

it a bit with his thumb, awaited the result in dumb silence. "Dumb as a fish," said Mr. Dullard, emphatically. "All that again!" said Mr. Dullard, emphatically. "The pewter was repositioned, and before the beads on the surface had disappeared the big blubber lip dipped into its contents, and the busy top began to feel a great deal better, and to find himself in a mood to consider and review what was owed to his friends and to the world.

His wrongs stared him sternly in the face; and the harsh treatment he had received at all hands, as well as the battered condition that he found himself reduced to, aroused all his bitterest feelings and animosities. The landlord, too, was not contentive—he disliked his rude customer, who injured his house by his squabble, and only answered his several queries by gruff monosyllables. He took up his measure of liquor and sat down on a bench to brood over his troubles and to decide upon some mode of action to avert the trial and expose of the coming morrow.

The city gates were not yet closed—the curfew-bell would not ring until nine of the clock—there was always a soldier guard on the Sabbath night, and those only spearmen. He could steal down the Black-Abbey lane, hide easily and securely behind the buttresses that supported the great walls on either side, and when the sentinels were boozing away in the guard-house, and gossiping with their fellows, with all the indolence of idle officials, he was to prevent him with a well-timed rush to pass the forbidden barrier, and trust to his luck and his speed for his future enfranchisement. He finished the usquebaugh, fung another coin to his gruff host and walked out into the twilight.

Determined to make his way out of the city jurisdiction at all hazards, he loosened the long thin blade in its sheath, which he kept concealed under his jerkin, and tightening his leather belt about his waist, proceeded upon his venturesome expedition. The moon was just rising, and the great shadows were as dark as he could wish them to be.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CATHOLIC STATISTICS.

The Catholic Directory for 1876, edited by Rev. W. A. Johnson, secretary to Cardinal Manning, and published under the sanction of the Catholic authorities by Messrs. Burns and Oates, gives the following information and statistics of the Catholic Church in Great Britain:—The ancient hierarchy ended in England with Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, who died in prison in 1534. After an interval of fourteen years the English Catholic were placed under the care of archbishops till 1623, when Pope Gregory XV. appointed a vicar apostolic; and it was by such dignitaries, who were bishops with foreign titles—in partibus infidelium—that the affairs of the Church in England were conducted till the erection of the hierarchy by Pius IX. in 1850. In 1688 Innocent XI. divided England into four ecclesiastical districts, which were further increased to eight by Gregory XVI. in 1840. The English hierarchy consists of thirteen sees—namely, the archbishopric of Westminster and the twelve suffragan dioceses of Beverly, Birmingham, Chilton, Hexham, and Newcastle, Liverpool, Newport and Mernevia (St. David's), Northampton, Nottingham, Plymouth, Salford, Shrewsbury, and Southwark. The two senior bishops in order of consecration are Dr. Brown, Bishop of Newport and Mernevia, and Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, who are both Benedictine monks and whose appointments date from 1840 and 1846 respectively. The latest consecrated bishop is Bishop Bagshawe, of Nottingham, a member of the London Oratory, who was raised to the episcopal dignity in 1874. In England and Wales there are one cardinal archbishop, one archbishop in partibus, 16 bishops, 1,772 priests, and 1,081 churches and chapels; which give an increase during the past year of 52 priests and 20 places of worship. The three most flourishing dioceses, judged by the number of priests and churches they contain, are Westminster, Liverpool, and Southwark. There are in England and Wales 215 monastic communities. In addition to this the dioceses possess colleges, industrial schools, charitable institutions, and politico-religious associations. In Scotland the ancient hierarchy ended with James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, who was exiled, and, though reinstated by James VI., never returned to his see, but died in Paris in 1603. The Scottish mission afterwards remained chiefly under the care of the English archbishops and vicars apostolic till 1653, when Pope Innocent X. incorporated the Scotch priests into an independent body and freed them from English supervision. The first vicar apostolic of Scotland was appointed in 1649. In 1731 the country was divided into two ecclesiastical districts, and in 1827 was further partitioned into three, which still exist, and are governed by an archbishop and two bishops with foreign territorial titles. There are in the three districts 244 priests and 233 churches and chapels; a slight increase upon the figures of last year. The Catholic Church in Ireland consists of four provinces—Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam—at the head of each of which is an archbishop, and the provinces are again subdivided into twenty-eight dioceses. The whole British Empire, including dependencies and colonies, consists of 12 archbishoprics, 71 episcopal sees, 36 apostolic vicariates, and 7 apostolic prefectures. At the present time there are 124 Catholic archbishops and bishops holding office in the British Empire. The peerage contains the names of 36 members of the Catholic communion, and the baronetage 47. There are seven Catholic members of the Privy Council, and 50 Catholics have seats in the House of Commons. The Directory also gives some information about the Catholic hierarchy, at the head of which stands his Holiness Pius IX., whose full style is, "Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of St. Peter Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman Church." The Sacred College of Cardinals, when its numbers are complete, consists of 70 members—namely, 6 cardinal bishops, 50 cardinal priests, and 14 cardinal deacons. At the present moment, however, there are but 57 cardinals, of whom 49 were created by Pius IX. during the pontificate of the present Pope, too, 109 cardinals have died, of whom he created 55. Pius IX. has, therefore, raised 104 ecclesiastics to the cardinalate during his reign. The Catholic Church also numbers 12 patriarchates—seven of the Latin, and five of the Oriental rite. The total number of sees throughout the world which acknowledge the jurisdiction of Rome is 889 and the total number of bishops, according to statistics published in January, 1875, was 1,163.

