one roof; if he had wished to go beyond the walls, he would have mentioned the Mint, where the splendid medals of Cherini were struck off. Of course, they must conclude that the palace occupied vast dimensions. One person had spent sixteen years in examining it, and he had measured the size of every room, and counted the number of apartments. From what this person stated, he would give them some idea of its extent. The length of the palace, without the church, was 1,500 feet, and the width 1,000 feet. Including the gardens, it covered an area of 24 acres; it contained 22 courts, 12 halls, (2 of them chapels—one, 100 feet by 38; the Clementine Hall, 80 feet by 60; and the Sistine Chapel, 135 feet by 43); there were twenty great staircases, and 200 smaller ones, and 11,000 rooms, galleries not being counted. To go through all these would be an endless work, and he would endeavor to group the principal features together, so as to convey to them some idea of what the palace was like. The front was narrow, but majestic; and, looking at it, they would not imagine what was contained within it. The approach was from the portico already described, by a gradual ascent; and then they entered a court, or huge quadrangle, in which the buildings were raised a floor, or story, above the level of the street. This quadrangle was surrounded on three sides by buildings, ornamented with two series of pilasters, and then an open balcony with pillars.—This was the Court of St. Damascus. Opposite to you, as you entered, the building was almost entirely occupied as offices for the transaction of ecclesiastical affairs. From that there projected an immense oblong quadrangle or parallelogram. On the left hand side of the first quadrangle the openings between the pillars were some time ago glazed. For three hundred years the beautiful frescoes of Raffaele were exposed to the weather; and, of course, sustained much injury; but, first, the left side, and more recently, the other sides, had been enclosed. They were lighted with gas from the outside, and the Pope's Government was doing the utmost it could to restore the works of that great master. The left hand side was appropriated to the department of art. Entering, they found themselves in a gallery of immense length, of extreme interest to the antiquary; for it contained a series of inscriptions, both Christian and Pagan, classified and arranged. There were, on one side, under such heads as "Consuls," "Emperors," "Tribunes," and so forth, inscriptions in bold characters, as if to last forever, made during the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, Adrian, and on down to Dioclesian—recording the triumphs they had gained, the conquests they had made, the sacrifices they had offered, and the great deeds they had wrought, as if it seemed

