Poetry.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue,
Laugh long and glad where they go,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Reading like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its banks—
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red:
He was taller, almost a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
(As they loitered, half in play),
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of the cheek;
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak, as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all.
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook
Reading like a shepherd's crook,—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong, and you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No; but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Reading like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone—
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has rockers at the side.

Selected Miscellany.

THE LOST DIAMOND;
OR
All Well That Ends Well.

Some years ago, I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault; he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweller, on giving him the stone. "I must have it without fail on the 15th instant; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last you will have from me."

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skillful hand, the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when, unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris; what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the cabaret, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The master was surprised that Montin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied, the jeweller went away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the master charged one of his men to seek him, and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade, and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble, the diamond became unfixed; he seized it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window!—Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips murmuring the words "lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lethargy by the entrance of his master.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and yet spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it finished or unfinished."

Montin looked wildly at him without uttering a word.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweller. "Why don't you answer?—Have you drunk all your senses away?"

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured, "It—is lost!"

"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when?"

"The stone."

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It was saw the truth at the master to become silent with astonishment: then, furious with rage, he cried, "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was the *last grace* for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweller, who undestood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it might be repaired.

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin, you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth £200; you must endeavour to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a-week.—With industry and sobriety you will soon get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, sir, that though I have been a drunkard I am not a thief."

"I believe you," replied the jeweller, "I have every confidence in you; you are a good workman; I will furnish you with plenty of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Well! will that suit you."

"Oh yes, sir! only tell me once more, that you do not think I sold the diamond."

"I repeat, on my honor, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced you are an honest man—in fact I prove it by trusting you with more work."

"Yes, sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault; the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits."

Montin kept his word—he rose early, and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was replaced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river, which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly, his eye was attracted by something bright glittering on the extreme edge of an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between heaven and earth!

At this sight his emotion became almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dared not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure.

"It is—it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears," said he; "but how shall I reach it! If it were to fall! But no, I will take every precaution, not too fast!—let me consider well!"

At this moment his employer entered the room.

"Oh, sir," cried Montin, "it is there!"

"What?" said the jeweller.

"My diamond, or rather yours. Ah, do not touch it, shall lose it for ever."

"It jutting; we it is certainly the diamond that has so tormented us; but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it." So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hands a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and get the precious stone—Montin hardly daring to breathe, watching all his movements with the greatest anxiety. At last his efforts were crowned with success, and he cried, "Here it is, Montin! I congratulate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. What do you intend to do with the amount?"

"Leave it in your hands, sir, if you will be kind enough to keep it for me."

"Most willingly; I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it, you will soon have a nice little sum," replied the jeweller.

This was the beginning of Montin's fortune. In a few years he became a partner with his master, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewellers in Paris.

Maxamilian and Juarez.

Appleton's Magazine contains some interesting incidents from Princess Salm Salm's diary, written while in Mexico. Here is one concerning the closing hours of Maximilian:

The Princess, on account of the important part she had taken in the plan to save the life of Maximilian, was sent to San Luis Potosi as a prisoner. There she made another last effort to obtain pardon of President Juarez for the condemned. She says:

"The last day before the execution had come; the next morning the Emperor was to be shot. Although I had little hope, still I determined to make one more effort to move the heart of the man who alone had the power to prevent the terrible tragedy. The pale, melancholy face of him whose clear blue eyes had inspired with compassion even the Indian Palacois, was ever before me.

"It was 8 o'clock in the evening when I went to the President, who immediately received me. He was pale and careworn. With trembling lips I pleaded for the life of the Emperor, or at least for a respite, that it would only prolong the Emperor's agony, and that he must die the next morning.

"When I heard these terrible words, I was wild with grief. I trembled in every limb, and, sobbing, I fell on my knees, and pleaded with words that came warm from the heart. The President sought to raise me, but I clung to his knees, and would not rise till he had granted my prayer; I thought I must move him to compassion. I saw he was deeply moved; he, as well as Senor Iglesia, who was present, could not restrain his tears. He said to me in a sad, tremulous tone: 'It pains me, madame, to see you thus on your knees before me, but, if the kings and queens of Europe were prostrate before me, I could not save his life. I do not take it; it is the law, the people demand it, not I. If I fail to do the will of the people, my life would be the penalty.'

