

ornament." To men of narrow minds and bigoted fanaticism, there seemed to be, at that time, an end of Catholicity in Ireland. Even Swift, with all his genius, and with that marvellous insight into the hollowess of the state of things around him, could only speak of the poor Papists in Queen Anne's time as deserving only of the most abject pity and contempt. The theme is a humiliating one. The country which had been distinguished many centuries before for the fervour of its sanctity, and for the extraordinary pre-eminence of its religious men, was smitten to the dust; and the most solemn offices of religion were performed in fear and trembling, with attendant scouts on every hill-top to blight the advent of a foe, whose sacrilegious proclamations were all the more fiercely and pleasurably ragged when the victim was some poor aged priest caught in his sacred vestments at the Altar of Sacrifice. All this, thank Heaven, is changed. The glorious spectacle upon which St. Patrick looked down on Sunday, the 24th August, in the National Cathedral at Armagh, which bears his illustrious name, was one that, speaking merely from human feelings, one might be tempted to believe would add a joy even to the delights of paradise. The Saint's vision is, perhaps, about to be fully realised at last. A public national ceremony, like that at Armagh, in which no less than fifteen Archbishops and Bishops officiated, in presence of a Prince of the Church, Cardinal Cullen, and which was attended by nearly 500 priests, besides many thousands of the noblest and best of the land, was, undoubtedly, a noblest and best of the history of the nation, and full of hope for the future of Ireland.

IRELAND'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.—That was a splendid period in Irish political history which is known as the Parliamentary Period. Hallam calls it "a period fruitful of splendid eloquence, and of ardent, though always uncompromising patriotism." The year 1782 was, in fact, the year of Irish revolution; a whole series of laws was swept away, and Ireland, except in allegiance to the English Crown, became an independent nation. Much criticism and amazement have been bestowed on the Parliamentary era, but there are some men who rise far above both. Such a man was Henry Grattan, who showed how pure and elevated a statesman Ireland could produce. Character is a more valuable element in statesmanship even than ability, and there are few lives which have reflected more moral lustre on our annals than that of the high-minded Grattan. Greatly as he succeeded, first in the Irish Parliament, and afterwards in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, as an orator, at the bar he did not obtain the high reputation of many of his contemporaries. Curran is, perhaps, the best example of that forensic eloquence which has so pre-eminently distinguished Irishmen both at the Irish and English bar. Another brilliant Irish orator was Sheil. He was born near Waterford, and brought up amid the splendid scenery of the Suir. One of his first writings was concerned with some of the intellectual glories of Irishmen, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar." In 1836 he came into Parliament, and for many years his brilliant oratory was one of the greatest ornaments of the House of Commons. For sheer eloquence there was hardly anyone to equal him. Colcland said, "He was not like any other man I had ever heard making a speech; he seemed to be like one possessed." Even an unfriendly critic, Christopher North, said, "Nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever gazed from human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you like a basilisk, so that you forget everything else about him." He fell into bad health and his political friends made him English Minister at Florence, where he died. This striking eloquence, which we might almost say is an endowment peculiarly Irish, was strongly exemplified in the late judge, Mr. Justice Streeby. He was of Irish parentage, and characterised by the present Lord Chief Justice as the most eloquent advocate that had ever adorned this or any other forum. The present Lord Chief Justice Whitehead has admirably maintained the oratorical honors of Ireland both in the forum and in the senate. His famous speech on the trial of O'Connell was pronounced the most brilliant effort of the kind since the days of Curran. In Townsend's "Modern State Trials" there is a remarkable account of this eminent judge's splendid eloquence. Like other Irish orators, there is something truly classic in his vein of eloquence; in one of his speeches, in his peroration, he almost translates literally from the speech of Eschines on the Crown. His parliamentary career was eminently successful; he always pleased and kept the ear of the House. It is not by forensic eloquence alone that Irishmen have distinguished themselves at the bar. The illustrious ex-Chancellor, Lord Cairns, was long the most successful and learned pleader in the Equity Courts, and was Lord Chancellor and leader of the House of Lords at an earlier age than had ever hitherto been known in our annals.—People's Magazine.

