

exercise for two hours daily, and he told him that he "got a terrible reprimand from Dublin for allowing him exercise, and that he had orders to certify that he was fit for punishment."

Dr. Ridley was very much afraid lest his humanity would be known to the Prisons' Board, and when Mr. Lane on leaving the prison thanked him for his many acts of kindness, the doctor besought him not to let the Prisons' Board know that he was kind to the political prisoners.

Mr. Lane expressed his conviction that the doctor committed suicide rather than "face the ordeal of admitting that he allowed himself to be bullied by Dr. Barr and the Prisons' Board into punishing John Mandeville so severely."

Mr. Hooper's letter vouches for the entire accuracy of Mr. Lane's statements. Dr. Ridley had communicated to him all the facts which are here related of Mr. Lane, and requested Mr. Hooper to add his request to his own that Mr. Lane should go into hospital, and that the latter might know that the request came from Mr. Hooper, this gentleman gave a password to the doctor the name of his assistant editor.

Dr. Ridley was in great sorrow because he was obliged by the Prisons' Board to give him a miserable mattress, and so keenly did he feel the harsh treatment to which the prisoners were subjected, that he clandestinely offered Mr. Hooper brandy—which the latter refused to accept, saying that if the smell were detected suspicion would fall upon some poor warder who would be punished for furnishing it.

Both Mr. Lane and Mr. Hooper testify to the kind intentions of Dr. Ridley, and to his grief at performing acts of cruelty which were loathsome to him.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The silver jubilee of Archbishop Corrigan will be celebrated on Wednesday, 19th September. The priests of the diocese intend to show him their respect and love, and to present him with over \$20,000.

Two colored students are studying for the priesthood in St. Peter's College, near Liverpool, England. They are preparing for the mission in the South, one being from Virginia, the other from Maryland.

The Rev. Father Th. F. Laboureaux, of Penetanguishene, Ontario, has been in Philadelphia collecting funds for the erection of the memorial church to the French fathers who suffered martyrdom at the hands of Indians not far from Penetanguishene.

It is rumored that the Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia will be promoted to the cardinalate. There is, however, no authentic information on the subject. The elevation of the distinguished prelate to that dignity would be highly gratifying to all Catholics in America.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Ithaca, N. Y., advertise a game of baseball to be played at Cayuga Lake Park, to be followed by the baptizing in the lake of colored converts from the camp meeting. The Y. M. C. A. have peculiar notions of what kind of a show is best for "raising the wind."

MR. BALFOUR seems determined to still pursue the policy of brutality. His latest achievement is the arrest of John Redmond, M. P. for Wexford, his brother William Redmond, M. P. for Fermanagh, and Edward Walsh, editor of the Wexford People. They are charged with offences under the Censorship Act. Father Kennedy has been arrested for holding a meeting of a suppressed branch of the National League at Daballow, County Cork.

A NUMBER of our readers have expressed a strong desire to see the letters which appeared in our columns describing "How a Schoolmaster became a Catholic," published in pamphlet form. We are convinced that they would do much good in this form, and we have no doubt that with a sufficient number of subscriptions, the writer would be glad to meet the desires of those who have so expressed themselves. The letters are certainly well worthy of being preserved for future reference.

ONE of the most virulent of the virulent demagogues who spoke at the anti-Catholic meeting in Faneuil Hall, has made the discovery that Catholic influence is increasing in the State of Massachusetts because Catholic parents rear their children instead of suppressing them, after the example of the Puritans. He accordingly appealed strongly in his church recently to the Protestant women of the State for God's sake to have more children, so as to keep the Catholic element from growing

too powerful. He is evidently afraid that the bigots will not be able to carry out their programme of ostracising Catholics from the Boston School Board, and from positions as teachers in the schools.

BIGOTRY AND CHARLATANISM AT CHAUTAQUA, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.

