

keeping class. In the Four Courts, the great uncertainty of the law, with all its natural delays and difficulties, is rendered a hundred times more difficult and more procrastinating than elsewhere. Three or four judges sit in solemn conclave to deliberate over a matter which could be dismissed by a judge in chambers in twenty minutes; the grand jury system is confusion, the regulation for the recovery of small debts is stated to be full of practical anomalies, while the Bankruptcy and Insolvent law has, on the authority of one who well knows what he is speaking of, "been in a muddle for years." From the advantages of education in their ancient university the great mass of the people are excluded on account of their religion, while no Irish law student can be called to the Bar before he has attended an English inn of court. A large proportion of the big, red-faced old houses in the aforementioned square, which, before the Union, were inhabited by the grand old Irish peers and the hospitable old Irish squires—who, while their chimneys blazed and their claret flowed and their hall-doors were always open to those properly recommended, yet did not fail to keep up a certain state and dignity—were now tenanted by doctors and lawyers, whose brass plates adorned the area railings. Many of them bear the announcement of "Lodgings to Let," while in several the blinds are down, the windows are panned up, and of the whole mansion has the appearance of being dead. This bankrupt, broken-down exterior is no novelty to the stranger in Dublin. Thirty years ago, Thackeray, then on his first visit in Dublin, wrote: "The houses have a battered, rakish look, and seem going to ruin before their time. Who lives in them? One fancies that the chairs and tables inside are broken, and the tapet on the breakfast table has no spot, and the table-cloth is ragged and sloppy, and the lady of the house is in dubious curl papers, and the gentleman, with an imperial to his chin and a flaring dressing-gown all ragged at the elbow." At the present day, the houses have the same look of desolation, or, at least, of shabby gentility. There are but few large retail establishments in the city, and those languish for lack of custom. With the exception of two of the principal thoroughfares, the streets, even at the busiest time of the day, are comparatively silent and deserted by pedestrians, while the heavily-laden vans or strings of elegant carriages, so characteristic of different sections of London life, are nowhere to be met with. The public institutions are unvisited, and so desolate or so careless is the municipality, that the public streets are left in a state of unparalleled filth. What is the cause, then, of this desolation and decay, this political and moral dry rot which has undermined, not merely the capital, but the country itself? Ask this question where and of whatever intelligent person you may, Catholic or Protestant, landlord or tenant, townsman or peasant, and you will receive an answer in the same two words—absenteeism and centralization. What these terms convey, what means have been adopted, hitherto unsuccessfully, to rid the country of their baneful effects, I purpose to discuss in my next letter. We are grieved to believe that the above is only too true a description. And it is only natural that it should be so. Dublin is a metropolis, but—of what? Of anything but of Irish industry, Irish society, Irish thought, Irish education, Irish government, Irish aspirations and hopes. Why its very history is English ever since it was the capital of the Pale, and English it will continue to be, so long as a foreign garrison resides within its walls, a foreign gentleman, called a Lord Lieutenant, is set up as a royal figure-head or sign-post pointing to England, a foreign university, or what is the same thing, the university of a foreign Church, sets itself up as the centre of Irish intellectual development. We might continue the category and show how everything in Dublin, that in another nation would be looked upon by the people with pride, is here accepted only as the badge of foreign servitude. Looked at thus, the apathy of the Irish in Dublin is easily explained: Dublin is not the capital of the nation, of the Irish people, but as it always has been since the English occupation, of English occupation. It is that bastard thing of no parentage—a foreign capital in a foreign land.—*Catholic Mirror*.

