The Waterford Daily Mail.

AND DAILY TELEGRAPH SHEET.

VOL XLVII. THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1871. PRICE—ONE PENNY.

Sailings.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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From WATERFORD to BELFAST via Cork—FRIDAYS, 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th September.

From CORK to BELFAST Direct—SATURDAYS, 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th September.

BELFAST to CORK and WATERFORD, via Glasgow—MONDAYS, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th September, and 2nd Oct.

From CORK to DUBLIN via Waterford—MONDAYS, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th September, and 2nd Oct.

From WATERFORD to DUBLIN Direct—TUESDAYS, 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th September, and 3rd Oct.

From DUBLIN to CORK and WATERFORD via Glasgow—WEDNESDAYS, 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th September, and 4th Oct.

FROM CORK TO

Glasgow (direct)	Thurs	31st Aug,	4 p.m
Glasgow (via Belfast)	Satur	2d Sept	5 p.m
Glasgow (via Waterford & Dublin)	Mon	4th ,,	5 p.m
Glasgow (direct)	Thurs	7th ,,	8 p.m
Glasgow (via Belfast)	Satur	9th ,,	9 p.m
Glasgow (via Waterford & Dublin)	Mon	11th ,,	2 p.m
Glasgow (direct)	Thurs	14th ,,	3 p.m
Glasgow (via Belfast)	Satur	16th ,,	5 p.m
Glasgow (via Waterford & Dublin)	Mon	18th ,,	5 p.m
Glasgow (direct)	Thurs	21st ,,	7 p.m
Glasgow (via Belfast)	Satur	23rd ,,	8 p.m
Glasgow (via Waterford & Dublin)	Mon	25th ,,	2 p.m
Glasgow (direct)	Thurs	28th ,,	4 p.m
Glasgow (via Belfast)	Satur	30th ,,	5 p.m
Glasgow (via Waterford & Dublin)	Mon	2nd Oct.	5 p.m

FROM WATERFORD TO

Cork & Glasgow	Wednesday	30th Aug,	1 p.m
Cork, Belfast, & Glasgow	Friday	1st Sept,	1 p.m
Dublin & Glasgow	Tuesday	5th ,,	1 p.m
Cork & Glasgow	Wednesday	6th ,,	1 p.m
Cork, Belfast, & Glasgow	Friday	8th ,,	1 p.m
Dublin & Glasgow	Tuesday	12th ,,	1 p.m
Cork & Glasgow	Wednesday	13th ,,	1 p.m
Cork, Belfast, & Glasgow	Friday	15th ,,	1 p.m
Dublin & Glasgow	Tuesday	19th ,,	1 p.m
Cork & Glasgow	Wednesday	20th ,,	1 p.m
Cork, Belfast, & Glasgow	Friday	22nd ,,	1 p.m
Dublin & Glasgow	Tuesday	26th ,,	1 p.m
Cork & Glasgow	Wednesday	27th ,,	1 p.m
Cork, Belfast, & Glasgow	Friday	29th ,,	1 p.m
Dublin & Glasgow	Tuesday	3rd Oct,	1 p.m

FARES:

	Cabin:	Deck
Glasgow to Waterford or Cork ...	17s 6d	10s
Cork and Waterford to Belfast ...	17s 6d	10s
Cork to Waterford	8s 0d	4s
Cork and Waterford to Dublin ...	10s 0d	6s

Return Tickets, available for One Month, not Transferable:—

Glasgow to Cork or Waterford ...	Cabin,	25s
Waterford to Cork	—	12s 6d

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Glasgow, 1871.

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"Dated this 9th day of March, 1866.

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"Sir WM. FERGUSSON, Bart, F.R.S.
"Sir J RANALD MARTIN, F.R.C.S.

And also recommended by—

"Sir DUNCAN GIBB, Bart, M.D, L.L.D.
"T H TANNER, M.D, F.S.C.
"J RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D, F.R.C.P.
"G B RADCLIFFE, M.D, F.R.C.P, F.R.S
"A CLARK, M.D, F.R.C.P.
&c, &c.
"Dr SMYTH, of Londonderry.
"Dr CURTIN.
"Dr G W POWELL.
"Dr SANDHAM."

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Neuralgia	Constipation	Nervous Debility
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Liver Complaints	Sluggish Circulation	
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ON and from above date and every Sunday thereafter, until further notice, an Excursion Train will leave Limerick Junction Station at 6.30 a.m., arriving at Waterford 10.30 a.m.

From Limerick Junct.	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class
and Stations up to Caher inclusive (for Waterford)	s d 6 0	s d 4 0	s d 3 0
,, Clonmel (for Wat'f'd)	5 0	3 0	2 4
,, Kilsheelan and Stations up to Grange inclusive (for Waterford) and to and from any intermediate Stopping Stations	AT SINGLE FARES.		

For Double Journey.

Excursionists to return by the 8.30 p.m. Up Mail Train same evening. For further particulars see Company's Time and Fare Tables.

N.B.—On no account will an extension of time be granted or money returned for Tickets lost.

(By Order)
THOMAS AINSWORTH, Superintendent.
Limerick Terminus, May 20th, 1871. (9582)

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For times at intermediate Stations see Small Time Tables.

FARES:		1st Class.	Covered Carriages
Maryborough, Abbeyleix, Attanagh, and Ballyraggett	To Kilkenny and back	3s 0d	2s 0d
De. do.	To Waterford and back	5s 0d	3s 0d
Kilkenny & Bennetsbridge	To Waterford and back	4s 6d	2s 6d
Thomastown and Ballyhale	To Waterford and back	3s 0d	2s 0d
Mullinavat and Kilmacow	To Waterford and back	1s 6d	1s 0d

These Tickets are not Transferable, and do not entitle the holders to alight at any other Stations than those to which they are booked.

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Head Offices, Waterford Terminus,
July 31st, 1871. (9316)

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Births, Marriages & Deaths

The announcements of births, deaths, and marriages, to insure publication, must be properly authenticated and paid for at the following rates:—Marriages 2s. 6d.; Births and Deaths 1s., for each announcement.

BIRTHS.

Sept 3, at Green Park, county Limerick, the wife of James Murphy, Esq, Q C, of a daughter.

Sept 3, at Albemarle street, London, the Hon Mrs Egerton, of a daughter.

August 21, at George street Edinburgh, Lady Elma Thurlow, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept 5, in St Catherine's Church, by the Rev W G Carroll, M A, Mr Alfred Killingly, of St Vincent street, to Elizabeth Curtis, daughter of Mr Edward Curtis, of Peter street.

DEATHS.

Sept 3, at her residence, 6 Beresford street, Susan, widow of the late Robert Leckey, Esq.

August 31, at Oban, Scotland, Catherine Frances, relict of the late Thomas Knox Armstrong, Esq.

Shipping.

PORT OF WATERFORD.

ARRIVED.

Sept 6—Margaret Jane, Cardiff; South of Ireland, Milford; Active, Cardiff; Malcolm, Neath.

SAILED.

Sept 6—Great Western, Milford; Guimbrad, Glasgow.

The Markets.

WATERFORD.

CORN REPORT—Sept 6.

(SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THIS PAPER.

			Unprepared. s. d.	s. d.	Prepared & Foreign s. d.	s. d.
Wheat,	White Mill,	₩ 20 stones	28 6	28 9		
do.	Red do	do.	26 0	28 0	32 0	32 6
do.	Shipping	do.	—	—		
do.	Taganrog	Ghirka do.			27 6	28 0
do.	Odessa	do.			28 0	28 6
do.	Mariano	oli			27 6	28 6
do.	Nicolaieff	do.			29 0	29 6
do.	American	do.			30 0	—
Barley,	Grinding	lb 16 stones	14 6	15 0	17 0	—
do.	Malting	do.	15 6	17 0	20 0	—
Oats,	White	₩ 14 stones	13 6	13 9	17 6	18 0
do.	Tawtey, new	do.	11 6	12 3	—	—
do.	Black, new	do.	11 3	11 6	13 3	13 6
Flour.	Extras superfines,	₩ sack			39 0	40 0
do.	Superfines,	do.			42 0	42
do.	Fines and Seconds,	do.			33 0	36 0
do.	Thirds	do.			23 0	26
Indian Corn,	Odessa and Galatz,	₩ 21 stone			19 0	19 6
do.	Ibrail and Foxonian,	do.			17 0	18 0
do.	American	do.			—	—
do.	French	do.			—	—
Indian Meal,		₩ sack			—	—
Culm,		₩ cwt.			15 0	16 0
Bran and Pollard,		per bu.			8 0	—

BACON AND PIGS.

