

sunshine, as if their lives were lost in the quiet rapture of the upper air. But the hawks, fierce and keen, freed from jess and hood, espied their quarry, and sped like arrows up, far above them, then with one fell swoop rushed down, and struck their strong claws and iron beaks, with unerring and fatal aim, into some vital part of their terror-stricken victims. It was a brave sight; and the vassals of Innistore, pausing in their labors and dashing the moisture from their toil-stained brows, wondered if their proud and beautiful lady, who swept so brightly on her coal-black horse, had ever heard of sorrow or sadness. But they little knew of the shadows that were coming and going like clouds or phantoms over that troubled heart: they saw only the light of the large black eyes, the flush on the beautiful cheeks, the perfect and noble form, the flashing jewels and waving plumes; and what wonder is it that they thought she was a stranger to the ills of human flesh? As the white dove fell fluttering and bleeding on her bosom, she thought of the dark maiden, the slave, and the scourge. It sickened her; and, throwing off the bird, and striking back her hawk, which was whirling and circling around her for the carcass which he always received after he had struck down his quarry, she gave the signal to return.

That night, when everything was silent at Innistore, when the very watch dogs had crept into their kennels for a moment's sleep, the Lady Berucie, pale and sleepless, arose from her couch, and, wrapping a dark woollen mantle around her, sought with noiseless and swift steps the apartments of her children. By the dim light of a shaded taper, she saw Aileen sleeping on pillows of snowy linen, stretched out, like a queen, on a soft and luxurious couch, over which hung a drapery of white and red striped linen. The hard features, the sharp, pert nose, the harsh mouth, were at rest; but her arms were out on the coverlet, and looked as if they were ready to recommence their unwearied, restless, and tyrannical routine at any moment. The children slumbered near her. The soft breath of innocence, the sweet flush of purity, made their sleep beautiful. The mother's heart was stirred by the sight to unwonted and sweet impulses, and, bending over, she dropped a kiss on their soft, rosy cheeks, then turned to find the one she sought. But she was not there. There was a small, low couch, coarsely furnished, in a corner; but it was unoccupied. Thinking she might find the dark-eyed maiden, who had thus strangely stirred up the depths of her soul, in another apartment, she passed noiselessly through the open door into the large play-room beyond. But all was dark and silent there, except just where the moonlight stole through the windows and lay in broken ripples on the floor. It was just light enough to see that there was no one sleeping there.

"For what am I seeking in the midnight? For whom?" she asked, suddenly pausing in the midst of the deserted room. Just then a moan, and the murmur of voices, arrested her attention, and, starting around, she saw in a distant recess a strong clear light shining through a crevice. She ran toward it. It was a door half open, through which she perceived a steep, narrow stairway leading up under the roof. From above the light gleamed down, and the moans and the murmuring descended with it. With a light, swift step she ran up, and found herself on the threshold of a small, cell-like room, and the witness of a sight which made the pulses of her proud heart stand still. On a heap of straw lay the slave Panthea, gasping, suffering, and weeping. Beside her knelt Mona, her dark hair flowing loosely around her, waving down to the very floor, except where, in moving her arm, it had parted over her right shoulder, leaving it uncovered. It was quite bare; and where it was not distinguished by red swollen welts and long purple stripes, it was as fair as drifted snow.

"Oh, dark-eyed one, this is indeed a new doctrine. Forgive! Forgive and bless such a one as Aileen, who deserves bitter curses.—Oh! oh! I fear if it depends on that, I shall never be saved," cried Panthea, wringing her hands.

"Consider, my Panthea, the love of Jesus Christ, who, under the ban of ignominy, treated like a slave, scorned as a felon, crucified like a murderer, yet lifted His voice to His Father—God—and besought Him to forgive those who persecuted Him with cruel torments unto death. We must be like Jesus Christ," said Mona, gently.

"Dost thou forgive Aileen?" asked Panthea. "Forgive Aileen, that she has caused me to do a little for Jesus Christ, who, without knowing it, led me along the sorrowful way with Him, and bound me to the pillar, where, with Him, I suffered stripes? Oh, Panthea, how can I thank her enough for it? When this lust shall drop its clay, like a garment, into the dust,—when death shall lead the liberated spirit into the freedom and brightness of the children of God,—we will wonder how so brief and cowardly a warfare as ours has obtained for us such an exceeding great reward."

