

goddish-monger of their own soil, and no doubt they found Mr. Train's last utterly unbearable.—*Daily News*.

CATTLE STEALING IN COUNTY MEATH.—For some time past cattle stealing in the county of Meath, and indeed, in the adjoining county of Cavan, has become so unusually frequent, that the constabulary are kept on the *qui vive* to discover the thieves. A few nights ago, a boy about fifteen years of age, who had just received his liberty from the county gaol at Trim while proceeding towards Navan, entered the lands of Mr. Bourke, of Lobinstown, and deliberately drove a fat beast therefrom. Before he reached Navan he encountered a police picket, who felt strong doubts as to the legal possession of the animal. He was taken into custody and the cow put to livery. He was subsequently brought before one of the magistrates, who sent the case to the sessions.—*Freeman*.

A BRAVE IRISHWOMAN.—Ireland is not only the land of Saints, but of bravery and heroism. The London dispatches record a case of womanly heroism. The London dispatches record a case of womanly heroism which will probably give its possessor an enviable immortality of fame, like that of Grace Darling. It appears that a vessel was wrecked off Drogheda bar, in plain sight of the professional lifeboatmen, who, nevertheless, refused to go to her assistance until the gale should abate. Already had six men been swept off the wreck by the waves and drowned, and at the risk of her own life, saved that of one man, still clinging to the wreck. So runs the telegraphic story; and our admiration of this feminine heroism is only heightened by its vivid contrast with what for the present appears selfishness, if not pottroverry, on the part of the men. Let us hope, for the sake of the life-boat service, that the fuller explanation of the affair by mail will relieve the official boatmen from the blame which now seems to attach to them, since it cannot diminish, in any event, the lustre of the achievement of this brave woman.—*Vindicator*.

BETROOT AS AN INJURY CROD.—The serious failure of the flax crop in Ireland this year will confirm the opinion entertained by many experienced Irishmen that the country is not well fitted to grow that crop. As a matter of fact a large portion of the flax which keeps the Belfast factories at work comes from Belgium, which can always surpass Ireland both as to quantity and quality. There is one crop for which Ireland is peculiarly adapted, and one which has been very much neglected, that is, beetroot. The advantages which it offers are numerous. It is well suited to the soil in rotation with oats and artificial grasses. It is also well adapted for such a humid climate as Ireland possesses. It would give not only immediate enjoyment to those who cultivated it, but it would give still further enjoyment to the manufacturer. It is really extraordinary, seeing how close this country is to France and Belgium, that so little should have been done heretofore in the way of making beetroot sugar. It is not as if this were a new-fangled invention, which our proverbially cautious agricultural class shrank from adopting. The manufacture is much more ancient than many others which have become established sources of British industry. Many years ago the famous field of Waterloo raised tons of beetroot for the sugar factory. An enterprising gentleman interested in the prosperity of Ireland lately raised some of this root in his own country and sent it to France and Belgium for analysis, where it was found that it contained 11 per cent. of sugar. Now as 9 per cent. renders the manufacture lucrative, there was evidently room for considerable profit. Nor is this all. The cultivation of the crop would mitigate one of the great sources of social disquietude, the want of remunerative employment. By converting some of the inferior pastures of Ireland into fields of beetroot, occupation would be secured all the winter through.—*Globe*.

At the Portadown Petty Sessions, an application was made, and refused, to admit to bail the three prisoners committed for trial for the attack on the party of excursionists. An application for a summons against Sub-Inspector Byrne, for abusive and threatening language, was also refused.

REPRESENTATION OF WATERFORD CITY.—On Saturday, Sir Henry Winston Barron arrived in Waterford and busily engaged himself in canvassing the electors on the strength of the rumour that there is likely shortly to be a dissolution of Parliament. Sir Henry represented the city for years, but was defeated at the two last elections. He is very sanguine of success should a dissolution take place.

