

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]
 "Wonder if she knows?" said a small boy with his hat askew and eyes set, indicating Miss Lynn by a twitch of the thumb. There was no answer.
 "Hoy," said a grave, elderly man, who had smoked in silence, "there was no fight. I've been thinking of what you said. The murdered man had no arms. The knife which did the business was on the contrary, long and strong. One blow, as Heiner says, would have been enough, wielded by even a weak hand. And then, lowering his voice, as if it pained him to believe his own words, "in the snow there was no sign of any struggle. Only this—two footsteps, one approaching the other behind. Those which came later could easily be discerned."
 Hoy was silent.
 "It's a bad business," he said at last. "But if Fuller was done to death, foul or fair, he wrought for it. I'm clear on that."
 "Fuller?" She staggered back to the bed. "Robert Fuller—done to death—hot blood and an old grudge—they meeting in a dark corner."
 The broken sentences rang dully again and again through her brain. She gave them no meaning, thrust their import away from her, sick and angry. Then she sank into a quiet stupor, sitting there until the sun was up, leaning her head against the pine bed-post, dragging her bare toes to and fro across the carpet. The men were gone; the street long ago had relapsed into silence; in the jail, though, there was a hushed sound now and then, that told there were anxious watchers astir. She knew it was her father, pacing through the entrance-hall, waiting for daylight. When it came, he would come to her door and knock; he had something to tell her. Yes; she understood. She chuckled—that insane laugh of the first paralysis of pain or terror.
 It was a pale, bitterly cold winter's day when it came, the snow heaped deep on hills and streets, the wan New Year's dawn chilling the air more than the close wrapping night. She heard the step at last, coming up the stone stairs, hesitating as it neared her door. How those old slippers of her father's dragged! she had meant to buy a new pair for Christmas, but hadn't money.
 She looked up and nodded as he opened the door, after tapping on the panel.
 "Matty?" he said.
 Then he came up, and sitting down on the edge of the bed, drew her close and chafed her face.
 "Poor child! poor little Mat!"
 Neither of them spoke for a time. At last she raised her head and said:
 "Where is he?"
 "Sam?"
 She nodded.
 "Into the lower cells. Don't shiver, Matty. I wouldn't have put him there—there's none but the worst go there, them as is sentenced for murder. But it was Simons as ordered it. He's got a spite agin the boy, to start with."
 "Tell me all," she said.
 He gathered up her feet and wrapped them in a blanket.
 "How did you know? I thought you were asleep, poor little puss, all night."
 "There's no danger," said the girl resolutely. "He can prove his innocence in an hour or two. There is only a mistake somewhere. If you'll tell me all, I'll see where it is, father."
 [Concluded next week.]

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL AT PARIS.

The Christian Brothers' schools date from the year 1709, when the first Sunday school was established in the parish of St. Sulpice with two hundred pupils. The Order was reorganized by imperial decree in the year 1808, and in the year 1815 Father Philip, who is now the Superior-General, established in the school of Aury (Morbihan) a course of lectures to prepare young men for the dockyards, and for the coasting trade (cabotage). Into this he introduced the elements of geometry and other sciences connected with their professions, and he himself composed some textbooks to facilitate the studies. In the year 1830, at the instance of the Government, which was occupied with the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, schools for adults were opened by the Christian Brothers in Paris. Other adult schools, conducted on the same plan as those at Paris, have been established at Nancy, Cambrai, St. Omer, Orleans, Rouen, Lille, Clermont and several other towns in France; but there is one at Volvic (Puy-de-Dome) which is particularly worthy of notice. This school has been specially adapted to the locality where it is situated, which is known as furnishing a peculiar building stone. The Brothers had had a small primary school there for some time without producing any noticeable results, until they attached to it a workshop for cutting and sculpturing stone, and induced a couple of skilled workmen in this branch of trade to undertake the instruction of about twenty pupils. Already many works of merit have been completed at this establishment, and have not only been admitted to exhibitions, but have been also employed in the construction of large edifices. Another example of what may be done in furthering the industrial interests of a locality are the boarding-schools of the Christian Brothers at Lyons and St. Etienne, the centres of the silk and ribbon-weaving trades. To these schools are attached special classes, where the children are taught not only to design, but to read and pierce the design on the cards of the Jacquard loom, as well as to work the loom themselves. Each of the schools at Lyons and St. Etienne was furnished with looms, and thus young people leaving the schools were not only instructed in theory, but had also often sufficient practical knowledge to take the position of foremen.

