clauses has been tested. The tenants held at low rents, in many cases less than the general tenements' valuation, which is much less than the real value. Tenant-right prevails, and the tenants have, therefore, a valuable interest in their holdings. The estate was put up in lots, each comprising several holdings with portions of bog added, which the tenants had used for turbary in common, at nominal rents. In many instances the tenants of a lot made a joint bid, or one of them bid for the lot in trust for himself and others, at a price equal to from 30 to 35 years' purchase on the rent. In settling the details, however, serious embarrassment arises. The tenant gets assistance from the Board of Works to enable him to purchase the fee-simple of one farm only, and when disputes arise, as they have arisen, between the tenants who have become joint purchasers as to the settlement of the proportion of the purchase money to be paid for each, the Landed Estates Court has no power to interfere. The Court can only deal with questions arising between the owner and the purchaser or purchasers whose names appear in the official book of the auction sale. It can order them to lodge the whole of their purchase money, or can rescind the sale and have the lots resold at the cost of the first purchasers; but if one of the tenants unreasonably refuses to pay his proper share of the purchase money, or insists on any advantage in respect of his holding to which he is not entitled, or, in fact, if any dispute whatever arises in effecting the sale and having separate conveyances made to the tenants, the Landed Estates Court is without jurisdiction to do justice. The result is that in more than one case the tenants are likely to be involved in expensive Chancery proceedings against each other. If the Act is to be useful in converting tenants into the owners of their farms, there should either be some regulation for putting up each holding for sale separately—and yet in many cases it might be most injurious to the interests of the landlord, and practically confine the competition to tenant farmers, if the property were offered for sale in small fragments—or else some cheap and simple means should be devised for enabling the Landed Estates Court to settle such disputes. They might, perhaps, be obviated in settling the rental before the sale.—*Times Corr.*

THE GATES OF DERRY.—The anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry passed off quietly on the 18th ult. The Orangemen had their usual ceremonies, but the Catholics did not interfere, and therefore the spirit of conciliation has again triumphed. It is an omen of good for this distracted country. For many years the Orange anniversaries in Derry have been the cause of strife and bloodshed, but now a new era has commenced, and the displays on both sides are to be tolerated. We think, however, that the wisest course would be to give them up altogether. Ireland, owing to sectarian animosity, and party strife, urged on by the vicious policy of England, to keep us divided that she might drain our money away, is far behind every other nation in the world. The aim of her people, then should not be to keep alive the contentions of the past, but to direct their entire energies to the improvement of our native land. Will the annual shutting of the gates of Derry keep one Orangeman at home in his native land, if bad laws and the misrule of England make him a beggar?—*Dundalk Democrat.*

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The disorders alleged to have occurred at a wreck on our southern coast, were snatched at by English journalists to the discredit of the Irish character. We have learned, with satisfaction, that the circumstances described in the first instance were greatly exaggerated, and that our people were in nowise to blame. The very novelty of the allegation made, is remarkable; and it is thus Irish crime is bruited abrond while English horrors are silently endured. We find particulars, concerning some recent wrecks on the English coast, in a local journal, devoted to the interest of two or three great seaport towns. The wreck of the Royal Adelaide was disgraced by such scenes, and made horrible by fatalities sufficient to appal the most reckless savage. We learn that nine "miserable creatures" have died in consequence of their excessive indulgences in intoxicating drinks procured by violence and theft, from the breaking ship. The beach was guarded by military and marines; but the thieves managed to elude their vigilance, and to satiate their brutal passions. They have paid a grim penalty and may be sorrowfully dismissed in this place. The wreck of the "Cassivelaunns" was attended with similar terrors. Numbers of men from Portland went down to the beach and died there—drunk. Some staggered home, and were saved by medical skill; but they were not many. We learn that one man lay helpless on a railway track, and was caught up an instant before an approaching train must have smashed him to atoms. Two young men lay down and died in the streets of Weymouth; another was carried to the hospital and succumbed in three minutes to his dreadful position; corpses lay on the shore, some of them naked, some half dressed, the unfortunate wretches' last thought having been the shelter of home and bed. Here is a man about the middle age, lying on his back, stretched out, stark, cold, and quiet—dead—his glazed eyes gazing at the sky. An awe which forbids expression, hangs round this picture. Further on, we are told, are three spirit barrels, and within a few yards an object on the pebbles—a man stiff and cold. He is lying on his left side, his face partly hidden in the pebbles. He is in shirt and trousers, and half way between him and the middle spirit barrel, are his sleeve waiscoat and jacket; a spirit barrel is open at the bung, a battered tin dish at the side, with brandy in it. The man had evidently drank himself out of reason, and then taking off his upper clothes, and fancied that he was crawling into bed, when, he crawled down the pebbles; but was killed by the exposure to wet and cold. What dreadful details are these? They are too terrible for censure. They appeal the sense. They humiliate the species, while they stir the manhood. How can these things be in a country which boasts herself in the van of Christian civilization. Mayhap Mr. Froude may answer.