William Creagh, a land bailiff in the employment of Mr. Ulicka Townsend, J. L., has been shot at and wounded in County Limerick. Creagh was sitting by the fire in his residence at Ballylanders last night when a shot was fired through the window. The police were immediately informed of the matter, but there was no clue to the perpetrator of the outrage.

THE HARVEST.—MEATH AND LOUTH.—Oats, generally speaking, is a very fair crop, by no means so bad as described a month ago. It is the opinion of experienced farmers that it is little under the average. The quantity of wheat sown was not large, but all that has been thrashed shows it superior to last year's crop both in grain and straw. Barley is a full average, and quality good. We will have an abundant return of peas and vetches. The potato crop is not half as bad as was represented some weeks ago. About one-fourth of the crop will be unfit for use. Ray is selling under the prices of the last three years—a good sign. Pasture meadows look luxuriant and the after-crop excellent. Turnips, which a fortnight ago looked wretchedly bad, are beginning to show signs of promise, and, no doubt, will turn well. Mangolds will be deficient.

Mr. Gladstone has announced the determination of the Government not to yield to appeals for the release of the remaining Fenians, on the ground that their offences were not political, and the release of others imprisoned for political offences form no precedent.

DISRAELI AN ORANGE MAN.—At a meeting held at Businills, county Antrim, last week, one of the speakers—the Rev. Henry Henderson—stated that the light Hon. B. Disraeli had consented to allow his name to be given to the Salford Loyal Orange Lodge, and in the letter announcing this he had declared that he thinks highly of the principles of the Orange Institution.

On Monday evening 17th ult., his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop arrived at Kilkenny, and was received by its people with a heartiness and an enthusiasm which clearly demonstrates that nowhere is the illustrious Prince and Prelate regarded with feelings of deeper affection and respect than in the ancient City of the Confederation. True it is that, in accordance with his Eminence's express wish, there was no formal demonstration, but the crowded thoroughfares and the cheering crowds testified the warmth of the popular feeling in a manner far more impressive than any written words could do. Those amongst the people of Kilkenny who have studied the thrilling annals of their ancient city must have felt their hearts strangely stirred as the Lord Cardinal passed by. Two hundred years ago the people of Kilkenny in like manner swarmed into the streets and made the welkin ring with joyous shouts, and with true Irish welcome greeted an illustrious dignitary of the Church. He was not of Irish birth, he came from the distant Italian shore, he had braved a thousand perils on his mission from the Eternal City by the Tiber to the good old town by the North. His rank and station were illustrious; he was no less a personage than the famous Archbishop Ruffini, Prince of Ferno, and Nuncio to the Pope. In the stormy year in which the gates of Kilkenny opened to the Papal Nuncio Ireland was rent with civil strife. Kilkenny was the focus, the heart, the

centre of that splendid but unavailing stand which Catholic Ireland was making for her rights, her liberties, and her faith. The destiny of Ireland still hung in the balance—victory had not yet abandoned the sword of her great champion, OWEN ROE. The Nuncio had left pleasant Italy, had left his archbishopric, his princely sceptre, to bear through countless dangers to the Catholic chiefs assembled in Kilkenny the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, his counsel, his encouragement, and assistance more material, casks of Spanish gold, good blades from the Toledo forges, and powder from the arsenals of Italy. The times are changed since then. Times has blunted the sword of persecution. Manners are altered. The Cardinal, enters the ancient city without the splendid retinue which followed HENRY. He comes in modest and in peaceful guise, bringing with him nought but blessings and kindly words. But though all things else have changed the one essential has remained unchanged. Now, as when the Italian Prelate swept proudly by Kilkenny's noble pile, there is the same enthusiastic respect, the same joyous welcome, the same union, sacred and indissoluble, between Faith and Fatherland, the people and their priesthood.—*Dublin Freeman*.