CHANGE OF ASSAULTING A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN.—A special court of petty sessions was held at Markethill to investigate charges made against a number of men for having on the 24th of August last waylaid and assaulted the Rev. Peter Kerley, C.C., on the road between Markethill and Armagh. The attack on the rev. gentleman took place as he was returning from the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Armagh. Evidence having been given, the bench refused to return any of the prisoners for trial, on the ground that they had not been fully identified. They were accordingly discharged.

The Cork Examiner says:—"It is stated that one of the results of the recent visit of the Lords of the Admiralty to Haulbowline was to cause the discharge of forty hands, skilled and unskilled, from the works of her Majesty's dockyard."

DUBLIN, Sept. 16.—A serious riot took place at Tralee to-day. Several houses were re-buffed. The police were obliged to charge on the mob with fixed bayonets before it could be dispersed.

THE MILITIA RIOT.—Sentence has been passed by the Court of Inquiry appointed to consider the conduct of the two militia regiments engaged in the unseemly riot of the 10th ult. Both regiments will be at once disbanded. Lord Sandhurst's memorandum ascribes the origin of the affray to a drunken squabble in the canteen.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CONVERSIONS.—The Rev. G. Angus, late Curate of Presbury, near Cheltenham, has been received into the Catholic Church. The Church Herald says:—"We learn with regret, but with no surprise, that the intemperate and ignorant theological utterances of Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, are not unlikely to be the means of detaching several, both clergy and laity from communion with the National Church."

The great crime of the Church of Rome, as every right-thinking Englishman knows, is to have "corrupted" both the form and the creed of the Primitive Church. The newspapers say so, and they are not often mistaken. A good many preachers agree with the newspapers. Yet as nothing seems to be easier than to "revive" the Primitive Church, an operation which a multitude of "pure and reformed" communities have effected with complete success, the Church of Rome has not done so much harm after all. At all events the mischief has been extensively repaired. It is quite astonishing what a number of undoubtedly Primitive Churches there are just now in the world. In certain soils they seem to be a natural growth, and spring up spontaneously. There are said to be about one hundred and twenty Christian sects, each of which, though differing from all the rest, boasts to have reproduced, to the great confusion of the Church of Rome, exactly the faith and discipline of the Primitive

Church. And they are all equally confident, by clear demonstration of Holy Writ, that theirs is the true and genuine article, and that every other is spurious. There is our old friend the Church of England, which everybody admits—at least everybody who has the good fortune to belong to it—to be an exact copy of the original institution. The resemblance is perfect in every particular. We must suppose, therefore, if we have the privilege to be Anglicans, that in the Primitive Church, which we have so happily revived in our England, it was usual to practise Confession, and to revile it at the same time; to exalt the Priesthood, and to laugh at it; to adore the Real Presence, and to ridicule it; to believe in Regeneration by Baptism, and to deny it; to abhor heretics, and to remain in communion with them; to call schism a crime, and to rejoice in every fresh example of it; to consider unity essential, and to be in communion with nothing and nobody. The Primitive Church may have been all this, as its Anglican restorers appear to believe, but perhaps the evidence of the fact is not quite decisive.—Tablet.

