

under disabilities in this important matter, and the scheme of high education in Ireland establishes...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH GOVERNMENT.—It has been very generally stated that Earl Spencer is anxious to be relieved...

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.—The Irish Times states that Mr. Gladstone has sent for one of the most eminent of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College...

IRISH CATHOLICS demand, and must have, equality of endowments as well as privileges in common with their Protestant countrymen...

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.—There is no longer, says the Standard any question as to the position which the Ministry mean to give to the proposal on Irish University Education...

have so long struggled to possess themselves of the control of education in Ireland. It is too like confidence in their success—too like obedience to the advice of their ministerial friends...

LECTURES ON ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC.—Sir Robert Stewart delivered on Saturday last the first of a course of lectures on Ancient Irish Music...

ABSENCE OF CRIME IN IRELAND.—The opening year offers good augury to every lover of peace and order in Ireland. Contrasted with other countries...

THE POOR OF ENNISCORRY.—The Earl of Portmouth has subscribed the munificent sum of £120 to the Ennischorry Poor Relief Fund...

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has appointed James Arthur Dease Esq., to be a Commissioner of National Education...

GREAT BRITAIN

THE BRITISH LION.—The following amusing letter is going the rounds of the English papers; it commences—"Sir, Any particulars connected with the late mysterious visit of Count Schouvaloff to England must be of interest."

a most distinguished place. On arrival I found myself in the company of a party of elderly gentlemen, evidently very cross and ill-humoured.

"Now, then Mr. Simms, said one of them, 'where is the British Lion?'" "I was so taken aback that I could only open my mouth wide and give a grin, which I daresay did look rather foolish."

"Don't grin here, sir," continued the gentleman, "We want the British Lion all ready by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and he is or ought to be somewhere among the antiquities in your charge."

"I replied that there was very little time, and that provided I could find the poor animal's skin, it would be impossible for me to carry it without assistance."

"Who's to pay?" I replied, for I began to suspect I was in the presence of the Great L.—I Ministry and it was necessary for me to be very cautious.

"I will authorize the expenditure of one shilling," said a gentleman whom I understood to be named L.—a (Lowe).

"Now be off," said the first gentleman, "and come back the quickest and nearest way."

"Shan't go through the park?" I shouted another gentleman—"not unless he goes down on his knees and asks my permission first."

"Oh! do be quiet, A—!" (Ayrton, First Commissioner of Works,) says the first gentleman.

"I hurried back to the B.M., and after a long search I found the poor old animal's skin—only his tail was off. He had been in the habit for some years before he died of carrying it stuck between his legs, and a joint had given way. He had no teeth left, either, and looked very mangy altogether. There was no help for it though, so I called a cab, and away we went. There was a deal of trouble to set the animal up."

"Why, he ought to show his teeth, said one gentleman."

"Well, said another, 'it's more diplomatic, I think, to keep his mouth shut!'"

"Very good, indeed," said a gentleman called G.— (Gladstone).

"But then how about the roar? Who cares for a lion that can't roar?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed several at once, "is the tail gone?"

"We might make a tail," said the first gentleman.

"It must be very stiff, you know," said another.

"The gentleman who had objected to my going through the park, twisted up a string of paper all printed over with 'Park Rules,' and sticking it suddenly into the hind parts of the British Lion, looked at us all triumphantly."

"The effect was wonderful! The Lion himself looked frightened at his own tail!"

"Capital," they all exclaimed; "We will settle the Count this time."

"I was left in charge of the noble animal for several hours, and exactly at ten I heard footsteps approaching. A distinguished foreigner entered the apartment, and looked earnestly at the noble beast. He tried to conceal a grin of contempt as he gazed at the poor old animal's face."

"I saw it, and determined to make a bold stroke for dear old England. I slowly turned the poor beast round, and the frightful tail waggled immediately before the nose of Count Schouvaloff. He grew deadly pale."

"No," he muttered, "my master has nothing so terrible as this;" and still shuddering with terror, he quitted the apartment."

"I took the poor old beast back to the Museum, and forwarded a claim the following day for cab hire."

"R.M. to Downing Street, 15. Downing street to B.M., 1s.—total, 2s."

"Will you believe it, sir—the return fare has been disallowed by the Treasury."

Yours ever, WILLIAM SIMMS.

An auction of a very unusual character took place recently in London, the articles offered for sale being the magical apparatus, wondrous curiosities and properties of Prof. Anderson, "the Wizard of the North."

