

The New York Tribune gives a melancholy picture of the condition and prospects of the working classes in that city. It says the strikes which lately took place are utter failures. For every man who quits work there are ten idle men eager to take his place at any sort of wages. A hard winter is impending with less to encourage employers than in any season for many years. Every trade is crowded with unemployed workmen. There are two idle men standing anxious and ready to take every place that may be vacant, and this question with thousands is, not whether they can get but whether they get high wages at all. Employers are in an equally hard case, and the consideration with them is not hard case, and the consideration with them is not hard case, and the consideration with them is not hard case...

We (Dublin Freeman) sincerely regret that the magistrates who met last Saturday at Navan to consider the advisability of repealing the application of the Peace Preservation Act to the county Meath, expressed themselves in opposition to the revocation of the measure or the annulment of any proclamation made in connexion with it. The meeting, which was numerously attended, was presided over by the Marquis of Conyngham. It was held in consequence of an intimation that the Lord Lieutenant intended to relieve the county from the further operations of an oppressive law. We suppose the views of the magistrates of Meath will have the effect of altering the Viceregal mind, and perpetuating indefinitely a measure naturally and really obnoxious to the people. To our thinking no sufficient grounds were put forward at the meeting to justify a continuance of legislative coercion. Is Meath less peaceable than other counties in Ireland? Are life and property less secure there than elsewhere in the country? Whatever causes furnished the provocation in the first instance for the imposition of the Peace Preservation Act cannot be said to exist now, and it is dealing very unceremoniously with the public liberty to recommend a further suspension of constitutional rights, in the face of facts which prove that suspension to be wholly unnecessary. Supporting the magistrates were inspired not so much by present conditions as by apprehensions of the future, their action is still open to comment. If restrictive measures are to be applied with reference to possibilities, we should never have an end of them; and assuredly the employment of legal caustics to a patient who has mended is more likely to fret him into a relapse than to effect a wholesome cure. Lord Conyngham and his brethren would have done better to put a friendly trust in the good spirit of the county than to treat it as a nest of enemies to law and order. The Peace Preservation Act is a slur as well as a disability. The people who live under it are to a certain degree outside the pale of the Constitution—outlawed, so to speak. If it is ever defensible at all, it is only in extreme cases and extreme conditions, and it ought to be a prime object to set it aside as soon as possible.—The Meath magistrates here, we are sorry to say, acted on the converse of this policy. They have advised the prolongation of the Act without sufficient reason and against the disposition of the Executive authorities, who were certainly not likely to lighten the burden of coercive legislation without very good reason for doing so.

A speaker at the Farmers' Club Conference, held on Tuesday at Mallow, expressed not only the views of the delegates present, but the unanimous opinion of the tenant farmers of Ireland, when he declared the Land Bill of 1874 to be defective because it failed to give perpetuity of tenure. In this undiminished proposition lies the pith of all agitation now existing, or which may arise, upon the still vexed relations of Irish landlords and tenants.—Dublin Freeman.

SCARLATINA IN COLERAINE.—Scarlatina has again broken out here with alarming virulence. On Saturday and Sunday there were three open graves in the Killowen churchyard, two of them being intended for young victims of the disease, and I was told by the father of one of the children that there are whole families in the district in a dangerous state from the same malady.

SEVERE STORM IN THE NORTH.—Sunday and Monday a storm of almost unexampled violence swept over Coleraine and the adjoining district, the force of the wind coming from the north. Borne on the blast came pelting showers of hail, while vivid flashes of lightning and terrific thunder peals added to the terror of the scene. The violence of the strife of the elements was, however, intermittent, sudden lulls and squally sudden outbreaks rendering the storm one of a most peculiar character. No serious damage was done, but present indications lead to the belief of a long and vigorous winter.—Freeman, 12th ult.

A MANLY LETTER.—A manly and outspoken letter on Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has been written by Lord French, a nobleman, as Sir John Gray says, "at whose pen and purse and personal labors have at all times been at the service of his race and nation." Lord French considers the notorious Expositionist "unwise and insulting," and its author "merely a versatile and vindictive politician, whose varied talents and reckless ambition may now be considered dangerous to the true interests of his country." The object of Mr. Gladstone he believes to have been two-fold—to create a split in the Conservative party and by increasing the prejudice against the Catholic Church to lessen the feelings against Ritualism in England. Finally, he believes Mr. Gladstone has destroyed his political reputation; and that seems now to be the general opinion throughout the three kingdoms.

