

The remnant of the property belonging to the Galway Steamship Company has been sold by auction. 'There now remains,' says a Galway journal, 'scarcely a vestige of the project which a short time since seemed destined to restore our city to her ancient position of pride and prosperity.'

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir George Grey received the deputation on behalf of Muller at 2 p.m. He stated he had most carefully considered the case, and also consulted the judges, and their opinion and his own was, that there were no grounds for interference.

A few weeks ago the departure from Liverpool took place of a steamer called the Laurel, with about 100 men on board, many of whom had served with Captain Femmes. It was also hinted that Captain Femmes was himself on board. A despatch just received in Liverpool from Madeira is to the effect that the Laurel had been lying in Funchal Bay for several days previous to the 17th, and early on the morning of that day she steamed out to sea and met a large screw steamer (understood to be the new Alabama), on board of which were transferred the crew of the Laurel and cargo, consisting of guns, ammunition, &c. The screw steamer then made for the direction of Bermuda.—Express.

The Brothers Davenport, whose 'spiritual' manifestations at the Haverover square Rooms, London, must have reaped a rich harvest, seeing that the price of admission was a guinea for each visitor, lately transferred their 'seances' to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here the charge for admission was the same, but one of the audience, on the opening night, was so little satisfied with 'what he received for his money, that he applied to the Bench of Magistrates, asking for a summons to have it refunded. The summons was refused, and the Magistrates informed that as he was so silly as to part with his money in the way described, he had no remedy. If the Brothers Davenport have really a communication with the world of spirits they have now a glorious opportunity of proving it. In London, the German residents are busying themselves to save the life of Muller, and as revelation from the other world would unravel the mystery—if mystery there be, which we very much question—why not bring it out? Professor Anderson, the rival of 'the Brothers,' produces his effects by legerdemain; he acknowledges and avows it. The test we have suggested would, if established, put the Professor to the blush, remove all suspicion of fraud, and secure the triumph of Spiritualism.

GUY FAUX DAX.—A Clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Thomas Stevens, Vicar of Hathersage, with a good conscience and a good heart, thus writes of the Protestant festival of St. James the 1st of England:—Dear Brethren—It is by particular desire that the bells should not be rung on the 5th of November, and that such an uncharitable insult to our Catholic brethren should be abolished. But, although a wish on the part of your Vicar ought to have some weight with you, you may desire some further inducement to abolish an old custom, not being aware how wrong and uncharitable it is, as I hope now to convince you. From a child Guy Faux had seen his relations, friends, and brethren of the same religion persecuted in every possible way. He had seen them imprisoned, deprived of all their property, and reduced to beggary, banished, beheaded, half roasted, disembowelled, and cut in four quarters, all under the pretence of supporting the Protestant religion. He and two or three others brooded over these cruelties till they became gloomy fanatics, and insane enough to plot the atrocious tragedy, which was happily frustrated. How far the persecutors were to blame for goading them into this state of mind is best known to the Almighty and Just Judge, to whom they have long ago gone to render their account. But the Catholics were not responsible for the gloomy fanaticism of three or four conspirators, and should not be annually insulted on account of it. We ought to remember that our Catholic forefathers put up these bells to be rung to the glory of God and goodwill towards our brethren, and it is only as Catholics we have any right or title to them at all. If not Catholics—that is, if we dissent from the Catholic Faith or worship (for which the churches were built and endowed)—we are in the position of cuckoos in other birds' nests, partakers of sacrifices, and sharers of plunder. You may wonder how such a state of things became established; but as it is natural for the cuckoo to give a bad character to those birds whose nests they seize, and whose eggs they suck, so was it natural for some of our Protestant ancestors to give the worst possible character of the Catholics whom they persecuted and killed, and whose property they seized as a reward. After fifty years persecution they were so wicked as to retaliate for three years during the reign of Queen Mary; but this retaliation has been fearfully revenged by two hundred and fifty more years of persecution.—Surely it is high time this should now cease and die away, and such a vestige as the annual insult of the 5th of Nov. be abolished, and that we should now return to a better mind. I may add that the form of prayer for gunpowder treason never received the sanction of the Church, but was thrust in at the end of the Prayer Book by the spiritually-wicked in high places, who had profited by violence and injustice.

