

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Nov. 20.—It is said that M. Moutier the French Minister is preparing a note on the Mexican question. It is understood that it will be conciliatory towards the United States and will not object to the recognition of the Juarez Government.

The preparations for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be finally completed on the 16th December.

It is reported that a Franco American society has entered into negotiations for hiring the Great Eastern to convey passengers to and fro between New York and Brest for the Paris Exhibition.

La France, though the zealous partisan of a peace policy, and professing its dislike to what it calls 'the steep ascent of modern nations in pursuit of the means of destruction, and its preference for the means of destruction, declares that while the great Powers remain armed it is impossible for France to disarm; and that while close to her frontiers immense forces are ready to enter into campaign, she cannot reduce her army; and that disarmament should be a collective measure, and not merely on the part of one nation only.

In the letter, written by M. Arles Dufour, of Lyons to the Opinion Nationale, on the deplorable condition of the workmen of that city, he stated, as 'his conviction founded on experience, that a certain political party was actually engaged in plotting by that condition for their own purposes, and that they sought to aggravate it as much as possible.

The France Centrale, published at Blois, has received a warning from Paris, in which the statements were false, and were published with the malicious and manifest intention of spreading, contrary to the truth, alarm respecting the Emperor's health.

Dealing, which everybody thought was on its decline, has had a sudden revival in France. The journalists of the capital have been exchanging chairs right and left, and now a fatal encounter has taken place between two civilians. Some of the inhabitants of a quiet street near the Porte Maillot, Bis de Boulogne, hearing a noise in the night looked out of window and saw a knot of men in fashionable evening dress, surrounding two of their companions, who were lunging at each other with rapier.

Spain.—The Spanish Slave Trade.—In Mr. Graham Dunlop's account report are the following remarks on the Spanish slave trade:—The subject of slavery has occupied the special attention of the Government, with the object of entirely extinguishing the slave trade with Cuba and Porto Rico; a bill has been introduced to the Cortes, by which capital punishment will be inflicted on all Spanish subjects connected with the traffic, from the owner of the ship to the cook's boy on board. This seems a very stringent measure if carried into effect. The principle of the bill is simply to make slave-trading by sea piracy.

Italy.—Free, at last, from the Alps to the Adriatic, the nation has leisure to count the cost of its liberation, and to enter upon a work scarcely less important than that to which the Treaty of Vienna has put the seal. After the rescue comes the resuscitation. And here the financial question assumes the greatest prominence, because, notwithstanding the inflated generalities in which certain Italian speakers and writers have at times indulged, all other questions more or less hinge upon it.

Prussia.—The Paris correspondent of the same paper writes:—A telegraph dispatch, published two days ago by most of the papers, announced that Mr. Gladstone had had an audience of the Pope. Nothing could be more natural than that an eminent Englishman should pay his respects to the Pontiff; but people on the Continent are so accustomed to see great results arising out of insignificant causes, that it is quite natural the visit of the leader of the Opposition should give rise to endless comment.

Kingdom of Naples.—The Italian journal, the Dirillo, states that all the monks at Palermo have been ordered to leave aside the monastic habit without delay.

were unknown in their hardest days under Ferdinand of Naples, of a crowd of foreign officials and of a foreign police, is fomenting steadily, and we shall have a new chapter, of Sicilian history before long. And, meanwhile, the authorities are murdering monks and nuns—taking vengeance after the fashion of Herod the Great. Happily, every drop of their blood was Sicilian blood, and goes to make the coming vengeance all the more signal.

Rome, Oct. 30. The Pope has distributed to the Cardinals two allocutions delivered by his Holiness in the Consistory held yesterday.