SIR—I have always formed a high opinion of the liberality and culture of the American people, but a stay of a few days at Chautauqua has done much to disabuse my mind of this good opinion and plant therein a strong suspicion that Cancellor Vincent, of Chautauqua University? (God save the mark!) with his Chautauqua "movement," brigades of boys and "old maids," is a bigot in religion, a Charlatan in education, and entirely out of touch with the generous pulse of American thought and freedom.

Not long ago Bishop Vincent—bishop by the grace of stuffed ballots—showed his sting in a letter which he wrote to a lady in which he said "I am a prohibitionist, an anti-Romanist and consequently a true Republican"—and he might have added, the head of a sham university—the leader of the Chautauqua movement—

whose sole aim and purpose is to show dividends at the close of the season and send schoolmasters and feather-headed students home full of empty pockets and "pure reason." Bishop Vincent seems to fear Rome very much and yet you would suppose that mighty intellect of his, which wire-pulled his own person into the episcopacy, could easily cope with Leo XIII. I happened to strike Chautauqua the day before Dr. Townsend began his course of lectures on "Jesus Christ and the Nation," and, of course, I was anxious to know what the Bostonian had to say about the disciples of Loyola. Dr. Vincent the previous evening impressed upon the audience his duty of turning out in large numbers to attend the lecture, observing that it was a remarkable one. So it proved to be. For it was falsehood in beginning, middle and end. Poor Townsend dealt the veriest clap-traps to the Chautauqua audience, and they, of course, applauded. He retailed exploded lies, misrepresented facts, and appealed to the prevailing prejudice of his hearers. I will just single out one or two of his slanders.

He imputed to the Archbishop of St. Louis the statement "That when Rome becomes powerful in America the days of religious freedom are numbered." This statement the Archbishop of St. Louis never made. Then he put in Lafayette's mouth the words: "If ever the liberty of the American people is destroyed it will be by the Roman Catholic Church." Lafayette never made the statement. If you put in the adverb "not" at the close you have his statement. Again Dr. Townsend spoke of the interference of the Catholic Church in the public schools and expounded it by the recent removal of a teacher as well as the text book from which he taught from one of the public schools of Boston. He forgot to tell the audience that the committee of investigation which recommended the change of the text-book and the teacher was two-thirds Protestant and that the committee was Dr. Duryea, well-known at Chautauqua, that the cause of the removal was because the text-book in history—Swinton—was a lie, and the teacher, a bigot, attempted to compel Catholic children attending the school to swallow the statement "that an indulgence in the Catholic Church is a license to commit sin." Now we may say "ab uno disce omnes," judge of the character of Townsend's lecture from these facts. As to his lecture, let me quote his own words: "I could not get a paper in Boston to report this lecture—if I delivered it there, nor, if published, a newspaper to sell it." Good what a happy companion Dr. Townsend would make for the uncle of Dr. Fulton, both rejected by the good sense of Boston. Ah, Dr. Townsend, you forgot to tell the Chautauqua audience that where Methodist tents are now pitched upon the banks of Lake Chautauqua its soil was first consecrated by the beryl and cross of the pioneer Jesuit, and at a time when the Puritan ancestors from whose loins you are descended were carrying out the blue laws of New England. You forgot to tell the audience that the sacred edifice of the Catholic Church is a healing balm to the corrupt flesh of the Puritan household of New England, whose secret crimes are steadily blotting out a people upon whose impure hearts has fallen the judgment of God.

THE sermon on Sunday was on death and the grave, the grave to which we are all tending—and was a very serious and solemn discourse. It was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the procession formed, and proceeded towards the Coteau. First cross-bearer and acolytes, then the clergy, M. de la Roche in rochet and surplice, the priests in soutans and maniples, and after them the Christian Brothers with their boys; then men and women and girls, in all over four thousand people.

