

EXTRA POLICE IN CON.—At a meeting of the Cork Town Council on Monday, a discussion took place in reference to the necessity for the further maintenance of the extra police sent here at the height of the excitement. The Town Clerk stated that the police authorities had of their own accord reduced the number of maintaining the extra force from the expense of £247. The Town Clerk said they had £445 to £247. The Town Clerk said they had already made several remonstrances against their presence, but the Government said they would keep the Constabulary whether the Corporation liked it or not. Mr. Galvin gave notice of motion for the removal of the twenty extra men now in the city. They had, he said, been remonstrating with Mr. Gladstone's Government for three years, and now they ought to try Mr. Diarail.

THE CENSUS.—The returns for the County Limerick have been published. The decrease in the population of that fine county, whose soil is as rich as the best in Europe, is marked in as mournful numbers. In 1841 the people counted 330,020, and in 1846 they must have increased to 400,000. Between that time and the year 1851, they were reduced to 262,132. In 1861 they had fallen off to 217,277, and in 1871, they stood at the low number of 191,936. It is unnecessary to draw the conclusion deducible from these figures, they speak for themselves.—*Dublin Irishman.*

COMPENSATION UNDER THE PEACE PRESERVATION ACT.—The Grand Jury of the County Roscommon awarded £300 to Mr. Thomas Lagonis Lefroy, for having been maliciously fired at and wounded last year at his residence, situated on the borders of Longford and Roscommon, to be levied off three of the townlands in the county.

The Dublin papers are greatly dissatisfied with the constitution of the new Government, because of the paucity of Irishmen who are appointed to office, and the National journals avail themselves of the grievance as a new proof of the necessity of Home Rule.

ASSIZES.—The Assizes show the almost total absence of serious crime in the country; the calendar in many cases, having the record of no offence greater than assault.

IRISH SAVINGS.—The report of Dr. Hancock, for 1873, records the increase of Irish investments under almost every head, and testifies to the growing prosperity of the country.

The Grand Jury for Cork County were sworn in yesterday, Viscount Bernard officiating as foreman. Out of the twenty-three gentlemen summoned by the High Sheriff only five are Catholics.