THREATENING LETTER.—At the Limerick petty sessions, before the Hon. Captain Plunkett, B.M., and James W. Bond, Esq., a threatening letter case was heard. Thomas Manning, for a considerable number of years, acted as bailiff to A. Bole, Esq., on the properties of several gentlemen holding property in this county. In the month of September Manning was dismissed from the office and a Mr. Alexander Percival appointed in his stead. Manning through rage and indignation at the treatment he received wrote a letter to Lord Granard, in which he requested his lordship to interfere in the appointment, "to prevent bloodshed," which he said "would follow as a natural consequence if Mr. Percival was retained," and recommended two of his own friends for the situation. Lord Granard sent the letter to Captain Plunkett who had the man arrested. The matter underwent a rigid inquiry and the bench ordered that he should find two sureties in £75 each, and himself in £150, to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects, or to be imprisoned for six months. Bail not being forthcoming, the latter was accepted.

ALLIED ASSAULT BY A FEMALE SERVANT.—James Jones, Lower Pembroke-street, summoned his servant for having assaulted him, on the 29th November, in his house. It appeared from the evidence that on the date in question he went into his kitchen and after some words with the defendant, she took a

red-hot poker from the fire and thought to give him a thrust of it; after some difficulty witness succeeded in taking the poker from her; she then seized a soapstone and endeavored to strike witness with it; she then flung a basin at his head, and only he stooped he would have received a fatal wound. The defence was that the complainant's wife was trying to compel witness to go to the service of Moody and Sankey, and gave her a hot glass of punch as a bribe to make her go. Mr. Rynd, jun., instructed by Mr. Rynd, sen., prosecuted, and Mr. Campion defended. There was a summons brought by the servant against the master for assault, which was dismissed. She was committed for trial to the sessions, bail for her appearance being accepted.

POLLUTED WATER IN DOWNPATRICK.—Some months ago a letter was received by the Town Commissioners of Downpatrick, from the medical gentlemen of that town, stating it as their opinion that polluted water was the cause of a great deal of the disease at one time prevalent here. On receipt of this letter, the Town Commissioners considered it their duty to send samples of the water to Professor Hodges, of Belfast, for analysis. Dr. Hodges reported that, with the exception of two they were all impure, and no better than "diluted sewage." The Chairman directed that a meeting of the inhabitants should be called to consider the subject.

REPRESENTATION OF BELFAST.—We have reason to believe that negotiations are on foot for the creation of a vacancy in the representation of Belfast, by the appointment of the senior member to a Colonial office.—Mail.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.—There is reason to believe that the directors of the Drogheda and Belfast Junction Railway Companies have resolved to recommend to the proprietors, at their next meeting, to amalgamate the two companies.

The death is announced of the Hon. John Boyle, many years member for Cork, and who was ultimately defeated by Daniel O'Connell.

GREAT BRITAIN.

"RELIGIOUS LIBERTY" IN BIRMINGHAM.—The following paragraph speaks for itself.—"The Birmingham Post is ashamed to report the proceedings of the visiting committee of the local Poor-law Guardians, and we can quite understand this feeling. The control of the smallpox wards having passed out of the hands of the Guardians, the committee resolved to recommend certain gratuities to the Workhouse officers who have had the extra labour of those wards; and, amongst other grants, one of £25 was proposed to be given to the Workhouse chaplain. The Roman Catholic priest had also done continuous work in the smallpox wards, and it was proposed to offer him a similar honorarium. The first proposal was adopted, but the second was rejected. To show the case up in full glare of bigotry, we may add that while the housechaplain is paid for his ordinary services, and has now received a further gratuity, the 'Roman Catholic priest,' Father McCarty, does not receive one penny for his labours.

