THE PRESS,
ED DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED),
Y JOHN W. FORNEY,
No. 111 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

THE DAILY PRESS,
scribers, is TEN DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN
TWENTY CENTS PER WEEK, payable to
Mailed to Subscribers out of the city,
R PER ANNUM; FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY
MONTHS; TWO DOLLARS AND TWENTY-
FIVE THREE MONTHS, invariably in advance
dered.
tisements inserted at the usual rates.
TRI-WEEKLY PRESS,
scribers, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM in

URTAIN GOODS.

WALRAVEN,
CESSOR TO W. H. CARRYL,
ASONIC HALL,
HESTNUT STREET.

DOW SHADES,
URTAINS,
AND
UITO NETTINGS

DRY GOODS JOBBERS.
STOCK OF FALL,
NOW IN STORE. 1864.
MUND YARD & CO.,
hestnut and 614 Jayne Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
ORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
AWLS, LINENS,
WHITE GOODS.
OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
ELMORALS,
BRUNER'S AND OTHER MAKES.
MISSION HOUSES.
& HUTCHINSON,
112 CHESTNUT STREET.
SSION MERCHANTS.
FOR THE SALE OF
LADELPHIA-MADE GOODS.

CLOTHING.
P. KELLY,
JOHN KELLY,
TAILORS,
HESTNUT STREET,
ARKET STREET,
NT and SECOND Streets.
date, sell
AND SUMMER CLOTHS
stock of Fall and Winter Goods,
rise, which they will sell at moderate
as net cash. 1y30

FURNISHING GOODS.
ESTNUT STREET.

RE & BROTHER,
UFACTURERS OF THE
ULDER-SEAM SHIRT,
O. 1, DEALERS IN
'S FURNISHING GOODS
VED PATTERN SHIRT.
FIT AND GIVE SATISFACTION.
MADE BY
C. ARRISON,
NORTH SIXTH STREET,
UTFITTER AND DEALER IN
FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
TANTLY ON HAND,
and FLANNEL SHIRTS, and
LARS, STOCKS, TRAVELLING
AVERS, &c., &c.
IS OWN MANUFACTURE.
ALSO,
PENDERS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
SHOULDER BRACES, &c., &c.
ble prices. apl5-6m

T MANUFACTORY.
ntion to their
STYLE OUT OF SHIRTS,
Specially in their business. Also,
OR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
SCOTT & CO.,
LEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
4 CHESTNUT STREET,
ourth door below the Continental.

DRUGS.
DRUG HOUSE.
T & SIDDALL,
MARKET STREET,
P. H. SIDDALL.

PHYSICIANS AND GE
STOREKEEPERS
establishment a full assortment
ALL DRUGS, Patent Medi-
Oils, Coal Oil, Window Glass,
, etc., at as low prices as genu-
ticles can be sold.

ESSENTIAL OILS,
s, in full variety and of the best
Indigo, Madder, Pot Ash,
Ash, Alum, Oil of Vitriol, Annat-
Logwood Ext.
OR DYERS' USE,
at lowest net cash prices.

SUPERWHITE OF LIMEE,
ter sweet; a perfectly harmless
ut up, with full directions for use,
sufficient for one barrel,
all or city post will meet with
n, or special quotations will be
requested.

HT & SIDDALL,
LESALE DRUG WAREHOUSE,
MARKET Street, above FRONT.

Y & BLANK BOOKS.
Y DIRECTORY—CON-
mpanies, their Offices, Presidents,
tories. We are also prepared to
ies with
TIES of STOCK,
BOOK,
TRANSFER,
GER,
GER BALANCES,
OF CAPITAL STOCK,
BOOK,
PETTY LEDGER,
OF SALES,
and at Low Prices.
MOSS & CO.,
STATIONERS,
422 CHESTNUT Street.

SSES.
EARLE & SON,
UT STREET, PHILA.,
y fine assortment of
G GLASSES,
character, of the
CTURE AND LATEST STYLES.
GS, ENGRAVINGS,
D PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

AD!! READ!!—
NERVINE is a never-failing
Nervousness, Headache, Fits,
, and is accomplishing won-
hat are suffering with any of
ave spent many dollars and yet
ask you to spend one dollar for
Nervine; it will give you
effects and see certificates.
delphia. Wholesale and re-
TEENTH and MARKET Sts.
ast-1m

The Press.

VOL. 8.—NO. 20. PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1864. FOUR CENTS.

THE WAR PRESS,
(PUBLISHED WEEKLY.)
THE WAR PRESS will be sent to subscribers by mail (per annum in advance) at.....$2 00
Three copies.....5 00
Five copies.....8 00
Ten copies.....15 00
Larger Clubs than Ten will be charged at the same rate, $1.50 per copy.
The money must always accompany the order, and in no instance can these terms be deviated from, as they afford very little more than the cost of paper.
☞ Postmasters are requested to act as agents for THE WAR PRESS.
☞ To the setter-up of the Club of ten or twenty, an extra copy of the Paper will be given.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1864.

