

ST. PATRICK.—The birth-place of Ireland's illustrious apostle has been the subject of many acrimonious disputes. The Scotch, as usual, lay claim to him—as to the best—even in modern times—of every-thing Irish. It is most probable that he was born at or near the present town of Bolognes-sur-Mer, on the north coast of France, near the narrowest part of the English Channel at the end of the Straits of Dover. The year of his birth is generally given as A. D. 387. His father appears to have held office under the Roman Governor of Armorica Gaul, and to have, later in life, attained the rank of deacon in the Church. At the age of sixteen, St. Patrick was made prisoner by the followers of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who were then ravaging the coast of Gaul, and was by them carried to Ireland and sold as a slave in that part of the country corresponding with the present county of Antrim. There—tending sheep on the wild Slieve Mish, in prayer and meditation, he conceived the great project of converting the people he was among. Either in obedience to a law which freed all slaves at the end of seven years' servitude, or making his escape from bondage, he returned to Gaul, and in the monastery founded by the great St. Martin at Tours, he completed his studies, and embraced the ecclesiastical state. Here, too, his mind was full of the conversion of the Irish; in a vision, which he himself relates, he seemed to hear them calling on him to come among them and undertake the work of preaching the gospel to them. He spent some years with St. Germain, of Auxerre—one of the greatest lights of the age—and probably by his advice joined the illustrious company of saintly and learned men who had just founded the famous monastery of the Isle of Lerins, off the south coast of Provence. It is supposed that he passed nine years in that retreat, qualifying himself for the great work he had proposed for his race, when he was sent with St. Germain and Lupus into Britain, in the year A. D. 429, to subvert the Pagan heresy, which was making great progress in England. His old preceptor, St. Germain, appears to have recommended him to accompany the Bishop Palladius on his mission to Ireland; and on account of this, St. Patrick visited Rome in the reign of Pope Celestus to obtain the Papal sanction for his intended journey to that country. Palladius was unsuccessful in his attempt to convert the Irish, and in returning to Britain was driven on the Scottish coast and died there. Nothing discouraged by the sad tale of affliction, told him by the disciples of Palladius, St. Patrick was consecrated Bishop in France, and making but a short delay in England, landed in Dublin in 433. His first few efforts appear to have met with little success, for he set sail for the country of his old master in Ulster, and there though the first chief he met was converted, his old master, Milcho, refused to see or hear him. Having spent some time in Down he resorted on the bold course of celebrating the festival of Easter at Tara when the princes and Druids of the whole island would be assembled to join in the great Druidical ceremony of *Baal tinnis*. It was the eve of Easter, St. Patrick lit the Paschal fire, braving death, which was decreed against anyone who should light a fire until the great pile in the palace of Tara had been lit by the chief Druid. The King is said to have asked who had dared to break so strict a law, and his priests made answer that, unless extinguished that very night, it would burn until all their lines of religion were extinguished throughout the kingdom. The monarch sent a messenger to summon the offender to his presence. St. Patrick appears to have gained the hearts of his hearers, for he preached the next day before the assembled princes, and converted the Arch-priest of the kingdom in the very palace itself.

The Kingstown correspondent of the *Express* states that recently a sailor died on board a schooner bound from Liverpool to Wexford, and now lying at Holyhead, as supposed, of cholera. Before he died the entire crew abandoned the vessel in a panic, and left him to his fate. They have been arrested and confined in Holyhead gaol, pending an inquiry. The schooner is said to have been from Arklow. By order of the Central Board of Health in London the body of the dead man was stowed and committed to the deep off the Holyhead Breakwater.