DUBLIN, 29th Dec.—The dispute between the Crown and the Coroners on the question of jurisdiction, which was recently raised for the first time by the Law Officers, was revived to-day in a poisoning case at Portobello Barracks. On Saturday morning a gunner named Donaldson, who acted as orderly to Colonel Saunders, having been absent from duty was searched for by a comrade, who found him insensible about 11 o'clock in the room of another gunner named Marshall. He died in few minutes after he was taken out. Mrs. Marshall, in whose company he had been, is accused of having caused his death by administering cyanide of potassium to him in a glass of punch. An inquest was held at the barracks, and the accused not being present it was adjourned until the 7th of January, after evidence of identification had been taken. Mr. Harty, the coroner, commented upon the unsatisfactory state of things now existing with a divided jurisdiction, and expressed a hope that the law would soon be settled. The Foreman handed in a protest from the jury against being brought from their businesses for an abortive inquiry while another inquiry was going on elsewhere. The woman was charged before one of the police magistrates, and evidence was given that at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning she purchased cyanide of potassium of a druggist in Rathmines, alleging that she wanted to clean gold lace. It was labelled poison. An application was made to the magistrate to have the prisoner transferred to the Coroner's Court, but he stated that he had no authority to comply with it. She was remanded for a week, and in the meantime an application will be made to the Queen's Bench for a Habeas Corpus.

Mr. Kelly, who has come forward as a candidate for the representation of the county Limerick, is understood to have the support of the Catholic Bishop and Dean O'Brien. A meeting of his friends was held yesterday near Cahir conish, and the Rev. Mr. Meagher spoke strongly in his favour. It is expected that at the meeting of the Farmers' Club on Thursday Mr. O'Sullivan, of Kilmallock, will propose another candidate.

The roads in the county Mayo, from the dilapidated or neglected low state of repair into which some of them have been allowed to fall, are the source of much discontent, and during the present presentment sessions circuit have been the source of much discussion and complaint from cesspayers.

The case of Mr. Murphy, who claimed a sum of £75, for loss sustained by the malicious burning of a quantity of hay at Wicklow, has been allowed, and charged upon the county at large.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

Archbishop Manning has had another animated controversy with the Times this week on the drift of the recent Prussian legislation, on which we have something to say. We will not refer to the old matter in dispute as to the motive of the new laws. The Times says very truly that Archbishop Manning brings no proof that, before the Falck laws were introduced, the Roman Catholic clergy in Prussia were loyal to the German Empire. But how can a man be expected to bring proof of the loyalty of a class? Where loyalty exists, it is not usual to have proofs of it, but only to have no disproofs of it. If a German Protestant had to bring proofs of the loyalty of the English Dissenters to the Crown, would it not be sufficient for him to assert that there had never been any evidence of the contrary? We do not expect the Nonconformist clergy to be constantly signing addresses of affection and fidelity.

All we expect is that society shall receive with surprise and incredulity any assertion that as a class they are disaffected. And that is just what the Prussian Roman Catholics say—we suppose truly—of the attitude of the Catholic clergy of Prussia before the recent legislation. Every one knows that this was not true of the Bavarian Catholics. Their violent "Particularism" was mixed up with their religious belief, and manifested itself in ways that gave very natural and just offence to the Prussian Government. But the Prussian Ecclesiastical laws were not made for Bavarian, but for Prussian Catholics, and if there is any proof of the existence of a seditious spirit amongst them before Prince Bismarck put himself at the head of the anti-Romanist movement, it is certainly very unfortunate for the Prussian Government that it has never produced it. It is perfectly true that Archbishop Manning has failed to prove their loyalty, just as Prince Bismarck has failed to prove their disloyalty. But neither law nor public opinion expects proof of good conduct, while it does expect very explicit proof of a crime, or even of a criminal disposition. On this head, therefore, we do not believe that the position of the Times is for a moment tenable.—*Spectator*.