Country Rambles.—No. 2.

BY CITY COUSIN, JR.

How pleasant, after a long, tiresome ride along a dusty road, to see the rude sign of the village inn looming up before you on the brow of the hill. Its white walls and green shutters, with its long porch, bid you hasten to its refreshing shelter. Nearer, and more nearer you approach the desired haven, you closely examine the rough painting on the sign-board, and find that you are at the Limingville Inn, kept by Frank Augur. On one side is a rude painting of a sloop or yacht in full sail, while on the reverse is what is supposed to be a trotting nag at full gallop. But here you are at the porch; you endeavor to shake off the dust from your feet, and remove it from your garments; the landlord is already behind the bar smiling pleasantly upon you; you enter into conversation with him relative to the hot weather and the latest war news. After indulging in some refreshments after your tedious trip, you seat yourself on the porch and take in at a glance all the surroundings of the place. Immediately in front of you is the post office and village store. A group of females have been slyly watching you since your arrival. They appear somewhat confused when you drop in upon them at the store and inquire for letters and papers. Of course, the papers are ready for you, as the people have been expecting you for a fortnight. Various have been the speculations among the village as to your business and object in coming among them. Your name they have become acquainted with already—but, hark! the swinging horn of the stage-coach is heard, and the mail is expected by it. Everybody is anxious, and wondering about the most improbable things with regard to the war, the latest fashions, and the new tax law. Expectancy is stamped upon every visage, and the coach soon makes it appearance. The mail bag is thrown off on the stoop, the driver waters his horses, and is off again at full speed to his final destination, while the postmaster has secured the precious bag with its valuable contents. How slowly he reads the directions. Here is a poor woman waiting to hear from her son who has not been heard of since the last battle. Here are be-trothed brides blushingly waiting for expectant messages from their loved ones in camp; here is the farmer waiting for his check for fruit furnished his agent in the city; here are little boys and girls who expect nothing, but merely ask if there is anything for them, because everybody else asks a similar question. At last the mail is assorted. Here is a package for Mr. ——. You seize upon it and transmit it to your pocket; and so on, one direction after another is called out, the packages are eagerly grasped, and the store is slowly emptied of its anxious-waiting crowd, carrying along with them messages of joy and sorrow, peace and war, into the domestic circle. You retrace your steps towards the inn, partake of a slight repast, and once more resume your seat on the porch. Now the farmers and laborers gather together at the tavern to hear the latest war-news or discuss measures to avoid the coming draft. You are invited to participate in the discussion, but decline, preferring to be among the audience rather than an actor in the scene. What a place for rumors is a village situated on a stage-coach route. How the most brilliant victory is converted into a defeat, and how a small reverse is magnified! Would you believe it? The sayings of Jeff Davis are attributed to President Lincoln; and rumor also says that Lincoln's soldiers will wade up to the knees in blood in the city of New York rather than they should avoid the draft. These reports are circulated by the sneaking, cowardly Copperheads from York State who travel in this vicinity, who dare not express their treasonable language at home, but who exhaust themselves in the pine woods of Jersey, among a class of people who very seldom see the leading publications of the day, and who depend for their scanty budget of news from the stage-driver, who, in nine cases out of ten, is as coppery as the majority of his passengers. Getting tired of the discussions, you retire. You awake early in the morning, and are somewhat surprised at the number of guests who have arrived over night. The landlord informs you that there is an important case to be tried to day. You determine to remain over and observe the proceedings of the village court. At the appointed time we are ushered into a long, narrow room in the second story of the inn, which is nearly filled with countrymen, in every conceivable style of dress; some without coats, and their shirt-sleeves rolled up; others without shoes, and their pantaloons tucked up; some carry riding whips; others puffing volumes of smoke from their brier-wood pipes. The case is about to commence. The Squire has taken his seat at the end of a long dining table, covered with a white cotton cloth. The lawyers, pro and con, are on opposite sides; the plaintiff, defendant, and witnesses, sit in close proximity to their counsel; the plaintiff's name is called; she gives in her evidence; now the defendant did persecute her, and promise to marry her; how he had broken his plighted vows, and damaged her reputation. Then the witnesses are examined, and cross-examined, and the proceedings are frequently interrupted by bursts of laughter from the listening assemblage, who have come to have a little fun at the expense of the plaintiff and defendant. Did you ever hear a country lawyer spread himself? Well, it was one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed. Imagine, if you please, a tall, stout, sunbrowned individual, with fiery red hair and whiskers, with a deep bass voice, descanting at length on the merits of the case. How his eye twinkles with pleasure at each outburst of applause from the gaping multitude; what a high opinion the assemblage has of his talents; how he tears aside the veil of modesty, and presents everything to the astonished and delighted auditory in all its naked, and hideous deformity. But he has concluded; amid a grand burst of oratory to the departed shades of Washington and Bunker Hill, and, panting for breath and covered with perspiration, he takes his seat. His opponent, a small pale-faced individual, who appears more like a country school-teacher than a lawyer, now arises. He confines himself to the merits of the case; is a gentlemanly and mild man; but he is not as popular as his predecessor. He forgets, or entirely ignores the existence of an American eagle or a star-spangled banner, and calmly collects his evidence and presents it to the justice; but, alas, the justice is mortal, and allows the decision to the counsel that has gained the greatest applause from the audience. The case having been settled, and our bill having been similarly disposed of, we are requested to take a seat in a carriage that will take us to within a few minutes' walk of a circle of friends who have been expecting us over a week ago, and who have pretty nearly come to the conclusion that we have disappointed them. But here we are in their midst. After kind greetings and answering several inquiries, we take a stroll along the beach, and soon plunge into the arms of old Neptune, who embraces us with his fond, frowning, fearful, and foam-lashing breakers.