HOME RULE.—The Standard of Monday morning says:—"Men remember that the statesman who carried the Irish Church Act is the author of the policy of 'Irish ideas.' In denouncing in 1835 the policy of the Irish Church, which he passed in 1869, Mr. Gladstone himself expressly connected the Irish Church and the legislative independence of Ireland together. Opposing the Appropriation Clause, he said:—"In principle you propose to give up the Protestant Establishment: if so, why not abandon the political government of Ireland and concede the Legislative Union?" "Why not?" Mr. Butt continues to ask. One part of the work is done and the rest is still to come, and Home Rulers naturally regard Mr. Butt as only gathering up the waters of popular excitement until it should suit their minister to ride upon their tide. It is this state of things that gives the Home Rule party strength, and for the sake of Ireland and of the general community it is urgent that the public should as speedily as possible make it clear that Liberal politicians have no power to commit the country to this policy of Home Rule, and when the question of disruption of the United Kingdom is involved, no political party dare lend itself to the enemies of the Union.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—The following advertisement appeared in the Times a few days ago:—"For Honorary Schools, Tutors, Governesses, apply by letter to the Rev. Charles Voysey, Camden-house, Dulwich, S.E." As an outspoken announcement it beats anything of the kind we have ever met with. Applicants to Mr. Voysey must not complain if he supplies them with the real article. We wonder how much heresy, or how little truth, Mr. Voysey will undertake to guarantee. We presume he has specimens of various degrees of strength on hand to suit the taste of his patrons, who, we fear, if they can only summon up courage, will not be few nor far between. As to schools he can have no difficulty in recommending establishments where no religion whatever is taught. But perhaps the whole thing is a hoax, and Mr. Voysey has no agency of the kind.—Tablet.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," saith the poet; and no student of human nature will deny that all mankind, be their epidermis white or black copper-coloured or olive, are wonderfully alike in their affections and their fears, and that Shakespeare would have been just as correct, if for "nature" he substituted "superstition." The simple act of sneezing, which, in many parts of Ireland is looked upon as an ill omen, and causes the nearest aged female piously to cross herself with a "Deu avertet omen," would have been sufficient, three thousand years ago, to have dispersed an assembly of polished Greeks, whether in the senate or the circus. The obi of the African fetish-woman has its counterpart in the waxen eidolon of the English witch, into which the sticking of a number of pins brought so many nangs of anguish to the living object of the incantation. The divinations of the haruspex, forecasting the outcome of some mighty enterprise of the world's mistresses, have their caricature, in the teeny prediction, of local fortune-tellers of our own age; and the amulet and the charm are common alike to the peasant of Candahar and Catania. The truth of this proposition is well demonstrated in an incident which occurred a few days ago in the good old fishing port of Newhaven. It seems to be an established fact there that the best means of injuring an enemy is to throw salt on the fire and wish him ill, using at the same time certain magical signs and words known to the inhabitants of the place. The existence of this simple method of gratifying personal spite was lately the cause of a breach of the peace in the aforesaid fishing village. A middle-aged fishwife appeared one day in the vicinity of the pier, shouting, bawling, and making a great uproar. The cause of her excitement was that she had seen her niece, a Mrs. Murray, carrying a bag of salt, the very sinews of war, according to Newhaven gossip, to her husband's herring boat. This spectacle excited the liveliest apprehensions in the mind of the poor woman, since she had been credibly informed that Mrs. Murray had "beseeched" her godman to perform a "diabolical act" with a view of injuring her, and had implored him not only to throw one, but three handfuls of salt on the fire, the consequences of which proceeding are of course, incalculable. The worthy fishwife's anxiety unfortunately relieved itself in language and conduct so unbecoming to a public thoroughfare that the matter ended in the Loth Police-court, where the aunt was fined half-a-crown for the energetic scolding administered to her niece.

Mr. Bright has become, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a great "patron" of Church livings. After the Premier and the Lord Chancellor, who holds the Queen's conscience, Mr. Bright takes almost the next place as "dispenser of Ecclesiastical preferment." As he means to fulfil the duties of his office, he will undoubtedly also insist on the full enjoyment of its incidental privileges, although he is a Nonconformist—"a Dissenter of Dissenters," as he once described himself—before ascending to office, in the days when he talked of Home Rule for Ireland, etc. Will his "patronage" be given to that inauspicious form of Protestantism which approaches nearest to dissent from dissent; and will he further grieve the honest soul of Archdeacon Denison in favor of Mr. Voysey's dissenting views? As a "liberal" politician, and no churchman, he will probably take the impartial course of appointing by turns High and Low and No-Churchmen, as a sure way to re-establish Christian peace and concord in the Established Church.

Archdeacon Denison, in a letter to the Daily Telegraph, says: "I propose to insist, at future opportunities, upon the manifold privilege, use, and blessing of private confession and absolution both to priest and people." This is in reference to a sermon he lately preached in Wells Cathedral, combating the ground taken by the Anglican Bishops in denouncing to the petition of certain of their clergy for facilities to hear Confessions.

One hundred tons of American bar iron sold at Liverpool at £11 10s, thus underselling the English market.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—Advices from Cape Town state that the Ashantees have defeated the British boat expedition on the River Perah.

The price of coal has again advanced, the best household qualities being now quoted in London at 38s per ton.

The Mark Lane Express says the potato disease is spreading rapidly. The same paper estimates that England must import 12,000,000 quarters of wheat this year.

