

me as a son of Poland. By why all this? and I dare that I have been deceived in Rosa?" Raphael would doubtless have protracted his reflections still farther, had he not just then arrived at the gates of Count Bailiewski's castle, which he entered with a full resolution to have his suspense ended either one way or the other. (To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAMILL ON NAPLES.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

It is the historian of the next century who will accurately describe the political schemes which England conceived, and indeed executed, after the battle of Waterloo, for the subjugation of the surrounding Catholic countries. The political liberties and the religious belief of these kingdoms were assailed at the same time; and the successful assault on these paramount national principles and rights was always made the pretext for perpetuating the bondage of Ireland. The history of modern Christianity has no parallel disasters with the inflictions planned against Spain and Portugal in 1815, practiced on these nations up to 1832, and finally executed in that year by the overthrow of the legitimate heir to the throne, by the infidel element in their ancient constitution and laws; and by the seizure and confiscation of the entire church revenues of the kingdom.

It cannot be repeated too often that England, by the same kind of intrigue, perjury, and bribery by which she robbed Ireland of her domestic Legislature, had plundered Spain and Portugal respectively of their national constitutions. The class which our politicians have called by the name of the English party in France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Italy, &c., are no other than the Frenchmen, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Neapolitans, the Italians, &c., who, in these various nations have been seduced by English perfidy, and bribed by English gold, to betray their country, to sell their liberties, and to enslave their posterity. The children of Ireland—the profligate, base children of Ireland—have already bartered their national rights, of making their own laws, for English gold; and hence the Irish readers of this article can well understand the character and the stamp of these men called the English party referred to in the surrounding countries.

This, then, is the party which in Spain and Portugal, through the influence of England, abolished the Siete Leyes, and therefore expelled Don Carlos and Don Miguel, the two legitimate heirs to the two thrones. They were, both the one and the other, prince patriots, the unflinching advocates of their ancient laws, the steady defenders of their national constitutions, and the zealous friends of their clergy and the Church. The English party in the army, on the bench, in the provinces, in the Cortes, in the Cabinet, procured corrupt majorities to change the constitutional laws, to banish the two rightful heirs, to place upon the two thrones two young Queens, two usurpers, two children in two cradles. And as if to make the angels weep at these tricks performed before heaven, this is the party which banished from one country seventy-five thousand religious, and from the other, forty-six thousand of the same class. And having seized the revenues of the Church, concluded this fiendish tragedy, by converting the Churches of the two countries into Theatres, Gymnasiums, Bazars, Stables, Riding-houses, Magazines, and miscellaneous places of infamous resort.

Nor can it be ever forgotten, or too often repeated again and again, that when the English party faltered for a moment in this suicidal national inquiry for want of pecuniary resources, England advanced the Cash, through London Bankers, demanding as their security, the total Confiscation of the Spanish and Portuguese Church property. The very bonds by which the conveyance was made are still of course in existence; a moiety of the monies remains still unpaid to the Bankers; and a proof can be adduced, if proof were necessary, to brand England through all coming time with the same perfidy towards foreign Catholic Kingdoms, which she perpetrated in Ireland, namely, the plunder of their Constitutions, and the persecution of their Faith. The demolition of the Spanish Factories and Mills by the Duke of Wellington threw into the sole possession of England the entire Spanish market; while the weakness and the poverty of Portugal converted Lisbon into an English town.