Bacon Pigs,	₩ stone	59 0	60 0	Chandler's Lard	0	0	00	0
Steak Offal,	do.	52 0	54 0	Keg Lard,	00	0	00	
Heads,	do.	36 0	38 0	Bladder Lard	0	0	0	0
Feet,	do,	11 0	12 0					

WATERFORD MARKETS—Sept 6.

Butter—Number of firkins in market, 215. Price per cwt, 115s to 119s.

Hay (old) 75s to 84s; new, 50s to 65s 0d; wheaten straw, 50s to 00s; oaten ditto, 50s to 55s.

DUBLIN CORN MARKET—Tuesday.

There was more firmness at market to-day, and a general disposition to do business. We had no large supplies of new grain, which moved off rather freely, but without any increase in price. Old native grain neglected, except oats, of which there were limited sales. Foreign wheat in good demand at the full value of last market. Maize unchanged. Flour quiet.

CURRENT PRICES:

White wheat per barrel		Flour (Irish) per sack	19s 0d to 20s 0d
home-grown	31s 0d to 00 0d	Do (foreign)	18s 0d to 19s 0d
Red do	28s 0d to 00s 0d	Do (firsts)	17s 0d to 18s 0d
Foreign do	00s 0d to 00s 0d	Do (seconds)	15s 0d to 16s 0d
Grinding barley		Indian-corn per qr	33s 0d to 40s 0d
	00s 0d to 0s 0d	Indian meal	10s 0d to 1 s 6d
Malting do	00s 0d to 00s 0d	Malt	29s 6d to 33s 6d
Beans	14s 0d to 15s 0d	Pollard	7s 6d to 8s 0d
Rape	32s 0d to 35s 0d	Bran	8s 0d to 8s 6d
Oats	14s 6d to 16s 0d	Rye	00s 0d to 16s 0d
Oatmeal per cwt	16s 0d to 16s 6d	Feed'g cake	00s 0d to 00s 0d

KILKENNY MARKETS—Tuesday.

There is yet nothing like a supply of grain to market, and quotations as before given. The other market departments points nothing worth specially noting.

	s	d	s	d		s	d	s	d
Wheat barrel	28	0	00	0	Flour, seconds	39	0	41	0
Barley do	—	0	—	0	Inferior do	29	0	32	0
Oats do	10	9	11	0	Thirds do	27	0	29	0
Do black	—		—	0	Butter cwt	111	0	117	0
Oatmeal, cwt	15	0	16	0	Potatoes st	00	5	00	6
Bran do	0	0	0	0	Beef per lb	0	6½	0	9
Hay per do	2	0	2	7	Mutton do	0	7	0	8½
Straw do	2	0	2	10	Veal do	0	7	0	8

CORK BUTTER MARKET—Sept 5.

Ordinary: Firsts, 119s; seconds, 112s; thirds, 100s; fourths, 88s; fifths, 85s; sixths, 56s. Mild cured—Firsts, 124s; seconds, 118s; thirds, 107s. In the market, 1,530 firkins.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET.—Tuesday.

There was a numerous attendance of country buyers, and the transactions in wheat were to a good extent, sellers obtaining an advance of 1d to 2d per cental on last Tuesday's rates. Flour fully as dear, with a more free inquiry. Beans obtained rather more money, but peas were 6d per qr cheaper. Oats and oatmeal dull, without change. Indian corn recovered the decline of Friday, and the demand was large at the rates of this day week.

LONDON PRODUCE MARKET—Tuesday.

Sugar: Market quiet for raw descriptions; refined dull, but unaltered. Coffee firm. Te. —a fair business doing in new season's, at full rates. Rice very quiet. Saltpetre steady. Cotton dull. Tallow, 44s on the spot; 45s for October and December.

LONDON WOOL MARKET.—Tuesday.

There has been less animation in the wool market; the tone, however, is healthy, and a fair demand is experidnced for choice hog ets and wedders; prices continue firm. Fleeces—Southdown hoggets, 1s 8d to 1s 9d per lb; Kents, 1s 8½d to 1s 9½d; Southdown ewes and wedders, 1s 7d to 1s 8d; Leicester ditto, 1s 6d to 1s 7d.

SALFORD CATTLE MARKET—Tuesday.

The supply of beasts was larger than for some weeks past, and of excellent quality. Large attendance of buyers, and trade ruled steady, but sellers had to submit to a reduction of fully ½d per lb for secondary and inferior. In sheep and lambs a fair trade was done, and the prices of last market day maintained; inferior lots neglected. Beasts 6d to 8½d; English sheep 8½d to 9¾; lambs 9d to 10½d.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the sentiments of his Correspondents.

*** Letters addressed to the Editor must be accompanied by the signature of the Writer, which will not be published except with the Author's consent.

It is particularly requested that all letters containing Advertisements, Communications, &c, will be addressed 'To the Editor,' and not to anyone by name.

THE WATERFORD MAIL. VINCIT VERITAS.

WATERFORD THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1871.

HER MAJESTY, &c.

BALMORAL, SATURDAY.—The Queen drove out, accompanied in the afternoon, by Prince Beatrice. The Rev Dr Watson has arrived at Balmoral.

The Earl and Countess of Ashburnham arrived at Ashburnhouse House, Dover-street on Monday, from Ashburnham Place, Battle, Sussex, on their way to Scotland.

His Excellency Count and Countess Renard, accompanied by Baron Ischirsky and Baron Thielmann have left Maurigy's Hotel, for Baden-Baden.

The visit of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne to Kintyre, which, as at first announced, was to have taken place on September 9, has been postponed. It probably will be made at the latter end of the month.

HOME RULE.

THE LIMERICK ELECTION.

THERE can hardly be a more striking example of the spread of Home Rule ideas than that shewn in the pending election for the city of Limerick. The Attorney-General himself, a native of the City of the Treaty, and the representative of the views of government and the continuance of the present system, has retired from the contest, finding it hopeless. Three of the candidates, ISAAC BUTT, Q.C, not inaptly styled the father of the Home Rule movement; Sir Peter Tait, a domesticated Scotchman, and a large employer, and Mr James Spaight, a local Conservative, all avow themselves in favour of Home Rule; so that the choice between them becomes a matter of person more than of principle. The only gentleman who seeks the suffrages upon the principle of supporting the present government is Colonel Smyth Vereker, a gentleman of a family invariably Conservative, and who bases his hope of election upon the support of the Catholic clergy. One of the correspondents of the Dublin press says that has been accorded to him, but another states that those very influential gentlemen have, in reply to a deputation of the citizens, announced their determination to be wholly neutral.

Mr BUTT was at one time of the opinion that he could render a better support to the movement by remaining out of Parliament. That opinion he has seen reason to change; and we therefore sincerely hope that the people of Limerick will elect him to the position in which he thinks he can best serve his country, for which he has made many sacrifices.

☞ Since the above was in type we learn that Sir Peter Tait, Mr Spaight, and Col Vereker, have retired from the contest. There is, therefore, every probability that Mr BUTT will be returned unopposed.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

THE French Assembly has contrived, after two sittings of violence unparalleled even in that stormy collection of old gentlemen, to find a settlement for the political difficulty. Unfortunately the settlement is no better, if it be not worse, than the uncertainty and trouble it is meant to dispose of. It is a flimsy expedient which has aroused the angry passions of one party without in any way contributing to the security of the other. The wrath of the Radicals has been kindled by the assertion in the preamble of the Bill just passed that the Assembly is Constituent—the advanced politicians holding that a body elected to make peace ought not to attempt to form a Constitution, but should leave that great work to a Chamber chosen expressly for the purpose. Beyond this kindling of wrath the bill effects no purpose whatever. It gives M. Thiers the title of President of the French Republic, and declares that he shall continue in power as long as the Assembly endures. But nothing of this kind was required. M. Thiers needed no fresh name. He is a rose that will smell equally sweet whether he is called Chief of the Executive Power, the title he has held during the last six months, or President of the Republic. Nor was it necessary to declare that he shall remain in office until the Assembly dissolves, for it long ago became clear that the Chamber dare not dismiss him. In no respect is the incompetence of this wretched body more glaringly apparent than in its inability to get rid of a man with whom the majority have scarcely anything in common. The Monarchists of the Right can storm, silence the Left, pass all kinds of negative resolutions; but when the necessity for action arrives a change of M. Thiers's official title is all that can be achieved. Intrigues have been set on foot this week to make the Duc d'Aumale President, instead of M. Thiers; but the Count de Chambord interfered. A similar fate befell the project of elevating General Changarnier to the highest post; and a very good thing it is for the veteran General that he has not been hoisted to a height which would only have given prominence to his inadequacy. So it has ever been. The majority does not agree with the policy of the present Government; yet it has no policy of its own.