Old ocean, how I love thee! Ever since my boyhood's early days, when I bathed sportively in thy billows.

How pleasant to dwell upon the associations that cluster around me. Here I am, gloriously playing in the breakers with friends whom I have not seen since I last sat beside them in the weather-boarded village school, years ago (Sea-view Seminary, as our worthy schoolmaster designated it).

Here is old Pete Jones, with the same old brown, laughing eye, and rollicking Johnny Lemon, the first in every scene of mischief, and the last to be punished for it; and here is smiting Dick Stoner, who was as bare as a bear when the master flogged him, and big Johnny Fritz, who used to stealing the garden gates, and hang them up in the apple trees. There was Kate Flood, the belle of the school, now the worthy wife of my old playmate, Davy Kay, who would dare to do anything that a schoolboy could do. But a truce to these reminiscences. It is pleasant, you will admit, to return once more and greet the old familiar faces, and play the same old pranks in the same old ocean that we did in childhood's sunny prime. The moon is up, and sheds its pale, silvery radiance on the ever-beating, never-ceasing breakers. How they twinkle and quiver, like a molten sea of lead shaken roughly by an unseen hand. The pilot boats, with their numbers displayed in large black characters upon their sails, are on the alert; schools of fishes of various kinds pass before us; the wrecking iron boat has unlocked her anchoring, and is making ashore with her treasure, which she has wrenched from Neptune's briny bed. The fishermen, too, who have been toiling since the early dawn among the distant rocks, are returning homeward. Everything in nature is still but the sea, oh Ocean.

We stroll homewards along the worn path through the woods—we tell of days gone by—dwell on racy scenes and incidents in our young life's history. The whippoorwill is sending forth his solitary wail—the moon is suddenly obscured by a passing cloud—we reach the garden gate—we tread the old familiar path—the door is opened, and we are once more beneath the roof of our childhood's pleasant home.

Publications Received.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—We have received the new number, republished in New York, from Mr. W. B. Zieber, 166 South Third street. It contains eight articles, and the usual comprehensive reviews of contemporary literature. The best papers are those upon Public Schools in England, Novels with a Purpose, Liberal French Protestantism.

ENGLISH PICTORIALS.—From Mr. J. J. Kromer, 403 Chestnut street, we have the *Illustrated London News*, *Illustrated News of the World*, and *London News of the World* of August 6th. The engravings are very good.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The September number, sent to us by Mr. T. B. Pugh, corner of Chestnut and Sixth, is far from being a favorable specimen of that magazine. The poetry, with one exception, is indifferent, and there are several heavy articles on various subjects. The account of glass-making is well adapted for a child's magazine. Mr. Gilmore's narrative of his journey to Richmond is the best thing here.

Prices of Country Produce.

To the Editor of The Press:

SIR: I have been, with my family, in Cumberland Valley for the last six weeks. *There* I paid 18 to 20 cents per lb. for excellent butter, and 15 to 18 cents a dozen for fresh eggs. *Here*, on Saturday, I was asked 70 cents for a pound of butter, and 30 cents for a dozen of eggs. Considering that farmers are not taxed, and that the rent of farms has not been advanced, are not the prices very grossly exorbitante here?

A SOJOURNER.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1864.

The New Archbishop of New York.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES OF INSTALLATION—ADDRESS OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

The following description of the installation of the Most Reverend Archbishop McCloskey, which took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Sunday morning, is taken from the account published in the New York *Daily News*:

Yesterday the installation of the new incumbent of the Archbishopric was performed before an immense congregation assembled to witness the imposing scene, and listen to the grand anthems prepared for the occasion. For many days before the ceremony took place, the committee having charge of the arrangements were applied to by thousands of persons for tickets of admission to the Cathedral, but as these necessary *signa manual* were limited, many were disappointed in being unable to obtain admittance.