"Thou speakest of death as of something sweet and lovely. Wouldst thou be willing, child, to suffer death?" asked Panthea, with awe.

"What is Death? It is a transition. We only fall asleep, our suffering body wearied with griefs which have made our life a burden; we fall asleep cheered by the sweet hope of Jesus Christ, and when we awake—oh, Panthea, what glorious awakening into the dawn of a day which never ends,—in a land where no clouds, or dimness, or tears ever come, and, best of all, where hope is ripened into fruition, where there are no more fears, or dependencies, or uncertainty concerning our immortality, because it is won,—it is eternal,—God is there. The splendor of the Divine Trinity, the glory of the Virgin Mother, the prophets, the martyrs, with all the hosts of God, make it heaven. Death! sweet Death!" exclaimed Mona, clasping her hands.

"The Virgin Mother! Oh, she was human!

She bore a threefold sorrow in her tender soul! I love her, Correen; she will know how a poor wretch like me is unable to scale the steep way of heaven without great help. Yes, she will help me! She will ask her Divine Son to behold me, a poor, sorrowful woman, through her own anguish on Calvary," said Panthea, smiling and calm and hopeful.

"She is our mother, Panthea,—our true and loving mother! Her Divine Son refuses her naught. Their love is a mystery, which is inseparable one from the other; the love of Jesus and Mary is as much incarnate now as when announced to her at Nazareth that the Word would become flesh, and dwell within her." She will aid thee, my Panthea; she will lead thee; she will bear thee along tenderly; for this loving mother is so tenacious of the glory of her Divine Son that she cannot endure the thought that His sufferings should become useless to the vilest sinner. Hence she is the friend and advocate of poor sinners," replied Mona, while the light of her eyes grew brighter, and the glow on her cheek heightened.

"But these wounds,—these stripes!" said Panthea, laying her talon-like fingers on the bruised and inflamed flesh of Mona. "Forbear, and forgive me, Panthea, that I unwittingly have exposed them to thee. What are they? Nothing to mourn over," said Mona, quickly covering her shoulder.

The Lady of Innistore had listened to every word. Her soul was filled with wonder and awe. Could it be true? Yet, if false, who would endure sufferings and death for it? There was something so grand, so sublime, even in the smallest thing she had heard, that she felt her soul swelling and dilating within her to know more. These new doctrines of a resurrection from the dead, and of eternal life, were ecstatic. She knew that they were Christian. In the excitement of the moment, her limbs trembled and almost refused to support her; and, fearing that she might fall, she descended with faltering footsteps the narrow stairway, and crept back to her own splendid apartments.

The next morning, Mona was summoned to her presence. The lady was alone, in a shaded and darkened room. Her black hair, unbound by net or circlet, fell like a veil around her. No pearls drooped over her pale cheeks to-day, no jewels glistened on her neck or arms, but, with a sad look tempering the haughty majesty of her brow, she reclined in an indolent posture on a couch.

"I am here, lady, at thy command," said Mona, who entered so softly that she did not lift her eyes.

"Ha! yes! I have summoned thee to my presence to question thee," said the lady, turning her penetrating glance, full of laughy will on the meek face of Mona.

"Thou hast a right, noble lady, to question me according to thy will."

"Tell me truly, dark and beautiful maiden, why thou didst offer thyself to be scourged for a poor deformed wretch like the slave Panthea, whose death would have been a release to herself and others. Some powerful motive must have ruled thee!"

"Noble lady, Panthea is old and crippled. I am young and strong—"

"Thou art deceiving me! Aileen is strong; I am strong; there are others still stronger than we: why didst thou do it?—why didst thou suffer for Panthea? Thou hadst no human motive. No mortal reason can explain thy actions," said the lady, rising on her elbow, that she might better see the face of her she was questioning.

"I pitied her, she was so friendless and desolate," said Mona, gently and humbly; "nor do I esteem it much that I have done for her."