The issue between M. Thiers and the deputies may be summed up in the one word—incompatibility. The remedy to which we in England apply when the legislative majority is at variance with the Executive is needed in France more than it ever was here. Mr Disraeli was the English statesman who best succeeded in governing with a minority; but he did not last long, and he would not have remained Prime Minister a week if he had been compelled to face any of the questions which arise almost daily in France. To give M. Thiers a new title, and call that a settlement, is a piece of solemn trifling for which the Assembly will some day be called to a tremendous reckoning. Day by day accumulate the forces that prepare the "coup" whereby this representative body will be swept out of existence. Another revolution is neither desirable nor certain of accomplishment. We only say that it is the natural outcome of the kind of government carried on in France. In that country certain causes have never yet failed to produce certain effects; and if this war of parties be not terminated by violent means, the issue will be an exceptional one, and will be produced by exceptional agencies which we cannot at present foresee. M Thiers's dexterity will not be always successful. The resource of skilfully playing off one side against the other must fail at length. In some matters of policy M Thiers has the support of most Englishmen, in others the majority of the Assembly are decidedly in the right, but rarely are the two parties agreed, and it is obvious that a final deadlock is only a question of time. In passing this bill the Assembly has imitated the example of the ostrich that hides its head in the sand when the hunters approach. By refusing to face the real difficulty it has placed itself beyond hope, and compromised the pacific future of the country.

THE NEW MINISTERS IN VICTORIA.

The arrival of the Australian mail brings us full particulars of the accession to the office of new Ministry in Victoria. The McCulloch Administration resigned on the defeat of its proposal to impose a tax of 6d in the pound on the rateable value of all landed property. Mr Duffy, the head of the new Cabinet, is not a popular man, though his ability is generally acknowledged. He made an indiscreet speech soon after his arrival in the colony, and when in office in 1862 he made a complete failure in the difficult matter of land legislation. After he left office he showed great eagerness to obtain a pension, which created an unfavourable impression. His new Cabinet is not composed of very harmonious materials. There are four Free Traders, and four Protectionists, so this vexed question is not likely to be speedily settled. On education there is also great divergence of opinion; while Mr Grant, who has accepted the post of Minister of Lands, is the colleague of men who attacked him violently when he formerly filled that office. Mr Barry, who was the treasurer of the Macpherson administration, has the same place, and the appointment is severely criticised. The Cabinet is strangly compounded of c verse materials and the 'Melbourne Argus' unhesitatingly pronounces it 'one of the most extraordinary and incongruous that has ever yet held office in Victoria.' A compromise is, however, proposed on the Free Trade question, which may tend to smooth some of the difficulties.

WORKING-CUM-LEARNING.

The difficulty of combining working for wages with attendance at school has appeared insuperable. The problem has, however, been solved in the primary schools of Denmark, and in theis wise:—Danish parents are liable to fine and imprisonment for neglecting to send their children to school, though child-earnings are as welcome to them as to English homekeepers. School is held twice a day—morning and afternoon—for different sets of children. Five hours is the requisite period for attendance. The hours are from eight until one for one set of childre., and from one until six for another, with short intervals for recreation. By this arrangement 2,000 children can be daily taught in a schoolroom fitted for 1,000 and one superintendent is sufficient for both schools, as he is not expected to teach more than eighteen hours a week. The elementary teachers under him teach 36 hours a week. Besides these there are visiting teachers for "extras," as we should call them, as gymnastics, singing. The obvious economy of this plan of making the same machinery do double work, is equalled by the advantage it gives to the wage-earning child. The parent may choose between the morning and afternoon school, according to the nature of the child's work.

MR. MONTGOMERY.

When discussing the probable fate of Mr Walter Montgomery's theatrical enterprise at the Gaiety, we little imagined to what a deplorable catastrophe that failure would lead. Mr Montgomery undertook a series of Shakesperian representations at a theatre whereof the scenery and 'properties' were suitable only for ballet or burlesque, and with a set of actors and actresses who had been accustomed only to play in trifles. It was impossible under such conditions that 'Macbeth' or 'Hamlet' should be able to draw an audience in the hottest month of the year. The attempt was made without proper resources, and was unwise. But Mr Montgomery was a good artist, a painstaking and thorough performer, who can ill be missed at a time when actors of high class plays are so few. Since his first appearance in 1863, he made a progressive reputation, and became a favourite both in the metropolis and in the provinces. In Manchester he was especially welcome. Unfortunately, the qualities that make a good actor are not always those which enable a man to bear disappointment in business. Mr Montgomery was exceptionally depressed by the ill-fortune of his Gaiety undertaking; and there can be no doubt that the verdict "Committed suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind," adequately represents the state of the case.

LIMERICK ELECTION.

Every day strengthens Mr Butt's position as a candidate for the representation of Limerick. Some of the candidates are reported to have resigned, Col. Vereker, who is said to have tendered his vote and influence to Mr Butt, and Mr Spaight. The statement that Mr Spaight had declared for Home Rule principles does not appear to be corroborated. The Attorney-General is in the vicinity at Tervoe, the seat of the Postmaster-General, but he has not taken any public action in connection with his candidature. It is not improbable that in the end Mr. Butt will have a walk over.

SMALL-POX IN WATERFORD.

It will be seen by the report made by Dr. Elliott to the Waterford Board of Guardians that the statement made by the Mayor on the previous day was very incorrect, and that so far from the health of the city being in the satisfactory condition he pictured there are serious grounds for apprehension. The statement made by the Mayer that there was only one case under treatment on the day he spoke is proved to have been incorrect. Dr Elliott says twelve cases were admitted into hospital, and he adds that there were, in his opinion, several other cases that were not treated in the Poor-house Hospital.

THE REPRESENTATION OF LIMERICK.

Tuesday Evening.

Colonel Vereker and James Spaight have this evening officially announced their retirement from the canvass, in consequence of which Mr Isaac Batt will be returned without opposition. The advocates of Home Rule are to celebrate the return by a great public demonstration. It is expected that the writ for the election will be issued on next Monday.

WATERFORD POLICE COURT.

WEDNESDAY.

Before the Mayor and T C Spencer, Esq.

Catherine Conway summoned Mrs Jane Cane for abusing her and calling her a robber, and other defamatory names. The language on both sides was more forcible than polite, and the case was dismissed. The Mayor said if there were any more quarrels between them he would bind them to the peace.

A tinker named Connors was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for disorderly conduct, in default of finding sureties for his future good behaviour.

John Cooke got a week's imprisonment for disorderly conduct, the Mayor cautioning him on his next appearance he would be required to find sureties for his good conduct.

Four or five individuals were also fined for drunkenness.

MUTINY AT SEA.

On Monday the crew of the Racoon, of and from Liverpool to Bombay, when off the Wexford coast, refused to proceed on their voyage, alleging the quality of the food provided for the voyage was not at all suitable for such a long run, nor was the quantity sufficient. The captain, seeing his remonstrances were of no avail, put into Passage, when both parties agreed on abiding by the result of a survey by competent arbitration. It was decided the provisions were unsuiting, and a fresh supply having been procured in Waterford, the vessel proceeded on its course on Tuesday morning.

SANITARY STATE OF THE CITY.

Dr. Wilson complained to the Mayor at the Police Court on Wednesday of a bad smell in some of the lanes near the Infantry Barracks—notably Green's Lane, May Lane, and Newport's Lane. He thought it proceeded from some pig-killing establishment in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Jackman said he thought it was from the filthy state of some of the cabins where pigs were kept the smell emanated.

The Mayor said he would make a visit to the place, when steps would be at once taken to put down any nuisance.

SUPPOSED DROWNING.

A man named Greene belonging to Passage, who has lately returned from America, and has been residing between Passage and Waterford for the last six months, was missed on Tuesday morning. He had last been seen walking along the cliffs, and his hat was found near the brink of a steep, but there was no other clue. It is supposed he had taken a sudden fit (to which he was subject), and fallen into the water. The body has not, however, been recovered.

THE CASE OF CATTLE STEALING.

