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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him; Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE: THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew XVI. 15-19.



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? — FERTULLIAN PRÆSCRIP. XII. — "There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious." — St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem. — "All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him. Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God — St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. l.

Calendar.

- NOVEMBER 12—Sunday—XXII after Pent III Nov S Martin I P M.
13—Monday—St Nicholas I P C Doub Sup com &c.
14—Tuesday—St Densdedt I P C Doub Sup com &c.
15—Wednesday—St Gertrude Virg Loub com &c.
16—Thursday—Octave of Ded of St Saviour's Doub.
17—Friday—St Gregory Thaumaturgus B C Doub.
18—Saturday—Dedication of the Churches of St Peter and Paul Doub.

THE SOLEMN OPENING OF ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, USHAW.

A succession of solemn dedications unprecedented in England within the memory of man has conducted us to the opening of the new Chapel at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, which yields in importance to no similar event in the closing ecclesiastical year. The seminary of those districts, and those are the very districts where Catholicism has best withstood the injuries of persecution, it cannot but be matter of deepest interest to the Church that St. Cuthbert's College has exhibited proof so splendidly manifest of the spirit which prevades its academic system—a proof that glorious as are our new churches we have and shall continue to have Ecclesiastics not inferior to them. We must consider it a most happy incident in the career of Dr. Hogarth that his first public episcopal act has been one so well calculated to perpetuate in the Northern District a true Ecclesiastical spirit, by furnishing it with Missioners accustomed day by day to witness the services of the Church performed, as she would have them performed, with becoming splendour.

An accurate description of the new chapel solemnly opened with the accustomed ceremonies upon Wednesday the 12th instant, which is about to be put forth by authority, will obviate the necessity of minute details respecting its architecture and furniture. It will be sufficient to observe, for the sake of such as may not have an opportunity of perusing that description, that the new chapel at Ushaw follows the model afforded by some of the Oxford College Chapels, being composed of a chancel and transepts without nave, so that its ground plan has the shape of an inverted T. Across the chancel arch is thrown a fine stone rod-screen, against which, on either side of the quire doors, are placed two altars, one dedicated to our Blessed Lady, the other to Ven. Bede. A very pleasing effect has been obtained by filling the arches of the screen at the back of these altars with glass richly stained in appropriate designs. Several private Masses are daily said at the altars in question, and neighbouring Catholics are admitted into the transepts to assist at them, the quire being strictly reserved for the religious services of the Community, excepting upon Sundays and the greater holidays, when the screen doors are opened at High Mass. The chancel is fitted collegiate-wise with graduated rows of stalls running along the north and south walls, and returned against the screen. The high altar is a fine piece of carving, which will well repay a careful study. Indeed, the same remark will apply to all the fittings of the chapel, which, whether, in the elaborate reredos, or the painted roof, or the storied windows speak not more to the senses by their

unusual beauty than to the mind by their deep meaning.

Half-past ten was the time fixed for the commencement of the ceremonies of Wednesday, and shortly after that hour the procession advanced into the chapel, led by the thurifer, cross bearer and acolytes, followed by the quire in cassocks, and about one hundred Ecclesiastics in vestments proper to their several parts in the functions of the day. The long array terminated with four Bishops, namely, Dr. Briggs, of York, Dr. Brown, of Wales; Dr. Charche, of Natchez, and Dr. Hogarth, the Vicar-Apostolic of the District. The fine tones of the organ accompanied the procession as it advanced, and combined with the tapers in two singularly beautiful crowns depending from the coloured roof, the brass eagle with two cantors behind it in rich copes, the lighted altar, the line of reverend Priests and Bishops, and the golden vestments of the Celebrant and his assistants, to complete a scene of imposing magnificence.

The celebration of Episcopal High Mass by Dr. Hogarth then commenced. After the Gospel had been chanted. Dr. Wiseman came forward attended by his Chaplain, and standing on the altar step, preached a feeling and eloquent sermon from Psalm xxvi. 4 and 5: "Unum petri a Domino, hanc requiram, ut inhabitem in domo Domini annibus diebus vite mee; ut videam voluptatem Domini in cœlestium templum ejus. Quoniam abscondit me in tabernaculo suo. in die malorum protexit me in absconditi tabernaculi sui."

The Right Rev. Prelate then opened his discourse by dwelling upon those feelings which were naturally excited by the sight or remembrance of places in which God had bestowed upon us some great blessing, particularly that of our vocation, and where we have been trained for its duties. He then proceeded to show the part which the College Chapel has in the estimation of an Ecclesiastic. We go to great expense in secular education to collect cabinets and museums, well knowing how important it is to furnish the senses with ready means of collecting knowledge. We know, too, how much of sacred learning is to be gathered by the same senses, and care should be taken that nothing which they meet that has reference to religion or to God be mean or imperfect. The Church in her ceremonial has ordered all that is splendid or beautiful; but this, to answer its full purpose, should be performed in a place worthy of it. The young Ecclesiastic, whose duty it is to perfect himself in acquaintance with the Liturgy of the Church, should have every opportunity of seeing it performed with every possible advantage. But moreover his mind is thus raised to a proper estimation of that which is meant and expressed by the outward rite, in proportion as this is solemn and beautiful. But this would be little if the richness and grandeur of God's house were at variance with true and inward devotion. The contrary, however, is the case, as was shown by various examples and authorities. Fervour in prayer and warmth in meditation would be promoted by the beautiful representations of holy fervour and sacred scenes around the youthful suppliant. It was chiefly, however, as the place in which the mind was trained in religious thoughts and feelings that the chapel was useful by its glories and beauty. The Right Rev. Preacher illustrated this portion of his subject by a variety of details connected with different parts of the edifice, and showed how each in most opportune manner to aid the young Ecclesiastic in the struggles and trials of his preparation and help to develop the virtues and feelings pro-

per to his future state. In conclusion, he alluded to the meeting of so many who had been educated together at that college, and the many losses which their ranks had sustained in the lapse of years, and spoke of those who so lately had fallen victims of their zeal, having died of fever caught in the discharge of their duty. His Lordship concluded with a fervent prayer that they whose names had been inscribed in the "Liber Vitæ" which had been that day brought to the altar might be one day found written in the true Book of Life, which is with God.

The above is necessarily a very condensed analysis of a discourse which lasted about an hour, and which was listened to with great attention.

After the sermon, the usual indulgence was proclaimed and the Sacred Mysteries proceeded to a conclusion, the procession leaving the chapel in the same order as before.

We must not omit to mention that the music selected for the occasion was composed by the respected President, Dr. Newsham, who has caught much of the grave and religious spirit of the early composers; that the chapel, which is in the geometrical decorated style, was designed by Mr. Pugin; that the ornamental fittings, whether of glass or metal, were supplied by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham; and that a richly bound and gorgeously illuminated book—the new Liber Vitæ of St. Cuthbert—to be laid up for ever near the high altar, is inscribed with the names of all the benefactors who have assisted Dr. Newsham in accomplishing his laudable plans.