Lord Palmerston during the times referred to, was engaged not only to command the policy, and to change or weaken the creed of the Catholic Countries; but also to place a Coburg on all the neighbouring thrones. In pursuance of this idea, this English breeder of young Coburgs had established, or rather had marked out two distinct houses in Saxo Gothia. The one was a Catholic stock suited to orthodox Crowns, the other was a multifarious trunk, being at one and the same time, Presbyterian, Calvinistic, Protestant, and all, anything and everything. All kinds of Religion grew on the branches of these two primary, elemental old trees; and hence the English Premier, like the Proprietor of a Mart, could from this kingly stock in trade, match the colour of any Religion in Europe, by a Coburg pattern already cut out at Germany, and ready at a moment's notice to be tied up in a handsome parcel, and shipped for inspection to any Court in the whole world. This clever old Whig leader succeeded in placing one of his young shoots on the throne of Portugal; but Louis Philippe, another accomplished old dodger, overreached the Englishman in Spain, by managing to win the hand of the Queen's sister for his young son, Montpensier. One of these great old Statesmen is already dead, and left this world which has been so long the scene of strife to him: while his English competitor is still not quite deceased: he still lives, but he lives to see the wasting ambition of his life frustrated; to witness the pernicious course of his political aims blasted with universal failure, and scouted with public scorn.

Oh, if the Whig leader had succeeded in his grand conception of modelling the Catholic states, according to the sacred views of his party, what a new creation would appear in Southern Europe! All the foreign cities would in such an event present the same inspiring godliness as we see at present exhibited in the Protestant capital of England, the blessed city of London! And the English laws introduced along the banks of the Tagus, the Douro, the Guadalquivir, the Tiber, the Vale of Calabria, and the Seine, must, as a matter of course, make the inhabitants of these countries just as happy as the happy Irish people now placed for several centuries under this fostering British rule! The knife, the razor, the child-killing apparatus, and strychnine would soon teach these barbarous countries to approach the social perfection of British justification! While incest, murder, and paternal care of female offspring, would prove the incalculable advantage of the Bible as an English schoolbook! The habit too of rendering the Sabbath day, a day of rest by being asleep or drunk every Sunday, like the six-millions of Englishmen who never frequent any house of worship (see report), would tend very much indeed to sanctify the Continent like England. Nor should we omit the edifying scenes described (in reports) in the English factories, where riotous license makes null the laws of God, and the voice of the Gospel! All this is surpassing strange, too, when we consider that the English-church costs the annual sum of eight millions and a half sterling; that the cure of souls is sold to the highest bidder; and that salvation can be had at the rate of six per cent per annum! What a pity that Lord Palmerston and his cousins in the Cabinet did not succeed in this grand legislative and Gospel movement. Rome might now be London, and the Pantheon the Haymarket! Madrid might rival Glasgow, and Lisbon approach Chatham! The Alps would resemble the enlightened Soupers of Conzema, and the Pyrenees might even surpass

the historic glories of Skibberen! And above all, the bay of Naples, in the possession of England, would be enlivened by the cheering presence of glorious transport ships, conveying away from the Sicilies thousands and tens of thousands of the Italians, to the happy harbours of Bermuda and Spike Island, or to the salubrious air and joyful plains of Botany Bay!! What a loss this Southern Europe has sustained in the failure of this grand scheme, by which, in addition to all the other advantages already glanced at, the abandoned power, when dying, would have the satisfaction of knowing that their orphan children would be banished to the poorhouse, where, when sinking into death from misfortune and broken hearts, their very flesh would be contended for, by Protestant wolves seeking to devour them as they dropped into the grave!!

The writer of this article presumes to know Lord Palmerston well; and humble though he be, has often foretold that the day would soon arrive when the rulers of England would pay dearly for the reckless policy of her unprincipled Minister, and would also be compelled to retract in humiliation the indefensible diplomacy which is now admitted to be at once the shame and the weakness of England.

