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OUR PARIS LETTER.

BY A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

HOTEL DE LOUVRE, PARIS, July 19, 1878.

There have been two typical defeats for Bonapartism; the Baron St. Paul, whose sinister personal influence over the Marshal was the cause of all the woes of France, from the 16th of May, 1877, to the following 15th of December, when the reign of "moral order" finished in France as well as all the charlatanism about the Republic, family and religion. It is dead forever; one has chanted a "Deum" for less important victories. In 1877, Baron St. Paul received nearly 9,000 votes; on last Sunday 2,253. Further, as sorrows never come singly, he has not been re-elected chairman of an important railway company.

Perhaps the most singular of all the defeats is that of Jules Amigues, in the Pas-de-Calais, the Corsica of the North. He was the pet candidate of the Empire Imperial, and the pilot balloon of a new departure for Bonapartism. He embodies the apostolic doctrine of being all things to all men; he was the sincere friend of the Communists; he dressed a number of refugee Frenchmen in London, to represent at Napoleon III's funeral, a deputation of Parisian ouvrier; he was Republican, with Republicans who at last know the wolves in sheep's clothing; Royalist with the Royalists, and Clerical with the Clericals; but promised the working classes that the moment was at hand when machinery would be abolished, and would take effect on the return of Napoleon IV. He so mystified a deputation of young factory girls that they strewed flowers on his passage; compared him to Jesus Christ, the rainbow, and the sun. This poetry, after the models of the Jewish Prophets, had a base of 1878 prose and fact. He was deputy since October, 1877, up to Sunday last, and the girls assured him, in his short passage we have learned to love you. The Messiah's sojourn among us was also short; the "rainbow" exactly represents the opinions of M. Amigues, and he resembles the sun in the setting and set stage.

Up to the present the Chamber of Deputies has invalidated 62 of the elected of October last, 9 of this total have been sent back; 53 have been superseded by Republicans; of this latter number 22 are Bonapartists and 31 Monarchists. There are 12 elections yet to be ratified, consisting chiefly of the leaders in the May conspiracy against the liberties of France. Such is the photo of the home situation—along with the order, happiness, and contentment. The Press Pavilion has been inaugurated with all honors; there was a gathering of the class to the extent of 300 representatives, and after an able address from Deputy Spuller, the editors retired to the refreshment room to smoke and chat; but, as Mickey Free remarks, smoking is dry work—champagne, beer and ices followed, accompanied with serenades from Spanish wandering minstrels. The Commissioners built the pavilion for the Press; the exhibitors have fitted it up luxuriously and artistically, and also supplied the materials for the lunch. Members, or foreign associates of the Syndicate of the Paris Press, can write their letters here, and post them up to extra late hours without additional charge. "The only meal served is a déjeuner, by the now famous restaurant Catalain, who charges Press men only cost prices; the same reduction is accorded by the cigar merchants. Too bad that ex-President Grant has left us. The International Dog Show effected sales to the extent of 150,000 francs. The animals were not well lodged; they were too much tied up and too exposed, like their passing admirers, to the sun. All the exhibits in the catalogue were not to be found—the Chinese edible dogs, for example. Perhaps they availed themselves of the protection afforded by the laws of France, and decamped before being served up at the forthcoming supper parties by the Chinese ambassador in his pavilion; the blind dogs, too, must have received their sight, and fled. The toy dogs were numerous—those destined to be smothered in ribbons, carried in the pocket of a Princess robe, taken out like the children for carriage exercise, and addressed by the valets in the third person. The canine exhibits were well fed; they had hare flesh, biscuit from their special baker, and milk fresh from the cow. The United States exhibit at Champ de Mars demonstrates that the people of the United States are essentially practical. The exhibition contrasts singularly with those of many other countries, which encumber their galleries with collections of curious objects in nature and art, with relics of treasure more or less rare of valuable objects, which simply excite the admiration of visitors. The Canadians have also in this respect achieved a great success. All that is to be seen in the American exhibition has a clearly defined object; nothing is found there that does not promise a return. There are exhibited machinery and raw materials which are extensively used in trade, or which are susceptible of becoming important for importation. There is to be found all that will strike the imagination of visitors favorably, and by creating the desire to settle in the midst of a region which produces them in such marvelous abundance, maintain or increase that formidable current of emigrants which carries away regularly each year, from old Europe, a portion of its youth, and of its living forces.

