

were at once said, during which the hard and anxious breathing of Louise was audible. She was lying in bed, not heeding any one in the room, though at the 'Ecce Agnus Dei,' M. l'Abbé says she slightly opened her eyes, and turned her head towards the Blessed Sacrament. When the Host was presented to her she turned her head a little towards It, and opening her mouth, put out her tongue, and receiving the Sacred Particle, closed her mouth, and remained perfectly quiet. She is not aware of what goes on when she receives, everything material being, as it were, done for her, or spontaneously—her ecstatic condition beginning and reaching its perfect state when she communicates. Her hands had been covered with a clean linen cloth, so that on entering we could not see the bleeding, which had begun the night of Thursday and Friday. As she was perfectly insensible, we were able to take off the linen cloth from her hands and examine them at our leisure. They had been bleeding profusely. I put the candle close to her right hand, and holding the light in various positions, was able to distinguish the defined lines of the wound, just such as a nail thrust through the hand would form, though the flesh in the centre of the hand was not wanting. The blood was oozing out and trickling down the back of the hand, as also from the palms. We left her to return at ten minutes past two o'clock. At the appointed hour we were assembled before the door of the little house, about a dozen in all. After waiting until Louise had passed into her state of ecstasy, the Curé ushered us in, and gave me a seat next her at the head of the bed. She lay on her back, her eyes fixed and wide open, looking at some object that, invisible to us, absorbed her. The pupils were largely dilated, the eyelids closed and opened as ordinarily, by spontaneous action. One could see her eyes moving quickly from side to side with the quick motion of one taking in a variety of things going on in the vicinity, one after the other. The expression of her face varied rapidly, at one time expressing slightly joy or pleasure, mostly compassion, concern, or horror. Occasionally she would slightly rise, extending her hands, then sink back as if exhausted. Towards the end of the ecstasy she fell back, her arms outstretched, her mouth opened, gasping, her eyes glazed, with all the appearance of one about to give up the ghost. During this trance a number of interesting experiments were made. Any priest who put his hand near her, or over her face or hands caused her to smile with pleasure, though her eyes always remained the same. Persons not priests, or women when they did the same thing, could not produce the same effect. Relics had a still more marked effect, likewise sacred objects and prayers. At the 'Magnificat' she sat up with an expression of joy on her face. A picture unblessed was not noticed by her; not so the same picture after it had been blessed by a priest. At three o'clock the trance ended. I was the only one permitted to remain to see Louise come out of it. It was painful to give her the trial. But for the good of others I waited to witness what occurred. She came to suddenly. I sat at the foot of the bed looking her full in the face. Her expression was that of surprise and embarrassment; she looked at her hands, and seeing them uncovered, sought for the napkin that had concealed them, and which had been removed after she went into the ecstasy. She seized the sheet and finding that was not what she wanted let it go, and found the napkin or towel, which she raised to her eyes as if to wipe them, and then let it fall so as to completely cover her hands. All this was the work of an instant. I said to her—*Que Dieu soit avec toi, ma fille! Il vous a donné bien des grâces [the Curé told her who I was] Est-ce que vous seriez contente d'être-privée de toutes ces choses!* She replied immediately—*'Oh! Oui, Monseigneur, de toutes les choses extérieures.'* The whole of this scene was marked by a simplicity and naiveté that had all the sign of truth. She hid her hands in such a way as to prevent the impression that she was hiding them, letting fall the cloth from her face upon them. Her reply was without hesitation, and marked by humility and a desire of union with God—*De toutes les choses extérieures.* What she wished for was the essential thing, *union with God—les choses intérieures.* I had looked for some such answer, but not for one which so completely covered the whole ground. After a few words more of conversation, in which she, in answer to a question, expressed how glad she would be to see the Holy Father, if that were possible, from a sitting posture, she fell back on her pillow and began to show evidence of great suffering, both by her breathing and expression of countenance. At a word from the Curé I retired, after asking Louise to pray for the work I had in hand, and for myself, saying that of ourselves we could do nothing, but that the grace of God was our strength—a sentiment to which she gave very earnest assent. Thus ended my personal relations with Louise Lateau."

GLASNEVIN: ITS HISTORY AND ITS LESSON.

AND, speaking of Glasnevin, my visit there, to assist at the interment of a dear friend, reminds me to jot down a few notes that must interest all your readers, and, I trust, most American citizens. During the Penal Laws, with the alienation of our churches went the cemeteries which held the sacred ashes of our forefathers, so that dead as well as alive we were persecuted. Catholic burial was denied us in a large portion of the country, and in the city of Dublin alone the aggregate fees extracted yearly by ministers, clerks, sextons, bellringers and gravediggers amounted, according to the reports of the Catholic Association, in 1823, to £20,000 for mere right of burial without Catholic services or rites. O'Connell threw his mighty mind into the galling, monstrous tyranny, and determined to emancipate the dead even before the living. His reports and speeches in the Catholic Association roused the people to find a remedy. He demanded funds, and they came forth. In 1828 two Irish acres of land were purchased at Golden Bridge, on the south side of the city, near Kilmainham, consecrated and opened as a Catholic cemetery. Emboldened by their success, a plot of nine statute acres was taken on the north side, by the Tolka, in 1832, the foundation of the present magnificent cemetery of Prospect, Glas-