A work of supererogation—A negro washing his face!

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The days of old were days of might In forms of greatness moulded, And flowers of Heaven grew on the earth Within the Church unfolded. For grace fell fast as summer dew And saints to giant stature grew. But one by one gifts are gone, That in the world abound. When it within the Church's walls Was willingly surrounded, And weary nations scarce a-bide The thrill of power unanctified. A blight has passed upon the world, Her summer hath departed, The chill of age is on her sons, The cold and fearful-hearted. And sad, amid neglect and scorn, Our mother sits and weeps forlorn. Narrower and narrower still each year The holy circle groweth, And what the end of all shall be, Nor man nor Angel knoweth. And so we watch and wait in fear— It may be that the Lord is near!

REV. F. W. FABER.

GRATTAN'S LAST APPEARANCE IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Among the recent contributions to Irish literature is a Historical Study of Grattan by John George McCarthy, M.P., which has received the highest encomiums from the reviewers of the Irish Press, and from which we quote the following description of the first night of the debate upon the Union:— After a day of feverish anxiety, as the chill-winter clouds closed in, and the members were assembling, College Green became covered with a sea of upturned faces, lit by the flickering of a thousand torches—by the flashing of a thousand emotions. Many were the comments, grave and gay, of praise and scorn:—"Come, Mr. M., you were paid this morning; give us a tenpenny bit to drink your health." "Success to you, my Lord E.—It was you made the good bargain, and it's a credit to us all; you did not stir your country too cheap!" "Three cheers for Sir William, boys; he bargained to be a Lord when there's to be no Lords at all!" "Here's Harry D—G—, boys. How much did they mark on your brief Harry?" Castlereagh was almost shielded from popular scorn by the superb beauty of his wife; but when Lord Clare appeared, many a fist was clenched, and groans reverberated like muffled thunder. The groans were changed to cheers, wild, loud, and high, as Plunket reared his noble, and glorious little Curran flashed his dark eyes, and Kendal Bushe, and Saurin, and Gould, brought the greatest names at the Bar of Ireland. But there were sad gaps in the popular ranks: Lucas had long since passed away. Flood's tall form was smouldering in the grave. Charlesom's princely presence would never again meet mortal eye. And the greatest of them all—first in genius, first in services, first in the heart of Ireland—Henry Grattan, was not even entitled to enter the House of which he was the pride. He was believed to be lying on his death bed in Wicklow. Some wild rumor had, indeed, run, that he had been on that very day returned Member for Wicklow, and that, before the debate was over, he would appear to save, if man could save, the liberties of his country. But this rumor was deemed too wild to be seriously believed. Inside the House all was tenfold excitement. The students of Trinity College held their accustomed places, serried rank on rank, in young enthusiasm. The galleries were thronged with the beauty and fashion of a capital where beauty and fashion were famous; and the ladies themselves showed by the colors they wore that they were not only spectators but partisans. Behind these rose many a row of eager faces, and many a form on which shone the stars of the Peerages of both islands. The members thronged the House below in the splendid full dress of the time.