Such being the case, these magnificent piles of cotton piled like a trophy at the head of the American gallery, the splendid shrubbery covered with silken capsules, as if snow flakes were condensed there; this rich collection of tobacco from Kentucky; the exhibition of agricultural products, fruits and vegetables from all parts of the Union, offer certainly great inducements and encouragements to emigration, and trade.

the picturesque and splendor of nature in the mountains—nothing is wanting to allure visitors and entice them towards an unexampled Eldorado. No much for colonization. They exhibit on the other hand, quantities of machines for cutting grass, and beautiful collections of steel tools, such as shovels, forks, scythes and rakes, of remarkable lightness and durability; these are always articles of exportation. Except what will promote colonization or commerce we have nothing. Oregon exhibits beautiful cereals, among which should be mentioned the winter wheat called mammoth white wheat, which is very delicate and tender and furnishes a choice flour the mammoth spring wheat, with grain larger and smaller; the golden amber, winter variety, grain larger on the average, of a pale color, white and translucent; the winter tonzelle yellow and large grained.

CATHOLIC WORKMEN'S CLUBS IN FRANCE.

London Register.

We have received the official report for 1877-78 of the *Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers*, or the French Association of Catholic Workmen's Clubs. The little volume is a very interesting one. Founded by the Count de Mun six years ago, the Association has accomplished an amount of successful work that makes us wish that it could be imitated amongst our people in England. In the six years in which it has been in operation it has succeeded in establishing and maintaining no less than 325 clubs, with an aggregate of between forty and fifty thousand members. A central council directs the work, assisted by committees for special branches of it, and for the study of economic questions as they affect the working classes. This central council also publishes a review treating of such questions as are of interest to the workmen. It keeps up a continual correspondence with the clubs, and further unites them by its members making tours of inspection, and by holding congresses in provincial cities. It has, moreover, begun the organization of a committee of employers who are willing to give their time and knowledge to the development of practical measures for improving the condition of the working classes. As yet this organization is only begun, but the council hopes to see it assume a position of real importance, and by bringing employers and workmen to labor together for a common end in which the interests of both are concerned, it is not unreasonably expected that a real step will be taken towards putting an end to the suicidal system of strikes, or as it is the fashion to call it, the struggle between capital and labor.

But the clubs are only a means to an end. The Association does not exist to supply working men with rooms where they can read, study, converse, or engage in games of skill, in order to pass a pleasant evening. Again and again the report insists on the necessity of not mistaking the means for the end, the outward form of the work for its essence. This end is twofold. First, to withdraw the working men from their revolutionary clubs, and from the influence of infidel and socialistic leaders, by giving them in the Catholic club all the advantages they can obtain from the non-Catholic associations, with the additional advantage of Catholic teaching; secondly, to revive amongst men who have the advantages of birth, fortune, or education, the feeling that they have a duty to perform to the working classes, to unite them with these classes by the tie of Christian charity and brotherhood, and to organize them in a body to assist the working men in founding these Catholic clubs, and studying social questions from the Catholic standpoint. Thus substituting the idea of Catholic brotherhood for that of mere philanthropy, the Association strives to unite the upper and lower classes in the diffusion of Catholic ideas, in order that it may thus destroy the Revolution. It has no party character. It does not necessarily attach itself to the idea of either a monarchy, an empire, or a republic. Its own idea is that, under whatever form of government, the rule of public policy and of social right should be the doctrines of the Catholic Church as defined and interpreted by its Supreme head. This, then, is the mission of the Association of Catholic Working Men's Clubs—a noble one, an ambitious one—perhaps it will be said too ambitious.