The man Walsh who sold four cattle, alleged to have belonged to a farmer named Raher, and stolen from him on Monday last, was arrested in Portlaw on Tuesday night. He has been lodged in the county jail at Ballybricken pending further investigation

Holloway's Pills are admirably adopted for curing diseases incidental to females. At various periods of life women are subject to complaints which requires peculiar medicine; and it is now a demonstrable fact that there is none so suitable as Holloway's Pills. For all the debilitating disorders incidental to the sex, and in every contingency perilous to the life and health of woman—youthful or aged, married or single—this great regulater and renovator of the serective organs and the nervous system is an immediate cure. Their purifying qualities render them invalvable to females at all ages. They are searching and cleansing, yet invigorating; a few doses will speedily remove every species of irregularity in the system, and thereby establish health on a sound and firm basis.

BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London." Also, maker of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

The Lords Justices have been pleased to approve of the appointment of Captain the Hon Edward Fitz Edmund Burke Roche and M'Carthy Downing, Esq, M P, to be Deputy Lieutenants for the county Cork, in the room of the late Earl of Bantry and of Capt James Barry, resigned.

LATEST TELEGRAMS

ALLEGED WITHDRAWAL OF COL. VEREKER AND MR SPAIGHH.

Col Vereker and Mr James Spaight having withdrawn their canvass for the representation of Limerick, Mr Butt will, it is expected, be returned without opposition.

FRENCH MILITARY SCHOOL

Bourges will become the military centre of France, and a central arsenal and extensive fortification will be established.

It is stated that the Metz military school will be transferred there. The question of creating a defensive line with Avallon, Chanzy and Auton as principal points is discussed.

EXPLOSION AT WIGAN.

An explosion occurred at the Moss-pits Wigan, on Wednesday morning.

Fifty workers and some sinkers are killed.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

The treaty of commerce between England and Germany will be revised with reduction of duties.

COMMERCIAL—WEDNESDAY.

Consols 93¾.

London corn unchanged.

WATERFORD UNION—WEDNESDAY.

T W JACOB, Esq, in the chair, and subsequently Sir R J PAUL.

Also present—Capt Power, Major O'Gorman, Capt Mansell, Messrs Congreve Rogers, J L Conn, J Clampett, Michael O'Shea, P Veale, M Rockett, Thomas Murphy, C Redmond, M O'Neille, T Duggan, and E Walshe.

SMALL-POX IN THE CITY.

Dr Elliott sent in the following report:—'I think it right to notice to your board that of the last eight cases of small-pox admitted into the hospital seven were brought from Ussher's Arch—two of which came in since the 31st August. There have been twelve cases from the 2nd May.'

Mr Conn asked what was the state of Ussher's Arch.

Ald Jacob said any steps that could had been already taken. It was a nest of disease, and unless the houses were taken down nothing further could be done.

Dr Elliott—I have a suspicion there were cases in it never reported or brought in. They say it was a sailor boy brought it there. He had been in the hospital and left it before he was well, and then took lodgings in the arch.

Mr O'Shea—The Sanitary Committee have been dealing as rigidly as they can with the place.

Ald Jacob—I think we should recommend the clerk to send a copy of this report to the Sanitary Committee of the city.

This was agreed to.

The master in his report drew attention to a mistake in the MAIL, which stated there were nineteen cases of small-pox altogether, while there were but twelve.

THE INQUIRY INTO ROONEY'S CONDUCT.

The Commissioners wrote to say they had received a report from Mr Hamilton, P L I, together with the depositions of Anne Fitzgerald and Mr Rooney, relieving officer, which he took on the 2nd inst, in reference to a statement made at the board of guardians on the 30th ult, that a woman named Anne Fitzgerald had applied for relief to the relieving officer and had been refused, and that consequently she and her child had to pass the night in the street. They enclosed the depositions for the information of the guardians. Mr Rooney's only reason for not attending to the case appears to have been that the woman was a traveller, and the commissioners thought that he should be admonished that it was his duty under the General Regulations Act 51, to receive all applications for relief, and forthwith to examine into the circumstances, and, if the case is one of sudden and urgent necessity to afford provisional relief at once. Had any evil consequences resulted to Anne Fitzgerald or her child, owing to the relieving officer's omission to discharge his duty, in regard to them, he would have incurred a very serious responsibility, and the commissioners thought it right to state any repetition of such conduct would be regarded as evidence that he was not a fit person to be allowed to retain the important office of relieving officer.

Capt Power said Capt Hamilton never consulted the board on the matter. He took it entirely on himself to submit it to the Commissioners.

Certificates were read from Drs Jackman and Cavet that Rooney is at present unfit for public duty.

It was agreed that a copy of the commissioners letter should be sent to Mr Rooney.

Ald Jacob said he was an officer who had always given great satisfaction.

THE CROWE AFFAIR.

Mr Pallis wrote asking for Capt Crowe's letter relative to the late prosecution for non-vaccination in order that he might give a reply as requested by the board.

Mr O'Shea thought Mr Pallis was trifling with the board. Last week he had in effect altogether denied the authority of the board.

Captain Power—The question is—has Pallas done his duty or exceeded it. He cannot give a reply until he knows the exact nature of the complaint.

Ald Jacob suggested the clerk should send Pallas in writing the exact nature of Captain Crowe's complaint.

Major O'Gorman said when once a person was returned as not having got his child vaccinated, he should be prosecuted without any further notification If the board attended to this in the strictest manner there would be no possibility of the present dispute arising. But some people were let off which, though seemingly a merciful proceeding, was really one of tyranny to the people. The law of compulsory vaccination was a most beneficent one, and should be attended to, and where people neglected its provisions they should be punished. They were now trying to settle a personal quarrel between Captain Crowe and Mr Pallas, with which the board had nothing to do. Pallas had a most distressing duty to perform. He (Major) thought Pallas had done his duty very well.

Mr Clampett—We should not allow any individual outside to suffer trouble or expense on account of a quarrel with an officer.

The Clerk said a specific question was before put to Mr Pallas—whether he was aware when he summoned Captain Crowe that the child had been vaccinated.

It was finally agreed to ask Mr Pallas to simply answer that question.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The various sanitary officers reported the sanitary state of their respective districts to be satisfactory.

The Commissioners asked the clerk to furnish them with a comparative statement of the poundage under the present system of rating, and what it would be under union rating.

There was a letter from Mrs Hartigan, of Bailey's-new-street, complaining of the conduct of Mr Rooney when she went to him with a child which had been deserted in her house. He told her to 'go and be damned,' and commenced abusing her and calling her husband names, and desired her to go and make an affidavit.

The letter was referred to Mr Rooney foa an explanation.

The board adjourned.

FREE TRADE IN LIQUOR.

There was a time, as we well remember, when it was argued, by no mean or interested authorities, that the best method of reforming the liquor trade was to throw it completely open—in other words, to allow the indefinite and unrestricted multiplication of liquor shops instead of attempting to suppress or forbid them by gradual limitations. The principle advocated was that of Free Trade against Protection. A 'licensed' victualler is to a certain extent a privileged dealer, for he can sell an article in universal demand which nobody else can sell, except by virtue of a licence like his own. Once provided, therefore, with this warrant, perhaps not easily obtainable, he drives a protected trade; and if in the management of his business he does but keep within bounds pretty liberally drawn, he is under little compulsion to consult the views of the public as to the character of his establishment or its influence on the morals of the neighbourhood. That was the opinion advocated twenty years ago, and the conclusion was that Free Trade in liquor would, by the process of competition, lead to better conducted establishments, and a gradual reform, not only of the liquor trade itself, but of those by whose custom it was maintained. From such assumptions, it might certainly be argued that the reduction of public-houses by the withdrawal or refusal of licences could produce no good effect, and might, indeed, be found to operate in a direction exactly the reverse. We are bound to say however, that the experience of twenty years has gone far to prove this conclusion unsound. When a man has once contracted the habits and cravings of a sot, it may be taken for granted that he will find his way by some means or other to the drink he wants; but for one of a publican's customers in that desperate stage there are twenty far less advanced on the road to ruin, and these are the persons whose wishes as well as interests it is desirable to consult. We use the term 'wishes' because, as deserves to be remarked, the argument on the point proceeded from the working classes themselves. It was from their representatives that we first heard the demand for diminished temptation. They declared that the facilities for getting liquor in any quantity were so great as to amount practically to the encouragement of intemperance. A man who might not care to walk half-a-mile to a public-house would turn into one of half-a-dozen placed right in his way. The consumption of drink, as of all other articles, must be increased by bringing it home to every man's door. That was the assertion of those who knew where the shoe pinched, and who asked to be saved from the temptation they experienced. From this point of view the question is very little affected by the case of the confirmed drunkard. The object is not to debar such men from drink—which might, indeed, be almost impracticable—but to save others from the risk of such habits, and to turn away the rising generation from so fatal a course. For such purposes it might matter very much indeed whether 'the public-houses within a given area' were few or many. Once more, too, we must remind our friends the publicans that the object of any modification of the existing system must be to curtail their profits. Whatever words are used or measures devised, to this result we must come at last, unless the whole attempt is to prove a failure. The most justifiable and necessary police regulations would simply, as far as the trade argument is concerned, produce the same effect. If improper characters are excluded from public-houses, if the sale of liquor is forbidden after certain hours, the consequences will be that the custom of those characters and the trade of those hours will be lost to the dealer. If legislation, whatever may be its form, does not restrict the expenditure upon intoxicating drinks, it will simply be a dead letter. If it does so, and according to the measure in which it does so, it will diminish the profits and damage the property of the liquor trade. There are no two ways of looking at the point. Either the vice of intemperance must be left as it is, without an attempt to check it, or the 'property' of licensed victuallers must be exposed to 'confiscation.' We use these hard words because they were used last session, whether justly or unjustly, by the trade itself, and because any effectual interference with the trade, however shaped, must inevitably come to the same thing. If immoderate drinking should be put down by the 'growth of public opinion' as some of the opponents of legislation think, then public opinion, and not an Act of Parliament, would be the instrument of 'confiscation,' and that is all. It is absolutely impossible to protect or advance the morality of the people without doing direct and proportionate injury to the liquor trade. The wish of all thinking persons in this country is that half the money now spent upon drink should be spent upon something better. Unless the new bill does this, or something towards it, it will be of no effect at all, and if it does affect as much it will be open substantially to precisely the same objections on the part of the trade as the bill of 1871. We might go even further, and say that any measures whatever calculated to wean men from public-houses—such as schemes of education, rational pastime or innocent diversion—might be opposed by the liquor dealers, as far as their interests are concerned, with equal justice. As it happens, they have no great faith in the efficacy of such counter attractions. They fear a compulsory law, but they rely with good reason on human infirmities for the support of their trade in default of active legislation on the part of the State. That legislation, however, will some day or other infallibly come, and we only wish the trade would so co-operate with the lawmakers as to preserve all that is good and useful in the business while its noxious influences are destroyed.—*Times*.