When one lives entirely with the course of nature, every day is fully lived. Light and fire make us human beings. Man alone lives far into the night.
 Barnum, who humbugged with the woolly horse, has lately imported some Dutch cows.

PELLISSIER AND THE SORCERER.

It appears that while on service in Africa, being then only Colonel of a regiment of the line, Pelissier, now Marshal of France, Commander-in-Chief and Grand Cordon, was one day waited upon by the doctor of the regiment to consult with him what had best be done to stop the moral epidemic which was then raging among the men, and which was leading them by scores to the hospital, and thence to the grave, without any perceptible disease.
 "I have found out the cause," said the doctor, "from a young conscript who died this morning; you must find the remedy. It seems that these foolish boys have been suffering their imaginations to be tampered with by a fellow from Brittany who pretends to sorcery, and who for a few sous will show them their home, and call up among those they love best on earth. The feelings of the soldiers cannot stand this; nostalgia and marasm are killing them. You must put a stop to this, Colonel, or you will lose them all."
 Pelissier, in alarm at the idea of the effect, but without the least dread of the cause, immediately sent for the culprit—a sober, grave and serious young man, from the *landes* of Brittany, named Coetquen, who had formerly been a shepherd of the *landes*, and had marched as *remblacant* to his brother, who had fallen to the conscription, and had been unwilling to leave his aged mother, of whom he was the favorite son. The Colonel was resolved to be stern with the culprit.
 "What is this I hear?" said he. "What are these lies thou art propagating in the regiment?"
 "Of what am I accused, *mon Colonel*?" said Coetquen, respectfully. "Have I failed in my duty with the regiment? I have I once omitted to fulfil my service or disobeyed an order?"
 "Tis not of that thou art accused," replied Pelissier, somewhat embarrassed, "but of a graver crime; in short, 'tis said thou art a sorcerer."
 "I am?" replied Coetquen calmly.
 "Pshaw; seek not to impose upon me—'tis said thou hast made foolish lads believe in ghosts and spirits."
 "They have seen them," answered Coetquen, still unmoved. "I have but one motive for thus displaying the power I inherited from my fathers—that of buying a *remblacant*, and returning to my beloved *landes*. The money I obtain from comrades is hoarded for this purpose."
 The Colonel scratched his head in perplexity.
 "Well, then, if that is the case, here is a bargain; show me the spirit I wish to have called up, and thou shalt have this piece of gold; but if thou shouldst fail in the attempt, by all the powers of darkness, so surely will I blow thy brains out."
 The Colonel suited the action to the word by drawing the pistol from his belt with one hand, while he pulled forth with the other the piece of gold. Coetquen gazed wistfully at the latter, and said, with great cheerfulness:
 "The bargain is struck, *mon Colonel*; to-night, at the entrance of the little wood at the bottom of your garden, at midnight; fear not, I will be there."
 "Once more," said Pelissier, owning how, without shame, that he was beginning to feel rather excited, "remember, it is time to retreat. I have no wish to see spirits; therefore, confess that the boys have been deluded, the influence will be withdrawn, and you shall have the gold piece all the same."
 "Never," exclaimed the sorcerer, for the first time roused into emotion; "you have defied me, *mon Colonel*, and must take the consequences."
 Midnight arrived; the Colonel was true to his rendezvous, and found the sorcerer awaiting him. Once more did he give the latter an opportunity of withdrawing from the bargain, and once more was he refused. The soldier stripped off his jacket and stood in his shirt-sleeves; he placed his sword and belt, his shako and jacket, together with his boots, against a tree, and drew a circle with a forked stick, and placed himself in the midst. Presently he was like one inspired, and the light of the lantern which the Colonel had brought fell upon his distorted countenance, which seemed more like that of a demon than a human being. Suddenly, in the very midst of this violent emotion, he turned to Pelissier.
 "Colonel, one thing I forgot to mention; have you no sacred object about you?"
 "None in the world," replied Pelissier; "dost thou take me for a Jesuit?"
 "But your watch. Sometimes a mother or sister manages to slide a token or medal amongst the seals and *brevets*—some ring or other trifle which they have got blessed by the cure. It is most dangerous. For mercy's sake, think!"
 The man was evidently serious—and Pelissier, to humor him, took off his watch and put it down at a distance. The incantation then began—all was silence for a few moments, except for the heavy breathing of the man. Not a single word was uttered—not a single movement was made, but suddenly a terrific shriek, a sound not of this earth for its power and the agony it conveyed, burst upon the stricken ear of the Colonel. "Ah, Colonel, *vous m'avez trahi!*"—these were the words he heard, and then all was silent once more. After waiting a few moments he called aloud; no answer was returned—he waited in vain—the man had disappeared. His shako and clothes had remained against the tree, and Pelissier returned to the *caserne* the same night to give orders for a strict search being made. No trace of the man has ever been discovered.
 On undressing at dawn, Pelissier remembered the *scapulaire* he had worn for years, the gift of his mother on his first joining the army, and which he had forgotten.
 "This had condemned," says the Holy Father, "the sorcerer to his fate, and has been the means of bringing Marshal Pelissier into the road of piety and salvation."
 George F. Edwards has been chosen United States Senator from Vermont for six years from next March.