IRISH BISHOPS.—When Irish Bishops discuss the position of the Irish Establishment in their Charges to the Irish Clergy, it can be no longer necessary to apologize for entertaining the question. When a Church is doubtful about her own position, statesmen and public writers may be excused for sharing in the hesitation; and if Bishops are uncertain whether it be for the general good that they should retain their revenues and authority, laymen cannot be expected to feel any greater degree of assurance. An institution must be in bad case when its own members and chief officers cannot speak with confidence in its favour, and such appears now to be the condition of the Irish Church. In our Dublin letter on Monday we were informed that three of the Bishops, in Charges recently delivered and published, have been seriously considering the probable fate of the Establishment. The Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Fitzgerald, who holds a very high position on the Irish Bench, has made this the principal subject of his Charge. It may, perhaps, be thought significant in more ways than one that a Bishop should thus consume the time of his Clergy at his periodical visitation with a disquisition upon the very foundations of their position. As we have said, it is a sign that they cannot feel very secure; but it might also be thought some indication that their pastoral occupations, which form the usual theme of a Bishop's Charge, cannot be very engrossing. We cannot, however, profess any astonishment at this evidence of uneasiness on the part of the leading Irish Clergy. It is only surprising that they have not expressed such doubts and dissatisfaction before. It can hardly have needed either argument or public discussion to have raised such feelings. In the four dioceses over which the Bishop of Killaloe presides the total population, according to our Correspondent, is 355,079, while the Church population is about 15,905, the net income of the Established Church being 20,154. Any man with a sense of his duty would have felt, one would have thought, not a little disquieted at such a position. The allegiance of one in 23 souls is a poor result to show for a Bishop, a complete staff of Clergy, and 20,000. It is, indeed, to a simple statement of such plain facts as these that the present feeling on the subject of the Irish Establishment is mainly due. It is only necessary for a bishop to open his eyes to bare statistics in order to appreciate the incongruity of his position. The Irish Establishment is an institution which to be condemned needs only to be seen. It is an establishment which is not established, and it is Irish only for the Hibernian reason that it is intensely English, that it was originally conceived in deadly antagonism to Irish sentiment, and that it has been since upheld against the all but universal dissent of the Irish people. An Irish Bishop has not, and never could have, any feeling that he is at home in Ireland. He is a Bishop in the air; he is supported, so to say from behind, by a hand stretched out across the Channel; but his feet have no standing ground; he has no congregation in whom to strike root. An Archbishop, said the late Bishop of London, performs archiepiscopal functions. An Irish Bishop performs episcopal functions. That is the utmost that can be said of him.—*London Times*.

TA CHOLERA IN WESTPORT, MAINE.—Cholera of a most desperate type visited this town from Wednesday the 22nd, to Sunday the 26th. There were within that period fourteen deaths out of sixteen cases. The town was panic-stricken; and too much credit cannot be given to the prompt measures adopted by the constabulary of the town, under the judicious management of Sub Inspector Mason, in putting the residences and premises of the inhabitants in a sanitary condition. Mr. Mason's conduct on this fearful and trying occasion should be requited in the proper quarter, as, through his exertions and advice to the people, which had more effect than the appliances of the law, the inhabitants were rescued

from a fearful calamity. The town is now, with the blessing of Providence, entirely free from the dreadful plague. The Sanitary committees were formed and everything that skill and humanity could suggest was adopted.—*Connaught Patriot*.

The Attorney-General has consented to grant a writ of error in the case of *The Queen against Mulcahy*, convicted of Fenianism. The proceedings on the writ of error will take place in the November sittings.

Dr. Maphor, medical officer of health, has published a report on the health of Dublin for the four weeks ending the 8th of September, by which it appears that the death rate has been rather high, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The report gives valuable information concerning the present outbreak of cholera, calculated not only to allay panic, but pointing out the best means for avoiding the disease. It states that 'nothing has occurred to show that cholera is not the most preventable of diseases, no person having perished who was living under healthful conditions.' It has been stated that not one-half of the cases reported as cholera can be assigned to the plague. They are chiefly diarrhetic, or choleric cases, of more or less intensity, such as every year occur at this season.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The late Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson, of Edinburgh, a convert to the Catholic faith, spent £13,000 in erecting the beautiful convent of St. Catherine, Edinburgh.

There are 150,000 members of the Catholic Church in the island of Ceylon.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.—The *Glasgow Citizen* says that the Rev. James Lynch, late Rector of the Irish College in Paris, will be consecrated Bishop of Glasgow on the 17th October.

