

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—Dr. MacHale became Bishop of Kildare in 1825, and Archbishop of Tuam August 1834, on O'Connell's birthday. The people of Ireland will do well to celebrate the jubilee of the very distinguished man who has done so much for them. He gave his great talents to help every good cause. When the Repeal Association was in action he did work which Ireland can never forget. He organized those memorable meetings in the west. He organized that great impulse to that great Ireland which gave such an impulse to that great cause. When Lord John Russell brought in his cause. When Lord John Russell brought in his cause. When Lord John Russell brought in his cause.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.—Deep regret is universally felt at the delicacy of the health of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, and earnest prayers are offered up that the revered prelate, one of the most popular in the Irish hierarchy, may be spared many years to a devoted flock.

MR. H. O. LEWIS, M.P. for Carlow borough, who has embraced the Catholic religion, publishes a very strong and uncompromising attack upon Mr. Gladstone and his pamphlet. Mr. Lewis says the Vatican decree has no way lessened his allegiance to the Queen.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.—A retrospective glance at the changes that have taken place in Skibbereen, within a period of thirty years, shows the difference in the style of living, advance of rents of houses, rate of wages of labor, &c. Potatoes, which were sold at from 2d. to 3d. per weight of 21lbs., now are considered cheap at 5d. to 6d. per stone of 14lbs.—Butter was easily had at 5d. to 8d. per lb. and though the number of cows in the country was far less than at present, yet from some cause not well or generally known, it has advanced to the astounding price of 1s. 4d. a lb. by wholesale, and 1s. 6d. by retail, this being the price in the market on last Saturday. The article of fuel has also increased to a high figure—turf could be bought, in almost any quantity, from 4d. to 5d. a cart, now it is 2s. 6d. In fresh meat we cannot show much advance in price. In fresh meat we cannot show much advance in price. In fresh meat we cannot show much advance in price.

A GOOD LANDLORD.—KINNEGAD, Wednesday.—Mr. C. B. Marley, J.P., D.L., accompanied by his agent, William Fetherstone-Baugh, Esq., J.P., visited a few days ago Kinneagad (a village near Mullingar), of which he is the kind and considerate lord of the soil, as well as owner in fee of several estates, rich, broad lands in Louth and different parts of Westmeath. After a round of inspection over the town, wishing to promote the comfort and happiness of his people, he gave directions to his agent, Mr. Fetherstone, to build a number of new houses, labourers' dwellings, and cottages for the poor. This is a work of improvement greatly needed, and the people are most grateful to their good landlord for this fresh proof of the interest he takes in the well-being of his tenantry. He also kindly gave a long lease of a house and some land to the parish priest. Mr. Marley and his efficient and talented agent were hailed with every demonstration of respect and esteem, peals of ringing cheers and other manifestations of gratitude and good will awaking the echoes, the buildings and hillsides paying back the joyous sounds. Good deeds like Mr. Marley's deserve to be recorded, and we trust his good example will have a telling effect on other proprietors, and that they will follow this bright lead.—Dublin Freeman Correspondent.

WE (Dublin Freeman) are glad to observe, from a letter in a London contemporary relating the capture of Dr. O'Donovan by the Carlists, that the Carlists know how to treat a journalist and a gentleman, even when they think it necessary to seize him.—O'Donovan has been arrested more than once; he has always been fortunate enough to fall into friendly hands. He is the son of the late Dr. O'Donovan, the eminent Irish scholar and antiquarian, and has won for himself a respectable position in the ranks of journalism. He has written the particulars of his arrest and subsequent freedom, and has nothing but good words for his quondam captors. On the 15th of this month he and a friend were on a road leading to San Sebastian when a couple of videttes belonging to the Carlist troops sprang from behind a hedge and seized them. One of the soldiers took the money and watch of Dr. O'Donovan's friend, and they were both marched through the woods to the main post. Meantime the videttes were strengthened by various scouts. When brought before the officer in command explanations were made, although Dr. O'Donovan and his companion were ignorant of the Basque tongue employed by the soldiers. The officer gave the prisoners bread and meat and wine, and subsequently beer and rum were produced. The money and watch were returned with apologies to their rightful owner. On the following morning the correspondents were sent to headquarters, where they found Generals Egan and Aghurna, the former an old acquaintance and friend. Mutual explanations followed, and finally the Carlist historians were permitted to march through the Carlist lines armed with permit as far as San Sebastian. Dr. O'Donovan concludes his letter thus:—"While at Andoain our treatment was anything that could be desired, and from the commanding generals we experienced more than courtesy. This last I am particular in mentioning, as I had heard so much about the ill-treatment of correspondents who happen to fall into the hands of the Carlists, and I hasten to let you know these few facts, as no doubt very exaggerated versions of the same will possibly have reached you, and may be repeated in the local journals, and thence be recopied to other newspapers."

