

on in the "Clough" district since Saturday, the long-looked for coal deposit having been discovered on Friday night at a depth of 87 yards. The seam is a magnificent one, the thickness being five feet five inches, and the quality of the mineral in fact is of the most superior description. It is a cheering result, not only to the company, but especially to the public, that such a satisfactory issue should have crowned the indefatigable labors and very great expense of prosecuting the works.—Great praise is due to Mr. Grace, chief engineer, and one of the principal proprietors in the undertaking.

The *Trade Chronicle*—the Liberal organ in Trades was printed with a black border on Thursday week, in order to show its grief at the return of Mr. O'Donoghue.

The Harmonic Society of St. Cecilia, Dublin, gave a grand concert on the 2nd of February, in aid of the funds of Church of the Visitation, Fairview.—The entertainment consisted of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, followed by a miscellaneous selection.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S LENTEN PASTORAL.—Sunday, being Quinquagesima Sunday, the usual Lenten Pastoral from Archbishop Manning was read at High Mass in all the churches and chapels in the metropolis and its suburbs. It dwelt chiefly on the necessity and practising self-denial during the approaching season, which is more than ever this year a season of "rebuke, humiliation and sorrow," now that "the Church is harassed, the vicar of Christ robbed of his rights, and shut up hard by the tomb of the Apostles, the Bishops and the faithful in Germany and in Switzerland are persecuted by the high hand of un-Christianity, and Christianity openly derided or denied in the midst of ourselves." The Archbishop also urges the necessity of providing for the education of the children of the poor and especially of the children of the orphans. He states that there are 1,200 and 1,500 such Catholic children are still in the workhouse and district schools, which have been prepared for their reception, he reckons the children of the diocesan schools together, he reckons the children who need help at 2,000. In conclusion he urges that three Catholic chaplains ought at once to be provided to give religious instruction to the children still in the district schools and invites the "faithful" to subscribe for their maintenance and support for three years. The Pastoral letter has appended to it the usual "Dispensations for Lent" in the archdiocese of Westminster.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A FORCE.—Thrift is the vice or virtue not of the feeble, but of the strong—of Scotchmen and Prussians, not of Poles and South Americans. That is one power which the country is about to throw away, and there is another as valuable as that. Of all the heavy difficulties of an English Premier, there is none so difficult as this—value as that, and that he must do his work with a steam-roller, and not with any inferior and less weighty means of getting things done. There exists nothing in the world in the way of an authority so complete, so resistless, so utterly despotic as the English Parliament. Statesmen who have recognized that fact are half afraid to put it in motion, so irresistible do they feel that with steam up its potency will be. Imagine the fuss there would be in a continental monarchy if any portion of its dominions were in the state some Irish counties were when the Coercion Bill was carried. It would be as bad as a war—troops would be in motion, and all manner of Chancellors hoping, fearing, and reporting; but the British Parliament, with a turn, as it were, of its hand, brought to bear a pressure so calm, but so persistent and so crushing, that the very idea of open resistance died away. This engine Mr. Gladstone can, whenever an adequate object appears before his mind, compel to put out its full power. People say he cannot "lead" like Lord Palmerston—that he is hasty, impatient, unpolite, and all that; but what rubbish it is! We will admit it, all that, and much more, for the sake of argument, and what on earth does it matter if he can make the colossal and cumbersome engine do an adequate task? To talk of Lord Palmerston's genius for leadership and Mr. Gladstone's when work is to be done is to compare the Brighton coach, with its poise and prettiness and flavour of fast aristocracy, with a railway engine; or a dandy in the Mall with George Stephenson. Drive? Why, Palmerston, with all his hold on the horse, and all his real strength besides, could not have driven the Irish Land Bill through than he could have mastered its details, and he could not for the life of him have done either. There is not a lawyer or a politician in all England who does not know that to pass a law really enfranchising the land, both as to ownership and tenure, will require a power of exposition, a mastery of detail, and a steady driving force which we have got in Mr. Gladstone alone, for Mr. Forster, who could do the work, could not, by the mere magic of his mouth, make every resisting class perceive that its wealth would be increased even more than that of the tenants and the nation. You do not want the change? Good. That is the reason for rejecting Mr. Gladstone, but it is not a reason for declaring, while you are howling with fear of the pace at which he drives, that he cannot drive at all. But suppose that the nation does wish it, does it know anywhere of another man before whom the opposing forces will so reel, and stagger, and give way? Every "interest has been harassed." We deny it; but grant it, and whenever before had we a Premier who dared in the We talk a great deal about Bismarck, but let him just try his hand at resisting the Ultramontanes, radically changing the army, in the teeth of its own fear—not realizing—that it was to be democratized, and alter county taxation, all at the same time, and with no better aid than a Parliament which it takes half his life to persuade. Mr. Gladstone has dared and done things, from which even Bismarck would have shrunk. But this is tyranny? Stuff about tyranny, when a man who does them all can be dismissed in a night, when a single real rush of the representatives of the people can drive him into outer darkness, or worse still, to crush him into the sort of corner in which he sat, humiliated and angry, but powerless, when the agricultural interest declared that the nation should pay for its ill-luck in business—unusual and severe ill-luck, no doubt, but hardly worse than fell upon the whole propertied class in the week succeeding the Black Friday. We do not want to discuss who was right or wrong on the cattle plague, but merely to point out the undoubted fact that the Premier was just as powerless to resist the representatives as one of his own clerks. They went over him like a herd on the stampede over a sick horse. Who dominates over the House of Lords? That House has to be dominated over sometimes, and we wish it had a Wellington within it to do it from within; but it is better that Mr. Gladstone should do it than an angry mob should, and, at all events, it is nonsense to talk of Mr. Gladstone's power to dominate over the second strongest institution in this country—for, though both will long out-last our time, the Throne is weaker than the aristocracy—and talk in the same breath of his incapacity to govern. Admit the adversers' case, admit it to the full, and still there remains the patent fact that the Liberals of the three kingdoms have in Mr. Gladstone a force so potent that their opponents stand agape with fear lest he should again bid the machine move on. If they do not want to win, if they want to rest, *cedit quiescit*, let them furl the flag till they are in spirits again; but let them at least recognize what they are doing, what sort of Commander-in-Chief they are sending to his tent, the quantity as well as quality of the force they condemn not merely to remain idle, but, as we greatly fear, to betake himself to other tasks than that of governing a nation—which we do not accuse of ingratitude, for nations can seldom be