A PRISER IN A CHOLERA SHIP.—The Rev. Edwin Pearson of Doncaster, writes:—Will you kindly give insertion to the enclosed extract from a letter I have received from the Rev. Mr. Martin, a passenger on board the steamship England, when cholera broke out during her passage to New York. At a time when we are visited by this dreadful scourge, it will be edifying as well as encouraging to my brother clergy, to learn what a young young priest underwent for the love of God, and the salvation of souls, during that terrible passage to America.

I also beg to forward you an extract from the *New York Times*, of June 1st, 1866, being copies of addresses to Mr. Martin from the officers and passengers on board the steamships England and Virginia:—
St. Elizabeth's Convent, Madisn, New Jersey, July 29th, 1866.

My Dear Friend,—I am sure you will forgive my long silence when you have read this letter. We left Liverpool about five in the evening of the 28th of March, on board the England, and got to Queens-town the following day, left the same evening with 1,202 souls on board. We had very rough weather leaving Queens-town. On the morning of the fourth day after our departure, a German boy was found dead by the side of his mother. We had already had three days of equinoctial gales, hatches battered down, seas washing over us, passengers nearly frantic with fright. I performed the service over the poor boy, being exposed to be washed overboard.—The body was consigned to the deep. The same evening a man named Thomas Walsh, 35 years, complained of cold feet, and cramp in the stomach, and legs. Three doctors attended him, but all was useless, he died a few hours after, I heard his confession, &c. When dead he was black, it was cholera! I helped to put the poor fellow in his coffin. Every thing was done to cheer up the other passengers, but to no purpose. Still death continued, and was most relentless in its demand. I was up night and day the sick calls continuing, and deaths increasing daily. Eight, ten, and even fifteen died in one day, and those number of times a day I was to be seen standing on the gunwale, performing the last sad service, and sliding the bodies into the deep, amidst the screams of the passengers. It was a terrible sight. We hurried on to Halifax. The morning after our arrival, (for we got there during the night) we hoisted the yellow flag, and signalled to land for help. We had been pulling down the bunks during the night, in order to make cots, in some we put a youth and a child. We also got cots from shore, and we sent four boat loads of dead to land that morning. Often did I carry a dead man or woman on my back, or a boy or girl on my arms. They were black and putrid before they died, black matter like liquid blacking running from their mouths and nostrils. It was most awful! our remaining sick were sent to a large hulk in the bay, the healthy were sent to an island a mile off, where at every out-let soldiers were placed ready to shoot down any one who tried to escape. On the hulk they died in great numbers. Going round the ship I counted twenty-two dead and dying. For days I had lived on the chippings of biscuits, my stomach refused every other kind of food. Six doctors came from Halifax to join us. Dr. Slayter, the head Government man, died on the second night, after an illness of only six hours. That night I was seized; two doctors were up with me all night. I fought through it, and was on the island and hulk doing my duty the next night, but nearly out of my mind. The same night a cabin passenger was killed on the spot. Snow sleet and rain now set in. The passengers were under tents, and they cut down trees for fires, to keep the life in them. A few young Irishmen came from shore to fumigate the ship, one fine young fellow fell a victim the second morning. Archbishop Connelly came from Halifax every day to see us, but he was not allowed to touch the island. He gave me unlimited facilities to the end of our destination. Several Sisters of Charity came to join us, four remained on the island, and three went to the hospital ship. I have heard since that two died, and I am still alive. Two large large cholera tents were erected on the island. They were soon filled, and soon emptied.—While going my rounds, I found seven of a family in one tent. The father and one of the children were lying dead and black among them, so I carried them out of the reach of the healthy tents. The snow was now nearly knee deep on the island. While going round the German section, I thought I saw something black peeping from under the snow. I brushed away the snow, and found an old man and woman in each other's arms dead and black. A little further on I found another woman who had pulled her shawl over her face; she was also dead and black. We had already put forty-five in one hole, and thirty-seven in another, and a dozen men were digging a large hole for others. The dead were scattered up and down. Going along the island, I saw something black in the distance, and going up I found four men on their backs all dead. I left them there till we got a greater number together, carried crows were pecking their faces. I afterwards got these buried with some others. That night we went round to bury the dead at midnight. Oh, it was a dreadful sight to see our lamps moving along the island, and we carrying the dead. The snow was still deep, and it was bitter cold. About two or three in the morning whilst seeking a tent (for any was mine) I felt unconscious and cold, and was picked up at daylight, at the entrance of a tent on the snow and asleep. I had the cholera again, or rather exhaustion. The doctor gave me up, but some one poured hot soup down my throat, and I came round, and at twelve o'clock that night I was visiting my poor sick again.