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.—The Freeman's Journal gives the following excellent advice to the Irish in England. Now that the Irish vote in England is rapidly becoming a something to be propitiated by politicians and incipient statesmen, it is of importance that that vote should be directed by reason and common-sense. In the constitutional struggle for Irish rights the Irish electors in England can lend their country most valuable aid. They can decline to support the candidate who is personally or politically hostile to the interests of Ireland. They can give their warm support to the candidate who would support the concession to Ireland of her just claims, and notably her claims to Local Self-Government. At the next General Election, in many English urban constituencies, the equal balance of parties will render the Irish vote of vast importance, and it is well that it should be generally understood that that support is only obtainable by candidates who are willing to treat Ireland fairly. At the same time, there is one consideration which it would be most unsafe to entirely lose sight of. We should serve our country with prudence and moderation, as well as with zeal.

DYING FROM STARVATION.—Through a scarcity of subjects peculiar to the three or four weeks which follow the prorogation of parliament, one of the daily papers has mustered up sufficient humanity to plead the cause of the poor—"God's poor," as they used to be called in the good old days of Catholic England, when poor laws and workhouses and starvation and the Church instituted by Henry VIII. were unknown. Our contemporary seems to have only just heard for the first time that people are allowed to die of starvation in London—in the richest city of the world—"with charities of all sorts, with palatial hospitals, and with a poor law system very costly if not efficient;" that death by hunger in the metropolis of England is a common incident; that starvation in the boasted centre of charity and civilization is positively a permanent disease. Happy contemporary, to have been able thus long to remain ignorant or oblivious of this humiliating, this saddening, this old standing national fact! Your intercourse with the working classes of the metropolis, your opportunities of becoming acquainted with their inner lives, must indeed have been rare! Our contemporary is puzzled as to the cause of this public disgrace. No wonder, when the writer of the article to which we are referring goes on the presumption that the humanitarian character of our early poor-law system is beyond dispute, and that in kindness to the poor it surpasses all other systems, unless, perhaps, that of Mecklenburg. That the unfortunate for whose special benefit this expensive mode of dispensing charity was supposed to have been instituted, and who have had a practical experience of its working, think otherwise, is proved pretty convincingly by the oft repeated facts of poor people preferring starvation to workhouse relief or shelter. Why, asks our contemporary, should nearly a hundred persons be allowed to die annually from starvation in the midst of a community affluent, benevolent and energetic, and provided with an elaborate legal machinery to render such horrors impossible? To a person not blinded by prejudice and bigotry—and to a person who has had opportunities of reading English history by other than Protestant and the atrociously misrepresenting state records which were compiled for certain, not honest or honorable, purposes during the reign of the eighth Henry and the first and last, pray God, the last Elizabeth—an answer to the question is obvious. When England was in the enjoyment of the blessing of one united Catholic Church—long before the Reformation which has cursed the land with Low Churches and High Churches, Broad Churches and Narrow Churches, and religious isms and isms and isms without number—the poor of our country were treated as objects of interest and sincere pity, instead of as objects of contempt and indifference. Poverty was not treated as a crime. It was, as it is, treated as an affliction permitted by the Almighty. It was not dealt with on the strength of any laws made by man. It was provided in accordance with the law of God Himself. The poor were looked upon as God's poor, and they were helped and soothed and saved from many of the natural consequences of poverty through the many religious houses and religious men and women whom Henry the Eighth did his best to exterminate. The acceptance of such brotherly and sisterly assistance and consolation did not entail a breaking up of the homes of the poor; it did not mean the destruction of all further chance of holding on in the struggle of life. In the hope that better times might come, it did not mean the snapping of every family tie; it did not mean the surrender of every affectionate bond; it did not mean public humiliation, public degradation, and utter loss of self-respect and self-dependence; it did not mean a forfeiture of all that makes existence upon earth worth living for. The poor-law relief system, which was begot of the ever lamentable Reformation, entails and means all this. No wonder that our poor should abhor and shudder at it; no wonder that a hundred human beings should every year, in London alone, prefer the lingering sufferings of death by starvation than they should accept succor on such terms.