grateful, but of downright stupidity in not seeing what it is throwing away. The nation would not have been ungrateful for banishing Stephenson lest his "little o' steam" should go about mowing and mowing the blessed fields; they would simply have been stupid, and so it is now. And of all the varieties of that stupidity, the worst is that which thinks it "genial" to reject the engine because, forsooth, the whistle does not play opera airs.—*Spectator*.

A USE FOR THE SURPLUS.—The results of the General Election have awakened the National Reform League from a protracted and unnatural slumber, and it held a meeting on Monday in Soho to consider the position of affairs. The policy it decided to adopt has at least the merit of simplicity. The surplus of five millions is to be employed "in enabling the agricultural labourers and the unemployed generally to settle upon and cultivate the waste lands of the United Kingdom, and thus, while lessening the cruel competition now oppressing them, at the same time pave the way to radical national reforms." It certainly seems hard that the colliers should drink champagne while the agricultural labourers only get beer, and some portion of the surplus will perhaps be devoted to paying the wine merchants bills of the poorer class of labourers and of those who are out of work. The League further expressed its opinions that the recent elections illustrate in the most forcible manner possible the fraudulent character of the vaunted Reform Bill, as proved by the fact that the working classes have failed, notwithstanding their most strenuous efforts, in securing the election of more than two representatives to Parliament; it is therefore proposed that there should be a new Reform Bill, by means of which, "at the next general election, the wealth-producers may secure direct representatives, who shall not need the interest of open Conservative foes or masked Liberal ones." This object may perhaps be attained by inflicting severe penalties on any "wealth-producers" who will not, before the election takes place, solemnly swear that they will give their votes to other "wealth-producers" anxious to enter Parliament. If, however, the "wealth-producers" persist in declining to elect members of their own class to represent them, it becomes a question whether the application of the "cat" to their shoulders would not rouse them from their lamentable political apathy.