"Thou art a Christian!" said the lady, sternly.

"I AM," replied Mona, with a flush of joy over her countenance.

"Thou art MONA!"

"I was Mona," she said, with a shudder.

"Thou hast borne scourging right bravely. O faithless vestal: how wilt thou bear death?"

"Death! For Christ!" she said, clasping her hands together on her bosom. "Oh, lady, can it be that I—I, a poor, weak maiden—will be found worthy of suffering death for Christ?"

(To be Continued.)

THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

CITIZENNES AT THEIR CLUB.

(From the London Times Correspondence.)

Clubs, too, are cropping up on all sides—clubs for discussion of political affairs—clubs for disseminating inflammatory and irreligious sentiments, clubs for men and clubs for women. There have appeared in corners of several Red newspapers of late short notices that places of meeting would shortly be established where "Citizennes might congregate" and let off the steam of their enthusiasm. Two or three preliminary assemblies were held with closed doors at the *Mairie* of Passy, I suppose as rehearsals of a forthcoming performance. Within the last week, however, the plan has taken a tangible form; certain ladies make a circuit of the different arrondissement, laying down their articles of faith, and inviting all women to join in a common cause. I was very doubtful whether a member of the sterner sex would be permitted to enter the hallowed precincts, but, thinking the attempt worth a trial, I got into a carriage yesterday evening with a friend, accompanied by a female news-vendor who occupied one of the *biaks* upon the Boulevards, her mission being to smuggle us into the place under her protection, and defend us from rabid "citizenness" in case of danger. The meeting was to be held on the Boulevard d'Italie, in the lowest quarter of Paris, some distance beyond Montrouge. After a drive of three-quarters of an hour we reached a kind of out-house, surmounted by a red flag, and through the carefully-closed shutters of which came murmurs of subdued voices, and long streams of light spreading across the road. We entered the building without knocking, and found ourselves in a filthy room reeking with evil odours and crowded with women and children of every age. Most of them appeared to belong to the lowest order of society, and wore loose, untidy jackets, with white filled caps upon their heads. At the end of the room was a table littered with papers and books, and behind it sat a row of women, with red scarfs over their shoulders and red belts about their waists. None took much notice of us at first, being too

much occupied with the oratory of a fine looking young woman with streaming black hair and flashing eyes, who dilated upon the rights of women amid ejaculations, and shakings of the head, and approving pinches of snuff from the occupants of the benches near us. "Men are laches," she cried; "they call themselves the masters of creation, and are a set of dolts. They complain of being made to fight, and are always grumbling over their woes—let them go and join the craven band at Versailles, and we will defend the city ourselves. We have petroleum, and we have hatchets and strong hearts, and are as capable of bearing fatigue as they. We will man the barricades, and show them that we will be no longer trodden down by them. Such as still wish to fight may do so side by side with us. Women of Paris, to the front!" She sat down out of breath and rather confused, having had to bear up against considerable tittering on account of the imperfection of her French and the strangeness of her similes; but she looked very handsome, and might have sat for the portrait of one of the heroines of the first Revolution; but there was that in her eye which made me think as I looked at her that I should not like to be her husband. The next speaker seemed tolerably respectable, wearing a decent black gown and bonnet, but her discourse was as rambling and inconsistent as that of her predecessor at the tribune. "We are simple women," she began, "but not made of weaker stuff than our grandmothers of '93. Let us not cause their shades to blush for us, but be up and doing, as they would be were they living now. We have duties to perform. If necessary we will fight with the best of them and defend the barricades, but I cannot think that so supreme a sacrifice will be demanded of us. We will attend on the battle-field and help to bring our wounded heroes back into the town, and thus save many lives which would otherwise be needlessly sacrificed. Yet another service we may render. We will establish portable cooking stoves (*fourneaux*), and cook the raw meat which is served out to the men of our army, which they throw away for lack of means to dress it." Encouraged by the applause which had followed her thus far, she now degenerated into rant, attacking the priesthood generally and the confessional, mimicking the actions used at mass amid the laughter and bravoos of the throng. One old lady became ecstatic, and continued digging me violently in the back with her elbow until the tears ran down her face and mixed with the snuff that lay scattered over her countenance. "Ah, the priests!" murmured another from under the heavy frills of her cap, a lady of a serious turn of mind, who nodded her head slowly from side to side as though it were a pendulum. "Those priests! I have seen them too closely, *la canaille!*" This portion of the speech was the hit of the evening, and so the speaker kept up the subject for some time longer before launching into the history of Jeanne Hachette, and drawing a moral therefrom.