The strike of engineers at the firm of Messrs. Walker and Co., Sheffield, in reference to the hour of commencing work, has been amicably settled.

Mr Disraeli has written declining the invitation to the Cutlers' feast at Sheffield, on the ground of previous engagements.

According to the Registrar-General's return, the aggregate mortality is 28 per 1,000. In London the births numbered 2,068, and the deaths 1,485. The deaths from diarrhœa amounted to 353; cholera and choleraic diarrhœa, 20.

Advices received by the "Debats" from Strasbourg state that no fewer than 23,000 persons have left that city to settle in France, Switzerland, and America.

INFALLIBLE ADVICE

Not Out! Not Out! Sent weeks before the Ebor Handicap was run to all our subscribers. We are in possession of the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, and one also at long odds that will get a place. The Doncaster Circular will contain at least 12 winners. Send immediately 14 stamps to H Wilson and Dixon, Turf Herald Office, Hull. Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Circular Keys now ready, 5s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OLD MAIDS.

These old, ancient, antiquated beings belong to the species known as 'biped,' who wants to get married, but cannot.

'They die young whom God and men love best,' therefore old maids never die in their infancy; those whom are not beloved by the latter, generally become old maids, by choice of course, man-traps literally. For rich old bachelors they have a decided partiality, and are often found inquiring after his health (if he's trapped into a marriage his health is left to mind itself), and are extremely anxious about that cold he got the other evening. 'My dear Mr Snubbins, why did you never marry?' and 'Why don't you marry?' I know many ladies (not far away either) whom I am sure would never say 'No!' This with a smirk and a sigh, and a look out of the corner of her eyes to see how the hint is taken. That's the way they're always talking to, and advising *me*.

Old maids don't take to *young* maids at all. They consider themselves to be far more attractive, and far above them; in the latter respect the generality of men must think so too, for they seldom or never ask to reach them down. They always look better at a distance; I like them myself at a distance.

These women, it cannot be denied, are fond of talking, but what woman is not! But as for talking scandal, you know none of the fair sex can do that. When one in their midst happens to get married, or rather forces some lunatic old bachelor to marry her, you may be sure there is great excitement and no little jealousy amongst the rest. One of them, an acquaintance of mine—for the matter of that they are all acquainted with me—came up to me the other day (you must know I'm an old bachelor—not so very old either—and they are very fond of talking to me) and said,

'Oh, Mr Snubbins, did you hear the news?'

'Oh, really, Miss Oldish, I'm delighted to see you; and you're looking perfectly charming (it's well, you know, to be polite to the ladies); but I haven't heard the news.'

'Haven't you? it's really astonishing; it's the talk of the whole country; why it's in everybody's mouth.'

'That it may choke them swallowing it, whatever it is,' was my mental prayer; but with a smiling countenance, I said, 'Dear Miss Oldish, pray enlighten me. I am really in an agony of suspense to know what it is.'

'O dear! I'm almost ashamed to tell you, Mr Snubbins, but that nasty creature Miss Rathbone has actually got married—an old thing like her!'—(She was fully ten years younger than herself.)—'Now, Mr Snubbins, I ask you candidly, isn't it really shameful?'

'Well, now, Miss Oldish, you know I was always a great advocate for marriage, and think that no one should die unmarried.'

'Do you, really, Mr Snubbins. Why, them's my own sentiments, precisely;' and the modest creature blushed scarlet at her impulsiveness. 'I often wondered you never got married: let me advise you to get married at once, and put it off no longer.'

'Indeed, Miss Oldish, I've been thinking so myself lately, and have my affections already placed, but havn't as yet courage to ask the question—the all-important question—which is to decide my future fate and happiness.' Here I looked honey at Miss Oldish.

'O!—Mr Snubbins—I wonder at you; don't be at all shy. If I'm any judge, the person you are going to ask won't say—No! Depend upon it, Mr Snubbins, the best thing you can do is to see her at once, and let her decide.'

'My dear Miss Oldish, I always valued you as a friend, and have well weighed your views about marriage (the dear creature seemed as if she would wish to hear more); allow me, therefore, to offer you, my dear Miss Oldish—a pinch of snuff.'

I havn't been talking to Miss O—— lately.

HORATIO SNUBBINS.

P.S.—I really think she imagined I was going to ask her to marry me: if so, I had her there.—H.S.

ONE OF SOCIETY'S IMPOSTORS.—A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

(BY D. F. H.)

"Sweet reader! you know what a Toady is?—That agreeable animal which you meet every day in civilised society."

Right Hon. B. DISRAELI, M.P

Mr JONAS WHELP is one of the most curious specimens of toadyism I have ever seen. He is bloated with antiquated gentility and bursting with presumptuous conceit. Behold him as he struts along the village, bobbing his head, and swinging his arms like a windmill! See how youthfully he whistles, as if to inspire the fairer portion of creation with the idea that he has not yet assumed the 'sear and yellow leaf'—that his hair is only prematurely grey, and that 'his big manly voice' is not 'turning again toward childish treble.' Watch how he shakes his tail like a superannuated peacock, and looks about him slily with his uninjured eye, as if to make you believe that he only 'kept one eye open' in the worldly-wise style, instead of having but one useful eye in the world! And now see how he stops to talk to a Justice of the Peace who lives in the neighbourhood—one of those proverbial gentlemen who delight in the servility of the *sans culotts*, but who cannot extract anything, save scorn and contempt from men of ability and independence. Mr Jonas Whelp is a toady to all gentlemen, because he is a human ape, always striving to act the gentleman, but always miserably failing. And now, as he meets the inflated J.P. he lifts his cap from his grizzled head, and, with a smirk that would do credit to Iago, he says, 'Good day, sir! Beautiful day, sir! How do do, sir? Going fishing to-day, sir—eh?' This much he speaks *viva voce*, but he intends the magistrate to imagine that the following condition is understood:—'Oh! sir, if you really are going to fish, bring me with you and I'll serve you like a dog!' Then, seeing that our proverbial gentleman is not going to catch some of the slimy 'monsters of the deep,' Mr Jonas makes a profound salute and continues to saunter along once more, pretending to be something and yet (thank heaven!) never raising his vain old crannium above the sluggish mire of of nothingness.

By-and-by, you may observe this singularly self-important individual, with fishing-rod on shoulder, and accompanied by a few young sprouts of gentility, marching along the sea-beach, where the boisterous waves of the Atlantic rush on tumultuously. Listen to his pompous conversation—his bombastic bathos—his intolerable egotism—his odious personality. What long-winded stories he tells of dinner parties, and duels and horse-whippings, in which he himself is the spirit of the scene—the matchless and undaunted gentleman—the upholder of every true principle of honour—the invincible hero—the sterling gold without the least alloy—the engrossing topic of conversation—the subject of incessant praise! How far he soars above the failings and littleness of the poor, and becomes a monarch amongst men—a priceless gem buried in the ocean of humanity!