Along the sullen streets, under the grand old trees for which the Triluvian city has enjoyed a celebrity for over two hundred years, up the slope of

"The green hill far away— Outside the city wall,"

and we were at the cemetery, where a dense throng was congregated waiting outside the broad gates which were kept locked until the arrival of the bishop. At a given word, the great key turned, and in, over the smooth avenues of sand the faithful trooped. Indeed, I am afraid they did not confine themselves to the avenues, but light and left over green sward and hillock the vast crowd spread, and every now and then one heard, "Let us come where we can see M. de la Roche." "Yes," said my friend, "Come. It always gives me devotion to look at his bishop."

In the centre of the cemetery a Calvary cross had been erected. On three lofty crosses hang the three figures of the tragedy on Gethsemane, by which the gates of heaven were opened to the children of Adam. The figures are well and artistically carved in wood, and are realistic without being exaggerated. The fair white boy, the patient face of Him in whom Pilate could find no fault, are beautifully, tenderly portrayed; the penitent thief is a fine Jewish type, his countenance expressive of love and contrition. The impatient thief is perhaps a little overdone; he certainly offers a horrible spectacle.

Before the centre cross the Bishop stopped, and surrounded by his clergy, began the ceremonies of benediction of the crosses of our Lord and of the first penitent. The ceremony over, and the Stabat Mater sung, His Lordship began the blessing of a Way of the Cross, which has just been erected at a cost of some thousands of dollars. The pedestals are finely wrought, grey stone; the stations appear to be in marble, but of that I am not certain. Each are being donated separately. The first is the gift of Rev. Canon F. X. Cloutier, the cure of Three Rivers, the next of Mr. Lottinville. Another station was given by the Men's League of the Sacred Heart, another by the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, and so on. As Mgr. LaRoche proceeded from one to the other, the meditations and prayers of the Way of the Cross were read by Canon Cloutier, and, as in the days of Moses, "All the people said Amen."

It was a most impressive sight, a truly beautiful ceremony; one could not but be struck with the piety and fervor of the good Triluvians, who so heartily joined in the prayers for those who had gone before, and who, under the turf of the coteau, lay; in what the Bishop truly said, is not an eternal sleep.

The cemetery is well laid out and possesses some fine monuments. Many of the graves are planted with choice flowers, others owe their decoration to the generosity of Dame Nature, who has with a prodigal hand, thrown over rich and poor, a carpet of clover, starred with daisies and blue-bells, and yellow golden dill. Here and there one sees a grand old historic name, then against a smiling humble and pathetic meets the eyes. A wooden tablet to "Tannis," aged seven. "Pray for him" close under the shadow of a mighty mausoleum, touches one's heart, though "Tannis" probably needs not so much the prayers of the passer-by as the stricken mother who laid her darling to rest out on the cold hill side.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. IN GOD'S ACRES.

Three Rivers, Sunday, August 15, 1888.

Ceremonies of benediction are always beautiful—perhaps that which took place last week upon the slope of the old Coteau St. Louis was exceptionally so.

It began with a sermon—a sermon preached from the cathedral pulpit by the venerable Bishop of the diocese of Three Rivers.

I would like much to describe M. de la Roche for the readers of the Record—but it seems presumption in a humble journalist to attempt a word painting of so grand a man. Here is what the great Archbishop of St. Boniface said of him forty years ago. \* \* \* "Monsieur LaRoche, a priest after the heart of God, endowed with the most precious gifts and the most amiable qualities."

"Although I can not express to this anxious missionary, to this worthy friend, all the gratitude that my heart feels towards him, I may at least tell you, my Reverend Father, and all the congregation (he Onate) that this virtuous priest has done an immense good in many of your children and deserves much at the hands of our family."