IRELAND AND THE INTERNATIONAL.—The London *Morning Advertiser* of Sept. 11th has the following:—The International Association, which is said to be gaining strength in Europe, and to have pushed its way so far as India, has recently, through its "General Council" in London, taken a very important step by unanimously electing as a member of the "General Council" and "Secretary for Ireland," Mr. J. P. O'Donnell, whose name is so well known here and in America in connection with Fenian and Republican movements that important results will arise from this apparently simple election. No one will doubt who knows anything of Mr. O'Donnell's organizing powers and political antecedents that the "Council" has chosen a man who holds the most advanced opinions, and whose influence with the Irish people in England and Ireland is stated to be considerable. The new "Secretary for Ireland" became connected with the national movement some nine or ten years ago, when a student of the Catholic University of Ireland, and since that time he has been identified with all the extreme movements of the Irish revolutionists. He was one of the proprietors of the *United Irishman*, which was started in Dublin about eight years ago, and which gave place to the *Irish People*, the Fenian organ which was suppressed in 1865. Although largely in business at that time as a hemp merchant in Dublin, he took a leading part in the St. Patrick's Brotherhood, an association which advocated the most violent opinions, and which differed from Fenianism only in being public. He was arrested in 1866, when it was publicly stated that he was James Stephen's deputy "head-centre" for Ireland, and detained in prison for ten months. On his release he was compelled to retire from business, but shortly afterwards started the *Irish Star* in Westmeath. Owing to magisterial and police interference, he was ultimately compelled to quit Westmeath, after which he came to England. Since that time he has taken a very active part in Fenian politics, was secretary of the amnesty movement, and organizer of the Hyde Park demonstration in October, 1869. In February, 1870, he was selected by the Irish of Southwark as Parliamentary candidate, but he declined the honor on the ground that no honest Irishman could serve Ireland in the British Senate. Towards the latter end of last year he was arrested for breach of the neutrality laws, but was released after an incarceration of three months. It is said that he is on terms of friendship with many Continental revolutionists and all the Fenian chiefs, and it is stated on good authority that in a few weeks a new Republican journal, to be called *The People*, will be started under his auspices. His opposition to the sort of "home rule" advocated by the present Irish home rulers is not concealed, and he strongly denounces the policy of Mr. Butt and others in advocating denominational education in Ireland. With such a man as secretary the International will, no doubt, soon obtain a footing in many parts. The connexion in America with the International of O'Donovan Rossa is also announced.

At a meeting of the Drogheda branch of the Home Government Association held last night it was resolved that a great "monster meeting" in favour of the "Home Rule" movement should be held at Drogheda on Sunday the 1st October. Mr. Martin, M. P., Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P., and others are to be invited.

A Club is being organized in Dublin, to consist of the advocates of Home Rule policy.

The Truro election is the subject of comment in the Dublin journals. *The Daily Express* says:—"The country is heartily tired of the Ministry of all the bunglers. If a general election were to take place now the response would everywhere be the same as in East Surrey and Truro, and the majority of 120 would vanish like a dream. It is now seen that the Church Act has not made Ireland either more united or more loyal; that, at all events as a political expedient, the Land Bill has proved a failure, and that Mr. Gladstone regards any excuse for not dealing with the Education question at present in much the same light that a convicted felon looks upon a reprieve."

The *Irishman* ridicules the idea that there is danger from Fenianism during the coming winter, as has been suggested in a London military newspaper, and says that no one can be presumed to know where the writer heard of "Fenian meetings" unchecked held once a week.

"The Orange Difficulty" is referred to by the *Nation*, which says that the question—What is to be done with the Orange celebrations in Ireland? is one which much often occurs to patriotic minds.—The statement, frequently repeated of late, that the Orangemen in these celebrations have no intention of giving offence to their Catholic countrymen, the *Nation* thinks, "is one that taxes credulity to no small extent." If the Orangemen are sincere in this it considers they "might easily arrange to take some of the bitterness out of their demonstrations." If, as they declare, they only "meat to honour the memory of a great king who restored to Ireland the blessings of civil and religious liberty," why can they not do this "on some day which would not be associated with painful and bitter memories in the minds of Catholics?" The *Nation* adds that "the Catholics of Ireland would certainly meet in a friendly spirit any conciliatory line of action adopted by the Orangemen of the north." In support of this it points to the southern demonstrations which "though some persons may choose to call them 'disloyal' have, 'no reference whatever to Irish Protestantism,' and in which, 'whenever the Irish national colour is displayed at public meetings, the orange is found to be mingled with it. It is mixed up in green rosettes; it is displayed on green sashes; it forms a border to green flags.'"