The Cathedral was thronged; the music was all that the best talent could make it; the decorations of the altar were very imposing; the grand mass was highly impressive; the sermon of the Archbishop was remarkably appropriate to the occasion and full of eloquence.

OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

The rain damped the enthusiasm of that portion of the public which would have assembled in crowds, had the weather been fine, to see what they could of the ceremonies. Moreover, the great attraction for those who had not tickets of admission to the cathedral was prevented by the rain altogether. There was no procession from the archiepiscopal residence to the sacred edifice, and no portion of the spectacle could be witnessed from the street, but the passage of the clergy and acolytes through the vestibule of the Cathedral. Still, about a thousand persons gathered on Mott and Mulberry and Prince streets, and many more filled the windows and housetops in the neighborhood, where a possible chance of obtaining a passing view of the proceedings could be obtained.

As early as half past eight o'clock, the people commenced to assemble in front of the main entrance to the cathedral, on Mott street, and at half past nine, the time appointed for the opening of the doors, the street was crowded with carriages, while the sidewalks were covered by the anxious and expectant ones who were fortunate enough to have obtained tickets. While the people were coming into the church, a delegation of the citizens of Albany, intimate friends of the Archbishop, were conducted to seats which had been prepared for them at the left side of the sanctuary.

There were no extra decorations throughout the body of the church, but the tabernacle and altar were appropriately and beautifully ornamented with flowers and candelabra, in which were lighted tapers of fine white wax.

At the left of the sanctuary was the episcopal chair, covered by a richly carved canopy of walnut. At the right end, or Epistle side of the altar, was a table, on which was placed the Sacred Species, covered by the chasuble, while on the right end, or Gospel side, were the pontifical robes of the celebrant, and on either end and in front of the sanctuary were placed chairs for the clergy and acolytes.

THE PROCESSION.

At about ten and a half o'clock A. M., the church by this time being filled to repletion, with the exception of the southern and middle aisles, which were kept clear, the reverend clergy and attendants having robed themselves in the vestry, at the left side of the altar, formed in procession and entered the church through the sanctuary, and proceeded down the main aisle to the vestibule, and thence to the middle door.

The robes in which the bishops were vested were of the richest description. The vestments of the Archbishop only, with a point of violaceous tint, all others, were incased splendid. A large, yellow satin "cope," with fringings of solid gold around its edges, and pending from the cape, and plentifully spangled with gold and silver, enveloped the vestments he wore underneath, which were also of the costliest material. His mitre, of similar color and texture, contained rare and costly jewels, which flashed with peculiar brightness as he passed up the eastern and down the main aisle, in the procession. In his hand he carried the "crozier," or shepherd's crook, typical of his high position as guardian of the flock, both of clergy and laity, committed to his care. The crook portion of this was of solid gold, while the staff was of costly metal, deeply plated with gold, and highly burnished. The episcopal ring on his finger was set with a rare diamond. The apartments of the priests were of a rich and costly character.

As the procession entered the sanctuary, the clergy commenced the chant "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini," Rev. Dr. O'Brien being chief chanter.

DESCRIPTION OF THE INSTALLATION CEREMONIES.

When the head of the procession had reached the main entrance of the Cathedral, the holy water and incense bearers and the pontifical cross bearer halted, and allowed the rest of the procession to intervene between them and the Archbishop to file past them, on either side, up the centre isle, toward the high altar, the organist meanwhile executing a charming voluntary. As soon as the Archbishop and canopy bearers, passing through the center door, had reached the vestibule of the church, there suddenly burst forth from the full choir and organ the grand *Te Deum*, by Coccia.

Before crossing the vestibule the Archbishop received the *aspersorium* (or vessel containing the holy water and sprinkler) from the hands of the Rector of the Cathedral, and passing slowly up the main aisle, a short distance toward the high altar, administered the *asperges*, or sprinkled with holy water the congregation on either side of him. Preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, the processional then moved up the aisle to the sanctuary, where the attendant clergy took place within the railing on both sides of the altar steps. Having passed through the gateway of the communion rail, and reached the lowest step from the altar, the Archbishop knelt, till the choir had finished singing the *Te Deum*, when he intoned the versicle: Benedicamus Patrem et Filium, cum Sancto Spiritu, (let us bless the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost.) To which the choir responded: Laudamus et superexaltemus Eum in secula. (Let us praise and extol Him forever.)

The prayers prescribed in the ritual, being for the prosperity of religion, the sanctification of the clergy of the Archdiocese, and asking for the blessing of God upon the archdiocese, were then chanted by the Very Rev. Father Starrs, who officiated as assistant priest, and at the conclusion of which, the bishop was conducted to the throne prepared for him on the left of the high altar. The privilege of conducting the Archbishop on these occasions belongs to the two senior prelates of the Province. They are Right Rev. Bishop Timon, bishop of the diocese of Buffalo, and Right Rev. John Loughlin, bishop of the diocese of Brooklyn. The Right Rev. Bishop Timon being selected to celebrate the solemn high mass of the day, however, his position as co-conductor with Bishop Loughlin was supplied by the Right Rev. Dr. De Goesbriand, bishop of the diocese of Burlington, Vt.

Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, took his seat on the gospel side of the altar as Archbishop McCloskey, near the throne. The other Bishops sat on the opposite side, near the pulpit. Being seated on the throne the senior priest present, namely, Archbishop McCloskey the *pax tecum*, or kiss of peace, and in turn gave the same to each other, when the remaining bishops approached the throne and received the pax, and administered the same among themselves as was previously done by the senior prelates. The reverend clergy then came forward to the foot of the throne, singly, and made their obeisance by kneeling and kissing the episcopal ring.

This obeisance having been paid, the clergy having retired to their places on each side of the altar, then sang in unison the anthem of the saint under whose protection the church had been dedicated to divine worship—being the case, of course, the patron of St. Patrick. After this was sung, the Archbishop descended from his episcopal throne, and proceeded in front of the altar, where he chanted the prayer of St. Patrick; then ascending the steps, he made a genuflection before the blessed sacrament, and turning round toward the people, he solemnly gave the episcopal benediction from the middle of the altar, both clergy and laity kneeling to receive it, after which he returned to the throne.

THE SOLEMN HIGH MASS.

Solemn High Mass was then commenced by the Right Rev. Bishop Timon, who officiated as celebrant, arrayed in full pontificals. Owing to the length of time occupied by the installation, it was fully half past eleven o'clock before Bishop Timon commenced the mass, Archbishop McCloskey standing on the step of the throne, during the reading of the gospel of the day the Archbishop descended from his throne and proceeded to the vestry, where he was disrobed of his canonicals and re-entered the sanctuary, robed only in cassock, surplice, and cape. Kneeling before the altar while an anthem was sung by the choir, he then ascended the pulpit, and turning to the vast congregation, commenced his address as follows:

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

"Pax Vobiscum!"—("Peace be to you.")

BELOVED BRETHREN OF THE PRELACY, CLERGY, AND LAITY: In what words can I better present to you my warmest and sincerest greetings, on this occasion so full of solemn and sacred interest to us all, than those words of the lips of our blessed Lord and Saviour himself, "Peace be to you." This was the gentle salutation which he addressed to his apostles on his first appearance among them after his Resurrection. These were the words in which he sought to allay their fears, to dispel their anxieties and doubts, to rally their courage, and to revive their drooping confidence and hope. It was their joyful meeting after the sorrows of Calvary, and doubtless at that moment his divine heart was overflowing with tenderness and love to all of them. Doubtless he much desired to give them a full and earnest assurance of the sentiments of affection, of kindness, and of good will which fill his heart. Yet the exuberance of his emotions seemed to find no other utterance than in those few simple words, "Peace be with you." That comprehends all.

Now, beloved brethren, on this day, when I appear before you for the first time in the new and changed relations of bishop and pastor of your souls, and at our first meeting since great sorrows have overtaken us; now, since for me, at least, the painful sacrifice of separation from a diocese, and from a clergy, and from a laity whom I have so long fondly cherished, is consummated, and a new alliance made and confirmed by the Holy Ghost in this station, is this day solemnly ratified; now, that from henceforth until the end our sympathies are to become so closely interwoven and our interests and spiritual interests so nearly blended and linked together, our destinies, it may be even for time and for eternity, so intimately united, is it could I give desire than to pour out to you, if it were possible, the whole abundance of my heart, to speak to you words of encouragement and hope, to wish for you every blessing and every goodness? And will I not have said it all when I repeat the words of our blessed Lord, *pax vobiscum*—peace be with you—peace, indeed, not such as the world gives, or such as the world can take away, but the peace of God, which passeth all understanding—the peace which endureth forever.

It has been with you, beloved brethren, even as it was with the Apostles of old, that your hearts were sad and troubled. A prelate, whom you revered so highly, a father, upon whom you had leaned so well, was taken from you. The joy of your lives and the pride of hearts was departed, a shadow was left upon your path, and you felt that you were left orphans. Here, too, a shining light of the sanctuary was extinguished. Holy of Holies was encompassed with the gloom of mourning. This Church and the See of New York sat widowed and desolate, for her great Archbishop was no more. But now we see this changed. She is holding a high festival—a high and even joyous festival—for she has come around with her appearance altered. The garments of her widowhood are laid aside. What celebrates this day, even as with the greatest pomp and splendor, but new and other nuptials? She receives another spouse; and in receiving to herself a spouse she gives to you another father. She bids you, too, to lift up your heads in confidence and hope. She, too, salutes you with sweet and pleasant words of peace, and from the altar has already said *pax vobiscum*—peace be with you.

