

the presentation, remarked that Father Prest, 25 years ago, was Prior of the Monastery of Ampleforth, and at the end of his term of four years was re-elected for another term. The Order of St. Benedict had kept its connection with the old Catholic institutions ever since the Reformation, and thus Father Prest held the title of Cathedral Prior of Winchester. In acknowledging the presentation Father Prest spoke of the broad-mindedness and toleration now prevailing. A monk making his profession gave himself up to his Order for ever, but up to 50 years ago there was such danger in a man making his profession that it was done in secret. He believed he was the first one who for 300 years made his profession in public.

The New Westminster Cathedral.—The members of St. Martin's Society, an association of Post-office officials, were invited recently by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan to visit the new Westminster Cathedral. The members, among whom were the Rev. Philip Fletcher, M.A. (president of the society), Mr F. A. R. Langton (private secretary to the Postmaster-General), Mr. P. Ennis, Mr. J. V. Gane, Mr. W. Irvine, Mr. Valentine M. Dunford, K.S.G. (hon. sec. and treasurer), Mr. Philip Comber (assistant secretary), and a large number of others, met at the Archbishop's house, and were received by his Eminence, who delivered a most interesting address upon the new Cathedral. His Eminence pointed out, in the first place, why the Byzantine form of design had been chosen in preference to Gothic or any other style. It was intended that the new Cathedral should bear in no way any comparison with Westminster Abbey, and there were so many Gothic churches scattered all over the country that it was considered a Byzantine church would come as a sort of relief. The Cathedral would be some 360 feet long and 50 feet wide, or 10 feet wider than Brompton Oratory, which church itself was considered to give a very good space in the transept. The Cathedral was built of brick, but the domes had been covered with concrete. This was a somewhat unusual proceeding, but it was a perfectly sound one. The Baths of Carracalla, which were built in the time of the Roman Emperors, were covered in this way, and they were still standing in a wonderful state of preservation. His Eminence went on to explain that attached to the Cathedral would be a hall capable of holding about 1000 persons, a diocesan library (chiefly for ecclesiastical works), and the Archbishop's house. Owing to the great depth (about eight feet) of concrete foundation already existing on the site, the Archbishop's house would have no basement. The servants' quarters would, therefore, be on the ground floor. On the first floor would be the secretary's offices, and the Diocesan Education Fund, the Rescue Society, etc. On the second floor would be the Archbishop's reception rooms, which would be larger and finer than in the present house, and also the private rooms of the Archbishop; and on the third floor would be the bedrooms. On the conclusion of his address his Eminence gave the members his blessing, and then himself personally conducted them through the Cathedral. This mark of kindness on the Cardinal's part was much appreciated by the members. The building is still in a somewhat unfinished state, as the internal decorations have not yet been commenced, but the noble proportions of the edifice were greatly admired, and the mosaic decorations with which it is proposed to adorn it should render it no mean competitor with some of the finest cathedrals on the Continent.

SCOTLAND.—St. Patrick's Day in Edinburgh.—The festival of St. Patrick (says the *Catholic Herald*) was honored in an especial manner this year in Edinburgh and the East of Scotland. The shamrock was much more generally worn than usual. Special services were held in the various churches in the city, that in St. Patrick's being on a scale of magnificence never before witnessed there on the occasion of any previous feast. Three prelates and many other Church dignitaries were within the sanctuary, whilst the edifice itself was thronged to overflowing.

THE NINETY-EIGHT MEMORIAL IN SYDNEY.

THE UNVEILING CEREMONY AT WAVERLEY CEMETERY.

AFTER two years of earnest work the committee, representing five Australian provinces, saw the realisation of their effort on Easter Sunday, when one of the finest monuments ever erected to commemorate glorious deeds of patriotism was unveiled in Waverley Cemetery, Sydney, to the memory of Michael Dwyer, his wife, and the men of Ninety-eight. The ceremony took place in the presence of about 6000 people, among those present being (says the *Fremantle Journal*) delegates from Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, New South Wales, etc.

THE MONUMENT.

At three o'clock Dr. C. W. McCarthy (President of the Central Executive) hauled down the Irish flags which had draped the main portion of the front and revealed the Memorial in all its beauty of marble and bronze bas reliefs. And here it may be advisable to describe the monument architecturally.

The site of the monument is in the Catholic portion of the Waverley Cemetery on an elevated position overlooking the ocean. The monument, which cost about £2600 (of which £2400 had been received up to date), is built of Carrara marble, the length and breadth, respectively, 30ft and 24ft; the height from the top of the Celtic cross to the ground level, 30ft. The foundation-stone was laid by Charles W. McCarthy, M.D., on the 22nd of May, 1898. The elaborately-carved Celtic cross stands on a base and sub-base raised on a platform of several steps. On the die appears the inscription, 'Remember '98,' worked as a monogram and interwoven with sprigs of laurel and shamrock. The inscription on front is as follows: 'Erected by the Irish people and sympathisers of Australasia,' 'In loving memory of all who died and suffered for Ireland in 1798,' and on the sub-base, 'Pray for the souls of Michael Dwyer,

the Wicklow Chief, and Mary, his wife, whose remains are interred in this vault. *Requiescant in Pace.*' The cross is flanked by walls stepped at the sides with capping and frieze. There are six bronze medallions, representing the busts of Father John Murphy and Henry Joy McCracken on each side of the die under the cross, and Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Michael Dwyer, and Wolfe Tone on each side of the two bronze panels representing 'The battle of Oulart Hill' and 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald resisting capture.' On the terminal part of the wall at each side of the entrance is a bronze casting of an Irish wolf-dog, and beneath the words—

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate
Who hangs his head for shame?