"Oh, I cried in my despair, 'if blood must flow, take my life, the life of a useless woman, and spare that of a man who may do so much good in another country!'

"At this moment the President rising, gave me to my feet, and again assured me that the life of my husband should be spared. He said he was very seriously compromised and would certainly be condemned to death, but that, as I had gained his esteem and admiration by my efforts in behalf of Maximilian and my husband, he would grant my petition so far as he could. He would pardon my husband, and was grieved that he could do no more. I thanked him, and went.

"In the ante-room I found more than two hundred ladies of San Luis, who had come to plead for the lives of the three condemned men. They were admitted, but their prayers were of no more avail than mine.

"Later, Madame Miramon came, leading her two children. The President could not resist her, and, when Senor Iglesia told me it was a heart-rending scene to see the poor women and her innocent little ones plead for the life of the husband and father. The President, he said, suffered terribly in these interviews to think that stern necessity compelled him to take the life of the noble Maximilian and his two brothers, but he could not do otherwise.

"Madame Miramon fainted, and was carried out of the room.

"I could not close my eyes that night, some hours of which I passed in the church, with a number of the ladies of our party, praying.

"In the chapel of the morning the telegraph announced the sad intelligence that the executions had taken place, and—that all was over."

A Boy Paradise.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post has found at the obscure village of Washington, Connecticut, a school for boys, conducted on principles which, if he tells the truth, must make it a real paradise, compared with most schools, and, we fear, this perfectly given to it will fearfully test its capacity. The correspondent says:

"The moral tone of the school is its distinguishing feature. Any one guilty of deceit or fraud is warned by his companions to report himself to the head-master; if he neglects to do so he is at once informed upon by his companions. Instead of its being felt to be a disgrace to informer, it is here regarded as an offence against the whole boy community to permit a misdeed to go unpunished. The methods of punishment pursued at the school are generally arise on the spur of the moment. A little boy makes too much noise; he is ordered to take a horn to the village green, and to blow a blast at the four corners of the church; or he is sent a mile over the hill to the Moody barn: or he helps rake hay for half an hour in the fields, or clears some bricks that are required for building. One day a boy stole some apples from a poor widow; he was sent the next day to pick up stones from her field as a punishment, but the widow's heart softened, and she made him come into dinner, and stuffed him with good things and sent him home.

"A little boy was caught ducking a cat in the rain-water hogshead; up steps the teacher behind him, and, seizing him by the seat of the breeches and the nape of the neck, ducks him in the same pool the cat, to show him how it feels. Such things as bullying and fagging are not tolerated. There are no rules, no forbidden games; everything that can afford amusement is tolerated at proper times and in proper quantity. The master of the school is unable to distinguish between the good Dr. Busby and the wickedness of ordinary playing cards, and so the boys play whist. They know enough, openly and in the parlor. The sinfulness of dancing and the orthodoxy of calisthenics are metaphysical distinctions; and the boys have a dance when there is time for it, and they feel like it. Those who are old enough have breech-loading rifles, and they are taught how to use them, as the master of the school is one of the best shot in the country. The older boys learn all about the haunts of animals. They know the track of the woodchuck, the raccoon, the fox, and can tell the name of a bird from its song, its nest, or its egg. They roam the forests on Saturdays, and fish and hunt, and in the mountain streams; some trusty big boy accompanies the smaller ones, and no party goes away without the knowledge of the teachers. All the boys wear good stout woolen clothing, which necessarily meets with numerous rents and tears, but is kept in order by aunt Betsey, whose needle and patch work are in constant demand. Such a beehive, such exuberant spirits and shouts of happiness constantly bubbling up and running over as this school exhibits, it has never been my lot to witness before.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.—The London Times says little notice has been taken of a paragraph which recently appeared in the Vienna Presse hinting at a probable disarmament. The news is too good to be true. We will not undertake to say what results the diplomatic contrivances of the past few weeks have had toward improving Napoleon's position with respect to foreign affairs, so as to enable him to meet his home difficulties with sufficient confidence of success in them. It is true that General Lebouz intends to drop the scheme of a Garde Mobile and propose the suppression of general commands that might be taken as an earnest of the Emperor's pacific and economical intentions, the interchange of civilities between sovereigns and statesmen augurs well for the chances of tranquillity. At the present moment there is no apprehension of a warlike outbreak. No cause of offense, no pretext for dispute exists; the old alliances have been broken up, and the balance of power is a question of the past. It may be said that peace now rests on a sounder basis than ever.