Maurice D. Kavanagh, of Eccleshall, Stafford, has intimated his intention to contest Kerry, in the event of the election petition succeeding.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE TYRANNY OF CESARISM.—In the course of a most scholarly article headed "Pope and Anti-Pope," the *London Crusader*, thus speaks of the tyranny of Modern Cesarism:—"The rejection of the dogmas of infallibility by the free-thinking portion of Europe has resulted, as we always knew it must, in the development of an authority irrational, irresponsible to God, and odious to man, in the shape of modern Cesarism. The world would not have Christ, and it has got Julian. It has refused to listen to the paternal teaching of Pius IX., and it is prostrate before Bismarck. The thunders of the Vatican were despised, but the voice of the Krupp cannon is still vibrating on the tympanum of Europe, and is preparing once more to enforce the creed of Potsdam on the scoffers. A sentence has gone forth, not from Rome, but from Varzin, and not an army of Christian knights, but the brute force of Teutonic hordes, aided by the craft and organization of Masonry, is preparing to impose it on the unbelievers. No attack on liberty in the history of mankind has been so direct, so shameless, so insolent, as that which has succeeded the *Non servium* of the Liberal Catholic party and its infidel allies. Immense minorities in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are ignored and trodden under foot, and a system of dictatorship in the affairs of other and Catholic countries is attempted, which pride and national faith alike repudiate. If the material disasters of France, and her want of alliances—unattainable save through the hereditary monarchy—have obliged her to cede to the demand of Berlin on a question of internal journalism, we are at least at a loss to know on what ground and by what right similar demands have been made on a free and Catholic State like Belgium. When has any fabled "Papal aggression" assumed such a right of universal suzerainty? If the Doctrine of Peter censures and denounces a heresy or a particular line of thought or policy as dangerous to faith and morals, it is only in *foro conscientiarum*, and the penalties are purely spiritual. If a man will not obey the Church, so much the worse for his status in the other world; but no Pope, however infallible, dreams of troubling him for it in this. If Mr. Newdigate and Lord Russell had chosen to visit Rome in the palmist day of Pontifical royalty, they were perfectly free to frequent the English, Scotch, or American chapels during their stay, to subscribe to the Continental Society, and to write as many diatribes against the scarlet woman as they found necessary to the discharge of their conscience on their return to England, without being honored by a diplomatic remonstrance to the Foreign Office by Cardinal Antonelli. *Times* correspondents bid in the peace which comes of contempt for ten well-paid years, in the very shadow of St. Peter's and no man troubled their nefarious traffic in remunerative falsehood. The anti-Pope is not disposed to take matters so easily. His episcopate is evidently of thinner texture than that of the Successor of the Apostles. He winces beneath the lash of Venillot, and is tyrannous accordingly. With his pen, with the ink with which he composes a Papal Bull, he signs an ultimatum to France and a friendly remonstrance to Belgium, and dashes off a *tu quoque* to La Marmora. He betrays his *perennis* origin by his want of impassibility. St. Peter is used to calumny, and takes it quietly, knowing that the end will be a penitent genuflection before his throne. He has seen Henry at Canossa, and is accustomed to act the part of Hildebrand; whereas the anti-Pope fumes and storms, and calls in the arm of the flesh with the fury of a Munster Anabaptist. Archbishops are cast into prison, pastors exiled, and priests and faithful laymen fined and banished, unfeeling friars forcibly inducted into cures, and a vast system of brutal persecution initiated wherever he has direct sway or the power of forcing the task of his gaolers or executioners on other States. A gag is set on the free press which may dare to hint that Christian liberties are at stake, or that *Nomen Imperatorum* is a watchword fitter for the days of Nero and Caligula than for our own.

At Bow-Street, James Brown, aged 44, described as an eating-house keeper in Sutton-street, Commercial-road was charged on a warrant before Sir Thomas Henry with committing wilful and corrupt perjury during his three days examination in the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of "The Queen v. Castro." The prisoner was brought up in the custody of Chief Inspector Clarke, of the Scotland-yard detective force. Mr. Vincent Gosford sat at the counsel's table, next to Mr. Pollard, who was in attendance to conduct the prosecution. Mr. Pollard, addressing Sir Thomas Henry, said that the prisoner was the person known as Captain Brown, who was examined on behalf of the defendant in the trial at the Court of Queen's Bench. Among the numerous untrue statements which he did not hesitate to make were several affecting the character of Captain Oates and Captain Hoskins. The prisoner had sworn that on the morning when the Bell sailed from Rio Janeiro he was on board and saw Sir Roger Thompson, Captain Bickett, of the *Bella*, Captain Evans

kins, and Captain Oates all come on board together. They were very drunk, Sir Roger a little less so than the others. The prisoner further stated that when the ship sailed he took Hoskins and Oates back in his own boat and assisted them ashore. In the sworn information upon which the warrant had been granted, Captain Oates had deposed that he never had been on board the *Bella* at any time, and Captain Hoskins had sworn that, although he had been on that ship, he went to it alone in his own boat, and was certainly not drunk. Mr. Humphreys the clerk, read over the sworn information of these gentlemen, together with that of Inspector Clarke, who was in court when the prisoner gave his evidence. Mr. Pollard applied for a remand until Saturday week, as there were other charges to be preferred against the prisoner. Sir Thomas Henry acceded to the request, and asked the prisoner if he wished to question either of the witnesses or to make any observation. The prisoner declined to say anything at present.

