

AUSTRALIA.

OPENING OF THE SACRED HEART COLLEGE, AT
MAITLAND.

(From the 'Sydney Freeman.')

THE ceremony of opening this college took place on Sunday, 3rd October. There was a very large number present at the time appointed for the services to commence, and at one part of the day there could not have been less than 1000 people on the college grounds. All the denominations were well represented by the residents of Maitland, and we may add in passing that the non-Catholics, both Protestants and Jews, came down with very generous subscriptions. We noticed the attendance also of a considerable number from Sydney, including many ladies, drawn thither by a desire to participate in such an interesting and important celebration. Very many clergymen from the several districts of the Diocese of Maitland were in attendance. The ceremony was likewise honored by the presence of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, of the Lord Bishops of Hobart Town and Goulburn, with Dr. M'Alroy, Vicar-General of the latter diocese, Father Beechinor, of Tasmania, and Father Collins, of Sydney. The Principal of the college is the Rev. M. Mathews, who is assisted by a staff of competent professors. We understand that a large number of students are now resident at the college, and that the institution is in every respect a great success.

In the interval between the parts the Rev. Father Beechinor read a list of the contributions towards the cost of the college. The account was headed by the Bishop of Maitland with £150, and the united offerings of the clergy of the diocese amounted to £348 15s. The subscriptions included in all £487 from the country districts of the diocese. A number of gentlemen from Sydney also had given good sums. The amount of subscriptions made being thus announced, the people present were invited to give, and a sum of £665 was subscribed in the course of a little time. The total amount received was £1,850; and as the cost of purchasing the college and furnishing it was £2,687, there remains a debt upon the building of £837—no large amount to discharge, for people who give so liberally and cheerfully. We should mention that when the amounts given were announced by Father Beechinor, the congregation cheered enthusiastically.

In the afternoon a number of gentlemen were entertained at dinner by the Bishop of Maitland.

THE MARIST BROTHERS—CLOTHING OF POSTULANTS.

ON Saturday, 2nd October, four postulants of the Marist Brothers' Order were "clothed" in St. Patrick's Church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. M. J. Dwyer, Principal of Lyndhurst College, his Grace the Coadjutor-Archbishop being absent, and the Most Rev. Dr. Polding being previously engaged in a similar ceremony at the Good Shepherd.

The names of the postulants received are as follows:—Master Francis Donoghoe, native of Sydney, admitted under the name of Brother Arthur; Master Charles Quinn, county of Tyrone (Ireland), in religion Brother Canute; Master Robert Plunkett, native of Dublin (Ireland), now Brother Henrick; Master Hugh Higgins, native of Belfast (Ireland), in religion Brother Valerian.

The ceremony was succeeded, first, by a very eloquent and appropriate sermon from the rev. celebrant, on the advantages and obligations of the religious life; second, by the solemn Gregorian Mass (De Angelis), sung by the community, headed by the Rev. J. Garavel, and accompanied by A. Fitzpatrick. After Mass, the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Te Deum, and the Prose "Inviolata" ended the ceremony.

MONSTER MEETING AT BALLARAT.

ON Tuesday evening a monster meeting of the Catholics of the Diocese of Ballarat, was held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in that city, for the purpose of protesting against the injustice inflicted on Catholics by the present Education Act, and devising means for procuring Catholic education for Catholic children. The cathedral was densely crowded in every part, so that there could not have been far short of 3,000 people present, and a more earnest, enthusiastic, and unanimous meeting could hardly be imagined.

SPEECHES AT THE DUBLIN CELEBRATION.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton, said: It had only happened to him twice in his life to be brought in relation with Daniel O'Connell. The first was at the college with which he had been connected for twenty-five years. The Liberator dined at the college, and after the dinner three young students were invited into the library, where the dinner was given, to drink a glass of wine to the health of O'Connell. He remembered that after the wine was drunk O'Connell got up to make a speech to them. He said it was the duty of Catholic young men to form their political opinions as early as possible in life—not to take them from the public papers—not to be influenced by what men of party politics might say to them, but to found their opinions on truth, justice, and true religion, and then they could not be misled. (Hear, hear.) He told them, at the same time, that a man was as responsible for what he did politically as for the discharge of his daily duties. He believed that that speech had made a lasting impression on them, (hear, hear). The next time he was brought into relation with O'Connell was at the Rath of Mullaghmast (hear, hear.) He was a very young man at the time. But from the time he heard O'Connell he made up his mind to visit Ireland at the earliest opportunity. He should never forget the fascinating geniality of O'Connell's manner to him, a young Saxon stranger, recommended by he forgot whom. O'Connell said to him: "You are welcome. You will hear Mass with me in my room; then you will take a chop with me, and I will take you to Mullaghmast where you will see a sight you never saw before" (hear, hear.)

