

notorious thief of a fresh act of petty larceny. The Prince then went on:—"In Posen, West Prussia, &c., whole German districts were Polonized by the priests forcing the Polish language upon church and school. As soon as the inhabitants were cut off from the German language, press and culture, they became Ultramontane, and were converted into passive tools by the clergy. The Church thus interfering with national and political affairs, it devolved upon me to take note of what was going on." But surely if this was his immediate reason for entering upon the course of action upon which he did enter, that *furor teutonicus*, of which he afterwards warned his hearers from a theological point of view, must have taken possession of himself in another sense. A raging attachment to things Teutonic, and a patriotism amounting to actual madness must have seized on him, if his soul were in truth vexed, because the Catholic clergy taught their people, and made them good Christians by means of the Polish language. We fancy, however, that in this matter all tongues would have proved alike objectionable to him. Were it professed in the purest German, the Catholic faith would sound none the less harshly in his ears. But the slight nature of the grounds he is able to advance for his abolishment of the department referred to, which was meant as a declaration of war, and from which in due course the May laws followed, makes his animus more clear than even it had been before.

WE perceive it is asserted that a suspicion attaches to some members of the Anglican clergy in the diocese of Auckland of having a leaning towards the more advanced form of Ritualism, that whose extreme perversity has resulted in the use of the much criticised work "The Priest in Absolution." Much as we deprecate the practice of auricular confession amongst Anglicans, as a mockery of a sacred commission conferred alone upon the Catholic Church, we still to a certain extent sympathise with the feeling that prompts it. It is true, that in the hands of men unauthorised to use it, this ordinance of Christ, far from resulting in good, must suffer the fate of other holy things perverted, and prove an abundant source of evil. Far from proving the inestimable benefit that the experience of the Catholic world recognises it to be—the restorer of right-mindedness to age and the preserver of youth's purity, that the testimony of centuries hails it as being—in Protestant hands we should fear to see it approach to that which the sects in their ignorance and unscrupulous slander affirm that it is. We shall hear no convert, when experience has taught him the immense benefits conferred by it upon the young, calling out bitterly with the celebrated Father Spencer, and bemoaning that his boyhood had possessed no such guardian of its innocence. Still, we say, we feel in a certain degree sympathy with the people who desire the introduction of this institution into their body. We do so because it betrays, like other practices of Ritualism, a blind longing for something beyond the barren system of Protestantism. The mere "gilt ginger-bread," as Dr. Newman has it, of the matter we thoroughly despise; but, though dilettanteism no doubt largely exists, there is, we would hope, something better than this to be expected. Mr. Maurice, in his *Dialogues on Family Worship*, p. 144, has opened to us the need that lies at the non-Catholic heart, and, although he in a few sentences further on affords a lamentable example of being a blind leader of the blind, he shows that the truth must in some degree assert itself over the most erring and stubborn intellect. "When Protestants cry out," he says, "against the coldness of their own worship, the barrenness of their own lives, what they miss is the principle and fact of sacrifice. The trappings and show of the Mass have in general little attraction for Northern natures, or only for those who have determined by a violent effort to make themselves Southern. The Mass itself, as the representation of an actual sacrifice, carries, I believe, a message to thousands of hearts, to Northerners quite as much as to Southerners. They feel as if there was something set forth in it which ought to bind them in one—to overcome all diversities of habits, all barriers of time and place." Let us, therefore, hope that, if indeed the undefined longing for something better begins to make itself felt in New Zealand, it may prove to be the first faint breathing of a quickening wind upon bones that are dry.

IF THE approaching vote of want of confidence is to be brought forward in a like tone of vindictiveness with that which has characterised the members of the late Government since the tide began to turn against them in the House, the Assembly in which such a vote would stand a chance of being carried must needs be singularly wanting in a sense of its own dignity. Certain measures really do need a slight obscuration.

"Nec nato coram populo Melem trucidet."

Major Atkinson, however, affects to despise so time-honoured a reserve, and opens his hand to all beholders with a naïveté suggestive of an archer resenting a whipping. His opportune discovery of Mr. Larnach's disqualification, and his virtuous attempt to turn it to account—all in the interests of the Constitution, of course—formed a manoeuvre that might have added laurels to the crown of Mr. Pecksniff, had it unfortunately not lost point by being a trifle too barefaced. A like amiable quality distinguished his obstructiveness during

the discussion of the Imprest Supply Bill; but here even the thin veil that had pretended to conceal his former tactics was absent, and the honourable member appeared in undisguised puerility and ill-temper. He, nevertheless, proved but a sorry adversary, and went down like Dante's Plutus, whom in senseless noise he had also emulated, before Sir George Grey's announcement of the deficit. Meantime, we are rather curious to witness the threatened motion, because we cannot conceive what pretexts impudence can devise that it imagines may pave the way back to power for men whose incompetence is glaring. There will be a battle no doubt. Greed of place, and talent for vituperation—

"—amor dapis atque pugnae"

will insure this; but, should the temper of the House or of the country be propitious to the present Opposition, the times must indeed prove boding.