The Prince Imperial of France, now a student in the Military Academy at Woolwich, England, if he has not been favored in his examinations, is very clever indeed. Mr. Rother made the following statement of his progress to the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:—"You know, of course, that the Prince Imperial is at Woolwich, but you may not be aware of certain interesting circumstances connected with his stay there. He entered as No. 36—that is to say, in one of the lowest ranks of promotion, a place which needed no apology when the short time he had devoted to his preparation was taken into consideration. One of the most striking characteristics of the Prince Imperial is the great spirit of emulation. Thus, after having entered in No. 36 he allowed himself no rest until he had gained a better place, and his industry has been so great and so assiduous that in the intermediate examinations—that is to say, in the examinations which succeed one another until the end of his studies—he has obtained higher rank. Rising to the rank of 27, I think, then to that of 16th, and 12th, he obtained in his last preparatory examination for artillery the Number One." This is very good, but his own intentions as he writes them make it better. "If," says he, "Fortune ever comes here to seek me, she will not find me, like the man in the fable asleep, but awake, and at work. Is not that the best way to deserve her, or to learn to do without her?"

POLITICAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND.—The *Dial* thus comments upon the recent transfer of political power in this country:—"How enviable is the state of England! Thanks to a long practice of the Parliamentary system, our neighbors have been enabled to effect quietly changes which could not be carried out among ourselves, perhaps, without a revolution. A Ministry has been rejected by the nation; it has not sought to maintain its position in opposition to the national will, it has not suggested that the electoral system ought to be modified, it has retired and given place to others. The new parliament meets to-day: it is expected that it will elect its Speaker in its first sitting, and that the Speaker will be Mr. Brand, who occupied the post during the last Ministry, and who efficiently exercised his functions. All parties seem to be disposed in his favor. In England, when the Government is changed nothing else is changed but that which requires to be changed, and everything else is retained."

At a coroner's inquest held at Whitby, Mr. Buchanan, the coroner, said the medical officer to the rural sanitary authority, in his recent report to the guardians, had stepped out of his proper province to announce the verdict of "Died by the visitation of God," which coroners' juries, under the guidance of trained lawyers, were accustomed to give. He (the coroner) thought this was a piece of impertinence, as a coroner's inquest was a judicial and not a scientific enquiry, and its end was to ascertain whether the deceased had died by fair or foul means. "Died by the visitation of God" was a verdict recognized by the law of England, and a verdict of "Died by natural causes" was only worthy of a jury of semi-idiots such as he hoped never to address. He hoped the jury he was now addressing did believe in the "visitation of God," and were not afraid to say so by their verdict. The jury found a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God."

THE LIBERAL PARTY.—The Liberal leaders have not a chance of calling up a new constituency from the strata below the householders, for the proposal would turn all England into Conservatives. They have not the right to touch the Establishment until the country population, which is most affected by its action has been allowed to become articulate for or against a measure it hardly yet comprehends. They have no new allies to gain, for Scotland is still in bulk Liberal; they can acquire but few more votes in Ireland and they may before they have done yet find that the axiom "a Catholic is a Conservative either in *esse* or in *potest*," is not limited to the continent.—*Spectator.*

A man named James Godwin has been sentenced to seven years penal servitude, at the Surrey sessions, for larceny. Detective Bell said the prisoner was one of the cleverest rogues in London. He had known him for a great many years. His practice was to attend meetings and assume different characters [among others a Bible class teacher and a mesmerist], and having disarmed suspicion, he would set up a shop; receive watches to mend and repair and after disposing of the watches, make off himself.

The *Western Times* mentions the case of a young couple who were ruined by the Tichborne case. They set out in life with every comfort, but the husband, much against the wishes of his wife, invested £14,000 in "Tichborne bonds." After the cross-examination of the Claimant by Sir John Coleridge the young man became disheartened and desponding, and died in a short time, his early death being attributed to vexation consequent upon the feeling that he had lost his money, and had shown a great want of prudence.