MR. FROUDE AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."—The most severe castigation which the writer of that amusing but mischievous, romance, "The English in Ireland," has yet received, now lies on our editorial desk. It is not the trenchant letter of Mr. Prendergast, nor the eloquent oration of the great Irish Dominican—it is an article from the pages of the *Saturday Review*. We need scarcely say that the *Saturday Review* is not a journal the writers for which would be led astray by any passionate sympathies with the wrongs, or any strong liking for the people of Ireland. The writer of the article in question speaks, indeed, in more than one place, of Ireland with that contemptuos *hauteur* which marks the true-born Englishman. But the writer a sound and erudite critic. He examines Mr. Froude's book by the light of the great canons of the critical art, and he shows, beyond yea or nay, that it is as utterly worthless rhapsody as that "great paradox" called the History of England, which in truth was merely a very eloquent and ingenious effort to prove that Henry the Eighth was a good but suffering husband, a model of purity of intention, a mild sovereign, a self-sacrificing ruler, a patriot king. Mr. Froude's last work is, the *Saturday Review* declares merely an ingenious puzzle. It is not a history, he says, if by a history we are to understand a narrative with some approach to chronological order; "for the story is constantly going backward and forward; later events are constantly put before earlier ones, till it is only by the dates charitably thrown in here and there that we have any means of guessing with what generation we are dealing. The reader of Mr. Froude's book, the reviewer says, is compelled to go "leaping backward and forward" through the volume, and the brilliant, but helplessly confused, writer sometimes "not only leads his reader to forget the dates, but forgets them himself." Evidence of the truth of the charge is given, and the reviewer declares in despair that Mr. Froude's way of "dodging about from one thing to another has simply produced an effect of utter confusion." Anyone who has looked into Mr. Froude's book must know that he has devoted a very large portion of it to the Parliamentary history of Ireland in the eighteenth century. The *Saturday Review* shows to demonstration that Mr. Froude is, through utter ignorance of the subject, incapable of properly writing Parliamentary history as a street urchin would be of deciphering a cuneiform inscription. "With purely Parliamentary matters," says the writer, "Mr. Froude never can get on. It is not likely that he should get on, when he seems so absolutely incapable of understanding the commonest terms of Parliamentary law. To this day Mr. Froude plainly does not know what is meant by a Bill of Attainder. * * * It is clear Mr. Froude does not know the meaning of either of the words 'impeachment' or 'attainder.'" The *Saturday Review* professes itself unable to understand for what object the book was written. "We have said," he writes "that we cannot make out what is Mr. Froude's object in the book. We began it with a kind of dreamy notion that he was going to show that Ireland had no grievances, that the policy of England towards Ireland had always been exactly what it ought to have been, that confiscations, penal laws, Drogheda and Wexford massacres, 'Papist, five pounds for your horse,' and the whole train of ideas summoned up in the words 'Protestant Ascendency,' were all the dictates of perfect righteousness. Some passages look as if Mr. Froude thought so. His fanatical hatred of the Roman Catholic religion and of all that belongs to it, the lurking desire to burn or boil somebody, if he could only quite make up his mind whom to burn or boil, which still lingers on from the blissful days of good King Harry, the open idolatry of force—provided it is not a Papist who betakes himself to force—the constant revilings of anything like 'concession' to the conquered people, all look that way." In another place the writer asks in natural astonishment and perplexity: "Is the book, then, simply a reviling—to a great extent, we allow, a perfectly just reviling—of Ireland and most of its inhabitants, without distinction of race, speech or creed? But one can hardly conceive any adequate motive for putting out a book simply to revile Ireland. Or is it, then, that Mr. Froude has turned philosopher, and has some deep thoughts to put forth about Government, its origin, and its purposes? The opening chapter and some other parts of the book look very like this. But Mr. Froude's philosophy of Government does not seem to go deeper than the philosophy of the Platonic Thrasymachos—the doctrine that the stronger has a right to knock down the weaker." In a word, the *Saturday Review* proves in the clearest way that the book is bad in logic, blundering in statement, and entirely without systematic arrangement; is entirely useless as a history. If it survives at all it will be owing to the fact that Mr. Froude is master of a lively and picturesque style, and that he tells, with great charm of manner, wild stories of the desperadoes who, in the eighteenth century, made the coast of Kerry the scene of their romantic exploits.—*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—At the Ennis petty sessions, a case was tried which appeared to create considerable interest in the locality. Mr. Laurence Cuffe was the complainant, and Laurence M'Cluskey was the defendant. He had been employed by plaintiff as a herd, part of his salary being a cottage and garden. The plaintiff had, after a month's notice, dismissed him from his employment, and now sought, under one of the clauses in Deasy's Act, to obtain possessions of the house &c. For the defendant it was contended that according to a local custom herds were entitled to three months' notice to quit. After a lengthened inquiry the bench decided in favour of the complainant, giving an order for the delivery of the house in 14 days. Mr. John Roche, barrister at law, appeared for plaintiff; Mr. Hunter, solicitor, for defendant.