This is the secret of there being such an alarming amount of distress in the midst of such unexampled plenty and with the existence of one of the most elaborate and costly poor relief systems to be found anywhere. One hundred people allowed to starve every year in the metropolis of a nation whose capital has been increased during the past ten years by the incredible and incomprehensible sum of £1,000,000,000! One hundred poor sufferers who lose their lives every twelve months through want of food, and £1,000,000,000 being added yearly to our money resources! One hundred fellow-creatures suffered to die annually through a want of the common necessities of life, and a state Church and state archbishop and bishops and clergy—who presume to be the successors of those unostentatious and genuinely earnest apostles to whose kindly consideration and care our Savior recommended in a special manner the poor—living in wanton and unbecoming luxury on the spoils of the Church persecution and wholesale robbery on the strength of which they came into existence. A Church and a hierarchy and a poor relief establishment swallowing up yearly as much money as would provide a comfortable life competence for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom, and yet a hundred of God's creatures dying every year of starvation and without a knowledge of their Maker. What a spectacle! What a result of 300 years' working of the misnamed Reformation! How long is it to be borne? This has been truly an affliction. Thank God, there are at last hopeful indications of the passing away of this just punishment for the sins and cowardice of our forefathers, who, through corrupt influences and through fear, were induced and forced to fall away from the real and only Church of Christ, and thus assisted in the calamitous work which Henry VIII. and some of his followers accomplished but too well. The Almighty has begun to remove the horrid nightmare by which England has been afflicted for over 300 years; and the eyes of the people are being opened to the error which their forefathers have bequeathed to them. The people of England have come to inquire and to think as to what was the character and the work of the Church which existed for ages before Henry VIII. found it inconvenient to the prosecution of his vile passions, and swept it away. Catholic religious houses are again springing up in all parts of England, and everywhere these much needed institutions are able to live on the voluntary assistance of Catholics. The work of undoing what has been done, and what has too long cursed the land, is progressing slowly, but surely—so surely that England's return to Catholicity and the swallowing up of all

existing schism can be not very far away in the future.—London Univers.

EMIGRATION.—The Times of Monday morning says:—"While England is daily called upon to admit a long list of shortcomings by the measure of her own lofty pretensions and in comparison with her numerous rivals, there is one point at least in which it cannot be denied that she is first among the nations. To the British Isles it is given, above every other territory or realm, to increase and multiply the people and replenish the earth. A large part of the world would stand still and have to declare itself betrayed and insolvent, if this much-abused country did not feed it regularly with British hearts and hands. In round numbers we last year supplied the world with 300,000 persons, of course of all ages and both sexes, but with much more than their proportion of strength, health, activity, and fitness for work. This was about 40,000 more than we sent abroad in either of the years 1870 and 1871.

The British press treat with unparading ridicule the failure of the trans-Atlantic balloon project.

UNITED STATES.

NOT THE RELIGION OF THE POOR.—The Methodist, the chief organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, tells its readers that Methodism "has caused to be the Religion of the poor." It is a most singular fact, that as a Protestant Church becomes rich it becomes exclusive. The preacher will tell you that all are invited, all welcomed to their ministrations; and yet, few other than the worldly respectable ever darken the doors of their churches. Why is this? Evidently because the poor man and the poor woman do not feel themselves at home in their temples. They are somehow made to feel that they are intruders, that the Gospel therein preached is not intended for them. Here and there a philanthropist among the preachers will be seen visiting the poor and trying to instruct them by the enunciation of stale and empty platitudes. But rarely does it happen that these ministerial visits have the effect to induce those to whom they are made to attend the Sunday services in Church. There is something in the surroundings which is antagonistic to the poor man's nature.—The very make-up of the congregation is suggestive of touch-me-not exclusiveness, and he feels better away. Only the Catholic is the religion of the poor. The Church of God speaks to the poor man's heart, and in her temples he feels that he is in his proper place. She follows him with loving activity from the cradle to the grave. There is not a phase of his existence disconnected from her ministrations. Is he sick, God's minister is at his command. Is he burdened with sin, that same minister is ready to absolve him on assurance of repentance. In her visible temples and out of them he is made to feel that the Church is his true Mother, loving him and caring for him with watchful tenderness? And why is this? Because the Spirit of God abides with her; because she is fulfilling the command laid upon her by her Divine Founder to preach the Gospel to the poor.