OUR COAL FIELDS.—The coal raised from the mines of the United Kingdom in 1873, amounting to 128,680,131 tons in all, and constituting the largest quantity ever produced in a year, came from the following districts:—82,102,866 tons, approaching half the entire quantity, was raised in the north of England, viz., in the Yorkshire district, Lancashire, and the four English counties north of these; 28,890,875 tons, or between a fifth and a fourth of the whole, came from midland counties—Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Worcester, Salop, Chester, Leicester, Warwick; 13,943,623 tons, nearly a ninth of the whole, from Wales, South Wales supplying not far from five-sixths of the Welsh coal; 6,749,264 tons, not quite a nineteenth of the whole, came from the south-western district—Somerset, Devon, Gloucester, Monmouth; 16,857,772 tons, considerably over an eighth of the whole, from Scotland; 135,731 tons from Ireland.—Times.

BROAD CHURCHISM.—It is said that the Dean of Westminster has invited Dr. Colenso to preach in Westminster Abbey. He has the right to do so. He is ambitious of being the broadest Churchman in England; only his breadth takes the character of depth. Mr. Mackonochie is to be suspended for believing too much; so, by way of respecting the doctrine of equivalents, Dr. Colenso is to be pulpitized in Westminster Abbey because he believes too little.—Tablet.

DISRAELI DECLINING.—The Premier of England has been more seriously ill than his party thought it prudent to make known. He is now much better than he was last week, but it is stated that the leading Tories have held meetings at the Carlton Club to discuss the probability of appointing a locum tenens, as Mr. Disraeli makes it doubtful whether he will be physically able for the active duties of the coming session, which is looked forward to with much uneasiness by the Cabinet. If any substitute or successor should become necessary, the Duke of Richmond is expected to be the man. The London correspondent of the Irish Times has good authority for saying that dissensions exist in the Conservative party.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.—The return of Her Majesty's ship Basilisk to England, after a commission of nearly four years, deserves more than a passing notice, on account of the maritime discoveries made by this ship—discoveries, whose extent can only be appreciated after a comparison of the latest existing charts of Torres Straits and Eastern New Guinea with the charts issued, or to be issued, by the Admiralty containing the results of the Basilisk's survey. To put the matter shortly we may state that the officers and men of Her Majesty's ship Basilisk have surveyed about 1,200 miles of coast line, added at least 12 first-class harbours, several navigable rivers, and more than one hundred islands; large and small, to the chart; and, lastly, have been able to announce the existence of a new and shorter route between Australia and China. Few of our readers are aware that till these Basilisk discoveries were made a large Archipelago of islands (some as large as the Isle of Wight and densely populated), a rich fertile country, intersected by navigable rivers, and inhabited by a semi-civilized Malay race, remained unknown to us. After the news of this ship's first discoveries reached England, Lieutenant Dawson, R.N. (Admiralty surveyor), was sent out to join her, and she was ordered to complete and follow them up. This has been done with perfect success, and the whole of the previously unknown shores of Eastern New Guinea have been carefully surveyed, and the route above referred to opened up. The principal part of this work of discovery and surveying has been performed by the captain and officers in small open boats, detached from the ship in some instances for many weeks, and among savages who had never before seen a white face. The relations established with the natives were always most friendly, and such as will form a good basis for future intercourse. The health of the ship's company was satisfactory—indeed, surprisingly good, when we consider the life of constant exposure in a tropical climate and the anxious and arduous labor required. The ship was in constant danger of loss on the treacherous coral reefs which surrounded her, and officers and men alike may be congratulated on their safe return, as well as on the success which has attended their enterprise. We understand that two lofty mountains, about 11,000 ft. high, facing each other on the north-east coast of New Guinea, have been named "Mount Gladstone" and "Mount Disraeli."

REVENUE AND POPULATION.—A return has just been published showing the revenue and population in the years 1841, 1851, 1861-2, and 1871-2. The gross revenue in Great Britain in 1841 was 46,142,899l., and the population 18,534,232, making the computed amount in respect of each head of the population 2l. 9s. 9d. In 1871-2 the population in Great Britain had increased to 26,072,284, and the gross revenue to 67,534,633l., or 3l. 4s. 1d. per head. Similar returns are given as to Ireland, and there the population had decreased. In 1841 the gross revenue from taxation, excluding miscellaneous receipts, Post Office, fees in courts, &c., was 3,907,232l., and the population 8,175,124, computed at 9s. 6d. each head. In 1871-2 the gross revenue was 7,086,593l., and the population 5,412,377, or computed at 1l. 6s. 2d. per head.