IF WE may trust the European telegrams, which we admit seems rather problematical, the aspect of affairs has changed with regard to the Russian arms. We, however, have been all along prepared to witness such an alteration, for we have not looked forward to the ultimate success of the Turks, and have considered their giving way before the superior power of the enemy as a matter of time, no matter how brave and determined might be their resistance. The Russians have as yet suffered comparatively slightly. When last, some fifty years ago, a Russian army passed over that same ground, upon which they at present find themselves, it cost them 300,000 men to reach Adrianople, and we may be assured that the Czar is now prepared to make still greater sacrifices to attain his end; the more especially, if it be true that he possesses a secret knowledge that the Emperors of Germany and Austria are agreed that he shall so far profit by his conquests as to erect into independent States the Sultan's empire. Such a report, at least, was circulated at the time of the meeting of the Emperors at Ischl last August, and it obtained in England considerable credit—Sir Stafford Northcote himself having been understood to have confirmed it indefinitely.

#### ORPHANAGE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, CORK.

ON the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the new Orphanage of St. Vincent de Paul, at Cork, built and endowed by Mr. John Nicholas Murphy, D.L., Knight of St. Gregory, at a cost of many thousands pounds—the exact sum not being known to the public—was solemnly blessed by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by many of the dignitaries and clergy, and in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of the Catholic laity of the city. The object of this institution may be gathered from the following article in the *Cork Examiner* of Tuesday, July 17:—"Yesterday an important addition was made to the charitable institutions of Cork. The Orphanage erected by Mr. J. Nicholas Murphy upon the Wellington road received the solemn blessings of the Church from the lips of our venerated Bishop, and was launched upon its beneficent career. Mr. Murphy has not only erected the edifice in a style which makes it one of the foremost ornaments of the city, but has provided an ample endowment for its future maintenance. Rarely, indeed, has the wealth of a private citizen in this or in any other country been put to a nobler use, or the spirit of private munificence manifested itself in a more remarkable and splendid work. The Orphanage will give accommodation to as many as fifty children, and Mr. Murphy has shown a keen and delicate humanity in the selections of the objects of his bounty. Ample provision has been made for the hapless offspring of the poor, but for the orphaned children of the better class overtaken by adversity there has been no special refuge. It is for them this beautiful building has been erected. In its commodious and hospitable halls the daughters of the poor gentleman will receive nurture and education such as they could not obtain in the ordinary orphan asylums, and will be placed at the proper age in a position to gain their own livelihood. The orphanage is destined for girls alone, as the sex most in need of philanthropic protection, and it is to be placed under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, whose Order has won signal distinction in the sphere of charity and education. In entrusting the institution to these ladies Mr. Murphy has taken the best security that his philanthropic intentions shall be carried into the fullest effect. And his splendid gift is to serve another useful and admirable purpose. The charming building, placed in one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites of the city, will form a sanatorium in which the ladies of the order will be enabled to recruit their strength after the fatiguing labours they are daily performing in the school-room and other spheres of useful and beneficent occupation in the city. The style of the building is a free treatment of the Gothic architecture of the 13th century, with, however, large windows. Spreading out a facade to the south of 134 feet in length, it presents all the principal apartments to the combined advantages of sun and view. The ground floor contains school-rooms, refectories, parlors, and offices, all united by a noble corridor or cloister 7 feet six inches wide, by a total length of 146 feet, terminated at either extremity by staircases, thus insuring perfect circulation and easy access to every part of the building. On the upper floor are the cells of the nuns to whose care the orphanage is intrusted, so arranged as to secure perfect privacy and quiet, and the other wing is devoted to the purposes of infirmaries, lavatories, etc. In the centre of this floor is the chapel, the reredos of the high Altar of which is enriched with paintings by Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, of London. The topmost story is devoted to large airy dormitories, affording accommodation for 40 children, and the requisite number of nuns to superintend them. The edifice has been most substantially built of the native red sandstone, relieved by bands and dressings of limestone,