ELIZABETH OF SPAIN'S RELIGIOUS ADVISERS.

The cowardly are ever ready to cast obloquy and aid in distressing those who, from their position, size or misfortune, cannot defend themselves. The cormorants of the press have followed up the late Queen of Spain with a tirade of vilification worthy of craven hearts, quite regardless of what is due to truth or the deference due to female helplessness. Sir George Bowyer has communicated to the *London Times* the following statement regarding personages who are frequently alluded to in connection with political affairs in Spain:
 To the Editor of the *London Times*: Especially at this time, when the throne of the Queen of Spain is encountering a most fearful contest, justice requires that public opinion should not be prejudiced by the influence of mistakes or misrepresentations.
 I refer to the commonly received opinion that the Queen has been influenced in the government of the country by two persons, Sister Patrocinio (who has been called the bleeding nun) and Father Claret, the Queen's confessor. I have ascertained the truth from the highest authority in this country. In the first place, Sister Patrocinio is not a bleeding nun. The only ground for this name is as follows: Many years ago she persuaded herself, or was persuaded by some fanatical or designing person, that she had received the *stigmata*—that is to say, the marks of the wounds on her hands and feet. This supposed phenomenon caused some discussion, and became publicly known. The Government instituted a judicial inquiry. The most eminent medical authorities were consulted. The result was that Sister Patrocinio was convicted of lending herself to an imposture, and she was sentenced to a period of penal confinement in a religious house. She has since been a sincere penitent, and she is now a very devout and exemplary nun in the convent of Aranjuez. The convent is a royal foundation near Madrid. The Queen naturally visits that house, and occasionally sees Sister Patrocinio. But Sister Patrocinio has not the slightest influence in any political matter, and she is a person incapable of understanding anything of the sort. She is entirely confined to her devotions and her conventual life. She knows nothing whatever of the external world, and has not an idea beyond her prayers and her ascetic life.
 As for Monsignor Claret, he is not a person of any ability or knowledge of the world, but he is a most exemplary ecclesiastic. He lives in the simplest manner, practicing the strictest self-denial, and gives all he has to the poor. His whole life is devoted to charity and piety. He is universally venerated as a most devout and practical Christian. He is the Queen's confessor. But as for politics, he knows nothing about it. He is simply a very pious, simple-minded clergyman, without any idea beyond the functions and duties of his sacred office. To represent him as a political person, or as exercising any political power or influence, is a great mistake or a gross falsehood.
 I trust that you will publish this letter.
 GEORGE BOWYER, Bart.
 Radley Park, September 28th.