The floor of the monument is laid with richly-colored mosaic, showing the Harp of Erin surrounded by shamrock diapers and the Round Towers of Ireland, enclosed with Celtic borders. On the back wall is the following inscription:—

In loving memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, Thomas Russell, William Orr, Samuel Neilson, Henry Munro, Arthur O'Connor, Rev. William Jackson, Rev. Father O'Quigley, Napper Tandy, Henry Joy McCracken, John and Henry Sheares, Oliver Bond, Dr. W. J. McNevin, W. Putnam McCabe, William Sampson, Joseph E. Lewis, A. H. Rowan, Joseph McCormack, Fathers John and Michael Murphy, Father P. Roche, Father M. Kearns, Father Clinch, Bartholomew and Charles Teeling, Rev. William Steele Dickson, Robert Simms, Bagenal B. Harvey, John McCann, William Michael Byrne, Anthony Perry, Rev. William Porter, Dr. William Brennan, John H. Colclough, James Hope, Osmond Ryan, John Kelly, Edward Fitzgerald, John Devereux, Bartholomew Tone, Garrett and William Byrne, Michael Dwyer, Alexander McAllister, Anne Devlin, Mary McCracken, Betsy Gray, William Lawless, Dr. John Esmonde, Miles Byrne, Dr. William Tennant, William Hamilton, William Duckett, John Sweetman, John Chambers, Thomas Cloney, John Sweney, Joseph Holt, William Aylmer, John and Patrick Byrne, Edward Molloy, Peter Lett, Edward Roche, Benjamin P. Binns, Felix Rourke, Patrick Prendergast, Rev. Mr. Stavelley, Matthew Keogh, James Dickey, Rev. Mr. Warwick, Henry Byers, Father Prendergast, S. Barrett, Father Redmond, Colonel O'Dondu, Harvey Hay, and all the other Patriots of 1798.'

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In the course of his address Dr. McCarthy said:—This splendid structure has upon it, as you perceive, the sublime Celtic stamp—more particularly in its main feature, that beautifully-carved Celtic cross, alike the emblem of suffering and of that Christian love which, let us hope, will one day triumph in the abolition of warfare and the removal of the possibility of such attendant brutalities as were perpetrated by a savage soldiery on our countrymen and countrywomen in 1798. Besides keeping before our minds the lives and deeds of the patriots of 1798, this appropriate structure will serve as a shrine, where pilgrims shall worship and patriotism shall be renewed. Well it may be called a shrine, for it contains the bones of the historic Michael Dwyer, and the remains of his saintly wife Mary, whose features, marvellous to relate, remained intact for 38 long years after interment, and whose whole body was found in a wonderful state of preservation, just as if awaiting re-interment here. This monumental shrine will indeed serve as an outward objective means of keeping aglow the National spark in our people here. It will also, because of the names inscribed on it of men of diverse religious beliefs and social standing, but of one national belief, serve to symbolise and silently inculcate the essential unity between creeds and classes without which our country can never take her rightful place amongst the nations of the earth. And, lastly, it will stand here in this young country the birth of whose nationality we have recently witnessed as an object-lesson to young Australians in the sublime virtue of patriotism. If we glance over the list of names inscribed on the monument—and those included are but types of thousands of our patriot dead of Ninety-eight—we will acknowledge it to be one of the brightest rolls that ever adorned a monumental tablet. But one glorious name is missing; one majestic head in bronze remains uninscribed. A blank is yet to be filled. The passing stranger will pause and wonder why is this, and whose name is thus left unrecorded. No Irishman, however, will ask that question, but will gaze with uncovered head upon the well-known features of the beloved Emmet, whose last words are thus respected, for he said: 'Let no man write my epitaph. Let my tomb remain uninscribed. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.' That glorious time we await with confidence, for Emmet did not die in vain; and his words were not alone a command, but a prophecy. When his lips were sealed for ever in death, and his noble head was desecrated by the hangman's axe, those last words of that memorable speech of his from the dock yet remained as they are to-day, engraven on the hearts of his countrymen as a pledge and forecast of that freedom in whose cause he walked fearlessly to the scaffold.

The Insurrection of Ninety-eight was the uprising of a people against one of the most infamous and tyrannical Governments that ever existed, it was the uprising of a people smarting under untold bodily and mental torture, inflicted at the connivance or actual prompting of a vile government by myrmidons of the law and by a savage soldiery who, like demons let loose, took advantage of free quarterings to give way to every license and to satisfy by brute force their lustful cravings on helpless victims in the absence of their protectors. It was the uprising of a people whose further patience under thrice cruel circumstances would have meant indifference to or acquiescence in crime of the blackest kind. It was the uprising of a people ground down into such servitude that to submit any longer would have been like the cowering and cringing of the whelp under the lash, the very