We do not, for our part, think that it aims too high, nor do we regard the work it has already accomplished as of small importance. It is true that among the thirty millions of France, 40,000 men is not a large number to belong to the Association nor amongst the thousands of communes, or, as we would say, parishes, are 325 clubs more than a nucleus for future work. But we believe that the progress at the outset must necessarily be slow. The older workmen of the towns already in the hands of the revolutionary organizations naturally hold aloof from the new Association, and it has to recruit its ranks among the country people and the younger men of the towns. But the chief point is to work solidly, no matter how slowly, and to lay a secure foundation for a great superstructure. This, we believe, is being done. Throughout the Report there is a spirit which augurs well for success. There is no attempt to put things only in a favorable light—difficulties, and even failures, are frankly set forth. How to repair failures, how to meet difficulties, are matters which are discussed in a practical business-like way. In the various clubs, or *cercles* no fixed rule is followed as to the form which each is to take. Every one is adapted to the special wants of the district in which it is placed, and in form they vary from the town club, with its oratory and its rooms for study, amusement, and social intercourse, down to the little village *cercle* meeting in some cottage, or in a room at the presbytery, and having the parish church for its oratory, and the Cure for its honorary president. The effect on the members is said to be very good. They feel a kind of *esprit de corps*, they know they are not isolated, that they belong to a large and powerful body, and they thus gain courage to say boldly what they think in defense of religion,

to put down bad language among their companions; in a word, boldly to profess themselves Catholics, and to act publicly as such. At the annual pilgrimage of their province they meet the members of other *cercles*, and each one of the mass of men assembled, with banners displayed, as a public homage to religion, goes back to his town or village encouraged to preserve, and to become a propagandist of the work. As the *cercles* increase, the men of the district become steady and sober, and there are places where employers especially seek for workmen who belong to the *cercles*, for they have come to know that this is a guarantee for their fidelity, steadiness and industry. The religious character of the Association is a guarantee for its endurance. No great Catholic work, based on secular principles, can last long or accomplish much. But when we see a group of Catholic laymen boldly announcing that they trust to prayer for their chief help in the organization that organization will in all things make the teachings of the Holy See the guide of its conduct, we feel that success is assured.

There is one great danger which always threatens the Association, that is the danger of suppression by an unscrupulous and un-Catholic government. The Revolutionary party in France, it may well be imagined, looks with anything but favor upon Catholic associations whose object is to aid, protect, and instruct the working classes, amongst which it always hopes to recruit the rank and file of its army of unbelief. It will be easy to find some pretext for the interference if the Government wished to interfere, and though the Association is essentially unconnected with the party politics, that will be no protection for it if the *intrant* party gets the upper hand in the Government. If this peril only is averted, we confidently predict a great future for the *Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers*.

It may be well to add, in case any of our readers wish to know more of the work the Association does, that the offices of its Secretariat are at 10 Rue du Bac, Paris. Perhaps now that so many Irish and English Catholics are visiting or passing through Paris, some may take the trouble to call at the Rue du Bac. We feel sure such a visit will be an interesting one to the visitor, and an encouragement to the secretaries of the work, who are desirous that it should be as widely known as possible.

THE ORANGE SCORPION.

(From the Detroit Home Journal.)

For four and eighty years has the Orange Scorpion annually stung to madness the political and religious dissensions of the Irish race. Begotten by intolerance and born of fanaticism, this foul reptile partakes of the most vicious qualities of its bastard origin, and has never ceased to display them. Neither social ties, family relationships, or neighborly obligations, have, since the day or rather the night, of its spurious birth, deadened its sting or restrained for a moment its cursed orgies of insult, blood and incendiarism, on each annual return of the Twelfth of July.