This holy prelate, who spent the golden years of his youth in the wilds of the north western forest, ministering to the savage Indian tribes, is nearing the completion of his three score years and ten. He is a tall man, and of dignified mien—stately in feet—but there is that in his face, in his smile, which disarms all fear. His features are extremely delicate, his nose a fine aquiline, his mouth small and well-formed, indicative of a character at once sympathetic and firm; his eyes, of a wonderful soft brown, light up his face with a mild and holy radiance. Altogether it is a countenance which once seen can never be forgotten; the blending of sweetness and firmness, of dignity and compassion, of courage and gentleness written on the beautiful old face would command the homage of the veriest stranger.

In the pulpit M. de la Roche speaks from the heart and to the heart. He is in earnest, profoundly in earnest, for his love for his flock is in proportion to his love for the God who redeemed them at so immeasurable a price—and his earnestness is not without its effect. He spares not exhortation nor reproof. The sermon on Sunday was on death and the grave, the grave to which we are all tending—and was a very serious and solemn discourse. It was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the procession formed, and proceeded towards the Coteau. First cross-bearer and acolytes, then the clergy, M. de la Roche in rochet and surplice, the priests in soutans and maniples, and after them the Christian Brothers with their boys; then men and women and girls, in all over four thousand people.

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In one corner of the grave yard, just as the concluding prayers of the obsequies were being said, a sound of sobbing became painfully evident. There by a new made grave, all radiant with scarlet geraniums and golden marigold knelt a widow and her daughter by her side, both blending their tears over the tomb of husband and father, whom an inscription showed to have been only thirty-eight.

In imitation of a strange American custom, a picture of the deceased had been inserted in the cross which formed his monument, and while his wife and child knelt there in an abandonment of grief strangers, prompted by a curiosity wholly indecorous, with rude hands turned aside the wooden covering, and exposed the features so dear to the stricken woman. That people can do such things is a mystery indeed.

Beside another tomb, all overgrown with wild briar roses, stood the bereaved of an old, old woman. There she stood, looking at the grave beneath her feet, immovable while the cortege moved past her, while the crowd knelt and rose, while it sang and prayed. And after the central figure, in purple and black and white, had disappeared from view, after the cortege had retired to the right and left, after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and twilight lay like a grey veil over all the land, she still stood on, steadfastly gazing at the shapless mound before her, her brow rosary swaying in her withered fingers. Is there the love that is stronger than death, or the remorse that never loses its terrible sting? The secret is her's and God's.

A. M. P.

THE CONVENT FIRE.

New York Press.

Not a sound came through the open windows save the soft sighing of a breeze through the big willows and the gentle twitter of some restless bird. All through the great stone building silence reigned, for it was the hour when every soul in its shelter sought communion with its Maker. In the chapel, in the school room, in the dormitories knelt noble, unselfish women, mothers and little children. What thought of evil or dread, or danger could enter here? Peace and submission marked every attitude.

Suddenly upon the air falls the tolling of the Angelus; the children look up wonderingly, the girls fearfully, the Sisters turn white. They read in every stroke the dread word fire, nevertheless they remain calm, motionless as statues, save for a gesture that frightens the little ones. When the Angelus is over, and with- out a murmur or excitement, out of their locked rooms, with their hands clasped, descend the stairs. It is none too soon, for already the great golden cross is wreathed in flames that startle the surrounding country.

The Sisters seek refuge under the elm and willows of the grove. There has been no screaming, no hysterics or fainting fits, no mad plunging from open windows or lofty souls in the big building, not one comes to its death or even receives an injury.

With the same wonderful calm, not of despair but of submission, that they listened to the death knell of their home and church, the Sisters watch its savage, fierce destruction. Not a groan or a wail of anguish escapes their patient lips. Have we ever had a more striking exemplification of the self-control inculcated by religious discipline?

New York Press.

The smoking ruins of the convent of the Sacred Heart continued to attract sight-seers yesterday. Hundreds of persons walked about the grounds, gazing at the naked walls and asking questions of the policemen. Particular interest was shown in the rear of the ruins, where a dozen Sisters were engaged in sorting the articles saved from the flames. Very little was saved. A few dozen blankets and pieces of furniture, some table linen, and here and there an article of clothing constituted the salvage. A rough shed was erected in the orchard for a store-house, and was partly filled with furniture. One engine was busy yesterday playing upon the smouldering ruins. Treasurer John D. Orlin was up early in the morning inspecting the walls. They appear to be sound.