POOR POLAND.—Now that we are on the eve of one of those periodic attacks of effusion on the brain that drive the British nation delirious while they last, a few sentences of sober warning may be useful as a sedative beforehand. We were mad when the Princess of Wales was welcomed to London—we were mad at the thanksgiving celebration for her husband's restoration to health—we were mad when the Shah of Persia with his honnet of pearls passed through our streets, and we are about to be mad afresh on the 5th of March when Prince Alfred is to be greeted on his home-coming with his Russian wife. The symptoms are abroad already. The Russian national hymn, arranged for every instrument from the big drum to the penny whistle, is for sale in the music-sellers' windows; the setspika of the Yamburg Lancers, of which the Northern princess is colonel, has put all other female hats completely out of court; and the Messrs. Sanger have advertised a torchlight procession with real live bears in honor of the occasion; and we are asked to hide away the guns won at Sebastopol as trophies to be ashamed of. In fact the fever of lip-loyalty is setting in with its usual severity; after-dinner orators are making maudlin prophecies about the impossibility of Great Britain and Russia ever being entangled again in anything but the urbane hug of friendship, and we may become so gushful in the end that we may propose to knock down the monument to the Guards who fell in the Crimea, as a delicate compliment to the Czar Alexander. Leaving aside all considerations as to that war between Great Britain and Russia, for the possession of India, which is assuredly looming in the future, we ask attention for a moment to the woes poor Poland is suffering from at the hands of Russia. In our flush of newly-kindled admiration for our ancient enemy let us not forget Poland.—*The Universe*.

WE Catholics have certainly no reason to love the "Church of England as by law established." That sect, which owes its origin to the rebellion of Henry VIII, and his courtiers against the Mother Church of Rome, hates the Catholic Church with the spite with which a usurper hates the legitimate heir to the possessions which he unjustly holds. The State Church persecuted Catholics with all the weapons at its disposal, so long as the State allowed it to do so, and its chief ministers can hardly meet together now without joining in an impotent scream of defiance and hatred against the Church of God. And yet we believe there are no people in the kingdom so ready to listen patiently to the plea of the Church of England for a continuance of its legal status, no people less disposed to join in the clamor for its downfall than are English Catholics. Even in the case of the Irish Protestant Church, gross as was the injustice of its existence, insulting to a noble Catholic nation as it was to have "an alien Church" thus paraded before them, yet the Irish Catholics took scarcely any active part in the Act of Disestablishment. They adored the justice of God, and gave thanks for the removal of a great incubus, but there was no triumph over a fallen enemy. But with the Church of England the case is one in which Catholics can freely weigh the *pro* and *con*s, with even less disposition to be unfair towards opponents. That blind hatred of us, which still inspires most of the Anglican clergy, awakens in us only the sorrow that a tradition of error should have so fatally blinded the judgment of so many estimable men. Little, therefore, as we find in the reasons that are given by Anglicans for keeping up the Establishment, we are disposed to agree with their main conclusion, and should be sorry to see Mr. Miall and the Nonconformists obtain the victory they desire. The Nonconformist agitation is kept up mainly by the ambition of Dissenting ministers to attain a social equality with the established clergy; and how ever much we may excuse this natural weakness, we cannot pretend much respect for it, and are not disposed to expend much sympathy on so sentimental a grievance. Let the Nonconformists convert a sufficient number of ladies and gentlemen to their way of thinking, and their ministers will soon rise to the social level now occupied by the clergy of the Church of England.—*Talbot*.

THE NEW MINISTRY.—The *Economist* says:—"Of one thing we may be quite certain—that the duration of the Conservative Government will greatly depend on itself. If its policy be good, it will last long; if its policy be foolish, its end may not be far off. A policy of unmitigated Conservatism is contrary to the irresistible conditions of life. There is a special cause in politics requiring change. One generation is, without ceasing, passing away, another is coming on to take its place—the new generation and the old differ in innumerable particulars. They think different thoughts, use different words, live a different life. The mere externals—the garb and dress and the houses of the two—are unlike, and, therefore, their policies cannot be the same. Changes in law, changes in administration, changes in policy, are incessantly requisite; the old laws, the old administration, the old policy, will not fit the new men, will annoy and irritate them, and will be cast off with speed and anger. The English Conservatives have had in this century a signal warning in this matter. They were borne into power in 1793 by the highest and strongest political wave of recent times. The excesses of the first French Revolution had raised a current of horror that swept all before it. The Tories of that day were overwhelmingly predominant, because England then wished more than anything else to resist French principles and France. The Tories succeeded in this task; they

won the battle of Waterloo, and they prevented even the least approximation in England to Jacobin innovation. They ought, therefore, one would imagine, to have been popular and glorious party, and to have received the thanks of the country. But, on the contrary, the moment peace was concluded with France a great discontent arose against their Government; even the Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding his victories, was never loved, and often hated. At last, in 1832, their whole system was destroyed in a torrent of popular clamor.

THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.—"Liberal disgust" has been evidenced nowhere so strongly as in the eastern counties of England. These counties are for the most part agricultural, and are, comparatively speaking, thinly inhabited, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge return a total of 36 members to Parliament. The General Election returns of 1874 show that 24 of this number are strict Constitutionalists; whilst two only can be reckoned as Gladstonians. Essex and Suffolk return 19 Conservatives and no Radicals. Norfolk sends to Parliament 9 Constitutionalists and one Radical, and Cambridge 6 Conservatives and 1 Gladstonian. These facts show the great revulsion in the English mind from the timid, revolutionary, and arbitrary policy followed so perseveringly by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.—*Freeman*.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.—When Lord Macaulay published the first volume of his history, at the close of 1848, he said that the population of London was at least 1,000,000. That population is now put at three millions and twenty-five thousand, being an increase in a quarter of a century of about one million and thirty-five thousand souls,—or bodies. In 1835, or thereabouts the highest estimate of London's population was five hundred and thirty thousand, and the increase in the following one hundred and sixty-three years was not above one million three hundred and eighty thousand, or but little more than the increase in the next twenty-five years.—Should London grow at the same rapid rate between the close of 1873 and the close of 1900 that she has grown since the close of 1838, she will begin the twentieth century with a population of about 6,000,000, a number superior to the entire population of England and Wales two centuries ago, taking the latter at the very highest estimate ever made as to its amount.

CHARLES ORTON'S CONFESSION.—London, March 19.—The *Daily Telegraph* publishes a long statement signed by Charles Orton, in which the writer confesses that he recognized the Tichborne Claimant as his brother the first time he saw him; and that silence on his part was bought with five pounds paid monthly for a year, and a promise of a thousand or two additional at the conclusion of the trial.

THE POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES ON THE Census-day, the 3rd of April, 1874, was 22,550,141. The females outnumbered the males by 150,000, even though among the latter was reckoned 148,898 men employed in the Army, Navy, and Merchant Service, and absent from our shores on the night of enumeration.

ADDITIONAL DISPATCHES FROM THE GOLD COAST report that General Wolsley crossed the river Prai on February 15. Three of six Kings, tributary to King Koffie, have given in their submission to the British supremacy. The Ashunter throne is considered at an end, and the kingdom hopelessly disrupted.

CONSEQUENCES OF SPIRITS.—The net receipt of duty on spirits during the past year was £15,745,252, showing the enormous increase of £829,557 on the year 1872.

AN English judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes with a leaning to the side of mercy."

UNITED STATES.

THE stately case of Justice in the Supreme Court of Mississippi was interrupted the other day by an animated and almost bloody fight between the Chief Justice and one of the Judges. The latter person having insinuated that the head of the court manifested a disposition to "ride upon questions without consultation with him, an angry and unseemly controversy followed, ending in the Chief Justice so far forgetting himself as to draw a knife and rush upon the complaining judge. The interference of one of the justices is said to have saved the life of the offender.

TRENCHA SWINE.—According to the St. Louis papers hogs in some parts of Illinois have, for the past nine months or more, been severely afflicted with trichina, which has been wide-spread and terribly fatal. For a time the farmers in that locality believed their hogs to be dying from cholera, but the malady now prevailing is far more destructive. The Kaskaskia Bottom, an area of some twelve thousand acres of country, early last fall, and until winter set in, in many localities, was literally strewn with dead hogs, great and small, but few farmers having hogs left to supply the year's demand for meat. It is estimated that not less than ten to fifteen thousand head of hogs have died of trichina in that neighbourhood within the past nine months, and though the disease has in a measure ceased its terrible ravages, it has by no means disappeared. Nearly, if not every hog in the region of the country spoken of is more or less affected by this terrible disease.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—PRESENTMENT.—In Forster's "Life of Dickens" the following is told:—"On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a cabinet council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked:—"Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair instead of loling about it in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney General, said to him:—"That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day! What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln? The Attorney-General replied, "I saw all that before you came in." While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, "Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon." To which the Attorney-General had observed, "Something good, sir, I hope?" when the President answered very gravely, "I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly too!" As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again:—"Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President; "but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once, on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once, on the night preceding such another (naming a battle also not favorable to the North). His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?" said the Attorney-General. "Well," replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift! But this is not business—suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen."—Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night?"