It seemed that the Socialism of Continental Europe had suddenly manifested itself in Illinois. A Summer of apparently reviving industry has since passed, and it was hoped that the Winter lying before us would be characterized by little or no privation. It is evident that this anticipation will not be fulfilled. Before Winter has fairly come distress has appeared. The working classes are as badly off as ever. The depression is not confined to towns and cities. From the manufacturing valleys of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, as well as from the warves of Boston and New York, arises the complaint of distress. Ironworkers and coalowners debate together how they shall reduce the losses to which they are exposed, and they see no course before them but that of contracting operations and dismissing supernumerary hands. These counsels will probably be followed, but they cannot be adopted without remonstrances, and perhaps resistance, on the part of workmen. On the whole, the prospect of the Winter is gloomy. The action of charity in aid of distress is, indeed, as quick and impulsive in the Atlantic cities as it is in London, but it is a dismal commentary on the hopes of the generation now growing elderly, which looked to the political institutions of America to demonstrate the feasibility of man, that pauperism and charity should threaten to accompany the first frosts of Winter in its cities. The present depression will, indeed, pass away, and the unemployed will be reduced in numbers, but it is too plain that the darker phenomena of society in England spring from causes independent of political organization, and will never be permanently banished from the Western Republic.—London Times.

PROTESTANT SYMPATHIES WITH DR. DOLLINGER.—It is useful to trace the different characters of sympathy which have been offered by Protestants to Dr. Dollinger, and to show that, though always different in their grounds, they are the same in hatred of the Church. A pamphlet has just been published at Bonn, which is in point of fact a resume of the proceedings which took place at the Conference last September. In an appendix are found letters from English correspondents, addressed to the head of the sect. One letter is from the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, M.A., who suggests that the attention of the (forthcoming) Conference be concentrated on the teaching of the first five centuries, that "every question on which 'Old-Catholics,' Orientals, and Anglicans disagree be referred to a committee of three—each question to a different committee—one member of the committee to be nominated by yourself, one by the Bishop of Winchester, one by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that it be the duty of each committee solely to examine what was the teaching of the first five (or six) centuries on the subject submitted to it, without entering at all into the question of its being right or wrong, true or false." This is only worth noticing as a revelation of a state of mind which prefers "a committee of three" all heretics, to an Ecumenical Council of true Bishops; and which ignores the existence of all Christianity between the sixth and the nineteenth centuries. Another letter is from Dr. Forbes, the Protestant Bishop of Brechin, who suggests that a reconciliation of "the Churches" might be effected "on the basis of the Canon of the Council of Trent, interpreted in a benign sense." This includes nine centuries more than Mr. Meyrick's theory, and must, therefore, be considered more liberal; though what a "benign sense" of the anathemas of a Council can be Dr. Forbes has abstained from defining. Next, we have a letter from the Rev. Malcolm MacColl—these letters are all addressed to Dr. Dollinger—who expresses his conviction that the two great enemies of liberty and truth at the present day are Ultramontanism on the one hand, and Materialism on the other; and adds that "Protestantism and Ultramontanism stand equally condemned in the face of history, since they have both rejected the ancient history of the Church, and tampered with the creeds of Christendom." This is very hard upon "Protestantism." But how easy it is to get rid of these difficulties the Doctor tells us in the following words: "The attention of the Conference, as I understand it, is to discover a basis for intercommunion between all who loyally accept the creeds and constitution of the undivided Church. And surely that ought not to be a difficult matter." Well, we should think it a very difficult matter indeed, since those who accept "the decrees and constitution of the undivided Church" will have to submit to the teaching of Rome, and those who reject them will be sure to decline obedience to any one in the world but themselves. Dr. Dollinger must have been as much puzzled by his Anglican brother-heretics as by his own little sect of Old Catholics.—Tablet.