In the first the Pope deprecates the persecutions of the Church by the Italian Government, the suppression of the religious orders, the secularization of the ecclesiastical property, and the law of civil marriage. All these acts he condemns, and declares to be null and void, and repeats the censures of the Church against their authors. Nevertheless his Holiness declares he accords his benediction to Italy. The Pope further protests against the invasion and usurpation of the Pontifical provinces, and against the revolutionary project of making Rome the capital of the new kingdom. He states that the temporal power is indispensable of the spiritual power, and declares that he is ready even to suffer death for the maintenance of the sacred rights of the Holy See, and if necessary to seek in another country the requisite security for the better exercise of his apostolic ministry. Finally, his Holiness prays that Italy may repent of the evils which she has brought upon the Church.

In the second allocution his Holiness states that the Russian Government has violated the concordat of 1840, and recalls the persecutions exercised against the Archbishop of Warsaw; the suppression in the dioceses of bishops of their legitimate jurisdiction, the abolition of religious orders—all acts tending to the destruction of Catholicism in Russia. His Holiness concludes by offering up a prayer, that the Czar may put an end to the persecutions of Catholics within the Russian dominions.

According to the Nuovo Dirillo, the French will give up the Castle of St. Angelo to the Pontifical engineers, and their arms and ammunition to the Pontifical Government. The same journal says the French will leave Rome on the 4th of December, remaining for a time at Civita Vecchia, the Antinea legion occupying the Castle of St. Angelo.

Mr. Gladstone at the Vatican.—The Standard says that of all the parts Mr. Gladstone has played, that of guest at the Vatican excites the most extraordinary interest. The visit of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Pope is, says the Standard, 'an incident worthy of being commemorated by a cartoon. He, who brought away specimens of rust from the dungeons of Naples; he, who spoke the language of lions; he, who would have confronted Hildebrand himself for the sake of 'fish and blood'; he, who is no longer for Church and State in his country, crosses the threshold of the Vatican, and is right welcome in a more than imperial palace. We wish him all manner of gratification, antiquarian and personal, aesthetic and critical, from his journey. But we wish also, that ill-natured people would not assign to it a motive. What motive can there be? Because Mr. Gladstone is a member of Parliament, an ex-Minister, a Liberal of Liberals, the author of the indictment against the kingdom of Naples, the contriver of Garibaldi's sudden exit from England, the questioner of Church rights, and the recipient of universal suffrage flatteries, is there any reason why he should not admire, and even caress, the splendid salvage of antiquity laid up, for some future epoch of barbarism to disperse, in the high halls of the Papacy? It is the privilege of an Englishman's leisure that he carries no public character with him, no matter whether he may go. Yet people, especially on the Continent, will not put faith in this. They must have a motive for everything. Tell them that Mr. Gladstone is not too old, or too weary of the pleasures in which he once delighted, to enjoy another glimpse of the Sala Regia or the Sixtine Chapel, to hear the Miserere, or to linger in the Loggia di Raphael, and they inform you in return that this is all a blind, that there is political whispering going on, that negotiations are on foot, and that the ex-minister is 'putting things into the Pope's hand which ought not to be there.' We in England, laugh, of course. Not so all other nations. They are serious; they see deeply through discoloured writers; they have heard why Mr. Gladstone went to Naples, and why he went to the Ionian Isles; and they argue—he never goes anywhere without a distinct and formidable object in view. It is a pity that a public man cannot turn away for a few hours from politics to admire pictures, and statues, and architecture—to look over coins, medals, crystals, and intaglios, without 'the eyes of Europe'—those terrible eyes, which simultaneously follow the patriot to Olerkenwell-green and the statesman to St. Peter's Piazza—pursuing him like an exacting and tributary power. We only do Mr. Gladstone justice, when we say that the small talk of the Continent concerning his trip to Rome is the simplest trash, and that if he does cast a longing, lingering look back upon Irish political pastures, where now the Birmingham bull is grazing and bellowing by turns, it is only a proof of the naivete with which he can say—I, at least, pay due reverence to the Holy Father! But while he is about it, let him pay, in charity a visit to the ex-King of Naples—he lives just over the way.'