But the father who has stepped into the place comes to you this day, knowing full well that, although he may occupy it, he never can fill the seat that has been left vacant. Still less can he fill the void that has been created in your hearts. He knows full well that he cannot bring to you the same high gifts and endowments; neither the same great head, nor the same force and ascendancy of character, nor the same wisdom of administration, nor the same commanding power of eloquence. All he can bring to you is a heart full of paternal tenderness; full of devotion to your spiritual welfare; full of gratitude for all your best and dearest interests, the sanctification and salvation of your immortal souls. For oh, brethren, what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" So, then, it is for me, especially in this hour, conscious of my own insufficiency, to ask a return of the peaceful salutations from yourselves.

The Archbishop concluded as follows:

To you, lastly, brethren of the laity, let me address a few concluding words. You will bear with me if I say that among you I do not feel that I come as a stranger. I am returning to friends—many, very many of whom I have known before, who have enjoyed my respect and my esteem; and from whom I hope I have some little return. I am returning to scenes which are dear and familiar to me. It is here that upon my boyish head the good Bishop Connolly laid his hand and blessed me. It was here that the venerable Bishop Dubois raised me to the dignity of the holy priesthood.

It was at the altar of this Cathedral that I celebrated my first mass. It was at that altar I knelt to receive at the hands of my illustrious predecessor the consecration which made me his coadjutor; and if I have been separated from you for a time, I am called back to continue his work, and will I not find the same willing hands, the same cheerful hearts, the same unity of Catholic faith and Catholic piety that will cheer, assist, and carry me onward? I do not, I cannot doubt it, brethren; what I said about the unity of the clergy applies with equal force to you. It is that unity of laity with pastor, of pastor with bishop, of bishop with the great supreme head of the Church, of him with Peter, and through Peter with Christ, which is to hold us together as one great and immortal Church. Let us return thanks to God who has made us the children thereof. Let us beg of Him that He will be true to its teachings, that we may be faithful, and that, through Him we may secure hope to be led to the kingdom of Heaven.

Now, having been sent to bless, it is necessary that I should call down a blessing from Him, the Father of Light, from whom every good and perfect gift descends. Bless, O Lord! bless the bishop; bless the clergy, and bless the people; bless the pastor, and bless the flock; bless the pastor that he may guide his flock in the ways of truth and justice, and righteousness; bless the clergy, that they may be the ornament and the glory of their sanctuary—that they be to their bishop his joy and his crown; bless the religious communities spread throughout the diocese, that the blessings which they are distributing to others may the more and more abound on every side; bless fathers and mothers; bless sons and daughters; bless the young and bless the old; bless the poor and bless the rich; bless the sick and the infirm as well as those who are in vigor of life and health; bless the magistrate and bless the citizen; bless the soldier and bless the civilian; bless the province and bless this diocese; bless this city and bless us all, O Lord, for we have need of thy blessing.

And thou, O glorious and immaculate Virgin, Mother of our God, it is under thy protection that we seek to place ourselves. It is under the auspices of God upon the archdiocese, were then chanted by the Very Rev. Father Starrs, who officiated as assistant priest, and at the conclusion of which, Archbishop was conducted to the throne prepared for him on the left of the high altar. The privilege of conducting the Archbishop on these occasions belongs to the two senior prelates of the Province. They are Right Rev. Bishop Timon, bishop of the diocese of Buffalo, and Right Rev. John Loughlin, bishop of the diocese of Brooklyn. The Right Rev. Bishop Timon being selected to celebrate the solemn high mass of the day, however, his position as co-conductor with Bishop Loughlin was supplied by the Right Rev. Dr. De Goesbriand, bishop of the diocese of Burlington, Vt.

Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, took his seat on the gospel side of the altar as Archbishop McCloskey, near the throne. The other Bishops sat on the opposite side, near the pulpit. Being seated on the throne the senior priest present, namely, Archbishop McCloskey the *pax tecum*, or kiss of peace, and in turn gave the same to each other, when the remaining bishops approached the throne and received the pax, and administered the same among themselves as was previously done by the senior prelates. The reverend clergy then came forward to the foot of the throne, singly, and made their obeisance by kneeling and kissing the episcopal ring.

This obeisance having been paid, the clergy having retired to their places on each side of the altar, then sang in unison the anthem of the saint under whose protection the church had been dedicated to divine worship—being the case, of course, the patron of St. Patrick. After this was sung, the Archbishop descended from his episcopal throne, and proceeded in front of the altar, where he chanted the prayer of St. Patrick; then ascending the steps, he made a genuflection before the blessed sacrament, and turning round toward the people, he solemnly gave the episcopal benediction from the middle of the altar, both clergy and laity kneeling to receive it, after which he returned to the throne.

THE SOLEMN HIGH MASS.

