

GENERAL NEWS.

The Holy Father has put an end to the question concerning the Bishops of Strasbourg and Metz, whose dioceses are comprised in the provinces taken from France by the Prussian government as war indemnity. Henceforth, the Bishops of these two dioceses will depend directly on the Holy See. They were formerly under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Besancon; now they shall continue to be as are the Bishops of America, and many other countries.

When the great Catholic demonstration of love for the Holy Father was exhibited on the Piazza of St. Peter's on the 21st June, the Catholics who were made prisoners on that occasion were summarily condemned to various terms of imprisonment—from six months to two years. It was thought that the government acted under the influence of a panic, and that after counsels would produce a mitigation of these very severe sentences. An appeal was made against the sentences, and the second trial was fixed for Saturday last. The charge against the accused was that of resisting the public force; that is to say, when these men had cried *Viva pio Nino!* and were told to disperse, or were seized for this cry—for both these causes are stated—they refused to depart, or they objected to be taken to prison. The second trial has finished by the confirmation of the first sentence. The witnesses against the accused are policemen, who distinguished themselves by the facility of their swearing. The lawyers engaged for the defence made speeches of remarkable clearness and ability showing the injustice of the first sentence, and they also produced rebutting testimony. It was all of no avail, however, the condemned were condemned anew, and Italian law was vindicated! Catholics are now in Rome nearly in the same condition as their brethren of Ireland were under the penal laws of the English government. Here also we have a very faint mockery of English modes of procedure in the shape of a jury—Heaven save the mark!

The new Constitution of the State of Ohio has been defeated, mainly, as is stated on both sides, by the votes of the Catholics. The great objection was its disposal of the school question. The 'Cincinnati Telegraph' claims that Catholics have in the result a double cause for joy—the defence of a most sacred right, and the united display of their voting strength.

It is known from a reliable source that the Government of Italy, seeing the prospect that awaits it at the coming election, has ordered the Minister Vigilani to address a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy to excite their flocks to vote at the coming elections. The plea put forth will be that it is necessary to oppose "a faction equally hostile to State and Church." The very fact of such a proposal offers a brilliant testimony to the character of the Catholics. They are recognised by the Government as lovers of law and order; for if they had republican or international sentiments, they would never be asked to vote at an election. The motto of Catholics in Italy is—Neither elected nor electors. In 1849, the kingdom of Sardinia addressed a like circular to the Bishops of Sardinia. The Bishops exercised their influence with their people; and the Government, elected by Catholic votes, began its career of Church persecution, and prepared the way for the sad condition to which the whole Peninsula is reduced to-day. There is not much fear that a similar mistake will be committed now. While Catholics do not oppose an active resistance to the election or to the proceedings of the Government, they show by their absence from the voting places that the Government does not represent the nation, and that they do not connive at or encourage—but rather the reverse—the war undertaken against the Church. With what conscience could a Catholic vote for the maintenance of a Government which has seized Rome, despoiled the Church, rendered the Sovereign Pontiff a prisoner, and destroyed, so far as it can, the right arm of the Church—the Religious Orders? If the circular be sent to all the Bishops of Italy, one must to the Pope, who is Bishop of Rome; and surely Italian assurance cannot go so far as to ask Pius IX. to encourage his children to vote in order that the Government which has reduced him to his present condition may be maintained. When Victor Emmanuel desired to go to Rome, the adhesion of the revolutionary party was sought, and not that of the Catholics. Now this same Government would play off the Catholics against the revolutionists. But the Governmental game cannot be played twice successfully. It is no rash prophecy to say the Archbishops and Bishops will follow the counsel given by the Holy Father, that has been neither faint nor infrequent. If the Government is in danger from its own, it has certainly not gained the affection of Catholics, and they shall not step in now to save it from the consequences of its own folly and crime.

There is a narrow, ugly street in Baltimore, says an American paper, where women rarely come, but one is often seen there. It is the shape of a little old woman that sallies from a boarding-house on the corner, less often recently than it used to—a feeble, stooped, tottering frame, and wizened, wrinkled face, wigged and speckled. The old lady uses her attendant's arm as a support, and passes, apparently without notice, the group of talkers that stare or point her out to a stranger. If some of the more deferent salute her, she straightens for a moment, and returns it with a touch of the old grace that wrought her fame and misfortune. She is not a celebrity of to-day; her story stretches back full sixty years, to the days when a handsome pusillanimous exile married on his own caprice, and repudiated her at the beck of his brother. For she is Madame Jerome Bonaparte, as she always proudly styled herself, once the wife, now the widow, of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. Beautiful, brilliant, and aristocratic, Miss Patterson married him, then an unknown stranger, against the wishes and counsel of all her friends. In a few months Napoleon, imperial and imperious, conjured up a kingdom for his brother, and bade him come to it. We know the condition on which it was offered; we all know how it was accepted. Madame Patterson-Bonaparte, is very old and peculiar. Her son Jerome, who never saw his father, is dead; but his widow and child, a third Jerome, with unmistakable Bonaparte face, are still living in Baltimore.

