

power is nearly gone; her military power is, nothing; her commercial power is slipping fast from her hand; the natural resources of her one fruitful hand, are beginning to fail; the mother of iron and bosom is beginning to prove barren; and when England's iron and coal are gone, England's prestige, Ireland's iron and coal are gone, England's prestige, Ireland's iron and coal are gone, England's prestige, Ireland's iron and coal are gone...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P.—The following letter from his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth has been received by Mrs Maguire:—

Dear daughter in Christ, health and the Apostolic blessing.—With what persevering constancy your illustrious husband exerted himself in defence of the rights of the Catholic Church and of this Holy See, and with what benefit he expended on both the whole force of his genius, is, dear daughter, so thoroughly appreciated and felt, that it can pass from the memory of no one who has witnessed his labours; the memory of no one who has witnessed his labours; the memory of no one who has witnessed his labours...

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 2nd day of December, 1872, in the 27th year of our Pontificate.

To our beloved daughter in Christ, Margaret Maguire, Widow.

THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.—A quarterly meeting of this Body was convened for Friday evening the Press and the public being excluded; the following passage in the Circular explains the main object of the meeting:—"It appears to be indispensably necessary, in view of the probability of a general election, to make preparations for organizing the friends of the Home Rule movement in the different constituencies, either in associations, or committees, or in such other manner as local circumstances may render advisable."

THE CATHOLIC UNION.—The *Univers*, noticing the first public meeting of the Irish Catholic Union, has the following touching and beautiful tribute to the feeling allusion to France, in the eloquent speech of Mr. P. J. Smyth, M.P. for Westmeath:—"Catholic France has prayed; she has smitten her breast in the sanctuary of the Mother of God, and before the relics of the Saints, and beheld her mere repentance rekindle the hopes of the world. Since we have humbled ourselves in tears, and confessed our faults, the people marked with the sign of Jesus Christ salute us with respect, and promise us a return of that glory of which conquest seemed to have robbed us forever. Alas! Of these numerous testimonies

of sympathy and friendship which reach us from all quarters, we can only accept the sentiment that inspires them. We have no longer the right to count upon the future after having so often contemned the past. The Divine Master alone can tell if sufficient faith still abides amongst us to overcome His justice and draw towards us the graces of His mercy. And yet, spite of the shame of our fall, how can we avoid feeling something of the old pride arise within us as we see magnanimous Ireland obstinately proclaiming that the pre-eminence in Israel shall not pass away from Judah! We feel it! The country of the ancestors of our MacMahon expressed herself in her fulness by the mouth of Mr. P. J. Smyth, when at the first great meeting of the Catholic Union, lately held in Dublin, the eloquent orator evoked thunders of applause when he exclaimed:—(Here the *Univers* copies the passage on France from Mr. Smyth's speech.) There is great work before the Union, and the terror that it has already excited in the old Party of Ascendancy is sufficient evidence of the tears entertained from its action.

LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Freeman*:—

St. Jarlath's Tuam, Dec. 10th, 1872. DEAR SIR,—In illustration of the deep sympathy which the Galway election and subsequent petition excited in distant lands, I beg to forward for Sir John Gray the enclosed bank order for £50 sterling, sent me from Ipswich, Queensland, Australia. The generous feelings by which the contributors were animated cannot be better expressed than in their own significant words:—"Although placed almost at the ends of the earth, on the extreme confines of civilization, we, Irish Catholics, still cherish for the land of our birth and the faith of our fathers an ardent affection which neither time nor distance can eradicate." Of this ardent affection they have given proof, not only by the present remittance, but likewise by the assurance that a further collection is still in progress towards assisting the cause of their country and their creed, which are endeared to them by distance. I send you the names of the subscribers and the amount of their several subscriptions, in order that, like the contributors to this patriotic fund already published, those generous exiles may be mentioned with those who, from all parts of Ireland, have recorded their indignant protest against an oppressive injustice, which could not be defended except by those extraordinary advocates of wrong who humiliate history by affecting to find estimable qualities in those who were most remarkable for their detestation of religion and their cruelty to the people of Ireland.