In the face of history it is hard to understand why it should have selected this day on which to do the Devil's work. It is true it takes its colours from William of Orange, who on the 12th of July, 1688, crossed the river Boyne, gained an important victory over his father-in-law, James II. of England, and doubly forged for the limbs of Ireland the galling chains of usurpation. But with all his faults—and he had many—William was no fanatic. By the Treaty of Limerick he would secure to the Catholics of Ireland religious liberty, and to a certain extent their civil rights. It was English bigotry and an imported spawn of fanaticism in Ireland that compelled him to break his kindly and soldierly word before the ink that pledged it had time to dry. But he was the hero of brute force; the cunning Albany that plucked the crown from the brows of Lear; the daring robber of the House of Stuart; the treacherous murderer of Glencoe; the weak puppet of English bigotry; the father of Protestant ascendancy; the assassin of Irish freedom, and in all, the sweet patron of Orangism.

For more than a hundred years after the battle of the Boyne, Orangism had no organized forces. Clothed in penal laws, its parents, fanaticism and intolerance, rioted in the murder and robbery of Irish Catholics. No pen can describe the cruelties of that bloodstained period. But then came the day of Volunteers. Through the influence of Grattan, Flood, and others, Catholics were allowed the boon of serving in the ranks of the liberators. Independence was won. Ireland made her own laws. But still the fell spirit of bigotry hovered over the legislators, and for a dozen years blinded them to Catholic grievances. In 1794 a Relief Bill was brought forward, and then came forth from the womb of fanaticism, the filthy monster called Orangism. Combining fierce bigotry and stolid ignorance with the truculent spirit of its parents, the red glare of its bloodshed and burnings lit up the skies of Ulster from the first moment of its birth. Its followers deluged to be called "Peep-o'-Day Boys" suggestive of the hour at which they did their hellish work. Night after night the unoffending Catholics of Arona were aroused by the fierce yells of their blood-thirsty assailants. The rebellion of 1798 was precipitated, and the pitch cap, the triangle, the sword, the halberd and the burning roof-tree, told the power and inhumanity of the "Peep-o'-Day Boys" now called Orange Yeomen. After the rebellion their power was a fixed fact. They were petted by Government, and their excesses smiled at by law. Their proselytes extended from the hovels of Ulster to the steps of the throne. A royal cloak became their Grand Master. Their lodges flung the country. Their magistery murdered justice and applauded iniquity. William of Orange was invoked as their patron, and "Boycott Water" and "No Surrender," their battle cry.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

WRECK OF THE "MAGNETIC"—NARRATIVE OF ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

Michael O'Brien, aged about seventy, arrived in town this morning from Quebec. Mr. O'Brien was, with ten others, in charge of two hundred and sixty head of cattle on board the "Magnetic," bound for Liverpool, and left Montreal on Thursday, the 18th July. Everything went well until the following Sunday night or Monday morning, at between one and two o'clock, when the "Magnetic" struck the rocks of Anticosti, and about two miles from the shore. Previously the weather was foggy and stormy, and when the vessel got on the rocks the mist was such that the look-out could not see his own land in front of him.

THE SHOCK WAS TERRIBLE.

The ladies and the noise was something frightful. The ladies shrieked, the cattle roared pitifully, the storm howled above, and the waves, white and angry, swept over the vessel from stem to stern, from port to starboard. The sailors flew to the rigging, and cut down the boats, and in a short time the ladies and some of the cabin passengers got into them. After landing them, the boat returned and took another load. All the passengers were ashore by the morning dawn. I was in the last boat that left. The chief difficulty in getting away from the wreck was the number of cattle swimming and plunging round the vessel, which interposed their dense bodies between the boats, the rocks and the ships. Seventeen of the cattle swam ashore, a distance of ten miles, which shows what they could do if they had practiced a little. We lay four days and four nights on the barren

REACH OF ANTICOSTI.

The ladies and children were placed in a tent brought on shore for the purpose, and we had plenty of provisions. I saw two bears prowling around wild, and I understand the place is full of them. There was one passenger—a lame man—who had to be lowered down to the boats. The sailors carried him fifteen miles to a lighthouse. There are three houses on Anticosti including the lighthouse. The pilot's wife keeping the establishment is rather

REMARKABLE WOMAN.