They tell this story of an old Scotch judge, who, when one of his colleagues failed to take his seat on the bench, leaving a brother to excuse his absence on the ground that he had lost his wife, exclaimed, "Has he? That is a good excuse indeed. I wish we all had the same."

Lord Derby has given directions that the body of Dr. Livingstone shall be brought to England from Zanzibar at the public expense.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone has let his town house, and intends to travel abroad during the summer.

UNITED STATES.

EVANGELICAL HARMONY IN THE "CITY OF CHURCHES."—Since the advent of American Protestantism there has never been, in any one place, such squabbling among the "ministers" as now may be found in Brooklyn, "the city of churches." The *Eagle* thus jocosely summarizes the "situation":—"If great storms are always prophetic of intense calm, there must be a period of phenomenal tranquility in reserve for the ministers of Brooklyn. At present the local ecclesiastical atmosphere is full of thunder and lightning. Not in many years have religious tornadoes and war paint been in so great demand. All the Oredo Indians, big and little, are out in feathers and red ochre. Budington and Storrs are brandishing their scalping knives and have called the world to witness that they will shortly decorate their council chamber with the top knot of Brother Beecher. Beecher on the other hand, has declared that, true to the traditions of his family, those who came after his wool will go back soon. Dr. Fulton is on each recurring sunrise, loading the air with

maledictions against Jeffrey and Hyatt Smith, while these dextrous bowmen are prepared to empty their quivers at the head of their illiberal adversary. Dr. Corbett has stirred the torpid blood of believers in a cool hereafter by his warm account of the fate not only awaiting nine-tenths of the community but already realized by the departed friends of the worshippers in the churches of the western part of Brooklyn. In the Eastern District the 'Protestant Methodists' are excited over 'Brother Kendrick.' He is accused of tipping, and the fine question to be settled is whether alcohol is to become a substitute in the pulpit for the influence of the Holy Spirit.—Bishop Littlejohn has declared that there is danger of his diocese getting rent by Porteous men, and he proposes with the testimony of cooks and galley waids to cement the crumbling edifice, and show that Dr. Porteous is not the kind of man to be freely trusted with sacramental bread and wine. Porteous in the meantime, he observed, studiously refuses to be shown up. He defies the bishop, his mermaids and his cooks, and is with almost incredible rapidity and skill organizing his forces for the coming fray. Into the merits of these quarrels we will not at present enter; suffice it to say that they are, looked at from a journalistic standpoint, all in promising condition. We will, for the information of the uninitiated, however, state that Beecher claims to be fighting for the right to manage his own affairs, Porteous for the right to preach where and when he pleases, Smith for the right to take all good fellows by the hand and make them welcome in his tabernacle, Judley for the right to be a Baptist minus the Fulton element, Kendrick for the right to remain where he is, and Corbett for the right to deal out brimstone and blue fire, as it shall seem to him just and proper. Was there ever such a bill of rights? When these issues are settled, religious Brooklyn will certainly be entitled to a rest."