A Memorial has been got up by the German Legal Protection Society, and presented at the Home Office praying that the sentence upon Muller may be respited until some circumstances which they think are favorable to the convict, and did not come out at the trial, are duly investigated. When we mention that the notorious stamp who impudently assumes the title of Baron de Gamin, is prominently mixed up with these newly discovered circumstances we think we have said enough to satisfy the reader of their utter worthlessness. As the pseudo-Baron is a Frenchman, the Secretary of State, before attending to anything he may say, will, if not already acquainted with his antecedents, of course enquire of the Imperial Government who and what he is, or was before he preferred the air of England to that of France, and the answer will very probably go a great way in determining the amount of value which should be attached to his representations.—Sir George Grey being at his seat in Northumberland, the reply to the Memorial will not probably be received in town before we go to press. But its purport may be pretty safely anticipated. The new facts or fictions can have no influence upon the fate of the convict, who has been most righteously convicted and condemned. We have never called for the blood of a fellow creature, nor deprecated the exercise of the Crown's prerogative of mercy, and we will not do so now; but if Muller be reprieved there must be no more executions in the United Kingdom.—Weekly Register.

PRINCE HUMBERT IN LONDON.—An Attaché Unattached writes to us (Morning Herald) from Florence:—Every one revises the treaty of the 15th of September. Nevertheless look upon the project of law for the removal of the capital to Florence as an accomplished fact. The growing impression, however, is that the treaty was not so much intended for a menace to the temporal power of the Pope as a solvent to the supposed Holy Alliance of the North. Austria is objecting with admirable policy in affecting to have no objection to the Convention, but everybody in Austria and in Italy, whose eyes are not in the back of his head, firmly believed that there will be another Franco-Italian war against Rome before the time fixed for the evacuation of Rome. The Cabinet of Vienna hope by diplomacy to postpone this war to 1866—and what then? Will Russia, will Prussia sustain her in a war at the Quadrilateral? What of England's interest in the Adriatic? I fear Austria has little reliance on Prince Gortschakoff as on M. Von Bismarck, and on M. Von Bismarck as on Lord Russell. But the next war will begin where the last

ended, at the Quadrilateral, which has been immensely strengthened; and the Austrian army, barely beaten at Magenta and Solferino, has immensely improved in armament and discipline since. Another curious consideration touching the Convention is that it does not appear to alarm the Government of Rome in the least. The Catholic party in France, Germany, England, stigmatize it as an act of anti-Christ; but Pope Pius and Cardinal Antonelli remain perfectly serene and impassible. There is not even a sign as yet of the opinion of the Roman Sovereign. What can be the meaning of this? No one here has the least idea. But there are signs that the French Government is still pursuing its old plan of an Italian Confederation; and that if King Victor Emmanuel is to get Venetia as a prize of war, he will be told that he must drop Naples, which, indeed he at present holds, no matter what you may hear said to the contrary, only by brute force. Certain it is that the Muratists have taken quite a new fit of activity since the conclusion of the Convention.—While there was a chance that the Princess Anna might be married to Prince Humbert, and so become one day Queen of Italy, the Prince, her father, was willing to compromise his claims for a sum of money asserted to be due out of the Royal domain, to King Joachim. But since the Convention has been concluded his agents have received instructions to renew their operations. An active canvass, not without result, is proceeding among the higher and commercial classes in Naples and Sicily; and it is mentioned, I believe quite truly, that his Majesty that is to be if the Fates prove propitious, has actually assumed the arms and liveries of the kingdom of Naples, and is so received at the French Court. Appropos of Prince Humbert, much vexation is felt here at the way in which he was received in England. I am told on good authority that when he arrived at London he expressed to Lord Palmerston a wish to go to Scotland, naturally expecting that the hint would be sufficient to produce an invitation to Balmoral, but no invitation came. His Royal Highness was advised not to cross the border. It seems the Duke of Cambridge arrived in town during his stay, and remained for two days, but did not feel called upon to pay any attention, even a visit to the Italian ambassador. As the Prince of Wales went out of his way to visit General Garibaldi, who was at the moment an attainted rebel, unacknowledged by the King's embassy in London, the conduct of the rest of the Royal family to the son of Victor Emmanuel is felt to be the more peculiarly offensive. But this is not all. Lord Palmerston asked the Prince to dinner. His Royal Highness and suite arrived, according to the usage, some ten minutes late, so that his noble host might have all his guests duly assembled, in the way that it is usual to receive a prince of the blood. To his surprise and the wrath of the Royal suite, there was no preparation of the sort at Cambridge House. Prince Humbert of Italy was shown into the drawing room with no more ceremony than if he had been plain Mr. Oliphant or the editor of the Owl. Worse still, Lord and Lady Palmerston—through accident it is to be hoped, not domestic disagreement—were half an hour late to the reception of their guests. How it was explained to Prince Humbert I know not; but on the whole he was got back to Turin with very unfavorable impressions of England.