ORANGEISM.—Like flies in amber, not because they are rich or rare, remarks the Catholic Review, the wonder being how they got there, paragraphs such as the following, are the curiosities of the Christian Intelligencer. We may state, however, in explanation, that it is from the pen of one of its foreign correspondents. Coming from any source, it is an honest testimony to the character of as ugly a set of ruffians as the globe can produce, and coming from the source that it does, it may convince many good people that their Orange pets, either here, in Canada, or in Ireland, need a vast amount of civilization. But we quote:—"The twelfth of July has passed over quietly in the North of Ireland. There were great gatherings and long processions of the Orangemen, a vast deal of drumming and music, and of tall talk about our Protestant institutions. But the practical effect of these demonstrations, as far as Roman Catholics are concerned, is only to irritate and exasperate them; to remind them that they are a conquered race, and that there are many who make loud boasts of their Protestantism, who would still keep them in a degraded position if they had the power, and thus to prejudice them most effectually against Protestantism and the Gospel. The universal testimony of our correspondents is that they have free access to Romanists, and can sell many religious books among them when they are away beyond the influence of these displays; but that whenever they come into districts where party spirit prevails, and where party processions are the order of the day, the door is closed against them. And so far as the Orangemen themselves are concerned, the effect of the addresses that are delivered to them is to nurture the delusion that they are the very cream and bulwark of Protestantism, and to lead a set of ignorant dupes to substitute Orangeism for the Gospel, and to flatter themselves that they are the special favorites of Heaven. I have sometimes been called upon to visit such persons upon their sick beds, and have found them to be utterly ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. Those who witnessed the processions of the 12th inst., state that they were chiefly composed of the lowest orders of the people. Very few of the better classes gave them any countenance. And I have heard several persons in different towns state that they never witnessed so much drunkenness, or observed so many of the Orangemen under the influence of drink. And yet a few ministers of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches still countenance this system, and some by their fiery harangues inflame the worst passions of the ignorant multitudes."

AN ASTRONOMER SOLID.—They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday-school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly, and stuck it, with the aid of some mauling, in the center of the largest lens of the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spirits and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he had found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he went on the dome, the next morning, to polish up his glass, he found the lightning-bug. People down at Alexandria seven miles distant, heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic dispatches amounted to \$25,000, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.—Max Adeler.

THE DEAD DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—Some curious facts appear in the obituary notice of the Duke of Brunswick, printed in the London papers. The Times of Aug. 21 says: "It is not in the Almanach de Gotha that we have to look for a record of the later years of Duke Charles of Brunswick. His rejection by his people, and the calm approval of that rejection by the German Diet, removed the

sayings and doings of the Duke of Brunswick out of the sphere of politics. He was only six-and-twenty when, as it appears, not only the indignation of his subjects but the Conservative instincts of the Frankfurt Diet rejected his pretensions to government. Thenceforward his career had no connection with the politics of Europe. With boundless wealth and the inheritor of a noble name, the Duke, dispossessed as he was of his sovereignty, had, if he had been able to use it, a splendid opportunity before him. There was no Court in Europe which could refuse to recognize his dignities; none, if he had been wise, which could have an interest in refusing to do so. His income of a million a year was enough, with the prestige of his birth, and his former position, to make him a place in the inner circle of the highest society of Europe. Strangely—so strangely that it seems as though madness were somewhere at work—the Duke of Brunswick gambled away for forty years his magnificent chances. His noble birth, his vast fortune, all the opportunities of his position seemed in his hands to wither into worthlessness. Many dispossessed Princes have taken a place in society more respectable and respected than the prosperity of usurpers, but this decent dignity Duke Charles of Brunswick seemed never able to attain. His name for a whole generation was in the mouths of men in England and in France, but it was associated with all kinds of malignant, and disreputable gossip, with talk which more and more permanently disconnected the Duke's name from the idea of any possible return to sovereignty. No one would have cared about his taste for ballooning, or for expending upon the most costly jewels, if the Duke had limited himself to these harmless eccentricities; but he became by some misfortune or fault of temper, the centre of many quarrels and the mark of many slanders. His wild conduct, both in the English and French capitals, excluded him first from the English Court and then from the more tolerant salons of the Tuilleries. The Duke, as an accomplished epicure, and the owner of, perhaps, the finest collection of jewels that has ever been brought together by a private person, was tortured by two terrible fears—of poison and of robbery. The eccentricity of his precautions against these dangers excited amusement, first in London, and afterwards in Paris. With these stories were mingled others of a more repulsive kind, which took a colour of reality from the exclusion of the Duke of Brunswick from those courtly circles in which by right of birth he had an unquestioned claim to move. Though he was the ward and kinsman of two of our Kings—George IV. and William IV.—though he was the intimate friend of Prince Louis Napoléon before he became Emperor of the French, Duke Charles of Brunswick was never a welcome guest at the Court of St. James or at the Tuilleries. A generation ago the doings of the Duke of Brunswick were among the sensations of London life, and at a later period Paris gossiped about his eccentricities and his diamonds. A man who was always persuaded that he was the mark of attempted assassinations and burglaries was likely enough to be laughed at by a sarcastic and sceptical people like the French, nor is it less natural that his illusions, his vanity, and his insolence should have disgusted the common sense of Englishmen. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact remains unquestionable. The Duke of Brunswick, despite his noble birth, his high connections, and his wealth, was a failure both in London and Paris. The absurdities of his conduct attracted some derisive attention. The notorious length of his purse made him the mark of impostors. He was, perhaps, more harshly treated in France than he was in England. Englishmen were merely amused when he insisted upon his dinner being served in locked dishes; Frenchmen were indignant. His frequent declamations against the injustice of the popular movement and the political decree which expelled him from Brunswick, attracted more notice in France than in England. It may be that English loyalty refused to canvass a decision to which an English King, the uncle of the dispossessed Duke, had publicly declared his assent. It may be that the charges brought against the Duke of Brunswick in this country, which he courageously repelled in our courts of law, alienated from him a people among whom he resided for many years. He was not much more fortunate in Paris, where, if his diamonds were popular he himself was not. With the Empire, to which he hung on, though the Court of the Tuilleries never liked him, the Duke of Brunswick vanished from France and betook himself, as it appears, to Geneva, where he has bequeathed his large fortune to strangers. His testamentary dispositions are marked by the perversions of mind which ruined and degraded a life that might have been ennobled by his opportunities, and might have obtained a place of honor in the world's history.