nevin. Strange, indeed, is the history of the site. The cemetery on the south and the Botanic Gardens on the north side of the Tolka had been Church lands belonging to Mary's Abbey, but which were alienated by Henry VIII., of "blessed memory." The Protestant bishop of Kildare obtained a large portion of these valuable lands, on easy terms, from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and from him the cemeteries' committee purchased or rented them, thus falling back, after nearly three centuries of spoliation, to Catholic hands. Round here resided or tarried Dean Swift, Dean Delany, Tickell, Parnall, Addison, while Swift acted as his own compositor in setting up, in Dalville, overlooking Glasnevin bridge, the Drapier's Letters. A little lower down the stream was the famous battle-field of Clontarf, within the grounds of Holy Cross College, where brave Brien fell, Good Friday, 1014. In the village churchyard of Glasnevin sleep the remains of Robert Emmet—"Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid." The nine acres gradually expanded until the cemetery now includes over one hundred acres. An act of Parliament in 1845, incorporated the committee, an act that first recognized the territorial titles of the Catholic bishops. The average interments annually, in Glasnevin and in Golden Bridge, amount to 8,000, and the aggregate interments to the close of 1876 reach the enormous number of 305,831, being considerably in excess of the whole living population of the city of Dublin. O'Connell, thus, emancipated the dead as well as the living, and there he sleeps under the noble Round Tower, visible twenty miles at sea, in the centre of the Catholic Necropolis of his own creation. Round him repose many Irish worthies: Curran, Steele, Gray, Dillon, Mangan, Hogan, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Bishop O'Connor, Drs. Yore and Spratt, and scores of devoted priests and good and patriotic laymen. The income of the committee is about £3,000, and each year they vote nearly £2,000 towards Catholic education of the poor. No cemetery in the world surpasses Glasnevin in Christian aspect, while few approach it in order, arrangement, and neatness. While there are few large or expensive monuments, and, properly speaking, only two public ones, those to O'Connell and Curran, perhaps no cemetery in the world exhibits such a number of tasteful and elegant Christian memorials. If the stranger seeks one of O'Connell's noblest monuments let him stand in the centre of the magnificent and touching Necropolis with its 300,000 bodies awaiting resurrection,—and we answer him, *Circumspice.* And, if he desires subjects for thought, let him look across the Tolka and see the residence of Lindsay, the last Protestant Bishop of Kildare, inhabited by the Nuns of St. Brigid, patroness of that diocese and of Ireland; the church disestablished, and O'Connell and 300,000 Catholics in the consecrated soil of the ancient lands of St. Mary's Abbey.—*Catholic Review.*

DUBLIN.

THE national anniversary was most and best celebrated in the churches throughout Dublin, and a brisk spring holiday flooded the city with strangers. The congregations at a hundred Masses were enormous. Panegyrics of the saint were heard from the pulpits. Father Burke's eloquent voice sounded his praises in St. Saviour's. Out of doors the wearing of the shamrock was almost the only token of the day. It is a little singular that, while salvoes of Irish-American artillery were pealing across the New World, while speeches were making about the day around French and English boards, and toasts passing in far Australasian huts, the only public celebration of the anniversary in the capital of the Irish race should be made in Dublin Castle. It is none the less true. The ceremony of trooping the colours at the Esplanade in front of the Royal Barracks, and that of relieving guard in the Upper Castle Yard, were marked with particular military emphasis; and the custom of exhibiting the shamrock bedecked viceroy to his subjects was carried out in better earnest than it has been for years. The various garrison guards assembled on the Esplanade at eleven o'clock, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Blane, of the Highlanders, who was officer of the day. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, as commandant of the Rifles, was with his men. A squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons brought their band. The bands of the Highlanders and of the 23rd Fusiliers joined the array. Having completed the tame ceremony of trooping the colours, the column set off with drums beating to mount guard in the Upper Castle Yard. The castle guard was increased that the ceremony of relieving them might be more imposing. As the gallant Inniskillings marched in under the archway, they struck up "St. Patrick's Day," and the three bands ranged themselves to right and left of the portico under the State apartments, while the two bodies of guards in the centre were changing places. When the relief was accomplished, the Lord Lieutenant came out on the red-clothed balcony over the portico, surrounded by a brilliant party of ladies and officers, and was received with evidently cordial cheers all over the square. His Grace wore the indispensable bunch of shamrocks on his left breast. When the Duke of Connaught was espied on the balcony, loud huzzas went up from the crowd. His Royal Highness wore another monster knot of shamrocks on the breast of his dark green tunic. The festival was observed in a becoming manner in the provinces.—*Universe.*

I understand that Chevalier O'Clery has initiated a movement amongst his Parliamentary colleagues to present an address to the Holy Father on the part of the Catholic representatives of Ireland on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the elevation of his Holiness to the Episcopate. This example will, it is believed, be followed by the Catholic deputies of France, Austria, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Holland, the United States, Canada, Australia, and the South American States, so that in June next Catholic Christendom, through its national representatives, will present to its venerated chief a tribute of universal loyalty and devotion.—*London Correspondent.*