PASTORAL OF THE RIGHT REV. THE VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT.

William, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Artois, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of England; to our beloved flock, the Clergy and Laity of the Eastern District,

Health and Benediction in the Lord. "Redeeming the time, for the days are evil." — (Ephesians, v. 8.)

Dearly Beloved—At all times it is our duty to be deeply sensible of our total dependence on God; to cast ourselves, with all our hopes and cares, upon His Divine mercy; and to sue for that mercy at the foot of the Cross, and in devout and fervent prayer.

But there are times of especial exigence—there are days of trial, and gloom, and anxiety, and sad foreboding—when the clouds of adversity seem to lower, and the hand of Divine justice seems about to strike. And such, dearly beloved, it would seem, are the days in which we live. For, if we look around us among the nations of the earth, and take a view of the public horizon, whether in a religious, political, or social point of view, what do we behold but subjects of grief, and alarm, and anxiety? For, an overwhelming torrent of irreligion and infidelity—an almost utter want of Christian principle and practice—a deep-laid plot for the extermination of Catholic faith and piety—an independence of all lawful authority, whether spiritual or temporal—and a most lamentable state of open and unblushing profligacy of manners, are uprooting the foundations of society, and precipitating Christendom into a state of moral degradation that would disgrace Paganism, and which fully warrant us in repeating that awful and significant question of our Divine Saviour, "Think ye that the Son of Man, when he cometh, shall find faith on the earth?" — (Luke xviii 8.)

And, while spiritual authority is despised—while the Church of God is despoiled and persecuted—while religion has to weep over a wide-spreading torrent of ignorance, infidelity, and vice, what prospect does the political aspect of the world afford us? Alas! little else but the wildest anarchy and confusion. Some of the fairest portions of Europe are at this moment a prey to civil war and all its attendant horrors.—Rebellion and revolution in every form, are exciting the most awful commotion—arming brother against brother—nation against nation; bidding fair to destroy every principle of order and social comfort, and making humanity shudder at the atrocious cruelties and bloodshed which everywhere mark their progress. And unless these evil days be shortened, no flesh shall be saved; unless the servants of God, by humiliation, prayer, and penance, endeavour to stay the hand of Divine vengeance, we may well nigh apprehend the extermination of the human race.

For, in addition to the evils already named, the destroying Angel is passing through the earth pouring forth the vial of God's wrath upon mankind, in the form of a most awful pestilence. Our unfortunate Sister Isle has, indeed, for a long time past been a prey to famine and contagion; but now a more universal, a more mysterious, and most fatal stranger is at our own doors; from whose insidious influence and fatal grasp no class seems privileged to escape.—Whether this desolating scourge is to reap its dreadful harvest amongst us in thousands and tens of thousands, no mortal can foresee. But if it be true that poverty and luxury, privations and excess, are equally predisposing causes, where is cholera likely to range more fearfully than in our crowded cities, and dense masses of population, where the poor are most destitute, and the rich most luxurious?

These appalling evils and impending dangers of a public nature, not to mention the thousand ills of human life, which are daily increasing and aggravating the burthen of human misery, through every class of society, loudly call upon us, dearly beloved, to humble ourselves before God, to acknowledge our total dependence on His mercy, and to seek for that mercy by deep contrition for our numberless transgressions, and by the frequent exercise of devout and fervent prayer.

We earnestly and affectionately exhort you, then, dear Christians, to join us in most fervent supplications before the throne of grace, for the three following intentions. 1st. That Almighty God may protect and defend His true Church through every danger, giving light, and grace, and strength to Her visible Head on earth, our Holy Father Pope Pius IX.; to guide and support him under the trials and perplexities that surround him. 2nd. That the blessings of peace and social order may be restored among the nations of the earth. And 3rd. That the scourges of famine and pestilence may be removed and averted from an unworthy but repentant people.

For these three purposes, we request and direct that throughout our Eastern District, in every Mass, the collect secret and post communion pro quacunque tribulatione be added; and that on all Sundays and holidays of obligation, before or after every public Mass, both Priest and people recite the "Miserere" Psalm, and the five first prayers after the Litany of the Saints.

That your devout petitions may find acceptance before the throne of grace, and procure blessings, both temporal and spiritual, for yourselves and your suffering fellow-creatures, shall be the object of our daily and fervent prayer.—Yours affectionately in Christ, WILLIAM, Bishop of Artois, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District. Given at Northampton, Feast of St John of Beverley, 1848.

The Cross;

HALIFAX SATURDAY, NOV. 11.

FINAL CONDEMNATION OF THE GODLESS COLLEGES.

Amid the gloom that broods over our unhappy Country at the present moment, it is cheering that Whiggery in the pride of its recent Irish triumphs has had in this instance the mortification of a sad discomfiture. With all their boasted influence at Rome, and with all the devices that diplomatic chicanery could have suggested this Whig onslaught upon the religious liberties of our people, has been, thank God, a signal failure. The genius of her political freedom may have disappeared for the moment, the voice of her Patriot may be hushed, the best and proudest of her children may be immured in the prison cell, they may be hanged, they may be quartered and gibbeted, or consigned to the tomb of the traitor, the convict ship and the halter, the bribe and the threat, the bayonet and the prison may be pointed to as the insignia of British rule and British Triumph in Ireland, but like that of Canute when seated upon the Sea shore amid the flattery of his Courtiers, here their empire stops. This is the boundary that God himself has set to their dominion.

They may fetter the limb, they may muzzle the press, they may succeed in smothering the groans of a downtrodden people, but after centuries spent in the lawless exercise of the most unrestricted power, every effort to manacle their religious spirit, has been hitherto unsuccessful, and never, never more so than at the present moment. As they dealt out what they considered to be a death blow to the Political liberties of the people, they made the insidious attempt to enslave their consciences too. But in this they have been foiled, and what is singular enough, by an influence which they swear, and profess to have no existence in the empire.

Within the last twelve months, as within the last four centuries, this influence has been over and over asserted, and denied, it has been cajoled and threatened in turn, it has been despised as a bye-gone folly and again upheld as a stalking horse of terror to the initiated. But old Rome is still as she was and as she will be, the idol of the Irish heart, "the mother of the soul" and the star of our faith, and of our hope through every peril. Now, as in days of yore, the thunder voice of the Vatican has echoed through the land, bidding defiance to the open threat as well as the hidden machinations of the Pseudo Liberal Bigots of Downing Street.

"Roma lucenta causa finita est."