At first, the Ministry did not show their hands. The Viceregal speech from the throne made no mention of the one subject which was on all lips. The mover and seconder of the address were equally reticent. But Sir Lawrence Parsons forced the Ministerial hand. In a stirring speech he moved an amendment declaratory of the resolution of Parliament to support the independence of the nation. Then came the debate. "Every man," says Barrington, "assembled on that night inspired by his subject." Gentle George Pousonby astounded friends and foes by a display of intense power and passion. Even Castlereagh was eloquent. Bushe and Plunket made speeches which became historical. The grey morning began to dawn, and the debate to languish, when a great sound of popular tumult was heard from outside: the debate stopped; cheer rung above cheer, until all Dublin seemed to be cheering. George Pousonby and Arthur Moore (afterward judge) glided out. They soon reappeared, supporting a man in the uniform of the Volunteers, but wasted by illness, pale and suffering, white as a ghost. It was Henry Grattan. It was indeed he. Government had kept back the writ for Wicklow until the very day on which Parliament had met. But that very day it had been sped by willing hands to Wicklow: the voters were ready; the return was made after midnight; Grattan sprang from his bed; his wife parted from him believing they would never meet again; feet horses bore his carriage fast; and he was there: there to fight his last battle for the land he loved. As he entered, the whole House rose and uncovered. As he tottered to the table and took the oaths, Lord Castlereagh and all the Ministers bowed low and remained standing. For a while no sound broke the silence, except the sounds of convulsive sobs from the galleries. But as the grand old tribune rose to address the House, there burst forth a long wild cheer that answered well the cheer without, and was well re-answered back again. Scarcely, however, had he risen when he fell back again into his seat exhausted. Then he asked leave to address the House without rising. "And then," says Mr. Lecky, "was witnessed the spectacle, among the grandest in the whole range of the mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm and the power of genius nerving a feeble and emaciated frame. As the fire of oratory kindled, as the angel of enthusiasm touched those pallid lips with the living coal, as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind, and the old plaudits broke on his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized, and the buoyancy of youth restored. His voice gained a deeper power, his action a more commanding energy, his eloquence an ever-increasing brilliancy. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of epigram, of argument, and of appeal. He traversed almost the whole of that complex question; he grappled with the various arguments of expediency the Ministers had urged; but he placed the issue on the highest grounds; the thing (he said) the Ministry proposes to buy is what cannot be sold—liberty." When he at last concluded, it must have been felt, that if the Irish Parliament could have been saved by eloquence, it would have been saved by Henry Grattan." But it could not be saved, and the vote was adverse.

The other day an engineer on the Central Road had to stop his train near the Junction, and pull a drunken man from the track, the fellow having laid down and fallen asleep. "You fool, you!" shouted the engineer, "suppose you had been run over by the train?" "You (hic) fool you!" stammered the inebriate. "I s'posin I'd (hic) run over your blessed old (hic) cars?"

THE GRATTAN DINNER IN LONDON.

On the evening of the 6th of January, the inauguration of the Grattan Monument, in Dublin, was celebrated in London by a banquet, which took place at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, and of which only a meagre paragraph, reached by telegraph two weeks ago. The dinner, though called an anniversary, was, in fact, a testimonial to the memory of Henry Grattan, and was attended by about forty Irish gentlemen resident in London, and belonging to the various professions. The chair was taken by Mr. J. C. O'Connell, M.P., Vice-President of the London Home Ruler's Association, and the Vice-Chair by Mr. Thomas Quinn, M.P. Among the guests present were:—Mr. F. O'Donnell, M.P., Mr. W. O'Neill, solicitor; Mr. F. O'Driscoll, Mr. Mattman Barry, Mr. O'Shea, Mr. J. C. Howe, Mr. J. F. Goulding, Mr. Robert Murray, and Mr. O'Byrne.

Shortly after the commencement of the banquet—Mr. Goulding rose and proposed that the chairman should send a telegraph of greeting to Mr. Butt, presiding over the dinner in Dublin that night. This suggestion being approved by the company, the Chairman addressed the following telegram to Mr. Butt, M.P., at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin:—"Irishmen assembled at dinner in honor of Grattan, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, send cordial and fraternal greetings to their brother nationalists at the Grattan banquet in Dublin."