And afterwards, when the shades of 'sable night' are enveloping the earth, he may be seen talking to some worthies of the locality, roaring out illogical arguments with furious gestures—an unintelligible demagogue inspired by stupid vanity and pretentious ignorance!

And thus, this man of infinite gab and hollow impudence, goes on from day to day, clinging to the skirts of the gentry, worshipping their money imitating their airs, improving upon their faults, and yet the meanest tool in their hands.

He is a vampire, both to respectable men and respectable women. He would fain be making love to all the young ladies with whom he comes in contact; and I am positively assured that he had the extreme audacity to kneel down to a handsome girl *in her father's house* and offer her his heart and hand. His heart!—as if it were not entirely devoted to quackery. His hand! as if its possessor were not an unprincipled knave.

My friends, ought we not bless Providence for instilling into our hearts some genuine feeling that raises us above this fawning minion, whose highest ambition is to attract the notice of the great—this swaggering donkey, who tries to crawl into the favour of those who are in power, and strives to crush the honourable independence of the poor; but who, notwithstanding all the arts and meanness of his nature, can never be anything except the clumsiest of impostors, the spawn of gentility, and the scorn of all honest men?

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR FARMER.

This is the heading of an article in a contemporary. It is written by a gentleman whose initials are 'J.W.,' and who, at the commencement of his article, declares that he has been placed under very fortunate circumstances, in so far that he is in a situation where he has 'constant supply of manure in quantity comparatively unlimited.' He also says, that 'it must be poor farmer indeed who cannot raise crops of all kinds successfully, and have a considerable margin to himself after paying all upon 20s in the pound.'

We give practical farmers the opportunity of judging of the amateur's experiences. He says:—

'I have this season 1200 tons of town dung, the most of which I have used for growing cabbages, mangolds, and turnips. So convinced am I of the good qualities of this kind of manure, that on twelve acres of green crop I have not given it the slightest assistance in the way of artificials. As a top dressing for pastures it is unrivalled, and this for a two fold reason—First, in its excellent fertilizating properties; and, second, in its being in such a state of comminution, it is brought into contact with the roots of the grasses whenever it gets a shower of rain, the good qualities of the manure coming thus into operation without the slightest delay. I have given up growing corn, finding roots and grasses to pay far the best. I have received over seven pounds per acre for the seeds on a field, the soil of which is naturally poor and open, the crop cut and carted off early in the season, long before the rye-grass was in flower, thus rendering the aftergrass especially valuable. From the continuously high feeding of the land, the grass becomes capable of being fed decidedly earlier every season, and this with climatic advantages of no small amount. This season I put my cows on excellent pasture on the 8th of April, a most unusual thing in this district, on which account I had many visitors to judge for themselves whether the cattle really had anything to eat, few people about here ever thinking of doing anything in the way of improving their pastures. On 22 acres I have 20 cows and seven horses, and they have always plenty to eat. In addition to the grass, I give every cow 5lb of meal and cake. To vary the diet I would be disposed to give a small feed of grains, but my cows have actually turned against this article of food, probably from continual high feeding. I find rapecake very difficult to be had of good quality, and in consequence, linseed, although dearer by the ton, becomes actually the cheaper of the two in the end, as there is no waste, and no accident following its use. Inferior rape-cake is of a very heating quality, inducing swelled legs and other injurious consequences in the cattle partaking of it. I had no less than five cows at one time so lame as to be scarcely able to go out and in, bad rape-cake being undoubtedly the cause of the injury, as they recovered immediately on the cake being withdrawn.

'My stock of dairy cows is at present twenty, their united produce amounting to 240 quarts daily. For high feeding, I find cows on their fourth calf to suit much the best, the profit being considerably over that made by younger cattle, and this for several reasons. They are, first of all, just in their prime for milk, and give a large flow for a very long time when the food is succulent, rich, and abundant. Second reason, they finish off for the butcher to much greater weights than younger cows, and yet are not past the age when the price per cwt would be lessened on account of deterioration of quality. It is astonishing how long a cow will continue to milk profitably if well fed and not permitted to get in calf. I have a cow which I purchased twelve months ago for £21, and her daily produce, measured by itself, is still over the average of the whole. My experience of cow-keeping is, that where there is a ready market for the milk at a high price, it does not pay to take the slightest trouble in rearing young cattle; purchasing heavy cows in their prime, however high the figure, being far the most profitable, and, moreover, one's labour and energies are concentrated on one object—a great help to success in any business. I may remark, further, however, that these will not make much money, either if their feeding is grudged or in any way curtailed; they must be kept constantly full, and the appetite even tempted by a change of food. The constant high feeding thickens the flesh so much that the animals change completely in character and appearance, eventually becoming so weighty that they bring up to £10 more when parted with than they cost when bought in. This goes a long way in helping the profit of cow-keeping, paying a considerable part, if not at times actually the whole of the purchased food. In no case is a loss on the first cost admissible, unless it occurs accidentally, as such management could scarcely fail of of turning out a very bad business indeed. The manure made by highly-fed cattle is a point in aiding success; which should on no account be overlooked, as by its aid immense crops of roots and cabbages can be grown, and that, too, on very poor land naturally. On this account the bedding should not be stinted, as however, good in quality the droppings of the cattle may be, some bulk is required when applied to the land, and even if straw has to be purchased, its value is so great, when soaked with rich urine, as to far more than counterbalance the expense of procuring it.

MEDLEY FROM THE POETS.

The moon was shining silver bright;
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
When Freedom, from the mountain height,
Exclaim'd, 'Now don't be foolish, Joe!'

An hour pass'd on, the Turk awoke,
An humble bee went thundering by,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And spread its pall upon the sky.

His echoing axe the settler swung,
He was a lad of high renown;
And deep the pearly waves among,
Giels Scroggins courted Molly Brown.

Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even;
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And roars the thunder drum of heaven.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
By torch and trumpet fast array'd;
Beneath yon ivy mantled tower,
The bullfrog croaks his serenade.

My love is like the red, red rose,
He bought a ring with posy true;
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
And Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

A Warm Bath Wager.

Smith was a mean, sneaky, vulgar man, who, like all of his tribe, never permitted himself to be out done; he could do whatever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bath-room, and Brown, knowing the other's conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any other man. Thereat Smith fired up and a bet was made. Two bathing-tubs were prepared with six inches of cold water in each. The fellows stripped and, separated by a cloth partition, each got in and let on the water at the word. The wager being who could stay in the longest with the water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith,

'How is it, Brown—pretty warm?'

'Yes,' says the other, 'it's getting almighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute yet.'

'So can I,' answered Smith. 'Scis-s-s!—squash—lightning—it's awful!'

Fifteen seconds, equal to half an hour, by Smith's imaginary watch.

'I say once more—how is it now?'

'Oh, its nearly up to the boilin' pint—oh, oh, Christopher!' answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape-pipe.

By this time Smith was splurging about like a boiled lobster, and called again.

'I s-a-y, over there—how's it now!'

'Hot as a furnace,' replied Brown; 'but when—r-o-s-e-s—Guess I can hold out another minute!'

'The deuce you can!' shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out and bolted through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked.

'You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?'

'Why, I didn't agree to,' said the imperturbable jester; 'Why then in thunder didn't you leave your's out?'

WILD GRAPES.

"I don't know why you aren't willing to give me the situation," said Luke Darley, as he sat on the extremest edge of an uncomfortable hair-cloth covered chair, twisting his hat round and round in two rough, red hands. "I'd do my best to give satisfaction, and mother always said I was a master hand at keeping things straight."

Mrs Allston looked with a sort of appealing dismay at Miss Virginia, her golden haired daughter.

'But,' she hesitated, 'we advertised for a housekeeper——'

'Well, and an't I a housekeeper?' demanded Duke, in an injured tone of voice. While mentally the beau ideal of Mrs Allston's mind rose up, as a contrast to this raw-boned, red-headed country youth, the shadowy impersonation of a genteel, spare female, in black silk, with a lawn chemisette and gold spectacles. Virginia Allston burst out laughing—

'I never heard of such a ridiculous idea in all my life,' she exclaimed. 'Why, of course, you won't suit.