When our ship was cleaned, the healthy passengers returned, and we left, leaving ninety-four sick behind to the care of Halifax. Few of them returned to tell the tale. Some were terribly frost-bitten.—One fine young Danish girl lost her father, mother, three sisters, and two brothers, and she, through the cold lost all her flesh, sinews, &c., from her knees to

the tips of the toes, so that in moving her legs the bones could be heard to rattle. Two men are in the same condition. Halifax will provide for them for life.

We got to Quarantine Bay, New York. The Virginia had just arrived full of cholera. I went on board: numbers of her passengers had died coming out, and were lying without a priest! I was a priest, and, as no priests had come from New York, I remained with them. The England must have lost about four hundred; the Virginia two hundred and fifty. Before the Virginia's passengers went up to the city, the steamships Union and Peruvian came in full of cholera. I went to them. The brig Bertha came in with yellow-fever, and the emigrant ship Harpaway came up with small-pox on board. Therefore, counting twenty-one days after the last case of sickness you may be sure I have had my hands full. It will take months and months for me to come round as I was when I left you. I have been in the hospital till within a few days; that is to say I finished with the quarantine a short time ago, and since then I had to go to the hospital. I am now remaining as quiet as possible at the convent, where Bishop Bayley of New Jersey, has kindly placed me. If I had attempted to proceed to Virginia, I should have died on the road. I am still very feeble, being scarcely able to hold a pen, as you will perceive by my writing. Nothing but complete rest can restore me, my mind has been so completely upset by the fearful scenes I have witnessed. The cholera is fast spreading in New York and other States, so it is probable that, when I am able, I shall be in the field again.

Ever believe me sincerely yours in Christ,
A. MARTIN.

From the Officers and Passengers National Steam Navigation Company's Steamship England to the Rev. A. Martin, Roman Catholic Clergyman
New York, May 26.

Dear Sir,—We sincerely wish publicly to express through the medium of the *New York* and other papers, our deep appreciation of the manner in which you risked your life in the conscientious performance of your Christian duty. When cholera raged as a plague on board this ship, striking almost all with panic, you cheered the well with words of kind encouragement, and to the sick you offered the consolations of religion.

The disease having now terminated on board, you have, Christian-like and bravely, offered your services on board the hospital ship to attend the ill-fated passengers of the steamship Virginia, again to undergo the same fatigue and the same trials you had hitherto experienced. Again testifying our due appreciation of your worth, and expressing our thanks for your noble services,

We have the honor to remain your sincere friends, fellow-passengers, and well-wishers,
(Here follow numerous signatures.)

From the Captain and Officers National Steam Navigation Company's Steamship Virginia, to the Rev. A. Martin, Roman Catholic Clergyman.

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, captain and officers of the steamship Virginia, being about to part from you, beg to express our thanks for your kindness and attention to our passengers while lying in quarantine after our late passage, and for the assistance you have rendered us under very painful circumstances. Wishing you every success in this world, and that God may grant you many years to contribute your charitable labors to His afflicted creatures.

We remain, dear Sir, your fervent well-wishers,
(Here follow the signatures of the captain and officers.)