Our old friend Dr. Cumming told his congregation, on Sunday night last, at the Scotch National Church, an incident which must have excited the learned doctor and his appreciative sovereign amazingly in the estimation of his hearers. The learned divine has recently preached before her majesty "upon the cognizance of the departed dead of what transpires in this world;" and her most gracious majesty was good enough to thank Dr. Cumming for his able treatment of the subject and for the consolation she received from his words. No doubt his congregation pardoned Dr. Cumming's modest allusion to himself when he took occasion of this circumstance to praise the queen, for "one good turn deserves another." The preacher timidly alluded to the incident, not for any selfish or egotistical motive, but to show his people how her majesty takes an interest in sermons—many of her subjects, unhappily, do not—especially when preached by Dr. Cumming. As an illustration of the effect produced upon the royal mind by the doctor's ministrations, he tells us that the queen reminded him of "a text from which he had preached before her some years previously." All this shows that the queen has a very retentive memory, a devotional appreciation of texts, and of Dr. Cumming, whose words make such a lasting impression upon her mind. We are not at all surprised to learn that a gentleman who is so far privileged as to lift up the veil of the future whenever he likes, and who tells us how many years the world has to go on spinning on its axis before it becomes a clinder, should be quite at home in speaking of the relations of the dead to the living. If the prophetic doctor be as correct in his knowledge of the spirits of the departed as he is fortunate in his predictions of the future, we fear her majesty's consolation, derived from his lecture, will be of a very shadowy character. Whether the doctor's views are true or not, they are certainly, on all occasions, both original and bold. It requires no small amount of self confidence to prophesy, time after time, things that never come true. It is this same moral courage which fortified Dr. Cumming to take his journey to spirit-land, and to father on the Gospel he was supposed to preach the absurdities, we have no doubt, of his own brain. Protestants of all classes speak of the dead as pagans of the names of the departed. Catholics do not trouble themselves with such maudlin nonsense, but pray for the souls of those who have gone before them.—*Univers*.

**THE CATHOLIC UNION AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.**—At the next meeting of the Catholic Union a decision will be come to upon the question raised, at the last meeting, when the Duke of Norfolk presided, by the Rev. Mr. Bagshawe, as to whether, in accordance with a rule of the union prohibiting party politics, they could so far take part in parliamentary elections as to oppose candidates, whether Whig or Tory, hostile to Catholic interests and recommend, on the other hand, such candidates as were more inclined to support Catholic political principles.

**THE FOG MORTALITY.**—We are very glad indeed to hear that 780 Londoners above the average died the week before last of the fog. We do not want them to die, of course, but if they were to die, it is better that they should die of the fog, and so get rid at once of the superstition that the most disagreeable, inconvenient, dangerous, and spirit-depressing visitation which falls on Londoners is somehow "good for us." It is not good for us, any more than for cattle, but bad, as the Registrar's return shows. There is no cure for it except retreat into warm rooms, and we strongly recommend the sanitary reformers to provide them—at other people's expense, of course—and pass an Act compelling all Londoners to stop in them, under penalty of a month. A compulsory use of respirators at £2 a piece would also answer the end sought.—*Spectator*.

Mr. Whalley, M.P., is really to be pitied, and we accordingly pity him. What a disappointed, crestfallen, sad hon. gentleman the distinguished entertainer of the House of Commons must be this blessed Christmas! Even those who used to be among his most ardent admirers have begun to turn their backs upon him. A notable instance is that of Mr. Peters, of Liverpool. Nobody heard of the bold Peters before; but that does not matter. Mr. Peters was one of that small but select and far-seeing and shrewd section of the British community who have hitherto regarded Mr. Whalley as the greatest of Protestant champions and the most determined possible foe to Jesuitism. It appears that the Jean Luce episode in the Tichborne case has so shattered Mr. Peters' faith in the member for Peterborough that he has had the hardihood to write this to the great would-be extermiator of Catholicity:—"I am beginning to think that even you may be an S. J. agent. You do not know what I have had to endure from friends of mine who know that I have maintained my faith in you until this has happened, and now there is this charge—that which Luce brought against somebody having made up his work for him. Now, we do know that you went over to America, and must have known what a liar he was. How will you explain it? For the sake of the Protestantism you once were the champion of do let us know that you are still pure, if you are so, or manfully tell us you have thrown us over altogether." This is really too bad. In the name of ourselves, and—may we add?—in the name of our readers, we protest against such a deliberate onslaught as this on the greatest of public favorites; in the name of the British nation we protest against Mr. Peters, or "any other man," holding Mr. Whalley responsible for anything he says or does. The hon. gentleman has been allowed to say and do as he likes during the whole of his public career, without anybody taking the least notice of him; why should he, in his old age, and during merry Christmas, too, be treated as a common rational human being?—*Univers*.