Amongst the unfortunate kingdoms which, after the fall of Napoleon, had fallen under domination of England, perhaps the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies has suffered the largest amount of National disaster. It is at this moment a problem amongst the modern historians, whether the political and religious interference of England in these countries since 1815, has not inflicted greater evil on their natural interests, than the injuries which they suffered from French invasion. It is a question not yet solved, whether the remedy of English alliance has not been more disastrous than the mischief which England pretended to remove. Although England did not succeed to plunder Naples of her constitution and her church revenues, as she had done in Spain and Portugal, yet she has perpetrated perhaps a greater, by far, a greater national grievance. England has organized there a most violent English party; she has called into a malicious activity, a powerful inappreciable English faction who lose no opportunity of thwarting the king, resisting the laws, ridiculing the church, and seeking to overthrow the constitution and the altar. They have been during the last ten years, the most infamous den of cutthroats and conspirators known in Europe: and if it were not owing to the presence of the French in Rome, and to the support of Austria, they would have re-enacted the history of Spain and Portugal in the abrogation of the Neapolitan constitution, in plunder of the church, and perhaps in the elevation of a Coburg to the crown of Philip the Fifth. The English party in Naples are precisely the same class which has already appeared in Madrid and Lisbon: and they are actuated by even additional ferocity, because their plans have been frustrated, and their infidelity has been crushed. Their pent-up rage seeks vent on every occasion: and like the storm of Bolos, let loose by plunging a spear into the boisterous cave, the only remedy to dissipate the Neapolitan fury is by entering their revolutionary and scattering their assemblies at the point of the bayonet.

Napoleon invaded the Sicilies in the end of 1807, and having obtained the submission of the State, with the exultation of their King Ferdinand, he placed the Crown on the head of his brother Joseph. In the following year, having seduced the King of Spain (another Ferdinand, too) to surrender his crown, Napoleon changed his brother from Sicily to Spain, and then bestowed the Neapolitan crown on Murat, a favourite, accomplished cavalry officer of the Imperial army. He removed Kings from one Kingdom to another, as the Inspector General of Constabulary removes his subalterns; and he made these kingly changes, as he himself said, in order to bolt out from the map of Europe every vestige of the name, pre-eminence and power of the Bourbon family, "who could never forget a fault in others, or learn a virtue of their own." It is not difficult to understand the weakness, the helplessness, the distractions of Naples, overrun by a French invasion, their King in exile, two foreign monarchs imported in succession, Plebeian Princes placed over the most ancient Nobility in Europe, and a foreign soldiery spreading tyranny, cruelty and immorality over their cultivated, delicate, and chaste Nation.

When, after the battle of Waterloo, Ferdinand was restored, and the former order of things passed away, England claimed the right of guiding the throne which she helped to restore; and from that hour to the present moment, she has lighted in that country the flame of a revolution in Politics and Religion, which up to this period has defied the power of three successive Kings to subdue, and which will demand the united co-operation of Austria and France finally to extinguish. The legislation, the education, and the religion of Naples have been described for the past twenty years, in all the English Journals as belonging to the lowest type of European civilization; and the malice and the lies which Ireland can so well understand) of a venal Press and a hired literature have been employed with an increasing fury, to brand the King, to denounce the laws, to malign the people, and to ridicule the Church. The laws are undoubtedly stringent and severe; but it is the Revolutionists themselves who have forged their own chains, and built their own prisons. The murderer, the assassin, the regicide, cannot in justice find fault with the rope, the guillotine, or the musket of the Executioner; they have each invited death, selected the instruments of punishment, and paid the penalty of their own deliberate crimes. The prisons, the cells, the galleys, the muskets therefore of the Sicilian authorities are not the acts of the King or his Ministers; they are the provoked penalties of decidedly the most furious, infidel, murderous English party, perhaps ever known heretofore in the history of European malice and atrocity.