"THE IRISH DANGER."—The course of the Limerick election has brought the London *Standard* to the verge of tears, and in the course of its lamentations it ventures on some very striking and candid admissions. In one of its leading articles we find the following tribute to the strength and vitality of the Irish national spirit:—"The political condition of Ireland at the present moment is such as must force itself on the attention of the sturdiest optimist. It is once more the question of the day. In spite of all we have done in Irish legislation—in a great measure, as we believe, through what we have done—it would be idle to deny that Ireland is just now a greater source of weakness and danger to the empire than ever it was. Neither in 1798, in 1848, nor in 1868, was the situation so bad as it is at the end of the third year of the Gladstone regime. Formerly we were able to see

the whole extent of our peril, and to take measures for our safety. The rebels of past years and the Fenians of yesterday could be discovered, and their schemes watched and frustrated. We knew who was our enemy and what were his designs. We had, moreover, the assurance of the fidelity of a large section of the Irish people. There was a loyal Ireland, sharply distinguished from the disaffected Ireland, on which we could rely for sympathy in an extremity. We could venture to speak of Irish treason as an excrescence and a foreign growth on the Irish character. We could afford to laugh at its threats and despise its machinations. But who can say the same of the Ireland of the present day—the Ireland Gladstone fed and treated by the messages of peace? Can any honest man read a week's Irish news and continue to believe in the soundness of the Irish condition? Granting that the day of peace and unity has not come yet, will anyone dare to foretell the date of its advent? Will it be next year, or in a dozen years, or in half a century, that we are to arrive at the results promised by Mr. Gladstone, and on the strength of which we have consented to the reversal of all our ancient system of government, and the trial of an exceptional legislation, and an exceptional political economy for Ireland?"

Strange allegations are sometimes made in courts of justice. A number of men were charged before the Kells (county Meath) magistrates a fortnight ago with having taken part in "a meeting and assembly of persons for the purpose of practising military exercises, movements, and evolutions without any lawful authority." Counsel for the accused pleaded that the magistrates had no jurisdiction to deal with the cases, inasmuch as the Peace Preservation Act of last year had ceased to exist, and the Bench actually postponed their decision until the law advisers of the Government could be communicated with on this point, although the Act by which the Peace Preservation Act, 1870, was continued until June, 1873, only passed through Parliament a few months ago. A reply to this effect was received by the magistrates on Monday, and the defendants were each sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment, with hard labour.

POPULAR IDOLS.—In marked opposition to the opinion Professor Bradlaugh has of his own importance, is the estimate put on him by a Belgian member of the International, the organization which Bradlaugh boasted he could do anything with. The frightfully rude Belgian does not believe in Bradlaugh, whom he calls a king of shreds and patches, and a useless puppet. He is, if possible, more severe on Odger, whom he calls a snivelling idiot.

The Right Rev. Dr. Danell, Bishop of Southwark, writes to say that the Rev. Thomas Morrissey, who was supposed to have been lost on the Alps, is quite safe, and on his way back to England.

A lad thirteen years of age was drowned on the 18th ult., in the district of Wick, under peculiar circumstances. In company with six other boys he went to sea in a small boat from the shore of Horse to catch small fish. The boat was too small, and all the boys having suddenly gone to one side, she was upset, and the lad was thrown into the sea at a small distance from the shore. The boy in question being a good swimmer, set himself to save those of his companions who could not swim, and succeeded in getting all on shore but one. While swimming towards him the poor lad became exhausted, and sank to rise no more, while the drowning companion was got safe to land. The name of the unfortunate little hero is Sutherland, son of a fisherman.