**THE BRITISH WORKING MAN.—A HARD CASE.**—The colliers are beginning to feel all the inconveniences of wealth. They not only have to pay for their champagne and pianos, but are actually expected to support their poor relations. Two colliers, named Thomas and John Morris, have just been summoned to the Chorley petty sessions for refusing to contribute to the maintenance of their father, who is 83 years old, and probably quite old enough, in the opinion of his children, to take care of himself. The Board of Guardians, however, asked for an order of 5s. a week to be made against these poor men, whose own struggle for existence must be of the most painful description, for it was shown in the course of the evidence that Thomas Morris and his two sons (drawers) earned only £8 12s. a fortnight; and

James, from the account he gave of his earnings, could only make 9s. or 10s. a day. It further appeared that they actually worked ten days in a fortnight, thus getting only two clear holidays a week. They were each ordered to contribute 2s. 6d. a week towards the support of their father—a decision which will doubtless make the blood of many an honest collier boil in his veins, and which led to a touching remark from one of the two, Thomas Morris, who observed that "if that was the case, he must look after the 'burying money.'" To look forward thus manfully to the day which cannot be far distant when they will be fully recompensed for any little sacrifice they are now called upon to make for their troublesome parent, shows that these noble specimens of the British workman know how to soar above adversity, and have "the right stuff" in them still.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

**LOSPOX, JAN. 13, 5 a.m.**—Special advices to the Standard from Cape Coast Castle report that the King of Dahomey has sent heavy reinforcements to the Ashantes.

Pumble, as represented by the vestry of the fashionable parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, objects to aricular confession, and is up in arms. Dumble bringing a rich, all-powerful bishop to order is a sight that even a Britisher—a Protestant Britisher, of course—may shudder at. Vestry noodies dictating on theological matters to one of the modern "lights" of the State Church is a spectacle worthy of the questionable origin of the said Church. This distinguished body held a meeting the other day with the object of discussing what ought to be religious belief in future on certain points, which seem to be as unsettled now in the Protestant mind as when parliament first manufactured a religion to suit the requirements of a lustful monarch, and they passed the following resolution:—"That this vestry do inform the Right Rev. the Bishop of London that from his lordship's verbal and written replies to their memorial presented on the 30th of June last against the introduction of aricular confession and other corruptions in doctrine and practice into our national Church, they were induced to look forward to every discouragement being given by his lordship to such practices. It is therefore, with grave concern that they view the appointment by his lordship to the incumbency of All Saints, Margaret Street, as calculated to greatly encourage, rather than check, the practices complained of." Coming from any other body than a vestry this would be an expression of opinion to which the Protestant bishop referred to should pay some attention; but in this case it is highly probable he will, if he take notice of the matter at all, contemptuously command the vestry gentlemen of Hanover Square to mind their own business. To an outsider the affair is highly amusing.—*The Universe*.

