

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

The following letter, with the extract subjoined, appeared in the Auckland 'Evening Star' of November 22:—

(To the Editor of the 'Evening Star.')

SIR,—A few evenings ago you gave an extract from what you call "A virulent anti-Catholic journal in San Francisco," regarding Archbishop Croke's altered and more liberal views on education. Now, your preface to that extract supplies a *prima facie* evidence against the correctness of its statements, for you designate by the name of "Anti-Catholic" the journal from which you take the clipping. On the score of fair play, you will kindly insert the following, which gives a more correct view of the Archbishop's mind on the "godless education," and which will remove any unfavorable impression occasioned by the extract in Friday evening's 'Star.'—Yours, &c., J. GOLDEN.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S ADDRESS.

The correspondent of the London 'Daily Telegraph' who was specially accredited to the O'Connell celebration, attended the foregoing Religious Ceremonial, and in the course of his picturesque and elaborate description, thus refers to the Archbishop of Cashel's address:—"Would that I could transmit the glowing eloquence and rounded periods of the speaker! In manner of address the Archbishop is exceptionally pleasing. The current of his thoughts is continual. Although the hearer of many sermons I have never heard one so faultlessly constructed or so admirably delivered. Before wandering into the Madeleine, one winter's afternoon, I listened with rapt attention to the utterance of a Franciscan monk, who held spell-bound a great Parisian audience, as he descanted upon the life and character of a deceased dignitary of the Church, and have ever since held that sermon to be the finest in my experience; but to-day's discourse eclipses the eloquence of the Franciscan friar, and I must henceforth award the palm as a preacher to the Archbishop of Cashel. The Roman Catholics are right in selecting him as their orator. Very cleverly he depicts what a Romish Catholic is, or at least should be. Very carefully he shows what O'Connell was. How his life was a religious one, and his education from the first was that approved by the Church—a point made much of by the preacher, who is terribly hard upon those who dare to uphold what he terms a "godless education," and how all of his successes depended upon his subserviency to the hierarchy of the Church, and his reverence for the Sovereign Pontiff—were told with marvellous fervour."

A STORY OF THE CURFEW.

To many hearts in the old country that cherish its traditions, the curfew recalls a story of love's devotion.

In the time of Cromwell a young soldier, for some offence was compelled to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." Naturally such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and prime, but to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to be married to a beautiful lady whom he had long loved.

The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her utmost effort to avert his fate, pleading with the judges, and even with Cromwell himself, but all in vain. In her despair she tried to bribe the sexton not to ring the bell, but she found that impossible. The hour drew near for execution. The preparations are completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited, while the sun was setting, for the signal from the distant bell-tower.

To the wonder of everybody it did not ring. Only one person knew why. The poor girl herself, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rushed unseen to the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft and seized the tongue of the bell.

The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practiced hand reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from the metallic lips.

Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful, every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window, but she would not let go.

At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf he had not noticed that the curfew gave no appeal. The brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent. She saw him—

—and her brow,

Lately white with sickening horror, glows with hope and courage now; At his feet she told the story, showed her hands all bruised and torn, And her sweet young face still haggard with the anguish it had worn, Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light— 'Go; your lover lives,' cried Cromwell; curfew shall not ring to-night.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMONDS.—A mysterious attempt has been made at Windsor to get possession of the Queen's diamonds. In a small creek which runs into the Thames, about a mile from the royal palace, a careless pedestrian saw a cord tied to the root of a tree, apparently connected with something in the water. He had the curiosity to pull the cord, and pulled to the surface a japanned tin dressing case, on opening which he discovered a bunch of keys, numbering 125, two bottles of golden liquid, some skeleton keys and soft matter for taking impressions from the wards of locks, etc. Among the keys found were two master keys belonging to the royal palace that opened corridors or leading avenues inwards.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FLESH WOUNDS.—Every person should know how to treat a flesh wound. Every one is liable to be placed in circumstances away from surgical aid, where he may save his own life, the life of a friend, or a beast, simply by the exertion of a little common sense. In the first place, close the lips of the wound within the hands, and hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied. Then bathe the wound for a long time in cold water. "Should it be painful," a correspondent says, "take a pailful of burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a minute or two the pain will be allayed, and the recovery proceeds rapidly. In one case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others, with like result. Recently, one of my men had a finger-nail torn off by a pair of tongs. It became very painful, as was to be expected. Held in sugar smoke twenty minutes, pain ceased, and promised speedy recovery."