Solemn High Mass was then commenced by the Right Rev. Bishop Timon, who officiated as celebrant, arrayed in full pontificals. Owing to the length of time occupied by the installation, it was fully half past eleven o'clock before Bishop Timon commenced the mass, Archbishop McCloskey standing on the step of the throne, during the reading of the gospel of the day the Archbishop descended from his throne and proceeded to the vestry, where he was disrobed of his canonicals and re-entered the sanctuary, robed only in cassock, surplice, and cape. Kneeling before the altar while an anthem was sung by the choir, he then ascended the pulpit, and turning to the vast congregation, commenced his address as follows:

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

"Pax Vobiscum!"—("Peace be to you.")

BELOVED BRETHREN OF THE PRELACY, CLERGY, AND LAITY: In what words can I better present to you my warmest and sincerest greetings, on this occasion so full of solemn and sacred interest to us all, than those words of the lips of our blessed Lord and Saviour himself, "Peace be to you." This was the gentle salutation which he addressed to his apostles on his first appearance among them after his Resurrection. These were the words in which he sought to allay their fears, to dispel their anxieties and doubts, to rally their courage, and to revive their drooping confidence and hope. It was their joyful meeting after the sorrows of Calvary, and doubtless at that moment his divine heart was overflowing with tenderness and love to all of them. Doubtless he much desired to give them a full and earnest assurance of the sentiments of affection, of kindness, and of good will which fill his heart. Yet the exuberance of his emotions seemed to find no other utterance than in those few simple words, "Peace be with you." That comprehends all.

Now, beloved brethren, on this day, when I appear before you for the first time in the new and changed relations of bishop and pastor of your souls, and at our first meeting since great sorrows have overtaken us; now, since for me, at least, the painful sacrifice of separation from a diocese, and from a clergy, and from a laity whom I have so long fondly cherished, is consummated, and a new alliance made and confirmed by the Holy Ghost in this station, is this day solemnly ratified; now, that from henceforth until the end our sympathies are to become so closely interwoven and our interests and spiritual interests so nearly blended and linked together, our destinies, it may be even for time and for eternity, so intimately united, is it could I give desire than to pour out to you, if it were possible, the whole abundance of my heart, to speak to you words of encouragement and hope, to wish for you every blessing and every goodness? And will I not have said it all when I repeat the words of our blessed Lord, *pax vobiscum*—peace be with you—peace, indeed, not such as the world gives, or such as the world can take away, but the peace of God, which passeth all understanding—the peace which endureth forever.

It has been with you, beloved brethren, even as it was with the Apostles of old, that your hearts were sad and troubled. A prelate, whom you revered so highly, a father, upon whom you had leaned so well, was taken from you. The joy of your lives and the pride of hearts was departed, a shadow was left upon your path, and you felt that you were left orphans. Here, too, a shining light of the sanctuary was extinguished. Holy of Holies was encompassed with the gloom of mourning. This Church and the See of New York sat widowed and desolate, for her great Archbishop was no more. But now we see this changed. She is holding a high festival—a high and even joyous festival—for she has come around with her appearance altered. The garments of her widowhood are laid aside. What celebrates this day, even as with the greatest pomp and splendor, but new and other nuptials? She receives another spouse; and in receiving to herself a spouse she gives to you another father. She bids you, too, to lift up your heads in confidence and hope. She, too, salutes you with sweet and pleasant words of peace, and from the altar has already said *pax vobiscum*—peace be with you.

But the father who has stepped into the place comes to you this day, knowing full well that, although he may occupy it, he never can fill the seat that has been left vacant. Still less can he fill the void that has been created in your hearts. He knows full well that he cannot bring to you the same high gifts and endowments; neither the same great head, nor the same force and ascendancy of character, nor the same wisdom of administration, nor the same commanding power of eloquence. All he can bring to you is a heart full of paternal tenderness; full of devotion to your spiritual welfare; full of gratitude for all your best and dearest interests, the sanctification and salvation of your immortal souls. For oh, brethren, what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" So, then, it is for me, especially in this hour, conscious of my own insufficiency, to ask a return of the peaceful salutations from yourselves.

The Archbishop concluded as follows:

To you, lastly, brethren of the laity, let me address a few concluding words. You will bear with me if I say that among you I do not feel that I come as a stranger. I am returning to friends—many, very many of whom I have known before, who have enjoyed my respect and my esteem; and from whom I hope I have some little return. I am returning to

PERSONAL.

—Philo Gridley, one of the veteran judges of Western New York, died at Utica a few days since. He was a native of Connecticut.

—Queen Dowager Emma of the Sandwich Islands, mother of King Kamehameha V., intends visiting Europe.

—Elisha Thayer Quinby, of New Ipswich, N. H., has been chosen Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College, to fill a vacancy. Mr. Quinby graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1861.