A correspondent of the Morning Post writes:—"It happens to fall within my knowledge that years ago that eccentric Prince, the late Duke of Brunswick, made the Prince Imperial his sole legatee, thus leaving his millions to the heir of a civil list of a million a year. He informed the Emperor of this intention, and forwarded to him a schedule of his many investments. It was this schedule, found at the Tuilleries among the Emperor's private papers by the insurgents of the 4th of September, that gave rise to the fable of the hoarded wealth which Napoleon was said to have placed in English, Dutch and other securities. Since the Emperor's death it has been proved how poor a man he died. Not the least singular part of the story is that immediately on the fall of the Empire the Duke of Brunswick revoked the disposition of his vast fortune—which would now, indeed, have been invaluable to one who has little more than a great name for inheritance—and cast about for some other object sufficiently and securely wealthy to justify the demise of further riches. He was residing at the flourishing city of Geneva, and it seems to have struck him that the ancient Swiss Republic was possessed of a vigorous and stable existence, and Geneva of abundant resources. Accordingly, on the 5th of March, 1871, carefully excluding all his relatives, he devised the whole of his real and personal estate to that city, subject only to the charge of a princely funeral and the erection of a magnificent mausoleum, in which his embalmed and petrified remains are to be entombed amid statues of bronze and marble."

The will of the Duke of Brunswick was opened at the Registry Office in Geneva on Aug. 10. The Duke directs that his body shall be examined by five medical men, in order that they may ascertain whether his death has been due to poison or not.—After the post mortem examination, the body is to be embalmed or petrified. The funeral is to be conducted with princely honors, and the remains are to be deposited in a mausoleum modeled after the Scaligeri tomb at Verona. The mausoleum will contain an equestrian statue of the Duke, with statues of his father and grandfather, in bronze and marble. The testamentary executors are forbidden to make any compromise with his relatives, Prince William of Brunswick, the ex-King of Hanover, his son, the Duke of Cambridge, or any other member of the family. The executors are enjoined to endeavor to obtain possession of what remains of the property of the Brunswick family in Hanover, Prussia, or America. All the Duke's landed and personal property, including his jewels and the property retained at Brunswick since 1830, are bequeathed to the City of Geneva. Mr. Smith, an Englishman, is nominated administrator general, and receives a bequest of £40,000. M. Ferdinand Chorguier, advocate at Geneva, is assistant administrator. The will is dated Geneva, March 5, 1871, and is written, as well as signed, by the Duke, and was entrusted to the care of M. Biazet, notary, on the 6th of March. The value of the real property left by the Duke is estimated at £1,000,000. Part of the property is situate in Geneva.