

EDUCATION WITHOUT GOD.

How groundless the popular notion is that the increase of intelligence lessens crime, has been frequently shown in these columns. Examples crop up every day. Take Massachusetts as an instance since it is the only State which gives accurate statistics. In that State the public school system has advanced to what its admirers think the point of perfection. Never was there a better educated population. Yet in 1850 when the population of the State was 995,514 there were 1,236 persons in prison, or one to every 804 of the population; while in 1880, when the population had increased to 1,783,985, the prisoners numbered 3,659, or one in 487. In other words, the proportion of criminals increased, in thirty years nearly double. Nor can this enormous increase of crime be referred to the influx of foreigners, as some writers flippantly assert in their glittering generalities. In 1850 the native population was 827,430, and the native prisoners 653, or one to every 1,267. In 1880 the native population was 1,339,594, and the native criminals 2,175, or one in 615. Thus, the natives have more than held their own in the race for the penitentiary, and are several points ahead of the foreign element.

It is no extravagance to charge this frightful criminality against the public school system. It has cultivated the intelligence, and neglected both the hand and heart. With every step it has taken nearer to the ideal set before it, it has been able to turn out a larger and larger crop of criminals. It trains the youth to aspire to what are known as the "genteel" occupations, and neglects to teach them how to work. Boys learn to look out for the easy places in life, and there being ten aspirants for each place, it follows that nine of them must be thrown upon the world unfitted for the only spheres where they can be useful.

But the banishment of religion from the school has had a more profound effect in creating criminals. Did the boys have any stable religious principles even the neglect of teaching them useful trades would not make them criminals. They would be crippled at the very start in life, it is true, but they would have that within them which would preserve them from the felon's cell. But, besieged by necessity, not knowing how to work, nor, indeed, greatly inclined to labor, and succumb to the first temptations to dishonesty, and fall. Those who are responsible for the exile of religion from the school will have a fearful account to answer for at the last day.

WHERE IS EMMET BURIED.

A question of Great importance to Irishmen Raised.

A correspondent of an Irish Journal writes from London: I recently visited Ireland for the first time in my life to gratify a long desire to see the land that gave birth to my parents, who were forced by foreign rule to leave its shores some years ago. Holding as I do national opinions, I was anxious to see the various objects interesting to one of my way of thinking, and a friend who had kindly undertaken to pilot me around Dublin, brought me through Thomas street, where I stood upon the spot on which Robert Emmet gave up his life for his country, sixty three years ago. I asked my guide who appeared to be fairly well acquainted with matters of national and historical interest where the young patriot's remains were interred, and he said that was to some extent a mystery, as no one knew the exact place of burial; for by some it is believed to be in St. Michan's Church in the city, while others are of the opinion that his ashes are laid in the old Glasnevin churchyard. We Glasnevin churchyard, an ancient Protestant burial place with a pretty little Church in the centre. Having found the polite and genial old lady who performs the duty of sextoness. I asked her was it true that Robert Emmet rested there, and she replied 'Yes, sir, it is quite true. He was buried here at night by torchlight, and "pointing to a small hole in the wall" was brought through there. Them, sir, was the troublesome times. The grave my attention was called to has a rough gray kind of stone at the head, and bore the appearance of having been clipped, probably by some persons, like myself, who were on a visit of research, and who were desirous to possess a relic from the grave of one of the world's purest patriots. This doubt about Emmet's resting place opens up a question of great national interest because the day may come in the near future when his epitaph shall be written and his monument built; and therefore it would be well that all uncertainty should be removed as to the exact place where lies the sacred remains of one whose leading idea in life was the redemption of his native

land, so that when the time arrives it may be known to Irishmen all over the world where our "young hero sleeps," and that there may be no misgivings about the spot on which his monument should be erected.

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The long procession of the martyrs of past ages brings to us few pictures of a sadder life, and service and death, than that of the Maid of Orleans.

She was the daughter of respectable parents, of the village of Domremy, in France. Taught to sew and spin, but not to read and write, she differed but little from the other village girls, except in greater simplicity, industry and piety. When about fifteen years old, she imagined that she heard unearthly voices calling upon her to go and fight for the Dauphin. At first she was restrained, but finally reached him and convinced him of her heavenly mission. In male attire, bearing a sword and banner, she placed herself at the head of the French troops, to whom her example and the belief of her divine inspiration gave new courage. She raised the siege of Orleans, and soon became the terror of the English. The Dauphin was led in triumph to Rheims, where he was crowned July 17, 1429, and Joan—saluting him as king, with fervent tears of joy—asked liberty to return home. He begged her to remain with the army, which she did reluctantly, but no longer hearing the divine commands which had before pashed her forward, felt fearful forebodings of evil. Taken prisoner by the English, she was tried as a coerecess—that being in those early days the simplest explanation of her success and her claim of inspiration strongly supporting the theory, was condemned to be burned. Accordingly she was bound to a stake, faggots were piled around her and the torches set fire to the heap; there in the midst of smoke and flame and torture, the Maid of Orleans rendered her soul to God.

