

occasion to seek an interview with the Holy Father. As if foreseeing the designs of Providence upon his non-sympathetic visitor, the Pope, in according him his parting blessing, addressed him in these significant words: 'May this blessing open your heart to the influence of grace, and pray to God that he may one day make the truth known to you.'

After that, who will say that Mr. Gladstone's is a hopeless case? He, too, like this German convert, is well known to the literary world. He is now engaged on "Homer," as well as the ancient Fathers. He may yet take it into his head to visit His Holiness, when, no doubt, the Pope, in giving him a parting blessing, would pray God to open his heart to the influence of grace, and to make the truth known to him. Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his "pamphlets," is no enemy, but a warm friend of Catholics. His hostility to their principles is founded on misapprehension, and may yet be converted into approval. The Catholics of the United Kingdom owe him a debt of gratitude for past services which they will not soon repay. His present position is altogether anomalous and inconsistent. He merits the respectful sympathy rather than the hostility of Catholics, in my opinion. What he has written against their principles, he has no doubt written from a high sense of duty agreeable to his present lights, and from the purest of motives. The Almighty has endowed him with a Herculean intellect, a fine and penetrating genius, and a generous and religious heart. For my part, so far from regarding him with anger or indignation on account of what he has lately written, I look upon him with compassion and a lively hope that God will yet open his heart to receive the truth. Were the Church to make a conquest of him, it would be a victory indeed. But for him and his party, the Catholics of Great Britain would probably never have got one penny of public money for their schools—under the new Education Act. He has declared that no system of public education deserves support which does not make some provision for the religious upbringing of the youth of the country; and he has resisted every attempt to deprive religious schools of that scanty measure of Government aid which they now enjoy. It would be a fortunate circumstance for us if the so-called liberal party in this colony were actuated by his just, generous, and religious spirit. Then we should get—if not a full measure—at least a considerable amount of justice to our schools. But other principles than his prevail here, for the present. Religion reserves but little countenance from the Government, the press, or the tyrant majority who rule us. The day may come, and not be far off, when the people of New Zealand shall see, however reluctantly, the baneful fruit of so godless a system; fruit such as is seen in America, where the people have long been placed under a purely secular educational training. In that great country we see political, and therefore social morality at the lowest possible ebb; men glorying in their shame; concerting gigantic schemes of dishonesty in the most barefaced and systematic way. There Government is an efficient instrument of public corruption. We ought, all of us, to pray daily for the conversion of such men as Mr. Gladstone. Pride will be the stumbling-block in his path, if he die out of the Church.

## A GLANCE AT DUBLIN AND CORK.

(For the 'Catholic Standard'.)

On the morning of July 11th, 1874, the long-wished for happiness was mine of treading the green soil of Erin. I had left Holyhead in Wales, the night previous in company with some friends, with whom it was my good fortune to share the dangers and glories of the "First American Pilgrimage," for a short sojourn in Ireland. My first impressions of Dublin (where we landed) were not, I must say altogether favorable, but when our little party was driven through a part of the city to the hotel, my disappointment was changed into a feeling of pleasure. Many of the streets are really fine; Sackville street, particularly, is a noble thoroughfare, flanked with stately buildings, and kept guard over by the grand old statue of Admiral Nelson, who looks down upon it from his lofty pillar of granite. The post office, immediately adjacent to the Nelson Monument, can compare very favorably, in an architectural point of view, with many of our much-admired public edifices. The historical Bank of Ireland, once the Irish House of Parliament, is a magnificent and commodious structure, and the famous Protestant University, "Trinity College," a monument of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, stands just opposite on Sackville street. Further up on the street, occupying a prominent position close to Carlisle Bridge, I was pleased to observe a superb marble statue of one whose memory will always be dear to the heart of the Irish patriot—Wm. Smith O'Brien.

In the space of this short sketch I could not even give the names of the places of note, but I cannot refrain from saying a word of praise for the Exhibition Palace (built on the plan of the world renowned Crystal Palace of London); the Custom House, with its splendid dome; the Four Courts, just overlooking the Liffey, and the beautifully laid out Phoenix Park, in which stands the Lord Lieutenant's Lodge, a building closely resembling our White House.

Our party also had the honor of a pleasant interview with the distinguished Prelate Cardinal Cullen, and, on our departure, received his paternal blessing and a hearty "God speed you" on our journey to our far-off homes.

With many regrets, we were compelled to take our departure from Dublin after only four days' sojourn, but they were four days of busy sight-seeing, and on the American mail train we were hurried along for a hasty visit to "Cork's own town" previous to embarking on the good ship City of Richmond.

All that I had heard of Cork fully prepared me for scenes of unusual squalor and misery, and I had no anticipation of seeing such a beautiful and prosperous city. Of course, I could find the poverty of every large city by seeking it in the lanes and by ways,

but the appearance of its busy and bustling streets was even a greater surprise than I received in Dublin.