THE DUKES OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE SOLDIER.—Appropos of the recent official inspection of Dover garrison by his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, we are reminded of an *an dill* respecting him which we are disposed to give for what it is worth. As the story goes, the duke was on one occasion passing about among the men in barracks here, and was inquiring, as his wont, if they had any complaints to make. None had any grievances to tell save one, who was known to his comrades as an habitual grumbler, and who complained that the rations served out to him were not fit to be eaten. 'Very well, we will see,' said the duke, and ordering the soldier's dinner to be brought, he sat down and discussed the viands with an appetite that would have done credit to a farmer. When he had finished he sharply rebuked the astonished soldier, and told him he had been well punished by the loss of his dinner. The affair became a standing joke in the regiment, and the luckless grumbler found himself placed in anything but an enviable position.—Dover Chronicle.

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED STATUE AT ROME.—A correspondent of the Athenæum gives the following account of the recent discovery of a remarkable bronze statue at Rome:—'Rightly, a wealthy commissioner of Rome, has lately purchased an old palace for an old song, being in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a most rickety state; and, on setting people to work to dig a foundation, they came upon a pavement of large slabs of that marble called 'Porta Santa,' which is a dull veined marble, of a reddish hue, which comes from the islands of Iasus, in the Archipelago, and is properly called Marmor Jaseuse; it is, however, better known by its modern name, which it derives from its forming the jambs of the jubilee door at St. Peter's. This pavement was found thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; here, likewise, they came upon a massive wall, near which they found a piece of building somewhat resembling a Noah's Ark without the boat; the sides were of brick, and the roof was formed of large blocks of travertine, resting upon these walls, and uniting with beveled edges at the top (rigging, as they called it in Scotland).—There was two gable ends, each formed of one huge block of travertine. On several of the blocks are seen, large and well cut, the letters F.C.S. which, as yet, the archæologists here cannot explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, and preventing the work going on; but a steam engine was procured to work the pumps, which are now plied night and day. On opening the 'ark,' it was found to contain a magnificent bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, fourteen feet high, but lying on his back, or, as the Romans graphically describe it, 'panza per aria.' In art, this statue equals the finest that ever Greece produced, and the careful manner in which it has been hidden, and the means taken to protect it, argue that its value was known and appreciated. I suspect it must have been hidden in the fourth century to prevent its being carried off to Byzantium by the son of Constantine, who made off with everything he could lay his hands on in the shape of works of art, to enrich and adorn the city which was thenceforth to bear their imperial name. It is highly interesting to know that the coins which have been found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius, and Maximinus, commonly styled the Hercules. There were likewise coins of the Lower Empire. Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright (and the patina of which is still perfect), is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly enjoyed. It was found imbedded in marble chips, such as from the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head, sculptured in Parian marble. The black hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style as worn by ladies of the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to those statues and busts. The period of art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue, which is far from empty. On the first indications of this discovery, much speculation arose as to whether it were equestrian or not, and whether it might not prove to be a portrait statue of Pompey the Great, since the place where they were excavating is on the site of Pompey's Theatre, which was the first ever made in stone in Rome; and that its size was considerable is known