The snow, now falling in flakes, and threatening an aggravation of all the hardships which had food and the want of fuel have been already inflicting, calls for prompt and immediate attention to the wants of the poor. And I trust that committees will be formed without delay in all our towns to collect funds to mitigate the privations which so many will be doomed through this severe season to endure.

But whilst we manifest solicitude for temporal sufferings, we must not be indifferent to the dangers to which their faith is likely to be exposed in quarters from which danger is not sufficiently apprehended by what is called the National Board of Education in the relations now existing between the managers of National Schools and their teachers.—From the first insidious creation of that body they have been going on from bad to worse, constantly projecting fresh innovations, and all having for object to establish in the country a despotism which at the commencement they would not have dreamt of, and which only from the servitude made tolerable by habit any independent Catholics could endure. Fortunately such is the usual fate of inordinate pretensions in all regulated public bodies, that they at length meet bitter disappointment where they found they could command support.—This arbitrary board issues instructions to its well-paid staff of obsequious subordinates—the inspectors—to labor for the consummation of their tyranny in procuring from the managers of National Schools a formal assent to this last and worst of their long series of assaults, during forty years, on the free education of the Catholic youth of Ireland. Those itinerant functionaries, ever ready to obey the behests of their masters, have lately been extremely busy with the managers of schools, asking, my annoying them so importunately to consent to a new covenant, that some of the clergy have asked my advice for their guidance in this further interference with the religious duties of the managers and the safety of the schools. The managers have already sufficient trouble in their interminable correspondence with a board having a legion of clerks at its command, without exposing themselves to the certainty of continual lawsuits with the seeds of which this new condition of so many months' notice is fraught.

The Catholic Church, in the spirit of St. Paul's instructions to the Corinthians, discourages litigation; yet if the managers once submit to this condition, they may be assured that neither the board nor the teachers would, in the contemplated change, show much deference to his apostolic counsel; on the contrary, the board especially would hail a system of new and anomalous jurisprudence which would render their supreme judges in all the disputes (and they would be frequent) between managers and teachers. And thus an heterogeneous junta, springing from the dire injustice done to Catholics by penal laws, and as such, a mere provisional experiment to mitigate that injustice, takes on itself to be the supreme and final tribunal on questions of education between Catholic clergymen and members of their flocks, involving, as they surely would, the sacred interests of faith and morality! I have been much gratified by the reasonable caution given to his clergy by Dr. Walsh, the good bishop of Kildare, not to sign any document, and when we reflect on the various instances of deep and systematic deceit by which well-minded men have been so often imposed on, the clergy cannot be too cautious in dealing with those men, who, in the words of St. Gregory, adopting the wisdom of the world, endeavor to hide their sinister purpose by artful language. Should the board succeed in this insane attempt to subvert the Catholic clergy, like the short-lived triumphs of Pyrrhus, it would prove the sure harbinger of their own speedy destruction.—Your faithful servant,

J. JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY AND THE NATIONAL EDUCATION BOARD.—Mr. Vere Foster has addressed a letter to the press, in which, after admitting that a notorious deadlock has taken place between the Government and the Catholic clergy with respect to the payment of the result fees which have been earned by teachers of schools under their management, and which they have been officially led to expect, he expresses a hope that the National Board will find some honorable solution of the difficulty, and that it will unnecessary to return into the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer any portion of the money which has been fairly earned by an underpaid and meritorious class of public servants. The Catholic Clergy object to the proposed constitution of the National Board as a final court of appeal in the case of pre-emptory dismissal of a National teacher or his manager without either three months' notice or three months' pay. They say that circumstances might arise which would undermine their confidence in the board. Mr. Foster confesses that, strongly as he sympathizes with the teachers, the hesitation of the Catholic Bishops is both natural and proper, and that the action of the Government, though it may be well intentioned to all parties, is ill judged. He suggests, that the most reasonable solution of the difficulty would be the omission, in the proposed form of agreement between managers and teachers, of all reference to any court of appeal, leaving the

question of the justice of such dismissal as it is desired to guard against, to be dealt by the ordinary tribunals of the country, as in the case of other contracts between employers and employed.—*Catholic Opinion*.