**THE WIDOWS OF SCOTLAND.**—Mr. McLaren has been trying to get the Scottish lion to wag his tail in wrath, but the noble beast knows he is uncommonly well off, and his tail is as quiet as if he and it were moulded in bronze. The three and a half millions of human beings who make up the Scotch nation are at this moment the most flourishing body that exists in any part of the globe. They have all that man can want, and perhaps more than is always good for him. They have ample room and means of cultivation to indulge their virtues or their vices. They have coal, iron, fine harbours, abundant water communication, splendid scenery, excellent Universities, with primary education far ahead of that of England, intelligence, health, and wealth. They have their own way in everything. They drink oceans of whiskey, they make their streets on Sunday resemble those of a burial city, they have a succession of castellated hotels swarming with Cook's tourists. With the utmost license of making themselves uncomfortable they combine advantages which are not, indeed, superior—for all privileges, that of making himself uncomfortable after his special fashion is the most highly prized by man—but which are really very considerable. They go through life like Roderick Dhu through the glen. Each of them has but to sound his bugle, and three millions and a half of human beings, minus one, spring up out of the heather to back him, to job for him, and to state that they knew his annts, who are most respectable women. They alone of mankind can tell Scotch stories to each other in real Scotch; and this, if pleasure could be put into a pecuniary shape, might be safely set down as worth £5 a head. The size of the estates of some of their nobility is rather oppressive, and it would be a relief, in going from Taymouth to Oban, to hear some one talk of besides the Earl of Breadalbane. But then, on the other hand, these large estates sometimes afford opportunities for most interesting experiments being tried on them. No English nobleman is such a prince in England as the Duke of Sutherland is in Scotland; but no English nobleman could do what the Duke of Sutherland is doing to reclaim and improve land, to create new wealth, to make a poor and backward population rich and intelligent. They have their own laws and their own legal language, which is the most unfortunate gibberish known to jurisprudence, but which at any rate is eminently national. A lawyer cannot feel an honest pride when he thinks that it is under a solemn treaty between two kingdoms that in the 19th century he is still able to state, as if he were giving intelligible information, that "the Lords assolized from the passive title, but reserved reduction." Then the Scotch have great Parliamentary privileges. Such alterations as have been made in the details of the Treaty of Union have been naturally and properly to their gain, and they return an increased number of members at the expense of England. Not only do they vote very much as they please, but they get distinguished strangers to run down from London and subject themselves to the very candid criticisms and ingenious catechisms of Scotch constitutions. They have their sovereign to reside among them even at times of the year when her Cabinet often sighs over the distance that separates her from London. They have all the romance of the Stuarts for the purpose of songs, illustrated teatras, and local memorials without any of the inconveniences of having successfully adhered to them. All these good things and a thousand others they have and know they have. But a Briton is far above owing that he has no cause of discontent, for that would subject him to the injurious imputation of having got all he deserves to get. He must grumble about something in order that he may assert his steps forward to keep his countrymen up to the mark, and suggests that they should make themselves unhappy because Ireland is better treated than Scotland by the Imperial Parliament. Whereas every one in England pays £2 6s. to the Imperial Exchequer, and every one in Scotland pays £2 3s., each inhabitant of Ireland only pays £1 5s. We do not in the least mind paying a trifle more here than is paid in Scotland. Long experience has shown us that to get small advantages over us gives the Scotch so much pleasure that we should not think of grudging them the mild satisfaction, just as a kindly host affects not to notice a valued guest who he observes, always helps himself to an innocent backhand. But Mr. McLaren, leaving entirely out of sight what England pays, calls on Scotland to lash itself into a fury because Scotland pays so much more than Ireland. He forgets the history of the partnership as an asset of which Ireland had to be taken over. Mr. McLaren gets on very different ground, and comes to something like a subject of useful discussion, when he calls attention to some of the smaller heads of Irish expenditure. The Irish judicial staff is probably too numerous, and perhaps too highly paid, and Mr. McLaren has come across the scent of a job in the management of a small Irish prison which has filled him with a sense of natural and legitimate triumph. It is but a small piece of jobbery, but is, if the facts

