

of growing power, and promises ultimately to lead to success. The great object of such journals as the London 'Times' and its humble followers in this Colony is to create alarm and fill the public mind with prejudice and indignation against the Pope and the Catholic clergy, and through them against Catholic people generally, so that they may be denied the rights due to them. The "liberal" press try to effect this by what the Americans call "bunkum," and tall writing, misrepresentations, and artful insinuations. They may succeed to a considerable extent in their unworthy and ungenerous purpose—and for a considerable time. But it is too late in the day to expect such a ruse to succeed long now, and as it once did. Education has put a stop to that game. Men now read and reflect for themselves, and are not to be led by the nose to believe what is untrue, merely because it appears in the pages of the London 'Times' and Dunedin 'Evening Star,' 'Guardian,' 'Brace Herald,' or other Colonial papers. One would imagine that the history of England during the past fifty years, and which is open to all men, Protestant and Christian alike, might teach Bismarck, his master, and their abettors in Dunedin and elsewhere, how vain it is to try to get the better of the Catholic Episcopacy; or to arrest the irresistible onward march of the Catholic Church anywhere, by any penal or repressive laws of any kind whatsoever. Daniel O'Connell, backed by the Irish priesthood, conquered the "Iron Duke," the Conqueror of Kings. This man who never fought a battle that he did not win, was compelled reluctantly and with a very ill grace to surrender to O'Connell and the Irish Roman Catholic Episcopacy, because their cause was a just one. The Duke's published despatches show that he only surrendered because he knew the sense of justice in the British House of Commons, Protestant though it was, was on the side of the Irish Catholics. Bismarck beware! You, too, may ere long discover that even the Protestant members of the German Parliament will turn against you. Already the "ultramontanes" in Germany, as the cablegrams last received tell us, have gained 30 members at last general election. No man, whether Catholic or Protestant, likes the idea of being ruled by mere "blood and steel." The continuous and increasing stream of German converts, many of them men of position and learning, now entering the Catholic Church, as shown in a late number of your journal, may well excite the serious apprehension of Bismarck and his Imperial master. It may even well furnish matter for wholesome reflection to your Dunedin contemporaries. A like spectacle is seen in Protestant England and America, and somewhat even in these Colonies. But England, Germany, and America are the educated countries in the world. Probably Ireland, the very bulwark and stronghold of the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom, is the best educated of them all. For this thanks in a great measure are due to the zeal of the Catholic clergy and the liberality of the Protestant British Government. The Government established a system of secular "national education," which was designed to sap the foundations of the Catholic Church in Ireland, but which has practically proved the means of strengthening her, in consequence of the action taken by the Catholic clergy. In this Colony the same thing will most likely happen, as the result of the junction of the Government and the Catholic Church. Secular schools will be established by Government, and at their side will be planted Catholic schools, whether aided by Government or not. The Catholic schools will protect the faith and morals of the Catholic children and give a good religious education, while the Government schools will lead many into infidelity, and still more into the Catholic Church. It is now a well-understood thing, that the tendency of all education outside the Catholic Church is to bear men either into infidelity or Catholicism. There is no middle path. The English infidel, Gibbon, praising Luther, regretted that he had stopped short in his course towards infidelity. Having rejected the authority of the Catholic Church it was a logical consequence of his system to repudiate all Christian authority and restraint whatever, and to be guided by "pure reason" alone, or his own private judgment, in all matters of religious belief.

T. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME.

NO. VII.

"THE Coliseum by moonlight, how heavenly!" (said our poetic friend) "we shall see you there *nest-ce-pas*?" (our friend affected French as well as poetry). Oh certainly! we promised; and I resolved to spend some of the intervening time in hunting up appropriate quotations, so that I should not be absolutely unprepared for the poetry which the occasion would be sure to require. My hunt was successful, and before the moon rose I was ready with—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall—
And when Rome falls—the world."

But this elaborate preparation was in vain, for when half-past eight came, I found that the days sight-seeing had developed a slight cold into a bad attack of influenza, which needed bed and gruel, and made me shudder at the idea of a gloomy ruin where the cold winds played at hide and seek, and the heavy dew wept for the memories of the past. I wish I could recall what I heard next day from my friends who had been able to go, and who gave me a glowing description of what they had seen and felt, for I shall not be able to give you my own impressions as I never made another attempt to see the Coliseum by moonlight.

Early in my visit to Rome I had been to see the beautiful Protestant cemetery outside the walls, where are buried the poets Shelley and Keats; and when there I had been struck by the number of graves of young people, some of them perhaps who had come to seek for health in the eternal city, and had found death in the freezing art galleries and in torchlight processions to the Coliseum. Perhaps because I was accustomed to the bright newness of everything in Australia (where, if you choose, you may make your plantation on ground which no plough has ever turned) the dust of ages had a most depressing influence on me. The cold had no freshness about it but seemed like an icy breath from the countless tombs which lie under the city. I would have been most unwilling to add another grave where there are already such multitudes, so I took care seldom to go