She was formerly married to a fisherman, who, notwithstanding the care she took of him, died of scurvy. She stopped a whole year alone on this sorrowful heaven forsaken shore, and maintained herself by her own exertions. She then married the pilot. Owing to this Robinson Crusoe-like existence she has since been dubbed

"QUEEN OF CANADA."

She was very kind to the passengers, and especially to me, the oldest man on board. We suffered much going through the water—a distance of fifteen miles along the beach from the place where we were landed from the wreck to the lighthouse. After four days a schooner took us to Gaspe, where we were made comfortable. I caught her this morning in the "Napoleon."

CIRCULATION.

THE NEW YORK PAPERS AGITATING THE QUESTION.

In the interest of advertisers, the New York press are at present agitating a method by which the truth of the circulation of newspapers can be accurately arrived at. The *Tribune* initiated the movement, and, according to the subjoined, the *Herald* is not averse. The *Tribune* closes an article in which it presents certain Post Office statistics of the comparative weight of mail matter sent by some of the city journals with the following suggestion: As to circulation, there are no absolutely exact data for comparison that can be absolutely accepted save these official statements of what passes through the mails. We should be heartily glad to see some system of reports on other circulation which should have the same guarantees of absolute accuracy, and we should cordially unite with our contemporaries in an appeal to the Legislature for a law requiring, in the interest of advertisers, sworn reports, to be verified by official inspection of press rooms, books and bills for paper.

This suggestion is in the nature of an invitation, and deserves a respectful reply. The *Herald* can speak only for itself, and would be glad if all the leading city journals would also express their views. We approve of the thing suggested by the *Tribune*, but object to the method as impracticable. It is certain that the Legislature will not pass a law requiring newspapers to publish sworn statements of their circulation, and nothing could be more idle than such an appeal to the New York press. And why, indeed, should we ask the Legislature to compel us to do what we are at perfect liberty to do ourselves? We accept the invitation of the *Tribune* to unite with it in the publication of "sworn reports," to be verified by inspection of press-rooms, books and bills for paper." Such journals as approve of the idea need not trouble the Legislature or wait for its assembling. Each, acting for itself, can publish a sworn statement now and submit it for verification by the same kind of examination of books, &c., which the *Tribune* recommends. A competent and impartial committee to be selected by mutual agreement would be perfectly trustworthy. Acting upon our contemporaries' suggestion the *Herald* will, within a few days, print a statement of its circulation, verified by oath before a notary public, and furnish every facility for its verification in the manner we have indicated. The *Tribune*, after having made the suggestion, will not decline to follow the example and join us in inviting all our city contemporaries to accede to the plan.

THE SUFFERINGS OF TEACHERS.