When one inquires what can be the object held in view by England to cause such disasters in the Spanish Peninsula, or to attempt such revolutionary schemes in Sicily, no doubt the object of England in this singular policy must appear strange to the man unacquainted with England in these respects, but a single glance at the commercial and Catholic character of Great Britain will solve the inquiry in a moment. As long as Catholicity flourishes at home or abroad, the sacrifice, the plunder, the infidelity of England to the English and the Irish Church will be handed down to the horror and the scorn of posterity; and as long as foreign nations are unable to compete with England in commerce, so long will she enjoy a complete monopoly in all the neighbouring markets, for her gigantic manufactured exports. Her clear motives, therefore, of feeling and of interest, are, to annihilate Catholicity wherever she can, and at the same time to disturb the policy of all the surrounding states, in order to cripple their finances, to revolutionise their laws, to crush their trade, and to command their commerce. No nation in Europe presented such attractions to English perfidy on these points as the two Sicilies. If she could reduce Naples to the condition of Lisbon, she might ultimately command the entire trade of the Mediterranean; and if she could weaken the Catholic Church in Sicily, she had therefore made a successful advance on Rome, and might finally assault the Pope in the very citadel of Catholicity. No effort, therefore, which money and influence could employ which she has not adopted to succeed in this favourite project. She has made large sacrifices to Sardinia in order to help her in this Neapolitan crusade; and she has humbled herself to France to throw no obstacle in the way.—She stood pledged to the cutthroats of Naples, to aid them in their revolutionary designs: her whole character was staked on the accomplishment of this scheme; and hence her last death-like struggle, during the past two years to overawe Ferdinand, to encourage the English party, and to obtain even one inch of ground on the Sicilian territory, so near the Papal possessions, the towers of the Vatican.

But England is finally repulsed and defeated; the Bible Societies are no longer employed; social

science is now (as they say) "all the go!" and Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, and Lord Shaftsbury are become proye village schoolmasters and despicable arithmeticians since the public cry of shame has banished them from Florence and Naples, and all the Continent. The Catholic world will be glad to hear, too, that English influence has ceased at Madrid; and within the last fortnight, while an angry diplomacy was going on, between France and Portugal, an English sloop of war was seen steaming towards Lisbon; and as she neared the coast, two French war frigates were also observed in the distance, making the same bearings; and entered the Tagus side by side with the English ship! The result is now a matter of history: England lowered her tone of dictation, struck her colours to France, and the French naval guns command Lisbon within twelve hours to concede the French demands or they would open fire on the town!! This is a small occurrence, but still a great fact! and proves that now and hereafter France is the arbiter and the protector, and the mistress of the surrounding states. Since the American minister, Mr. Buchanan, celebrated the anniversary of American Independence in London, we have had no such fact as the Portuguese affair in reference to the lowered prestige of England: good news for Ireland.

LECTURE BY HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND.

According to previous announcement, His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture on Wednesday evening 2nd inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms, London, on the subject of Ireland, and for the purpose of explaining the impressions produced upon the mind of His Eminence by his recent visit to that country. The proceeds of the lecture were to be applied to the use of the poor schools under the care of the Islington Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Long before the hour appointed for the lecture the spacious hall was crowded to overflow.

At the back of the platform were a number of the boys of the Catholic Schoolblack Brigade, who, with their blue and red dresses, presented a very pretty appearance.

Shortly after eight o'clock the Cardinal, attired in his reception robes, entered, and was received with the most enthusiastic—the whole room standing up to greet him.