THE NEW NATURAL WONDER.—The Charlotte and Asheville papers give letters from persons residing in the neighbourhood of Bald mountain, that the telegraphic accounts. The *Raleigh News* says:—"The people of that section are becoming much alarmed about a rumbling noise that has been heard daily for some two months, proceeding from this mountain, houses being jarred for miles in every direction. The Asheville *Expositor* publishes letters from reliable parties in the vicinity of the disturbed mountain, who all give the same report in substance, and the inhabitants of the section are preparing to leave from fear. We met, a couple of days since, the editor of the *Expositor*, and he assures us, upon the strength of the assertion of gentlemen from the vicinity of the disturbance, whose word we could not question, that no doubt existed of the fact that the mountain was in terrible throes from some cause, the rumbling noise and the attendant quaking of the earth being anything but pleasant, while there are positive indications that the mountain is on fire. The recent snows has melted as rapidly as they fell upon the mountain. Would not be well for some scientist to look into this matter, as a correspondent, writing from there, says, 'The people are going to leave if it is not stopped.' The following is taken from the *Charlotte Observer*:—"The exact locality is not stated, though it lies in the wild mountainous region where McDowell, Buncombe and Henderson counties come together in the neighbourhood of Chimney rock, and almost on a direct line between Rutherfordton and Asheville, and about equidistant in Western North Carolina, but the Bald mountain which is frightening some of our bold mountaineers with its deep, frightful growlings, rears its ragged front along the southern border of McDowell county, and where McDowell, Henderson and Henderson counties come together. This terrible subterranean thunder has been heard distinctly at Marion and Old Fort, a distance of eighty or twenty miles. Consternation prevails among the inhabitants of the section of the country lying around Bald Mountain. The editor is informed by a reliable gentleman just from the front that 'an old blockade whiskey distiller, who had been making whiskey in contempt of revenue officers for five or six years, heard the muzzling of the mountain, and, supposing the day of judgment had come, came out of his hole, and abandoned his distillery and called in his neighbours to pray for him. For the last several days a grand prayer meeting and revival has been going on in the neighbourhood of Bald mountain. These whiskey sinners believe that the day of judgment is close at hand, and are praying fervently."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.—"When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court house stairs and broke his neck," says Mark Twain in the *Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but to do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted 'Mrs. Bagley came to the door; then he said: 'Does the widder Bagley live here?' 'The widder Bagley? No sir.' 'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?' 'But never mind—let me for me to contradict, is the Judge in?' 'No, not at present.' 'I just expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin', mum, for I'm going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old judge crick'd up out here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him."

TRIP CHARITY.—Mrs. E. A. Perry, of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, State street, Brooklyn, who so effectively squelched that intolerant framer of Billings gate sentences, Mrs. Hyatt, by giving publicity to the termagant's written tirade against the Irish poor, is doing meritorious work in the cause of charity in our sister city, no consideration of race or religion affecting the distribution of her individual or contributed alms. The conduct of this Protestant lady affords so striking a contrast to the un-Christian bigotry and—if we may use the expression—unchristian charity, of the late almoner of the "Young Men's Christian Association," that we think it "meet to set it down," as at once, a commentary and an example fit to be observed and followed.—*Irish American.*

A DECISION AGAINST THE PRAYING WOMEN.—In the case of a liquor dealer named Morrow, in Warren county, Ohio, who had petitioned the Court of Common Pleas against the women crusaders praying and singing in front of his saloon, Judge Smith decided that not only would an action for damages lie, but that a court of equity would interfere to prevent any such infringement upon the rights of others. Morrow, however, obtained no relief, because he had not requested the praying and singing expeditions to leave his premises, and had not alleged personal annoyance or injury to his business.

Mrs. M. Vinton Dahlgren, widow of Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N., has come out in opposition to the women's temperance praying bands. She says their operations are radically wrong, and that people cannot be at once God-fearing and law-breaking. Some children in Indiana were lately excluded from a public school because they were one-sixteenth Indian, their great-grandfather having been of Indian descent. The parents appealed, and it was decided that the children were, in effect, colored children, and could not be allowed to attend school with white children. To show how opinions vary, we may say that some of the most distinguished families in Virginia are of Indian descent, and are proud to own it.

COMMUNISTS.—The secret inquiries instituted by the New York chief of police on the movements of

the Communists in that city have resulted, according to the statement of an informer, in the disclosure that they do not exceed two hundred and fifty or three hundred men. This agrees with the number counted at the Sunday procession of the Brotherhood in New York some months ago. They were all Frenchmen or Germans, mostly the former; not an American among them.

The number of church edifices in this country in 1870 was 63,082, against 38,061 in 1850, which is an increase of about 75 per cent. in twenty years. The increase in the Methodist churches has been about this figure; that of Catholics over 200 per cent. The census of 1870 puts the valuation of all church property at \$350,000,000, but it is certainly double that, or about \$700,000,000. In valuation, the Methodists again rank first, and the Catholics next, both having added to their wealth at about the same per cent.