The voice of Peter has already been received as a command from God—and as Heaven's bidding where British law will never be respected (*i. e.*) in the true hearts of Catholic Irishmen—After years of painful investigation the Whig Trumpery Scheme of Education, with all the influences of Downing street to back it, has vanished into thin air. The Godless Colleges with the mongrel system of half-Catholic, half-Protestant, and thorough infidel training, tinkered together after Whig fashion, have tottered to the ground. From the following account in the last Tablet our readers will be happy to learn that not a stone of them will be left on a stone. There is no further fear that this Whig Leviathan will uncatholically oppress our people, and make Ireland more British by despoiling her of this only remnant of her nationality.

The following letter, from our Roman Correspondent, is the best possible introduction to the document which records the final condemnation of this nefarious English conspiracy against the Faith and Morals of the Catholic population of Ireland:—

October 11, 1848.

"Dear Sir,—I feel the sincerest pleasure in being able to inform you that the 'Godless Colleges' have been once more reprobated by the glorious successor of Peter. On the 8th of this month, which was here the feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin; the Pope signed their unqualified condemnation with his own hand. Some days previous to this solemn act, the Cardinals had held a council on the matter, and after a most careful examination of arguments on both sides pronounced the Colleges to be fraught with the utmost danger to faith and morals. The written statement of their Eminences, the letter recently received on the subject from all the Bishops in Ireland, the documents drawn up by the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Ardagh,

as also those of Doctors Nicholson and Ennis, were all placed in the hands of the Holy-Father, and, notwithstanding the unanimity and earnestness of the Cardinals, he declined deciding until he should have read every line that had been written in favour of, or against the Government scheme. This task his Holiness performed with his usual zeal and impartiality, and having invoked the aid of the Holy Ghost to guide him to a just conclusion, he wrote in characters that will endure for ever, the emphatic condemnation of the Clarendon sinks of Indifferentism and Error. The decision has been hailed with rapturous applause by all the Catholics of Rome, and, in truth, its importance can be scarcely overrated. It will infuse fresh courage and vigour into the bosoms of the intrepid Bishops in Ireland, and all over Europe, who are nobly struggling for the sacred freedom of education, and fighting the battle of the Faith against the tyranny and corruption of Governments.

"The Rescript, which you will find in all respects complete will be immediately forwarded to the Irish Prelates, and I shall lose no time in supplying you with an authentic copy.

"Your late article on the 'Diplomatic Relations' with the Holy See, has been copied into the Roman papers, and its tone, its style, and its masterly *expose* of Parliamentary bad manners and bigotry, have been the theme of universal approbation. It has been read with delight by all the authorities, and the Tablet is now looked upon here as the only newspaper in Great Britain that is able or willing to explain or defend the sound Catholic feelings and Catholic interests of England.

"Some uneasiness seems to have been created in England and Ireland by the 'Diplomatic Relations,' but I can safely assure you there is no reason whatever for entertaining the remotest apprehension. The Holy Father will be found inflexible in asserting his rights both as Pope and Monarch, and whether the ambassador be a Shrewsbury, a Beaumont, or a Brougham, in case he be at all received, he will never be permitted to meddle in any way with the conduct or spiritual interests of the Catholic Clergy of Ireland or England. Depend upon it that the insulting law on this subject will prove the source of bitter disappointment to the spiteful and blind bigots who carried it through the immaculate Parliament of the English aristocracy. The two Irish Bishops are still here, and both being assistants at the Throne, they attend his Holiness at all the solemn functions. They appear in excellent health.

"P.S.—Doctors Nicholson and Ennis have left Rome—the former for Corfu, the latter for Dublin."

"Most Illustrious and Rev. Lord—Some extracts from the statutes which are compiled for the new Colleges in Ireland, as well as the suffrages given by the Bishops regarding them, have afforded the Sacred Congregation an occasion of again treating of the aforesaid Colleges chiefly under that respect, and of weighing diligently and maturely whatever it should deem its duty to answer regarding the spiritual interests of the Catholic people of Ireland. For though the aforesaid statutes are in such form that it is difficult to judge what may be their authority considering the constitution of the English realm, still, all things maturely weighed, the Sacred Congregation could not be induced, on account of the grievous and intrinsic dangers of the same Colleges, to mitigate the decision passed on them; and with the authority of our Most Holy Lord promulgated to the four Metropolitans in the month of October last year.

"But since it is manifest with what zeal the Clergy and the entire people labour for things which have for their object to promote the good of the Church, the most eminent Fathers judged not to be despaired of; nay they have again and again recommended a project of this sort, in order that all may lend their best endeavours towards its execution, and that thus sufficient provision be made for giving the Catholics more ample instruction without their religion suffering danger from that source.

"This decision of the Sacred Congregation our most Holy Lord having with all maturity and prudence strictly examined, he resolved to sanction and ratify it with all the weight of his authority, and signified his wish that it should be sent to the four Archbishops respectively, by them to be communicated to their Suffragans.

"But whilst I perform this duty I ought also

to signify that it is the peculiar desire of the Sacred Congregation, nay also of our Most Holy Lord, that sacerdotal concord be preserved, and that you have at heart to cultivate the unity of spirit which the Sacred Gospel attests to have been very much recommended by Christ our Lord to His Apostles. And since I am addressing Prelates who are well versed in the history of the Church, and the excellent admonitions of the Holy Fathers, I deem it superfluous to quote them, or to mention what benefits the union of Bishops conferred on the Church, and what evils, on the other hand, flowed from their dissensions. And whereas you are all unanimously wishing for this union, it will not be amiss to remind you to choose and cheerfully to apply the most reasonable means towards securing it. These are prominent in the Sacred Canons and in the other rules of Ecclesiastical discipline, which, if you will faithfully follow in your ministry, and if in your doubts you will apply to the Holy See, in order that through it you may know what is to be done, the aforesaid union will become more and more firm and lasting. Amongst other things, the Sacred Congregation deemed it right to remind you, with the sanction of our Most Holy Lord, that Sacerdotal meetings should henceforward be held in due order and according to the path chalked out by the Canons and liturgical books: otherwise, difference of opinions will daily increase, and from meetings of this kind, which may rather wear a secular than a religious appearance, no good will result towards regulating Ecclesiastical discipline, to which alone they should be subservient—and therefore it will be most useful to transmit the acts of the Synods to the Apostolic See, as also to write at certain times concerning the state of your churches, as has been ordained, in order that you may receive from hence reasonable answers.

"But those things are signified to you, not that any doubt arises regarding your submission to the Apostolic See, since it has been proved to the world how fervent and constant it is, and a fresh testimony has been borne to it by all your letters written on the aforesaid subject of the Colleges, but that by those manifestations it may again be actually proved. And when reference on the more weighty concerns is accurately made to that Church from whence Sacerdotal union is derived, the same unity will, by this means, more easily abide among yourselves.

"In the meantime, I pray God long to preserve your Grace in health. Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

"J. P. FRANSONI, Prefect.

"ALEXANDER BARNABO, Secretary.