The Special Correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Versailles on Thursday, says—This civil war is becoming one of positive ferocity. The troops are going further than their commanders wish. "No quarter" is now their watchword. One hears it spoken aloud even in cold blood, and the threat is made good when they get the chance of falling on the insurgents under circumstances in which the latter can offer no resistance. On the 2nd instant I was enabled to telegraph the fact that at midnight over 300 poor wretches had been bayoneted in the railway station at Charnat. In announcing the taking of that position, M. Picard made no mention of the massacre. Neither is it stated in those despatches of the general from which the French public has been officially informed of the affair and its result; but it is true, nevertheless, and, as might have been expected, it has been followed up by a repetition of hostilities after the same horrible fashion. All doubt about the feelings of the army is now at an end. The difficulty with the superior officer is not to guard against fraternisation between the soldiers and the rebels, but to restrain the former from shooting down or running through with the bayonet every insurgent Guard who falls into their power. The Commune has hitherto been silent on the wholesale execution in the station of Charnat. Probably it fears that the announcement would so terrify its supporters as to at once bring about that collapse of the insurrection which cannot be far distant, but Rossel's declaration that he will shoot the first parliamentaire who presents himself to repeat the demand for the surrender of Issy is sufficient to show the feeling of the Commune and its generals. The civilities of war have been abandoned in this struggle. "Brigands" and "Assassins" are the terms applied by each party to their antagonists; and French hatred of the Prussians and the Prussian contempt of the French during the late war, were mild compared with the mutual sentiments of Frenchmen themselves.

LIFE IN "RED" PARIS.

An old Parisian says:—There is no "milk" here this mild fast seems quite to create a revolution. "Pas de lait? quel malheur!" was poured and re-poured into my ears in agonised accents when I went out to borrow the eggs. No milk. They tell me "it is a crisis." In all great political histories there is a "crisis." Look at your Gibbon, your Holingbrooke; turn over your Macaulay—always a crisis. And the last point in Paris is milk. There is not of it for two sons in our quarter," said a weeping maiden to me just now. I suggested that she should try cream, as, though it was dearer, I believed it was better and went further. She did not seem to follow my reasoning, but, throwing up her hands, her chignon waving in the wind—a sort household Nishe—she burst into tears, wailing out, "Pas de lait—pas de lait!" It was touching. It would have moved a cow. No, there is no milk! In "Dombey and Son" Mr. Chick asked, "Could not something temporary be done with a teapot?" but see what a quantity of what Miss Burney calls "ten equippages" would be required to supply this vast "Commune." Another sign of the times: cocked hats under a Commune have fallen from £3 2s 6d to 19s 2d. I saw some sanguine reactionists yesterday "buying for the rise" at Amours'. The Imperialists were quoted an eighth better. I report to-day—but of course "under all reserve"—a curious illustration of a course of cane. A friend, who used to go over both bridges into society every night during the "Reign of Immortality," has a favorite evening game. It was a nice, dark-complexioned stick enough, with rather a taking "Suvres" crutch-handle; but I always said it had no stamina. Well, he—the man, not the cane—came to me to-day, knowing that I am very fond of canes, and said, "Mon cher, there's something the matter with Bequille; it is getting quite pale, and I cannot help thinking it is not so thick as it was." I said, "I told you it was never strong; but it is evident what is the matter. Used to society every night, Bequille—that was its fond name—"misses its excitement, and has stayed on the rack too long. I should suggest that you take it two or three times a week to dine in a restaurant, since the "Jockey" is closed." He did so, and the cane was already getting better, when we fell into these horrid times! It had a relapse, and has been so shaken that I fear we must be prepared to see the crutch fall useless to the ground. John Hawes is still in the Rue de la Faisanderie; they shall him once in about twenty minutes. He got his horses away, but his carriages are there. Everybody knows John Hawes. He was playing at every last night, when, says he, "These confounded shells will make me revoke!"—he was accommodated directly,—and that me if it did not make the other side revoke, and we won the rubber."