Mr. Gladstone is not silenced yet. "No man," says Burke, "is set of men living are fit to administer the affairs or regulate the interior economy of the Church to which they are enemies." Mr. Gladstone could tell him that Liberals are fit to administer or regulate anything whatever. But this is not his only reply to Burke. The Catholic Church, he says, in justification of his own "inflammatory libel," has changed her nature since the Vatican Council. Bismarck, who is such an excellent judge, says the same thing, and probably laughs in his sleeve while he says it. But it is a foolish and transparent falsehood, as even Protestants admit. "To our minds," says the Spectator, "the Vatican Council simply assumed on behalf of the Pope an authority which had been supreme in the Church of Rome for centuries previous to its formal enunciation. It did not so much alter as formally publish the common belief as to the centre of power in that Church." Every Bishop in Christendom, including those who from motives of worldly wisdom once deprecated its definition, affirm it now as a truth of faith. The infallibility of the Pope is as truly as old as the Gospel, and even older, for the glorious prerogative of Peter and his successors existed in the mind of God from all eternity. The only people who deny it are a few worldly upstarts, who, as Carlyle says of Voltaire, "intermeddle in religion, without being themselves, in any measure, religious." No one can doubt what Burke would have said of Mr. Gladstone's affected alarm lest the allegiance of Catholics should be impaired by the Vatican Decree. He laughs to scorn what he calls "the fear, or pretence of fear, that this commodious bugbear (the Pope) will absolve his Majesty's subjects from their allegiance, and send over the Cardinal of York to rule as his Viceroy." But even Burke was mistaken when he added: "I do not believe that discourses of this kind are held, or that anything like them will be held by any who walk about without a keeper." (Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe).—Tablet.

MISSISSIPPI IS A THOROUGHLY NEGRO STATE. Not only is there an actual negro majority on which the Republican Government rests, but this majority is said to be increasing from the overflow of the negro population from the neighboring States. In Victoria they have had such complete control that they have been able to bid defiance to the law itself. Having governed the place as corruptly and ignorantly as possible, and having been indicted for it, to prevent expulsion from office they steal the judicial records of the indictments. This theft was the real cause of the rising of the whites, and though we regret the violence and loss of life which ensued, it seems an almost inevitable result of the state of society and government.—N.Y. Nation.

Capital punishment for crime was abandoned in Iowa two years ago, but the results do not seem to have been satisfactory, and it is reported that an effort will be made to have the gallows restored. Murders are said to have been exceptionally frequent of late, and there were ten murderers in the Des Moines goal awaiting trial at the opening of the last term of court. By a judicial interpretation of the code adopted in 1873, criminals indicted for murder are bailable, and one, who had wealthy friends, recently escaped the law's clutches by the forfeit of \$20,000. The perpetrator of a murder which had excited considerable ill-feeling in the community, was taken from the goal at Des Moines, after he had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, one week ago and hanged by a mob of masked men. It is doubtful whether this would have been done if it had been possible for the law to have administered the same punishment. As it was, the capital punishment which was abolished by law was re-enacted by mob violence.

Strong appeals are being made to the charitable on behalf of the sufferers in Kansas and Nebraska by the grasshopper plague; many are starving; we met, a few days ago, a young New Yorker who was literally eaten out of house and home. Walking one day in the neighborhood of the "dug-out" which he had constructed in Kansas two years ago, he heard a humming noise, on turning in the direction whence it proceed, he observed the very air darkened with the myriads of grasshoppers, who in a very short time left him without a blade of grass or an ear of corn. His description of the "varmint" is very interesting. Several distinct breeds appear to be amongst them, judging from the various colors, and blending of colors, and shades of colors, chiefly of green and brown; all alike distinguished for their protrudent bellies and enormous appetites. Our friend don't intend to "go West" muchly for the future.—Catholic Citizen.

GETTING MONEY FOR THE HEATHEN.—The following, from the Detroit Free Press, is worth embalming. We'd advise our worthy Baron de Cawin to ask that Detroit saloon keeper to buy a ticket for his coming lecture.