RAY FRANCIS IS MARVELLOUS.—On Saturday afternoon Dr. Hardwicke held an inquiry at the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, touching the death of Agnes Anderson, aged four months. The case excited much interest in consequence of the police having arrested three persons for the murder of the deceased child. Agnes Anderson, 23, Cumberland-street, Tottenham-court-road, aged 17, said that she was the mother of the deceased, and that she had been in the employment of the father of the child. She was a boot-fitter. She placed the deceased out to nurse with Mrs. Cecilia Baker and she gave the nurse 8s. per week. She could have got a cheaper nurse, but she did not want her infant to be neglected. Dr. William Smith's said that on the 8th the deceased and her mother were admitted into the house. The deceased then weighed 4lb. 9oz. and died on the 12th inst. from exhaustion caused by the want of proper food. Mrs. Cecilia Baker, 16, Colville-place, Marylebone, said that she lived by taking in needlework. She took the deceased at the request of the mother, and she was to get 7s. per week for it. She was in the habit of taking the money by a shilling and a sixpence at a time. The mother was in the habit of taking the deceased to publichouses. After the death of the deceased, the mother and Mrs. Smith, a tailor's wife, were charged with causing the death, and remanded to the House of Detention. Laura Bentley, 1, Bailey-court, St. Mark's-buildings, said that the mother was in the habit of leaving the child at her house while she went out at night. She heard the mother upon several occasions exclaim, "I hope to God the child will die." Superintendent Thomson said that the mother was in the habit of going about before the death of the deceased asking for money to bury it. Emma Williamson, nurse at the Lying-in Hospital, Endell-street, said that when the deceased was brought there it was covered with filth and vermin. Mrs. Smith said that she had charge of the deceased, and when it was brought to her it was in a dirty condition. Superintendent Thomson said that at the next police examination he should ask the magistrate to discharge Smith, and use her as a witness against the other. The jury returned a verdict of "manslaughter against Agnes Anderson and Cecilia Baker for neglecting to give the deceased proper food."

MASS IN CAMP.—On Sunday last, when the divisions of the army engaged in the mimic warfare down in Hampshire encamped at Pirbright, the Catholic chaplain to the forces celebrated mass for the many Catholic soldiers of the brigades. The special correspondent of the London *Telegraph* thus notes the different demeanour of the troops at the Catholic and Protestant services.—"Passing along, I came upon the Roman Catholics at worship, and I stood still to listen. The prayers were just ending, and the priest, standing outside the tent provided for his altar services, began an exhortation on the keeping of the Sabbath. Of his eloquence I can speak highly; of his views I say nothing; but the men were especially attentive, and appeared to recognize the fact that they had come to the Green for spiritual instruction. After the benediction, the men moved off to their respective regiments, in order to make room for church parade of the 2nd, or Col. Stephenson's brigade. There was no singing or playing, but a simple recital of the prayers of the Church and a sermon. This latter, however, like that of the Roman Catholic priest, was eloquent, though, from a cursory glance at the men, the teachings inculcated were not so attentively received.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

PROTESTANT TOLERANCE IN BUNTON.—A gentleman who has been sojourning for a few weeks past at the beautiful watering-place of Bunton, among the Derbyshire hills, calls our attention to the pressing needs of the Catholic mission there. There is a very small unpretending chapel there, and a resident priest, who has to lodge at some distance from the sacred building, which is thus exposed to injury and desecration by the local bigots. Our informant counted no fewer than 26 small panes smashed in the sanctatory window, and while Mass was going on, a Protestant argument in the shape of a large stone was flung through with force. Could not a fund for

a presbytery connected with the church be started?—*Ibid*.