THE DYSPEPTIC.—The trials and sufferings of the dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted by this disease, and yet how many of them suffer, and continue to suffer? Why they do this so patiently it is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any *certain remedy*, or it may be from prejudice against the use of a patent medicine. Hoofland's German Bitters has cured thousands of the worst cases of dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to the record of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial. Hoofland's Bitters contains no liquor in any form. Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with *pure* Santa Cruz Rum, anise, orange, &c., making a preparation of rare medical value. The Tonic is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some alcoholic stimulus is necessary.

PRIVATE medical aid. Read Dr. Whittier's advertisement.

THE GREAT GOLD MART.

The Gold Exchange—How Gold is Bought and Sold—Wall Street Paid Open to the Gaze of the Uninitiated.

From the New York Sun.

THE GOLD ROOM AND ITS APPOINTMENTS.

At certain specified hours each day, the members of the Exchange assemble in their room to buy and sell gold. None but members are admitted to these privileges, though a gallery is set apart in which spectators may locate themselves to witness the transactions. The president or one of the vice presidents stands at a desk with a gavel in his hand to preserve order. The secretaries busy themselves recording the transactions made. Two lines of telegraph connect the room with all parts of the world, and constantly announce the fluctuations of the market. Another ingenious telegraphic arrangement flashes the tidings of every change instantaneously into all the principal bankers' and brokers' offices in the street, recording the information in a legible manner on an endless slip of paper. A crowd of two or three hundred excited men—brokers or their representatives—is gathered in the circular enclosure directly in front of the president's desk.

THE BULLS AND BEARS AT WORK.

The moment business commences a general hubbub breaks out. Every one present shouts his wants or his disposition at the top of his voice, and all about at once. To an outsider, all is confusion, and the spectator is utterly unable to distinguish a single word in the deafening medley of voices. One calls out, "I want fifty thousand at an eighth;" another, "A quarter for twenty-five thousand." "Sold," cries a voice from the opposite side of the room. "Twenty thousand at a half," is shouted. "Give three-eighths," comes from another source. "Make it fifty and sold," shouts another. "Done," cries the first voice And so it goes on for an hour or more.

ECONOMY OF BREATH.

To render this intelligible, it must be remembered that these sums in sterling coin consider their words more precious than the money they buy and sell. They never repeat the full price they give or take, but merely the fraction above the unit, unless the raise makes a full cent. Thus, if the last rate was 131. a man offering or asking "an eighth" is understood to offer or ask 131 1-8. So with a quarter, a half, five-eights or seven-eights. If the last price was 131 7-8, and a dealer wishes to advance to 132, he cries out, "Thirty-two," or more frequently only "Two."

ORDER AND CONFUSION.

Notwithstanding the Babel all this sounds like to an outsider, everything is perfectly intelligible to the initiated, and the officers catch and record every transaction. At every variance in the price the telegraph operators report, giving the time, as well as the advance and decline, and the information is also sent to all the brokers' and bankers' offices. Sometimes the price fluctuates every five minutes, and the greatest excitement prevails, producing a noise and confusion almost bewildering to one unused to the place. But, nevertheless everything is done in good order, dealers and officers and the secretaries tell the whole story.

SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

In the Exchange there are no settlements made. Nobody stops to receive money or deliver gold. Smith & Jones offer half a million at 32. Brown and Williams cry out "Sold." Each enters a note of the transaction in a memorandum book, and it become a binding contract between them, enforceable by the rules of the body. At the close of the Exchange, the former goes to the latter's office and gives him a ticket for the gold. All the transactions of the day are settled in this manner, and then each dealer makes up a statement of what he has bought or sold, or both, during the day, the various prices given or received, the value of each transaction in currency, and the gross amount due to or from him on the day's operations. This statement, accompanied by the tickets given or received, is sent to the Gold Clearing House. When all the statements are in, the officers of the Clearing House compare one with another and verify them. Then a balance is struck between each dealer and all the others, and the gross amount due to or from each one is settled at once, namely, payment the Clearing House distributing to each creditor his total dues, and collecting from each debtor his total indebtedness.

THE "LONG" AND THE "SHORT" OF THE MATTER.

Frequently dealers, tempted by the high price prevailing and the prospects of a decline, sell more gold than they have got, trusting to make up the deficiency when the price falls. Such dealers are said to be "selling short," and one who has so sold is "short" exactly the amount he has sold beyond what he actually has. On the contrary, the dealer who has gold on hand unsold is "long." "Cash gold" is the real coin, in contradistinction to a suppositious amount bought or sold, but which is never expected to be delivered or received, but merely the difference between the price at the time the transaction was entered into and at the time of delivery. Thus one dealer sells 10,000 at two o'clock to-day at 131. The clearance takes place at noon to-morrow, when the price may be only 130. The seller thus makes one cent on a dollar, and has a claim against the purchaser for $100 at the time of settlement. Or if the price advances a cent meantime he loses $100.

"MARGINS."

A "margin" has the same significance in gold, stock or produce transactions. It is simply a certain percentage deposited to cover fluctuations. Thus a broker who has sold $100,000 gold at say 135, is permitted by the rules of the Exchange to demand a margin from the purchaser, should the market be declining, until the gold can be delivered and the contract consummated. If an outsider conceives a desire to dabble in gold or stocks, he must go to a broker and employ him to make the transactions. We will suppose that gold is selling at 130. Mr. John Smith thinks the price will advance, and that by buying now he can speedily make "a good thing." He goes to a broker and orders him to buy, let us suppose, $500,000 at the market price, 130. This gold will therefore cost $650,000 in currency. The broker before he will undertake the transaction, requires Mr. Smith to put up a margin, that is, a certain percent. of this sum, 5, 10, 15 or 20 per cent., as the casemay be. On gold, 5 per cent. is considered a good margin. On stocks 20 and 25 per cent. is frequently demanded. In the case supposed, Mr. Smith is called upon to deposit with the broker his certified check for $32,500, being 5 per cent. on the currency value of the gold to be bought. This is the "margin" on which he purchases half a million of gold. The broker makes the purchase and pays for it in full. He then takes the gold certificates he receives to a bank and deposits them as collateral for a loan to replace the money he has invested in the operation.

GOLD UP.

If the market price of gold advances, Mr. Smith may remain the nominal owner of $500,000 gold as long as he pleases. He is "long" to that amount. When he thinks gold will advance no higher, he orders his broker to sell. The broker sells, we will suppose, at 135, and realizes $675,000 in currency. With this sum he first pays his loan at the bank, and receives back the certificates. Then he deducts a certain percentage for his services in buying and selling, and interest on the full amount, less the margin, for the time the gold was "carried," and pays to Mr. Smith what is left. Smith receives back the $32,500 he deposited as a "margin," with $25,000 profits on the transaction, less the broker's commission and interest.

GOLD DOWN.

But if, after the purchase is made, the market "falls off"—that is, if the price of gold declines—the broker will "carry" the gold only until the difference between the purchase price and its deteriorated value shall amount to the sum deposited as a "margin," less commission and interest, when he notifies Smith to deposit more margin. If Smith fails to do this, the broker proceeds to "sell him out" at once. That is, he sells the gold, pays his borrowed money, pockets his commission and interest, and leaves Smith out of pocket exactly $32,500.

GOLD CERTIFICATES.

In the recent gigantic operations in gold, of course the reader understands that no shining metal was seen on the street. The Gold Exchange Bank has that locked up in its vaults, or something else to represent it. This bank, however, issued gold certificates on the demand of the dealers. That is, Brown & Johnson, on the settlement of a day's business at the Clearing House, paid to this the Gold Exchange Bank, had $250,000 in gold due them. That bank, at their demand, would issue to them a certificate of deposit for that amount in gold. That certificate was redeemable by the bank in gold on demand, and was therefore as good as gold, besides being much more convenient to handle and carry about.