A man about thirty years old, wearing a battered plug hat and seedy clothes, looking as hungry as a man who had been wrecked on an iceberg, softly entered a Detroit avenue saloon yesterday, and leaning over the bar whispered to the proprietor: "My dear sir, I am canvassing for subscriptions for the benefit of the heathen."

"Jah dot so?" replied the saloon keeper, raising a glass.

"Yes my friend, that is so," continued the man taking out a very greasy passbook. "Yes I am collecting money for the benefit of the poor heathen, who are living in a state of vice and ignorance. Some put down ten dollars—some five—some one, all give something. Here is the book, and you can subscribe such an amount as you think best."

"Ish it a betition to dem goodn gounsil?" inquired the saloonist as he looked at the book.

"No, sir, you do not understand my object, I am collecting subscriptions for the benefit of the heathen and you can write your name and give such an amount as your conscience directs."

"Vere ish dem heathen?" inquired the beer seller, looking coldly at the stranger's battered hat.

"In Africa," replied the agent, in far-off Africa, where all is gloom and loneliness because the heathen has no education."

"And vat gounty is dat Africa in?" inquired the saloonist.

"My dear man, Africa is a country—a great big country, far over the deep blue sea. Is it possible that you never heard of Africa?"

"I have lived in Toledo and Chicago, but I did not hear some one ever say a word about Africa."

"Well, that is neither here nor there. I am authorized to collect subscriptions for the heathen, who is running about in a state of nakedness and sinfulness, and who must have bread for his mind and be brought to realize that he should live for something besides this life."

"Yah, dat is so," replied the saloonist in a reflective tone.

"You contribute whatever sum you may think best, and I forward it to Boston by first-mail, where it is turned into Bibles, and the Bibles shipped to Africa. Most people esteem it a privilege to be allowed to subscribe to this fund. Will write your name down?"

"I think I will," replied the man, and he hunted up his pencil, and after much labor wrote his name on one of the pages and handed the book back with the remark:

"I dunno if you can't read it."

"That is all right; but you have neglected to mark down the amount of your contribution. Let's see—will you say a dollar?"

"Yah?"

"Will you give the sum of one dollar for the heathen?"

"Hah! Vhat you spoke about?"

"Will you give me a dollar to forward to the poor, benighted heathen?"

"Money—giff you money?"

"Yes—for the heathen?"

THE COMING WIFE.—HOW SHE HELPS HER HUSBAND UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—PATIENCE AND SUNSHINE.

She's a little bit of a woman, all patience and sunshine, and I'd spoil the best silk hat that money could buy for the privilege of lending her my umbrellas in a rain storm.

She's married and she's got an old rhinoceros of a husband. He makes it a practice to come home tight at 11 o'clock every other night, and has for years, and he can't remember that she ever gave him a cross word about it. When he falls into the hall she is waiting to close the door and help him back to the sitting room, where a good fire awaits him. She draws off his boots, unbuttons his collar, helps him off with his coat, and all the time she is saying:

"Poor Henry! How sorry I am that you had this attack of vertigo! I am afraid that you will be dead by the roadside some night."

"Whizzer mean by vertigo?" he growls; but she helps him off with his vest, and pleasantly continues:

"I'm so glad you got home all right. I hope the day will come when you can pass more of your time at home. It is dreadful how your business drives you."

"Whaz bizness—whaz yer talking 'bout?" he replies.

"Poor one—how hot your head is!" she continues, and presently he breaks down and weeps and exclaims:

"Yez zur—zic's a 'orse—wearing zelf out fhaast's can—wizht was dead!"

Next morning she never refers to the subject, but pleasantly inquires how he slept, and if his mind is clear. His boots may be missing, and he yells out:

"Whin thinder's my boots?"

"Right here, my dear! she replies, and she hands them out, all nicely blacked up."

If she wants a dress, or a hat, or a cloak, and he yells out that household expenses are eating him up, she never "sasses" him back, nor tells him that she could have married a Congressman, nor declares that she will write to her mother and tell her just how it is.

"That's so, my dear—times are hard," she says, and she gets up just as good a dinner as if he had left her fifty dollars.

He may come home tight at supper time, but she is not shocked. She remarks that it is an unexpected pleasure to have him home so early, and she pretends not to notice his stupid look. He sees three chairs where there is but one, and in trying to sit down he strikes the floor like the fall of a derrick.