The Sisters were very comfortably housed in three of the six cottages. One of them had been occupied by Chaplain Galahan of the convent; in another lived Mr. Isaac Peck, a sister of Mother Superior Jones; the occupant of the third cottage was a Mr. McFarland. Still others who remained in town, took refuge in Manhattan College, and were sent to Kenwood Convent last night. Others of the Sisters will be distributed among other convents of the order, until at length only ten or a dozen will remain at Mother Superior Jones.

Despite reports of her illness published in some newspapers, Mother Superior Jones has remained well and active since the fire. Mother Duffy, the treasurer, was rejoicing yesterday in the safety of every important document in her charge, saved for her by Policeman John J. Jefferson.

No arrangements have yet been made to open the school in September. The cottages will probably be used for a temporary school. Father Griffin of Manhattan College, had a shrine erected in one of the cottages in the morning, and services were held as usual. Mother Superior Jones has telegraphed to the head of the order in Paris for instructions. Until an answer is received it will not be known whether the convent will be rebuilt. The Mother Superior told the Sisters yesterday that she favored rebuilding on the old site.

Philadelphia Times.

The burning of the Roman Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, which occurred just a week ago to-day, has already proved that even the misfortunes of life may sometimes be productive of great and lasting good. While the Sisters of the order were yet gazing at their smouldering building and wondering where they might place the children entrusted to their care the Rabbi Gotthelf offered the Jewish hospital at Harlem as a retreat for the homeless little ones until

definite arrangements could be made. An act like this, coming from one of opposite belief and teachings, could only have taken place in the present century.

It was a graceful recognition of the sympathy that exists among those whose lives are devoted to good deeds, irrespective of creed, and its value in cementing the bonds of friendship between two great denominations cannot be overestimated.

THE CONVENT REGISTER DESTROYED.

Some of New York's fairest daughters have been trained at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, destroyed by fire last week. The Misses Ida and Gabriel (recently were educated there. Miss Eliza Sherman, daughter of old Tecumseh; Gen. Schofield's daughter Maria, the Misses Lucy and Katie Drexel, Gen. Surget's daughter, and the Misses Biggs of Washington all received their finishing at the hands of the good Sisters of the convent, not to mention Chancellor Jones' grand daughter, and two of the Carralls of Carrollton. The register of their names was destroyed by the fire. This register was opened forty years ago, and its loss can never be made up. One of the Sisters kept a private register of her own, and had also made an extensive collection of the photographs of pupils who had passed under her care. She lost both.

Special Correspondence of the Pilot.

IRELAND'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Portrait of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Other Famous People.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Dublin, August 11.

Last week I had not space to tell you of the portrait of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which is the gem (I think) of the National Portrait Gallery, and which has been presented by the Duke of Devonshire, the warm flesh-tints of the face being supported by the deep lines of the dress and background. Lord Edward wears the dark-blue coat, carelessly buttoned across the chest, the olive-brown small clothes and tawny red neck-cloth in which he liked to appear rather than in the ruff of a dignified statesman. His dark hair is uncombed, and he stands in a manly attitude, with one hand to his side. On his handsome face is the expression one knows so well, manly and daring, yet with a sweetness and a waywardness almost petulant, which makes one wonder if he was like his mother, or from what woman he inherited part of his temperament.