THE REGISTRAR GENERAL has forwarded to us (Dublin Freeman) the returns of emigration from Ireland for the ten months ending the 30th October, 1874. In this period 36,211 men, 28,814 women, and 225 persons, left Ireland. This shows a decrease of 17,062 as compared with the corresponding months of '73. This decrease is no doubt in great measure to be attributed to the bad accounts which have arrived here of "hard times" in America. The emigration for '73 was remarkably large, ex-

ceeding any year since '66. The Irish emigration now carries off on an average seventy or eighty thousand persons every year, about two-fifths of the emigrants being of the female sex. The statistics of the last six years exhibit the remarkable and most serious fact that while the population diminishes the emigration increases. In '68 the emigration was 61,018; in '69, 66,568; in '70, 74,655; in '71, 71,240; in '72, 73,102; and in '73, 90,149, or a third more than it was in '68. The depopulation of Ireland is going on at a rate which, as we have shown, is intensifying, not receding. When it is remembered that the 2,350,970 that have left this country within the last 23 years were the creme de la creme of the population, the young, the strong, the healthy, the vigorous, the daring, the ambitious, the young men and young women, with active minds, stout frames, and that desire of pushing their fortune which is the keystone of individual success, it will be wondered at that the nation's vitality has at all withstood such an unparalleled hemorrhage.

THE MAYORALTY.—Yesterday Alderman M'Swinye J. P., was unanimously elected by the Municipal Council Lord Mayor for the year 1875. The proceedings were marked by great cordiality and good feeling on both sides of the house, but one member of the Council having charged the Alderman with a partial and sectarian bias, when Lord Mayor in 1864, the Lord Mayor-elect, in thanking the Council for having a second time elected him to the high position of Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis, said—"No one, save Mr. Maclean, ever accused me of acting an unworthy or unbecoming part whilst presiding over the deliberations of this Council. (Hear hear.) My principles and convictions now are the same as they always have been. Mr. Maclean knows that I am a disciple of O'Connell—an Ultramontane—a believer in the Infallibility of the Pope—a Catholic first and an Irishman afterwards. But it may please Mr. Maclean to know that as a politician I am quite at sea without pilot or compass to guide my course, but if he can assure me that his guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Disraeli, will set about lopping off the third branch of the upstree, now so shamefully abandoned by Mr. Gladstone, he shall have my cordial support and independent vote." Such an answer, and at such a moment, shows the manliness of the esteemed Catholic gentleman who, for the second time, has been unanimously raised to the position of civic magistracy of Dublin. Referring to the coming centenary of O'Connell, and to the civic duties of the coming year, the Lord Mayor-elect paid a deserved tribute to the invaluable labours of Sir John Gray as Chairman of the Water works Committee.—Dublin Corr. of London Tablet.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT TO A TRAIN.—An accident occurred to the last down train between Mallow and Cork on Wednesday evening, which affords a striking illustration of the necessity for some means of communication between the passengers and the guard or engine-driver of a train in motion. The ordinary passenger train, which was timed to leave Mallow at half-past seven o'clock, was twenty minutes behind time, and additional speed was put on to make up the loss. When about midway between Mallow and Blarney the occupants of a compartment in a second class carriage, three men and a woman, noticed an unusual noise and jolting of the carriage, which continued to increase until its cause appeared. One of the wheels broke its way through the floor of the compartment, and by its friction with the wood sent up a shower of sparks which made the passengers apprehensive that the whole carriage would take fire. Much alarmed, but without any means of making known to the guard or driver what had occurred, one of the male occupants of the compartment scrambled through the window, and at no little personal risk, made his way along the foot boards of a dozen intervening carriages, till he reached the engine and informed the driver. The speed of the train was then slackened, and it proceeded slowly into Blarney, where an examination showed that the damage had been occasioned by the breaking of the spring which sustained the carriage above one of the wheels, that deprived of this support, the carriage dropped upon the rotating tire of the wheel, which ate its way through the wood, and produced the effects described. The injured carriage was detached, its passengers transferred to another, and the train completed its journey to Cork without further casualty.