FATHER IGNATIUS.—It is stated 'on authority' that the Archbishop of Canterbury has never sanctioned either the reappearance in London or any where else of the English Order of St. Benedict, or the adoption of any of the Benedictine rules by the association of which the Rev. Joseph Lysterer Lyne was at once the superior. If such a proposition had been made to the Archbishop he would at once have forbidden its being carried into execution. All that the Archbishop of Canterbury engaged to do, in consequence of the spontaneous promise on Mr. Lyne's part to submit absolutely to the Archbishop's orders, was to admit him as a deacon to serve a curacy in his diocese, but without any express promise as to priest's orders; and, if the incumbent whose curate he should be, permitted it, to allow two laymen to live with him and work in the service of the Church under the incumbent. They might live, if they pleased, according to rules, provided those rules were not inconsistent with the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and did not in any way interfere with the performance, on Mr. Lyne's part, of the duties of an ordinary curate under the direction of his incumbent, or, on the part of the laymen, with their obligations as lay assistants in the parish. The Rev. Mr. Lyne was thus to be placed in a state of probation; and it remained to be tried how far such a brotherhood as thus described could be carried on in complete subordination to the parochial system, under the direction of the Bishop. It is not true that the Rev. J. L. Lyne has been appointed to the curacy of Margate. The general object as regards the society to which Mr. Lyne belonged was to alter its character and constitution, and to render its organization directly subservient to the use of the Church by making it the means of enlisting a larger amount of lay agency in her service; all the existing members of it were to place themselves at once under the direction of the clergyman of the parish in which they resided, promising to work according to his orders provided the Bishop consented, and acknowledging no superior authority. The Archbishop has given no orders or permission beyond this, and it remains to be seen whether the system could work for the benefit of the Church. The abandonment of the monastic dress, as well as of the title of Superior of the Order of St. Benedict, together with a promise to obey in everything the Archbishop's orders, were the conditions on which alone the Archbishop consented to have an interview with Mr. Lyne; and nothing whatever has since been settled definitely or agreed upon between them, save what has been mentioned above. The Rev. J. Lyne having now, as it appears, committed himself to his former associates in a way which renders it impossible that he should any longer submit implicitly to the Archbishop's orders, and having announced his resolution to adhere to the system pursued at Norwich excepting as to the dress and name, it is useless any longer to put Mr. Lyne under the proposed probation, or to attempt further to direct his proceedings.

THE MORMONS IN ENGLAND.—Mormonism continues to flourish in England. The poor classes, ignorant of the deceit practiced upon them, are still led by hundreds to embrace the doctrines of Brigham Young and his followers, and large meetings are held to increase the ranks of the 'faithful.' At a Conference held in Birmingham in the early part of this month, Brigham Young's eldest son presided, and Orson Pratt was his right hand man. One Aldridge made a speech, in which he assured the audience that he 'felt well,' and that all the Saints in Utah were 'first rate.' A Warwickshire Mormon followed with the declaration that the Saints were moving onward; an elder asked for permission to stand on the Nelson Monument—he 'felt so good'; and it appeared from statistics produced at the meeting, that there are 163 members of the Mormon Church in Warwickshire, not counting those who have emigrated. One Hatch described a tour he had made on the Continent, particularly in Switzerland and Holland. In the latter country he found 45 Mormons.—*Dispatch*.

Sir Morton Peto, M.P., the radical railroad contractor, who lately failed for a million sterling or thereabouts, has been found to be implicated in some exceedingly dirty transactions. The *Pull Mall Gazette* denounces his conduct and says that it is neither more nor less than 'downright robbery.'

A public statue of the Queen in Siolian marble was inaugurated at Aberdeen on the 20th ult., by the Prince of Wales. On the arrival of his Royal Highness from Abergeilde, he was met at the railway station by the Lord Provost and Town Council, and presented with the freedom of the city. The Prince was attended by General Knollys and Colonel Keppel, Lord Derby, who had just arrived on his way to Balmoral, was also present, and accompanied the procession to the site of the statue, which is the work of Alexander Brodie, Aberdeen, and an admirable likeness. An address was presented to the Prince, who replied in hearty terms, and was loudly cheered. After taking luncheon with the Lord Provost, the Prince returned to Abergeilde by special train. The statue represents the Queen with a highland plaid, by her own suggestion.