LIFE IN LONDON, FROM A NEW YORK STANDPOINT.—The *Home Journal* has another London letter from the editor Mr. Morris Phillips, from which we quote the following:—"The workmen of London have common, coarse faces, and the lower order have a very degraded look, but the appearance of the latter class is not so depraved or dangerous as their equals in position in our large cities—say New York. The London easterner and rowdy is not so offensive as the New York loafer; neither is his tongue so vile nor his movement so swaggering; not even when he is drunk. There is less of the animal, less beast, so to speak, in the London bully. If a person respectfully dressed ventures into low quarters, he may be jeered at and made fun of openly, and he will hear some "billingsgate," but his life is safe. They will not make a target of you with a loaded pistol, nor need you fear that a concealed dirk knife, or dagger might any moment be pulled from its hiding place and buried in your back. The English boast of fair play is well founded. If men are caught fighting in the street by-standers will assist in the fun, for as fun it is regarded in England. They will form a ring and see that no man advantage is taken by either of the belligerents.—They do not allow a party of two or three to make war upon one man, as do New York bullies. They do not stamp upon each other with their feet; do not gouge out eyes; neither do they bite with their teeth like the New York cowardly canine. The London loafer is not so much wanted in respect for others as he is lacking in self-respect, and this arises from his teaching, and the manner in which he is held and treated by his superiors. The London workman is at little trouble to improve his mind, his manners, or his personal appearance. All of his leisure time is spent in drinking beer. On Sundays, at the best end of the town, in Victoria Park, he may be seen to perfection. There and then he persists in wearing his fustian working suit. He discards a white shirt and is minus a collar, but ties a red silk kerchief around his neck, wears a cloth or glazed cap with its peak over one eye, and carries a short clay pipe in the corner of his mouth—altogether not a very pleasing picture, perhaps, but one, at least, that does not frighten you. He may be unkempt and unwashed, but he lacks the bloodthirsty expression and the deep villainy in his eye that are so marked in the well-dressed but murderous-looking brute of New York. You meet with much more civility in the streets and public places of England than in America. Our countrymen remark that there is no regular system of walking in England; that there is no right nor wrong side of the walk for pedestrians. This may be true, but assuredly you are less liable to be jostled and roughly pushed in the crowded thoroughfares of London than in the streets of New York. Admit that, compared with the English, we are a live and energetic race, that will not account for the rude and uncouth behaviour one meets at the hands of strangers in the streets, in places of public amusement, in cars, stages, and other public resorts. Anyone who has occasion to visit our Custom House or the City Hall, for example, will agree in the opinion that the officers are impolite and disobliging. So are the conductors on the street cars, and, in a measure, this remark will apply to most clerks in large business houses, as well as to employees in bankers', lawyers', publishers', and other offices. Beside a want of good breeding, they display a selfish, unchristian spirit; are sparing of their words, when words are called for, and put you, their patrons and "masters" (to use an English term), to as much trouble and inconvenience as possible. These public servants and insolent clerks think they show a certain independence and freedom in keeping with our institutions; but instead they disgust people with their boorishness and ill-temper.

STRIKES IN ENGLAND.—Five hundred Germans and Belgians and thirty Danes arrived at Newcastle on 17 ult. Three cases of assault and intimidation were before the magistrates today. The defendant in one serious assault case was committed for trial. The others were light offences, and dealt with accordingly. At Gateshead 14 men were summoned for not completing their contracts, and in the cases decided the men were ordered to find sureties to complete their contracts. To-night a large meeting of working men was held at Chelsea, for the purpose of devising means to assist the men on strike at Newcastle, and to aid the nine hours' movement generally. It was resolved that the time had arrived for working men to declare their right to participate in the advantages of the development of machinery, and the application of science to the productive power of the country; and that a reduction in the hours of labour was absolutely necessary for the moral, sanitary, and intellectual well-being of the working classes, and for promoting the employment of the large mass of surplus labour in the country. Thirty-six foreign workmen left Newcastle on the 18th ult., by the Hamburg boat. A number of workmen were summoned before the Newcastle magistrates for not finishing their contracts at Messrs. Hawthorn's. There was a difference of opinion among the magistrates as to whether the contract came within the terms of the act, and as the employes had a remedy in the county court, dismissed the case. The other cases were adjourned, it being understood that the opinion of a superior court would be taken.—*Freeman*.

UNITED STATES.