The Paris correspondent of the same paper writes:—A telegraph dispatch, published two days ago by most of the papers, announced that Mr. Gladstone had had an audience of the Pope. Nothing could be more natural than that an eminent Englishman should pay his respects to the Pontiff; but people on the Continent are so accustomed to see great results arising out of insignificant causes, that it is quite natural the visit of the leader of the Opposition should give rise to endless comment.

Europe, of Frankfurt, professes to be quite unable to understand what can have induced so many English statesmen to go to Rome on the eve of the execution of the Convention of September, and infers from it they have gone there expressly to renew to his Holiness the offer of an asylum at Malta. The idea of such an offer being made by Mr. Gladstone, the thick and thin friend of Italian unity, would be burlesque enough even if the right hon. gentleman were in office, but under present circumstances it is preposterous in its absurdity. But that is no reason why it should not be generally credited, and in spite of common sense, the great mass of the public are persuaded that Mr. Gladstone is at Rome in some official capacity.

Kingdom of Naples.—The Italian journal, the Dirillo, states that all the monks at Palermo have been ordered to leave aside the monastic habit without delay. The facts of Palermo are now pretty clear, and the rising was neither more nor less than a revolution of the oppressed people in favor of a Republic. The Sicilians have always wanted an autonomy—they are farther from it now than when under the Bourbons, and they are not likely to cease till they get it. The Syracian of Palermo, in his official letter, acknowledges that the rising was the result of faults on both sides. He instances the wrong lack of the Central Government in treating Sicily as if it were like the rest of Italy, the thorough inaptitude of all classes for political obedience, and he advises that the severest measures should be put in operation.—If the Sicilians are so blind that they cannot see the advantages of Italian unity, the only remedy is to put their eyes out altogether. Meanwhile, the Sicilians are massing on the mountains, hatred of a conscription, of taxes, of imports, of laws which

rated with Russia.—Warsaw Cor. of the Augsburg Gazette. The Posen nobility journal, Dziennik, from the national independence point of view, is not so far wrong in exclaiming that the Poles in Russia and Prussia have every reason to envy the happy lot of their compatriots living under the Austrian sceptre. Goluchowski, with Polonizing orders, is enthroned at Lemberg, and Czartoryski, with messages from Napoleon, on his way from Biarritz to Vienna.—Prince Czartoryski, whose ancestors have sat on the Polish Throne, and whose late father was at one time in a fair way of re-ascending the steep steps leading to that highest earthly elevation, has long lived as an exile at Paris. In the last rebellion of his countrymen in Russian Poland he was at the head of the directing committee in Paris, and in constant intercourse with the French Court and Government. He has now been not only permitted but encouraged, to remove his household gods to Gallia, and, before leaving for that country, obtained an audience of the Emperor Napoleon in the diplomatic watering-place at the foot of the Pyrenees. His well-wishers do not care to conceal that there and then he was charged with transmitting to the Kaiser the congratulations of Napoleon on having so happily taken the initiative in the Polish question.—Times.

Another act of the drama is over in Venice, a pretty contrast-plot now to the doings in the South. Sicily protests—for she has tried the new rule for six years; Venice accepts—knowing nothing but that she is to change her school, nor seeing as yet the rods in store for her. The pastoral of the Cardinal Patriarch was wise and credible; the pastorals of some of the Bishops are in marked contrast with it, and if it be true that the bishop of Rovigo headed the poll in state with his clergy, and that the Bishop of Verona had a 'Te Deum' in his Cathedral, one can only hide one's head for the Church in Venezia. The Church, undoubtedly, is badly enough off with a declared enemy of the Papacy for the new Vicar Capitular. They do things differently in Central Italy and in the South—there Bishops go into exile and to prison, rather than lend a smile to a Government which is founded on the basest falsehood and injustice. Of course, with the Italian troops already in possession, one can never know the people at large did vote, or how many of the returns were falsified.