THE ALLEGED DRAWBACKS OF LOCAL SELF GOVERNMENT

The upholders of centralization in England and they are exclusively the members of the present Government together with those landed proprietors who represent the dying phases of feudalism in that country, maintain that disorganization and anarchy are the sure resultants of local autonomy. They go back fully two hundred years to find a fixed and consistent ground on which to erect their opinion. In their eyes the masses still are the same unreasoning herd that needs to be whipped into recognition of its true interest, the beholds a tyrant in ever ruler and confounds liberality with license. All the utterances of Conservative leaders are but so many chafes rung on this gamut. The strong arm of the law, the necessity of preserving social order, etc., are cut and dry phrases, which mean bayonets and buckshot for those who clamor for the ballot. A Salisbury and a Churchill thus play knave and fool at the same time they know that the world has not been stationary since the days when the peasant cringed to the purseholder and kissed the hand that yielded the lash, and they are still greater knaves than fools in pretending to believe that the intelligent people of Europe and America are to be caught in the web of sophistries so transparent.

Centralized power was undoubted advantages in many respect over the diffused authority of provinces and municipalities. It can remedy abuses without delay; it can seal to the quick the ulcerous watches that infect the body political and can visit malefactors in office with swift and condign punishment. Its treatment of social and political evils is speedy and heroic. It is like the old time surgery which resorted to the saw and cuttin without hesitation, and lopped off limbs that gave offence, so that a healthy though truncated body might remain. Under centralization organizations perfect, and the head is supreme in all things. On the other hand, autonomy is slow, halting and uncertain. It is the expression of the will of the multitude, and we know that the masses are slow to learn and to appreciate critical situations. But the multitude can be taught, and no sharper spur can urge them to the acquisition of the knowledge necessary to promote their own interest than the conviction that the control of those interests rests with themselves. What has made the people of our country the most intelligent and self reliant in the world, if not the very necessity which compelled them to take care of their own affairs? A free and enlightened press can mould out of the most incongruous and unpromising elements a free and enlightened people against whom the efforts of ignorance and the art of demagogism are in vain directed. It is

silly, therefore, for the Conservative orators and writers of England to inveigh against local autonomy as the gateway to political corruption and social disorder. The refutation of the slander is read on the title page of America, where Jew and Gentile, Pole, Hungarian, Mongol, Celt, Saxon and Italian feast at the same table and say a loving amen to each benediction.

It is true our people have been frequently duped by the wiles of crafty politicians, and will continue to be so for a time; but, thank God, that time is daily growing shorter; the inscription on the wall is already written for the professional politician, and his dark machinations and unscrupulous designs will be thwarted as soon as attempted by a community who are anxious to wipe out the disgrace of the past by turning out and keeping out bad men from places of power and importance. The days of centralized power are rapidly drawing to a close, for the people are becoming alive to the truth that under God, they are the depositaries of civil power, and that they will be made answerable for its exercise just as soon as they can be made convinced that it is theirs.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

Stewed Tomatoes.—To a can of tomatoes allow a teaspoonful of minced onion as much white sugar, salt and pepper to taste, a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs, stew fast for twenty minutes and rub through a hot colander into a deep covered dish. This is a decided improvement on the usual style of stewing tomatoes.

Veal and Ham Cutlets.—Cut enough veal cutlets to make a good dish and a like number of slices of cold boiled ham. Corned ham is best. Dip both in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs mixed with salt, pepper finely cut parsley and a dust of nutmeg. Fry in boiling dripping or lard; drain, and arrange in alternate slices of veal and ham on a hot dish. Garnish with bressos.

Tapioca Pudding.—Two kinds of tapioca pudding, very delicious, are thus made. (1) Pare and core sufficient apples to fill the dish; soak a half pint of tapioca in a quart of lukewarm water for one hour; add a little salt, flavor with lemon, pour over the apples. Bake until they are tender. Eat, when cold, with cream and sugar. 2. Four tablespoonful of tapioca soaked for two hours in tepid water. When the tapioca has softened add a quart of cold water, pinch of salt, tablespoonful of molasses and two large apples peeled, cored and sliced. Place in a covered dish and bake in the oven for two hours stirring occasionally; then remove the cover, still stirring. In half an hour the pudding should be a deep brown. Pour into another dish and serve hot with hard sauce. The hard sauce is made by beating to a cream one cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.—Good housekeeping.

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