"Given at Propaganda Fide, Rome, 11th October, 1848."

In the few moments we have to spare before our First Edition goes to press, we can hardly trust ourselves even to attempt an expression of the feeling which this great act of our ever glorious Pontiff necessarily excites in us. Every word of this document deserves to be pondered and maturely reflected on. It is brief, weighty, full and decisive. It is the result of the amplest deliberation. It is the winding up of the most careful, repeated, anxious and conscientious inquiry. It is not, by any means, a hasty, or a rash, or an ill considered verdict. It is not a solitary decision, or a first opinion, or an *ex parte* judgment. It is not even the act of one man, though that one man be a Pope, and that Pope, Pius IX. If the fate of the world hung upon it, nothing is wanting to its completeness and maturity. Every person, every interest, every authority, every pretender to interest and authority have been heard and judged. Catholics and Protestants, Priests and Laymen, Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, Englishmen and Irishmen, private letters and public documents, oral and written testimony, fact and fiction, argument and remonstrance, guesses and opinions, solicitation and intrigue, humble prayers and presumptuous rebuke, temporal inducements and eternal duties, State influence and ambassadorial deceit—everything and everybody have been heard, read, weighed and judged, and while nothing has been left undone to procure the reversal of the former decree, behold it again promulgated more resolutely than ever and so as to conclude the question for all time to come.

The Godless Colleges are now finally condemned on account of the grievous and intrinsic dangers of "the same?" God and Our Blessed Lady be thanked for it. And while we express our gratitude for this wholesome result, we can not but express our satisfaction at the time and

manner of it also. Many of our readers, in their anxiety to have the question settled, may have been troubled at the delay which has taken place. At this very delay, seeing the happy conclusion to which the matter has been brought, those who were most impatient cannot now help rejoicing. Every one knows that it has not been an idle delay. Probably, every week or every month of it has added something of information, something to the grounds on which the decision now rests. And the time spent, considerable as it may seem has shown the implicit obedience paid by all Catholics interested in the matter—and what Catholic is not interested?—to the supreme authority of the Holy See, and has given to the decision an external decorum and consideration which internally it could never want.

During the first months, after this College conspiracy was first propounded, there was much agitation, vehement discussion, meetings, resolutions, speeches, and all the marks of popular effervescence. This was when the matter was under consideration here; when an English Parliament and English Ministers, the devout Sir James Graham foremost in the fray, were labouring to impose on Ireland a method of education suited to their own views of religion and their own hatred of secure Catholic Faith and morals on a sound sceptical basis. But since that time, and especially since the cause was referred to the Holy See, every symptom of agitation and effervescence has disappeared. All public discussion has been suspended. The affair has been wholly confided to the wisdom of the Supreme Pontiff and his illustrious advisers—and what we may call the most legitimate provocatives to discussion, have been allowed to pass by "unapproved." Even the "extracts from the Statutes," affording as they did fresh evidence of the official deceit with which in almost all departments of almost all Governments, public affairs—and Church affairs more especially—are for the most part managed, were allowed to speak for themselves. For our small part, it certainly was our original intention to expose what seemed to us the fraud and falsehood of that characteristic document—characteristic no less in what it suppressed than in what it put forward—and we were doubtful whether, the matter still being—though in a less obtrusive manner—under discussion here, it was not almost a breach of duty for a journalist, however significant, to keep silence on so important a matter. Happily for our own feelings now, we did so with a very trivial exception. The affair has been kept entirely out of the domain of newspaper discussion and popular debate: it has been transacted altogether and in appearance as much as in reality, between the Holy See, its official councillors, and such other personages as more privately either were summoned to advise the Supreme Pontiff, or thrust themselves unauthorised on his councils; and whatever undue influence may have been used on behalf of the Colleges, against them there has not been the shadow of the shade of an endeavor to force or bias the ultimate decree which now gladdens the hearts of millions.

The Holy See has now spoken. Its word has gone forth to the ends of the earth, and will never be recalled. All Catholics must bow to it and render it obedience. If any sons of the Church, nominal or real, wished to gainsay what has now been written, it would be impossible for them to do so; and we hope and are most anxious to be persuaded that few—none even—entertain a thought that would dishonour them for ever. No Cleric can henceforward take a part in these Colleges; so that there can be no Ecclesiastical President or Vice-President in Galway. No layman of high character can meddle with them—so that Cork is equally safe. Even the shadow of Catholic authority and protection therefore is wanting; and they must now stand on their true basis—un-Catholic or anti-Catholic establishments—"sinks of Indifference and Error," but man-traps or soul-traps no longer. If Catholic students attend their halls, supposing halls ever to have a bodily existence—they must attend avowedly because either their parents or themselves are careless of eternal ruin. Against such danger no Bishop and no Pope can effectually provide. But at all events a yellow flag has been hoisted over these receptacles and propagators of contagion. The mark of the Beast is upon them and the brand of infamy has burnt down to their very bones.

Nicholas V. Maher, Esq. M.P. has sent up an additional subscription of £510 to assist in liquidating the debt of Conciliation Hall.

O Lord of light! O crucified!
Maker of all! God's only Son!
Born of a sacred Virgin bride,
Yet dwelling with th' Eternal One,
Ere sprung the earth, or stars, or sea;

Look down, we pray, with love divine,
O turn to us a pitying eye,
Light us with that sweet face of Thine,
While we invoke Thy name so high,
And take our meat, adoring Thee.

There is no charm without Thee, Lord!
Nothing that we receive so sweet,
Unless Thy verifying word
First sanctify our daily meat,
And faith impart its unction, too.

Thou shouldst o'erlook our humble fare,
And pour Thy blessing o'er the board,
Thou shouldst direct, with guardian care,
Each sport, each rest, each toil, each word,
And all we are, and all we do.

Here be no wreath of rosy flow'rs,
Or dulcet odors breathing out,
But let that heav'nly grace be ours,
That sheds the sweets of faith about
Sent from the Father's bosom down.

Then spurn, O muse, thy wreath profane,
Worn in the chaunt of worldly lays,
And, raising high a holy strain,
That shall resound thy Maker's praise,
Weave, weave thee now a sacred crown.

What could the noble soul set forth—
That radiant child of light and heav'n,
More worthy of her lofty worth,
Than the bright gifts which God hath giv'n?
Then pour the joyous peal abroad.

On mortal Ho hath lavished all—
Man's is a bright and boundless reign—
Whatever fills this earthly ball—
The sky—the river—and the main—
Are all for man, but man for God.

The feather'd tribes are taken now
With secret gin or open snare,
Again the twisted baited laugh
Impedes those messengers of air,
And brings them thus to serve our state.

The net draws forth the finny breed
Wide wand'ring through their wat'ry way,
And now again behold! the reed,
Gives them to hidden hooks a prey,
Deluded by the tempting bait.