'But why not?' persisted Luke, with an obstinacy that seemed dogged, but was in reality only the despairing clutch of his soul at the last slender straw of hope. 'I'm poor, and I want to earn a decent livin' somehow; and mother always used to say——'

'It is quite immaterial to me what your mother used to say,' sharply interrupted Mrs Allston, looking with growing ire upon the muddy prints which honest Luke's footsteps had left upon the garnet ground of her velvet carpet. 'When I advertised for a housekeeper, I meant a woman. I never thought of a clumsy country bumpkin.'

Luke rose, hurt and mortified.

'I suppose, ma'am,' he said, trying to get the better of a huge lump that would rise chokingly in his throat. 'I'm intruding.'

'Yes, I think you are,' said Mrs Allston cruelly; while Miss Virginia sat by with pitiless blue eyes, and a face as cold and lovely as if it had been chiselled marble.

'Then I'll go.'

He rose and shuffled out of the room, still holding his hat before him, as if with an old, confused sort of notion that it might prove a sort of shield between him and the cruel darts of the world. He was hungry, and could not but see through the glass doors of the adjoining apartments, the damask draped table, spread with preparations for the evening meal, but he had no thought of asking for a crumb from the ample feast. He was faint and weary, and the velvet chairs and blow pillowed sofas invited repose, but he would have stood as long as St. Simon Stylites, ere he would have abandoned himself to their blissful luxury. The sound of contemptuous laughter from the lips of the widow and her daughter followed him into the hall, where purple, and gold and green shadows glimmered from the fan-lights on the mosaic marble floor, as he crept out to the lawn, where the stretche of velvet sward seemed to absorb the mellow September sunshine, and the shrubberies were all live with yellow butterflies. And not until he had reached the rustic log bridge across the noisy, little trout stream, where a gnarled beech-tree made a fantastic fairy circle of shade, did he give way to the violence of his outraged feelings, and sink sobbing on the fresh cool grass, his flushed face buried in his hands.

'Nobody cares for me!' broke out poor Luke. 'Nobody's willin' to help me to live! Oh I don't see why I was ever born!'

There is a sort of romance about a maiden who weeps; a sobbing child is not without its charms, and even silver-haired old age subdued to tears has its majesty of pathos; but an overgrown red-haired boy, with trousers and coat-sleeves too short, and red, coarse hands—really, one could hardly blame Rebecca Wesley for laughing, as she paused, one foot among the ferns and grasses, one poised lightly on the edge of the bridge, and a basket on her arm.

Rebecca had been to look for wild grapes—Aunt Allston was a great character for preserves, when the raw material did not cost her anything but the scratched hands and weary feet of her niece—and was returning with her basket filled with bloomy, purple stores, and her brown tresses blown about into a shining confusion, which all the crimping pins of a 'coiffure' could never hope to rival. She was a slight, hazel-eyed girl of sixteen, with small, exquisite features, and a skin which not even the vertical September sunbeams could render aught but velvet soft.

It was even as we have said. Rebecca burst out laughing, and Luke started up, stung with the keenest mortification. That he should have cried like a great girl was bad enough, but that this outburst of grief should have been witnessed and laughed at by a stranger! Luke Darley could almost have hidden his shame beneath the cool, gurgling waters of the brook, had it been sufficiently deep.

'Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm sure!' cried Rebecca, as she saw, with a woman's quick tact, the mortification she had caused. 'I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Only it was so ridiculous.'

'I dare say it was,' said Luke hastily. 'I am ridiculous, and nobody knows it better'n I do.'

Rebecca stopped and looked him keenly in the face.

'Are you sick?'

'No; but I'm discouraged.'

'Why?'

'You'd only laugh at me again if I was fool enough to tell all my troubles to a stranger,' muttered Luke, steadfastly eyeing the crown of his hat.

'Indeed, indeed I wouldn't,' pleaded Rebecca innocently. 'I'm so sorry I laughed. Please have some grapes!'

And she held out her basket toward him.

Luke Darley was worn and weary; his throat was dry, and his temples throbbing; the cool purple fruit, with its amethyst glitter and bloomy freshness, was food and drink at once, and moreover, Rebecca looked so sweet and pitying that Luke felt she really *was* sorry for him.

'And now,' coaxed the hazel-eyed syren, 'tell us all about it. What's the matter? And how do you happen to be in my Aunt Allston's private grounds? and what's your name? Let's hear the whole story.'

Luke told the story—how he was orphanned and poor; how he had seen and answered Mrs Allston's advertisement for a housekeeper at Beech Glen, and how ruthlessly his hopes had been blighted. Little Rebecca laughed again at this; but somehow her laughter did not jar upon him this time, as it had done before.

'There, said Rebecca, 'I didn't mean to do it again; but you see, I really couldn't help it. *You* a housekeeper! Who ever heard of such thing?'

'Mother was paralytic two years before she died,' said Luke beginning himself to see the incongruous side of the matter, 'and I did all the housework, and took care of the milk, and managed everything.'

'Yes; but it's quite a different thing to be housekeeper at Beech Glen. And men are never housekeepers—only women, and mostly old ones.' 'May be it's so,' said Luke, rolling a tassel of timothy grass round and round in his fingers; 'but I must live somehow. And I've no money left.'

The forlorn words, and the forlorner tone in which they were uttered, brought the soft mist over Rebecca Wisley's Hazel orbs. She put her hand into her pocket and brought out the hoarded lucky penny that had lain there for months.

'It isn't much,' she said, 'but Aunt Allston never gives me much money. But your welcome to it, Luke Darley.'

He drew back.

'I don't want your money.'

'Why not? I would take it from you if our places were changed.'

'Well, then; but it makes a fellow feel sort mean.'

'Nonsense!' cried Rebecca, imperiously, as she pressed the coin into his reluctant hand.

And thus they parted—Luke Darley going on his way with a curious throbbing at his heart, and Rebecca Wesley carrying her grapes home, where she was particularly careful not to mention what she had done with the silver coin Aunt Allston had given her for 'spending money.'

'For he was quite a nice-looking lad,' thought Rebecca, in the patronising way that sixteen-year-old girls regard nineteen-year-old boys, 'and I hope he'll get along well.'

And perhaps the young girl's innocent benision followed Luke Darley like an unseen influence of good; for certain it is that he prospered strangely as the years went on.

'A good investment, eh!' said Mr Darley, leaning back in his leather-cushioned chair, and looking in a dreamy sort of way at his agent. 'But I have invested so much in real estate lately.'

'Still, sir, I would candidly recommend this last bargain,' said Mr. Perkins. 'A fine old place going for a mere song—close to the new track of the Wyansand Railroad Company; it can't be a mistake. Suppose you run up to look at it by the evening express.'

Mr Darley contracted his leonine brows, red and shaggy as those of William Rufus might have been.

'I doubt whether I have time.'

'It will only detain you a few hours,' urged the agent.

'Very well; come to me at three o'clock.'

And Mr Darley plunged once more into the labyrinth of figures, through which, with the assistance of a white-headed old confidential clerk, he was wading.

The late sunset streamed like a flood of rosy orange over the lawns at Beech Glen, as Mr. Darley and his agent stood in front of the grey stone steps. Luke stared around him like one in a dream.

'Perkins, you never told me the name of this place!'

'Didn't I, sir? An odd sort of title, sir—Beech Glen! But then the name don't much signify. Walk in, sir—walk in; we shall disturb nobody.'

Mr Perkins, however, was mistaken. In the anteroom, furnished with antique splendour in waxed furniture and century-old carpets, stood three ladies—one old and tottering, the second a tall, starched personage, whose eyes seemed to regard the whole world with a sort of defiant suspicion, and the third—how Luke Darley's mind went back to the day when Rebecca Wesley, with her basket of wild grapes on her arm, had stood facing him upon the rustic bridge! It was the same Rebecca still, though the first flush of youth and brightness had left a serene and more placid softness on her brow.

'We—we don't mean to intrude,' croaked the poor old lady. 'Daughter Virginia, why don't you tell the gentlemen we're going?'

'No offence, ma'am, no offence,' said the agent, 'We don't wish to hurry you.'

'I'm much obliged, I'm sure,' said Mrs Allston, in the senile voice of shattered old age. 'For we haven't always been straitened for means; we were rich people once, me and my daughter Virginia. *You* can tell the gentleman that, Rebecca Wesley.'

Mr Darley advanced suddenly toward the serene woman who so tenderly upheld the tottering old figure; as suddenly he drew out a silver coin and offered it to her.

'Sir!' She drew back, half puzzled, half haughty.

'It is what I have owed you these twenty years, Rebecca Wesley. The tables are turned now, it would seem. You are poor, and I am rich. What, have you forgotten the day when you gave me the wild grapes? I return you your loan; but there's a trifle of interest due yet. We'll talk about that another time.'