THE TIMES DUBLIN correspondent writes at length on the subject of the late Revival in Dublin, and on Messrs. Moody and Sankey who have been running it with much zeal. The latter does the music, on a harmonium, and sings hymns of doubtful orthodoxy, says the Times, but free from all taint of poetry.—Mr. Moody does the preaching; what sort of stuff this must be we may gather from the subjoined sketch of the preacher given in the Times.—"Mr. Moody, as a preacher, is certainly not superior, if he is not very inferior, in erudition and intellectual gifts to the average class of educated clergymen.—He is eloquent, or he would have no power, but his eloquence is far from being of an elevated style. It is remarkable rather for great volubility and fervour than for the higher qualities of a pulpit orator. It has no pretension to elegance of diction, beauty of illustration, harmonious arrangement, or logical force. His sermons would not stand the test of ordinary criticism. His language is plain and homely, not always very accurate, and sometimes containing colloquial phrase more popular than refined. Add to this the peculiar "twang" which stage professors or stump orators assume, and there will appear to be a considerable balance of disadvantages against him. How, then, is his marvellous success to be explained? His great earnestness, perhaps, the secret of it. His heart as well as his head seems to be full of his subject, and he has no difficulty in giving effective expression to his thoughts. The evident absence of any effort at self-display, but rather a sensitive avoidance of it helps to obtain for him a favourable reception, and he never fails to keep the attention of a vast multitude riveted and to enlist their feelings by the ready flow of his discourses, in which persuasion and argument were blended with many apt illustrations and personal incidents. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and in some of his earlier sermons here he appeared to draw upon it rather freely, but he soon came to understand that his audience did not quite relish so abundant a supply, though his stories were generally of some interest and were told with dramatic effect." This is the Spurgeon dodge, and it seems to answer well, obtaining large houses at first, though in the end it becomes a bore.

WEXFORD has been visited with great floods. The fertile valley of the "gentle Slaney" has become a succession of lakes for 10 or 12 miles, doing much damage.

he himself had done—and were just home from the war; the popular acclaim could not have been louder or more universal. His Royal Highness looked particularly pleased with the reception, as indeed he well might. Mr. Chamberlain, the Mayor, bore himself excellently throughout the day's proceedings, the marked attitude in which he stood covered amid the bareheaded Town Councillors, whenever the Prince re-entered the carriage, being about the only point visible of his feeling touching the equality of man. The Marquis of Hartington and the Earl of Aylesbury rode in the carriage with the Royal party. The Marquis was apparently unknown to the people, and certainly unrecognized by them. A person who attracted much more attention was a plainly dressed man, carrying a small leather bag, and a respectable-looking umbrella, who moved about at will round the Royal carriage, and whenever it moved onwards walked sturdily at the back. Who this might be Birmingham could not make out, but I may mention that it was Mr. Superintendent Walker, well known to callers at Marlborough House, and the almost inseparable attendant on the Prince of Wales in his journeyings through the kingdom. Mr. Bright had been invited to be present in the Town Hall, and at the Mayor's luncheon. His colleagues in the representation of the borough were present, however, and it is a long time since I have seen anything so dramatic as the presentation of Mr. George Dixon to the Prince of Wales. The hon. member always wears on his face an expression of stern self-absorption as if life were with him, as it was with Dr. Brown's friend "Rab," a serious thing. But his face when he went before the Prince of Wales was a study which was worth a journey to Birmingham to find the opportunity of making. Mr. Newdegate was there too, looking as jolly as if the royal commission for the inspection of monastic institutions had just been issued. I believe he is personally known to the Prince of Wales, but his Royal Highness passed him over with a bow, and cordially shook hands with his colleague Mr. Bromley Davenport—at the bottom of which unpleasant incident I have no doubt Jesuitical influence would upon due investigation, be found.