THE LATE RIOTS IN LURGAN.—At the Lurgan presentiment sessions numerous claims arising out of the late riots were disposed of. Mr. O'Donnelly's was the largest, £157, but it was agreed to accept £85. Reductions were made in the other claims, but most of them were granted. The court house was crowded, and great interest was evinced in the proceedings.

Cardinal Cullen calls upon the clergy in Ireland to use their influence in preventing "wakes,' and speaks of them as "dangerous in time of contagious diseases, and the source of great scandals, great dissipations and innumerable sins."

The Marquis of Waterford is about to enter the Catholic Church. The Marchioness went over some months ago.

Potatoes are now so scarce in Ireland that rations of bread are served in their stead to the inmates of the various jails three times a week.

There was an Orange riot at Belfast on the 4th of January.

The first meeting of the Catholic Union of Ireland was held lately, Lord Granard in the chair.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The *Catholic Directory* and *Ecclesiastical Register* for the new year, which has just appeared, contains, as usual, some interesting statistics relative to the Catholic community in Great Britain. It contains, *inter alia*, a complete Catholic Peerage and Baronetage for the three kingdoms, from which we observe that the Peers amount to 34 (24 of whom hold seats in the House of Lords), and the Baronets to 49. The Catholic members of the House of Commons are 37 in all. The full number of the Sacred College of Cardinals at Rome is 70; but there are just now only 6 Cardinal Bishops, 32 Cardinal Priests, and 7 Cardinal Deacons. Dr. Cullen, though Archbishop of Dublin, ranks in the College only as a Cardinal Priest; while Antonelli is only a Cardinal Deacon. Just now it happens that there are no less than 23 hats at the disposal of his Holiness, not including two Cardinals "reserved *in petto*." Out of the 45 living Cardinals only eight were created by the late Pope Gregory, the rest having been nominated by Pius IX. The number of Cardinals deceased since the present Pope's election is no less than 97. There are also under the Pope, but above archbishops, nine patriarchates (of which those of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem are known as the Greater Patriarchates), and 12 patriarchs, seven of the "Latin Rite," and five of the "Oriental Rite." The Catholic Hierarchy in Great Britain comprises one archbishop and 12 suffragan bishops in England, and one archbishop and two bishops, or rather vicars apostolic, in Scotland, where their dioceses are still called "districts." The Episcopate in Ireland, the colonies, and dependencies numbers nearly a hundred more. The priests, secular and regular, ordained in England during the year 1872 amount to 75. The Catholic clergy in England and Wales at the present time number as nearly as possible 1860, exclusive of 24 who are employed abroad; and the total of places where there are churches, chapels, or mission-stations in England, Scotland, and Wales served by the above-mentioned clergy is 1,245, not reckoning private chapels. The *Catholic Calendar* supplements the above information by some biographical sketches of the Catholic bishops and more distinguished clergy who have died within the last twelve months