Looking at the man we remember how he and his wife Pamela loved to walk out together among the people, dressed in the plainest of dress and with no attendants, making believe to be "citizens" and holding out their young hands to their adoring Irish brothers with true Irish sympathy dashed with a touch of French sentiment. In this picture the noble young Geraldine has that curious likeness to Scott's Robert Burns which so often strikes one in his portraits. So did he appear when seen by Andrew O'Reilly, for many years the "Times" correspondent in Paris, who makes mention of having, when a little boy, met Lord Edward and his wife walking together on the sidewalk, "passing the Royal Exchange," at the very corner from which the new thoroughfare, "Lord Edward Street," now opens up from Cork Hill, leading away past the entrance to the time-disbonored old Castle Yard.

"I met Lord Edward," says O'Reilly, "were each bald in the middle size, both good-looking. He lively and animated, she mild, but not serious of aspect. Fearless, though some danger attended it, he wore a green coat and a green and white cravat. She was dressed, I think, in a cloth walking dress of dark green and a green neckerchief, for it was winter."

We find it hard to turn away from this portrait of a brave man who was so much more Irishman than aristocrat, whose love of country and passion for brotherhood burned so strongly that his life, with all his natural hopes and joys, was consumed by their fires. We remember that this very house (Leinster House) in which his portrait hangs, the property of the nation, was his father's mansion, and that yonder at the foot of that long passage lined by the trees, and the narrow winding staircase by which he is said to have escaped before his capture when disabled by the wounds of which he was allowed to die in prison. Who, looking on this cruel wasting to death in the dungeon, will dare say that the noble young patriot's sacrifice was wasted? One day Ireland will reap with joy what such blood has sown. There are men among us in the morning of the third century of Lord Edward's fall, but, please God, they will not die till the high task has been accomplished of which this glorious young Geraldine did his heroic share.

Among the engravings we have portraits of Steele, Sterne, Congreve, Addison, Macklin and Quin, the actors, Goldsmith and many others either born in Ireland or closely connected with the country in their careers. Among the painted portraits we must not pass over John Cornelius O'Callaghan, whose entire life was usefully devoted to the amassing of materials for his comprehensive history of the Irish Bishops in the service of France and other foreign countries. O'Callaghan was one of those whose work, taken up and sustained with enthusiasm, may be said to have been his whole life. He was a man of letters, a member of the Irish Brigade, and he has left a treasure of information behind him for these historians or novellists of future Ireland who will, in time to come, go back to our troubled past for materials to build up a literature which as yet we do not possess. It is only a few years since he passed away from among us, and still familiar to many is the image of the tall, spare old man, with keen black eyes, and square, pale face, who would sit down to a friend's dinner-table with a remark about "Milly" which would lead the uninitiated to suppose that Count Lally de Tollendal had walked with him to the door, and only left him on the threshold.

After all these come the new addition to the gallery, a portion of the Cassioner Smith collection of mezz-tint engravings, lately contributed to the gallery by the generosity of Sir Cecil Guinness, Government having refused to purchase a part share of this fine collection for our gallery, at the urgent request of the nation. A gentleman, Mr. Challoner Smith, has spent

his life in collecting these exquisite mezz-tints, which are chiefly portraits of distinguished men and women, in some instances after Reynolds, Romney and other great painters, but in many cases being original works of art of the engraver. Two of the most distinguished artists represented in this collection were Irishmen. James McNeill, mezz-tint engraver, was born in Dublin in 1719. He removed to London early in life, and died there in 1765. He is said to have been the most skillful mezz-tint engraver of his day. Hugh Hamilton was also a native of our chief city who came into the world in the latter half of the eighteenth century. For some time he lived and worked in London, but twelve years of his life were spent in Italy. He painted the portraits of many distinguished Irishmen.