A London correspondent of a Liverpool paper gives the following particulars of the life and conversion of an English Protestant. Reading it, one is forced to the conclusion that a life of such sacrifice for others deserved the gift of faith, which it obtained, as its reward. The correspondent writes: "There has just died a 'vert' whose secession to the Roman Church took place under rather remarkable circumstances. Father Crowley—who was of good family, related to the Podes of the South Devon and to Miss Yonge, the novelist—had been brought up in the English Church, and was one of her ordained clergy. When the Tractarian Church of St. Saviour, Leeds, was built, the vicar, Mr. Minster, was very anxious to have Mr. Crowley as his curate. Dr. Hook, now Dean of Chester, then vicar of Leeds, strongly objected, knowing how extreme, Mr. Crowley's opinions were. However, his objection was overruled; the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) licensed him, and he soon became conspicuous by his zealous labors as well as by his extreme opinions. Just about this time the cholera broke out, and no one worked harder among the poor who were scourged by that terrible disease than Mr. Crowley. The services and teaching of St. Saviour's continued to develop, and at last the strong representations against them which were made to Bishop Longley compelled him to hold a commission, and after inquiry he censured the clergy, and ordered them to cease from their Romanising practices. There is this to be said for them; they did not, as Ritualists of our own day do, defy their bishop, but they came to the very proper conclusion that they could no longer remain in the English Church. They addressed themselves to Dr. Newman, who under similar circumstances, had crossed the ecclesiastical Rubicon, and who of course, in reply, advised them to follow his example. Dr. Fused, hearing of what was about to happen, hurried from Oxford to Leeds in order to prevent a catastrophe so damaging to the party whereof he was the head. But his journey was in vain. Seven of the clergy and thirty of the laity of St. Saviour's "made their submission," and were received by Father Newman in March, 1851. Before this Mr. Crowley had led a life of the greatest austerity. He used to be seen in St. Saviour's in the dark early mornings of winter, thinly clad, and kneeling on the cold stones praying for guidance. He used to scourge himself, and to almost kill himself with fasting. He had already accepted nearly all Roman teaching, especially with regard to Mary, and so, when he entered the Roman Church he had scarcely anything to learn. He became a priest, and was a strong Ultramontane. However, though he had been so austere to himself he proved a gentle disciplinarian to others, and judged with tenderness the penitents who resorted to him at the confessional. He died at a comparatively early age, much regretted by his co-religionists. He belonged to the missionary congregation of the "O. M. I." (the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.)

The English papers are still lamenting, says the Dublin Irishman, the state of the English army—which in reality is no army at all, in the sense of being an efficient fighting machine. A London paper, the World, thus writes of the attempt to recruit it:—"Low as are the requirements of our peace establishment," it says, "the utmost efforts of recruiting officers cannot fulfil them. The Royal Engineers, one of the most important branches of service, are so miserably below their complement that the expedition has been adopted, foreign to all the traditions of the corps, and absolutely ruinous to its efficiency, of opening its ranks to unskilled labourers. The removal from line regiments of the well-conducted skilled labourers whom they contain would be to take from them what little remnant of creditable backbone and decent self-respect is still left among the congeries of physical stuntedness and moral degradation which is now gathered together under the colours of our line regiments. The Royal Artillery, particularly in the horse batteries, is far below its establishment in point of strength."

SHARP PRACTICE.—An amusing anecdote has just become known. A few days since a man who had formerly belonged to the volunteer corps of which the Duke of Norfolk is captain (9th Sussex) wrote an imploring letter to him, asking assistance in difficulties which had recently befallen him, and stating the petitioner's intention to enlist for a soldier. His grace very naturally supposed that some of the ordinary misfortunes of life had befallen the applicant, and kindly remitted him a check for £5 to help him over his difficulty. A day or two after the duke's agent, in talking with his grace on the business matters of the estate, remarked that he had been reluctantly compelled to prosecute a notorious poacher who had been found in the Arundel Park preserves firing at the pheasants. "Who is he?" inquired the Duke. The agent replied that his name was Sharp. "Indeed," replied his grace, "that is the same man I had a letter from the other day, saying he was in trouble, and I sent him £5." It was soon seen that the man's "trouble" was brought about through poaching in the duke's preserves, and that whilst the agent was prosecuting the man the duke was finding him the money to pay the fine. The man has since bolted from Arundel. (THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE OLD MANS.—There is growing up in England a large class of women, says the Women's Journal, who do not marry, who do not wish to marry, and who apparently wish not to marry. They deliberately devote themselves to literature, to teaching, to medicine, generally an amiable one at any rate, to some occupation that gives a livelihood and tends to culture, and this they do for life. The majority of these women are