The Troubles of the Emperor Francis Joseph.—In reference to the reported attempted assassination of the Emperor of Austria, the Times remarks that we must await further particulars to enable us to appreciate the real importance of this sinister incident; but the latest intelligence from Prague is well calculated to prepare us for any melancholy tidings from that city. There is, indeed, deep gloom gathering round the throne of that ill-starred Francis Joseph, and it seems as if every step he took only plunged him deeper into his sea of troubles. Baron von Buist, we are told, has really been placed at the head of the Imperial Cabinet. The intelligence of that ominous appointment, which was scouted as too absurd to deserve credit, receives now the fullest confirmation, and it is even asserted that the new Foreign Minister took his oath of office at Prague. The Emperor is an independent Sovereign, and the choice of his advisers is no concern of his neighbors; but the Emperor's subjects are not likely to share his confidence in a man who, whatever may be his abilities, has invariably ruined every cause he took in hand. We have seen how the nomination of Count Goluchowski to the governorship of Galicia was like a firebrand thrown into that province to light up the worst passions of the Polish and Ruthenian population. The flame of civil discord threatens the empire on every side; and, as if there were not enough of Magyar and German, Slav and Saxon, and the whole confusion of hostile races, the runaway Jesuits from Venetia have now come for a refuge to the Emperor; and have roused among the people of Vienna and Prague the enmity which that holy militia seldom fails to excite in every European community. Austria had at all times a great many friends in this country, and it is difficult to withhold sympathy from a sovereign the butt of such constant and undesired adversity. But to suggest an escape for him out of his present difficulties seems a task beyond the power of man. There is no course for the Emperor to follow that is not open to objection, to serious, almost insurmountable objection. Should even the means be found to reconcile the aspirations of the Czech and the Magyar with the interests of the monarchy, the virtual independence of the main nationalities with the authority of the central Government, violence would still probably have to be exercised upon the sub-nationalities, among which dissatisfaction is equally rife. The battle of Sadova has revealed the existence of another 'sick man' in Europe. Sick men, it is true, do not always die at once; there are chronic and there are even curable infirmities; but all the symptoms exhibited by the new patient seem to point either to the necessity of violent remedies or to inevitable dissolution.

Prussia.—The Paris Presse has an article, signed by M. Cuche-al-Clariguy, commencing with the statement that—

The alliance between Russia and Prussia is now an accomplished fact. It is not now a question of the continual interchange of good offices which was revealed to indignant Europe in 1863 by the Extradition Convention of Posen, of that permanent complicity which led the Nord to speak of Prussia as the 'traditional ally' of Russia; it is a question of binding engagements entered into with reference to a special object, and in anticipation of events already determined upon.

After noticing the manner in which this alleged alliance has been effected the article goes on to explain its object;— 'If Russia, in the execution of her plans in the East, should meet with any other obstacle than the Turks, Prussia will range herself on her side. If any foreign intervention should thwart the work of assimilation which Prussia is accomplishing in Northern Germany, or the already prepared absorption of the minor States south of the Main, Prussia can rely upon the armed co-operation of Russia.'

Matters assume every day a more threatening aspect in this country, and the military movements which follow each other uninterruptedly indicate that in Russia certain eventualities are believed in. For ten days there have been incessant arrivals from the interior of Russia, of trains filled with troops, who, after a short rest, took the direction of the Gallician frontier. Under the pretext that they are dreaming of the speedy re-establishment of their country, the Russian Government is urging forward vigorously the work of Russification, and favors as much as possible conversion to the orthodox rite. The Russian Government is doing all it can to maintain the irritation of the Ruthenians in Eastern Galicia against the Poles, and it appears disposed in case of need to protect them with arms in hand. It has even caused petitions to be addressed, in which the Ruthenians demand to be incorpo-

EASTERN SKETCHES.