At the conclusion of the dinner, The Chairman rose, amid hearty applause to propose the first toast, "The Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." The toast, he said, was one, perhaps, that was more a memory than a fact; but he did not think there was one person sitting at that table who did not feel that Ireland was that day, both there and in Ireland itself, and in other parts of the world, struggling with fair hope of success to render the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland not a sentiment but a reality (cheers). He would not further urge it upon their attention. It was enough; that it was their desire to be loyal as long as they could, but it was also their firm determination to win legislative rights for Ireland (cheers). The toast was received with acclamation. The Chairman again rose and said:— He had now to propose the toast of the evening—"The Memory of Henry Grattan" (cheers). They were gathered there that night to celebrate the memory of perhaps the purest patriot and the greatest son in many senses that Ireland ever had, and he confessed it was with no little difficulty that he stood up to speak to the memory of Henry Grattan. He belonged to the group of great men of this world to whose names panegyric would be false. No one thought of panegyricising Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar or the first Napoleon, nor would any one venture to panegyricise Grattan (hear, hear). But his difficulty was greater. He could not now enter into the history of his time, and he was sure there was not one there who was not familiar with that history—a history of the struggle of a nation against oppression that was most monstrous; what he most desired to draw their attention to was what he believed to be the most important of the few political lessons which they might learn from the career of Henry Grattan for their own guidance. No matter how their nationality might be cavilled or sneered at, Grattan's first lesson taught them never to despair of their country. If they looked back to the time when Grattan first entered the Irish House of Commons (1755), they saw that he entered it at a time when their country was prostrated and degraded. They were too full of the glories of their own time, and had better look to the facts. They were degraded in many ways. They were impoverished by restrictions which were imposed for the discouragement of Irish trade. They were tied down, and three-fourths of the population were subjected to laws, penal, gross, and so infamous as had never before been known. In that condition did Grattan find Ireland, without a hope of her resurrection apparently; yet, by his earnest, powerful eloquence, and his honest patriotism, within a few years, in 1782, he lifted her people to a state of prosperity, dignity and national independence (cheers). He said then that in that fact they had a most valuable lesson for Ireland. Whenever they were tempted to feel downcast because they met with disappointments, or because they might have troubles among them, or because they might have an apathetic they should remember—and it had been proved many times—that the national spirit of Ireland had not been crushed out of her in the days of Grattan, and that her spirit was stronger to-day than it had been ever since the Union—(cheers)—and with respect to that matter, it might be well to meet one of the points usually made against her by many honest English persons, and by the English press. They said to them—"Don't be continually looking back to your history; don't be raking up old grievances; don't be opening old sores." But how else were they to act for their own welfare, than by looking back to the past, recognising and deploring past mistakes, and resolving to avoid future disasters by avoiding past errors (cheers). And when they looked back to that period, with more than the power and the genius that at length raised Ireland into a great and prosperous people, they had gained a great lesson which they must carefully treasure (cheers). But in the same career there were other lessons to be gleaned that were not so pleasant. Grattan trusted too much to the British Minister. There was no doubt that an Irishman who had 100,000 "Volunteers" at his call, who had raised his people to the full tension of national honor, and who had the ear of a Senate such as had not been equalled since that of Rome, might have obtained better terms than he made, and might have obtained also sterner guarantees for their observance (hear, and cheers). And why did he not do it? It was because he was too generous and too trustful, while Pitt pursued a course the most vile and most degrading. It is a fact that British Ministers from the earliest times, when dealing with England will act on the highest principles and from the most patriotic motives; but the moment they come to deal with Ireland, they seem to forget all those principles and they look only to expediency, and adopt any means, no matter how disgraceful in the interest of England. There is no skirking the fact. It is in that way that Ireland lost a great privilege that had been won for her. I will not weary you by talking about the Union. We know how it was procured—we know it was procured by violence, by bribery, and by the most widespread corruption. Even English writers the most opposed to Ireland acknowledge that the means employed by the British Minister were most infamous, and the lesson you learn from the fact is this—put not your trust in any foreign Minister, but get all the guarantee you can, and always suspect his intentions no matter how friendly disposed he may appear to you. He would say a word now on religious toleration. In the days to which he was referring, it was unknown; but Grattan, a Protestant in a Protestantism persecuting age, had the greatness of soul to rise above the prejudice and the bigotry of his time, and to teach the great lesson of toleration (hear, hear). Acting on that principle he induced a Parliament of Protestants to do for the Irish Catholic party more than the English Parliament did for them twenty years afterwards—(cheers)—and more than that; but for the endeavour of the British Minister to upset the people, Grattan would have won Emancipation forty years before it was won in England. He thought it was an overwhelming answer to those who taunted them by saying, "If we give you legislative independence you will be cutting your own throats." To such a taunt he thought he might reply, "Let us alone, and we will settle our