or rather never to have been born in them. I have known at least one such person in this country. They do not seem to be thought of as out of place; but on the contrary they move into fit places in the great societal organism, easily and naturally, and are accepted without remark. A late article in one of the leading papers of our country remarked that almost an entire change had taken place in this country in current speech concerning unmarried women who are past thirty; that whereas, twenty years ago, and always before, they were called "old maids," and the phrase was a term of reproach now it was rarely if ever used, and the reproach, which used to be cast upon such persons has almost entirely passed away.

ANOTHER STATEMENT ABOUT MILITARY DESERTIONS.—Returns are being prepared at Chatham Garrison of the numbers of desertions from each corps during the last four months. The number of soldiers undergoing imprisonment for this offence is at the present time so large that from the Millbank Convict Prison, to which they have hitherto been sent, a notification has been received that no more prisoners can be taken in. Orders have accordingly been given for all military offenders to be sent to the Bedford Gaol.

THE SCOTCH PATRONAGE ACT.—As we mentioned a few days ago, the abolition of lay patronage in the Established Church of Scotland, instead of healing existing divisions and giving that Church a new lease of life, seems likely to provoke increased and embittered discussion, and to issue at no distant day in an earnest, powerful, and we may add successful effort being made for its entire disestablishment and disestablishment.—Globe.

A meeting of the English Protestant Bishops will be held in January (this month) when several measures relating to Church affairs about to be brought before Parliament will be considered. It is expected that the question of ecclesiastical fees, the proposal to extend the Public Worship Act to Bill to increase the Episcopate, and other matters will be discussed previous to being submitted during the next session of Parliament.

A MELANCHOLY STATE OF MATTERS.—The registrar of the parish of Glenage, in Inverness-shire, in his report for the third quarter of this year, makes the following painful entry:—"No death has occurred in this district since April last—nearly six months ago—and only one birth has been registered during this quarter. As for marriages, they are rare events here, and, consequently, there is scarcely a house in the district which more than half the members of the family are not old maids."

THE DIVORCE COURT.—The annual return made to the Secretary of State by the Registrar of the Divorce Court shows that in the year 1873 the Court made as many as 215 "decrees absolute" for the dissolution of marriages. In 1872, the number was only 133; in 1871, it was 166; in 1870, it was 154—averaging 151 a year in those three years. The increased number in 1873 raises the average of the last four years to 167 a year. The Act creating this Court came into operation in January, 1858.

UNITED STATES.

RAILWAY CONTRACT.—The terms of an important contract between the New York Central and the Canada Southern Railways, are reported closed here yesterday. It secures the working of a through passenger and freight line from New York to Toledo, over the New York Central to Buffalo, and thence over the Canada Southern, and the transfer of Wagner's cars to that line. The cause of the contract is said to have been the fear that the Erie Railway would make it if the Central did not.

TRUB PITY.—I called at Magruder's the other day on my way down town (says a writer in an American paper), and as I knew them well, I entered the side door without knocking. I was shocked to find Mr. Magruder prostrate on the floor, while Mrs. Magruder sat upon his chest, pulling his hair, bumping his head on the boards, and scolding him savagely. They got up when I came in; and poor Magruder, wiping the blood from his nose, tried to pretend it was only a joke. But Mrs. Magruder interrupted him. "Joke? Joke? I should think not! I was giving him a dressing down. He wanted to have prayers after breakfast, and I was determined to have them before; and as he threw the prayer-book at me and hit Mary Jane with the hymn-book, I scolded down on him. If I can't rule this house, I'll know the reason why. Pick up that book, sir, and have prayers! You hear me, Magruder? It is more trouble regulating the plecty of this family than running a saw-mill. Mary Jane, give your pa that hymn-book!"

