

ed that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome; and I believe it might. For it; and it alone, I would sink every other object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a half-dozen dreary, dingy, dusty coliseums, if I had them, and felt that I had made a bargain.

THE FORESTIERS.

I began this letter intending to say nothing about St. Peter's, but I have betrayed myself. I meant to say something concerning the ceremonies of Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily to the Cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I cannot conceive of its ever being full under any circumstances whatever. The foreigners here called the "forestiers," were omnipresent. You heard all languages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud, but there is little use in feeling shocked at any thing in Rome. While the Masses were being celebrated in the various chapels, while the confessionals, wherein all Christian tongues are spoken, were being visited by penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the galleries under the great dome, the forestiers stalked about and regarded every thing with indelicate, not to say impudent, curiosity. I wonder why gentlemen are always so ill-bred, and why ladies are so vulgar! Peasants don't do this sort of thing, I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study her guide-book with an eye-glass, while her companion made wild gestures with her umbrella and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile, a priest who was kneeling at the altar was driven from his post, and the foreigners were left to their diversions.

Again and again I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of Saint Peter, looking with ill-disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eye-glass if it is a male, or by a prim travelling-dress and a camp-stool if it is a female.

A fellow with excessively bad legs stalked before me on one occasion during the exposition of the relics, and when I desired him to stand a little to one side—for as I was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this consideration—he deliberately eyed me for a moment, and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in I would have shortened the fellow's career or perished in the attempt.

Perhaps these people don't consider that it is not the custom of others who differ

from them in any point of faith to go over the land haunting the sanctuaries that of course they cannot reverence, like a pestilence. Probably this distressing class is not troubled with much reason, or reverence or religion, for it would show its good effects if they were. This is the unavoidable nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, with the purpose of seeing it as it is, and enjoying it to the best of his ability. As I was one day resting in St. Peter's I was attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There were a half-dozen spectators watching with considerable interest the ceremony; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a sallow and withered specimen of the forestiers who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice (they nearly all talk too loud). "The nasty thing—he puts oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess;" and I thought to myself, my unfortunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil and salt, and salt is probably sweeter than your milk. We had no conversation after that.

The Martyred Archbishop of Armagh.

HIS SACRED HEAD IN DROGHEDA.

The Rev. F. Austin M. Rooke, of St. Mary's Priory, Cork in a letter to the Holy Rosary Magazine, gives a full and interesting account of the martyrdom of this great Prelate, from which we extract the following:—

Having had an opportunity recently of visiting our good Sisters of the Sacred Order in their Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna at Drogheda, I had the great privilege of seeing there and venerating the sacred head of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket, the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who suffered death for the faith at Tyburn, on July 1st, 1681. I need not tell you that they guard this holy treasure with great reverence; and by the kind permission many persons are enabled to satisfy their private devotion by kneeling before that precious relic. As the preliminary inquiry has recently taken place in London, with a view of obtaining the canonization of this holy servant of God, which happy issue all are so ardently desiring, it will, I am sure, give satisfaction to the readers of the "Rosary Magazine" and more especially to those who live in Ireland, to hear something about the life and death of this saintly Archbishop, and to have a description of his sacred relics.

Oliver Plunket was born at Loughcrew,