FREEMASONRY AND THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

We are indebted to the *Journal de Florence*, an able, fearless, and accurate Catholic journal, for the following strange and startling revelations. The article from which they are taken, and which we but slightly abbreviate, is one of a series written by the editor of that paper on the anti-Christian sects of Europe, and on the influence of Freemasonry on the policy of the late Emperor of the French. We, of course, cannot vouch for the accuracy of the details, but the writer states that they are taken from a memoir by an exalted functionary under the Empire, whose name, however, is not furnished. If they are contradicted we shall, as a matter of justice and truth publish the denial. The *Journal* prefaces its extracts from the memoirs by stating that all the world was well aware that Napoleon was carried to his height of power by the agency and the energy of the secret societies. All the world, too, was well aware that, seated on his throne of empire, having himself graduated in the worst of the secret associations, and forecasting for the future, he felt that religion was the surest pillar of his power, and that the Church alone could avail to consecrate his dynasty into a lasting and a mighty influence; that, in the midst of his good resolutions for the encouragement of religious observances, and for the protection of the Church, he was diverted from his path by the Orsini conspiracy and the bursting of the shell that nearly cost him his life. The Orsini explosion was the beginning of the "Italia Unita"; and this fact is thus traced in the memoirs already mentioned:—"On the evening of the Orsini attempt upon his life (Jan. 14, 1858), the Emperor showed, in presence of the danger, a wonderful coolness. Subsequently to the plots for his assassination at the Hippodrome and the *Opera Comique* in 1853, and the attempt of Pianori in 1855, he conceived a great horror of the sects, and had resolved to devote himself to the prosperity of France, and to the secure establishment of his dynasty. But other reflections soon came to his mind and with them came that terror from the past which gets hold of soul, ever the best disposed, and constitutes their severest chastisement. What would become of the Empire and the Prince Imperial if the sect, which had sworn death to Napoleon, were to realise its execrable purpose. The Emperor, a prey to the most terrible perplexities, remembered an advice which had been given him by his mother, the Queen Hortense. 'If you should ever find yourself in great danger, and want counsel, consult the advocate X. He will be a safe guide for you.' This advocate was a Roman exile, whom Napoleon had formerly known in the Romagna at the time of the Italian revolt against the Holy See. He was living near Paris in a middling circumstance—the state of comparative comfort which Freemasonry in some way or other contrives to secure to its leaders. Napoleon sent in quest of him, and desired him to be invited to the Tuileries. He was found, and promised to beat the palace next day. When he entered the Imperial apartment, Napoleon took his hand, and said:—"They want to kill me. What have I done?" "You have forgotten," he answered, "that you are an Italian, and that your oath binds you to the cause of Italian glory and independence." Napoleon maintained that his love for Italy was unaltered, but that, as Emperor of the French, he should think also, and primarily of the glory of France. The advocate rejoined that no one wanted to prevent the Emperor from devoting himself to the affairs of France, but that it was his duty as well to think of Italy, and to unite the cause of both, in giving them equal freedom, and the same future. If he failed in this, it was decided to leave no stone unturned to free the peninsula from Austrian rule, and to found Italian Unity. "What then," asked Napoleon, "is it I am wanted to do?" The advocate promised to consult with his friends, and to bring him the result in a couple of days. In a day or two another came that the sect demanded three things—firstly, the pardon of Orsini; secondly, the proclamation of Italian independence; and thirdly, the junction of France in a war with Austria. An interval of fifteen months was allowed him for the carrying out of this programme, and for that length of time he was guaranteed an immunity from violence.—"Here," says the *Journal de Florence*, "the memoir introduces a number of documents, which showed how much about this period the Emperor wavered and vacillated in his policy. The Emperor worked hard to secure the pardon of Orsini. He induced the Empress to intercede for him. The Ministry and the *Corps Diplomatique* were anxious for the pardon. One man, however, held out against it, and that this was his Eminence Cardinal Morlot, the Archbishop of Paris. The Cardinal said to the Emperor, 'Sire, you can do much in France, but you cannot arrest the arm of justice. By a wonderful mercy of God your life has been spared in this diabolical attempt; but French blood has been spilled close by you, and this blood demands an atonement; otherwise every idea of justice would seem to have been lost.' Napoleon understood his position, and saw there was but one thing he could do. He went to visit Orsini. We shall never know what passed at that interview; but it is certain that Napoleon affirmed the promises and oaths he had registered years ago in Italy, and that he swore to him, when he could not save him, that he would act as his testamentary executor. The phrase is correct, and Napoleon has been the testamentary executor to the will of Orsini. It was agreed that the latter should write a letter to the Emperor, which the Emperor was to make public, and in which the programme of the Italian 'idea' should be set forth. Then was witnessed one of the grossest scandals of modern times—the reading of that letter in open court and its publication in the *Moniteur*. The letter is printed in the memoir, but not its passage having reference to the Pope, 'Martyr' (as they profanely called him) to the Italian idea, Orsini mounted the scaffold convinced that Italy would soon be one, and that the Pope would be dethroned. As he was about to die he cried aloud—'Vive l'Italie! Vive la France!' The memoir traces the events that so speedily followed. Anxious to quarrel with Austria, and finding no pretext, the Emperor uttered the well-known words of January 14, '59, to M. Hubner, the ambassador of Francis Joseph, words which fill like a thunderclap on the world, and prepared the war of '59. Prussia, which was not then in the game of the Italian revolution, suddenly stepped forward to check the progress of the 'idea.' It became necessary to make the peace of Villafranca (July 14, '59), and to sign the treaty of Zurich in the November following.—It was necessary to quiet French susceptibilities by the annexation of Nice and Savoy—to conceal from Europe the real designs of the sect, and to put certain checks to the execution of the Italian plans.—Dissimulation and delays suited the character of Napoleon: they were the causes of his final overthrow. The sect cast him over, and took Bismarck in his place. When the war of '70 shall have come to be better understood, it will be made manifest that the sect, rather than the armies of Germany, defeated France, and bore away those victories that have accomplished the unity of Italy. Of all the skillful devices of the sect, its most dangerous one is that of making the peoples believe that everything which happens is the result of the play of diplomacy or of war. Diplomacy and war are of themselves powerless to-day for the foundation of empires and of kingdoms. It is the sect which establishes them, and what we have seen already is a clear proof of it. But there comes ever a moment when God determines to draw from the evil which He has permitted the good which He designs for His Church. He breathes upon the handiwork of the sect, and it vanishes. It belongs to the Christian people to hasten the coming of that moment by severing themselves from all fellowship