—Miss Hannah Jones, of Dighton, Mass., now eighty-seven years of age, walks two miles to church every pleasant Sunday. She also visits her sister as often as once a week, who lives three miles from her residence.

—Artemas Ward has sued a Maine railroad company for a "buggy cover" lost by them, and hopes that Justice will be done. Artemas says that he has been "done," and it is time Justice was.

—The New York *Independent* says: "In old times the symbol of a determination to endure to the end was nailing the flag to the mast. Farragut has given us a better: we lash the Admiral to the mast."

—The wife of General Sibley, of the rebel army, has come over to our side in Arkansas. Her husband escorted her to the Federal lines, and there bade her good-bye. She stands by the Union and the old flag.

—George Sanders, the rebel politician who got up the late peace imbroglio at Niagara Falls, was said to be in New York, *incog.*, last week. It ought not to be difficult to recognize his short and fat figure anywhere.

—The treasurer of the Washington University at St. Louis received lately two checks of twenty-five thousand dollars each—one from Nathaniel Thayer, banker, of Boston; the other from the family of Thomas Tillerson, a deceased New Yorker.

—Adelina Patti has lately sung at the Sydenham Crystal Palace before an audience of eight thousand people. The *Vedrai carino*, from Don Giovanni, and "Home, Sweet Home," were her selections. Tamberlik was also one of the attractions at this concert.

—The dwelling house in which General Hamilton lived and just been taken down, was the last of the old residences in the lower part of New York. It was a three-story brick house, and a very genteel one in its day. The marble stone steps down which Hamilton walked on the morning that he left home for the bloody ground of Hoboken, where he fought with Burr, are all that remain of this once celebrated edifice. Nearly every passerby pilfered a brick or bit of the marble and bore it away in commemoration of the great man whose sun went down in blood.

—When Farragut was notified of the surrender of the rebel ram Tennessee, he sent an officer off to receive Buchanan's sword. On learning of Buchanan's wound, an officer asked Farragut if he would go off and see him. Farragut looked along his decks, strewn with dead and dying, and two mangled corpses, and red with the blood of others who had fallen and been removed, and then replied: "With these brave men before me, killed and mangled by him, I consider him but my enemy. I want nothing to do with him."

—Turin letters announce that the tour of Prince Humbert, heir to the throne of Italy, has no political object, but the Prince has attained his majority, and the King wishes, as he will one day ascend the throne, that he should first study the most civilized countries of Europe, with the institutions and improvements which might be applied advantageously to his own people.

—General Hood, the rebel commander at Atlanta, is said to have but one leg and one arm. From the reckless manner in which he has hurled of his command because it was, according to him, contrary to military etiquette to serve under an officer holding a commission of more recent date than his own, and after this he resigned altogether, because the politics of the Administration do not suit him.

As to the etiquette, the refractory General ought to be informed that in his case no question of etiquette presented itself, but on the one hand, a question of regulation, of the precession of days, and on the other hand, a question of military ethics—of high military morals and honor. It is a very proper question in every case where, when there are several officers of equal rank are brought together, he that has the oldest commission shall take command over the rest, if the higher authority has not specially assigned the precedence to one of the officers of equal rank. The regulation is natural; it is simply resorted to to avoid that worst of things in war—want of command. Nothing worse than this can happen to an army. It is too serious a thing; the fortune of war often depends upon too delicate turns, and a people's interests are too grave and sacred to permit the sacrifice of principle to expediency, for the common run of things, but without inherent life or power, to thwart the earnest objects of so terrible a thing as war. Indeed, in the present case, the American case, so common in all our affairs, prevails in no slight degree, are these constant requests of being relieved admitted in flagrant war. What would Wellington have done, or Napoleon, or Frederick the Great, in such circumstances? Their reply to such requests would have been very short and somewhat sharp, and probably have ended with some such word as *arrest* and severe trial; possibly with a pretty Frederician comment on the term *etiquette*, compared to honor.

The resignation, I am officer, on the ground that the Administration follows principles not approved of by the resigning officer, seems simply to amount to a refusal to do duty, because not entirely to his liking, and especially so in times of war. His individuality is merged in the public danger, as much as in the military discipline, and of no importance whatever when he works at the engine to stop a conflagration. It was adopted by universal consent in the Christian army, in Christian life, that officers had a right to fight a duel during the war, but must leave it to the time of peace. This was right, if duels are permitted at all. Do we educate our officers for the war, and then, when called for their country, with the previso if the full-blown cadet agrees with the Administration? If an Administration does not give officers a cause to die, approve of, as citizen, he has to consider that he does not serve the Administration, but his country, whose political organization has produced this system of administration. If the Administration, the head of government, does not suit him, he must leave, in time of peace, the country, but not in war, once having entered it. He has a right to think and do this, as a foreigner, having taken service under our flag, and having sworn allegiance to the country which gives him his pay, and, as a private or as officer, because the course which the