LONDON, Jan. 15.—The funeral of the late Ex-Emperor of France took place at Chiselhurst this morning. Although 10 was the hour designated for the procession to move from the late residence of the Emperor, it was 30 minutes after that time when the hearse which was to convey the remains to the chapel drew up in front of the grand entrance of the mansion. A deputation of Paris workmen who were to walk at the head of the procession arrived at the same time. They wore immortelles in their coats and carried wreaths of yellow flowers in their hands. On both sides of the hearse were the Imperial arms surmounted by the letter "N." The great crowd which steadily increased surrounded the hearse.—The funeral procession started for the chapel at 11 o'clock in the following order:—A man bearing the tri-color, borne on an ash stick, cut at the last moment before the cortege moved; the deputation of workingmen from Paris, with uncovered heads, bearing their wreaths; the chaplain of the family bearing aloft a golden crucifix; the hearse drawn by eight horses, driven by a postilion; and the mourners, who numbered 600 in all, and included the Prince Imperial, who went uncovered, the Prince Jerome Napoleon, Prince Joachim, Prince Achille, M. Rouher, and many distinguished Imperialists, English noblemen, Paris priests, and others. The Prince Imperial was very pale and exhibited traces of the anguish he has undergone. The Empress Eugenie was too ill to attend the funeral. The coffin was covered with immortelles and violets. There was no funeral sermon at the chapel. The Bishop of Southwark sang a requiem mass over the remains. He was assisted by Father Goddard, the spiritual adviser of the late Emperor, and all the priests who were chaplains at the Tuilleries during the reign of Napoleon. M. Luiz, the organist of St. George's Cathedral, London, was present at the chapel with his choir, and conducted the musical portion of the service. The remains were deposited in the sacristy which has been formed into a mortuary chapel, *until the removal of the body to France* for final interment. The procession was very long, and the hearse was at the chapel before the end of the cortege had left the family mansion. All the carriages and pedestrians were drawn up three abreast across the roadway, and in that order proceeded to the chapel. The Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon returned from the chapel in one carriage. They were cheered by the crowds through which they passed. At least 60,000 people gathered to witness the funeral procession. One of the persons who came from France to attend the funeral of Napoleon, brought with him some soil dug from the garden of the Tuileries which he strewed over the coffin after it was deposited in the sacristy of the chapel at Chiselhurst. Many French spies were present at Chiselhurst this morning when the funeral services were taking place.