Jerusalem. Days fled quickly by at Jerusalem among scenes so interesting and dear to every Catholic. Each morning I used to hear the last Mass at S. Salvatore, which was at seven o'clock; then an hour in the Holy Sepulchre and the other shrines, and one felt prepared for all the afterwork and enjoyment of the day. With so much to see, it is difficult to decide where first to bend one's steps. Our second walk was thro the Valley of Jehosaphat, to the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin, and the two pools of Siloam. The afternoon was very lovely; the sky so blue and clear, but with plenty of white clouds floating on its surface. The tombs of Jehosaphat and Abalom stand at the entrance of the valley, just above the Kedron. On the hill-side are the Jewish graves, each covered with a rough stone, which at first sight has the appearance of a rock protruding above the soil; some few have two or three words of Hebrew cut on them, but the greater number bear no inscription, unless, indeed, it has been worn away by time and the heavy rain. There is no room for more burials there; they now begin to extend the graves beyond the valley; each morning there are some new ones dug. I fear the mortality among the Jews in Jerusalem must be very great. The valley, so connected in one's mind with the final judgment, cannot but fill one with awe and reverence.

Just opposite the little village of Siloam, on the other side of the valley, is the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin, to which you descend by a long light of rough steps deep down into a cave; the stream is at the bottom, the water is beautifully clear and bright, and pleasant to the taste; tradition says that our blessed Lady washed the clothes of her Divine Child here when she came up to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord. The stream passes underground to the pool of Siloam. A little girl was filling a kind of pail with water; she begged very hard for money, and followed us some distance, calling out continually 'Hadgi, backshish.' Here they always address you as 'Hadgi' which means 'pilgrim.' It is a pleasant sound than the hateful 'Hawarga' of Egypt.

At the upper pool of Siloam there were a numerous company of pilgrims washing their clothes, combing their hair, and cooking their food; amongst them were plenty of children of all ages, from mere infants upwards; the whole party seemed very merry, and looked for the most part strong and healthy, though they must suffer many privations. I fancy they were Russians. I laughed at them, and they at me; but we could not understand one another's language. The lower pool of Siloam is enclosed in a wall with an arch at the further end. The water was very thick; we got a mug full, but I did not taste it, as it abounded in weeds. The pool has the appearance of being perpetually in motion, which is considered a phenomenon. Flowers grow here in profusion—cyclamens, anemones, ranunculuses, and many more; holyhocks are natives of these parts, but it was too early for them; the pomegranates were just shooting forth their red leaves, and gave a nice tint of color mixed with the olives and hawthorns. We wandered home up another small valley, and, climbing the hill, by a very steep, stony path, entered the city of the Zion gate. This part of Jerusalem is extremely dirty; I never walked through such streets before, and was very glad to emerge from them. One does not much wonder at the dirt when one realizes the number of people living in so small a space; and at this time of year there is an increase of some thousands. The pilgrims begin to arrive soon after Christmas, and continually increase in numbers up to the Holy Week. They are from all parts of Europe and Asia Minor; there were more this year than ever previously, Russians predominated, and the Catholics were unusually few. Greeks, Armenians, Goptes, even Mahometans come here as a religious act. Many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem, and to entreat the face of the Lord.' Mahometans reverence the Mosque of Omar as a sacred spot next to Mecca. The Armenians have a very large convent, which accommodates within its precincts all their pilgrims. The Catholics I imagine, are mostly received into S. Salvatore by the Franciscans; as to the remainder of the pilgrims, I know not how they live; a good number must have no shelter at all, but pass their nights in the open air in the villages round the city. A Russian lady told us that her country people save up their money for years to enable them to visit these sacred spots, and they do not mind what hardships they endure in obtaining the end they have in view; she said that, in most cases, they make bread before they leave home sufficient to last them for the time they expect to be away, and, by baking it extremely hard, it keeps well; it is far more economical than to buy it in Jerusalem, where at this time of the year everything is exorbitant. A large number join together under some one a little superior to themselves, whom they appoint as their head, and he arranges all for them, managing the expenses, &c. From Europe in general, I believe, the whole of the pilgrims from one country are under one director; but then they are not nearly so numerous as the Russians, and they appear to be not quite so poor. It is touching to see any of them in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, so reverent and earnest; the tiniest children kneel down and kiss each spot with such loving adoration, and mothers lay their infants on the sepulchre or stone of union, so that even they may get the pilgrim's blessing.