The Archbishop of Westminster and the "Times."—We noticed cursorily last week the attack of the Times upon the Archbishop of Westminster's speech at Sheffield, observing that, in saying that "Ultramontanism is allegiance to a foreign sovereign" it had confused the ideas of spiritual and temporal allegiance, of spiritual head and temporal sovereignty, and had profited by the confusion. Sir George Bowyer and the Archbishop himself, in letters which we print elsewhere, have pointed out this fallacy, and his Grace further complains that he was represented as saying that "Catholics could not identify themselves with a State," when he really said that they could not "be in sympathy with a state of things."

The Poor of Ennischorry.—The Earl of Portmouth has subscribed the munificent sum of £120 to the Ennischorry Poor Relief Fund, which is in keeping with his lordship's invariable benevolence and consideration.

The Board of Education.—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has appointed James Arthur Dease Esq., to be a Commissioner of National Education, in room of the Hon. Thomas Preston, who has resigned.

The British Lion.—The following amusing letter is going the rounds of the English papers; it commences—"Sir, Any particulars connected with the late mysterious visit of Count Schouvaloff to England must be of interest."

In my humble capacity of Assistant-Keeper of Antiquities in the British Museum, I had an opportunity lately of observing that remarkable foreigner. I was aroused from my slumber some nights since to find my attendance was immediately required at

ishment of the new court, were now getting settled in a body, and that subsequent years would show the anticipated paucity of English men and women disgusted with the "English home," on whose sanctity their literary countrymen are never tired of dilating. Contrary, however, to all expectation, the Divorce Court has been crowded year after year with an increasing number of applicants, until the judge threatens to break down from over work. The cases, which come from all classes, show that domestic infelicity is less general among the higher classes and among the working people than in that section of the population which also forms the strength of dissent and which is most anxious for secular education. "It is the middle classes," says the Saturday, "the respectable, sanctimonious middle classes, who mainly keep up the steady-going business of the Divorce Court." And in view of this fact, it adds that "it is impossible to shut our eyes to unpleasant symptoms of a somewhat dangerous degradation of moral tone and disposition to make light of the obligations of marriage and the sacred union which it involves." How American laxness in the same respects causes our countrymen to be characterized abroad, may be gathered from a sentence like this: "It would perhaps be too much to expect that in the face of these unsavory records, the British Pharisee should abate any of his self-righteousness, or congratulate, that he is not as other men, not as those wicked French people or as those Free-love Americans."—Catholic Review.

The tone of the English Press on the religious persecution now raging in Germany deserves notice. Ashamed to avow openly their sympathy with measures inspired by brutal violence and high-handed tyranny, our journalists, who are always discoursing about "the rights of conscience" at home, are obliged to affect a certain disapproval, yet cannot hide their secret satisfaction. Indeed they hardly pretend to do so. Speaking of the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious corporations, the Saturday Review observes that "to most Englishmen" such laws "cannot fail to appear difficult of explanation or defence," and that they are "at best an anachronism;" but having uttered this faint protest, for decency's sake, the writer proceeds to offer an elaborate defence of still worse measures. "When we remember," he says, "the vital influence of the system of primary education on the formation of popular belief," and that "the falsification of Catechisms" led up to "the full teaching of Papal infallibility,"—the Abbe Michaud says so, and he is a greater authority with the Saturday Review than all the Councils and Fathers put together,—it was high time to do something decisive. Michaud thinks so, and from Michaud there is no appeal. It is true that nobody ever heard of Michaud until rebellion against the Church made him a hero and a prophet to the theologian of the Saturday Review, who is obliged to get his allies where he can find them, and attributes to them qualities which nature had unkindly refused. With the help of Michaud, since he can obtain no other, our Reviewer points out all that is admirable and effective in the proposed penal laws of Dr. Falk, who is so good as to supersede the Christian Church altogether, with the pious intention of superseding Christianity. "Ultramontane teaching," by which he means the religion of all Catholics, with the exception of the eminent Michaud and his friends, "has made such enormous strides in Germany," that a little wholesome violence has become indispensable. Freedom of thought is an excellent thing, provided you think as Michaud and Falk do, but if not, and your abominable views begin to make "enormous strides," it is time that "others should think for you. For this reason, Dr. Falk introduces three Bills, which are thus described in the Saturday Review. "The first regulates the course of studies for aspirants to the priesthood." As the Church, after an existence of eighteen centuries, has proved that she has not the least idea how to educate priests,—as any one may clearly perceive by such deplorable examples as S. Bernard, Fenelon, S. Francis of Sales and the Cure d'Ars,—the State, being as infallible in spiritual as in temporal matters, generously comes to her aid, and will henceforth educate her priests for her. They will not exactly resemble the individuals mentioned above, nor is it desirable that they should. Michaud would disapprove such priests, and Dr. Falk also. Indeed they will be so totally different, that Falk will not trust them to the supervision of the Bishops; and so, continues the Saturday Review, with an almost sublime fatuity, "the second Bill protects the clergy from the arbitrary despotism of the Bishops!" This sudden tenderness of the State towards priests, and its paternal desire to protect them from all possible dangers, and especially from the "despotism" which is so abhorrent to Bismarck, Falk, and the Saturday Review, is perhaps a little suspicious. But it becomes intelligible when we consider what sort of priests it is proposed to protect. We suspect that even Michaud would find them unpleasant companions, by the time the State had completed their training. What sort of religion they would teach, we are unable to guess, but that is probably a matter of profound indifference to Dr. Falk. Anyhow they would not be Ultramontane, which is the only matter of importance. But there is another enquiry which perhaps the Saturday Review will be able to satisfy. Who is to ordain these remarkable priests? Are the Bishops to be forced to do so, whether they approve them or not? And would their refusal be considered "despotism"? Dr. Falk's Bills do not seem to provide for this little difficulty. But it will be easy to add a clause hereafter, by which any Bishop refusing to ordain Dr. Falk's priests shall be shot, hanged, or otherwise disposed of; and perhaps we shall some day read an impressive article by the theologian of the Saturday Review, pointing out the beauties of such a clause.