HIGH TREASON TO THE REPUBLIC.—It is not easy for Americans to understand the feeling that the old nations had toward their kings, the reverence of their persons and acts, and the horror for every word or deed of treason against their majesty. We see something of this sentiment among the English people now, although they know very well that the power and honor of England no longer depend upon the throne. What, then, must their feeling have been four or five hundred years ago, before modern liberalism was thought of, and when it was a great thing even for noblemen to dare to say before their monarch that their souls were their own! Yet the feeling of loyalty has not died out, but only changed its form, and civilized nations have as much horror as ever of any betrayal of the real majesty of the nation, or any blow at the essential life of the state. Let any nobleman in England venture to rob or to imprison unlawfully the poorest man in the realm, or let the Crown dare to lay hands on an acre of private property, and the whole nation would be up in arms, until the wrong would be righted. Have not Americans a conviction of the majesty of our Republic? Have they not labored, watched, fought and suffered enough for their country to give them a sound sense of its priceless worth, and of the foul shame of all treason against its life? Yet is not such treason very near us? What name is base enough for the rapacity that plunders in the name of patriotism and gorges itself upon stolen goods in the name of equal rights? What makes a generous American nobly hold down his head in Europe more than the thought that the chief city in America has been for years in the hands of unprincipled men, who exhausted the rhetoric of demagogues in their adulation of the people, and who distance the greed of conquerors and kings in the extent of their robbery and their extravagance? Whatever version may be given to a circumstance that occurred in Chicago recently, the most thoughtless must perforce admit that the result is both strange and startling, and well calculated to turn the serious mind to more profound meditation, and ever stay the reckless man in his course. A man of robust health, and in the prime of life, is accused of a crime under circumstances of almost positive proofs of guilt, and, while he calls upon God to bear witness to his innocence is struck dead almost before the appeal has left his lips. Incredible as the

circumstance may appear, they are literally true.—A little over a year ago there lived in a small village in Sweden, a man by the name of Rosenkrantz, whose ostensible pursuit was that of a tailor, but rumor has it that his principal revenue was derived from poaching and stealing, and at last his impression was so strongly confirmed that he suddenly left that village to evade the arm of justice. He came to this country about eight months ago, and took up his residence in Chicago, where he again worked at his trade. Having a family, he found it difficult to support them in the city, and consequently, sent them to a farm about fourteen miles from Chicago. He thereupon took lodgings at a boarding-house, No. 141 Burnside street, and for a long time no suspicious were entertained as to his character. Recently several valuable articles belonging to boarders at the house were found missing, but no clue as to the perpetrator could be detected. Subsequently another theft was again discovered, and the proofs of guilt pointed directly to Rosenkrantz, no one else having been near the apartment since the time the articles stolen were last seen. On being accused he stoutly denied the theft, but, finding no credence was given to the denial, he suddenly grew more passionate, and lifting up his hands toward heaven, exclaimed that he hoped his "tongue would rot in his month, his head drop from his shoulders, and God strike him dead on the spot," if he was guilty. No sooner had these words escaped his lips when he suddenly began to reel and stagger, and, before support could be given, he fell to the floor—dead. The excitement this incident created among the by-standers can better be imagined than described. Strong men stood paralyzed, women fainted, and none were able to speak for some minutes. A physician was called, who pronounced the cause of death to be disease of the heart, produced by over-excitement.—*Chicagoan*.