Silence having been obtained—

His Eminence said:—"My difficulty in giving an account of my impressions derived from a recent visit to Ireland, in no degree proceeds from their being transitory or evanescent. Indeed, should my life be prolonged to the utmost limit of possibility, nothing, I am certain, can efface or weaken these impressions. (Hear.) But the difficulty which I undoubtedly feel proceeds from the different views which different men take of every subject which comes before them. Among the passengers by a train, I suppose hardly two could be found who regard the objects passing before them with the same eyes. One gazes intently upon the sky, not so much to admire its beauty as to form his prognostications what weather awaits him on a sea voyage to which he is hastening. Another watches the fields with the eye of an agriculturist, or studies the strata of the cuttings through which he passes with those of a geologist. I may as well state, at first, what my point of view was, and unfurl my flag. I regarded all with the eyes of a Catholic. Let me explain; because it has been much misrepresented the occasion and object of my visit. An Irish Catholic Bishop wrote last Spring to inform me that in a town of his diocese, circumstances (as very often happens in Ireland), where almost the whole population is heartily Catholic, while the landlord is strongly, and I doubt not sincerely, adverse; a large and beautiful church had just been built by the almost unaided exertions of the poor people, and that the presence of a Bishop from another country, especially one circumstanced as I changed to be, would be encouraging to them, and enable them to bear up against the constant opposition they met in the endeavor to raise their heads a little above the level to which they had been crushed. I thought this an occasion for which any Bishop might properly spare some time, and I went, as I might to Birmingham or Liverpool, as I have gone at the invitation of other bishops to Belgium and to France. I was sent by no one, I asked no one, I had no commission, I had nothing to do but to preach two sermons, and come back. The people no doubt, gave a different aspect to what I intended as a quiet and private visit. More work came upon me; I did it as well as I could, and returned. I made no journal, I took no note, I had hardly time so much as to write a letter. I can, therefore, only give my impression—and that impression, is of a great nationality rousing itself from a state of depression in which it has been sunk for many years.—Upon the past I do not wish to enlarge, but I must say that there is no more interesting period in a nation's history than the moment of transition from a state of misery to a state of prosperity. In ancient times seventy years of captivity was regarded as a lengthened and momentous period. The sufferers were of three classes: those who had reached manhood, or middle age, before the national calamity, and died before it passed away; those who were born, and lived, and died in captivity; and those who, born and educated in it, with but faint traditions of their old prosperity, were suddenly called to restore their city and temple. But here the suffering has lasted 300 years—a period so long that few or none of us, perhaps, have any tradition of the state, or even the names of our family in its early part.—The end of the time found two classes—one having the nobility, the wealth, the soil—the other kept in a state, I will not say of subjection, but of abjection—the poor dying of starvation in the midst of plenty; and yet it was as in the mythological tale, when the box was opened from which every evil gift fled, one remained behind; and that one was hope. For what is religion, but hope in affliction—an immense trust of man in the Almighty power and goodness of God and this pearl, worth everything else, remained to the people. When the last spark of the turf fire was extinguished on the hearth, and the storm and rain raged round the miserable hut, their word was "Glory be to God!" and it shone at once with a brilliancy beyond that of the brightest assembly on earth. The bitterest suffering was that, as far as human power could do it, the religion of the people was swept away—churches, schools, colleges, religious houses—all that seemed necessary to its maintenance was gone; but it remained in the hearts of the people—bright, clear burning. And then came what seemed worse than all. The hand of man had been upon them—now it was the hand of God.—Famine came, followed by fever, which deserved to be called pestilence, and those parts of course suffered most which had least resource—the remote mountain regions, the crowded streets of the poorest towns and hamlets. But as when David preferred to fall into the hand of God, not into the hand of man, so it was here; those who for centuries had writhed and resisted under the oppression of man, which they felt to be unjust, became at once submissive when touched by the hand of God, which they knew to be just. The strong man, who might have resisted oppression, lowered his head when the little ones, the only flowers which grew around his cottage, were swept away; and men said, "We have been right; God Himself has followed our footsteps; and He is crushing those whom we have oppressed." and yet this was the turning point; the hand of God healed while it wounded, and there was a seed sown by that higher Hand ready to break forth and bear fruit. From that very moment three changes took place. First, the emigration. There had been, perhaps, some want of energy, from natural clinging to their native soil. The emigration now went so far as no doubt to alarm the authorities, but I am glad to say things have found their level. The condition of