One day I was sitting on a rock outside the Garden of Gethsemane, when a party of twenty or thirty pilgrims approached accompanied by a guide; they all went a few yards up the hill sufficient to enable them to see over the wall into the garden, and the guide commenced relating in a clear voice the agony of our divine Lord; it was a beautiful sight to see their eyes so earnestly fixed on him, drinking in his words, and then as he stretched out his hand and pointed to the olives, they simultaneously fell on the ground and kissed it repeatedly, while tears streamed down many of their hard, weather-beaten faces.

A caravan of pilgrims leaves on the Mondays to visit the Dead Sea and to bathe in the Jordan; they are away three days. This year there were to be three such expeditions, hitherto two have been sufficient, so that it shows there is an increase in the number of pilgrims. They walk or travel on mules or horses, but go very slowly, keeping all together. Some are so old that it is marvellous they can bear the fatigue; it is amusing to see them, sometimes

three people on 'the same' beast, or a decrepit old man and woman in two panniers slung across a horse. They are accompanied by a good escort of Arabs, who are well paid for their services, and guarantee the safety of the caravan during their journey, and while at the Jordan; otherwise the pilgrims would be robbed by the wild tribes who inhabit all round the Dead Sea and its neighborhood.

The Greek pilgrims take a coarse white garment with them, in which they bathe, and after carefully drying it, preserve it to serve them as a shroud; some wear it at Jerusalem on their final journey, for amongst such a number there are many deaths.—They stay in or about the Holy City till Easter Day then, after hearing High Mass in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they begin at once to prepare for departure, many leaving the same afternoon. Some few go north to visit Nazareth, Tiberias, and Carmel, and embark for home at Caiffa; but the greater part return to Jaffa, and quit Palestine at once.—From Jerusalem they are able to visit Bethlehem and S. Giovanni in Monte. They carry home with them many relics of their pilgrimage, in the way of stones, water, &c.; and all purchase some little thing to be blessed on the Holy Sepulchre; one can imagine how in years to come they will recount over and over again their different adventures, and exhibit these relics, with a story attached to each.—Wishing to ascertain the peculiarities of the Holy City, we followed the advice of some friends, and spent one day in riding round and seeing it from every point of view; when he had done this, we had a clear and definite idea of the whole outskirts, and it is, I think, well to make this (as we did) one of the earliest excursions. The situation of the city is very striking, the valley runs round three sides, the fourth is towards Damascus; I never could gaze at it from a little distance without an intense feeling of love and sadness, it is, as Father Faber says, though 'half-buried in its ruins, no city upon earth is so dear to the believer's heart.' Holy Scripture, meditation, and pictures have made one so familiar with it, that it is difficult to realize that one is gazing on a new scene,—names which have been household words from childhood come to one as old friends. Jerusalem, indeed, cannot be viewed as any other city; it stands quite alone.