A FEMALE BRITISH.—All have sympathized with the great Roman Brutus, in his struggle between paternal affection and the demands of justice. What was his position to that of Mrs. Morris, Justice of peace in Wyoming. That judicial functionary, busied with the duties of office, had left domestic concerns to the male partner. But to Mr. Morris, there happened what will sometimes take place, the misfortune of being obliged to nurse the lady, rendered feeble and unmanageable from the absence of maternal nutrition. Tired out at length with the struggle, Mr. Morris had, got drunk in despair, became noisy, was arrested in consequence and brought before Justice Morris. Falling in his first conversation to distinguish between Mrs. Morris and a magistrate, he attempted to use the usual endearing terms to his lovely Betty, but Mrs. Justice Morris sternly rebuked him and ordered him to be locked up, in spite of his entreaties and representations as to the state of the lady. It is difficult to think of the after punishment—the curtain lecture.—*Boston Herald*.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—There are no boys now.—The objects called boys are thin-visaged, slow-eyed, hard-boiled creatures. They are hardly out of the cradle now before they go to speculate in Wall Street.—They go down the street with shiny hats, large eyes, slender frames, and they talk business with courtiers—do these boys—these children who are continually looking in the glass, stroking their lips, and wondering when that thing will come? If we have no boys, it is also true that we have no girls. Why, they are good for nothing, if they have received an offer at fifteen. They are educated to be shining things, with none of the charms of a true woman. A girl don't want to marry now—adays unless she can live in a three-story brown front house, and have money and servants at command.

THE NEW YORK CITY FRANCHISE.—The proceedings against the Corporation (thieves in New York city have reached a very satisfactory point. One of the chief of the conspirators has been so far brought to a condition of remorse, that he has given up property wrongfully acquired to the amount of \$250,000, and has made confessions which will undoubtedly lead to the conviction of some of the other robbers.

At ten o'clock this morning (Oct. 4), Mayor Hall appeared before the Yorkville Police Court to answer the charge of non-residence in office. Judge Fiske said he would not take bail.

CENSAUS.—Should the proposal made by a San Francisco lady be adopted there may be a large increase in the list of marriages. She proposes to have a law passed to compel every single man, having a salary of a certain amount over the wages of the majority of working women, to pay into the treasury so much a month, to be divided among the single women.

Perhaps, after all, there is a certain secret satisfaction in knowing that our American institutions—if it may so accuse them—which have the great virtues, the most exalted patriotism, and the noblest patterns of rugged life, have likewise brought forth the most undignified scamps. It is something to say then, besides owning the most prodigious catarracts, the tallest trees, the longest rivers, the broadest lakes, the widest and most diversified domain, we have furnished the world with the most notable examples of mighty and successful rascality. The crime of stealing is old as sin; but to steal on a gigantic scale is in some sense a fine art. Tweed is as much a greater man than a Tammany henchman who robbed a bank of six or seven paltry hundreds of dollars, as Brinwilliger is greater than Polly Bodine, or an artistic thief is more than a brawling butcher of Cow Bay; and here lies the danger of these larger rascals. The audacity of their crimes blunts, in some sort, the moral sense, and men admire and envy while they shudder. We alter Porters' line, and declare that "one theft does make a villain, millions a hero." Yet we must take some shame to ourselves and to our race when we remember that the chief characteristic of these men of sudden wealth and influence is their vulgarity.—*Tribune*.

COUNTERFEIT.—There is a curious case reported from Ohio, of a man holding a highly responsible situation in the Cleveland Iron Company; a wealthy man, of great business talents and very zealous in the cause of religion, who has been detected passing counterfeit money. His office brought him into contact with a large number of business men, and large sums of money were constantly passing through his hands for payments connected with the works. He obtained the counterfeits in New York and passed them off on the merchants and others with whom he was doing business. When arrested he had two pocket books, one with genuine, and the other with counterfeit money.

The theory of physical deterioration in Massachusetts is illustrated in an address just delivered before the Farmers' Club at Princeton, by Dr. Nathan Allen. He says that in 1840, when the population of that town was 1,347, the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen was twice the number in 1870, when the population was 1,279. For the last ten years one seventh of all the births in this town have been in the families of foreigners, though the population of this kind does not exceed 100 in number.

The New York *Tribune*, in an editorial on some phases of crime in that city, says: "The prevention of certain forms of vice is a reform that belongs to the church and the family, not to the law." This is an important truth too often forgotten. "The law is made for the lawless and disobedient." The prevention needed is the prevention of the state of society that produces such characters. But if this duty devolves on the church and family, the church has been too much neglected and the family home supplanted by hotel life. It is well to realize that the law cannot do everything. Even our good temperance people depend on it for too much.