A CASE OF IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story is related of Da'nes Barrington, the eminent jurist and recorder of Bristol. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he denounced the conduct of the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against (a Tipperary man named Foley), not being present, only heard of the invectives; but after Barrington had got back to Dublin, he lost no time in paying his compliments, in genuine Tipperary fashion, to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sleet, arrived early in the morning before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of a rough coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.
 "Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.
 "No," answered the man.
 "Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."
 The valet went up stairs and gave his master, who was in bed, the early visitor's message.
 "Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington; "for it is not a hare or a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."
 The man was leaving the bedroom when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said: "By your leave," and at the same time Foley entered the bedroom. "You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure with his shillelagh before the chevalier.
 "You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?" exclaimed Daines, who had as much humor as cool courage.
 "No," replied the other; "but I'll throngle you to get up as soon as you can."
 "Yes," replied Daines, "in order that you might floor me the moment I put myself out of the blankets?"
 "No," replied the other; "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are fairly out of bed."
 "You won't?"
 "No."
 "Upon your honor?"
 "Upon my honor."
 "That's enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the word of honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the protection of the Castle guard."
 The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretended sleeper; but soon Daines began to snore.
 "Halloo!" said Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"
 "Not I," said Daines; "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell and give your orders; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing a man so quickly catches cold from as reading a damp journal," and Daines affected to go to sleep.
 The Tip had fun in him too, as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel. "Get up, Mr. Barrington," said he; "for, in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart." The result was that in an hour afterwards, Daines Barrington and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking mutton-chops.

BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE RITUALISTS.

The controversy now going on in the bosom of the English Church has its funny side, as will be seen from the following anecdote of the Bishop of London. He does not relish paying costs of suits, even in an "Evangelical" cause:
 His lordship was informed by one of the parishioners of a rural district that the incumbent was carrying on practices which immensely favored of Popery. There were lights on the communion-table, there were flowers on the super-altar, there were emblematic garlands around the gas-stands, the ladies of the congregation had embroidered an appendum, and the litanies were sung with a real Gregorian gusto and *verve*. "But," said the bishop, "what can I do?" "Send for the incumbent, and reprove him," answered the parishioner.
 The incumbent came.
 "And you are one of my disobedient clergy?" said the bishop.
 "My lord," was the reply, "there is not in your diocese a man more amenable to your lordship's authority."
 "Then your obedience—your obedience?" shouted the bishop.
 "Ay—obedience," answered the incumbent. "Here is my idea of it. If I were walking down Regent street, and happened to block up the way, and that a policeman told me to move on, I would do so; that is obedience. If the same policeman asked me to take off my shirt, and walk down the street as naked as a Hottentot, I would refuse; and that would be no lack of obedience. You see, my lord."
 My lord did, and ever since the Ritualistic curate has been left untroubled.
 "I tell you what," said the Bishop of London, "it has cost me a thousand pounds to prosecute one offender, and it will take a thousand more to push the matter through the courts."
 Since the new Privy Council orders were issued, every bishop is compelled to prosecute contumacy at his personal loss. Perhaps this accounts for the freedom enjoyed by the twenty gorgeous Ritualistic churches which have suddenly sprung up in London.

EARTHQUAKES.

