

trumpets, bits, and various other objects of interest. It is needless to state that the joinings are effected by riveting, the process of welding being then undreamt of. And how exquisitely the work has been done will be admitted by those who are careful to examine it minutely. If they could not weld like us, most surely we could not rivet like them. An old Irish harp with chords in aged disarray will excite the interest of the visitor. What stories these chords might tell if the hand that once knew them could but touch them now! This place is not without its sacred pathos, and, if one may use the phrase, its historical sorrow. Side by side with ancient gewgaws for fine ladies, and kings, and princes, and nobles, you find grave memories and touching mementos of a time when history was not. But the compartments which contain these gewgaws and gimcrackery possess a wonderful interest of their own. Is it possible that a people living before the dawn of civilisation touched their bleak horizon could have achieved such miracles in the goldsmith's art, could have made ornaments so delicately beautiful as these? It is almost impossible to realise a condition of things so apparently contradictory; and still the age must have been dark. The Petrie collection is alive with interest and suggestion, and brings back memories of that great Irishman, painter, composer, author, antiquarian, patriot. In the Strong Room the visitor will find the gems of the collection—the Tara Brooch, the Cross of Cong, the Bells of St. Patrick, the Ardagh Chalice, the Domnach Airgid, in which our oldest MS. of the Gospel, said to have belonged to our Patron Saint, was formerly enclosed. The leaves of this old book have grown together, and the two parts look like brown dust-heaps. The Cross of Cong will soonest catch the eye. An inscription on the cross itself tells us that it was made for Turlough O Conor, the father of the celebrated Roderick, the last of our native kings. It may indeed be fairly stated that "No finer specimen of goldsmith's work has been preserved in any country in the west of Europe." The late Professor M'Cullagh, of T.C.D., presented this gem to the Academy. The visitor will not pass rapidly from this sacred treasure or readily yield his admiration of its beautiful workmanship. Hard by you see the rude bells which in St. Patrick's time called the Irish to the glad tidings of great joy. Its cover is beneath, and gives proof of the art of the time. The Brooch will not fail to arrest the admiring attention, especially of the fair. The story of the brooch is now dim, but the thing itself is rarely beautiful. The Ardagh chalice, of which facsimiles have been made, will start a thousand reflections. A lad digging potatoes found it in Ardagh, county Limerick. It is of white metal, adorned with gold filagree and enamel of exquisite beauty. It is composed of no less than 354 pieces, held together by a score of rivets. It bears an inscription in strange letters giving the names of the Apostles, St. Paul being named instead of Iscariot. One cannot view these curious old relics of a bygone time with indifference, and least of all with derision. The old manuscripts in these cases will perhaps interest bibliophiles more; but there is interest for all. We do not pretend to have more than suggested the treasures of this Strong Room, for no cursory notice such as this could include all the beauties of this collection. Suffice it to say that there are cases of gold ornaments, brooches, bracelets, and things the uses of which are not apparent. They are in great variety, of every size and every degree of richness. The visitor can indulge in his own speculations, and gratify himself with the thought that he is as nearly correct as the best of judges. Descending to the basement, we come to the outer and the further crypt. Here are deposited the heavier and larger curiosities, stone-work, old canoes, portions of Athlone old bridge and scores of curious remains. The canoes are interesting in their way, especially the long one, which occupies the centre bench. It was formed of a single tree, and the hollow must have been fired out and then cut out. We are ashamed to say that it is cut right across into eight pieces—a piece of vandalism of the moderns. It was found at the bottom of Lough Owel, in Westmeath, is 45 feet long, and from 4 to 5 feet wide. There are apertures in the bottom which appear to have been filled with uprights which supported an elevated deck or awning. The visitor will find old pillars and slabs covered with Ogham writing, the which he may interpret as it pleases him.

GENERAL NEWS.

A person of considerable historical celebrity in France, at the period of the Restoration, has just died at Neuilly. M. Louis Paira, ex-officer of the royal guard, was one of the elegants of 1830. He took an active part in the rising in the Vendée, accompanied the Duchess of Berri, was condemned to death for contumacy, but afterwards acquitted, and then distinguished himself by the number of duels he fought. Soon after he joined his regiment he fought six duels on one morning, and afterwards his opinion was sought for in affairs of honour. He was brave and had nothing of the bully about him. He was a Protestant, but his funeral was attended by a large number of Legitimists.

Scepticism is making great ravages among the non-Catholic young men of the country. In the Harvard College graduating class of the past scholastic year the number of infidels equalled the highest total of any one religious denomination. There were nineteen of them, and six others were undecided as to their religious opinions. Every man exerts some influence for good or bad upon those with whom he comes in contact, and the character of the influence of these unbelievers is easily inferred. To counteract their influence and the materialistic tendencies of our age, of which they are the sufferers, we need men strongly grounded in their faith, whose religious convictions will be solidly built, and who, besides, will be able to meet and defeat these unhappy graduates of Harvard in the realms of science. To produce such men a Catholic university is necessary. When will our prelates begin the work?—*Mirror*.