from the fact that it accommodated 20,000 spectators. These speculations as to what it is are now pretty well at rest, as the statue speaks for itself; at the same time, as there is a deal of that incrustation above-mentioned adhering to the features, there are some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within 10ft. of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting to us moderns, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

THE CASE OF GEDNEY V. SMITH.—Substitution of suppositions children for rightful heirs has been a favorite theme with novelists since romances were first written; but the ingenuity of sensation writers has seldom constructed a story more remarkable or more improbable in its incidents, than that which has just been brought to light by the trial of the Gedney suit in the Rolls Court. In all cases of this character a great deal of the evidence adduced is never reported in the columns of a respectable journal; and a still greater portion of the real facts is kept back even from the knowledge of the Court itself. To understand the rights and wrongs of such a domestic tragedy as that partially revealed by the recent proceedings in equity, it would be necessary to know much more about the private history of the different actors in the drama than can possibly be derived by the incomplete statement furnished by the legal report. All we learn is, that thirteen years ago a Mr. Gedney, a gentleman of some property in Lincolnshire, was married to a Miss Smith. Both the gentleman and lady appeared to have belonged to the upper classes of society, and the marriage seems to have been unobjectionable on either side. The union, however, turned out to be most unhappy. The misconduct of the husband entailed great misery upon the wife, whose health suffered grievously in consequence, and some years passed without any children being born to the unhappy couple. This is the prologue to the story. Suddenly, in the year 1854, Mrs. Gedney went up to London alone. There, according to the statement of the plaintiffs in the action, she was delivered of a child, who was undoubtedly recognised by her husband as his own, and was brought up the daughter of her reputed parents. 3 years afterwards the unfortunate lady died, a victim to the maladies caused by the misery of her married life; and before her death she made a statement, to more than one person, that the child who passed for her own was not really hers, but was a foundling whom she had procured for a purpose. The confession was brought to the husband's knowledge on the day of his wife's funeral. He took no steps to discover whether it was true or not, but was content to remain in doubt about the parentage of his reputed offspring. He married a second time, but the second marriage, which appears to have been as unhappy as the first, ended in a separation; and now, after the lapse of seven years, he comes forward to establish the legitimacy of the unfortunate little girl, by asserting her claim to certain property, which would have belonged to her by virtue of Miss Smith's marriage settlement, if she had been the legitimate descendant of her reputed mother. The claim was disputed by the late Mrs. Gedney's family; and the jury decided that their refusal to acknowledge the claim was justified by the evidence.—From the Daily Telegraph.