IRISH ORDER.—An American, travelling in Ireland, writes to the 'Louisville Courier-Journal' to express his admiration for both the scenery and the people. What he calls "the wonderful degree of public order," which he met everywhere, seems to him specially worthy of remark. "I have yet," he says, "to witness an act of violence, or a row, or to hear an oath."

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say, "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good-morning," heartily and smilingly spoken, and helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It really seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," is also true of all kind, heart-some greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

FIDELIS—FATHFUL.—Fidelis—Faithful: beautiful word! It is hard to say which is more beautiful, the Latin or the English. And the virtue which it expresses is more beautiful than the word; yet it is not easy to describe it. By it we do not mean honest, or conscientious, or unchanging, or earnest; yet it includes them all, and more. It lies at the bottom of all, and can be spared from none. There is no station of life so high, no position so obscure, that is not ennobled and adorned by fidelity. In learning to be faithful, we must begin with little things, and you will find that fidelity is very much a matter of habit, though it may surprise you to hear it; for if you will only get into the way of practising this virtue, it will come, by-and-bye, very naturally to you—I don't say easy, for indulgence is always easier than self-denial—but natural; that is, you will take the duty as a matter of course, without giving a second thought to the pleasure by its side—like a sugar-plum by a glass of medicine.

"ALL ABOARD!"—We were seated in the Herald express train, Grand Central Depot, New York. The time was half-past two, Sunday morning. "All aboard!" said the man with the lantern. A pull was given to the bell, the engine blew steam, the wheels rolled, and we were on the way to Niagara. In two minutes we were on the banks of the Hudson. It was a moonlight night, and an excellent opportunity was afforded to enjoy the beautiful panorama just opened to view. The scenery on the Hudson is as romantic as any on the Continent. It is interesting, too, in artificial works. The stony palisades, rising up for miles along the water, like an immense rocky fortification, with the regularity of a hand-cut stone wall; the misty hills in the background, and the thriving towns on either side of the silver stream, made a most beautiful picture. In half an hour the train was going at a tremendous velocity. Towns flew by in rapid succession. It might almost be said, in the language of Scripture, that "the mountains skipped like rams and the hills like the lambs of the flock." The conductor said the train was making a mile a minute. At 12 o'clock noon we were at Niagara Falls—a distance of nearly five hundred miles made in ten hours and a half.

The Catholic population of the United States is generally supposed to range between six and eight millions. In the last Catholic Almanac, whose statistics are based on reports from the various dioceses, it is put down at 5,761,242. I find that in 1790 the entire population of the United States was about four millions, and five years before that the number of Catholics was computed at 25,000. This would give us one Catholic, in 1790, for every 160 citizens. If the number of Catholics at present were about, at the lowest estimate, five millions, there must be now in the United States one Catholic for every eight citizens. This will give us some idea of the numerical increase of the Catholic element, and of the obligations we as a religious body are under to God for the marvellous growth with which we have been blessed.

ORIGIN OF CURIOUS PHRASES.—The origin of phrases and some of our common words presents an interesting study. The term *sub rosa* is said to have originated as follows: Cupid gave a rose to Hippocrates, and from this legend arose the practice of suspending a rose over the table when eating, when it was intended that the conversation should be kept secret. The explanation of the origin of "by hook or by crook" is that in the olden time persons entitled to get firewood in the king's forest were limited to such dead branches as they could tear down with a "hook or crook without hurt to his Majesty's trees." "In spite of his teeth" originated thus: King John of England once demanded of a Jew the sum of ten thousand marks, and on being refused ordered that the Israelite should have one after another of his teeth drawn until he gave his consent. The Jew submitted to the loss of seven, and then paid the required sum; hence the expression "in spite of his