those who remained, as well as of those who went, has been permanently improved. An emigrant too often forgets the cradle of his infancy, but not such were the Irish emigrants. The support which they have notoriously sent to their friends at home proves that Irish emigration was not a rush of desperate men to seek their fortunes, but made known the truth and soundness of the Irish heart. The next change was in the cultivation of the soil. The dependence on one root was an evil not only as affording worse food, but as limiting the mental energies. His Eminence then gave his own testimony, and that of eminent, practical, and scientific men, to the revolution in the cultivation of the country. The finish, which you see in England, was not to be looked for; but the face of things was changed; and the rotation of crops is well understood and practised, and the stock not only improved, but totally changed. The third great change has been the losing of property, which, for ages, had been shut up in few hands; while the landlords, reduced in many instances to a condition little better than that of paupers, oppressed their tenants less perhaps from avarice than necessity. The effect of the sales which have lately taken place, in consequence of that wise measure, has been the subdivision of property, much of which has been bought by those who had made money as tradesmen in towns; and thus the land had, in many cases, returned to the class from which it had been wrested; and thus, while the oppression of man had left no elasticity—no power of rising—nothing but revolution or rebellion, in themselves indefensible; and, which only added to the suffering of the country, the hand of God had both wounded and healed, cast down and raised up, as it always does, and Ireland has arisen to a new life. It is seen in the improved clothing, the manly bearing of the people, not perhaps everywhere, for it is a tide rising, which covers the open land before it reaches the distant mountains and rugged valleys; so that it is no contradiction to this, that there are still poor and suffering districts. I speak of the nation—meaning the mass of people, and those of the higher classes who are united with them in religion. I do not call those the nation who are fastened to it, not by growth, but by clamps, even though they be clamps of gold. (Hear, hear, hear.) No doubt, you may say they belong to the same soil, pretty much as the mistletoe, which sends its roots into a tree, without having so much as a leaf resembling it; and, by the way, very like that, in managing to keep green and prosperous when the tree has long lost every leaf. (Laughter and applause.) I speak of the native population, not of foreign colonies; and while there are great differences in different parts of the country, nothing is more striking than the marked complete nationality of the people—a warmth and expansibility of heart, totally different from any other I ever saw—a spontaneity of expression—a facility in giving utterance to their thoughts—a brilliancy and a poetry which pervade the whole peasantry—a smile in the countenance—a light in the eye, not only brilliant, but tender—a natural gentleness of breeding, such that, in seeing numerous vast collections of people in many different parts, I never saw a rude act. One Connaught peasant would give way to another with a courtesy which would do honour to those whom the world calls gentlemen. Everywhere along the road I saw houses which, though shut up, were decked with flowers and green boughs, as a spontaneous expression of feeling, for which they could receive no acknowledgment. (Hear, hear.) Ireland presents the spectacle of a whole nationality shaking off the dust of 300 years. I do not speak of its political but of its social position—the advancement of education, of culture, and of self-respect. If we are to believe what we see day by day in articles and essays, the effect of this progress must be that, as wealth and enlightenment are extended, the people will become less attached to what is called their superstition, more independent of their clergy, emancipating themselves especially from a certain great city in Italy—(laughter)—they will despise mysteries—become, in a word, comfortable