ENGLAND'S IMPROVEMENTS.—The *Daily News* publishes a formidable list of England's infirmities as perceived by intelligent foreigners. That which more than all else impresses our neighbours with our helplessness is the utter disorganisation which they perceive among us; disorganisation of political parties, disorganisation of industry, disorganisation of credit, and, underlying all and more serious than all, disorganisation of ideas. Except at intervals our public opinion is little better than a blind and anarchical dogmatism. Every where abroad the inaccessibility of the ordinary British mind to ideas is the theme of wonder and reproach. In our own domestic affairs lookers-on see nothing but confusion. In spite of our good work to bring classes together than was ever before done in any country, we are fast becoming two nations. As the many increase in power, the few become more timid, jealous, and violent; while those who point out the evil and seek its removal are invariably denounced as its cause. The British Constitution is not revered as it was, and accordingly is less capable of forming a national bond. Our educated classes are setting up the system of a Napoleon or a Bismarck, or even of an Eyre, as superior to it. Men of wealth show their contempt for it by the practice of bribery and corruption in their most shameful forms, and upon an unexampled scale. Apparently there are no more honest believers in its virtues than those workmen who are meeting everywhere and asking to be admitted within its pale. But there are other workmen, not always intelligent, who tell them that they are fools for their pains, and that the Constitution was intended to protect very different interests from theirs, and, in spite of Mr. Beales, will always do so. And Mr. Lowe and Lord Stanley are doing their best to prepare the workmen's mind to believe the dangerous falsehood. Heaven only knows how all this dangerous confusion will end; but at present, with administrative imbecility, untaught by recent misfortunes, with classes on the verge of social war, with a million paupers, and our people still uneducated, we have much to do before we can expect to recover our old power to fascinate mankind, though the skillful irony of the dynastic parties over the water may make use of us as the Roman historian over the Empire made use of the German tribes.

CHOLERA.—The Coroner for Central Middlesex, Dr. Lankester, has put forth what may really be called a 'manual on Cholera'; what it is, and how to prevent it. The work is, in truth, a 'handy book on the subject on which it treats; and for a layman the reader may acquire a knowledge of the history of cholera, learn to know its symptoms, to prevent its assault, and how to meet it, with the best hopes of success, when the assault is made. Of the present attack, Dr. Lankester holds that it 'has arisen from cause over which man holds almost supreme control.' That control has not been applied against those causes; partly, perhaps, because of the universal ignorance as to the control itself. From our universities down to our ragged schools there is a general need, says Dr. Lankester, for 'a larger teaching of those laws of life on which the health of the people depends.'

There is at last a decided decrease in the mortality of Liverpool, and last week, at the weekly meeting of the Health Committee, Dr. Trench reported that the total deaths showed a decrease of 99 as compared with the previous week, though still 198 above the average. With respect to the mortality from cholera, the report was equally gratifying, the deaths from the epidemic during the week being 145, a decrease on the previous week's return, while in the corresponding week of 1849 the deaths from the same scourge were 488. From diarrhoea the deaths were 64, being 22 above the average.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S WILL.—The will of the late Right Hon. George, Earl of Chesterfield, has been proved in the principal registry of the Court of Probate, and the personal property sworn under £70,000. The will was made in 1861, and confirms the family arrangements in favor of his lordship's widow, the Countess of Chesterfield, and also of his only daughter, the Countess of Carraroon; and after bequeathing a legacy to the widow, gives all the rest of his property, including the valuable and extensive estates in Derbyshire and Nottingham, to his only son, the present Earl of Chesterfield.

WOOD VERSUS IRON.—That the strongest ironclad might be sent to the bottom as easily as a wooden frigate is now a fact about which it is hardly possible to entertain a doubt. A target with greater resisting powers than the broadside of an iron-cased frigate or the turret of any Monitor has been completely smashed by a particular kind of shot fired from a particular kind of gun, and that gun and that shot are of British make and invention. It is of equal importance to observe that the gun which has proved so irresistible is not a piece of any prodigious calibre or impracticable weight, but only such a gun as could be carried and worked in a ship's broadside. Whereas, too, it is scarcely credible that any ship could be sent to sea with thicker or more ponderous armour than was represented in the calibre demolished. It is very credible indeed that the calibre, charge, and power of the gun might be increased, so that the essential question between ships and guns may be regarded as settled. That is the conclusion forced upon us by the results of the remarkable experiments just reported from Shoeburyness.