are as Mr. McLaren states them, a very scandalous one. The truth is, that all reforms, and especially all reforms under a system of Parliamentary government, can only be carried out very imperfectly and slowly. The Minister of the day wants, for example, to do something for Ireland, but he does not like at a critical moment to quarrel with the legal profession in Ireland. He is obliged to work through the Irish Attorney and Solicitor-General, and the law officers do not like to have the prizes of their profession diminished. Or he makes an effort to put the management of Irish prisons on a satisfactory footing; but as there are many persons interested in his not getting full information, he omits to notice the abuses that exist in the management of some tiny establishment. The next Session he has other things to think of, or events may have occurred which make it impossible to ask Parliament to attend to small Irish matters. So the opportunity goes by, and the little nest of jobbery remains untouched and unnoticed until some indefatigable, irrepresible investigator of small things like Mr. McLaren comes across it, and proudly reveals the scandal he has been the first to discover. It is a useful piece of work, and Mr. McLaren may be congratulated on having so congenial a piece of work to perform; and we trust he will persevere until he gets rid of his ridiculous little prison abolished, or conducted at a proper cost. But his task has nothing whatever to do with the wrongs of Scotland, unless Scotchmen are prepared to think all Irish jobs special wrongs and insults to themselves, and in that case, no doubt, they will have ample opportunity of sitting on pins and needles for the rest of their lives.—*Saturday Review*.

**UNITED STATES.**

In the United States, at the present moment, were we to look at the movements of the political class alone; the acts and resolutions they pass; the nominations they make; their diplomacy, their finance, their administration of justice—everything would seem to be going from bad to worse. There were hardly ever such appointments in the history of diplomacy as those of the past few years; there was never such a nominee for Chief-Justice as Williams; the Salary-Grab and the Credit-Mobiliar transactions are unequalled in the history of our legislation; there never was such a Secretary of the Treasury as Mr. Richardson; nor was there ever a time in which the country looked so despairingly from Congress to the Executive, and from the Executive back to Congress, in the bewildered expectation that one of the two must at least prove less incompetent than the other. On the other hand, if we look away from Congress and the Executive, forget what is going on in Washington, in Albany, and in the New York Custom-house, and consider the condition of popular sentiment throughout the country, there has never been a time in the last ten years when there have seemed to be more abundant indications of a general awakening of the popular intelligence as to the actual condition of politics, the dangers of our condition, and the remedies which are within our reach. The people of Pennsylvania and half-a-dozen other States have adopted constitutions destroying at one blow a great part of the powers of the legislature—the popular body, *par excellence*; and in all the States which have thus changed their organic law, the change has generally been in the direction of abridging the popular power, which has been abused, cutting down popular extravagance, and of increasing the authority as well as the responsibility of non-popular bodies like the judiciary and the executive. When we look at the matter in detail, we see the same thing. It is the popular criticism of such an appointment as that of Williams which creates what opposition there is in the Senate. It was a popular outcry which forced Congress into the Credit-Mobiliar investigation. It was a popular outcry which led Congress to see the necessity of at least pretending to repeal the Salary Act. And, on the whole, we may say that we have reached a point at which, while the actual government is in the hands of a bad class, apparently growing worse as time goes on, it is carried on under such constant protest agitation, and outcries of indignation from all the intelligent, patriotic, and substantial people in the country, that if we look at the government itself we may almost wonder how it goes on at all; while, if we look at the vast number of people who are in open revolt against it, we may wonder why, considering that in theory the source of all power is in the people themselves, these latter remain in the attitude of mere critics and do not obtain some share in the direction of affairs.—*N. Y. Nation*.

**AN EVANGELICAL SWINDLER CAGED.**—About ten days ago a very nice-looking gentleman of about twenty-six years, an Italian, presented himself to the Rev. Mr. Winchester, of the North End Mission, claiming to be an attaché of the Five Points Mission of New York, and that, after a year's hard labour, he was taking a rest of a couple of months. He desired, he said, to talk to his countrymen in Boston; to win them to Christ, &c. About 100 Italians were accordingly assembled last Tuesday morning, and on other subsequent mornings. Addresses were given, in the course of which the men were told that they could obtain work in New York, building a railroad for seven years at \$10 per week. On Thursday the kind stranger told them a letter had come from New York saying they must pay their fare to that city and after arriving they would be looked after by the railroad company. They were told to come at 10 o'clock Saturday morning each with \$2 50, and he would buy them their tickets and meet them at the depot at two. In the meantime information had been received from the Five Points Mission that he was a swindler, and had, under the name of Antonio Coreghino, played the same game there and obtained \$1,200. Mr. Howard Curtis, of New York, also wrote that he defrauded the saving fund of the poor Italian Scholars out of \$600, and damaging reports were brought in from other places. On Saturday the ignorant and credulous men came as requested and began to pay in each \$2 50, and doubtless the great Alexander had no fears but that he should play his game successfully and leave the city in a carriage he had engaged at 11 o'clock. But it was otherwise ordained, and after he had counted in about \$50 Sergeant Spear and Officer Haley, of Station 1, appeared before him, and in a short time his name was upon the books of the police. He acknowledged his guilt, and confessed that he had pocketed about \$2,060 during the year by means of tricks similarly dark and vain.