Sir Willoughby Jones, in a recent charge to the jury at Norwich, Shirehall (England), in speaking of the increase of offences from drunkenness—of crimes committed by men under the influence of drink—said, "These offences have increased so much of late that the nation has become frightened."

UNITED STATES.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE "NORTHEAST."—The excitement which the loss of the "Northfleet" caused in England still continues to show itself in various characteristic ways. The steamer, which escaped like a conscious murderer, in the confusion and darkness, has been vindictively watched for in every port of Europe: the inefficient means of escape provided on emigrant ships is blamed; the inadequate signal system, etc., etc. Contributions for the remaining victims pour in from every quarter, from the Queen to the half-starved miner. That three hundred souls should be thus lost in a calm sea, within sight of the English coast, surrounded by a dozen vessels, within easy hearing and reach of a crowded English roadstead, would be enough to account for the thrill of universal horror, and the eagerness with which the whole nation has risen to repair the injury as far as practicable, were it not that catastrophes just as general and terrible have occurred and died out of notice in a day. But there was a single point of human interest in this ship as it went down which made all nations akin as they looked at it. A multitude of deaths of unknown men and women is, after all only a ghastly vague fact, unemotional as the sum total of a bill of mortality. But this Capt. Knowles, wakened out of his sleep to find the open sea yawning beneath, and these 400 souls dependent upon him, on the instant cool, steady, sagacious, seeing that death was inevitable and standing on its edge to choose out the weakest and most helpless to be saved—there is a real live man whom we would fain claim as the brother of us all. There is much

said now—days of the corruption of society; when our political leaders take bribes we are told that chicanery and money, and love of sham show control the majority of lives; yet sometimes death from among us takes some commonplace fellow like this ship's captain by the throat and bids him justify his right to have lived; and the man takes his footing upon his plain daily duty, and doing that, chooses so to be lost in eternal silence. But how the whole world is stirred as he goes out! How in every country in the last fortnight men's hearts have been beaten higher, and the tears come to women's eyes looking at the figure of this Knowles on the edge of his sinking ship; how we had listened to hear his last words before the sea covered him: to know something more of the man. Cleopatra puts on her crown to make a tragic ending. "What's brave, what's noble, let's do after the high Roman fashion, and make Death proud to take us!" (The Captain was the only quiet man aboard,) said one of the survivors; "he was about thirty years old, and had been married six months. He kept the crew back with a pistol in one hand from the boats, and helped the women and children in with the other. Some called him to tie himself to a spar, but he went on lifting in the women. He gave his wife to the boatswain in one of the boats. "Take care of her, boson," he said; "I will never see you again, dear girl." Mrs. Knowles was a young thing, very much of a child. She wanted to go back on deck and die with her husband, but we held her." While we look through the night at the ship going down with this man at his post on her, other remembrances come back to us; of Robert Shaw, "buried in a pit with his niggers;" of the engineer Kealey lying dead at the bottom of the river, and the train he had saved safe at the other side; and dearer than all, of another ship that sank in the British Channel not many years ago. There was part of an infantry regiment on board, returning after a five years' absence in India. "When it was found that the vessel was sinking, and that the boats were insufficient to hold the women and children, the Colonel to prevent confusion marshaled his men in rank on deck. They obeyed and "presented arms." And so, almost without sight of their home they had not seen for five years, foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, alert and immovable, as though ready to charge upon a foe, they went down. There are men whose lives are clad with great deeds or words as with a royal garment; but these were homely and commonplace, doing the task of every day, after no high Roman fashion, but quietly and steadily. Attempting and achieving no more than this, they passed through the great dark portal which never opens twice for any man, but when it closed behind them it seems to us as though a King had gone out from among us.