In view of the Ohio whiskey crusade, it is of importance to get at the amount of liquor made and the amount sold there. Official reports give the following results: Nine counties.....Made no report. Sixty-six counties.....Had distilleries. Number of distilleries.....166 Corn used for whiskey, bushels.....11,714,985 Whiskey made, gallons.....39,029,594 Number of drinking houses.....6,465 Of the above fourteen million gallons are consumed in the State.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—Among the eleven wills admitted to probate in Boston on the 2d inst., by his honor Judge Ames, the following were the only bequests of a public nature:—John Noon, \$50 to the "Home for Destitute Catholic Children;" and Henry Plageman, \$300 to the school connected with the German Jesuit Church, on Shawmut Avenue.

HOSPITAL IN MONTANA.—The Sisters of Charity are building a hospital in Deer Lodge, Montana. The building will be completed and ready for occupancy by the middle of next month.

Another official has "gone where the woodbine twined." Mr. Brassfield, a Kentucky sheriff, is the party this time, and at the latest accounts both the sheriff and seven thousand dollars belonging to the county were among the missing.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH VIEWED PRACTICALLY.

The nineteenth century claims to be eminently practical, and carries its love for utility into the religious sphere. It says, in answer to the claims that the Catholic Church makes, as having Divine authority to teach it and all other virtues. "What would be the earthly use of admitting those claims and conforming to the authority of the Pope?"

Now, in answer to this question, we must first say that over and above all material and earthly profit man is obliged to save his soul, for what does it matter if a man gain the whole world, yet suffers the loss of his own soul. It is because it is an institution established for the deliverance of man from eternal ruin, and from the fearful consequences of his sins that the Church of God claims the love, obedience and adherence of every man who hears its voice. It was said of our Lord: "This man teaches as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." The same is said with truth of the Church; with authority she speaks, and the observance of her rules leads to life eternal.

But the Church can meet the practical man of the day on his own ground. She can say to him, "My rule is good not only for the soul, but also for the body; not only for the attainment of eternal happiness, but also of temporal prosperity."

We can fancy we hear either a cry of astonishment or a look of blank amazement at this bold and apparently reckless assertion. The many paragraphs and statements we have constantly read in Protestant papers rise up before our mind's eye. We fancy we can see again all the items showing the degraded condition of Catholic Munster compared to Protestant Ulster, of the Catholic Swiss Cantons to the Protestant ones. We see, again, the descriptions which showed that Spain, Ireland, Italy and South America were sinks of superstition, ignorance, poverty and misgovernment, while other countries were the glories of civilization and the lights of the world. We read once more of the efforts of Popes to extinguish science, and of monks to blot out literature, while Inquisitors dance round the graves of blighted nations, and Friars, owl-like, display their preference for darkness rather than light.

But we are not alarmed at all these speeches, nor disposed to turn pale at everything we read, or accept as gospel truth every statement of the pamphleteers and newspapers. On the contrary, we have an irrepressible desire for investigation, and as we cannot go over the whole field of this controversy at once, we will give one specimen of how we considered a statement we once saw in a Protestant paper. It was to this effect: The writer drew a diurnal picture of England before, and a glorious one of the same nation after the Reformation. He took the years 1260 and 1860, as the respective dates of comparison, and proved that in 1860, under Protestant Queen Victoria, the English had a great many comforts that they had not under the Catholic King, Henry III. From whence he drew the inference that Protestantism had given them all these good things, such as carpets, steam engines, hotels, railways, etc., etc. But we confess we could hardly see it in that light. Human civilization must begin somewhere, and if a tribe of savages is taken in hand by a teacher who brings them up to a certain stage, and if that teacher is then dismissed and the tribe "polished off" by another one, we would respectfully ask, is not the first teacher, who did all the rough work, entitled to more credit than the one who merely completed the task; and secondly, we would say, does not reason suggest that if the first teacher had been allowed to continue the good work he had so well begun, that he would have done better than an interloper who was not familiar with the habits, customs and dispositions of this tribe?