they thought the empire would be eternal. On the other side, there were poor, scratched inscriptions, on fragments of marble, which were perhaps picked up by the roadside, which set forth, in some instances, that they had been set up as "a monument to a most sweet wife," or "a dear daughter," a son, and sometimes to a father or mother, occasionally giving a little of their history. One side treated of war—the other of the arts that flourished in peace; and though the names in the latter case might be recorded in the history of the world, as were those on the other, whose names were engraved as if they thought their empire was to be everlasting, yet they proceeded from an impulse which was the beginning of a power that the gates of hell could not overthrow. Passing by the massive door of the library, on the left hand, they proceeded to the gallery of statues. When Rome was rebuilt, as the men turned up the soil, they came on statues, parts of statues, altars, inscriptions, and other relics of the ancient city; and the person who was making the excavation took possession of them. If the Pope was one of the Farnesian family, they were taken into the Farnesian Palace; if he belonged to the Medici they were taken to the palace of the Medici. If they went into the Tribune at Florence, or into the Farnese Palace at Naples, they would see only fragments of Rome in the splendid works of art they would there behold. If Rome had its right, these many works of art in the Louvre, and not a few in this country would be restored to her; but still it was clear, that, apart from what she possessed, she was rich enough to give gems to nearly all Europe (applause). His Eminence then proceeded to describe the different apartments in the Vatican, which, he said, could not be termed galleries, but were, in reality, so many temples of art—the adjuncts of every room (that is, the mosaic in the flooring, the coloring of the walls, the shape of the apartments, the frescoes and the paintings on the ceiling) being in perfect harmony with the objects it contained, so as to exhibit them under the most favorable aspect. His descriptions were interspersed with appropriate remarks on the effects light and color had in producing a cheerful frame of mind, and thus enhancing the spectator's enjoyment in surveying the glorious works of art that enrich the Vatican: he also enlarged on the value of the collections in improving the taste of visitors and artists, and thus spreading a taste for the beautiful throughout all nations. He said that, even if the Vatican were stripped of its treasures, it would be worth while to go and see the walls and apartments only, they were so beautiful. He then described the Etruscan Museum, which occupied ten rooms; and which was the most valuable and extensive collection of Etruscan antiquities in the world, affording the means of studying the habits and customs of that ancient people; thence he passed to the Egyptian Museum, the Sistine Chapel, the Library, the Christian Museum, and the Pagan Museum, of all of which he gave lucid and graphic descriptions. On entering the library one was astonished, for he saw no sign of books, the valuable manuscripts being all enclosed in cupboards; but, on getting to the end of the room, they came upon another crossing it, 1,100 feet long, filled with books. The number of original manuscripts in it was 30,940; of translations of manuscripts, 26,717; and of books, about 150,000—not so large a number as some other great libraries contained; but then the books were of the rarest and most valuable editions. He next gave an account of the labors of Cardinal Mai, the late librarian of the Vatican, in deciphering re-written manuscripts, by which several valuable ancient works, including one of Cicero's, had been brought to light. Thence he passed on to, and described the Pope's private apartments, consisting only of three rooms, a reception room, a bed-room, and a dining-room, all furnished in the plainest style, and of small dimensions compared with the other apartments. Looking at the glorious works of art which everywhere met their view in the Vatican, he could have wished to dwell in detail on the circumstances connected with their history, and to have seen and conversed with their great authors. There were, however, two pictures on which he would dilate for a few moments. That was the 16th of June, 1856; on the 18th of June, 1155, seven centuries ago all but two days—a remarkable and most interesting scene occurred—Frederick the First coming and asking to be crowned. He had approached within a short distance of the walls of Rome, and, accompanied by a few followers, he met the Pope, and went into the Basilika of St. Peter's. Going into St. Mary of the Tower, he took the oath of obedience; and thence passing to the altar of St. Peter, he was anointed and crowned. At that time the people of Rome were in a state of disaffection; and, taking umbrage at Frederick's being crowned without first having asked their permission, they assailed him and his retainers as they were leaving the church. They killed some of them, and so pressed upon the Pope, who was endeavoring to shield the Emperor, that he was on the point of being crushed to death, when suddenly a gigantic form appeared, cleaving down all before him; cutting his way through the multitude, and rescuing the Pope from his perilous position. Who was that Pope? One Nicholas Brakespear, formerly a poor clerk, who had to beg his bread at St. Alban's, but who was then seated on the Pontiff's chair (applause); and the stalwart warrior was Henry Guelph, better known as the Lion of Bavaria, who, by the marriage of his descendants, was the lineal ancestor of the sovereign of this State (loud applause). He had not explained the meaning of the word "Vatican" to them. There was a variety of meanings given to it, but perhaps the simplest and most satisfactory was, that it was built on the site of an ancient Etruscan city called Vatica. Nero had planted the Vatican Gardens, and there he had built an immense circus, in the centre of which, as if to perpetuate his name to all posterity, a huge obelisk of granite, brought from Egypt, was to stand. He looked upon it with complacency as the monument that was to tell posterity of his extended dominion, which stretched to the ends of the earth. There was another hill that overlooked the Vatican, and, looking up at it, another symbol was to be seen—a wooden cross, by the side of which stood a poor fisherman of Gallilee. He was surrounded by a vile crowd, who kept shouting out, "Get thee up on the accursed tree." The man in purple and gold on the hill below heard the cry, and in his heart uttered the familiar execration; while he of the gaberline looked down upon him with a smile. Which of these two symbols was destined to last—the granite obelisk or the wooden cross? Look at St. Peter's at Rome. There they find the cross 614 feet long on the floor; and they would find that cross, forming the ground plan of the building, trampling and treading on the ruins of the tyrant's circus, and

that very granite obelisk had become a guide to the pilgrims to the Vatican (great applause). He had given them a true history of the Vatican. Revolutions might spring up again, and fierce men might strip it of its treasures, but neither they nor all the powers on earth could rend its perpetuity, or do away with the seal of its everlasting charter (loud and prolonged applause.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE NATIONAL SYNOD.—A general meeting specially convened, of the Irish Prelates was held June 22d, at the Presbytery, Marlborough-street Dublin. The following Prelates were present:—The Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of Clogher, the Bishop of Raphoe, the Bishop of Down and Connor, the Bishop of Kilmore, the Bishop of Ardagh, the Bishop of Meath, the Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore, the Bishop of Kildare, and Leighlin, the Bishop of Ossory, the Bishop of Ferns, the Bishop of Cork, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Coadjutor Bishop of Kerry, the Bishop of Limerick, the Bishop of Cloyne, the Bishop of Ross, the Bishop of Clonfert, the Bishop of Achonry, the Bishop of Elphin, the Bishop of Kilmacduagh, the Bishop of Galway, the Bishop of Killala. The Archbishop of Cashel was represented by the Rev. Dr. Leahy, Vice Rector of the Catholic University. The Archbishop of Dublin presided as apostolic delegate.—*Freeman of 24th ult.*