THE COMMUNIST GENERAL DOMBROWSKI.

A correspondent of the *Diennicki Poznanski* pub-

lishes in that paper an article on the Communist General Dombrowski, whom, he says, he has known intimately for many years. According to this writer, the general's Christian name is Yaroslav, and not Ladislas, as is usually written. He was born in Volhymia, and after greatly distinguished himself as a student in the Military Academy at St. Petersburg, he took part in the campaign in the Caucasus where he was decorated. Soon afterwards he went to Warsaw with the rank of captain on the staff, and was appointed aide-de-camp to General Chruleff. A few months before the insurrection broke out he became a member of the Polish Central Committee, but he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the Government, and was imprisoned for two years in the citadel of Warsaw. While in prison he was condemned to death. Everything was made ready for his execution; at the last moment, however, a messenger came up with the Emperor's "pardon," commuting the sentence to twenty years' hard labor in Siberia. While on his way to the mines he escaped disguised as a woman, and stopped in this disguise for two months at St. Petersburg, although the police were actively searching for him, and a price was set on his head. Learning that his wife was banished to the Government of Volgora, he left St. Petersburg to join her, took her back to St. Petersburg, and thence proceeded by sea to Sweden. Ultimately he took up his residence in Paris, where he has ever since labored at his favorite plan of an organized action of the Polish emigration in all parts of the world for the restoration of Poland. He is, says the correspondent, about 35 years old, very short, thin, blonde hair, features expressive of energy, and a fine forehead. An ardent patriot and an accomplished soldier, his courage, energy, quickness of decision, and sagacity make him eminently fitted for a high military command. During the war he offered his sword to the Imperial Government, and afterwards to Trochu, but the offer was rejected by both.

The *Saturday Review* explains the purpose of the Communist revolt in Paris as follows—taking as the text the official "Programme" lately published—

"Paris wants, in the first place," the communists say, "a Republic; and in the next place, a Republic composed of Communes, each independent in its own sphere. But what is the sphere of a Commune? The programme certainly gives a distinct answer to this important question. The free-elected governing body of each locality is to raise and spend all money raised for local taxes, is to organize its own judicial system and administration, manage its police, and control and conduct education in its boundaries as it pleases. It will be the duty of the Commune to protect all individuals composing it in the free expression of their opinions, and in following the dictates of their conscience; and it will secure order within itself, and protection against assaults from without by having its own local force. With heads elected by the members. This is all Paris asks for its wants, we are told, Dictatorship over the rest of France; nor does it menace the unity of France; but whereas France has hitherto been kept together by a dictatorial Government overruling all resistance by the agencies of centralization, Paris wants to secure this unity by the co-operation of a vast aggregate of free and independent local bodies.

"But Paris, having now a Commune of its own, refuses to wait until the rest of France has followed its example. It will make any changes and any experiments it pleases which would be within its sphere if the Commune flourished throughout France. It has its own views. What are the precise views of these who now speak in the name of Paris on the great subject of education we are not informed; but as to economical questions we are told in what is the only obscure sentence of the programme, that "produce, exchange, and credit have to universalize power and property according to the necessities of the moment, the wishes of those interested, and the data furnished by experience;" the meaning of which appears to be that, if Paris likes to make a Socialistic experiment, it claims to be allowed to do so, as it will learn more by the success or failure of the experiment than in any other way.

"The Commune, in this manifesto, is only asking in an extreme form what the inhabitants of large towns in England and the United States already possess. London raises its own revenue and spends it; the liberty and right of conscience of Londoners are adequately protected. London elects many of its magistrates and some of its judges, and the freedom of election in this respect is carried much further in the United States than anywhere in England. It is true that local liberty is under much greater restrictions in London or New York than the framers of the programme propose that it should be in Paris. The chief towns of England and of the United States are subject to the general laws of the country, and are controlled by the armed forces of the Government. Here local liberty is made to harmonize with so much of central authority as is requisite for the preservation of a great State.