Why does not somebody about the household of the Prince of

Wales, asks the *Tattler*, suggest that Monday in Passion Week is not quite the most appropriate day for a ball at Marlborough House? There never was a time when the fasts and festivals of the Church of England were more strictly observed than the present, and the selection of such a day looks almost like an intentional insult to the religion of not a few of those who have been honoured with invitations.

It is the fashion now to tell Russian stories, and particularly stories about the Russian princes that live habitually here in France. Two have just been published that are worth repeating. The Russian princes in Paris are all men of large incomes, but generally spendthrifts. One of them borrowed the sum of ten thousand francs from a money-lender, giving his note for the same. On the day it fell due the holder presented it for payment, and was told by the prince that he had no money to waste in paying debts. At that moment a gentleman entered, and the prince handed him twenty thousand francs to meet the losses of the night before at the club. The Jew tore up his note of hand, and said when going out, "Now, prince, there is nothing between us but a debt of honor." The prince bowed, and handed over the money without a word. The second begins in the same way, but when the Jew presented his note the prince flew in a passion, called him hard names, and, drawing a revolver, made him eat the note of hand. A few days later the Jew received his money, with a thousand franc bill thrown in for interest. Shortly afterwards the Jew received a letter from the prince telling him that he was again in want of money, and telling him to present himself with ten thousand francs and stamped paper upon which to write his infernal note of hand. The Jew came with the money. "Where is your paper for the note?" he said, taking the money. "Here it is, prince," said the Jew, drawing a large cake of gingerbread from his pocket. The prince laughed at the joke, and shortly afterwards paid the debt with interest.—*From Paris Letter*.

Regarding the fishing disasters in the North Sea, the Lord Mayor, addressing the Chief Clerk, at the Justice-room of the Mansion House, March 7th, said it was his painful duty to make a public announcement of perhaps an amount of distress and loss of life unparalleled in the shipping annals in this country. He alluded to the loss, during the recent gales in the North Sea, of 36 vessels and smacks belonging to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Grimsby, Hull, and Ramsgate. No less than 215 men and boys had been drowned, and had left, entirely destitute, 88 widows, 164 children, and 15 aged relatives. He hoped that the public, with their usual kindness and generosity, would listen to his appeal on behalf of the distressed sufferers, and that the fund which he was about to open at the Mansion House would meet with the success it deserved.

A splendid testimony has lately been given to the Sisters of Charity in Hamburg, Germany. A Protestant paper of that city says: The Grey Sisters, the universal favorites of the public, though so indefatigable in nursing the sick by day and by night, are nevertheless depending on public charity. We could hardly believe this. These noble ladies, uniting in themselves all the good qualities of Catholicism, who have renounced all worldly joys to devote themselves exclusively to suffering humanity, are now themselves in the greatest want and distress. As our readers may see from an advertisement in our columns, several Sisters have fallen sick in consequence of the hardships of their vocation, and since these noble women have nursed during the past summer, almost exclusively, indigent patients who were unable to make the slightest return, they are now without succour. Hamburg should on this occasion not only manifest her charity, but also accomplish a duty of gratitude. Who in Hamburg, that is able to do it, would not be willing to assist the good Sisters? We do not entertain the least doubt that the committee will be rejoiced by the receipt of numerous and bountiful donations. This note was published on the 22nd of November, and on the 23rd of November the same journals gave a list of the donations, amounting to 5,271 marks, in one single day. It must be remembered that the population of Hamburg is almost entirely Protestant.

As the telephone, the new invention of Professor A. Graham Bell, is but little understood, the following reprint of a description and explanation of the instrument may not be amiss:—The telephone in its present form consists of a powerful compound permanent magnet, to the poles of which are attached ordinary telegraph coils of insulated wire. In front of the poles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is placed a diaphragm of iron. A mouth-piece to converge the sound upon this diaphragm substantially completes the arrangement. The motion of steel or iron in front of the poles of a magnet creates a current of electricity in coils surrounding the poles of the magnet, and in the duration of this current of electricity coincides with the duration of the motion of the steel or iron moved or vibrated in the proximity of the magnet. When the human voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate, electrical undulations are induced in the coils environing the magnets precisely analogous to the undulations of the air produced by that voice. These coils are connected with the line wire, which may be of any length, provided the insulation be good. The undulations which are induced in these coils travel through the line wire, and, passing through the coils of an instrument of precisely similar construction at the distant station, are again resolved into air undulations by the diaphragm of this instrument.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

LATE TELEGRAMS.

SINGAPORE, June 6th.

Great difficulty experienced in supplying the Russian army in Roumania.

The Circassian insurgents defeated with great loss.