LOANING GOLD.

The clique that created the late furore in the market commenced operations long before the crisis came. They had been purchasing gold for more than a week at prices running from 132 to 135, at which the bulk of their purchasers were made. This gold they loaned as fast as they bought it, requiring the borrowers to put up a margin as security equivalent to the current price of the metal. When they had $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 thus loaned out, they began to "bull" the market—that is, advanced the price of gold. This was accomplished by bidding a higher price than the gold was selling for, and occasionally buying lots at high prices, in order to establish a market price and secure quotations. All gold so bought was loaned again quickly as borrowers could be found. As fast as the price advanced they called for additional margins on their loans, until finally the price reached 160, to which figure they called all their margins, then pocketed the proceeds and left the street, thus virtually forcing the gold off on the hands of the outsiders at this high price.

"LOADING," "UNLOADING," AND "COVERING."

When a party has more gold or stocks than he wants, and proposes to sell them, he is technically said to be "unloading." If he sells out his "long" gold, say at 135, he is said to have "unloaded" at that price. If he is "short," that is, has sold what he has not got, and is in danger of being called upon for delivery, he goes into the market and purchases either the stock or gold he needs, or something else on which he can make a rapid turn, and save himself from loss, which is called, "covering his shorts."

A "CORNER" IN GOLD.

A "corner" is the result of a combination by which the parties unite to secure the control of the market for the particular thing "cornered." Thus, last week, the gold clique made a corner in gold by securing control of all the floating gold in the market, and were only broken up by the action of the government in throwing an extra and unanticipated amount of gold into the market. This they were not prepared to purchase, and hence they failed.

There are a great many other technicalities and phraseologies peculiar to Wall street, but the above are most common, and sufficient to render ordinary transactions intelligible.

The Ecumenical Council—Letter from Father Hyacinthe.

By mail from Europe we have the complete text of the letter which Father Hyacinthe addressed to the general of his order in Rome, on the subject of his present attitude towards the Holy See, of which we had reports by cable telegram. It reads thus:—

MY VERY REVEREND FATHER:—During the five years of my ministry at Notre Dame de Paris, despite the open attacks and secret accusations of which I have been the object, your esteem and confidence have never failed me for a moment. I preserve numerous testimonials of them written by your own hand, and which were addressed to me as much in your praising as in myself. Whatever may happen, I shall hold them in grateful remembrance. To-day, however, by a sudden change, the cause of which I do not seek in your heart, but in the intrigues of a party all powerful at Rome, you arraign what you encouraged, you censure what you approved and you condemn what I should speak a language or preserve a silence which would no longer be the entire and loyal expression of my conscience. I do not hesitate an instant. With language perverted by a command or mutilated by reticence I shall not ascend the pulpit of Notre Dame. I express my regret for this to the intelligent and courageous Archbishop who has given his pulpit to me and sustained me there against the bad will of men of whom I shall speak at the proper time. I express my regrets to the imposing auditory who surrounded me there with its attendance, its sympathies—I was nearly going to say its friendship. I would not be worthy of the auditory of the Archbishop, of my conscience, nor of God, if I would consent to act before them in such a *role*. I separate myself at the same time from the convent which I have resided, and which under the new circumstances that have arisen, is to me renders it for me a prison of the soul. In acting thus I am not unfaithful to my vows. I have promised monastic obedience, but limited by the honesty of conscience, the dignity of my person and my ministry. I have promised under the benefit of that reserve, the obedience and royal liberty which is, according to the Apostle St. James, the proper law of the Christian.