CATHOLIC APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Constanine Molloy, of the Leinster Circuit, has been appointed counsel to Mr. Falles, Attorney-General. Mr. Molloy is one of the oldest criminal lawyers amongst the junior Bar, and has taken prominent part in framing several Irish Statutes, amongst others, Lord O'Hagan's Jurors' Act, one of the best measures of the last forty years. Mr. William Woodcock, of the junior Bar, has succeeded, on the resignation of Mr. Michael Joseph Barry, as Police Magistrate for the City of Dublin, salary £800. Mr. Hugh H. MacDermott, barrister, has been transferred from Sligo to Leitrim, as Crown prosecutor.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the composition of a Bench at Petty Sessions is often more vitally important to the peace and well-being of the country than the composition of the highest courts in the realm. The judges of the supreme courts, even if inclined to use their high authority, are held in check by the double influence of the Press and the Bar. The judge's every action is submitted to the severe criticism of the members of the profession who attend his court, and of the public, who through the Press become acquainted with its proceedings. Far different is the case in the ordinary court of petty sessions. There the magistrates are, as a rule, free from either professional control or newspaper supervision; they wield an authority unquestioned and supreme—their word is law; and, save in one case out of ten thousand, that great antidote to injustice—publicity—is never applied to their decisions. Under such circumstances, it is all-important to the due administration of justice that on every petty sessions' bench there should be a fair contingent of men of the popular faith and the popular political creed, sympathizing with the people, understanding their wants and wishes, and unlikely to deal harshly with them. A vast amount of Irish discontent is distinctly traceable to the fact that the opposite principle has prevailed in the choice of the Irish magistracy. As an example of this, we may instance the strange fact noticed by the Rev. Thomas Rice, C.C., in a letter to our contemporary, the *Belfast Daily Examiner*. The reverend gentleman points out that, although a considerable majority of the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Tyrone are Catholics, there is only one Catholic gentleman among the hundred and twenty magistrates of the county. Mischievous and unfair as such a condition of things would be in any Irish county, it is doubly mischievous and unfair in a Northern county where party dissensions still prevail, and where it scarcely needed the revelations of the Dunganun Commission to show that the decisions of a bench entirely drawn from one political party can scarcely command the respect of its opponents, when party questions come before it.—*Dublin Freeman*.

DUBLIN, Dec. 17.—Lord Otho Fitzgerald has interposed in a resolute and generous spirit to settle the unfortunate dispute between the Duke of Leinster and his tenants. In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Bagot, a member of the Ashy Farmers' Club, he states that he has read with the utmost pain the severe expressions used against his father and his family, and tenders his resignation as a member of the club. At the same time he expresses most plainly his own opinions as to the matter in dispute by telling them that he has written to Lord Kildare begging him to join in urging the Duke to withdraw the objectionable leases; to offer in lieu of them, where the parties are willing to accept them, 31 years' leases; to summon a meeting of the tenants in order to learn their views, and satisfy them, if possible; and, lastly, to accept the resignation of Mr. Hamilton as agent. He acknowledges that Mr. Hamilton has acted in the strict discharge of his duty, and in the most disinterested manner for the benefit of the Duke's property, but he thinks he has carried out the proceedings in a harsh and unjust manner, which cannot be overlooked by the tenantry, with a view to further peace and prosperity. The Duke, he remarks, has, after 60 years' management of his large property, earned the name of the best, the kindest, and the most indulgent landlord in Ireland. A more honourable, upright, and charitable man does not, he believes, exist, or one who has more the interest of his tenantry at heart; but he thinks that his Grace, in persisting in this instance, has been ill-advised. Lord Otho declares his earnest desire to support the views of the tenants, and states that, while he deprecates the reopening of the question of the Land Bill in Parliament, he is ready to consider any measure proposed for its further improvement.—*Times Corr.*