with those secret societies, and by holding themselves fast to the teachings of the Church." Such is a summary of the strange story as told by the *Journal de Florence* which, is never sensational, and generally well-informed.

LONDON.—THE LARGEST CITY THAT EVER EXISTED—ITS POPULATION, ITS EXTENT, AND ITS WEALTH.

(Special Correspondence of Hon. Joseph Meltham to the Chicago Tribune.)

Americans are charged with a tendency to exaggeration of expression in describing anything, or in giving vent to their feelings and opinions. But there is no danger of committing the error in describing London. One may use the strongest adjectives and intenser verbs with safety, and strictly within bounds of naked truth. It is safe to affirm that it is the largest city in the world, or, for that matter, that ever was in the world.—It contains more inhabitants, and more houses, and more miles of street, than any other city of ancient or modern times. And it is far the wealthiest city that ever existed. London is to the modest waltz Rome was to the ancient world, in respect to population and wealth. But Rome, in her palmy days was a poor city compared with London. The 2,000,000 of souls which compose the population of London need never do another day's work for wages. They have capital enough invested in bonds and stocks, in domestic and foreign securities, and money at interest, and income from real estate and railroad earnings and other sources from which they derive dividends. Comfortably to subsist the entire population to purchase them food, clothing, fuel, drinks, furniture, literature, make all repairs of their habitations, pay all their taxes and assessments, and, in short, all their household expenses and personal outlays, to the aggregate total of what they now expend in the cost of living.

All the productive labor performed by the people of London adds itself to their capital each year, because they do not consume the labor of their invested capital. London is in the condition of a family whose income, in the shape of dividends on stocks and bonds, exceeds the cost of their style of living and who may, therefore, go out of business and live on that income without touching on a dollar of the capital of the family. Of what other great city can this be said?