The whole object of many people appears to be, in plain matter-of-fact terms, to procure as much as possible for the smallest amount of money; and the competition thus created necessarily responds with its cheap clothing, cheap food, and cheap instruction. Cheap schools, cheap tuition, cheap teachers can be had, and, therefore, those who refuse at first to follow in the trail must eventually yield, or starve. There is but that alternative, while so many, from timidity, necessity, poverty, are prevented from taking their stand on high and proper remuneration. The system works in secret; but gradually, startling revelations must come out concerning the miserable return which is made to teachers of youth here in Lower Canada for time, labor, intellect, and often the waste of the inestimable gift of health. Strange, that while we all profess so strong a love for learning, and to admire the accomplishments of women, to delight in power of mind developed, in feelings trained and harmonized, in manners softened and refined,—strange, we say, that we should be so thoughtless to those without whose aid none of these results would have been attained. We accord the teacher no recognized position in society; we accept the gifts of her intellect, the fascination of her acquisitions,—we love her reflection in the minds of our children, but for her we have not a word of welcome or gratitude. We think that in placing in her hands the sum agreed upon for imparting her knowledge we have done all; and because she has an existence to support, and that she cannot support it without means, we conceive ourselves privileged to shrink from her, wound her feelings, and inflict pangs upon her, the deeper, because wholly undeserved; because she has no father nor brother or husband, under the protection of whom she may appear before the world. And these insults are often administered by the hands of women, who, towards others placed by a similar breath of accident in the same position as themselves, without a care for the morrow, a wail for to-day, no sorrow save disappointed vanity at home, troubles caused by their own discontent, can be as gentle, as affectionate, as sweet as it were possible for a human being to be; but these same bright, smiling faces can turn to stone when their pride tells them that they are addressing a teacher, one who, although immeasurably superior, perhaps, in mind and intellect to themselves, is yet compelled to offer their priceless possessions, as it were, for sale, to ward off painful material sufferings and the worst mortifications. Even were all teachers what some are, doubtless, and persons who rise up from any station, and hastily acquiring a smattering of a few languages, an imperfect acquaintance with a few superficial accomplishments, affect to conduct the minds of youth, we should have no right to treat them with contempt. But teachers are very frequently educated and refined women, brought up in houses of elegance, and often affianced, win, by reverses, sudden, severe and unexpected, are placed in a position where it becomes incumbent upon them to seek a livelihood for themselves. Nothing offers itself but the task of teaching; and to this taskless, ill-paid office, they devote themselves, and no one asks them why they came or what has prompted them to undertake their trying duty. Few, perhaps, when they send their children to one of these young ladies, care to penetrate into the cause—the sorrow or the death—that has compelled her to go forth into the world alone and unprotected—still more, untrifled—to encounter the rebuffs, scorn, and most unpardonable neglect of society. Day by day she has to continue her life of drudgery, to expend her energies, to waste her life, and take as her reward from Government a miserable pittance which is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and from society cold looks, neglect, and too often contempt. Let those to whose minds the reflection has never suggested itself—What will become of me if my father, or my last protector, die?—let them think of the isolation of that young heart that has turned from the death-bed of an only friend, and feels that she is alone amongst strangers; let them imagine her in the presence of death itself, looking far over the crowded world, scanning the countenance of a busy throng in search of one familiar or smiling face. There is, not one save the same cold countenance of the friend whose spirit has winged its flight. Who shall dare to say that her sorrow is not a sacred thing—that her solitude is not a position to be respected,—that the new born determination which her mind has silently formed is not an emboding one, which ought to win respect and consideration from the world. Such instances occur too frequently to be listened to patiently by the rich and wealthy. When they engage a teacher it is her capabilities, not her history they require. There is no time, in this practical age, for an orphan to beget of sorrow. The necessities of the hour press close upon her. A day of mental conflict, of battling with unhidden memories, is all that is permitted. At that time she must disrobe her heart of its timidity, its thoughtfulness, its youthful joys, and a thousand half-fledged hopes that now take wing and return only to sing to her heart on some moment when sorrow recalled, brings memories thickly crowding upon her. Henceforth she must assume a calmness and cheerfulness she does not feel, receive coldness and checks from the ignorant, silence every rebellious murmur, keep back her thoughts closely veiled by the curtain of a placid countenance, overlook the powers of her mind and body, neglect her health and accept occasional episodes of want of employment; when the low remuneration she has received having prevented a store being set aside, she endures sufferings which it would make even those that have caused them, tremble to behold. And too often she does not engage alone; an aged mother, a sister has to be supported. But we need not pursue the picture further home; let our readers imagine it for themselves. We would not be used of averring

that the position we have just sketched is that of every teacher. But it is of thousands. Causes infinitely varied compel a numerous class of our population to devote themselves to teaching, and they fill various positions; but at the best they are never those of ease and comfort.

A FRIEND OF TEACHERS, A.M.

IMPORTANT ECCLESIASTICAL CONFERENCE.

[From the Baltimore Sun.] Archbishop Gibbons has just returned from a short visit to Cape May and Saratoga greatly improved in health. While away he took part in an ecclesiastical conference held in New York, Cardinal McCloskey presiding, for the purpose of electing a president for the American College in Rome in place of Bishop Chastat, lately elevated to the see of Vincennes, Ind. The election resulted in the choice of Rev. Louis E. Hostetler, of New York, the vice rector of the college. The new president of the American College is but thirty-two years of age. He went to Rome from the diocese of New York, and was educated at the American College, where he has ever since remained. The position is one of considerable importance in the relations existing between the Church in America and the authorities in Rome, and a large number of the American clergy have been educated at the institution.