SAT URON.—Two Cleveland railway officials were travelling in the Directors' car, one of them being accompanied by his niece. Late at night she heard a groan and a muffled voice crying, "Let me out or I shall die." Petrified with curiosity, she continued to listen, when the muffled voice again said, "Let me out; I am dying." The snoring railroad men were awakened, and the conductor hunted up. After a long and tedious examination, the mistress of the berth of one-official was removed, displaying the flattened remains of a sneak-thief. Viewed from above, his proportions were immense; laterally surveyed, he amounted to very little. It appeared that before getting into bed the railroader had observed an unhealthy swelling in the middle, and, both for exercise and comfort, had sat violently down upon it to repress the protuberance, with the dismal result narrated. There could be no doubt in the sneak thief's mind that he was the victim of a heavy stockholder.—Chicago Tribune.

People who are fond of clenching an argument against Catholicism (and there are many) by declaring that the records of commitments for crime show that the great majority of them were committed by Irishmen, and therefore, presumably, by Catholics, might profitably reflect on the following bit of testimony given in the inquest into the case of the Bay Ridge burglars. It is Mr. George Bergen who speaks: "I asked him what his name was; Douglas replied some Irish name, and then stopped and said, 'Men I want to see, my name is Joseph Douglas; the others man's name is William Mosher.'" But as the burglars and ruffians who are not in articulo, they hide their own shame by assuming false names and, is well-known, fall the prisons with Irishmen who never saw the Green Isle, and whose speech was never made mellow by her brogue.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

A tall youthful looking countryman paid his first visit to Baltimore a few days ago, and invited a lady acquaintance to visit a theatre with him. The lady accepted the invitation, and the young man, following the crowd, walked up to the ticket office, and laid a fifty-cent note for his ticket, and turning to his companion said to her, "The price is fifty cents." The lady happened to have her portemonnaie with her, and appreciating the situation, drew from it a fifty-cent note, and her gallant companion passed it in with his money, and obtaining two tickets, handed one of them to her, which she quietly accepted, and passed in after her rural beau. A man about two-thirds drunk, and his back covered with mud, stopped a policeman on the street and asked to be looked up. "Why, you are able to walk home; aren't you?" asked the officer. "Yes, I could go home all right, but I don't want to; and you wouldn't if you had my wife." Takes me down, ole feller, and if she comes inquiring 'round, just say I'm gone to Toledo on important business." Detroit Free Press. The burglar in articulo said to his companion, "I paid you three dollars for my breakfast and I rather calculated on the value of my money." "You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot!" the abashed driver said. "Up!—up!—up!"

There were sixteen ladies in the room, and a man who looked around and watched them says that every single one dropped her eyes, puckered up her mouth, and tried to look lovelier, including two women who were 70 years old.—Brooklyn Argus.

Mrs. Livermore's blood boils and her spine rises when she comes to this part of her lecture: "Among the Brahmins in Southern India when the husband takes a wife he binds around her neck the badge of ownership, as you bind your badge of ownership about the neck of your Spitzbergen dog. She cooks her husband's food stands behind and serves him, and when he has finished his meal she eats what he has left, if he leaves anything, and if not she gets along the best way she can."

A young lady in Paris, Ky., remarked to a companion in conversation the other day that she would never paint her cheeks again before attending a funeral. "Why not?" asked her friend. "Because," replied the young lady, "I was painted up when I attended a funeral last summer, and never wanted to cry so bad in my life, and was getting my handkerchief ready, when, glancing around at—, I saw that coarse, yellow skin of hers through the tear tracks, and it looked horrible. I never had such hard work to hold in my tears since I was born. I'm done painting for funerals."

A SABLE SWAGER.—The pursuit of knowledge must be under difficulties in Grauville County, N. C., where says a correspondent of The New York Tribune: "One of the School Commissioners is a colored man, and has a rather singular way of distinguishing the color of the children who may be entitled to school privileges. Being unable to read or write, he makes a straight mark for the white children and for the negroes he makes a cross. We have three School Commissioners in this township, all negroes, and neither of them able to read or write."

The convicts in Auburn State Prison have again attempted to burn the buildings. This time the fire originated in the collar shop.

A Williamsburg man woke his wife the other night, and in a startled tone of voice, informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine. "Well, you fool," said she, "lie still, or it may come up."

HOW ZEKE PARSONS GOT HIS BREAKFAST.