"Still to judge the Commune and its programme fairly, we ought to take into consideration the circumstances in which Paris finds itself, and all the recent history of France. Paris has for twenty years had no local liberty at all. It has been kept down in trembling subjection by an army composed mainly of provincial peasants, torn by conscription from their homes, and obeying blindly the dictates of a successful adventurer who derived his title from the approval given him by remote peasants and lunatic priests. There was frantic joy in Paris last September when the Emperor was declared to have forfeited his crown and the Republic was proclaimed. But what happened? France in due course of time set up an Assembly which did not want the Republic at all and which was only in doubt which branch of a monarchical family it should send on the throne. The old story would be told again; Paris would be disarmed, a large army would be brought in to keep it quiet, an ubiquitous police would interfere with every department of public life, Government nominees would crush out every symptom of municipal freedom and perhaps a new Baron Haussmann would tax and rebuild Paris at his pleasure. It is true that M. Thiers still swears by the Republic, and about a fifth part of the Assembly heartily support him in his resolution. But what are the views of M. Thiers on the subject of municipal liberty? What is his conception of a Republic? It is a form of government in which he is to be Chief of the Executive, and the Chief of the Executive is to pull the strings of the central authority. It is a substitution of the First Consul for the Empire. Even the Assembly, reactionary as it is on most points, went so far as to pronounce its opinion that if the system of municipal elections was to be reformed at all, complete freedom should be allowed in the election of all municipal officers; and to this M. Thiers replied that he would rather resign than allow anything of the sort, and he forced the Assembly to enact that in all large towns the Mayor should be a Government nominee. Subsequently a clause which was thought a wonderfully clever contrivance for managing Paris was introduced, by which it was provided that each arrondissement shall return the same number of councillors, so that the populous and dangerous quarters might be tricked out of the influence which universal suffrage would secure for them.

"The Commune of Paris has done many wicked things and put forward many outrageous pretensions, but we must say that we can understand the indignation and contempt which its defenders must have felt at the conception, by a set of French provincials, of such schemes for robbing of the reality of its municipal freedom a city which was ready to fight them very hard rather than endure the repeti-

tion of the treatment it had received from them and those like them."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin contains the subjoined remarks upon public affairs—

Unhappily, for a long time past, the men who had the government of that great Catholic country, France, in their hands were hostile to religion and labored assiduously to undermine its foundations. Statues were erected to Voltaire, the blasphemer of our Divine Lady, infidel teachers were placed over the principal schools, Catholic teaching was placed under a ban, immorality and irreligion were encouraged, and anti-Christian clubs, Freemasonry and other secret and dangerous societies were established under public authority. As a bad tree cannot produce good fruit, we should not be surprised that the policy referred to has brought on in Paris a system of violence, robbery and assassination, and has renewed all the dreadful scourges which we read of in the history of the siege of Jerusalem under Titus. It is to be hoped that the small but desperate faction which has involved a great people in such misfortunes will soon receive condign punishment.

As for ourselves we should be most thankful to God for having preserved us from the evils with which France is afflicted, and saved us from being subjected to that bloody despotism which now prevails in Paris. Our gratitude for these benefits will be increased when we reflect that the very man who is now producing such terror in Paris and filling its streets with blood, General Cluseret, came over to Ireland some years ago to put himself at the head of our Fenian bands. If they had been successful even for a moment, seeing what has been done in France we can easily imagine to what condition our poor country would be reduced under the sway of a dictator so reckless and so desperate.

During past ages Catholic education was proscribed in Ireland, and all Catholic schools were closed or confiscated. Let us now insist that past grievances shall be redressed, and that we shall have Catholic primary schools, Catholic intermediate schools and a Catholic University. It is not just that Catholic youth should be obliged to have recourse to poisonous and heretical sources in order to shake their thirst for the acquirement of knowledge.