Presuming ironclads and wooden ships to be thus placed upon an equality of helplessness before modern artillery, may we not reconsider our opinions about the worthlessness of our old wooden navy?—That navy comprises vessels by the score which, if wood is as good as iron, are still the most magnificent ships in the world, and is not wood as good as iron if one material is just as strong, or as weak, as the other? Suppose one of our fine old frigates armed with these Woolwich guns, and matched against an ironclad; according to what we have now learnt, she might sink this ironclad, and what worse could the ironclad do to her? Of course the ironclad would have the advantage of her armour to a certain extent, and perhaps it would only be a fortunate shot, or a shot delivered under very favourable conditions, which would do her any fatal damage.—But this damage might be done and the knowledge that it might be done would altogether destroy the theory now accepted respecting the relative powers of ironclads and wooden vessels. Precisely, however, in this same proportion would the present ideas respecting the inferiority of our old navy be dispelled also, and our old superiority as a maritime Power would be suddenly restored. Only to secure all this profit, we should lose no time about the manufacture and issue of the new Woolwich guns.—*Times*.

LONGEVITY OF A FAMILY IN OXFORDSHIRE.—There are now living in Oxfordshire a sister and two brothers remarkable for their great age. They were all born at Bicester, and their united ages are 286; they are all in tolerable health, and retain their faculties in an extraordinary manner. The eldest is the sister Mrs. Hannah Cartwright, who was 100 years old in February last; she resides at Middle Owlley, near Oxford, with her daughter and son-in-law, aged re-

spectively 75 and 74. Their scanty living is the miserable pittance allowed by the Poor Law Union, which just keeps them alive. Cartwright, her husband, belonged to the *Oxfordshire Militia*, and was with it in Ireland during the first Irish rebellion.—She has been the mother of 16 children, one of whom the daughter above, is the only one living. The next brother is Richard Basley, who is 93 years of age, residing at Bicester; the other brother, William, aged 88 lives at Chesterton, near Bicester.

UNITED STATES.

THE GREAT CATHOLIC COUNCIL IN BALTIMORE.—On last Sunday, October 7th, being the festival of Our Lady of the Rosary, one of the greatest Catholic Councils of modern times was solemnly opened in the Cathedral of Baltimore. It is, as respects the United States, a Plenary Council—that is, it is a Council of all the Catholic Prelates in these States. Fifty-three mitred Prelates gathered there. Of these, seven are Archbishops, thirty-seven are Bishops of established sees; five are Bishops acting in districts not yet erected into sees, as Vicars Apostolic; one is a Coadjutor Bishop; and three are mitred Abbots of the Benedictines and Cistercians. These form the Council of Bishops. Each Archbishop is attended by three theologians. Each Bishop is attended by two theologians. Then each of the established religious orders, such as the Dominicans and Franciscans; and the Jesuits and Redemptorists, and others, are represented by theologians. Thus, besides the fifty-three mitred Prelates, there are considerably over a hundred grave and learned theologians assembled to assist at this Council. Then there are the Carcellarii, and the Secretaries, and the Notaries; all of whom are chosen from the clergy of the second order in the hierarchy.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

St. Michael's church, Springfield, Mass., was consecrated on Sunday, Sept. 30, according to the prescribed ceremonies of the church, which were conducted by the highest ecclesiastical authority in the State. The church is the first in the Massachusetts diocese outside of Boston to receive this rite, and this has been in constant use since its dedication in February, 1862. Since this ceremony of consecration has been performed it will now remain forever devoted to the sacred purposes for which it was erected, and be inalienable church property.

DIocese of Boston.—The Right Rev. Bishop on Sunday, the 23d September, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 213 persons at St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, and on Tuesday, the 25th to 354 persons at St. Peter's Church, Lowell. On Sunday, the 30th, the Bishop consecrated the Church of St. Michael, Springfield. On Thursday, the 27th, the Bishop confirmed 202 persons in the Chapel of the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury. About 100 of these were from the boys of the institution under the charge of Rev. George F. Haskins. Many of the clergy of Boston and vicinity availed themselves of this opportunity to visit the House of the Angel Guardian, and to witness the practical working and the successful result of the admirable system of education and moral training adopted by the Rev. Rector of the institution.