Here we have some of the loveliest faces that shine across the pages of Irish history. The beautiful Guinneses are well represented, the two tall handsome Duchesses who in the space of two or three years were widowed on a Connaught bog and centres of London society, followed by a mob in the streets, and courted by the great ones of the world for their extraordinary beauty. Their hair was an old house, still standing, upon low-lying marshy lands of the County Galway; and their mother, a daughter of Viscount Mayo, married to a country squire, deploring that her lovely daughters of 17 and 15 should, for lack of means, be doomed to hide their unusual charms in the wilderness. With or without means she resolved to take them boldly to Dublin, where, in a hired house in Great Britain Street she was one evening heard to lament and weep because money failed her and the bathers were at the door. Mrs. Bellamy, the famous actress, tells how, in passing this house one evening, she ventured in to inquire the cause of the woman of grief which had fallen on her ear, and so well did she stand the friend of the mother whose acquaintance she thus made that the bathers were dismissed and the lovely girls for whose sake such difficulties had been dared, were introduced to the Castle and their future fortunes as Duchesses of Argyll and Countess of Coventry, dressed out in the borrowed plumes lent them by another charming functionary, the kind-hearted Margaret Woffington.

Besides the handsome pair, Maria and Elizabeth, we have here a lovely half-length figure, Miss Kitty Gunning, a far more winning creature, I should say, than her splendid sisters, yet of her the world hears nothing, seeing she did not become a duchess. As she married a country squire and lived her life at home amongst the hills and pastures, it is more than probable that she was much the happiest woman of the three. At all events she did not die of painting her fair face like poor Maria, to whom the beauty that led her to such folly was a fatal gift. Near the sisters we have their benefactors, the fascinating Leg Woffington, with rather bold, frank, large beauty, which seems to reflect the character of the kindly actress.

A portion of a screen entirely devoted to Thomas Moore and his father and mother brings to our minds the poet in his most amiable aspect, and our thoughts go back to the early days of the author of the Irish melodies, when the precocious boy developed his genius under the delighted eyes of the good old couple, who here smile upon him with good-humored fondness and pride. Something of this family group I will tell you next week.

DIocese of PETERBOROUGH.

Peterborough, Aug. 26th, 1888.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The solemnity of this festival was celebrated on Sunday, the 19th, in the cathedral by solemn High Mass, Canon Pontéves, The Rev. Father McEvoy officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Connolly S. J., of Montreal, as deacon and Rev. Father Dubs as subdeacon. A sermon appropriate to the feast was delivered by Rev. Father Cronin of the diocese of Hamilton. The members of the Sacred Heart Society lately established in the parish, numbering about 800, received Holy Communion at the several masses. In the evening Father Cronin officiated at vespers and Father Connolly preached a most interesting and instructive sermon on "Leprosy as a Type of Sin and Error."

His Lordship afterwards gave Benediction. During the evening week Father McEvoy was absent in Toronto, and during the week may be mentioned Rev. Fr. Swift of Troy, N. Y., Rev. Fr. Twomey of Kingston, and Rev. Father Cronin of Hamilton.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

The new hospital on the St. Leonard's estate to be erected under the patronage of St. Joseph, Tamara have been already received for the excavation of the stone-work of the foundation and work is to be commenced immediately with a view of laying the corner-stone before the close of the season.

FATHER CONWAY'S LOSS AND GAIN.

Some time ago during a violent storm the steeple of Norwood church was blown down, fortunately without any further injury to the building. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, as we learn from yesterday's Norwood Reporter that Father Conway, on digging for water has struck not oil, but gold. The extent and value of the mine has yet to be discovered. But the local papers prognosticate that before long Father Conway will be ranked amongst the millionaires. Since the discovery it is said that a certain confrere of his in a neighboring mission has been reading for his consolation the Book of Lamentations.

His Lordship, accompanied by Father McEvoy, leaves here on Tuesday for a visit to the Bishop of Kingston.

A great event next winter in the religious world will be the publication of Pate Dido's "Life of Christ," on which he has been engaged for many years, and which has been long eagerly expected by those who believe that the renowned Dominican preacher will entirely refute M. Rnan's work.

In 1886 Salt Lake City was visited for the first time by a Catholic priest, but none permanently resided there till the following year. Now the place has a bishop and six resident priests.