The Limerick Town Council have been discussing the obnoxious oath yet remaining, as a disgrace, on the Statute Book. It appears that the oath taken by Catholic sub-sheriffs, etc., differs essentially from that sworn by Jew, Gentile, or Infidel; and that Catholic members of a Town Council, and they only are obliged to take an oath, "while men of every other creed" can occupy their places by swearing not at all. The attention of Parliament is to be called to the matter; and something ought to be done to alter this paltry remnant of penal laws, when gentile "declarations" have been substituted in the inferior courts to meet conscientious objections to unnecessary oaths. Very hard ones break themselves in the swearing.—*Catholic Opinion*.

RESCUE OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.—On the 26th ult. the *lunatic Albion*, belonging to Messrs J. Galvan and Co. New Ross, was on her passage from Quebec to Limerick. Very fortunately a boat was discovered floating in the distance, and on the Albion's arrival, it was found to contain a ship's crew. The poor fellows were got on board and it was learned that they were the crew of the *Lady Stilton*, of Greenock, twenty-four in number, and that they had been obliged to abandon her to try and save themselves. The *Albion* encountered very severe weather, but reached Killybeg on Friday, 29th, where the rescued crew were safely landed.—*Waterford Chronicle*.

Some instances of agrarian crime which have recently been reported in the county Clare, hitherto one of the most peaceable in the country, have excited some uneasiness among the well-affected inhabitants. It is not long since an attempt was made upon the life of Mr. Arthur Cragh, a gentleman generally respected in the district in which he resides, and now it is stated that a threatening letter has been received by Mr. Joseph Hall, a magistrate, living near the place where the outrage was committed. The letter was sent through the Newmarket-on-Fergus post-office, and threatened Mr. Hall's life in the event of his carrying out some notices to quit which he had lately served on his tenants. Mr. Hall, though not a native of the county, has been for some years a resident, having acquired by marriage the property in dispute, which belonged to the late Mr. Burton Bindon.

Bartholemew Flynn, for whose arrest a warrant was out, surrendered himself at the Constabulary Barracks, Sligo, on a charge of the murder of Patrick Morrow, who was killed on the 25th of March last, when coming from the races of Darragh. Immediately after the murder a warrant was issued by the coroner for the arrest of the prisoner and his three brothers, but he succeeded in escaping to America. He now states that he came back to give himself up. His brothers were tried and acquitted of the charge at the last assizes for Sligo, the prosecuting counsel being of opinion that the indictment should have been for manslaughter. The prisoner is a powerful looking man. The announcement of his surrender has caused considerable excitement in the locality.

Our Dublin correspondent telegraphed last night:—"Kelly, who is charged with shooting at and wounding David Murphy in George's street in October last, was brought from prison to the hospital to-day, for the purpose of having the depositions of the wounded man taken. He was strongly guarded by mounted police. Dr. Hughes deposed that Murphy was still unable to attend at the police court. Murphy was examined, but he could not identify Kelly in any way. He said he saw three persons in the street when he was shot. The chief police magistrate, before whom the depositions were taken, again remanded Kelly. The Hon. David Lynch, Judge of the Landed Estates Court, died at his residence to-day, after a short illness. The anniversary of the shutting of the gates of Derry was celebrated by the Apprentice Boys to-day in the usual manner. No procession was shown, and everything passed off quietly; the morning was ushered in by the ringing of the Cathedral bells and by the firing of cannon. The Apprentice Boys marched in procession to and from the Cathedral, where the anniversary sermon was preached. Crimson flags were displayed from the Cathedral and the Walker monument, and in the evening an effigy of Lundy was burned at the latter.—*Times*, 20th ult.