Rich in her stores of varied worth,
The earth pours out exhaustless wealth,
While countless vines are bursting forth
In all the bloom of vernal health,
With olive, too, the branch of peace;

No gifts but these should we require,
And these should amply grace our feasts,
Far banished be that fierce desire,
That seeks the flesh of slaughtered beasts,
To swell the festival's increase.

Such banquets for those nations be
That still delight in deeds of blood;
The wild produce of herb and tree
Meantime, should ever be our food,
And spread for us a harmless board.

The milk pale foaming white as snows,
Bears from the teat its creamy boon,
The liquid thro' the runnet flows,
And into cheese cakes curdles soon,
While in the vat the whey is pour'd.

The honey comb shall feed us, too,
With sweet fragrance breathing free,
Made of fresh thy-mo and morning dew
The labours of the murmuring bee,
Unconscious of conjugal tie.

And then the mellow apples stand
So beautiful on the fruitful trees,
Shaken they strew in show'rs the land,
Rejoicing every eye that sees
The heaping piles that round them lie.

What trump or harp of ancient days
With blast of power, or note of fame,
Can celebrate with worthy praise,
The wonders of Jehovah's name,
Of all the gifts he gave to men?

At early dawn—in mountide's glare,—
When day is sinking in the west,
Warning us to our evening fare,
O heav'nly Father! brightest, best,—
To Thee shall rise our praises then.

Whatever warns the inward breast,—
Whatever thrills the hidden vein,—
Whatever tongue hath yet expressed—
Let all conspire—awake the strain,
And sing high praise to God above.

Man didst Thou make from out the earth
E'en like to Thine own image bright,
Then brought'st him to a glorious birth,
By pouring on him living light,
A soul, and sense, to own Thy love.

Thou plac'dst him in a blissful ground,
To dwell amid divine retreat,
Where spring forever smiled around
O'er meadows of a thousand sweets,
And a bright stream flowed ever by.

And these thou saidst shall now be thine,
I give them freely to thy hands,
Yet, is there one which still is mine,
Behold sin in the midst it stands.
Touch it not or thou'lt surely die.

Then did the wily Tempter first,
Beguile the wayward woman's heart,
Alas! she ate that fruit accursed,
Then gave her hapless spouse a part,
Destroying both in one dread fall.

But soon they saw their mutual crime,
And soon, alas! they knew their shame,
They sorrowed o'er that fatal time,
And sought to clothe each naked frame,
With leaves plucked by the garden wall.

Now trembling for a crime so great
Both must depart from Eden's bow'r,
The woman, free from bonds of late,
Now subject to her husband's pow'r,
And forced to bear her grief of soul;

The author of that woful deed
The hellish serpent—suffers sore,
Bruised, hated by the woman's seed
And placed beneath her evermore,
As she herself 'neath man's controul.

Our hapless race, thus led astray,
Rushed headlong, from that fatal time,
And whilst we walk our parents' way,
Keep ever adding crime to crime,
Till soon death joins us to his train.

But forth a glorious offspring burst—
Another man, yet from the skies,
Not filled with errors as the first,
But God himself in mortal guise,
Yet free from every mortal stain.

Unknown to man's profane embrace
But overshadowed by the Lord,
Behold! a Virgin full of grace,
Brings forth in flesh-th' Eternal Word,
To bless the world with life and light.

From this immortal deed, began
That lasting hate and warfare dread
Between the Enemy and man,
For here was bruised the serpent's head,
Beneath the woman's conquering might.

That Virgin Mother of our God,
Frustrated all that demon's wiles,
While he, beneath the verdant clod,
Pours out the venom of his guiles,
And vainly rolls in many a spire.

Where is the phrenzy now, so mad,
Fears not to touch Christ's little fold,
The raving wolf rums o'er it, sad,
But close restrains his wrath of old,
All blood forgotten as his ire.

The lamb o'errules the lion's might,
While, thro' the gloomy clouds and skies,
The eagle fierce in rapid flight,
Before the dove affrighted flies,
For former things have passed away.

Be Thou, O Christ! my pow'ful dove
Before whom shall the vulture flee,
And be Thou, too, our Lamb of Love,
From hungry wolves Thy fold to free,
Restaining them beneath Thy away.

O lend Thine ear, Thou bounteous Lord,
To this Thy servant's humble prayer,
That we may wander from the board,
Retain by us frugal fare,
And forgetting all excesses vain.

Far from us be the pois'nous bowl,
With all things hateful in Thy sight,
That hunger's self should know controul,
To keep man's system still aright,
That health and vigour may remain.

It is enough our deadly Foe
Once filled us with his fell repast,
Consigning thus to fearful woe,
And sinking low in death, at last,
The labour of the hand divine!

But the great soul—that glorious light—
Shall never fade away and die,
Immortal—and forever bright,
It draws its lustre from on high,
And thro' eternity shall shine.

And yet there is a day to come,
When the cold buried bones shall warm,
And, rising from the dreary tomb,
Again put on their ancient form,
Spurning the sepulchre's deep night.

Yes, we believe—not vain our faith—
The body like the soul shall rise,
So God incarnate rose from death,
And soared beyond the joyful skies,
Triumphant in His glorious flight.

May such bright lot be waiting me
When in the grave embalmed I rest,
Till I, like Him, be too set free,
And, crowned in glory with the blest,
Shall walk for evermore in light.

M. A. W.
New Brunswick, October 29, 1848.

REFLECTIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Time falls naturally into three divisions. The past, the present, and the future. Our past is gone for ever: but although it is no longer ours, it is yet of the greatest importance; and why? Because an impartial review of the past furnishes the best instruction for the future—

"'Tis gently wise to talk with our past hour,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

On this examination, should memory present to us some scene of dissipation in which we took part, when we ought to have been engaged in other duties, the precious moments thus expended are inevitably lost. Doubtless we imagined at the time, that we were enjoying pleasure—delight—happiness; at least we endeavoured so to persuade ourselves; what is our opinion now? We are undeceived; the bubble soon burst, and the airy phantoms of pleasure escaped, leaving us nothing but the mortifying recollection of having misspent our time. Rational enjoyment, taken seasonably, is quite proper and even praiseworthy; but it is mere delusion to call snatches of excitement happiness or even pleasure. It may, I think, be fairly laid down that nothing can be called pleasure which is not capable of renewing our delight by subsequent reflection. It is, alas! too true that the votaries of what the world calls pleasure dare not review their lives, knowing that it would afford nothing but pain; they are therefore continually straining forward in search of greater excitement, to stimulate their cloyed appetites and drown their thought. They resemble in this respect a celebrated statesman of our own country, who, in the early part of his career, prepared for debate by taking a moderate quantity of wine, but who, towards the close of his life, was stimulated with nothing short of opium. The pleasure hunters are always in either of two extremes, a delirium of excitement, or a vortex of depression, a mode of living than which nothing can be more at variance with the proper tenor of man's life. The truest way to be happy is to make our duties as far as possible, the sources of our enjoyment, and when the present becomes the past, a recurrence to it will fill our minds with pleasure of the purest and most exalted kind.