At Berne a man, who it seems had been crossed in love, attempted to commit suicide, choosing the extraordinary means of jumping into a bear-den. He was rescued with difficulty.

It is proposed in New York to supply a new want of civilisation. It is to be a corps of commissionaires, each member of which will be warranted trustworthy, adroit, and prudent. The commissionaire is all times prepared to do the will of the public in any capacity called for; he will do all errand work for you quick, cheap, and faithfully; he will look after your place of business, office, store, or house; he will call at your house every morning, clean your clothing, and arrange your rooms; he will collect your bills, drafts, or cheques; he will find you a comfortable and desirable boarding-place, or private house, if your time does not allow you to do so; he will secure you seats for the opera, theatre, and other amusements, and, if desired, he will wait upon the lady to and from such entertainments, appearing in a fine evening dress; at your command he will appear at your private parties; he will bring your valise to and from the depots and steamboat landings. The commissionaire will attend your lady when making calls, shopping, &c., acting as "lackey," delivering visiting cards, protecting her by umbrella from the sun and storm, or falling on a slippery day. On all such occasions he will appear in elegant servant's livery, imported from Paris and Vienna.

The 'Dublin Freeman,' Aug. 25, says:—"We have learned with sincere pleasure that his Holiness Pope Pius IX., on being informed of the intention of the archbishops of Ireland to undertake the erection by public subscription of a new church in the National College of St. Patrick, at Maynooth, has been graciously pleased at the prayer of the Very Rev. President to bestow his apostolic benediction on the undertaking, and to express his earnest desire that it may brought to early auspicious termination. If any additional encouragement were needed in order to ensure the success of a work in which every diocese, every parish, and indeed almost every family throughout the kingdom may be said to have its own particular concern, it might be found in this manifestation of paternal interest with which our Holy Father, amid anxieties at home, and "solicitude of all churches" throughout Christendom, is pleased to regard an enterprise which in its bearing upon the due education and training of the clergy, is so intimately connected with the progress of religion in Ireland."

Lord Dunmore writes to the 'Times' to say that, typhoid fever having broken out a short time ago in his nursery, he sent a quantity of the milk supplied to him to an analyst, and received a report to the effect that it was "in an active and peculiar state of fermentation; and, in short, in such a condition that it was, in the opinion of his medical man, quite sufficient to account for the outbreak of fever." Being desirous of taking proceedings against the dairy proprietors, Lord Dunmore sought the advice of the nearest police magistrate, by whom he was informed that he was powerless to take proceedings in person, but that he could lay his case before the vestry of the parish, whose business it would be to send their sanitary inspector to the dairy to buy some milk, and send it to be analysed by the public analyst. On learning further, however, that the sanitary inspector would be bound to warn the dairy people that the milk was purchased for the purpose of analysis, Lord Dunmore was, he said, convinced that it was useless to proceed further in the matter.

Mr Froude, the historian, left England recently, for about two years, on a tour round the world. He has been staying near Corwen, North Wales, for some months past, and expected Mr Thomas Carlyle on a visit to him for a couple of months. Mr Carlyle was not able, however to leave town for so long a period, though, considering his advanced age, he is said to be in excellent health. Mr Froude is appointed Mr Carlyle's literary executor, and the intimacy between the two is of a close description. Mr Froude resigned the editorship of 'Fraser's Magazine' principally in order to make this tour. With regard to 'Fraser's,' there is considerable curiosity as to the conduct of the Magazine by Mr Wm. Allingham, the new editor. Mr Allingham is tolerably well-known as a writer of lyric poetry; but most people are not aware that in Mr Froude's absence he has acted as sub-editor of 'Fraser's' and his experience in that capacity weighed largely with Messrs Longman's in appointing him to the editorship. He is an Irishman.

A REMARKABLE TIME-PIECE.—The very strangest thing I ever heard of in the way of a time-piece was a clock described by a Hindoo rajah as belonging to a native prince, and jealously guarded as one of the rare treasures of his luxurious palace. In front of the clock's dial was a gong upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies; but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part, with quick mechanic click; and when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every corridor and room in that stately palace. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men rose, and did likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck one after the other his blow, making twelve in all, and then returning, fell to pieces as before. Can you imagine any piece of mechanism more wonderful? At the Crystal Palace, the automaton chess-player was on exhibition in a small room set apart for the purpose. It is said to have been invented in Austria, nearly a century ago; but it is just as interesting to us, as though our grandfathers had never looked on and wondered at its quaint curious operations. The chess-player represents a dark-visaged Turk, with long black beard, and loose robes, and turbaned head. He sits on a round box two and a half feet high, covered with a thick cushion, and the chess-board lies before him, over one leg. He plays with his right hand, moves the men quickly, and all his motions are not only graceful, but seem to indicate intelligence. Of course, some one controls the movements of the automaton, as he plays with different people, sometimes winning, and sometimes losing, but in what manner he is thus controlled no one has been able to ascertain. The box on which the figure sits contains only a quantity of wires; there is not space for a human being, even a very small one, to be accommodated therein, nor is there any apparent connection with machinery elsewhere.—'Little Corporal.'