religious differences calmly." But he would say further on matters how they would differ among themselves, they were all resolved to stand up for their common country. There was another fact in Grattan's history and a pleasant one looked at from an English point of view. How did Grattan win the legislative independence of the people? He won it in a large degree by his eloquence and also by rousing the feelings of the people, but he won it still more by the "Volunteers" (cheers). It was by the aid of the troops gathered upon front of the Parliament House, and those who talked to them of Constitutional rights should see in this and other things how like them with held their rights and they thought those whom they oppressed to resist. It took the defeat of an English army before the people of Limerick (hear, hear). It took the "Volunteers" to earn the legislative independence of Ireland, and in this our time, it had taken an outbreak of over-ardent souls to win something like the "Volunteers." There were lessons then, and serious lessons, to be learned from the life of Henry Grattan; but if they to-day had no "Volunteers," they must remember that they had a power which Grattan never had. They had the electoral power, and, more than that, in London they had a demonstrative power which Grattan did not possess. They would put that power in place of the "Volunteers," and he doubted not they would soon bring what they demanded from those by whom it was withheld (cheers). Grattan was admired even by the Constitutional party in England. Did they find for his remains any other resting place than that at Westminster, where they laid the honored dead? Was not his statue—the statue of the moderate Grattan—the first they saw on entering St. Stephen's Hall. But yet Grattan never truckled to a British Minister. When he assailed the Ministry, in what terms did he speak? He remembered one passage in which in the Irish Parliament he denounced the Ministry for having pursued a policy diametrically opposed to the interests of the country. He said—"What have you done? You have gone to hell for your policy and to Bedlam for your discretion" (cheers and laughter). That was the moderation of Henry Grattan. They had heard too much nonsense about that, and he hoped that in the coming session they would have much less of it. Grattan stood up for the national liberty of Ireland from the beginning to the end of his career and because he did so constantly and consistently he won the admiration of foes as well as of friends. He was proud to say that the national spirit which Grattan had evoked, and which it had been sought during the past 75 years to crush, was still strong and powerful in Ireland, and it was still strong to the words he uttered with his last breath—"Keep knocking at the Union." The Irish people, or a great majority of them, were following his advice, and when they talked of the memory of Henry Grattan he thought that if he could hear them now nothing would more please him than to know that they were that night honoring his memory. The people of Ireland were still following out the great lines of independence which he laid down for them and were still struggling, and would struggle to the end to make once more that great reality which he first created for his country in the year 1782 (loud cheers). He now called on them to drink in silence to the memory of Henry Grattan.

The company, upon this invitation, rose from their seats and drank accordingly to the memory of the great statesman. Mr. O'Neill proposed the next toast—"Ireland a Nation." The toast was enthusiastically drunk, and then ably spoken to by Mr. O'Byrne. Mr. Goulding next proposed "A Domestic legislature for Ireland" which was similarly honored and spoken to by Mr. O'Driscoll. "The Home Rule Members of Parliament" and "The Press" were the remaining toasts, and the party then broke up.