But let us take a more extended view. From the foundation of the world till now, how many great kingdoms and conquerors have there been? What myriads of men have lived! Where are they now? Returned to dust. Read in history of the mighty achievements of some, others have lived and died unknown. The conqueror filled the world with his name, the beggar starved in obscurity; but their existence ends not there, they only enter another world and "there works follow them." If the conqueror spent his time ill, and beggar well, it is after death that the real distinction between them began; here it was false, apparent and temporary—there it is true and eternal, and all the wealth, and fame, and power, which the world ever conferred, when

contrasted with the congregated amount of human misery, can convey no idea of the superiority the poor mendicant enjoys over the proud conqueror. Such is the value of well spent time.

But now comes an important question, how are we to spend our time well? There is nothing more simple: it consists in the proper discharge of our duties at the proper time, and with a right intention, namely, God's greater honor and glory and should we neglect the least of these duties, to do, by our own motion, something of apparently vast importance, our time and labour would be lost. How great then is the advantage of cultivating a taste and pleasure for those duties, which, whether we like them or not, must be performed.

With regard to future time, we do not know how much of it we are to receive, or are we to receive any; one thing however is certain, that this very much depends, on the use we make of the present time. "God," says a great French divine, "sets such a value on time, that he gives us but one moment at once, holding the next in his hands, and leaving us in doubt whether we shall ever receive it or not." No man calculates or relies so much on future time, as he who least deserves it; and when it has been given to him over and over, he continues to misapply it, as he did the rest; still he shifts the time of his amendment to a more remote period, till God, at length incensed at his persevering iniquity, deprives him of that inestimable treasure, which he had so often squandered and abused.

Let us make this concluding reflection: the past is gone, the future is not come, the present moment is all that we have; let us in God's name use it well, it is the only means by which we can atone for the past, and provide for the future.

THE POOR IN NENAGH UNION.

A heart rending spectacle was exhibited here on Thursday night at the gate of the Nenagh union workhouse. The day had been very wet, and about four o'clock the rain fell with great violence, while a cold autumnal wind blew fiercely in the faces of the few persons whom business compelled to be abroad. Inclement as was the weather yet nearly 500 half-naked creatures of both sexes and all ages stood shivering on the road opposite the workhouse, where they had been all day awaiting an "order" of the board to be admitted. Ranged by the side of the opposite wall, which afforded some shelter from the wind where about twenty cars, each with its load of eight or ten human beings, some of them in the most dangerous stage of dysentery and fever, others cripples, and all, from debility, old age, or disease, unable to walk a dozen steps. A more pitiable sight could not be witnessed. Their clothes—if the rags they wore could be so called—were no protection from either wind or rain; their legs and arms were in many instances completely naked, and their features pallid with disease and want. Not the least sickening part of the picture was the sight of several groups of children squatting under the cars for shelter. This assemblage was brought together in consequence of the resolution of the guardians, now acted on for four weeks, to give relief to no class of people, either able or disabled, except, as one of their members forcibly remarked, "within the four walls of the workhouse." We earnestly trust that at this moment our worst fears of the result be not confirmed. The reader may judge of the anguish of the group of poor wretches we have attempted to describe above, when, after coming ten or twelve miles, they were told at the gate of the house where it was said, "their hunger was to get food and their weariness rest, that there was no room, that the house was full." Still they lingered, they clung with desperate tenacity to the bars of the gate, and rendered ingress or egress impossible. In the evening some thirty or forty "paupers" were turned out, to make room for an equal number of the crowd, while the rest returned weary and dispirited to the cheerless homes they left in the morning.—Freeman.

To the Editors of the Cross.
Gentlemen,
It is matter of much regret that we, as a community, are so far behind others in a knowledge and appreciation of the noble and humanizing influence of Music's divine art. Particularly that class of music which our Holy Mother Church has hallowed as it were by her sanction—the music that in days long past thrilled the inmost recesses of the heart of an Apostle, and inspired many of the Church's heroes with great fervour. I should hope Sir, that an art will be made during the coming winter to form a society or class, which will in time develop the musical resources we possess. Surely I am that if the effort be made it will succeed, and in such success be promulgated the best and truest interests of our people. With the few remarks, I shall, for the present, take leave of the subject.
Yours, &c.

Poetry.

Per bonam vitam, bona conscientia, compa-
satur, ut per bonam conscientiam, nulla poena
timeatur. Quapropter discat timore, qui non
vult timere. Dum ad tempus esse sollicitus,
qui semper vult esse securus.—Tanto minor fuit
timor, quanto parva quo tendimus propior. Ma-
jor enim timor debet esse peregrinantium, minor
propinquantium, nullus perventientium. Sic et
timor perducit ad charitatem, et perfecta charita-
tas foras mittit timorem.—St. Augustini, Lib.
xiv. De Civitate Dei et Ser. cccxv.

By a good life, a good conscience is secured,
that by a good conscience no punishment may be
dreaded. He that would not be made afraid, let
him learn to fear. He that would be secure for
ever, let him now learn in time to be troubled.
Fear lessens the nearer we draw to the country
whither we are bound. When the traveller is
far off, he fears the most, but it lessens as his
home draws near, and he has none when he has
once arrived. Thus fear leadeth unto charity,
and perfect charity casteth out fear.

Whoe'er would prove the sweet content,
And inward mark of virtue's bent,
Must daily form his life to win
Spoils from the rebel realm of sin;
By inward mark, and outward aim,
Follow the Cross, despise the shame;
And every day his conscience tell,
New triumphs o'er the lures of Hell!

Yet let him tremble every hour.
While threatened judgements round him lower
Should he forget to fear, alas!
His life is in a treacherous pass,—
Who dares to read the human heart,—
Who knows how soon it runs apart,
And yet would dare to be secure,—
Has swallow'd Satan's darkest lure!
Who knows not fear, shall never come
To rest in love's especial home;
Whoe'er forgets what man hath nursed
Of malice foul, and sin the worst,
He, to, may do,—alas! what dread!
And fear should mark his anxious tread;
How should he beat his breast and weep,
And banish from his eyelids sleep?

Nay, if thou would one day obtain
The height of love, thy heart restrain;
Cast from thy soul the weak pretence
Of vain, unworthy confidence;
Walk with a trembling aspect; seek
Each day to live more pure and meek,
Until that happy time draw near,
When perfect love shall cast out fear!

ROME.