And Luke Darley wheeled round, and went off to look at the upper rooms with Mr Perkins, his agent.

'My dear,' crooned Mrs Allston in Rebecca Wesley's ear—'my dear, I think that man must be crazy.'

But Rebecca did not think so. With a sudden incoming rush of the tide of memory, she remembered it all.

Luke Darley married Rebecca Wesley, even though she had changed from the bright-haired girl with flushed cheeks and hazel eyes, whom he remembered, as we remember a sweet dream. She was Rebecca Wesley still, only older and more mature.

'After all,' quoth Luke gravely, 'I'm 'going cheap,' as the auctioneers say. You've bought me for a fifty-cent piece, Rebecca, and—a few wild grapes!'

'Nonsense!' said Mrs Darley. But she smiled a very sweet smile as she spoke the saucy word.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF STABBING.

THE FARNHAM TRAGEDY.

The alleged perpetrator of the Farnham tragedy was brought before the justices on a charge of attempting to murder.

The first witness called was Ann Langley, the cook in Mr Carrington's service, and she stated that on Saturday, the 19th of August, about noon, she heard some rings at the front-door bell. She went towards the hall, and saw her mistress shut an inner door which was between witness and the street door. Witness, thinking that there was something her mistress did not want her to see, peeped through the door and saw her talking to some one. Witness then ran out at the back door, and into the garden, from which she saw her mistress was talking to a man. The witness then re-entered the house and opened the hall door, and found her mistress and the prisoner struggling on the ground, both covered with blood, and the prisoner with a knife in his hand. Her mistress was trying to get the knife away, and said something about forgiving her for something, to which the prisoner said 'I will, I will.' The prisoner had one arm round Mrs Carrington when witness first saw the two, and in the other was a large clasp knife. Directly her mistress saw witness she called her to come to her assistance, and witness went. Mrs Carrington and the prisoner got up, Mrs Carrington ran out of the house, and the prisoner followed. In cross-examination witness said the prisoner did not make a show of affection for Mrs Carrington.

Sarah Parry, the housemaid at Mr Carrington's said—On Saturday, the 19th, I heard three or four rings at the front door bell, and as it was my duty to answer it, I went towards the door. I met Mrs Carrington in the hall, going towards the hall door, and she said she would answer it. Shortly afterwards I heard screams, and I went whence the screams proceeded to the hall, where I saw the prisoner and Mrs Carrington struggling on the floor. When I saw this, I ran into the kitchen and out of the house. I went down the hill, and when I got to the lower part of the hill I got assistance. I then returned, and as I was going up the hill I saw Mrs Carrington and the prisoner coming down. They were both excited, and I followed with her and then assisted her to go to Mrs West's house, where she was partly undressed, and I found her bleeding from a wound. The prisoner went off to a public-house at hand.

At this part Mrs Carrington was brought into the court. The witness described herself as Rosa Carrington, the wife of Richard Christopher Carrington, and deposed—I remember quite well the morning of the 19th of last month. I heard the bell of the house ring several times between twelve and one, and as no one went I got up to answer the ring. The room I was in and from which I went was at the rear. I saw through a glass before I opened the front door that it was the prisoner, and I said, 'You bad man for coming here.' I then opened the door, and the prisoner, who had a stick in his hand, scraped it on the ground as he said, 'I have rose you from that.' He further said, 'I want the money you owe me, the shawl, the cloak, and the little dog.' I said I would pack up the shawl and cloak, and send or bring them to him, but I could not give the dog until Mr Carrington returned. The prisoner left me for a moment and went round the house, and then returned. I had stood on the steps, thinking he had not said all he wanted to say, and when he returned he said, 'You're a bad woman, and then stabbed me in the arm. He asked me, before he left the door at first, if I would go for a walk with him, and I refused, saying that I was sure he desired to do me all the injury he could. I cannot remember that he made use of any threats, but the stab followed. That was with a sharp knife, and was through the arm. I ran into the hall entrance of the house and fell. I cannot tell whether he stabbed me when I was running or afterwards, but the only next thing I can remember is his raising me up and taking a knife from out of my back. He did stab me in the back, but I cannot say whether he did it before or after I fell. I cannot say what caused me to fall, for my remembrance fails of what exactly occurred at that moment. After taking the knife out of my back the prisoner placed himself in a half-sitting position and commenced stabbing himself. I called to him not to do this, but to throw the knife away, and he threw it away. To the best of my recollection I then ran out of the house. I had a wound on my finger, but I think I did that myself in trying to catch the knife. I also caught hold of the prisoner's whisker in trying to get hold of the knife, and it was then I cut my fingers. When I ran out of the house I found the prisoner following me, and he caught hold of my hand, saying, 'We shall meet in heaven.' I ran away to a little inn, and seeing the prisoner coming, I ran into the road, where I saw Mrs West's servant, and with her I went into Mrs West's house. This bodice (a bodice covered with blood produced) was worn by me when stabbed.

When cross-examined the witness said that she was not excited, when she saw the prisoner, nor was he excited, and this unexcited condition of his was unusual with him. The stabs were intentional, and neither the first nor second was accidental. She was certain he did not commence stabbing himself before he stabbed her, and she was certain that she did not attempt to take the knife from his hand before he stabbed her in the back. She did not remember his putting his arms round her waist.

The prisoner got much excited here, and tried to catch the witness's eye, but she avoided looking at him. The cross examination then proceeded:—I have lived with the prisoner as his wife. The last time I saw him before the 19th was when I returned from Scotland, about a month ago. I then met him near Westminster Bridge, at a house there. He had something of mine, and I went to get it. I promised to send him some money which I owed him. I have made no appointment to meet him in London. I did not write to make an appointment with him, nor did I make such an appointment by word of mouth. The prisoner during our intimacy has taken two houses, as much for himself as anyone else, one at Clapham and one at Battersea, and they were furnished with my furniture. It is under two years since I lived with him, but I cannot say how long. I have not written to him, but I sent to him a bill for two pairs of boots which he had had, the account of which was sent to me. I have had no letter from the prisoner lately.

Mr Williams, a surgeon of the town, said the wound in the back was not likely to be produced by a fall on a knife, as suggested for the prisoner, and he should certainly say it was a stab wound.

Cross-examined—The witness said that the prisoner had seven slight wounds. He did not say it was impossible that the back wound could be made by a fall on a knife which another person was holding with the point upwards, but it was not likely; for the wound then would have had a more jagged appearance than this wound had. The wound was caused by the knife having a directing force.

Mr Andrews, another surgeon of the town, corroborated this evidence.

It was then given in testimony that the prisoner had lodged the previous night at the village inn, where he begged to be permitted to stay, and that in drinking the previous evening with a farmer's son in the neighbourhood, he dropped a new large clasp knife, and in picking it up he said, 'That's the—I mean to use; I'm going to use it at Carrington's to-morrow.' He was also seen to go to Carrington's house by a pensioner, and the landlord of the public-house, and was seen to come from there covered with blood, in which condition he was taken into custody. The landlord of the house said he was no 'scollard' on being asked to identify the letter, which the prisoner had asked him to post after the crime.

Nothing was said in defence, and the prisoner was fully committed for trial.

TIPPERARY.

GREAT SALE OF LANDED PROPERTY.

The greatest and most extensive sale of landed property which took place for many years in Tipperary took place on Friday last, when Mr. Robert Gubbins, auctioneer, sold by auction, under the Landed Estates Court, in less than twenty minutes, 551a. 2r. 24p. of the town and lands of Garryheakin, situated in the Baronies of Coonaght and Clonwilliam and Counties of Limerick and Tipperary, known as the Lloyd Estate. The property was sold in three lots. Lot 1, containing 224a. 0r. 36p., net profit rent £249 17s 0d, after spirited bidding, was knocked down to Mr Michael Hartigan, of Limerick, at £6,000. Lot 2, containing 114a., 0r. 14p., net profit rent £189 6s 0d., was also knocked down to Mr Hartigan at £3,750. Lot 3, containing 213a. 1r. 14p., net, profit rent £163 14s. 7½d., was bought also by Mr Hartigan for £3,900. The sale of the 551a. 2r. 24p. realised the enormous sum of £13,650. There was a large attendance of gentlemen and farmers, and many gentlemen from Dublin Cork and Limerick were in attendance at the sale. The auction took place in Mr Richard D'Alton's new auction mart, and the manner in which the auctioneer, Mr Gubbins, discharged his duty, gave the greatest satisfaction and was highly approved off.

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