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GREAT BRITAIN.

One of the oldest developments of the Englishman in America is the ostentation he delights to introduce into the ceremonies of death. Perhaps it is not a development. It may be that our kinsmen have simply retained habits which have gradually dropped off from ourselves since the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon family parted company, and if the way in which this taste is manifested is forced upon our notice more strongly in succeeding years, it perhaps is only because ampler means have enabled surviving relatives, friends, and admirers to indulge their predilections with greater freedom. We know that words and phrases, and even tones of speech, have been retained in use in the States which have ceased to be current among ourselves, so that ignorant Englishmen have brought back as Americanisms what were merely archaic forms and expressions. So it may be in the celebration of funerals. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were certainly very fond of these melancholy pomps. Every one who knows anything of the rural life of the "Old Home," or whose memory can go back a few decades—even if it be no more than thirty years—can tell how the "Black Duke," as he was always called, from his pent-house eyebrows, or the "Wild Earl," or the twentieth Sir John in a direct line, lay in state for three days in the family house, while all the county went to view him. They filed in and out, and were treated according to their degree; and when the actual day of burial came there was a State procession and a consumption of funeral baked meats which remained the talk of the neighborhood for years after. The less robust sorrow of this generation shrinks from these trials. Willingly they forbid them, and survivors recoil from them with horror, if not with disgust. Friends who can claim no kinship with the dead would sooner mourn him in the silent intervals of busy life than swell the pageants of the undertaker. But across the Atlantic the old custom endures. The paraphernalia of death are the gratification of the living. The cemetery of each great city is its park, its show-place, the suburban pleasure-ground visitors are pressed to visit. It is in vain that the stranger pleads that Kensal Green has no attractions for him: it is in vain that he says he has been a score of times in Paris and has never visited Pere Lachaise. He cannot escape the necessity of a sort of picnic to Mount Auburn or Mount Gilend, and the still more terrible compulsion of admiring the triumphs of monumental art which heavy on those sacred acres. An account of the funeral rites of poor Horace Greeley is the last contribution we receive from the other side of the Atlantic towards the literature of mortality. The last great funeral of New York was that of Colonel Fisk. There is no dispute as to what manner of man Fisk was. It is a pity that there is no Henry Fielding to write his life. The materials are ample, and if this debauched and vulgar scoundrel never showed any trace of the courage Jonathan Wild could claim to possess, it may be remembered that, at any rate, he succeeded so well that an esteemed and reverend divine was found ready to pronounce a panegyric upon him over his open grave. Fisk was an unabashed swindler, and yet his funeral was touching in its solemnity. He lay in state precisely like poor honest Horace Greeley, and men and women of New York passed through the hall in thousands and tens of thousands "to take a last look at his familiar features." Female admirers heaped bushels of *immortelles* over the bier, and in their sweet fondness stooped to kiss the glass that served as a window in the coffin lid. When the hour of interment came a careful selection of anthems was sung by some of the choicest voices of New York, interspersed with the addresses and exhortations of divines; and "the church being vacated, large crowds filed through it nearly all the rest of the day to view the mournful decorations, conspicuous among them being an arch of flowers over the pulpit, with" words which we shall not profane by such association.—*Times*.