The following is from a correspondent of the
Freeman's Journal:—

"If we are to judge of the plans of M. Rossi,
not a moment is to be lost in endeavouring to re-
store and revive trade and employment, those
great springs from which invariably flow peace
and contentment. A loan of five millions of dol-
lars in specie, say a million of your money, is in
active negotiation, consequent on which will
be withdrawn the treasury bonds for some time
past in circulation. The mere anticipation of
this loan has already worked much advantage.
Gold and silver, for months back hidden and
made safe during the reign of terror, are daily
resuscitating, and the profits of the Jews and
money changers are fast on the wane. Large num-
bers of poor have hitherto been in receipt of two
pauls a day, about 8d. of your money, under the
Roman Mendacity Institution, called La Benefi-
cenza. In return for this, they were supposed
to work either at the public buildings or in clear-
ing and disencumbering the ancient ruins. The
amount of labour done was a mere farce; in fact
the whole system was like the employment of
your poor on the relief works, a great useless
outlay without tangible return. The funds of
the Beneficenza are now under the management
of the Roman municipio or corporation, who
have made arrangements to employ the able-
bodied of these paupers reproductive labour; it is
in contemplation to commence the earthworks of
the great Roman and Neapolitan Railway, on
the large stretch of flat campagne land running
between Rome and Frascati. The deposits of
the railway company are to guarantee to the
corporation the repayment of the loan to be laid
out on the works. The Government of the Gen., is
at length disoccupied by its military tenants. The
first Roman legion has taken its departure for the
provinces. It is forthwith to be converted into a
regiment of the line. Strict discipline is to be

substituted for the riot and insubordination of a
free corps. On Michaelmas Day his Holiness
visited the noble institution of St. Michael, at
Ripa Grande, in the quarter of Trastevere. The
feast was peculiarly characteristic of these hon-
est descendants of the ancient Romans. Never
do we recollect to have seen his Holiness receiv-
ed in so genuinely enthusiastic a manner as on
this occasion. The attachment of the Trasteverini
to the Sovereign Pontiffs is immemorial. No
exertion has been spared in the last twelve months
to wean them from this their second father. All
in vain. No one fortunate enough to be present
on this glorious occasion could doubt the road-
ness of the thousands of stalwart men who lined
the streets and piazzas of this romantic quarter of
Rome, to shed even the last drop of their blood
in defence of the Pontiff and their religion. Some
of the ultra Radical Press still continue to give
expression to those sentiments which have done
so much to create disunion, and to destroy the
present hopes of Italian independence. On the
other hand, Rome for some time back has pro-
duced some excellent specimens of clever jour-
nalism. Il Costituzionale Romano is a newspa-
per of moderate politics, and of very great merit.
To its honour be it said, that it was the first
journal that dared to speak the truth, and, in de-
fiance of the assassin's knife, bearded the infam-
ous Mamiani ministry, and undertook the defence
of his Holiness.

COUNT ROSSI.—As the name of Rossi seems
destined to figure in Papal history, it may be
right to give a few biographical notices of this
personage. He was born in the little town of
Massa Carrara, at the time it was governed by
the Archduchess Maria Beatrice, about 1790, and
hence was ushered into life an Austrian subject.
In 1808 a decree of Napoleon made him a French-
man, by converting Carrara and the duchy into a
department of the empire. We soon find him at
Bologna a practising lawyer, and in 1811 a sub-
ject of the Pope; but having cast his destiny
with Joachim Murat, we suddenly discover him
at Naples a naturalised Neapolitan, and joined
with Salfi in a revolutionary attempt. After
Murat's discomfiture he passed the Alps, and,
settling at Geneva, married a Swiss wife, and
became a naturalised Helvetian in 1820. He got
a seat at the cantonal council board and the fe-
deral diet, and sowed the germ of "central au-
thority," out of which sprung the Sonderbund.
Having made acquaintance with the Duc de
Broglie at the Chateau of Coppet, so famous for
the various great men and women who have met
there, he managed to negotiate through him with
Guizot for a professorship of jurisprudence at
the Sorbonne, and got it, becoming naturalised
at Paris. His chair was not a bed of roses at
first, being pelted by the law students, and re-
quiring the presence of gens-d'armes to carry
on his lectures. But his erudition, lucid method,
and genuine ability, soon triumphed over preju-
dice. He was a constant contributor to the
press, and wrote the "summary of politics" in
the Revue des Deux Mondes; was made peer of
France for his successful embassy to Rome,
where he had a hand in the election of Pio Nono,
and is now his Prime minister.

Honours crowd on Pellegrino Rossi. The
citizens of Bologna, where he had so long prac-
tised in the law courts, feel so flattered at his
promotion to the Premiership, that they have
elected him representative, one of the seats in
the Chamber for that town being vacant.—Daily
News.

ETIQUETTE AT THE QUIRINAL.—We quote the
following from the correspondent of the Daily
News.—"Sick of solitary dinners, the etiquette
of several hundred years with his predecessors,
the Pope gave a banquet at the Quirinal Palace
on the 13th inst., to Count Rossi, inviting to
meet him Cardinals Orioli, Sogliu, Patrizi, and
Vannicelli, Monsignors Piccolomini, Borromeo,
Siella, and della Porta, Count Mastai (his own
brother), the ambassador Duc di Rignano, with
Prince Altiéri, Colonel of the Noble Guard.—
This is not the least startling innovation for
which the memory of Pio Nono will be famous
in future ages. Does not (Alexander) Pope
describe some personage as claiming renown, be-
cause that he
Judicious drank; and—greatly daring—drined?

THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

This week has added little to the develop-
ment of the vast movements going forward
around Vienna. After an agonising period of
suspense, during which all who could leave the
place fled as if from a devoted city, and those

who remained busied their lives, with Republi-
can determination, in measures of defence, Jelli-
chich and his hordes of Croats got down before
the capital. Auersperg and the Austrian troops
were already in strong position without the walls,
and, on the other hand, rumours were rife of
Kossuth and his Hungarians being on the march
to the relief of the Viennese revolutionists,
whose movement had perhaps been brought about
by Hungarian gold. Thus were nations gather-
ing round that ancient seat of empire—jam jam
lapstura. One looked each day for the news of a
great battle; however, for the present, nothing
worthy of note has taken place—a couple of out-
post skirmishes merely, a deputation from the
Diet to remonstrate with the Slavonic chief,
which he received passively yet courteously, and
lastly, his retreat towards Syria, without effect-
ing a junction with Auersperg. A few days
will clear up his plans, but as yet the statements
are various, both as to the numbers and disci-
pline of his troops, and the prospects of a con-
flict.

The strife between the Croation and Slavonic
races, now that it has once burst out, was sure
to affect the troops in Italy. Collisions have
taken place, though without any great result
hitherto. The black and difficult future for Aus-
trian rule in Lombardy, is not amended by the
illness of the old Fabius, who has won for it so
many triumphs. There is hardly any other news
from Italy, except the meeting of the self-styled
and self-summoned Italian Congress at Turin.