out after night-fall. But I often saw the Coliseum by daylight, and I must try and describe it for you. The building was at first called the Flavian Amphitheatre, from the family name of the Emperor Vespasian, who commenced its erection in A.D. 72, but it afterwards came to be called the Coliseum, from its immense size. Even now when centuries have passed away, when palaces have been built out of huge blocks of stone carried off by the Fornese, the Barberini, the Frangipani, and other noble families, when war in the twelfth century transformed the theatre into a fortress and it lost its western and southern sides, when peace scarcely less barbarously endeavored in the sixteenth century to turn it first into a woollen factory, and then into a magazine for saltpetre, enough is left to make it still the mightiest ruin, the wonder of Rome, and of the world. When we look at it now in its melancholy decay, and picture to ourselves what it was in the days of its splendor, it gives us truly an idea of the vanity of human greatness. Where are the emperors, the vestal virgins, the Roman citizens, who thronged this vast arena, and feasted their eyes on the dying agonies of the gladiators, or on the heroic fortitude of the Christian martyrs who were there torn to pieces by ferocious beasts? Wild flowers, myrtles and olives fill the galleries where once sat the great ones of Rome; and on the spot where the martyrs shed their blood the cross now stands triumphant. The stations of the cross now take the place of the dens of lions and tigers, and the preaching of Capuchin friars, telling their eager listeners of the holy ones whose blood deluged that very ground, may be heard instead of the Romans hungry for more slaughter. The Coliseum covers almost six acres, and is supposed to have been able to contain eighty seven thousand spectators. It is said to have been designed by Gaudentius, a Christian architect and martyr, and after the destruction of Jerusalem many thousand captive Jews were employed in building it. From what still remains it is easy to picture what it was before 'ho hand of time had marked it so rudely. The form of the amphitheatre is oval. The outer elevation consists of four stories, the seats were also arranged in four tiers which sloped towards the centre and were divided as our modern theatres are into different compartments, for the patricians and plebeians. There was a covered gallery, on the same level as the arena, set apart for the emperor, the senators, and the vestal virgins. The Roman ladies took part in these scenes, and appear to have been even more blood-thirsty than their husbands and brothers. The last martyr who was sacrificed at the Coliseum was Telemachus (not the Prince so deservedly detected by school boys and girls for his dreary travels and moral reflections, to say nothing of the uncomfortable old gentleman who accompanied him and read him such lectures), but an Eastern monk who went to Rome in the reign of Honorius to protest against the barbarity of the gladiatorial shows; he threw himself between the combatants and endeavored to separate them, but his interference was taken in bad part by the angry Romans who did not choose to have their favorite amusement meddled with, so they heightened the fun by tearing him to pieces.

Of course all those who visit the Coliseum take away a bit of stone or, if very enthusiastic, half a brick to remind him of what they have seen. Perhaps the ultimate fate of the wonderful ruin which has resisted war and spoliation of every kind will be to be carried away piecemeal in tourists' pockets. I have to answer for a fragment in Australia, and I am sure there must be some tons of travertin in New York, for if the good Americans go to Paris when they die they go to Rome without waiting to be particularly good, and while still in the flesh, and as they, like us, have no ruins of their own, they take home a scrap of Coliseum, a few m saics from the flooring of Pompei, and some dust from the Roman forum. But if this should really come to pass the destruction of the Flavian Amphitheatre would not be the only thing to grieve over. What would become of the records of the travellers who, determining to leave a name in history, cut into the solid stone with their penknives the fact that they had visited the Coliseum. John Brown had a yearning for immortality, he would have won a famous battle or written a great poem if the opportunity had offered, but fate was unkind and he feels himself growing to be an old man without having achieved anything great. But the name of John Brown shall not die, for he has cut it under that of Samuel Green, and stated in the clearest terms that on Feb. 19, '54, he and his wife Charlotte, and his daughter Maud, saw, admired, and approved of the Coliseum. This habit of wishing to carve one's name on the walls of great buildings is one with which I have not much sympathy, but it is very wide-spread. I was a little surprised, however, to see the name of one of our Australian colonists who had made the grand tour some years before. Our colonies are scarcely old enough yet to send home many rich Australians, but by degrees our wool and gold will make as good an appearance at the foreign tables d'hotel as the shoddy and oil of our American cousins, and we shall send home our girls to buy expensive French millinery, and see the sights of Rome as the American girls do at present.

S. G. D.

THE Town Commissioners of Wicklow have presented an address to Captain Robert Halpin, of the s.s. Great Eastern, on the occasion of his marriage. Mr Henry M'Phail, the Chairman, and the other Commissioners, proceeded from the Town Hall to the residence of Dr. Halpin, the brother of Captain Halpin. On arriving there the Chairman presented Captain Halpin with the Commissioners' address. In this document the Commissioners allude to the fact that Captain Halpin's much-respected father filled the office of Portreeve of Wicklow, expressed their admiration for the Captain, alluded to the distinguished reputation he had won by his conduct while in command of the largest ship afloat in her various telegraph cable-laying expeditions, and congratulated him on his recent marriage. Captain Halpin, in replying, thanked the Commissioners, and remarked that he had now laid 16,000 miles of telegraph cable without the loss of a single life by accident. He said that he had been congratulated at various times during his career by the late Emperor Napoleon and other Sovereigns, and by the late Lord Mayo as Her Majesty's representative in India, but he had never felt more flattered by anything than by the address presented to him in his native town.