

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON THE PAPACY.

In a recent address before the League of St. Sebastian, assembled in Willis' Rooms, London, his Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster, spoke as follows:—

I hope the League may take its enemies by surprise as much as Sir George Bowyer has taken me. (Laughter.) When I came here to-day, it was to listen and not speak. It is a question which occupies the minds—I may say the animosities—of a great many nations who seek to put difficulties in the way of appointing a successor to Pius IX., in case of an event which I hope is far distant. (Hear, here.) Ten years ago in Rome a distinguished diplomatist was in communication with certain great statesmen. He was asked to give his opinion "Whether the dissolution of the Temporal Power would not certainly produce the dissolution of the spiritual authority of Pius IX.?" The diplomatist in question, who was not a Catholic, answered, "Be sure of this—you may dissolve the Temporal Power—you may destroy Rome, if you will; but as long as there are three Capuchins in the world, two of them will elect the third a Pope!" (Loud Applause.) Eighteen hundred years have not sufficed to break the links of Peter's chain. We need not have any anxiety on that point. (Hear, hear.) The excited antagonism of the nations of Europe is founded on a fact full of consolations. I am perfectly convinced that the reaction which set in after the first French Revolution, when infidelity had wrecked the peace of Europe, has continued until now, and is turning the minds of men back to truth and order. The reaction has gone on ever since, and has never been so powerful as in the Pontificate of Pius IX. (Applause.) Instead of being alarmed, or scared, or discouraged by the great sharpening of animosity and the great massing together of antagonists, I look upon it as the most beautiful sign. For I am confident that the Catholic Church was never more developed in its action on the world. Therefore it is assailed daily by all the stones and slings and accusations of the nations of Europe. We ought to take great comfort from such things. In 1848, all the Revolutionists of Europe were down in the streets striving to overturn the Christian Society of Europe. The difference between 1848 and 1874 is that the Revolutionists, instead of being in the streets, are at this moment in the cabinets and on the thrones. (Loud applause.) Down to 1870, the Holy See was in conflict with a horde of rebels and unbelievers—persons from all parts of the continent—and when that mighty host of marauders came round about the Holy See, the chivalry of all the nations of Europe came and turned them out. (Loud applause.) And now in this day we are looking on a more difficult position. It was then difficult indeed, but it was by no means impossible, to meet and beat back a revolution. Now, when the nations of Europe have revolted, and when they have dethroned, as far as men can dethrone, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and when they have made the usurpation of the Holy City a part of international law, when all this has been done, there is only one solution of the difficulty—a solution, I fear, impending, and that is the terrible scourge of continental war—a war which will exceed the horrors of any of the wars of the First Empire, I do not see how this can be averted. And it is my firm conviction that in spite of all obstacles, the Vicar of Jesus Christ will be put again in his own rightful place. (Loud applause.) But that day will not be until his adversaries have crushed each other with mutual destruction. Greatly as I glory in the chivalry of the League of St. Sebastian, this will be done without their aid. The nations of Europe are doomed to executive judgment on each other; but the League of St. Sebastian, wearing their old grey and humble uniform, will, it may be, once more stand by the throne of Pius IX. amidst the daybreak of that restoration. (Loud and long continued applause.) His Grace concluded by an allusion to the progress the League was making, and hoped it would continue.

SEÑOR CASTELAR.

THE 'Tablet,' in the course of an article on Spain says of Señor Castelar:—"Among all the conspirators and demagogues who have reduced Spain to the disastrous plight in which the country of the Cid, and of the most Catholic Kings, and of Cortez and Ximenes, is plunged to-day, it may be fairly allowed that Señor Castelar has the most creditable, or rather least disgraceful, record to exhibit. Vain, eloquent, superficial, Voltairian, the fluent and sonorous orator may almost be said to have been betrayed into his follies and crimes through an incurable weakness of head rather than through natural badness of heart. He is no truly dyed perjurer like Prim and Serrano. He is, in all likelihood, free from the Communist connections which bind Figueras and Pío Margall to the open foes of property, order, morality, and religion. He is merely a presumptuous university professor of the stamp of which the world is only too familiar. A newspaper correspondent, and a demagogue into the bargain, he loves to see his opinions reported in the journals and applauded by the mob. In his time he has ventilated the crudest notions upon the gravest subjects, religion, State authority, military discipline. At the same time, as he has a natural fund of honesty and common sense which checks him in his downward descent before reaching the lowest level: Shocked and alarmed at the destruction which the anarchical principles he uses to advocate are spreading through the country, he has had the courage to repudiate his past doctrines, and at present passes before the public as a semi-Conservative. His change of policy is, of course, open to the observation that to 'disdain the arts by which he 'rose' is no new description of tactics in the modern Rabagas. We prefer, however, to think the best of Señor Castelar's repentance."

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

ANOTHER evidence of advancement in Ireland is the building of new streets in old towns. The metropolis presents a striking instance. I had lived in Dublin ten years, and of course knew it "like a book." To my great surprise I find it now so enlarged, that on pacing its suburban extensions I could not help fancying that I was at the other side of the Atlantic. All sides of the capital present this evidence, but the extensions south-easterly are so wonderful. Your street railway system is in full blast in Dublin, and more commodious cars I

have not seen in Cincinnati, Washington or New York—indeed, I think the Dublin ones excel, owing to their excellent spiral stairs (of solid iron), and the comfortable accommodation overhead, so eagerly sought by sight-seers.