It is for the more perfect practice of this holy liberty that I came to ask of the chapter, now more than ten years ago, the dispensation of the religious state of consecration. I shall not venture to add here of all the illusion of youth—if, in exchange for my sacrifices, I am to day offered chains. I have not only the right, but the duty to reject them? The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark and decisive crises of her existence here below. For the first time in three hundred years an Ecumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared necessary; such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the last of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of Israel, unfaithful to guardians, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to bark. *Canes muti, non valentes latrare.* The saints were never silent. I am not one of them, but nevertheless I belong to their race, *filii sanctorum sumus*, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps, my tears, and, if necessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, against the Holy Father and the Council my protestation as Christian and preacher against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian, and which in their encroachments, always more audacious and more baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church the character of her children, her hierarchy, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the divorce, or impious as it is rational, which it is sought to consummate between the Church, who is our mother according to the flesh, and the society of the nineteenth century, of which we are the sons according to the spirit, and national rights which have some distinct establishments. I protest against this more malicious and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest above all against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the Spirit and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the pharaohism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular and the Latin races in general are delivered over to to social, moral and religious anarchy, the principal cause is without doubt not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practised. I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek for remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with as much zeal as gentleness. But if fears in which I do not wish to share come to be realized, if the august assembly has not more liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation; if, in a word, it is deprived of the essential characters of an Ecumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another truly united in the Holy Spirit, not the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others. "For the heart of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Jeremiah viii. In fine, I appeal to your tribunal, O Lord Jesus! *Ad tuum Domine Jesu tribunal appello.* It is in your presence that I write these lines; it is at your feet, after having prayed much, reflected, suffered and waited much, that I sign them. I have confidence that if men condemn them on earth you approve them in heaven. That is sufficient for me living and dying.

FR. HYACINTHE,
Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites of Paris, second preacher of the order in the province of Rayne.

PARIS-PASSY, Sept. 20, 1869.

A SCULPTOR SAVED.—The father of Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, was an intelligent and skillful physician of Watertown. When this daughter was some twelve or fourteen years of age, he had just buried his wife and two sons, all dying with consumption. His other daughter had begun to droop, and was going the same way, and he found her case already hopeless; but he said he had determined, if possible, to save this daughter from a like fate. For this purpose he separated her from her sister, that she might not receive the infection from her breath. He took her from school, and furnished her with a gun and fishing-rod, that she might find amusement and exercise in the open air. And when subsequently he sent her to school at West Stockbridge, it was with express stipulation that she should be free to roam the fields, to hunt or fish, and engage in such sports as would develop and strengthen her physical constitution. The result is a sound mind in a sound body, capable of enduring alike intellectual and physical labor.

PRETTY WOMEN.—A comparatively few ladies monopolize the beauty as well as the attention of society. This ought not to be so, but it is; and will so long as the male men are foolish, and single out pretty faces for companions. This can all be changed by using Hagan's Magnolia Balm, which gives the bloom of youth and a refined, sparkling beauty to the complexion, pleasing, powerful and natural.

No lady need complain of a red, tanned, freckled or rustic complexion who will invest seventy-five cents in Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Its effects are truly wonderful. To preserve and dress the hair use Lyon's Kathairon.

TAKING THE BLACK VEIL.

The Brides of the Holy Roman Catholic Church—A Solemn and Impressive Scene—The Fullness of the World Buried in a Life of Devotion.

Manchester (N. H.) Correspondence of the New York Sun.

On Saturday evening two young ladies, Miss Mary Murphy (Sister Mary Xavier), and Miss Mary Smith (Sister Mary Elizabeth), received the white veil and habit of the order at the Convent of Mercy in this place, from the hands of the Rt. Rev. David William Bacon, Bishop of Portland, assisted by the Rev. William McDonald, and the Rev. J. O'Brien, of this city.

On the following morning seven young ladies pronounced their solemn vows and received the black veil from the hands of the same prelate, in the following order: Miss Julia Kennedy, whose name in religion will henceforth be Sister Mary Nolasco, Miss Mary Cody (Sister Mary Xavier), Miss Mary McQuad (Sister Mary Philomena Xavier), Miss Mary Kelly (Sister Mary Ignatius), Miss Josephine McConville (Sister Mary Gertrude), Miss Hattie E. Dix (Sister Mary Madeline Xavier), Miss Agnes Dixon (Sister Mary Helena).