The Franciscan Fathers are erecting a monastery at West Winsted, which will be finished in December next, at a cost of \$12,000. A convent has also been provided for the Sisters, who have in charge one hundred and fifty children. It is only a year ago last January since Rev. Lou de Saracens, the present pastor of St. Joseph's (the titular name of the Church), came from the Mother House in Allegheny, Cattaraugus County, New York, to Weststed, with only his habit in his carpet bag, like the illustrious founder of his Order, in truly apostolic poverty. Since that time the number of Brothers have increased to six. They have three missions in the neighborhood of Weststed—viz: Wolcottville, Litchfield and Norfolk, which they serve regularly, and two more upon which they bestow occasional visits. In Litchfield a new Church is in contemplation, which will probably cost \$10,000.

The corner stone of a new Church was laid in Orange, New Jersey, on the afternoon of the 23rd ult. by R. Rev. Bishop Bayley.

Many new Churches will soon grace the City of Washington, D. C., built on a scale and in a style of magnificence heretofore unknown in the District. Of one we can safely assert that it will be a lasting monument, worthy in every respect of the National Capital, or indeed, of the capital of any nation on the globe—we mean the great Church of St. Dominic's, now in the course of erection at the corner of Sixth st. west and E st. south.

BURNING OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW YORK.—The old Catholics of New York have met with a loss that money can never replace. Our dear old Cathedral is burned down. St. Patrick's, extending from Mott to Mulberry streets, and flanked by Prince street on the south, and the old burying ground on the north, took fire on the night of the 6th inst. from embers flying from another fire on Broadway. By what we learn, after the first confusion, the Rev. Dr. Mullen, and other reverend gentlemen attached to the Cathedral, in the absence of the Vicar-General, at the risk of their lives saved the sacred vessels, and the Holy of Holies, and many of the honored surroundings. Most of the vestments, and even of the pictures, were rescued, by bold and gallant daring, of one or another.

But the old Cathedral is gone. It was the oldest Catholic Church in this city. The parish of St. Peter's is older, but its church is newer. Cardinal Cerverus, while exiled from his native land by French Black-Republicans, and while Bishop of France, dedicated it in 1815. The remains of Bishop Connelly, and of the saintly Brute, and of Archbishop Hughes, lie in the vaults beneath. And the old Cathedral is consecrated by so many memories! So many have been christened there. So many marriages have been celebrated there. So many funerals! And so many dear to us repose in the vaults beneath. No! Money can never restore old St. Patrick's! The fire, fortunately, did not work down to the mortuary vaults. The remains of the dead are undisturbed. The building stands a bleak ruin of tottering walls. Most of its material value is destroyed. What the cost in dollars of the entire loss it is too soon to compute. The building, and the organ, and the vestments, were, severally insured for a reasonable sum. As the Trustees, are, some of them, practical men, they have, no doubt, insured in solvent insurance companies—the exception, we believe, just now, in this city of configurations! The absolute loss is, probably, at a guess—for that is all that can be made yet, forty or fifty thousand dollars. This is not appalling—but old St. Patrick's is gone! Well, well! We too must soon go!

NOTICE OF THE CHURCH.

St. Patrick's Cathedral was built in the year 1811, being the second church erected in this city. Archbishop Hughes made considerable additions to it in 1836. It was one of the old landmarks of New York and endeared by many recollections. Besides containing the remains of three Bishops and one Archbishop, it has been witnessed the consecration of many others. There were very many splendid frescoes and paintings by American and foreign artists, the archiepiscopal throne, valued at \$500, and other invaluable works completely destroyed. Fortunately the archives of the church, not being kept in it, were thus saved.

Archbishop McLooney and Father Starrs were both absent from the city, having left for Baltimore to attend the Plenary Council. They were once telegraphed to about the sad event. At two o'clock A. M. on Oct. 7 the fire had considerably lessened in fury, and now nothing remains of the venerable, stately and revered Cathedral but blackened walls and smouldering ruins. The insurance on the church amounts to \$75,000, mostly in the Bowers Insurance Company.