"Whizzer jaw zhat chair 'way for?" he yells, and she replies:

"Its that hole in the carpet—I knew you would stumble!" and she helps him up and brings him a strong cup of tea.

They do not keep a servant, and when cold weather came she never thought of planning herself down in a chair opposite him and saying:

Now, then, you'll either get up and light the fire or there won't be any lighted—mark that old bald head!

No, she didn't resort to any such base and tyrannical measures. When daylight comes she slips out of bed makes two fires, warms his socks, and then bending over him, she whispers!

Arise, darling, and greet the festive morn!

His sick sometimes, and I've known that woman coax him two or three hours to take the doctor's medicine, turn over his pillow twenty-two times, keep a wet cloth on his head, pare his corns down, and then wish that she had a quail to make him some soup. When he gets into a tight down town, and comes home with his ears bitten up and his nose pointed to the northwest, she inquires how the horse happened to run away with him, and she says she is so thankful that he wasn't killed. She has an excuse for everything, and she never admits that any one but herself is to blame about anything. Lor' bless her I hope she will slip into Heaven and never be asked a question.

DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.—Putting a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop upon the end of the staves, a deliberate aim with the rolling pin, and then shutting both eyes, brings the pin down with all the force of her one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face. Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says that if she had kept her temper she would not get hurt. And he visits the barrel himself, and puts the hoop on very carefully, and adjusts it so nicely, to the top of every stove, that only a few smart knicks apparently are needed to bring it down all right, then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up over a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself, and then he gets the hammer, and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on one side and the other side flies up, and catches him on the bridge of the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next instant that barrel is flying across the room accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is incessantly marching toward the grave.

PUNKIN PI.—Punkin Pi is the snss ov Nu England. They are viles and drink they are the joy on the half-shell, they are glory enough for one day, and are good kold or warmed up. I would like to be a boy again, jest for sixty minutes, and eat myself phull of the blessed old mixture. Enny man who don't love punkin pi wants watching clues, for he wants to do somethin mean the fust chance he can get.—Give me all the punkin pi, I could eat when I was a boy, and I didn't care whether Sunday school kept up that day or not. And now that I her grown up to manhood, and have run for the legislature once, and only got bent 856 votes, and am thorely marrid, there ain't nothin I hanker for wuss, and can bury quicker, than two thirds of a good old fashioned punkin pi an inch and a half thick, and well smelt up will ginger and nutmeg. Punkin pi is the oldest American beverage I know ov, and ought to go down to posterity with the trade mark of our godmothers to find; but I am afraid it won't, for it is tuff even now to fit one that tastes in the mouth as they did 40 years ago.—[Josh Billings.]

A Milwaukee man is bent on going to sea. He has been reading the Enoch Arden class of stories till his soul is fired with an ambition to be wrecked and come home and find his wife married to some other fellow.

A St. Johnsbury woman's bonnet costs, upon an average, about \$5, but she has the bill made out for \$10 or \$20, in order to show it to the woman next door.

An orator lately said to his audience, "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," when some one shouted, "Yes, and if you don't get through soon they'll be here!"

The following epitaph, appears on a tombstone in Thompson, Conn.:—"Here lies the body of Jonathan Richardson, who never sacrificed his reason at the altar of superstition's god, and who never believed that Jonah swallowed a whale."

When a Chicago woman answered the door and was informed that her husband had been drowned she sank down and whispered, "And the bill for \$30 worth of false hair is to come up at four o'clock—ah! hee-hee!"

UNITED STATES.

MISSISSIPPI IS A THOROUGHLY NEGRO STATE. Not only is there an actual negro majority on which the Republican Government rests, but this majority is said to be increasing from the overflow of the negro population from the neighboring States. In Victoria they have had such complete control that they have been able to bid defiance to the law itself. Having governed the place as corruptly and ignorantly as possible, and having been indicted for it, to prevent expulsion from office they steal the judicial records of the indictments. This theft was the real cause of the rising of the whites, and though we regret the violence and loss of life which ensued, it seems an almost inevitable result of the state of society and government.—N.Y. Nation.