DEATH OF LORD STOURTON.—We have to announce to-day the decease of Charles, Lord Stourton, which event happened on Monday last at his seat in Yorkshire, in the 71st year of his age. His Lordship, who was the eldest son of William, 17th Baron, by Catharine, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, was born in July, 1802, and succeeded to the honors in December, 1846. He was a deputy lieutenant for Yorkshire, but he never took a very active part in public or political life. He married in 1825 a daughter of Charles, sixth Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, by whom he had a family of six sons. He is succeeded by his third, but eldest surviving son, the Hon. Alfred Joseph Stourton, who is a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for Yorkshire, and is married to the only daughter of the late Mr. Matthew Elias Corbally, of Corbalton-hall, in the county of Meath. The Stourton family, who held estates in Wiltshire from a period antecedent to the Conquest down to a comparatively recent date, and derived their name from the township or parish of Stourton in that county, were first ennobled in the person of Sir John Stourton, Knight, a gallant soldier and able statesman of the reign of Henry VI.; and they have uniformly adhered to the Roman Catholic faith. The new Lord Stourton was born in 1829; and, according to Sir Bernard Burke, he becomes senior coheir to the ancient baronies of Mowbray, Howard, Furnival, Strange of Blakemore, Braose of Gower, Clun, Oswaldestre, Maltravers, Verdon, Segrave, Lovetot, Howard of Castle Rising and Fitz-Alan, and also to a moiety of the Barony of Fitz-Payne.

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON PROTESTANT MISSIONS—The simple fact with regard to the Missions of the Church of England is that they occupy a very inconsiderable place in the interests and even the information of good and zealous Church people.—There really is no human enterprise possessing organization, receiving subscriptions, and publishing "Reports" that has so little to show for itself in the way of fruits, or in the less palpable influences with which it might be credited. There are Colonial Bishops whom everybody, from the Prime Minister to a Metropolitan Curate, takes a peculiar pleasure in depreciating. It must be confessed that they seem to prefer the pavement of Pall Mall to either Africa or America or Polynesia, whichever may be the scene of their triumphs if any. Some years ago a great number of them collected at Lambeth, and did or said something, nobody would now venture to say what. Upon an occasion, somebody can be produced who can tell of wonders done in some cities or villages in India a very long time since, with a careful reticence as to the last half or quarter century. The most remarkable part of the business is the almost total absence from English society, of all grades, of the persons who could tell us something about it. There ought by this time to be many returned Missionaries, and even converts; nor ought they to be ashamed of their position. But who is there who can number among his personal acquaintance a man who has done some years, or a single year, of Church Missionary work, in any field? An ordinary Englishman has seen almost every human or brute native of foreign climes, but few can say that they have seen a Missionary or a Christian convert. There must be something else in the way when the Missions of the Church of England are such a failure. They are a miracle that never succeeds. The rock will not flow, the rod will not blossom, the manna will not fall, the water will not divide, the iron will not swim, the myriad expectants of miraculous belief have still to bear their burdens. The very surface of the world itself is changed by material miracles, but the spiritual work that should surpass them all lags centuries in the rear.

WORK FOR THE SCHOOL BOARDS.—The following sample application [says the *Chester Courant*] will give some little notion of the difficulty experienced by public bodies, and especially Boards of Guardians, in obtaining competent officials. It is in reply to an advertisement for a school-mistress:—"December th 12 1872 Honourable Sir as a stranger i take the Liberty of answering your Advertiser Columns in want of a school Mistress at the Chester house of Industry Sir i —— —— are at home i propose myself to the vacant office age 21, last birth able to instruct in reading writeing counting, sewing knitting croceth marking and all other useful instruction to girls learning i have not been from home i am the youngest of four and only Daughter i have been one year teaching the second class in —— school in addition to the learning i shall be quite willing to take charge of the other Duties Sir if caricter be required as to steddyness and respectability the church Minister will kindly add his name yours truly obedietent servant remaining yours truly address —— sir will you kindly answer this note."

One of the incidents of a meeting in Manchester to-day in aid of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society was the meeting for the first time of the Protestant Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, and the Catholic Bishop of Salford, Dr. Vaughan, who were introduced to each other before the proceedings commenced, and appeared to find no reason for not giving one another friendly greetings. The Bishop of Manchester presided, and the Bishop of Salford was called to the chair to put a vote of thanks to the chairman. In performing this task, Bishop Vaughan remarked that not only for his presence that day, but for all his public acts Bishop Fraser deserved their thanks.

Punch facetiously remarks should any of the following persons feel disposed to follow Sergeant Bates' example, and desire to make a walking tour through the United States, carrying the British flag, leave of absence, for any length of time they please, will be granted with the utmost readiness:—Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Odger, Mr. Braudlaugh, Mr. Whalley, our Tax-collector, the Waits. We should have been most happy to include the Claimant, but there are legal difficulties in the way.