"Systematized child murder!" Such heading is to be found in the gravest of English newspapers. They have become accustomed to the business and think far more about strikes than about slaughters. Plymouth is famous for its Brethren, but if children are done away with as they seem to be just now there will be very little brotherhood or sisterhood in the town. At a coroner's inquest recently held, some remarkable disclosures were made leading to the belief that an extensive system of child murder is prevalent. The inquest was upon the body of a child three weeks old. It had been attempted to be passed off as stillborn; and it was elicited that the mother had been prompted by the undertaker to bury it as a stillborn through a certain woman, and that this woman, professing to be a midwife had been accustomed recently to bring "stillborn children" to the cemetery to be buried in large numbers. She had brought as many as five in one week, and on one occasion she told a cemetery official she expected to be there again in two days, and came accordingly. It was shown also that the number of children buried in the cemetery purporting to be stillborn had doubled the usual average, and that upwards of 300 had been so buried this year. A verdict of death from natural causes was returned, and it was intimated by the superintendent-registrar that proceedings for giving improper certificates would be taken. As the business has thriven so well, we may expect that insuperable difficulties will be found in the way of the detectives, and this last horror will be hushed up and forgotten.—*Dublin Freeman*.

Just at this Christmas time, too we have had a sudden increase of violent crime. I should think for many years past there have not been so many felons lying under sentence of death, as there are now in our county gaols. In the winter circuit just concluded there were so many capital sentences passed that there is certain to be a large number of reprieves. Yet each individual case is well high as bad as it could be. There is a sort of grim irony in the fact that just at this period the Church of England should have held a "day of intercession" for help to missionary enterprise. Yesterday throughout the United Kingdom special services were held in our churches and prayers were offered up for God's grace to inspire our people to give more liberally to foreign missions for the conversion of the heathen to the doctrines of the Anglican Church. Surely there is work enough to be done in converting our own heathen at home before we look abroad.—*London Cor. of the Toronto Globe*.

The *Gaulois* correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 15th Nov., amongst other things says:—"At a time when the Jesuits are in such 'vill odour' on the Continent of Europe, it may be useful to state that there are not in India any more devoted and exemplary men. There are no men in India who work so hard, there are no men who come out as they come out, fearless and fearless, and without a thought or a hope of ever seeing home again."

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PROFESSOR MAX MULLER, ON DARWIN.—Professor Max Muller has delivered, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the first of a series of "Roscoe lectures" instituted by the members of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society. The Professor's subject was "Darwin's Philosophy of Language." Confining himself to the question of language, Professor Muller endeavoured to show that between what might be called the language of animals and that of man there was no natural bridge, and that in order to account for human language, we required for man the possession of a faculty of which no trace whatever had been discovered in the lower animals. He could not understand how Mr. Darwin could bring himself to sum up the subject, as follows:—"We have seen that the faculty of articulate speech does not offer any peculiar objection to the belief that man has been developed from some lower animal." The fact was that no instance had been adduced of any animals learning to speak, nor had it been explained by any scholar or philosopher how that barrier of language which separated man from all animals might be effectually crossed. Emotional language was, no doubt, shared in common by man and animal, but rational language was confined to man.

The following penitential letter, addressed to the editor of the *London Tablet*, needs no comment:—"Some three years ago I wrote a pamphlet called 'Why I Left the Church of Rome.' This pamphlet was occupied entirely with the Papal Infallibility question. I shall be much obliged to you if you will permit me through your columns to state that I consider the said pamphlet to be illogical, absurd, inconclusive, and worthy of the waste-paper basket. I am heartily sorry that I should ever have written such trash. Yours faithfully, WILLIS NAVES."

"MY OLD FRIEND HOMER."—"Every day must begin for me with my old friend Homer—the friend of my youth, the friend of my middle age and of my old age—from whom I hope never to be parted so long as I have any faculties, or my breath in my body."—*Mr. Gladstone*, Dec. 3, 1872. Scene: Mr. Gladstone asleep—Ghost of Homer rises, and, pointing to a rabble of men on strike on their way to Hyde-Park, says:—"But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose, him with reproof he checked, or tamed with blows, 'Be silent, wretch, and think not here allowed That worst of tyrants, a usurping crowd.'—That is Mr. Pope's translation of a passage of mine, sir. What do you make of it?"—*Punch*.