IMPROVEMENTS IN CORK.

Similar advancement, I was told, in Cork obtains there, but I did not wait to judge for myself. I found, however, the little town of Newbridge, near the Curragh of Kildare, more than doubled in the fifteen years, while the venerable "City of Kings," Cashel, is the same "three-and-fourpence." Mountrath, in the Queen's County, instead of advancing, has gone back, as far as I could see and hear in one night's sojourn, and Clonmel has to be content with a mere remnant of the immense trade which it had monopolised for generations as the agricultural depot of three or four centres prior to railroads in the southern province. It is at the expense of this once important centre that the towns of Waterford and Tipperary on its flanks have so notoriously advanced within the last twenty years.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

But how is it with disendowed Maynooth—it was, I understand, never so flourishing. I have come from that establishment, which is now more extended than ever it was before. A magnificent block of buildings, forming about one-third of the whole college, has been recently erected, making the whole fabric as imposing to the eye as old Trinity itself. All Hallows, which I visited the same day, is similarly enlarged, so much so that the fabric of fifteen years ago can hardly be recognised. In the vicinity of this institution is another college, recently erected by Cardinal Cullen, and known as Clonliff. In the opposite direction of the metropolis, far out beyond Rathmines, but approached by the street rail cars, is another new college, all looking to the propagation of the faith. As for new churches, convents, monasteries and hospitals, there is no counting them all through the land. During my absence the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, of Dublin, has been erected—a building which any metropolis of Europe might well feel proud of.

KILLARNEY CATHEDRAL.

Here at Killarney, in the poorest quarter of Ireland, is a new Cathedral of splendid proportions, with the most costly and beautiful altars I have ever seen. They are five in number, each altar of a different type, with its own separate corresponding sanctuary, and nowhere else have I seen their peers. I understand one of them is at the individual cost of the Earl of Kenmare; and I am told the Irish in America must be credited with a respectable portion of the funds which erected the others as well as the main pile. Even out in the rural districts, as it were on the road side, I have seen new temples to the living God which rival some of the city chapels of fifteen years ago, while these latter have recently given place to buildings worthy of the people's characteristic faith. A notable instance of this is the rural church of Latton and the parish church of Tipperarytown; within a few miles of each other—the former throwing the old civic chapel into the shade, which in the spirit of Christian pride and Catholic order, gives way to a successor which would not shame the metropolis itself if it should have it for a Cathedral. The main altar of this with its magnificent reredos of stone carving, is such another as those of the Killarney Cathedral, above referred to. I understand a Catholic landlord of the locality is the principal lay agent in the erection of both—indeed, the former I understand, comes mainly out of his private purse.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

I have also made a little detour to lay my eyes on the celebrated "Nun of Kenmare," now popularly named Miss Cusack. This part of my letter, therefore, does not come under the above date or address, having been written since I left Killarney. The journey from Killarney is twenty-one miles, and from Killarney to Glengarriff as far again, by car and horses, over the mountains—the bare prospect of such a journey by such conveyance is calculated to scare one at first, but upon trial I found it a very pleasant journey.

The moment the literary nun heard me speak of Cincinnati, she exclaimed, "O, the See of my esteemed friend Archbishop Purcell!" She most cordially pressed me to stay for dinner and off she went to send a messenger to the hotel to hold my luggage lest the carman take it off to Glengarriff. With many thanks I left, however, reaching Glengarriff that evening. While at the convent quite a number of tourists going in the opposite direction (i. e. from Macroom to Killarney), bolted in to the sacred precincts—all, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, to see the famous nun and nunnery of Kenmare. The Reverend of the convent is Miss O'Hagan, sister of the Lord Chancellor, an excellent portrait of whom is to be seen in one of the rooms. Miss Cusack (so to call her), is personally of the ordinary woman size, with a good natured, familiar countenance, beaming with animation, joy and intelligence. Having shown us the handiwork of the pupils in the shape of needle, crochet and lace work, which is on exhibition and for sale (and more delicate work of the kind I have never seen), she then got up a little concert for us see to let us that not only the head and hands, but likewise the voice, is highly cultivated in the poorest quarter of old Ireland.

The affairs of Spain in a few words. On the 3rd January the Republican Government under Castelar was defeated in Congress by Salmeron the leader of the Reds. Then Pavia, Captain General of Madrid, acting in concert with Serrano, came down on the Cortes in Oliver Cromwell fashion, and declared it dissolved. Some of the Reds were mounting speeches when a couple of muskets were discharged outside, either by accident or design, and there was instantly a stampede. Pavia had taken all precautions against a mob, cannon were planted where they could be effectively used, and cavalry rode about the city. But Madrid took things quietly enough. Marshal Serrano is ruler in Spain, as Marshal MacMahon is in France. Meanwhile, Don Carlos is at the head of a well disciplined army of 70,000 armed soldiers. In his person the north is again to save the south, in Spain.