January 3.—The *Times* of this morning in an editorial upon the situation caused by the death of King Kamehama says it must confess that the Americans will eventually people the Sandwich Islands which will become a valuable colony between San Francisco and China, and Australia. The *Times* also reviews the question of annexation filibustering as heretofore practised in new countries by great powers, and doubts of propriety of any nation taking possession of the Sandwich Islands in such a manner.

Mr. Guildford Onslow and Mr. George Whalley members of Parliament, have been summoned by the Crown to appear in the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 20th inst., for having in speeches delivered in St. James' Hall accused Sir John Duke Coleridge of being engaged in a conspiracy against the Tichborne claimant. The trial of the claimant on the charge of perjury will commence on the 23rd of April.

A deputation of Catholics had an interview lately with the Home Secretary, to request that means be adopted for providing Catholic inmates of lunatic asylums with religious attendance and instruction by clergymen of their own creed. Mr. Bruce thought that a change was requisite, and promised to consider the subject.

In acknowledging the communication of a resolution passed at a meeting in favour of the release of the Fenian convicts, Mr. Gladstone intimated that the Government adhered to its former views, and he denied that there was any ground for the charge of cruel treatment of the prisoners.

The managers of the Edinburgh Infirmary have determined to allow female medical students to receive clinical instruction in certain wards of that institution separately from the male students.

The "Woolwich Infants," which weigh only 37 tons each, may probably soon be dwarfed by a new gun, for which designs have been prepared, and which will be no less than 50 tons in weight.

A Scotch peasant girl, on arriving for the first time at the turn-pike gate nearest Glasgow, knocked and inquired. "Is this Glasgow?" and being answered in the affirmative, asked, "is Poggy in."

UNITED STATES.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURES.—We reproduce here the preface to Father Burke's volume of lectures in reply to Mr. Froude's malevolent attack on Ireland and Ireland's faith. "When I was first asked to reply to Mr. Froude's lecture, I was very unwilling to do it. As a priest, I felt very reluctant to enter upon a controversy which promised to be purely secular. As an Irishman, I thought that Mr. Froude's was only one other utterance of those old anti-Irish calumnies which it has been the fashion of English writers to invent and repeat, and which have been discussed, answered, refuted a hundred times. My friends, however, urged their request, and Mr. Froude's lectures took a tone so damaging at once to the Irish character, and so bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion, that I felt justified in attempting to answer him in defence of my faith and my country. I cannot claim for my lectures anything like completeness as an answer to Mr. Froude. The call upon me was so sudden, and the time so short; the ground which Mr. Froude covered was so extensive, and the means of meeting him—such as authorities, references, etc.—so limited on my part that I am far from satisfied with my work, and I have heard with pleasure that Mr. John Mitchel, whose great historical knowledge, vigorous style, and undoubted love for Ireland, render him eminently fitted for the task, has undertaken a series of papers to meet and refute the views of the English historian. The warmth of debate led Mr. Froude, in his rejoinder to me, not only into a temporary forgetfulness of the usual courtesies of gentlemen, but also into assertions which have been repudiated and disproved; such for example as making the Catholic Church answerable for the bloody edicts of Charles the Fifth, a monarch who never hesitated to persecute the Church and her head whenever policies dictated, who coquetted with the reformers of the Reformation, until policy dictated an opposite course, and whose army committed more terrible ravages on Rome than any that we read of—Goth, Vandal or Lombard. The Church, however, that for nineteen hundred years has withstood and conquered every opponent, is not likely to fall before the small, though poisoned spear of a Froude; and the Irish nationality, which has survived all the efforts of England and all the calumnies of her writers for seven hundred years, is not likely to be withered up by the scorn, nor made effete by the sneering sympathy of such a man as he who now stands before the American world, pitying, reviling, scorning the Irish people and their history."