What bitter, though unconscious, satirists Protestants are of their own very peculiar institutions! "The Society for the Propagation of the (Protestant) Gospel" have been supplied with funds by "a friend" sufficient to send two missionaries to China, and two to Japan, but—they cannot get any one to go! So they had to issue "an appeal" to university men to offer their services. Apostles of the truth require to "appeal" to preach the true Gospel to the gentiles. If any "friend" will find only very partial adequate funds to send out Catholic missionaries to these places, there will not, we guarantee, be the slightest difficulty in at once despatching most able and painfully anxious priests to the scene of their labours. Protestants have funds, but can't find men to undertake the useless task of preaching a false Gospel; Catholics are almost overburdened with men eagerly desirous of announcing the glad tidings of salvation to those in darkness, but even the passing-money is difficult to find to the extent we all desire. The Church is poor and despoiled of men; the Apostles were in precisely the same condition; what is the natural inference? "Tar-and-feathering" oneself is supposed in America the height of folly; are not the Protestant "propagators" now performing that self-devoted immolation with a vengeance?—*Catholic Times*.

UNITED STATES.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 6.—Mrs. Lydia Sherman, frequently styled the Connecticut Bergin, who was convicted last spring in the city of murder in the second degree, for poisoning her husband in June, 1871, in Derby, by the use of arsenic, has a lengthy made a confession of her crime, as well as of the others which she was believed to be guilty of. The confession was made to a jailer. From what is learned it appears that she has confessed that she killed Sherman and his two children with poison, and that years ago she also poisoned her first husband, Strick, and his children, when living in New Jersey. She denies, however, that she killed her second husband, Dennis Hurlbut, in whose remains the chemist found arsenic. She is reported to feel much relieved in mind since she confessed her evil deeds, and expresses a desire to read the Bible and converse with religious persons. Her confession was hastened probably by the near approach of the time when she is to be sentenced. This will be done next week, when Judge Foster, in the Supreme Court, will preside with Judge Loomis and pass sentence upon her.

A LOVING WIFE.—It is said that the following letter was written to a lady in Detroit by a bereaved and stricken widow in Cincinnati:—"Dearest Louisa.—Darling John died last night. Conjection of the lungs. Our loss is his gain. I will join him on the other shore. I have ordered the loveliest half for the funeral—made with polonaise and trimmed with real point lace. Loss covered by insurance on the ten year plan; will be paid in sixty days. I know you sorrow with me. We had four doctors at two dollars a visit. Aunt Maria will not go into mourning, because, she has just bought her fall and winter things. Her bonnet is straw. There is a balm in Gilead; but my heart is nearly broken. Send me a cut paper pattern of that sacque of yours. Your devoted, Sarah." If we may be permitted to say a word respecting the afflicted widow, it would be to the effect that she will probably rope in a fresh man within twelve months, and pay for her wedding garments out of the cash provided by her darling John on the ten year plan.

PHYSICAL BANKRUPTCY.—Certain insidious forms of disease appear to be fastening upon the American people. Physicians tell us that nervous weakness and derangements of a most dangerous kind are making fast inroads upon us; that paralysis, epilepsy, insanity, and all nervous diseases are growing yearly more common. Statistics show that in some sections, and notably in the New England States, the descendants of native American families decrease from one generation to another.—*New York Witness*.

New York is certainly the metropolitan city of murder, suicide, and accidental death. Statistics for the past year show that there have been 57 cases of homicide, or more than one a week, 140 of suicide, 209 of stroke, 735 accidental deaths, and 206 bodies found floating in the rivers and harbours—such is the ghastly record which the coroners have compiled during the past year. The number of homicides exceeds that of the preceding year by 16, and the list of suicides is also large, including 32 more names than were on the records of 1871.

Susan B. Anthony, and fourteen other females, who cast their ballots at the late Presidential election, have been arrested for illegal voting, and held to bail for the sum of \$500. There will be enough talk about Women's Rights, at that trial, certainly to satisfy the most eager hunter after newspaper news.

Seventy-five hundred more Italian emigrants arrived here since New Year's, all destitute.