free-thinkers. They tell us that, as men grow rich, they are less anxious about their religion, and more independent. Well, as they grow wealthy, they may naturally have a better home, and give their children a better education; but, if these predictions are to be fulfilled, I should expect that, when the parish priest calls upon such a man to tell him that a new church is needed, he would begin by buttoning up his pockets, and replying "Well, Mr. So-and-so, I have learned not to think so much about these matters." On the contrary, there never was such an outward demonstration of immense liberality, nay, almost incredible munificence, towards the Church as Ireland has shown of late years. We are in the habit of speaking of the different eras of ecclesiastical architecture—Norman, Early English, Perpendicular, &c.; and we may divide the recent ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland into four periods. The first epoch of Irish ecclesiastical architecture was that of no building at all. I have been told by a venerable prelate that, when he went as a boy to mass with his father, there was not one church or chapel in the diocese which he now rules; to this day the name remains in many a place of the mass garden, in the mass field; for they met, with their native soil for the church floor, with the mountains and crags for walls, and God's own sky instead of a roof, and above all, with a watchman on the hill-top to give notice of the approach of "the Presbyterians." The next step was a poor shed or a canvas tent, and this in the lifetime of a man who now rules the same diocese, and has a church at least in every parish. The second period, which still lasts in a few remote districts, was that of low walls and a poor thatch. I saw that myself, many years ago, in a parish in the South of Ireland. The third period was that of substantial buildings, such as we now prevail among us until an illustrious architect was raised up, but with no peculiar architectural character. This prevailed until the late famine; and what have we seen since? Have things fallen away? On the contrary, they have erected with mere substantial buildings, they have erected buildings equal to any we have, adorned with rich ornaments of bronze and marble; and I may say that every one of our church decorators is as much occupied in Ireland as in England. At Ballinasloe I saw a church that I should be proud to have. I can only say I should be delighted if any one would build me such a church; it is of stone, lofty and spacious, and ornamented with stained glass. The poor people were refused an appropriate site by the landlord, who lately chased the Sisters of Mercy from attending on the poor in the union workhouse. They could obtain only one piece of ground in the lowest part of the town, and there they were obliged to build their magnificent church, over their late little chapel. At Athlone I saw a grand church looking down upon the town, just erected; it will, I trust, be ready to be opened next year. But it is not only in large towns. I am continually receiving drawings of beautiful churches, large and small, erecting even in remote places. I saw one in the very parish where I remember hearing mass in the poor mud walls. There are no signs of Faith dying out. In England when a man gets rich he gives some outward sign of it—he sets up his carriage. In Ireland they erect fine churches. Churches I say, though the prevalence of the dominant party has fixed the custom of calling them chapels; indeed, I remember hearing of two friends, one a Catholic the other a Protestant, who were travelling in Italy, and went together into St. Peter's; both stood struck with astonishment; at last one cried "what a magnificent church." "Chapel sir," interrupted his friend. (Great laughter.) But, in fact, in towns where there are, perhaps, 10,000 Catholics, and under 100 of all other religions, the new churches which are being erected are throwing all others into the shade, and showing what is the religion of the people. As long as this lasts, as long as it increases, I see no sign that the increased wealth of Ireland is lessening its devotion to the Church. At Dundalk, I was especially struck with the manly bearing and noble char-