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. R. ST. LEGER, S. J.—We regret to have to announce the death of the above distinguished member of the order of Jesuits, which took place on Sunday morning last after a painful illness. The solemn requiem office and high mass will take place in the church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardner-street, on this day at 11 o'clock. The funeral will proceed to Glasnevin immediately after.—*R.I.P.*

THE IRISH PRELATES.—THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.—The Catholic Bishops of Ireland have entered into a subscription for the relief of the distressed districts in France, thus wishing to show their gratitude for the generosity with which the French people aided in relieving our poor countrymen in the past famine. We subjoin a list of the subscriptions:—His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, £10; the Bishop of Meath, £10 each; the Bishop of Ardagh, £7; His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Raphoe, the Bishop of Kilmore, the Bishop of Down and Connor, the Bishop of Clogher, the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of Ossory, the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the Bishop of Limerick, the Bishop of Cork, the Bishop of Cloyne, the Bishop of Ross, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Bishop of Elphin, the Bishop of Achonry, the Bishop of Kilmacduagh, £5 each; the Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore, the Coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe, the Bishop of Ferns, the Bishop of Clonfert, Very Rev. Dr. Roche, Vicar Capitular of Galway, Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, Secretary of the Episcopal Meeting, £3 each; the Coadjutor Bishop of Kerry, the Bishop of Killala, £2 each. The Bishops have announced that they themselves or their Vicars will be ready to receive further subscriptions for the same purpose. The Archbishop of Dublin has received £5 from the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Halifax, and £10 from the Most Reverend Dr. Yore.

On Saturday last, Miss Eliza Sexton, of Castle-street, in this city, was solemnly professed as a religious in the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale.—*Limerick Reporter.*

In the beginning of last week a female school was opened in the building at the East Bridge known as "The Nunnery." It is under six ladies of the order of Mercy, and already numbers more than 200 girls.—*Fermanagh Reporter.*

The new church of Fedamore, Limerick, was solemnly consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, on Sunday, the 8th ult., on which occasion a sum of £94 was collected for St. John's New Catholic Cathedral.

DONEGAL.—A new and splendid organ was inaugurated in the Catholic Church of Ballyshannon, county Donegal, on Sunday, under the auspices of the newly consecrated prelate, the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan.

The sum of near 50l. has been lately presented to their young curate, Rev. Mr. Roche, by several kind friends in the united parishes of Ballingurry and Grana.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Messrs. Todd & Co., Limerick, have received £10 restitution money, through the Rev. H. Harbison, one of the Redemptorist Fathers.

DECLARATION OF THE PRIESTS OF CONNEMARA.—The Catholic clergy of the deanery of Clifden, in conference assembled at the Monastery of St. Francis, on the 12th of June, issued a declaration, signed by them all, that they would reorganize their parishes and take immediate part with the Tenant League. And resolved to withhold support from any future candidates for parliamentary representation unless they will unequivocally pledge themselves to oppose, "on all occasions," every ministry that will refuse to make Tenant Right and the entire disendowment of all churches in Ireland cabinet measures.

The Maynooth Bill was discussed all Wednesday 25th of June. There is nothing for us to say about it. Mr. Maguire made an able and effective speech, not much about Maynooth, but that was no fault of his. He defended what is attacked, and the attack is not against St. Patrick's College; but against the Church and, indirectly, against the Priests and people of Ireland. The House rejected the proposal to throw out the measure, evidently because the members dared not allow their names to be recorded in the division against it. The day ended with an adjournment, and as all the world knew it could not be carried. Mr. Spooner is for the present content, and has withdrawn his bantering. He will bring it in the first notice day of next session, if he is alive, he declares. But there is another contingency—if we have not a general election in the meantime; for if we have, the fear of meeting their constituents will not, as it now does, prevent honorable members from consulting their own sense and their own consciences rather than the bigotry of Exeter Hall.—*Weekly Register.*

Mr. John Carden, who is at present in prison for attempting to carry off a wealthy English heiress, is a candidate for the seat in parliament of James Sadler, who, it is supposed, must resign from his proved connection with his brother's frauds.