OUR ENGLISH PAUL AND BARNABAS.—It seems to be general opinion in Congress that, if Mr. Froude has got a tail, he would do well to run home with it and make it as little conspicuous as possible. He came to this country generally favored, although less widely known than the publishers and critics would make it appear. A reaction existed against Irish municipal politics in our cities; and the big ecclesiastical movement of the King of Prussia, and of Dollinger and the secular Catholic party in Europe, had excited some sympathy amongst us. But it was soon evident that Mr. Froude was not amongst us as a literary man, animated by the catholicity of a historian; but that he occupied a sort of emissary relation to the British Government, either self-assumed or commissioned. He struck us as occupying Mr. Parton's literary position toward the Danish Treaty, or towards Butler at New Orleans—half-tooter half-author, and with a contingent fee somewhere about his breeches. So, while Mr. Froude was filling his bellows and expanding his frogship, so as to make it appear that he had a big errand indeed amongst us, to which the Epizootic was nothing, a great many people were silently taking down their histories of Ireland and arbitrating in advance between the parties. Some such genial little book, for example, as W. C. Taylor's Irish History, written by a Church of England man, and republished by Harper & Brothers, probably on advantageous terms to the author, in 1833. There we read enough of centuries of selfish, shameless, bloody rule to nearly explain the blind stupidity of Fenianism. And, by the time Mr. Froude got up and proceeded to sneer [the favorite form of English logic] at the whole career of an unfortunate people, whose Christian saints were the apostles to Switzerland and Germany, while the barbarous pirates of the North were laying the heathen timbers of our race, we felt, from knowledge, that he was spinning a yarn for a special purpose, and putting incongruous things and inferences together, not warranted by the books. His trip here has been a failure to move any great mass of sentiment, and he will do well to get home with his reputation as a general historian safe.—*Washington Correspondent of Chicago Tribune.*

MR. FROUDE'S DEPARTURE.—The circumstance that Mr. Froude sailed from New York for England on Saturday last will almost be construed as a confession that the discussion which his lectures created had become uncomfortably warm for him. It is well known that Mr. Froude came over to this country with the intention of making a much longer stay, and that he proposed to make a lecture tour through the prominent cities. He certainly cannot complain that he has been discourteously treated. He was heartily welcomed on his arrival; he has been handsomely entertained in the literary circles of New York and Boston; his lectures have been largely attended everywhere. The subject of his discourses was such as to bring out criticism and controversy in a land of free discussion. Mr. Meline (who is entitled to the credit of meeting Mr. Froude on purely historical grounds), Father Burke and Mr. Wendell Phillips were certainly formidable opponents; and it is hard to restrain the thought that Mr. Froude's sudden and unexpected departure is an acknowledgment that the victory has been theirs.—*Chicago Tribune December 30.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS.—The following notice of Wendell Phillips's spendid reply to Mr. Froude appears in the *Golden Age*:—"His criticisms upon Mr. Froude were trenchant and seathing, writing down a whole mere of the rhetorician's flowers at a breath. Never did the great lecturer appear to better advantage, or with a timelier and more congenial theme."

THE FOSTER FORGERY CASE.—The Boston *Journal* says:—Joseph H. Whitman, a lawyer of this city, was brought into the Superior Criminal Court on a warrant on Saturday to answer to an indictment charging him with forging a mortgage note of $100,000, and for uttering the same. The indictment contains four counts, all covering the above offence. He pleaded not guilty, and in default of bail in the sum of $15,000 was committed to jail to await trial at the present term. The defendant is indicted jointly with Chas. Foster, who, after defrauding Capt. Chubbuck of this city out of a large sum of money by means of forged paper fled to Canada, and was recently extradited from there after nearly three months fight in the courts.