On Saturday evening the chapel was tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers and lights numerable. At half-past 7 the choir, which is composed entirely of nuns, commenced the hymn "O Glorious." At the same time the procession entered, preceded by one of the young pupils of the convent bearing the processional cross. First came the white veiled novices, and after them the professed, each carrying a wax light. Passing slowly up the aisle they entered the choir, and took their respective places on either side. Lastly came the young aspirants in their bridal attire. They knelt in front of the altar, and each received from the bishop a lighted candle which had been previously blessed. The bishop made a few appropriate remarks, after which each aspirant in turn demanded the habit of the order. They then retired, accompanied by the lady superior and mother assistant. The ceremony of blessing the religious dress immediately followed.

In a few minutes the postulants returned. During the retirement the lace and orange blossoms were exchanged for the black habit of the order. Approaching the altar, each of the postulants received, with the accustomed ceremonies and prayers, the white veil, beads and cincture, and church cloak. They then returned to the centre of the choir, where they prostrated themselves. The Bishop recited the usual prayers, and the choir sang the "Veni Creator." At the close of the hymn they rose and remained standing while the newly received approached the Lady Superior and received her blessing, after which they returned to their respective places. The ceremony ended with the benediction of the blessed sacrament, at the conclusion of which the religious left the chapel in the same order as they entered.

On Sunday morning the chapel was again illuminated, and filled with the relatives and friends of the candidates for profession. At half-past 7 the bishop, accompanied by his assistants, appeared on the altar in mitre and cape. The religious entered in the same order as on Saturday evening. The seven novices knelt in the form of a semi-circle, in the centre of the choir. The ceremony began with the blessing of the veils and rings. Each novice then approached the altar and demanded to be received to the profession. Bishop Bacon delivered a brief but eloquent discourse, after which the sacrifice of the mass commenced. At the solemn part of the service the bishop came down from the altar with the blessed sacrament, and, with the assistants on either side, stood before the communion rail. Each novice approached, pronounced her vows, signed them, and after receiving the holy communion, retired to her place in the choir. The bishop then returned to the altar, and commenced the mass. The novices were then led one by one to the "recognition" by kneeling before her, presented their vows, which were written on vellum. They then approached the altar again, and had the white veil removed, and replaced by the black veil. At the same time the ring was placed upon the finger. The novices then returned to the centre of the choir, and, prostrating themselves, remained motionless while the *Te Deum* was chanted by the choir. At the close of the chant they arose and received the blessing of the lady superior. The tear-stained faces in the body of the chapel, as the procession passed from the edifice, presented a striking contrast to the solemn joy that beamed on the countenances of the newly professed.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Homan and Miss Shore made their profession of faith, and were received in the church by the Rev. William McDonald. The ladies were attired with great taste, and yet simplicity, in white Swiss dresses, tulle veils, and wreaths of white flowers. The ceremony was exceedingly interesting, and the chapel was filled with spectators, among whom were many Protestants.

The Catastrophe at Broadbrook, Conn.—Seven Lives Lost.

The Hartford Courant of the 6th gives the following graphic account of the terrible catastrophe at Broadbrook, Conn.:

At about 24 o'clock Monday afternoon, the breaking away of Belcher's Pond, just this side of Ellington, sent a terrible flood of water down upon the Beaseley dam, half a mile below, which was instantaneously swept away, and the roaring torrent thus formed soon struck the upper dam of the Broadbrook Company, tearing out one end first, and gradually sweeping around the outer-works, brought up against the stone bridge, which was torn from its sound foundations, and then carried off the lower dam and the machine shop dam still further down. Just below the lower dam stood what was called the old factory building, which was occupied below as a shoe shop and above for tenement purposes. The water, which had passed around the outer portion of the lower dam, flooded the north side of this building before any of the inmates were aware of their danger. So sudden was the breaking of the dams that no one had the slightest apprehension of danger till the deluge with its overwhelming force came rushing madly down upon them; and there was no spare time to provide for the safety of anything which stood in the way of the torrent. In the tenement-house were Albert Shephard, a young man; Charles Davenport, Mrs. Kilconners, and two children—one a girl of eight years and the other a babe; a child of Mrs. Watkins, asleep in the basement; also, a child of Mrs. Fitzgerald in the second story, two boys in the lower part of the building, and two men—eleven in all. Mr. Shephard, Mr. Davenport, Mrs. Kilconners, with the latter's children, stood in the doorway of an ell, and several men got into a shed near by and threw a rope to them, which was caught and fastened to a partition inside. Shephard then started to cross the rope by going hand over hand, and had got about half way over when the main part of the building went to pieces, being crushed, a spectator says, "like an egg shell," and the concussion was so great, though the rope held to its place, that he lost his hold and fell into the gulf below, and passed from sight. His body was found in the pond, about ten rods distant, yesterday morning. Davenport was still standing in the doorway when the shock took place, and he fell into the water, but swam ashore. Mrs. Kilconners and her children went down with the ell, and their bodies were found in it when the flood subsided. The child sleeping in the basement and the one in the second story were drowned. A man in the third story escaped. About five minutes after the building was crushed, a spot of bare ground and a portion of the foundation appeared, and, to the surprise of everybody, two men appeared, having crawled from beneath a mass of broken timber. One was a German and the other an Irishman, and the latter, though but just escaped from death, was still perilously situated, took out his pipe, and in one minute's time was quietly smoking as if nothing had happened! Beyond the tin shop, a man, woman and child were overtaken by the flood, and swept away, but fortunately lodged by a fence and were saved. All the bodies of those drowned—seven in all—were recovered yesterday, excepting the child of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and the daughter of Mrs. Kilconners. The latter's husband was at work in the mill, and witnessed the sad calamity. His case is a peculiarly distressing one. He came to this country last year, and commenced work for the Broadbrook Company in August, and, having saved a little sum of money, sent to Ireland for his wife and children, who reached here last July. Only a little girl is left to him; she was at play when the building was surrounded, and thus was saved. When the water first began to make in the ell of the building, two boys—the eldest sixteen years of age—were on the first floor, and got on to the shelves in a pantry, going higher as the water gained, till they had reached the upper shelf. Here it was life or death with them, but the eldest, making a desperate effort, pushed his head through the ceiling above, and both were enabled to work their way to the upper floors, where they remained about two hours till taken off on a raft. Each received considerable injury; one having a bad cut in his ankle, and the other a severe bruise in his wrist The damage to the property of the Broadbrook company will be considerable.

—"The woman question"—What shall I get for a fall bonnet? The "man question"—Where shall I get enough money to pay for it?

CUBA.

Anxiety in Spain—The Feeling Toward Sickles—Mistaken Ideas of the Effect of Recognition—Threats Against the United States.

Madrid Correspondence of the London Herald.

"Cuba is in danger!" "Cuba must be saved!" "Cuba is lost!" "To Cuba!" "The last man, and the last dollar, for Cuba!" Such are the principal topics in the papers, and such the principal observations in Spanish society, at this moment. The questions of the day have all been comparatively silenced by that. The Bishops and their disobedience, the Ministry and their discords, the republicans and their agitation, the treasury and the taxes—even the monarchy itself, have all shrunk into temporary insignificance before the all-absorbing question of Cuba, and the sudden conviction amongst the people that, if Cuba is not already lost, she is mighty near it. Now that the veil of secresy is partially removed, and the danger made evident, there is aroused a strong feeling of patriotism, and the most energetic measures are about to be adopted to crush the insurrection." Not without considerable misgivings, however, do some people here look upon the result of the efforts now about to be put forth. They remember the words of Marshal Serrano at one of the sittings of the Cortes, when Cuba came for a moment on the carpet, to the effect that there were *two* insurrections in Cuba, the "*material*" and the "*moral*," and that long after Spain had overcome the first, she would have to contend with the second. At any rate, the nation has resolved upon one supreme, concentrated effort, which is to be directed against the material insurrection, leaving the moral insurrection to be dealt with hereafter. All this is owing to General Sickles. He has attained a notoriety in a month which Sir John Crampton and Mr. John P. Hale, who for so long a time represented Great Britain and the United States respectively at the Spanish court, did not obtain during all the years they were there. Their names were comparatively unknown beyond the official circle in which they moved; but as to General Sickles, his name is already known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the representative of the United States who has, by his recent note, thrown such a bombshell into the Spanish camp. "Out of evil good often comes," and, though General S