The Archbishop has been informed by cable that a duplicate of the bills of appointment of Rev. John T. Keane, of Washington, as Bishop of Richmond, was registered and mailed from Rome on the 18th July, and, accordingly, will scarcely reach Baltimore before next week. The original bills, which were also forwarded by mail and registered, failed, it will be remembered, to reach their destination. Sunday, August 25th, the seventh Sunday after Pentecost, has been appointed by the Archbishop as the day for consecration of Bishop elect Keane, providing the bulls arrive in season. The coronation will take place in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, and will be of a very imposing character.

Archbishop Gibbons, the head of the Metropolitan See of America, and so lately himself Bishop of Richmond, will perform the ceremony and act of consecration. The Bishops of the Province of Baltimore are expected to attend, comprising Right Rev. P. M. Lynch, of Charleston, S. C.; Right Rev. William B. Gross, of Savannah, Ga.; Right Rev. John Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Right Rev. J. King, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, of Wilmington, Del., and Very Rev. F. Janssens, administrator of the diocese of Richmond and also of the vicariate apostolic of North Carolina. Prelates from other dioceses are also expected, and, in addition, a large array of clergy of Virginia and adjoining dioceses will be present. Baltimore, Maryland, and Washington, the present home of Bishop Keane, will be represented by numerous laity as well as clergy.

The London Spectator says Sir Garnet Wolseley has been appointed Governor of Cyprus, on a salary of £5,000 a year, and that Sir Stafford Northcote, of the 10th Hussars, will have a garrison of 10,000 men, 7,000 of whom are British, not Indian, and 3,000 of whom have no men to spare, this means an addition of 10,000 men to the army, and £1,000,000 a year to the military estimates. Immense sums, moreover, will have to be expended on harbours, which were only intended for galley ports on the roads, and on the organization of the civil service. The island, when its population recovers itself, will pay all expenses, but for about ten years it can scarcely afford to do so. £2,000,000 a year, cutting public work and barracks, to the expense of this country, and an expenditure justly independent of the British Government, which is a heavy burden to the Emperor's guarantee, and, at the same time, ensure good government in Asiatic Turkey, will involve. The new empire, however, will pay, doubtless, by-and-by, but unless it break faith either with the Turks or with its own conscience, we shall hardly escape for several years to come with less than a shilling to the pound income-tax. The Sultan has no need to pay any revenue our good management, may, however, induce upon a good army or a good fleet, but he will spend it all more pleasantly upon his subjects and himself, or, better, upon his old strength of it.

At the Arraugh Assizes recently before Judge Dowse, before sentencing a prisoner, asked whether the new rules, which require a prisoner to lie on a plank for the first month of the prisoner's term in Armaugh jail, and whether that month. Both questions having been answered in the affirmative, Baron Dowse said that not a word of the new rules was to be mentioned, but that his feelings like other men, he should give them a much shorter sentence than he would have considered the new rule nothing more or less than torture.

A FORMER SUZ CANAL.—The idea of a canal through the isthmus was considered some twenty years ago, and the excavation actually commenced upwards of two thousand years ago by Pharaoh Sesostris, king of Egypt, who lived some twenty and seventy-three years before the Christian era. The canal passed very nearly along the present route, and its modern successor, entering the sea at Suez, near the site of the present town of Suez, was of sufficient depth and breadth to admit the passage of galleys of a considerable size. Moreover, it is an historical fact, that in the year 812, a. c. Cleopatra, after the death of her husband, Actium, seeking that the forces of the Emperor Augustus, to resist those of Rome, attempted to cut a canal, to take her fleet through it into the Red Sea, with the view of escaping into a distant land, and making a project which failed in consequence of the hostility of the Arabs inhabiting the Isthmus of Suez, a channel existed for several centuries after Cleopatra's time, but became gradually blocked up and obliterated by the then unconquerable land.