CONSECRATION OF AN IRISH BISHOP.—The Sec of Raphoe received his new Bishop on Sunday last, the Most Rev. Dr. McDevitt. He is a Pre-bite "ruler of the soil" (to quote from the *Freeman's Journal*), and was welcomed with the warmest greetings by crowds who knew him well. But we would draw attention to a sermon, preached by an Irish Bishop, —The Bishop of Down and Connor,—on the occasion of the consecration; which was worthy to be printed for its vigor and its zest. The subject mainly treated was Irish education; and the Bishop did but echo the convictions of all Catholics, when he dwelt upon its infinite importance. "From God Himself, (observed his Lordship) the Prelates who are assembled here to-day have received the trust of educating their flocks; and I will ask, how can others, actuated by human considerations, arrogate such a privilege to themselves? The present system, instead of being free from the suspicion of proselytism, was used as an engine to effect that end; and one of the principal promoters of the measure advocated it strongly, because, as he said, it was a lever by which Romanism might be undermined. And again, the Bishop on this great question,—They would cheerfully return to the old state of things sooner than see a system, founded on a pretence of fairness, at first corrupt and ultimately undermine the faith received from S. Patrick." With equal energy, at a banquet given in the evening, Dr. McDevitt enforced the necessity of founding a Catholic University. The question of education is indeed now so paramount in the councils of Ireland, that none other can compare with it for national interest.—*Tablet*.

THE NEW BISHOP OF RAPHOE.—The Most Rev. Dr. McDevitt is a native of Donegal, and in "going amongst his own," clothed in emblems of his lofty dignity, they welcomed him with a more than ordinary joyfulness, and bent their heads for his first blessing with peculiar gratification. It was long since Donegal had witnessed a ceremonial so striking and impressive as the solemn rite of consecration in the church at Letterkenny on Sunday. From its glens and mountains the noble-hearted people of the county gathered in to the sacred temple to share in the memorable celebration, and to testify their unalterable allegiance to that older faith, for which those who have gone before them have borne such bitter agonies of persecution. It was a fitting tribute to the devotedness of such a people that the hierarchy of the northern province should assemble in Letterkenny, and heighten the glories of the day by a participation in the consecration of its new prelate. The Primate of Ireland was there in the person of the beloved Archbishop who now occupies the chair of the Apostle of our land. It must have been with no ordinary pleasure that the Most Rev. Dr. McDevitt found himself once again amongst those simple-minded and affectionate people of Donegal, with whom so much of his life was passed, and from whom he could tear himself away only when the decree of separation was spoken by the voice of Pius IX. himself. If anything were needed to secure for the Most Rev. Dr. McDevitt, the reverence of his spiritual children, it would be more than supplied to them by the remembrance that the mitre was placed upon his brow, and the crozier entrusted to his hand, by their own late venerated Bishop. Clogher, and Down, and Ardagh, and Meath, and Kilmore, and Derry, and Dromore—all were represented around the altar of consecration, and all were there to offer their words of congratulation to the prelate and the people who were mutually honoured that day. It was hardly to be expected that such an event would be allowed to pass over, and such a distinguished assemblage to separate, without advantage being taken of the one and of the other for the enunciation of some opinions on the great question that now occupies the anxious attention of the Catholic people of Ireland. We need scarcely tell our readers that we refer to the subject of education. It is one on which the hierarchy of Ireland have often emphatically proclaimed their right to speak, and to speak with an authority unequalled by statesmen or so-called philosophers. The opinions of their lordships are to-day unchanged, and they have, in the vigorous and unmistakable language of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, at Longford, the other day, "niled their colours to the mast" for purely Catholic schools and a purely Catholic University. Whatever it is to be said of the past, one thing is certain, that in the present there is no hesitancy—no wavering in the Irish Catholic Church. "The Bishops of Ireland," adds the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, "are of one mind on this great question. They would cheerfully return to the old state of things sooner than see a system founded on a pretence of fairness, at first corrupt, and ultimately undermine and destroy the faith received from S. Patrick."—*Weekly Freeman*.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—The proceedings at the present assizes are of a character which should fill the heart of every honest Irishman, whatever his opinions, with happiness and pride. In almost every county the charges of the learned judges who presided were conceived in the key of congratula-