**OUR STATE CHURCH.**—Does anybody imagine, says the *Western Home Journal*, that because the American constitution proclaims religious liberty for all, that we have not a State Church in America? Vain delusion! Protestantism is the State Church of our country. Irishmen who fled from the yoke of the English Establishment, and Germans who will have none of Bismarck's religion, come to America to find that they have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. The following letter to the *Irish World* explains itself:—

DAYTON, N.Y., Dec. 3, 1873.

**Editor Irish World:**  
On this day my children have been summarily expelled from the Public School for refusing to read the Protestant Bible in compliance with the teacher's order. They had repeatedly told the latter that they did not believe in the Protestant version, that it taught doctrines designed to destroy their faith, and that they had no desire to read any Bible save that approved by the Catholic Church. Finding their resolute in their refusal, the teacher to-day ordered them to pack up their books and quit the school. Now, I am one of the heaviest tax-payers in the district or in the town where I reside. I was always of opinion that every citizen of this free country was at liberty to worship God after the dic-

tates of his own conscience. I was always under the impression that our "glorious educational system" claimed to be unsectarian. To-day I learn that I was deceived. The public school is a Protestant propagandist. And must I and other Catholics support the very agencies which seek to proselytize our children? Before taking any further action in the matter, I would wish to ask through the *Irish World*: Do the trustees of this school approve of the expulsion I have mentioned? It is to be presumed that they do; otherwise, the teacher would scarcely have dared to exercise such unwarrantable authority. Let the trustees speak. Yours respectfully, MICHAEL MCFARLAND.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.**—A North Carolina paper reports the following singular case:—State vs. William Linkhaw, Indictment for misdemeanor, tried before Russel, Judge at Robeson Superior Court, spring term, 1873. Defendant was indicted for disturbing a religious congregation. The evidence as detailed by several witnesses, was substantially this:—Defendant is a member of the Methodist Church. He sings in such a way as to disturb the congregation. At the end of each verse, his voice is heard after the other singers have ceased. One of the witnesses being requested to describe defendant's singing, imitated it by singing a verse in the voice and manner of defendant, which "produced a burst of prolonged and irresistible laughter, convulsing alike the spectators, the bar, the jury, and the court." It was in evidence that the disturbance occasioned by defendant's singing was decided and serious; the effect of it was to make one part of the congregation laugh and the other mad; that the irreverent and frivolous enjoyed it as fun, while the serious and devout were indignant. It was also in evidence (without objection) that the congregation had been so much disturbed by it that the preacher had declined to sing the hymn, and shut up the book without singing it; that the presiding elder had refused to preach in the church on account of the disturbance occasioned by it; and that on one occasion a leading member of the church, appreciating the congregation in consequence of the sermon just delivered, and fearing that it would be turned into ridicule, went to the defendant and asked him not to sing, and on that occasion did not sing. It also appeared that on many occasions the church members authorities expostulated with the defendant about his singing and the disturbance growing out of it. To all of which he replied, "That he would worship his God, and that as a part of his worship it was his duty to sing." Defendant is a strict member of the church and a man of exemplary deportment. It was not contended by the State upon the evidence that he had any intention or purpose to disturb the congregation, but on the contrary, it was admitted that he was conscientiously taking part in the religious services. There was a verdict of guilty, judgment, and an appeal by the defendant.