STATISTICS OF IRISH CRIME IN LIVERPOOL.—There is something impressively melancholy in the report presented by Father Nugent to the Magistrates of Liverpool, with reference to the numbers of Catholics and Irish in the prison of that borough. It is saddening to think that so many of our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists should be engaged swelling the crime of that great seaport, and that moreover they should be enticed to a bad pre-eminence in its criminal statistics. The largeness of the Catholic population in Liverpool would prepare us to find a considerable per centage of criminality amongst the poor of that denomination; but we certainly did not expect to find so decided a preponderance marked against the members of our faith. A year's commitments show us 2,250 Protestant males against 2,795 Catholics; and of females, 1812 Protestant against 3,053 Catholics. The foreign element does not, as might possibly be expected from the nature of the population of Liverpool, count for much in these tables. The number of male foreign prisoners committed for a period of nine months was but 60, and of females but four. The proportion of Irish born committed to that of other nationalities is as nearly as possible the same as the proportion of Catholics to that of other creeds. Taking the religious statistics we find 54 per cent of the males and 63 per cent of the females are Catholics. Referring to the statistics of nationality, we find that 57 per cent of males and 63 per cent of females are Irish. It may be pretty fairly assumed therefore that the Catholics committed are of Irish birth, and that their religious denominations is simply the natural accompaniment of that circumstance. The whole question is primarily one of nationality and of religion. Shocking as are the facts we have mentioned, we must look them in the face, and ascertain to what conclusions they point. No one unblinded by prejudice will for a moment believe that they bear in any important measure against either the religion or the country. But, as both religion and country are often judged only by the light of prejudice of the densest kind, we must endeavor to explain as fully as possible the causes which lie at the bottom of this anomalous state of things. As we have concluded from the figures, and as the fact is well known by those conversant with the question, the Catholics included in those criminal returns are mainly Irish. But why then should criminality prevail amongst a people who at home are so remarkable for their freedom from crime? Why should there be a larger number of Irish prostitutes committed to Liverpool goal than of English, when at home the purity of Irish girls is so remarkable as to have excited the wonder of strangers? Let us in the first place consider what is the class of persons who chiefly compose the Irish population of Liverpool. The males are generally unlettered peasants transferred from their rustic homes, where they have been fed upon starvation diet, to the midst of a community where their rude physical strength enables them to earn wages that must seem absolute wealth to them. The sudden spring from the depth of misery into prosperity has the ordinary effect upon uncultivated minds and extravagance is the consequence. Unhappily, amongst the lower classes of Irish, extravagance assumes but one form; and that is drink. The besetting devil of our country follows them into the land where they are possessed of more means of gratifying the evil passion than at home, and hence arise the offences which give them their shameful pre-eminence in criminality. That our description of the class is just must be inferred from the table with regard to the extent of education amongst the Catholic prisoners. It will be seen by reference to the figures that education amongst them is at the very lowest level—far and away beneath the average of the humblest classes of this country—and that they are therefore amongst the very worst prepared to withstand the ill effects of a sudden access of means. Upon the females causes of a different—almost an opposite—character, produce even worse results. The explanation given by Father Nugent is that Liverpool affords few openings for female labor in proportion to its population, so that the destitute and friendless girl is allured into the path of crime. This is quite consistent with the fact that while the possession of wealth often makes men immoral, poverty swells the ranks of female immorality. And concurrently is stated the other fact, that the locality is exceptional in its enormous mass of vice. 'A large seaport like this not only attracts, but it becomes the general refuge of the vicious and the fallen.'

Add to this that the per centage of education amongst those females is even lower than that found with the males. We have yet to come to one very important principle involved in this question: It will be asked what has Catholicism done for those wretched people? The reply is exceedingly simple. They are not really Catholics—they have practically abandoned that faith. Doubtless they retain sufficient of its traditions to acknowledge no other, but in the majority of instances that is their sole claim upon it. 'I find,' says Father Nugent, 'but of the total number of Catholics, 5,821, who were committed from September 30, 1863, to September 30, 1864, only 16 men and 4 women declared themselves to be in the habit of attending church regularly.' When we speak of those people virtually abandoning their faith we do so in no harsh spirit of condemnation. We speak more in sorrow than in anger. If they cannot be excused, at least it must be said that circumstances bear hard upon them. They are ignorant, they are tempted, and they are often deprived of the counsel of that warning voice which at home is so powerful to guard them against the dangers of their own passions. In the country where they find comfortable means of livelihood, Priests are few and overworked, and cannot give the amount of personal attention necessary. Here, of course, we will be met with the sneers, 'Can your religion do nothing for you without its Priests?' To this we reply, that the Priest is an essential element of the Church. Nevertheless, in the absence of the Priest, the Catholic is not without principle to guard his morality. This is very simple. The number of educated Catholics to be traced amongst the criminal population will be found to compare favorably with the educated of any other faith; while amongst the Catholic poor who are blessed with the ministry of their Clergy, the morality is, as is proved by the case of Ireland, brilliantly conspicuous. Bigots of other creeds triumph in the falling off from the Catholic faith exhibited by the Irish in strange countries. There is, we think, in the facts here given something for them to ponder. To diminish the adherents to the Catholic faith in order to swell the ranks of immorality is but a poor triumph after all. The latter has always a necessary consequence of the former. It was tersely expressed once by a Protestant Episcopal Bishop in America, a little more caudal than the majority of his followers. He was congratulated by an acquaintance on the numbers of Irish who have ceased to be Catholics. His reply was 'Yes, they leave the Pope and go to—the Devil.'—Cork Examiner.

DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.—On Monday night an outrage, happily of rare occurrence in our country, took place at Dunbog Manse, which, though attended with much damage to property, was happily unaccompanied by loss of life. It appears that the iron bush of a cart wheel, tightly plugged up at both ends with wood, in one of which a hole had been drilled, through which it had been filled with gunpowder, with a fuse inserted—thus forming a grenade—had been placed within a foot of the new oriel window of Dunbog Manse, and fired. The bush burst into splinters, spreading in all directions; two of them passed through the dining-room window, and through the ceiling, lodging in the floor of the room above; another passed up through the drawing-room. The whole of the plate-glass in the dining-room (valued at £11) was blown to a fine powder, while the whole glass of the study and pantry windows and fanlight of the door was broken. Fortunately Mr. Edgar was from home, and his housekeeper had recently gone over to Mr. Balinghail, Dunbog. The police are busy investigating the case.—Dundee Advertiser.

DEATH FROM CHEWING TOBACCO.—A Curious Case.—An inquest was held yesterday, at Ollithree, on the body of a boy named Richard Edmondson, who, it seems, had died under rather extraordinary circumstances. Deceased, 17 years of age, about a fortnight ago purchased half an ounce of a kind of tobacco known as Limerick roll. Deceased chewed it, and swallowed some of the juice. Directly afterwards he was seized with a sort of stiffness and tremor in his limbs; he fell into a lethargic sleep, and remained quite unconscious of all around him. After the lapse of a few days he had a kind of tetanic spasm and there was a rigidity about the stomach which almost prevented him swallowing, generally he was much convulsed; and he died after a week's illness. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. Scott, which showed that the body was somewhat emaciated. Nothing was found in his stomach, except a small quantity of dark matter; the stomach was highly congested, and there was extravasation of blood in the ventricles of the brain. In reply to the coroner, Dr. Scott said the appearance of the stomach and brain had led him to the conclusion that death had resulted from poison, and he believed, after having heard the evidence that such poison was narcotic poison, or that which was contained in tobacco which was usually sold. Verdict accordingly.

The banquet given on Tuesday in the Hall of the Middle Temple by the Bar of England to the first of living advocates, M. Berryer, has more significance than usually belongs to such demonstrations. In the person of M. Berryer the Bar of England paid honour to a man whom they and all nations can agree to recognise, as having through a long and glorious career presented an almost faultless model of the qualities which are recognised as forming in their aggregate the beau ideal of the Bar. And it is no exaggeration of party feeling, if we own to some slight pleasure in remembering that the illustrious man thus singled out for the admiration of future generations of advocates, is not only a Catholic and a Legitimist, but the very flower and pride of the Royalist party. Everything went off well, except the speech of 'il nostro Gladstone.' The familiar demon who has possession of that infatuated man actually compelled him to take the opportunity of a banquet in honor of the great Royalist and devoted Bourbonist leader, to make a perfectly gratuitous and ill-timed attack upon the late Bourbon Government of Naples. In the case of a man whose fanatical frenzy when he speaks of the Bourbon Kings or of the Italian Revolution, so distorts the countenance and so shakes the frame as to suggest the idea of a demoniacal possession, it would be folly to talk about good taste or the proprieties. But it was a pity.