It is estimated that not less than thirteen millions of the human race have perished by earthquakes. The terrible convulsion of nature which has recently buried in ruins numerous cities and towns on the western coast of South America, brings freshly to remembrance similar awful visitations in times past. Even if the horrors of ancient earthquakes seemed lessened to the mind through the long lapse of years, the records of more recent ones are still thrilling. Among those which stand out prominently in history is one which occurred a little more than two hundred years ago, in 1662, where 300,000 persons were buried in the city of Pekin alone. In 1693 Sicily was visited by a great earthquake which overturned fifty-four cities and three hundred villages, destroying 100,000 lives. Probably there have been no earthquakes equal in intensity to those which ravaged different parts of the world in the eighteenth century. According to the records, 100,000 persons were again swallowed up at Pekin in 1731; in 1755, 60,000 persons are believed to have perished in six minutes at Lisbon; about 40,000 lives were lost in Calabria in 1783, and nearly the same number were, in 1797, buried in an instant by an earthquake which destroyed the whole country between Santa Fe and Panama.
 During the present century these fearful visitations have frequently occurred in both hemispheres. The valley of the Mississippi was violently shaken during the year 1811 over an extent of country three hundred miles in length; in 1812 Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, was reduced to a heap of ruins, beneath which 13,000 of the inhabitants perished; indeed, both in South and Central America, earthquakes have been working fearful destruction. In 1822 and in 1835 Chili experienced desolating shocks; Quito, in Ecuador, was entirely destroyed in 1859, and in 1858 Mexico suffered severely. Naples and surrounding towns were shaken in 1858; the city of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, was destroyed with many thousands of the inhabitants in 1861; and still more recent earthquakes in Mexico—San Francisco, St. Thomas and other parts of the West Indies and in the Sandwich Islands, are fresh in the minds of all.
 In this latest calamity, the details of which would fill many columns, the whole western coast of South America has severely suffered. All the dreary facts may not come to our knowledge for weeks, and it is to be hoped that the appalling accounts have been exaggerated. Yet there is reason to believe that not less than twenty towns have been ruined, 50,000 lives lost, and property destroyed to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars. Arica,

a flourishing and important sea-port town of Peru, has ceased to exist. It had a population of about 30,000, but premonitory symptoms of the calamity enabled a majority to seek places of safety. Arica, one of the oldest and most beautiful cities of Peru, is a thing of the past. Its population was variously estimated at from 25,000 to 50,000, and many perished. Iquique, the most important place in Southern Peru, was almost totally destroyed. The city of Quito has sustained serious injury; and along the coast of Chili the disturbed sea came forth from its depths, submerging whole towns, and dealing destruction to everything in its path. And now many wretched, homeless creatures are wandering through the country in search of food and shelter! Meanwhile, the Government is endeavoring to relieve their distress as far as possible.

CHARTER OF THE NEW ORLEANS CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY.