acter of the people. They were obviously practical men of the day; the development of the resources of the town and the great increase of its exportations all show it. But, above all, they have erected a magnificent church, and decorated it with a liberality which shows what their feeling is. There is no resource of modern art which is not lavished upon, from the floor to the ceiling, in these commercial men, of sound business heads. Look, again, at Galway; and who that reads week by week the name of him who has been most active in developing its resources, and establishing the new line of Transatlantic steamers, can suspect that he will allow the ship of St. Peter to be loosed from its moorings in that town. At Waterford, the development of commerce has gone along with the erection of churches and convents. At Cork, it is so much so that you hardly you might have been puzzled, when you heard a name mentioned, to say whether it was that of the merchant or of the bishop. I will only ask any sensible man, how more could the nationality of faith show itself? But even more is the nationality charity. I speak, of course, in this matter more particularly of the capital; because it is in great cities that the objects of charity are most numerous; and in Dublin the works of charity which have marked the last few years, are literally beyond belief. A great hospital, covering, I should be afraid to say how many acres of ground, a magnificent building at this moment erecting for the Sisters of Mercy, asylums for the deaf and dumb of both sexes, under the care of Religious, the examination of which I attended with the deepest interest and admiration; asylum and school for the blind, and for the insane, for penitents, and, in short, for every imaginable class of sufferers. There are in that one city more than eighty religious houses. The reformatory for women was lately visited by Lord Carlisle; he was deeply interested, and asked one of the inmates how it was that they who gave so much trouble in the prison, were so orderly there? The answer was, that they could not be otherwise under the care of "their dear sisters." In fact, in spite of those whose prejudices would lead them to prefer that people should continue bad rather than be reformed by nuns, I must say that the last year or two have seen a great change. I speak not only of the present, or of any one Government; but there is a manifest tendency towards greater generosity of behaviour, and a recognition of the Religious as public instruments of good; and this I cannot doubt the public voice will second. It is not in Dublin only, but even in the smallest places—for, in truth, there is hardly a family without some member in these holy communities; and even in the times of most excited feelings, although the attempt was made to raise a voice against them, it was thrown back as from the surface of an adamant mirror. I must conclude, but not without a word upon another topic, more difficult because it may seem to touch myself. The greatest artists place their own figures in the outermost circle of their paintings. But I must say that everywhere the national attachment to the Holy See was as strongly marked as the nationality of faith, and of charity. All, whether clergy, laity, gentry, or peasantry, spoke with equal enthusiasm of the See of St. Peter; and I am well aware that my own reception was due to my being more immediately than others connected with it. And now what shall we say of the miserable attempts to counteract all this by the immense sums of money expended in proselytizing? It is like a child on the sea-shore making a basin in the sand and trying to empty the sea into it with a ladle; he may succeed in collecting some water—very little, and very dirty—but it is only that it may sink as soon as possible into the sand and find its way back unseen and purified into the ocean from which it was taken. His Eminence then concluded with a few words of the strongest testimony to his admiration for the bishops, clergy, and people of Ireland, and his gratitude for his reception among them. His Eminence retired from the room amidst the most enthusiastic cheers of the audience.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, in the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, held an ordination in the College of the Foreign Missions on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 20th, 21st, and 22nd ult. The holy order of priesthood was conferred on the Rev. Michael O'Fannan, who is destined for the missions of Newark, New Jersey (U. S.) and on the Rev. James S. Cotter, destined for San Francisco, California. In the month of September his lordship ordained the Rev. William Tierney for the diocese of Melbourne, Australia. On Saturday, the 16th, the Rev. James Moore, priest of the diocese of Melbourne, who lately completed his course of studies in All-Hallows' College, embarked at Liverpool as chaplain on board the Annie Melburn. This vessel has just been despatched to Melbourne by the Emigration Commissioners. We are happy to say that the Commissioners have at length recognised the expediency of sending chaplains in the large emigrant vessels which they despatch to the Australian colonies. We trust that this principle will be extended as far as possible.—Freeman.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., of Maynooth College, which sad event took place on the 30th of October. The Freeman gives the following biographical sketch of the deceased gentleman:—"Dr. Kelly was a native of the city of Kilkenny, and in 1831, at the age of seventeen, entered Maynooth College, where he made the usual course of studies with remarkable success. From 1839 to 1841 he was successively professor of philosophy and theology in the Irish College Paris. On the 5th of November, 1841, he was appointed the chair of belle lettres and French in the College of Maynooth, and on the 20th of Oct., 1857, was promoted to the chair of ecclesiastical history. He was soon afterwards invited to accept the office of vice-rector of the Catholic University, but, although he had from the commencement taken a warm interest in the progress of that institution, his already failing health prevented him from undertaking the charge. Even still, hope was entertained that his services might be secured—a hope, however, which, with many others justified by the splendid promise of his career, has been unhappily terminated by his premature death. Besides discharging his duties as professor, Dr. Kelly was continually engaged in other labors connected with ecclesiastical literature. He was an early and frequent contributor to the Dublin Review—a well-known series of articles on Irish ecclesiastical antiquity, with many others of a more miscellaneous character, were the production of his pen. The papers on the Bollandists, written by him, and published in Duffy's Magazine, attracted much attention at the time of their appearance; and a contribution to the Rambler, of which he was the author, referred to in terms of high praise in a pastoral of the Archbishop of Dublin, throws an entirely new light on the history of the Reformation in Ireland. But it was not as a writer in our Catholic periodicals that Dr. Kelly was principally distinguished. The translation, with the learned and copious notes appended to his edition of Cambreses Brevius (3 vols. large octavo), issued by the Celtic Society, affords evidence of his unwearied assiduity and vast erudition. In 1849 he edited White's Apologia, the original manuscript having till then remained unpublished. In the following year he edited O'Sullivan's Brevia Historia Catholica Hibernica Compendium. His hours of relaxation during these years of severe study, he, in connection with one of his fellow professors, devoted to the translation of the well-known German tales of Canon Schmid. When, in 1850, a project was formed by Mr. Dolman and others, to publish a series of standard Catholic books, Dr. Kelly was among the first who came forward to aid the undertaking, and produced an ably executed translation of Gosselin's admirable work on the Power of the Popes during the Middle Ages. Last year this indefatigable laborer gave to the public the Martyr-