The Cincinnati Telegraph has a splendid article on the "Decline of the Republic," attributing much, if not all, of the rotteness brought to light by the great Credit Mobilier investigation, to our system of public schools.—The Credit Mobilier investigation has brought terrible revelations of official robberies in high places, which startle only those who have not watched the gradual decline of all national morality, of those who pretend to believe that civil government can be honest and pure without the guidance of true religion. We are repining, in this national scandal and disgrace, the fruit of godless common school education, and godless political principles. As a nation, we have discarded religion, and public as well as private conscience has been degraded, and become callous to every touch of honor and decency. Thieves clear the way, by gigantic bribery, to the highest places in the government, and then delude their official position, by secret leagues of rapacious fraud to compensate for the expense of purchase. Legislatures are bought, as men buy cattle in the market, and are too well acquainted with public morality to blush when the infamy is exposed. The purchaser takes his seat in the Senate, and has no fear that his associates, to whose garments cling the smell of like corruption, will dare to expel him. He knows well that the purification of the Senate would empty nearly all its seats; while he confesses his crime, he defies punishment. He laughs securely at popular indignation, and dreads no social ostracism. He is the model politician of the period; he is the choice production of the common schools and universal suffrage. He is a clever pupil of that system of education which we are told with an air of laudation, is purely and peculiarly American; in which the brain is trained at the expense of the soul; in which success in this life is all important, and belief in the next world is deemed of no importance at all; in which all instruction is directed to make men sharp enough to steal, emboldened, and defraud the individual or the nation without falling into the clutches of the law; in which the corrupting influence of the lessons he is daily receiving is veiled by the pretence of doing an impossible task, to make men moral without religion, without subordinating intellect, will, imagination and passions of the pupil to a higher aim and nobler purpose of life, than to attain wealth and enjoy earthly luxuries and honors. Men, like Senators Caldwell and Patterson, whose political record is so lachrymose that the history of other countries, older by centuries, furnish fewer names so revolting to honesty and honor, are exactly what we are to look for in a generation doomed to pass years in the peculiar American institution—the common school. When youth has been robbed, systematically, of conscience and left no resistance to his passions in this age, in which virtue is second to dollars, wealth is esteemed as the greatest good, and sensuality is worshipped, but the weak regard of respectability, or of public opinion equally vain and corrupt, his manhood will shrink from no crime in the pursuit of his ambition. He is taught to walk after his own lusts—to make this world his God; to care more for the road that leads to success in business or to political office and its emoluments, than for the road to Heaven. He practically follows these principles of modern education, and thus they breed for us a race of mercantile and political thieves and swindlers, who prey upon society with the rapacity of hungry wolves. Every thing sacred is thrown into the market to be sold to the highest bidder. Money becomes the universal touchstone of social and political worth.

Zion's Herald administers a well deserved rebuke to the Protestant ministers of the present day who endeavor to attract an audience by the eccentricity of their sermons; and mentions the following case in point.—We have just seen a card printed for circulation by the pastor of one of the oldest Congregational churches in Central Massachusetts; a church which has long been blessed with the labors of the most cultivated ministers and men of the finest taste. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; than which nothing could be more proper and worthy of imitation. On the reverse side, however, of the card, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbaths of the current month: "Deformed Feet," "The Strange Contents of a Lost Trunk," "Tragic History of a White Lie," "Frosted Locks," "Go to Jerico," (we can easily see under this topic, how an admirable practical application of the subject might be made to the preacher), "Beautiful Shoes; their Propriety Suggestiveness," "Salt Again." And this is preaching the Gospel, in the year of our Lord 1873 and in the centre of Christian civilization! We are not at all surprised to learn from a friend, who heard him, that the preacher entered his pulpit with lavender kids upon his hands, which he only removed as he commenced his sermon. Neither are we surprised that the house is crowded.