There is a woman in Washington who has buried five husbands. Recently she married a sixth. Upon the day of the wedding a man called at the house of the groom, asked for that gentleman, and then proceeded to measure his body with a tape-line. The infatuated groom entertaipd an idea that this might, perhaps, be a man sent around by his tailor. After the ceremony in church, however, the husband was surprised to observe the same person standing in the vestibule and winking furiously at the bride as the party came out to the carriages. Just as they were starting off the mysterious being put his head into the carriage window, and whispered to the bride: "Got a ready made one that'll just suit him! Beautiful fit—beautiful!" When the happy man demanded the name of the intruder, the bride blushed, and said she believed he was some kind of an undertaker. Then the man was not so happy. He was hardly happy at all, and a certain gloom seemed to overcast the honeymoon. Perhaps the undertaker was too prompt. But still, we like to see a man take an interest in in his business.

It is stated that a Belgian publisher has in press a book purporting to give the letters received by the Grand Duke Alexis, from ladies, during his sojourn in the United States. These epistles, it is also said, were all contained in a single trunk, and, with a large lot of miscellaneous Archducal luggage, confided to a valet at Havana, to deliver in St. Petersburg. All the chests, save the one packed with the letters, the servant forwarded to the Russian capital, and the contents of the stolen trunk he sold to the Belgian publisher who announces the novel volume. It is reported the Russian government has demanded the extradition of the rascally servant. Justice would seem to demand the punishment of the greater criminal, the book-maker.

The Catholic Church of Cincinnati pays yearly thirty thousand dollars in taxes for the privilege of teaching the Catholic faith to its members. Hail! happy land of religious liberty and equality.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

An energetic divorce lawyer of Chicago has completed an arrangement with the county clerk to have his professional card printed on the backs of marriage licenses.

"Sir," said a Yankee, "you promised to vote for my bill." "Vell," said the Deitcher member, "vat if I did?" "Well, sir you voted against it." "Vell, vat if I did?" "Well, sir, you *lied!*" "Vell, *vat if I did!*"

Dr. Harrimore, in an able article upon the "Effects of Animalcules upon the Teeth," proves that a cubic inch of tartar contained 250,000,000 of this order of life all preying upon the teeth! Cleanliness is necessary for preservation. Those who have spongy gums, loose teeth, and absorbed alveolar processes, will do well to look for tooth-brushes and floss silk.

Nervous persons would often be very greatly benefitted, if they would put on their hats or bonnets, when they find themselves in a restless condition, and visit some friend a mile or more away; perchance that same friend may be in the self-same condition, but the very meeting of friends, the exhilaration of inquiries and answers, and passing comments, often wake up to newness of life; and the heart that was a short time before almost weighed to the earth, bounds upward and is filled with joyousness.

PURE WATER.—We should let our water pipes run a minute before we take water to drink, or use for cooking in the morning; and in going into a new house, or into one in which water pipes have just been placed. It is better not to use the water for drinking or cooking for at least one week. And in returning home after some weeks absence, in summer excursions or for other reasons, take the same precautions. Perhaps in these things we find the reason of some persons sickening and dying soon after getting into new houses.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The woman best fitted to make the fireside happy is she whose mind is well stored with practical and useful knowledge. If fortune happily secure her from the necessity of partaking of the duties of a house-wife, the knowledge of direction will be invaluable, for servants are often careless. A great deal of waste occurs in the kitchen, for instance, in the boiling of meats. The cook will throw out the water without letting it cool to take off the fat, or scrape the dripping pan into the swill pail. Now the grease is useful in many ways; it can be burned in lamps, mixed with lard, or, when no pork has been boiled with it, made into candles.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The best anodyne is a liberal amount of muscular activity out of doors every day. Persons who sit around the fire and lounge on the sofa, or read or sew a great part of the day, need not expect sound sleep; only the laboring man can taste it in all its sweetness.

During storms cows are far better in a dry stable than in the field. A little extra feed in the shape of corn fodder, hay, bran or corn meal, will prove very profitable. It is a good plan to flesh up a cow at this season. You will get it back again in milk next spring and summer.

ONE SURE WAY OF GETTING SICK.—A good way to get sick is to go shopping every day in the week, eat ice cream and cakes for dinner, drink strong tea for supper to strengthen the nerves, and fret the balance of the time because you haven't sufficient means to buy all the fancy goods displayed.