THE IRISH IN SCOTLAND. A Glasgow paper, the North British Daily Mail, has been greatly angered by a passage in the recent published report of the Irish Census Commissioners. The passage referred very briefly to the question of the relative morality of the Scotch people and the Irish who reside among them. The Irish Commissioners were not the first to bring that question into the pages of a Census Report. They have not been the aggressors in this matter. They state plainly their belief that the subject is not one which can properly be discussed in such official Returns as they have to deal with. It was the Scotch Census Commissioners who commenced the game by publishing in their Report a very offensive and unjustifiable allusion to the Irish in Scotland, and all the Irish Commissioners have done is to repel the accusation, and show, by reference to the figures of the Scotch census, that the brightest spots in Scotland, from a moral point of view, are those in which the Irish element predominates, and the darkest are those in which the Scotch element exist without any Irish admixture. It is because they have done this in a most effectual manner that the ire of the Glasgow journal is excited. "Well, we have only to say that if Scotchmen wish to avoid such unpleasant discussions their statisticians should refrain from provoking them. The old saying concerning those who live in glass houses should be remembered in 'North Britain.' There is no denying the truth of the figures regarding illegitimacy in Scotland, to which reference is made by the Irish Census Commissioners. Those figures are found in the tables of the Scotch census. Out of their own mouths the 'North Britons' are convicted. The Daily Mail gives up the case on that point, but blames the 'Romish' priests for the superior virtue of the Irish folk. "We need only remind our friends," it says, "that, for reasons of their own, the Romish priests systematically encourage very early marriages among the Irish peasantry, and that the spectacle of a couple in their teens, about to begin life, with scarcely enough of wealth to pay the priest's fees, is one of every-day occurrence among the Irish population. Such improvident and reckless marriages are a fruitful source of poverty and wretchedness, but it must be admitted that to a considerable extent they remove all temptation to the indulgence of licentious habits." How very wicked of those "Romish priests" to save their people from sinking into the slough of immorality in which so large a proportion of the Scotch people are so willing to spend their lives! But all the blame, or credit, as one may choose to regard it, for this state of things need not be given to the priests. It accords with the Irish nature to prefer marriage to a state of concubinage. An honest man is valued by Irishmen and Irishwomen, and long may it continue so. But the Daily Mail says this reference to the statistics of illegitimacy is a drawing of "a red herring across the path, in order to divert attention to the real point at issue." It is to a different class of vices, it says, "that the Scottish report refers." Indeed! And why not to this class also? The Scotch commissioners, it appears, wished to deal lightly with the Scotch falling; they desire to maintain a prudent reticence on that point; their virtuous indignation referred only to what they desired to exhibit as especially Irish vices. How very creditable was this line of conduct to the Scotch Census Commissioners! The Daily Mail undertakes to push home their charges against the Irish residents. It says, "It is a fact which admits of no denial, or doubt that an overwhelming proportion of the occupants of our poorhouses, our asylums for the destitute, our police cells, prisons, and bridewells, are Irish Roman Catholics." A recent parliamentary return shows that from the 1st of January to 31st of December, 1875, there was a total of 34,182 criminal prisoners in the Scottish jails. 10,740, or

more than a third of these were Roman Catholics. It is a terrible fact in this case for Irishmen. Of the Roman Catholics of the Irish population, 1 in every 10 is a criminal prisoner. Of the remainder of the population, 1 in every 132 belongs to this category. That is the whole case against the Irish in this very worst aspect. Let us now see what is really wrong. Either the Daily Mail does not know how to deal honestly with statistics of this kind, or it does not choose to deal honestly with them in the present case. It will be evident to any intelligent and fair-minded person that the criminality of the Irish in Scotland should be compared, not with that of the Scotch people taken as a whole, but with that of the Scotchmen of their own class and condition in life. Everyone knows that in all countries the nobility, the proprietors of large estates, the professorial classes, the merchants, the wealthy traders, and other well-to-do folk, are less apt to get into work-houses and jails than the poorer folk who are employed at rough labor. Now, the Irish in Scotland belong for the most part to this last-named class, and it is no way wonderful, or no stigma upon them, if the percentage of pauperism and destitution which they yield is larger than that drawn from the general population of the country in which they reside. The same argument applies to what are called crimes of violence. And there is a further reason why, in the ordinary nature of things, crimes of this description should reach a higher proportion amongst the Irish residents than among the general population of Scotland. There is amongst the Irish people, in Scotland, and in England, an exclusivity of proportion of adult males. Crowds of them are men who went to those countries in quest of employment of the hardest and roughest kind, and, consequently, there are fewer women, fewer children, and fewer persons of extreme age than in any equal of the average population of Great Britain. It is, therefore, unfair to compare the per centage of crimes of violence yielded by a class which is largely composed of working men with an equal number of the average population of Scotland, including all their aristocrats, ship-owners, manufacturers, lawyers, schoolmasters, old men, old women, and babies, not excepting the illegitimate ones. We repeat that if any comparison is to be made in these matters, it should be between the Irish in Scotland and Scotchmen of the same class and condition in life. And, after all, we deny that the quarrels and assaults of working men stain the moral character of a people to anything like the same degree with that which is the prevailing sin of Scotland. We do not expect the editor of the Daily Mail or the Scotch Census Commissioners to share our Irish views on this subject. They may have peculiar reasons for looking upon their national failing more leniently than we Irishmen are inclined to do; but until they can come before the public with very much a cleaner national record than is furnished by their own census tables, they would do well to abstain from delivering pharisaical lectures on the misdoings of other peoples, claiming for themselves the character of being supremely virtuous.—Dublin Nation.