The delightful situation of Cork on the river Lee, its charming suburbs and romantic drives, all tend to make it indeed a pleasant place, and then the quaint old traditions still connected with its many interesting spots lend to it a charm not easily dispelled. Patrick street, the principal business mart of the city, a fine, wide avenue, lined with superb buildings, presents an animated and prosperous aspect. Standing in the centre of Patrick street, a few feet from the main bridge over the Lee, is a noble bronze statue of the great Apostle of Temperance Father Mathew, and just a little beyond, on the opposite side of the river, is the stately Church of St. Mary, in charge of the good Dominican friars. Not far off we can see the old Church of Shandon, in whose tower still sweetly chime

The Bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Some little distance further on we come to the commodious "Monastery School," where the devoted brothers are doing God's work in the education of the poor children of the city, and where lie the remains of that most beautiful of writers, Gerald Griffin, who spent the last few years of his life in the humble sphere of a Christian Brother. Then we wended our way to the "Mardyke," a magnificent walk of a mile in length, arched over with fine stately old elms, and thought that nothing could equal it. At night though, we saw it brilliantly illuminated, our delight knew hardly any bounds, and we spent some time wandering up and down its well-kept walk.

After seeing something of the city, what more natural than that we should desire a drive along the romantic river road, and pay our respects to Blarney Castle, where, as the old song tells us,

"There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,  
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent."

We found it, indeed, all that we had anticipated, winding along the most picturesque of rivers, affording a glimpse of the Queen's College, the grim-looking county jail, and several grand old ivy-covered ruins, and then through the famous "Groves of Blarney." Then up we clambered to the very summit of the ancient castle, and after much trouble and danger, pressed our lips to the blarney stone, though not with the greatest faith in its virtues. Our drive to and from the castle was made all the more delightful by the many queer old legends imparted to us by the good-natured driver of our jaunting car.

Our stay in Cork was but too brief, still we saw almost everything of interest; the fine Cathedral, where Bishop England served Mass in his boyhood; the Court-house, where most of the Fenian prisoners were tried and condemned; the Butter Market, which much resembles, at first sight, one of our railroad depots; and the many beautiful residences in the suburbs. But, more than all the beauties of the cities of Dublin and Cork, would I speak of the warm-hearted and open-handed hospitality of their people, than whom no people live with more generous and noble impulses; our only passport was that we were Americans, and it always ensured for us a genuine "Cead mille failte." After four days delightfully spent in Cork, we took steamer down the River Lee for Queenstown, where we saw looming up, not far off in the harbor, the noble ship that was to bear us on the bosom of the broad Atlantic to "Home, sweet home." From the deck of the City of Richmond we bid adieu, with a sigh of regret, to "poor old Ireland," trusting that, if our eyes ever again behold her, she will be, if possible, still more beautiful, and with the shackles of despotism broken from her limbs—"will have taken her place among the nations of the earth."

D. I. M.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 13, 1875.

A "very special" correspondent of the Paris 'Figaro' gives the following anecdote of Sir Bartle Frere when at Zanzibar: "Sir Bartle Frere and his son, during an expedition 'up country,' had imprudently wandered from their escort, and lost their way. After some time they perceived a negro's hut, and tired and hungry, proceeded to claim hospitality. An old negress appeared at the door and gave them some eggs, which they at once converted into an omelette, and seeing numbers of little round balls suspended from the roof, and fancying them to be small mushrooms, popped them into the pan, utterly disregarding the old woman's anxious remonstrances. After the meal in came the owner of the cabin, who, on learning what his visitors had done, broke into a violent rage. 'Miserable strangers!' cried he 'you have eaten all my war trophies,' and, in answer to Sir Bartle's inquiries, informed him that what he had taken for mushrooms were no less than the ears of his enemies whom he had killed in battle." Sir Bartle Frere, adds 'Figaro,' "was ill with indigestion for four days."

In the 'Tagblatt,' of Vienna, is published a singular telegram from London, stating that Prince Louis Napoleon and his mother, the Empress Eugenie, have contracted with certain English bankers a loan of three and a-half millions sterling, that Queen Victoria gave it a moral guarantee, and that the affair was conducted by the financial agent of the Prince of Wales.

There is no other work in the world, we are told, of which so many copies are printed annually as of the Chinese almanack. The number is estimated at several millions. This almanack is printed at Pekin, and is a monopoly of the Emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for commencing any undertaking, for applying remedies in diseases, for marrying, and for burying.

A novel suicide is reported from Paris. An elderly man living in the Louvre-quarter having stopped up all the holes in his room, and arranged his affairs, turned on the gas, shut the door, and went for an hour's walk. He then returned, got a lighted candle from the house-porter, and proceeded to his room, which he opened suddenly. An explosion of course followed, and the man was burnt to death.