This is what we claim for the Church. It did raise the nations of Europe from barbarism to civilization, and had it not been interfered with, would have brought them to a higher degree of it than they had reached in the sixteenth century. And we could prove this by facts drawn from every country of Europe if time and space permitted, and hope to do so at some future time.—*Western Catholic.*

MOORE AS A LYRIC POET.—As a lyric poet Moore stands alone. No country of ancient or modern times has produced his equal in that species of poetry. Greece may boast of her Pindar, her Sappho and her Anacreon; Rome of her Horace; Modern Italy of her Petrarch; France of her Beranger; Scotland of her Burns and Campbell; England of her Gray, her Dryden and her Tennyson; but the Green Isle of the West can boast of a bard in whom the different excellences of all are united. The sweetness of Sappho, the sublimity of Pindar, the finish of Anacreon, the elegance of Horace, the romantic love of Petrarch, the fiery enthusiasm of Beranger, the pathos of Burns, the martial fire of Campbell, the energy of Dryden, the classical refinement of Gray and the exquisite polish of Tennyson are concentrated in Moore. In the *Melodies* he has raised himself to borrow the proud boast of the Roman poet, "Eregi monumentum aere perennius"—a monument more durable than brass. Without any exaggeration, without any enthusiastic ardor, the *Melodies* may be pronounced the richest, the noblest, the most finished collection of songs the world has ever seen. Such beauty of language, such melody of diction and versification, such rich and appropriate imagery, such brilliant wit, such easy humor, such burning patriotism, such magic

tenderness, such pathos, cannot be found united in the lyric poetry of any other age or country. The *Melodies* are a string of pearls—thoughts that breathe and words that burn" run through each of them. Rival journalists vie with each other in lauding them. The *Lithburgh Review* has extolled them to the heavens, and the *Quarterly* echoed its praises. Whigs and Tories, Anglicans and Dissenters, forgot their feuds and bowed in peace at the shrine of genius. Never before were the most distinguished literary men of England so unanimous in their praise of a great Irishman. Nor were the eclogists of Moore too enthusiastic. Other poets may have equaled him in some one quality, but his was the master hand that ran through "each mode of the lyre and was master of all." Among modern lyric poets, the name of Burns is the most frequently mentioned in connection with Moore. Both were born of humble parents, each is the pride and boast of his countrymen and each has attained a renown far greater than that of any of the Plantagenets. In pathos and tenderness, in the forcible expression of natural feeling in pure love of country, both are equal; but here the resemblance ends. Moore was a scholar, Burns never received a liberal education. In Demosthenic energy of expression the latter was perhaps the superior. Burns had more nature: Moore more art, or rather nature improved by art. In richness and happiness of imagery, in melody and flexibility of diction and versification, in artistic finish and acquired knowledge, Moore is infinitely superior to the Scottish bard. He is the more worthy of praise because he was born with the Penal Code was yet in full operation. The music as well as the religion of Ireland had long been proscribed. The national muse was silent for centuries. She seemed to have reserved her choicest gifts for Moore. She flung her mantle of inspiration around him, and he proclaimed in imperishable verse the hopes, the joys, the sorrows, the aspirations and traditions of his countrymen. The wand of the enchanter touched the chords of the harp, and again the hymn of the brave and the free, the sad lament, the warm lay of love and the light note of gladness were heard on the green hills and through the blooming valleys of Erin. The notes of the nightingale tamed the rage of the vulture. The charms of song softened the stony nature of despotism, and the sweet and pathetic strains of the Irish minstrel warmed into kindness and pity the cold-hearted Saxon. The *Melodies* were more potent than the eloquence of Gratian and even more instrumental than it in winning emancipation. Through their arguments in favor of freedom for Irish Catholics were introduced into the drawing-rooms of England, more convincing than the logic of the greatest champions of emancipation. "Many a fair cheek," says the *Lithburgh Review*, "was bedewed with tears when one of the *Melodies* was sung in the palace-halls of the great English nobles." Those haunting songs have winged their way to every clime, they are translated into every tongue, they are sung in every land in which freedom is prized and slavery abhorred. This is no overdrawn picture of Moore—his excellence is attested by men whose judgment will always command respect. "Of English lyric poets," says Lord John Russell, "Moore is the first." "Of all the song-writers," says Christopher North, "that ever sung, wrote or composed, the first, in my opinion, is surely none other than Thos. Moore." Lord Byron, the greatest English poet since Milton, named three of the *Melodies* which he preferred to all the epics ever written. Moore, therefore, is one great poet of whom Ireland may justly be proud.—*De La Salle Month.*