In Prussia, matters proceed much as they have
done for some weeks past; the King, becoming
more and more a mere sceptred shadow, like
Louis XVI. after the first triumph of the Revolu-
tion. A step has been made towards destroy-
ing the noblesse by abolishing the laws affecting
intermarriages with plebeians. The oath of
fidelity to the King is not to be required of the
Burgler Guard. The Assembly has ruled it
that he no longer reigns "by the grace of God."

In Spain, after the brief reverses sustained at
first, the Carlist cause seems becoming formida-
ble; a conspiracy has been discovered in the
garrison at Barcelona, and stifled, it is true, but
its extent, and above all, the proof it affords that
the army cannot be trusted, renders the position
of the Government anxious and uncertain. Ca-
breira is in the field, and has been victorious in
one or two of those skirmishes, between a few
hundreds or scores on each side, of which Span-
ish advice always supply such lengthy details.

At Paris, the great event is the formation of
the new Ministry. General Cavagnac has at
length fairly called the precused talent of the old
regime to his councils, thus adding at once to his
weakness and his strength. The question of the
state of siege has been agitated during the past
week, but without any other result ascertained
beyond the continued though mitigated opinion,
that it is still necessary.

In Ecclesiastical politics, it is interesting to
mention that the Abbe Dupanloup has taken the
direction of the Ami de la Religion, which will
be supported by the influence of the illustrious
Catholic names of Esther de Ravignan, and MM.
de Montalembert, de Falloux, and de Cham-
pagney.—Tablet, Oct 21

The week has not been rich in incident; in a
revolutionary era there must be pauses between
the ever-shifting scenes. At Paris the state of
siege, which threatened to be the normal and
ordinary state of that capital, has been raised—
another proof, so they think, of Cavagnac's vac-
illation and inconsistency. Paris has been fair-
ly quiet for three months past, but unluckily at
the very instant of raising the siege, there are
symptoms of disorder. Socialist clubs have been
holding banquets in formidable numbers, at which
the great chiefs of the party, Leroux, Proudhon,
Considerant and others have spoken. Their an-
dacity intimidates those who are trying to keep
up the tradition of the Robespierres and Marats,
who, savage and bloodthirsty as they are, still
are not precisely like the Socialists, disconnected
from the political systems hitherto known to the
world. The Red Republic finds its type to a
certain extent in former convulsions of nations,
in the Greek democracies for example. "The
democratic and social Republic" is for the first
time transferring its sibilant and fury from the
troops of Utopian speculators to the conflicts of
the State. This distinction is felt by both par-
ties, and the two chiefs, Proudhon and Ledru-
Rollin, have formally divided their camps. The
Constitution is at length completed, and the next
great event is to be the election of the President.

Louis Napoleon is still the favourite candidate;
Bismarck has retired from the field; Marshal
Bugeaud is added to the list.

The new Archbishop of Paris is highly popu-
lar. He has visited publicly the scene of his
predecessor's martyrdom, the Faubourg St. An-
toine, so long to be remembered in the history of
the Church. The rude yet faithful people turn-
ed out by hundreds to receive the holy Prefate's
benediction, calling him their "Good Father."
Thus we have to record at once what wears an
encouraging and even edifying aspect, side by
side with a gigantic warfare, against the Priest,
as the embodiment of whatever ideas are most
loathed by the subscribers of social order.

In Austria matters are proceeding sluggishly.
The Viennese Diet appear to be confident of
their own position, and have sent a rather hum-
bly-worded manifesto to the Emperor at Olmutz,
begging for an international congress of that em-
pire, to settle all differences by negotiation.
Jelachich has moved on towards Styria, holding
himself in readiness for the commands of the
Emperor, and expressing, apparently, his sin-
cere conviction that this is the wisest course,—to
wait till inevitable disunion shall have made the
Viennese still weaker than they are.

In northern Italy nothing of importance has oc-
curred, and the negotiations are still slowly
proceeding; a summary which also characterises
the scanty news from Naples. From Rome the
intelligence, as will be elsewhere perceived, is of
extreme importance to Catholic interests here.
The domestic affairs of the Roman Government
fell to the experienced hand of Count Rossi, and
all parties speak in a tone of greater cheerfulness
than has, for a long time, been evinced in that
quarter. It is remarkable that simultaneously,
both at Rome and Paris, circumstances have
forced, even upon the acquiescence of the ultras,
the necessity of at least not altogether throwing
aside the matured sagacity of the men who have
accepted the great political changes of the age,
but were somewhat behind-hand in making ready
for their advance. His Holiness seems gradually
to be regaining his old political position, of which,
in fact, a Pope, so long as he remains in Rome,
could never, for a very great length of time, be
deprived—the Papal name and dignity of itself
constituting a power which no local influence
could possibly nullify for a continuance.—Oct 28

POOR RATES.—A letter from Gort States:—
" This county is in a sad way for rate. The
guardians (vice) have given a bonus of 6d. in the
pound to all collectors who will collect the 5s.
rate within the first three months. The conse-
quence is, that the moment the crop is secured,
they come down with carts, &c., to seize, without
any previous notice, and I fear bad consequen-
ces will ensue in this district, hitherto so peace-
able. A few days ago a collector went with
fourteen carts to seize corn near Gort, escorted
by police and some of the Scots Greys; the peo-
ple collected and made barricades in the road,
cut the tackling, broke the carts, and the troops
had to retire. This has created great excite-
ment." The result of the process is not left to
the imagination:—"The farmers and trading
classes (says the Castletar Telegraph) rated to
feed and clothe those who died for want of food,
and who were consigned to the earth without
coffins, are now begging themselves, and must
soon, alas! follow those sleeping in our village
churchyards, and in the fields and bogs of Mayo."

Births

- November 3—Mrs Byan, of a daughter.
" 3—Mrs J. McDonald, of a son.
" 4—Mrs M. McDonald, of a daughter.
" 4—Mrs Flynn, of a son.
" 7—Mrs Shea, of a son.
" 7—Mrs Hammon, of a son.
" 8—Mrs. Durren, of a daughter.
" 8—Mrs Winchen, of a daughter.

Married.

- October 18—John Ryan, to Mary Twohill.
" 18—John Fitzpatrick, to Margaret Moore.
" 18—Cornelius Donovan, to Mary Dunne.
" 23—Arthur Bradley, to Margaret Leo-
nard.
" 30—Constantine James Doyle, to Elea-
nor Lloyd Dempster.
November 6—Andrew Mackie, to Ellen Lawlor.
" 6—John Moriarty, to Catherine Ho-
lehan.
" 6—Patrick Kavanagh, to Ellen Mori-
arty.
" 6—John McCarthy, to Mary Hogan.
" 6—Thomas Walsh, to Winifred O'Ne-
llia.