UNITED STATES.

THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN PHILADELPHIA. An Architectural Wonder—It Costs over a Million Dollars.

We give below an interesting description of the great Catholic Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, in Philadelphia, which was dedicated on Sunday November 20. The Cathedral is a wonderful building. It is the largest Catholic Church in the United States, cost a million of dollars; and is built solely from the contributions of the poorest religious denominations in Philadelphia. The celebration on Sunday last was a magnificent affair. High mass was celebrated. Over seventy singers took part, and the singers of the Catholic Churches are famous for the ability with which they render the grand music of the Catholic services. Haydn's mass, number three, was sung. An orchestra of thirty-four pieces assisted. The Cathedral, as yet, has no organ. Over a hundred thousand people were present, and Logan Square and all the adjoining streets were filled to their utmost capacity. The day witnessed a celebration unworked in Philadelphia. The New York Evening Express says:—The Cathedral is the largest Church in North America, north of the City of Mexico, with the exception of one or two churches there, it is the largest on the Western Hemisphere. It exceeds in size the Montreal Cathedral, and as a monument of massive architecture, will last as long as the ground on which it stands. The Cathedral has been paid for as it was built. Each stone laid, each nail driven, has been the offering of the faithful members of the Church. Over one million of dollars have been contributed

for its construction. The work has gone on slowly, and without ostentation. But few men have been employed, and nearly all began their labors when the building began, 13 years ago. A quarter of a lifetime they have spent in laboring on one spot. The work has scarcely been heard of—outside the Catholic Churches it has been seldom mentioned. Although the Cathedral is the greatest edifice in Philadelphia, no one outside the church, has been asked to contribute. Almost imperceptibly it has grown up in our midst, and we have scarcely noticed it. So slowly has one stone been laid on another, that until a few days ago, when the forthcoming dedication was announced, half Philadelphia knew such a building was in existence, or in contemplation, but that was all. Now the daily pilgrimages to Logan Square are numerous. The cars are loaded. Thousands stand there in the streets, staring up at the edifice, whose sacred mysteries were unveiled on Sunday last.

The Cathedral was designed and its construction superintended by Napoleon Le Brun, Esq. It is built of dark brown stone. Everything about it is massive. Huge columns adorn the front, and are surmounted by enormous capitals which in turn support the solid brown front of the roof. The cornice is the largest of any building in the United States, and projects farther forward. Though massive, everything is elaborately ornamented. The building is 136 in front on Logan Square, and from the ground to the apex of the pediment of the front is one hundred and one feet six inches. The ground plan is an oblong, one hundred and thirty-six feet broad by two hundred and sixteen feet long. The building is shaped like a cross. The nave or long piece of the cross is one hundred and ninety-two feet in length. The transept or short piece is one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length. Each is fifty feet wide. West of the transept, the nave is bordered on each side by heavy pillars ten feet square, supporting a vaulted ceiling, which spreads over the ground floor, at a height of eighty feet. On the outside of each row of pillars are aisles, twenty-two feet wide and forty-two feet high covered in with small domes, each having a circular window in the top, with a small stained glass centre. The north aisle windows have blue centres. The nave is lighted from the top by a row of large windows on each side of the vaulted ceiling. East of the transept on each side of the sanctuary or chancel is a chapel, twenty-two feet wide and thirty-nine feet long. Each of these is lighted by a single stained glass window at the top. Unlike most buildings in the country there are no side windows, and all the light is introduced from above. This, taken in conjunction with the prevailing color of the whole interior, which is made to resemble Paris stone heightens the architectural effect, and imparts the solemn and religious tone appropriate to such an edifice. The few stained glass windows in the building throw no light in any part but the chapels. The clear white, natural daylight, in all its purity, lights up the nave and transept, and pleases far more than any stained glass can.