There are four gates in use, the Jaffa, David's S. Stephen's and the Damascus; we passed out at the latter, rode up Mount Sabat, under which is Jeremiah's grotto, and thence by a long road to the Mount of Olives, on the summit of which is the little Church of the Ascension; it is not really a church, but it incloses the stone of the Ascension, and in it Mass is celebrated at certain times; the walls were shamefully disfigured by names being cut all over them; I do not remember any other sacred spot similarly treated, but I dare say it is the result of not being under the care of religious. I spent some time in silent meditation by this stone, picturing the scene as it took place that first Assension day, when a 'cloud received him out of their sight,' and the Apostles and His holy Mother 'returned with great joy to Jerusalem.' To this church there is a tower, from which you have a good view all over the city; we could trace out the whole very well,—the Mosque of Omar in the foreground, on its great plain studded over with cypresses; and at one corner its tall minaret; beyond the Church of Holy Sepulchre, discernable by its dome, the Armenian and Greek convents; and lastly, Mount Zion, and the Protestant church tower set the farthest point. Beneath lay the garden of Gethsemane, and the tomb of our blessed Lady. There was plenty to excite thought, but we could not remain up there long, for the wind was very high, and it was raining a little; so we retired into a house close by to rest, and when it became fine, we set out to walk down the mount, and to visit the three great indulgenced spots,—first, the 'Via Galilea,' not far from place of the Ascension, and where the angels encouraged and strengthened the apostles after their Lord and Master had left them; thence to an old house which stands where our Lord wept over the city,—this is by far the best place from which to see it: even now in its comparative degradation, it looks beautiful; I have often sat here for a long time gazing at it; and the scene is indelibly fixed on my memory; few people seem to visit this spot, for I never found any one, there, but such time enjoyed it to myself alone, which considerably enhanced the pleasure. Lastly, to the place (marked by a stone) where the angel announced to our blessed Lady her approaching death;—what a joy to her! This is immediately outside the garden of Gethsemane. We tied again to get in there, but it was deserted, and the door securely closed, so that we could only kneel outside for a few minutes,—but even that was pleasant. Here one quite forgets English reserve, and kneels down wherever and whenever one feels inclined, kisses a rock or a stone, to which one feels devotion, and no one takes any notice; this is not to be wondered at, as hundreds do the same. In church, too, it became quite natural to kiss the ground, in reverence to the blessed Sacrament, when one went in or came away, or went up to the altar for holy communion. When I returned to Europe, I found quite a difficulty in leaving it to this practice, so much had it become a habit; and I gave some scandal at Milan, when I ventured to do so at the altar of St. Charles, where his body was exposed, till I explained that I was only recently returned from the East.

At the foot of Olivet we remounted our horses, and proceeded along the valley of Jehosaphat, nearly up Siloam, when we turned off up the valley of Kinzoa, and so on to mount Zion. This valley is darker and narrower than Jehosaphat; I thought it beautiful in its depth of shade, and what was once fearful, now peaceful and calm. Near the entrance is a tree, said to be the one on which Judas hanged himself; it may probably be a successor, as the place at the confluence of the two valleys seemed a likely one for such an act. Near it, on the side of the hill, is Acladon, now consisting of a number of caves; the guide said that the bodies of unknown pilgrims are still buried here, but I could not ascertain that this was really the case, though I took much pains to enquire. About a mile beyond this valley is the Greek convent of rather college of Santa Croce; we went there with the view of seeing Jerusalem from that side, and also for the sake of visiting one of their places of education. This is for boys and young men, destined for the priesthood; it has been lately rebuilt, and is very large; the church is old, and the walls are covered as usual with gaudy pictures; to me these are very ugly; some of them are, I dare say, valuable, for they seem to take great care of them, and others appear to be of a raised kind, with stones set in them,—but they may be imitation. We were admitted without any hesitation into the college, and conducted over a large part of it: the students were out, so we saw only one about except one solitary Greek priest; the class rooms are large, and the walls of all were entirely covered with maps and charts; the books seemed much the same as are used in English schools, only that there were many Arabic ones intermixed. The dormitories were large and rather bare looking, and there was a great deficiency of air; they seemed to keep every window carefully closed; the kitchen looked small; some kind of vegetable soup was being prepared for dinner; it did not seem very inviting. I dare say, being Lent, they had not much choice of food; the Greeks fast more strictly than we do, and children seem required to begin the practice when quite young. The refractory was laid out very simply. What struck me particularly in the whole was, that there was not, as far as I could see, a single religious object visible in any of the rooms or galleries—so different to what is usual amongst Catholics. We went up to the roof, which forms a good place for walking; it is laid out in regular terraces, and the view from it is very fine. There was one large orange-tree covered with fruit in the grounds, but the garden in general seemed neglected. At leaving we inscribed our names in a book, but believe there are about a hundred students here, but