They went to Mullaghmast, and he saw a sight he never saw before, and he believed he would never see again. He witnessed the power of O'Connell over the masses of the people—a power that was so great because his political principles were founded upon maxims of truth and justice—principles that were propounded in the light of day, not hidden in the darkness of a conspirator's den (hear, hear.) He must confess that he was surprised that any jury could be found to bring in a verdict of guilty of conspiracy against O'Connell, or that a judge of the land could be found to condemn him upon such a charge.

Prince Radziwill said: My Lord Mayor, my lords, and gentlemen, the late Cardinal Archbishop Diepenbroeck, of Breslau, in Silesia, when he came to the Polish part of his diocese, said that he could gladly give a finger from his hand if he could speak to that brave people in their national language. I am to-day in the same position as he was, since I have witnessed the enthusiastic reception that has greeted the great and splendid procession in the streets of the Irish capital. On this account, I desire to express to you the friendship of the Polish people (applause.) However unfit, I make this effort this evening to communicate to you in English something of my sentiments of gratitude, speaking in the name of the other Polish members of the German Parliament, whose sole representative I am to-day (loud applause). It was, I am sure, the sentiment of fraternal love, which always inspires noble hearts that gave you the idea of inviting us to the festival of the Centenary of your great compatriot (cheers). It was also, I should think, the sentiment of sympathy, which is necessarily established between those who suffer. The Polish nation was always united with the noble Irish nation by the bonds of common suffering. Amongst such nations those are not always criminals who endure imprisonment (cheers.) Your great compatriot, the immortal O'Connell, was in prison; and I come from a town where abides in prison, like another John Baptist, his Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski (cheers.) O'Connell combated for the liberty of religion, for the integrity of your nationality, and for freedom of conscience (cheers.) Such has been the conduct of his Eminence, and so he strives in his silent suffering. The conflict which resulted in his being placed in prison—where, like Fisher, he became a cardinal—commenced by his defence of the freedom of religious instruction (cheers). Poland has often striven for the restoration of its liberty, but its condition has often been rendered worse. The power of peaceful suffering is greater, however, than the power of arms. In a word, we have not yet had in Poland a man like your O'Connell, who was able to unite in perfect harmony the love of faith, the love of freedom, and the love of fatherland. However, my lords and gentlemen, we trust that God has raised up a peaceful victor in the person of his Eminence the imprisoned Cardinal Ledochowski (loud cheers). I know that these words may expose me to the same accusation which O'Connell could not escape, though frank, loyal, and true in all his conduct—I mean the accusation of following revolutionary tendencies (hear, hear). To any accusation of that kind I think it beneath my dignity to answer. The Polish Catholics will never make a revolution. But what they will never do—what is forbidden by God, by the Church, and by their honor—is to bow to any yoke which would encroach upon the liberty of the Church, which destroys the liberty of conscience, and which would turn men into slaves. We will suffer what God permits, but we shall never recoil, before armed force, from the path of honor and of faith (cheers.) Even should we fail, we trust we shall be worthy of the poet's words—

"O bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia falls, unwept, without a crime."

(Loud cheers, which were again and again renewed.)

THE TOWN OF BELFAST.

A LIVELY, flourishing town, Belfast—a town where the men are all busy, the women all pretty, the horses all fine and fast, the streets all clean and well paved, the beggars few, and the champagne lunches plenty; a town where the air is always brisk, where the daylight in summer lasts until almost midnight, where a hundred regiments of stout artisans do good work, and are amply paid for it; a town essentially American in spirit and intimately allied in a hundred ways to the great metropolis of the New World; a town which sent A. T. Stewart to New York, and which has dozens of merchant princes of its own; a town where dissent and religious difference now and then bubble over into fights which render necessary the presence of Armstrong guns on the streets and regiments of constables and soldiers in action; a town where barricades sometimes spring up like mushrooms, and Orange heads are broken by Catholic clubs, while Catholic eyes are blackened by Orange fists; a town where within a few hundred yards of each other there are immense mills, each employing about the same number of operatives, in one of which every man, woman, and child employed is Catholic, and in the other every child, woman, and man is Protestant, and inimical to the others; a town in which the pulses are quick, the passions strong, the commercial loyalty absolutely unalterable, and the linen unsurpassed; a town where one has just the slightest suspicion of a Scotch burr in the speech, causing him to remember that the spirits and capacities of two of the finest races of the North are there brought into play in union; a town while already boasts more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, has doubled its population within the last fifteen years, and means to do it again within the next decade; a town which frowns on pleasant old Dublin in patronizing fashion and condemns her as unenterprising and slow; a town which reminds one singularly of Chicago, just as a Chicago man would say, doubtless, that Dublin reminds him of St. Louis; a town whose fine harbor is crowded with shipping, whose Exchange is daily packed with prosperous merchants, where the common people take newspapers and read them, and where nothing is ever done by chance, done by halves, and a town set down in the centre of one of the most exquisitely beautiful sections of country in Northern Europe, and surrounded with suburbs renowned for their charms.—'New York Herald.'