RELIGION IN IRELAND—FREE AND EASY.—Although the ceremony had been unusually long, no one seemed to feel in the least degree tired or annoyed, for it was the universal custom for each member of the congregation to wait out of church at least once every half-hour, and when re-aded with brandy or what not, come back and talk a little with his friends through the window of the building, and eventually to resume his seat within. Snuff, too, was a great resource. The horns were passed rapidly from hand to hand, and emptied in a most extraordinary way: the men seemed to pour it into their nostrils. I never saw anything like it before. All these little things took a good deal of solemnity out of the service, and made me laugh more than once; but when the clergyman stopped in the middle of his blessing to spit with great velocity and accuracy, three consecutive times, into the middle of the nave, I could keep my countenance no longer, but quietly crept out.—*From A Prince's Journal in Ireland by S. E. Walter.*

GIGANTIC TREES.—Dr. Ferdinand Muller, Government botanist of Victoria, relates his discovery in that colony of a forest of Australian gum trees, surpassing in height the famous *Wellingtonia gigantea* of California. After giving at some length an account of the journey and of the scenery of the district in which the giants were found, Mr. M. mentioned a few particulars by the aid of which some conception could be formed of their height and size. Though taller than their American brethren, they are not so large in girth, and have consequently a more slender and graceful appearance. One that has been felled measured 245 ft. to the first branch and 70 ft. more to the point at which it had been broken off, when its diameter was still 1 ft. Another was 81 ft. in girth at 4 ft. from the ground, and at a height of 300 ft. its diameter was still 6 ft. Another felled on the Black Spur was 480 ft. in total height.

Call not a man wretched, who whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, had a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be unheeded among those with whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints and sleep leave his pillow—but he has a gun with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling the world's ear, for the luxury of that highest wealth or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon mortal's eye.

A pious negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she partook of communion, after which her master accosted her as follows: "Why, Hannah, I saw you at communion table to-day." "Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was loded to be dere wid de rest of His family." "But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there," he said; "how is it about the goose?" She looked a little surprised, as if she did not understand the question, but catching the meaning, exclaimed: "Why, sah, do you tink I sa goin' to let an old goose stand atween me and my Maker?"

An advertisement seriously announced a new song with the modest request, "Oh, give me back yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, you spare to-morrow?" is in preparation—to be followed by the sequel lyric of "You haven't got such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

Some one relates the story of a man who was too lazy to say his prayers. He wrote out his devotions on foolscap, however, and tied them to the foot of his couch. Before retiring he would hold them up to heaven and exclaim, "Them's my sentiments," and jump into bed.

Excited wife (to her husband): "Do you not admit that woman has a mission?" "Cool husband: "Yes, my dear, she has sub-mission." Great confusion in the domestic circle, and the husband calls on the family surgeon for a plaster for his head, wounded by accidentally hitting it against the edge of an open door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride.—Swift.