Some forty years ago, before railroads were invented, and when the people out west were not very flush of money, there was a tavern on the Great National road in Ohio, where the stage passengers from Wheeling breakfasted. The landlord of the inn was noted for his parsimony, it being generally known and discussed by travellers that it was difficult to get a full meal there because of the somewhat curious coincidence that the stage was always ready, and the driver blowing his horn, before the passengers had time to partake of even a moderate share of the good things set before them.

One pleasant June morning, the stage left Wheeling as usual at four o'clock for Columbus; and some gentlemen, who had travelled the route, soon began to talk of the probability of getting a full morning meal at the tavern in question. A Vermont horse-dealer—Ezekiel Parsons—joined in the conversation, saying, that he'd be darn'd if any Hooster could chisel him out of his breakfast.

"But he'll make you pay 37 cents before you sit down to the table," suggested a passenger. "Waal, I don't object to paying for my grub—that's all fair enough—but, when the shot is paid, I guess I'll have the value of my money—you see if I don't."

The passengers were all anxious to see, and they did not have to wait long. "Breakfast is nearly ready gentlemen," said the obsequious landlord, as the stage drove up to the door. "You will have time to take a wash, and then you will please pay at the bar before sitting down to save time. The stage will wait twenty-five minutes."

The ablutions were promptly made, and each man paid his 37 cents; but the breakfast was not announced until a few moments of the time appointed to start.

The passengers sat down to their meal, but had scarcely tasted the coffee when they heard the unwelcome sound of the driver's horn and the announcement—"Stage starts in three minutes, gentlemen."

Whereupon eight grumbling passengers hastened to bolt a few mouthfuls, and gulph down the remainder of their first cups of coffee.

"Stage ready?—time up?—all aboard?" sung out the driver; and the aforesaid eight hastened to resume their seats in the vehicle. Not so the Yankee horse-dealer, who was at that moment discussing the merits of a siroilo steak about the size of his two hands.

"You'll be left, sir—the stage is about to start—it runs here upon the exact time," said the landlord to Ezekiel.

"Waal, I hain't got breakfast; and if the stage runs on time, let her run; I rather guess I shall have the value of my 37 cents before I leave the table."

In a moment more the stage did start, but without Ezekiel, who continued his attack upon the edibles, biscuits, coffee, cakes, &c., &c., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astounded landlord.

"I say, squire," said he, "these cakes are about eat, and I guess I'll take another grip of 'em. And while they're cooking on 'em I'll eat a couple of them biled eggs, and a piece of the ham. Raise your own pork, squire? This was a 'mazin' nice ham. Will you let your gal here pour me out another cup of coffee. Land is tolerable cheap round here, I s'pose, for I see there ain't much growth of heavy timber. Dewin' pretty good trade, I guess, ain't you, squire?"—and thus Ezekiel kept questioning my host until he had made a hearty meal.

"As I've got a long way to ride before dinner," continued the horse-dealer, "perhaps you'll let your gal get me a bowl of milk; for I'd like some bread and milk to top off with."

The milk was speedily placed before the hungry guest, who thereupon called for a spoon, but no spoon could be found. The waiter girl said she had certainly put on six silver table spoons when she set the table, and as they were gone, somebody must have stolen them. The landlord looked hard at the Yankee.

"Oh, squire, I've had a first-rate breakfast, and been too well treated to be mean enough to steal your spoons.—but I can't say as much for all of us. There was one chap at the table who, now I think on't, called several times to have a spoon handed to him. When he got up I noticed that he was awfully riled and anxious about something or other."

"And do you really think that he took the spoons?" asked the anxious publican.

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin," replied the Yankee. "If they're all as green as you are, round here, I'll come and locate at once, fur I'd be certain to make my fortune."

The landlord rushed out to the stable, and started out a man on horseback to overtake the stage. In about three-quarters of an hour it was driven up to the door again, when Ezekiel prepared to take his seat.

"Will you please, point out the man who you think has taken those spoons?" whispered the innkeeper.

"Point him out, sartinly, I will!" The horse-dealer thereupon goes out and opens the stage door, putting one foot on the step, he turns to the landlord and says—

"I say, squire, I paid you three dollars for my breakfast and I rather calculated on the value of my money." "You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot!" the abashed driver said. "Up!—up!—up!"