STATE OF LOUISIANA, Parish of Orleans, City of New Orleans.
 BE IT KNOWN THAT ON THIS SIXTEENTH day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-second, before me, Wm. Joseph Castell, Notary Public in and for the Parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, duly commissioned, a vote of three-fourths of the bona fide stock holders after named and undersigned, personally appeared, after named and undersigned, personally appeared, who declare that, availing themselves of the provisions of the statutes of Louisiana, relative to the organization of corporations, they do, by these presents, constitute themselves late and constitute a corporation for the following specified objects and under the following stipulations, to-wit:
 ARTICLE I.
 The official name of this corporation shall be the New Orleans Catholic Publication Company.
 ARTICLE II.
 The business and legal domicile of the corporation shall be in the City of New Orleans, subject to removal only by a vote of three-fourths of the bona fide stock holders with the consent of the President.
 ARTICLE III.
 The object of this company is to publish a newspaper in the City of New Orleans and make such other publications as may afterward be deemed advisable by the Board of Directors.
 ARTICLE IV.
 The Vice President of the Company is the officer on whom, as such, citations may be served, and in whose name suit will be brought.
 ARTICLE V.
 The Capital Stock of the Corporation is fixed at One Hundred Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars, in Five Thousand Shares of Twenty Dollars each, and the half of each share to be paid at the time of signing, and the remainder whenever called in by the Board of Directors, at any time after sixty days shall have elapsed from the date of the act of incorporation, provided said remainder may be paid at any time and at the discretion of the stockholder, without any call of the Board, entitling said remainder to a proportional dividend.
 ARTICLE VI.
 This Corporation shall commence operations as soon as Two Hundred Shares of the Capital Stock is subscribed, and immediately thereafter the stockholders may meet and elect a portion of the Board of Directors. Directors must be stockholders; each share of stock subscribed shall be entitled to one vote. Stockholders may vote in person or by proxy of another stockholder.
 ARTICLE VII.
 In case it should become necessary to place this corporation in liquidation, there shall be appointed by the Board of Directors, some of the number who shall represent them, and whose signature shall be binding on the Company, in such capacity.
 ARTICLE VIII.
 No stockholder will be responsible for any liability of the Company beyond the amount of his stock.
 ARTICLE IX.
 There shall be no sale of stock without consent of the Board, and no transfer of stock will be recognized unless approved by the Board.
 ARTICLE X.
 The First President of the Board of Directors shall be the Most Rev. Jean Marie Odin.
 ARTICLE XI.
 The Board of Directors shall consist of, besides the President, five members who shall be Clergymen, and who shall be named by the President, and second, three other members to be elected by the stockholders.
 ARTICLE XII.
 The Directors of the first class shall be appointed and removed by the President, and their places filled with others appointed by him, as frequently as he shall see fit, without any responsibility in anywise, on his part to the stockholders, or any other objection to their supervision. The object of this article is to secure in the hands of the President, the complete control of the newspaper and of the general business of the corporation whenever he may see fit to exercise it.
 ARTICLE XIII.
 The three Directors of the second class shall be elected by the stockholders, at an election to be held annually in the month of December, (after the first election), on such day as shall be appointed by the Board of Directors, whereof due notice shall be given to the stockholders of the company. At this election each share of stock shall be entitled to one vote, and the majority of votes cast shall elect. In case of a vacancy occurring during the year, the President shall place in the remaining Directors of this class. The Vice President to decide in case of a tie vote.
 ARTICLE XIV.
 This annual election of three Directors shall be the only mode in which stockholders shall claim any influence in the control of the paper or the affairs of the corporation.
 ARTICLE XV.
 No member of the Board of Directors shall receive any pay for his services, nor shall he hold any other office or employment in the paper for which he will receive any compensation.
 ARTICLE XVI.
 The President shall hold his office until his death or voluntary resignation.
 ARTICLE XVII.
 Upon a vacancy in the office of President occurring in either of these two modes, his successor shall be elected by the Directors of the first class, or as many of them as may then be in office. During any absence or incapacity of the President, the office shall be filled by each one of the three Directors of the first class as he shall appoint Vice President.
 ARTICLE XVIII.
 This act may be amended by a vote of the stockholders. To effect this there must be cast in favor of said amendment two-thirds of all the votes entitled to be cast, each share representing one vote. Said amendment must have been proposed by the Board of Directors and approved by the President.
 ARTICLE XIX.
 The term for which this Corporation is formed shall be twenty-five years.
 ARTICLE XXI.
 Should any stockholder refuse or neglect to pay punctually his or her installment as the same falls due, interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum shall be added to the amount due until paid, and if any stockholder refuses, or neglects to pay his or her installment within thirty days after the specified time of payment, the Board of Directors shall have the right of causing any share or shares not so paid, which any installment may be due, to be sold at auction or otherwise, as the Board may deem advisable.
 United States Internal Revenue stamps to the amount of twenty cents are affixed hereto, duly canceled at the execution hereof.
 Thus done and passed in my office at New Orleans, aforesaid, the day, month, and year first above written, in the presence of Laurence McCormack and John A. Gilmore, competent witnesses, domiciliated in this city, who hereunto sign their names, together with said parties named, the said Notary, after due reading of these presents.
 J. M. ODIN, THOMAS J. SMITH, C. M.
 N. J. PERCHÉ, JOHN B. DUFFY, C. S. S.
 H. J. HOLLOWAY, JOHN L. LANGAGAN,
 JAMES QUINCY, THOMAS J. KENNY,
 W. J. CASTELL, W. B. LANGASTER,
 D. F. SCANLAN, LAURENCE MCCORMACK,
 JOHN A. GILMORE,
 W. M. J. CASTELL, Notary Public.
 NEW ORLEANS, July 16, 1868.
 I, CHARLES H. LUZEMBERG, District Attorney, in and for the First Judicial District, Parish of Orleans do hereby certify, that I have carefully examined this foregoing Charter of the New Orleans Catholic Publication Company, and that I find nothing therein contrary to the Constitution and the laws of the State of Louisiana.
 C. H. LUZEMBERG,
 District Attorney First Judicial District.
 I, the undersigned, Deputy Recorder of Mortgages, do hereby certify that the present act of incorporation was duly recorded in this office—B. S., No. 7, folios 166, 167, 8, 169, 170.
 Signed, A. DUCATEL, Jr.,
 Deputy Recorder.
 A true copy of the original on file in my office.