But the property of London is not owned and held in common, or in equal portions. One man has a hundred times more than he needs, and a hundred men have less than they need. London has some thousands of citizens worth tens of millions each, and also has millions of citizens in the poorest class. But the great mass of the people are prosperous and in comfortable circumstances, tens of thousands of them worth tens of thousands each.

The leisure class—those living on fixed incomes and regular dividends or investments—of very numerous, numbering tens of thousands. Their only business is to amuse themselves and fight ennui. Their lives are a continual picnic. They are habitues of the clubs, patronize the turf, keep fast horses, support establishments, ramble about the island, roam over Europe, and make excursions up the Nile to the Holy Land and the "farther Ind." London is the headquarters of the "Three Indies," who are in receipt of rents aggregating nearly a thousand millions of dollars per annum. The absentee Irish landlords may here be found during the "season," flourishing like "green bay trees." Here is concentrated the banking wealth of the empire. Here is held the bulk of bonds representing the national debt, and a large part of the national, state and municipal debts of the world. Here are owned a majority of the railway stocks and bonds of Great Britain and the Colonies, in India 2,000,000,000 invested in the India railway system, besides vast sums in railway stocks and bonds of other countries, the United States included. Here is the grand depot of the tea, coffee, sugar, spice and drug commerce of Great Britain. Here are held the largest stocks of woolen, silk, leather, and even cotton goods, in the empire. Great as is the shipping of Liverpool, it is not nearly equal to that of London, for here is the focus of the shipping trade between Great Britain and the East and West Indies, China and Japan, the Mediterranean, and most of Africa. The greater part of the wheat exports of California and Russia, and the beef, wool, and gold of Australia come up the Thames to London for a market. The chief part of the commerce carried on with France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, and indeed, all Europe, is transacted in London. It is the headquarters of the exchanges of the world, and its quotations fix the value, in great measure, of all the raw and manufactured products of all nations, and go far to determine the current value of the stocks of every kind, of other lands. London is the world's clearing house, its largest warehouse, its biggest bank.

Looking at London geographically, it is difficult to convey an accurate conception of the space it covers; indeed it is hard to describe in any respect, for it is the elephant among cities. On the clearest day, from the highest point of observation, the whole city cannot be seen, but beyond the range of vision are long streets and thousands of houses. Taking Charing Cross as a centre, the suburbs cannot be reached in any direction in less than 8 to 10 miles, and in some not in twice that distance. The Thames runs 25 miles through the city. If London were put down in Cook County it would reach along the shore of the lake from Evanston to the Calumet, and spread far out beyond the Desplaines River. On this space is concentrated a population equalling that of the States of Illinois and Wisconsin, or, according to the census of 1873, that of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Chicago, all combined. But, immense as is the population of London, it has not ceased to grow. On the contrary, it never added so many people to its numbers as during the last decade. The Board of Public Works report that 139,320 buildings were erected between 1861 and 1871. The addition was but little less than the whole population of New York.

Prodigious as is the population of London, it is disproportionate to the base of its support. In the first place, it is one of the oldest of existing cities. It was a place of importance under the Romans, and was famed for its vast conflux of traders, and its abundant commerce, even in the first century of the Christian era. From the Romans it received its municipal institutions, which have endured, in their main features, to the present day. It was the chief city of Great Britain at the time of the Norman Conquest and its officers and inhabitants refused to lower the draw on the London stone arch bridge to let William's army cross into the city, until they had first exacted from him a pledge that he would respect the ancient rights and liberties of the guilds, burgesses, freemen and corporation of London. The Conqueror pleased with their jealousy of their rights, added many privileges not heretofore enjoyed. The new charter was reduced to writing on parchment signed and sealed by the King; whereupon the drawbridge was let down and the King and his cavaliers crossed the London bridge and took possession of the royal palaces. This charter from William the Conqueror is still preserved in the archives of the city.

London has grown in numbers, magnitude, and consequence, with the growth of the nation of which it has been the capital, for more than twelve centuries. London is now the political capital of an empire of 250,000,000 of souls, and it is the financial capital of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, including the United States. It is a curious fact that the "Revolted Colonies" are the largest customers of the "Mother Country," and the largest borrowers of London money.