THE UNITED STATES NOTE TO SPAIN.

A despatch of Secretary Fish to Minister Cushing in Madrid, sent on November 5th last, in reference to the Cuban question, has been made public. It recounts the friendly efforts made by the United States to restore peace to Cuba and the forbearance of the former when forbearance was hardly possible. The presence of slavery and the destruction of a commerce in which the United States is interested are alluded to as matters of complaint and as a reason why Spain should restore order. But the opinion is expressed that the Madrid authorities are incompetent to do this, and the sequence is that the people of the United States cannot be expected to tolerate such a state of affairs without the assured prospect of termination even at the expense of terminating it themselves. Secretary Fish states that still the President has the feelings of most sincere friendship towards Spain, and is equally reluctant to adopt any measure which might injure or humiliate the ancient ally of the United States. The despatch concludes as follows:—"The President hopes Spain may spontaneously adopt measures looking to the reconciliation and speedy restoration of peace and the organization of a stable and satisfactory system of Government in the Island of Cuba. In the absence of any prospect of the termination of the war or any change in the manner in which it has been conducted on either side, he feels the time is at hand when it may be the duty of other Governments to intervene solely with the view of bringing to an end a disastrous and destructive conflict and restoring peace in the Island of Cuba. No Government is more deeply interested in the order and peaceful administration of the island than that of the United States, and none has suffered as has the United States from the condition which has obtained in Cuba during the past six or seven years. He (the President) will therefore feel it his duty on an early day to submit the subject in this light and accompanied by the expression of the views above presented for the consideration of Congress. This conclusion is reached after every other expedient has been attempted and proved a failure, and in the firm conviction that the period has at last arrived when no other course remains for this Government. It is believed to be a just and friendly act to frankly communicate this conclusion to the Spanish Government. You will, therefore, take early occasion thus to inform that Government in making the communication that it is the earnest desire of the President to impress on the authorities of Spain the continued friendly disposition of this Government; and it has no ulterior or selfish objects in view, and no desire to become a party in the conflict, but is moved solely by imperative necessities of proper regard to its own protection and interest and the interest of humanity, and as we firmly believe, the ultimate interest of Spain itself."

The Empress of Japan cautions her young friends about "talking loudly on the street, like the vulgar American girls."

A woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins.

A boy in New Haven made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "take one" from a lot of handbills in front of a store to a basket of oranges.

A young woman, who inquired in a Lebanon, Ind., book store, "God, Morals and Gentle Manners" was informed by the proprietor that he had never seen, as there was no call for them, now-a-days.

The few people of Florida who have been grievously saved over summer are beginning to bestir themselves as the cool weather comes on and invite all the rest of the world to come down there and live.

A Curious Invention.—Among recent curious inventions is the application of the Camera Obscura to a railroad car, imparting to the travelling and wondering beholder, a moving and miniature picture of the country through which he passes.

A volunteer New Orleans reporter, who wanted "just to try his hand," he said, "on the graveyards, brought in the following: 'Near the entrance of the cemetery stood the Greek mausoleum of the fire company. No—its gorgeous and brilliant decorations showing that the gallant boys do not forget that their departed comrades are still bravely battling with the fiery elements in another world. The young man was not engaged.'