A Kansas preacher has had his salary increased \$50 a year for thrashing three men who disturbed his congregation.

**HOW A WOMAN ROBBED A TICKET.**—Fanny Fern enumerated a lot of things which she said no woman could do, but she forgot several items, and among other things, she forgot to mention that the woman has never been found yet who can buy a railroad ticket and get herself safely on board a train without rising a general commotion and bothering everybody else around the place, and then she always looks as though she thought she ought to have a present of a new silk dress for getting on the car at all. There was one of this kind of woman went over to Newark the other day. She got down on the ferry about five minutes before the boat started, and of course she didn't have any ticket, so she stepped up to the office to buy one. First she asked the clerk what time the next train left for Newark. "Six o'clock, madam." "What time is it now?" For reply the clerk pointed to the clock, which occupies a conspicuous position. "Oh, yes, I forgot." And then she looked out her watch and found she was about a minute and three-quarters slow. Of course she didn't alter the watch, she never intended to, but it was a satisfaction to know just how it was. By this time there were two or three more women and a half a dozen men behind her waiting for a chance to buy tickets, but bless you! that woman paid no more attention to them than she did to the procession of the equinox.—Finally she remembered she wanted a ticket, so she felt for her pocket book and couldn't find it, until she happened to think that it was in her reticule, which was lurching to her waist, so she got hold of that, and weighed and twisted until she got it in front of her, and managed to find the pocket-book. Of course it had money in every compartment, and the money was all wadded and twisted up so the book was ready to burst. First she unrolled a lot of large bills and rolled them up better; then she looked at some ones and twos, but she wouldn't have a bill changed, so she rummaged around and found a lot of postal currency, but it wouldn't pay to have the clerk make change for her, so she hunted until she found a fifteen-cent stamp, then she got out a two-cent piece, and then chased a three-cent piece all around that pocket-book, and when she captured it she laid down the twenty cents and looked at the ticketman as though she expected to hear him thank her for saving him all the trouble of making change, but he didn't say anything of the kind, and didn't even look much as though he meant to. Of course, anybody would think, when she had bought her ticket, this female might have got out of the way, but she wasn't quite ready yet. She had to look at the ticket and put it back in the portmanteau, and put that in her haversack, and wriggle that back where it belonged, and then when she got in the narrow passage-way leading to the boat, she had to stop and go through the whole performance again before she could tear off the coupon to give to the ticket. Just then she saw a woman behind her whom she knew, and she couldn't wait another minute to talk over that terrible affair about poor old Mrs. Smith. Meantime the fifteen or twenty men behind were talking about her. Most of what they said is in the Prayer Book, but not in quite the same order. By-and-by, however she remembered she wanted to go to Newark, and the boat was just starting, so she had to run, and so did the men; and then they all came near missing the boat, and all because that woman couldn't attend to business in a business-like way.—There is a moral to this story which all women who travel would do well to ponder.

It is related that a grocer in Lowell, Mass., had a chest of tea stolen from in front of his store, several weeks ago, and not relishing such treatment, he set an ingenious trap to catch the thieves, which proved successful. He filled a large chest with sawdust, first boring a hole in the bottom, and set it out in front of the shop. About seven o'clock, while the attention of the men in the shop was diverted, the chest was stolen. Its whereabouts was easily found by means of the sawdust trail, though the thief was not then found. He was subsequently arrested, however.

Among the prominent failures during the late panic we have to record that of John Paul; "For," says he, in a withering tone, "what man or man, what firm or un-firm, could stand a 'run' if he had nothing to pay with?" But remembers Bruce and the spider and takes heart. His tailor having dunned and deserted him, he has sent his linen cluster to an obscure place to have a fur collar put on it; and hearing there is warmth in newspapers he has ordered it lined with the *Tribune* supplements, so "that when I am called to join the innumerable caravan that moves on the horse cars this winter, I may wrap the drapery of my Evangelical Alliance about me and sit me down to scientific dreams."