The sanctuary, or chancel, is fifty feet wide and forty-six feet deep. It is paved with fine marble, the stones being laid so as to form a pleasing figure. It is called in Latin one of the most magnificent marble railings ever seen in Philadelphia. It is low, broad, plain and rich; polished to the highest susceptibility of the stone, without any ornament but its own brilliancy. The altar when completed, will be a grand affair. The steps only are now laid. Four steps go up to the base of the altar, they are all made of Pennsylvania marble, excepting that the elevations of two of them are encased with jet black marble from Killarney, Ireland.

But the greater triumph of the Cathedral is the dome. At the base it is seventy-one feet in diameter. The walls are ten feet thick, and inside it is fifty-one feet across. From the ground to the top of the dome is two hundred and ten feet and above the dome stands a huge gilded cross. Being on elevated ground the Cathedral is by far the highest building in the city. It almost makes one giddy to stand on the marble pavement and gaze up into the dome. One hundred and fifty-six feet above where you stand it closes over you. The eye is lost almost in the endless circles of stone upon stone which gradually close together far above. At the top on the inside, is a painting of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven. It is a circular painting, and is so far away that it looks almost small enough for the hands to span it. Yet it is 27 feet broad and almost 86 feet around the outer edge.

The broad pavement is of marble. It extends all over the ground floor and is laid on brick arches. The pavement cost \$10,000. The artist who has adorned the Cathedral is Constantine Brumidi Esq. For more than three years past he has been engaged on the decorations of walls.

Since the election, the Daily Tribune, of this city, (Chicago) has been engaged in various ways endeavoring to stimulate animosity against the Catholic Church, and in its issue of yesterday, has openly proclaimed its purpose of inaugurating a crusade against the members of that religious body.

That we may not be accused of misconstruing their design, we propose to quote a few extracts from the leading article of that paper of yesterday's date. Its animus is too plainly evident to need comment:—Cor. Freeman.

'The only sectarian denomination in the United States which belongs to one party in solid mass are the Catholics. There are, it is true, a few conspicuous exceptions to this rule. But the proportion is so insignificant in point of numbers that, practically, the Catholic Church is a unit for the Copperhead party. This fact is notorious everywhere. It is observed in all places—in the rural districts as well as in the cities and towns. . . . Without the powerful support of the Catholic Church, the Copperhead party could scarcely carry a county or township, city or village in the Free States. The Catholics constitute the backbone and muscle of that political organization outside of rebellion. Lincoln's majority over McClellan is four hundred thousand; but subtract from McClellan the Catholic vote, and Lincoln's majority would exceed a million. The immense majority given to the Copperhead ticket in the city of New York was entirely contributed by the Catholics. And in this city, if the Catholic vote were withheld from the Copperheads, the Union ticket would get 10,000 majority. If it were given to the Union ticket the majority would be nearly 20,000.

No sect votes solid at all elections for one party except the Catholics. Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, Episcopalians, Universalists, and Jewish, belong to both parties. A large majority of Protestant Church members act politically with the Union party; but there is a considerable minority in each of the denominations who support the other side. Perhaps one-half of all the Protestant foreigners in the United States are Republicans, and the other half call themselves Democrats. But the Catholics, foreign or native, exhibit no such divisions of political sentiment. They unite politics and religion, and throw the immense weight of the 'Mother Church' into the Copperhead scale. Why is this? Is it accidental? Have all Catholics made up their minds unambiguously by the Church, that the Copperheads are right and the Republicans are wrong? That the war ought to be stopped and the independence of the rebel acknowledged in case they refuse to be coaxed back into the Union?

Can it be possible that the Catholic people have all arrived at this conclusion by their independent and individual reflection and volition? Protestants and Jews differ on the grave and vitally important question of the preservation of the nation; but Catholics are a unit and vote as a unit. Has their clergy nothing at all to do in producing the astonishing unity of political opinion and action which exists in that Church?