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LET US LOVE.

Love, let us love! What have we else to do?
Who can not count one hour of life to come,
Who only know the present to be true,
The voice that now we hear to be not dumb,
To whom, as on a barren beach we stand,
The past and future are the tide-whelmed sand.

Love, let us love! For love and life and death—
What else!—we know are real; and as we must
By nature's force both hold and yield our breath,
So let us take, not forced, but as in trust,
Upon ourselves the third reality,
And love so long as love, life, death, shall be.

The Catholic Church in the United States.

The adverse vote in the English Parliament upon the Irish university bill, which broke up the Liberal ministry of Mr. Gladstone, was caused by a telegram from the Pope to the heads of the Catholic Church in Ireland, directing instructions to be given to the Irish members to vote against the measure, which they did, and the government was beaten. Mr. Gladstone dissolved that Parliament; and as the result of another election, Mr. Disraeli, a Tory, came into power. Mr. Gladstone's discovery of the Pope's interference in the political affairs of England filled him with indignation. He felt, also, the danger which was likely to ensue, and this led to the publication of his pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, in which he warned the people of England of the designs of the Catholic Church, under the domination of an infallible Pope—an alien power, notoriously without sympathy for constitutional liberty, and he expressed the opinion, based on his own experience, that no English statesman would be able, if such interference was permitted, to form a just judgment of the political future of the country. Dr. Manning, recently made an English cardinal by the Pope, strenuously denied the statement of Mr. Gladstone; and the denial of Mr. Manning was supported by certain of the Catholic bishops. But in this country, where Church and State have no connection, and where the motive for concealment is less, on account of the implicit ignorance of the membership of the Roman sect the Bridgeport *Standard* reports that Bishop Hughes, in his address at the laying of the corner stone of St. Mary's Church, on the previous Sunday, used the following words:

"Pope Pius IX., sitting in his private room, governs a very large portion of the world, millions of people standing ready to obey his slightest command."

This language, it will be seen, fully justifies and confirms what Mr. Gladstone stated.

The *Methodist Advocate*—a journal seeking the good of humanity—gives a translation of the oath of a cardinal from the original Latin, which was omitted from all the reports of the installation of Cardinal McCloskey, at New York. The text is from a copy furnished to Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone's predecessor as Prime Minister. Let it be remembered that Cardinal McCloskey, as an American citizen, commences by swearing allegiance not to his country, but to an alien potentate.

"I, ——, cardinal of the holy Roman Church, do promise and swear, from this time to my life's end, that I will be faithful and obedient unto St. Peter, the holy apostolic Roman Church, and to our most holy Lord, the Pope, and his successors; * * * that I will, by every way and by every means, strive to preserve, augment and advance the rights, privileges, the authority of the holy Roman bishop, our Lord, the Pope, and his before mentioned successors. * * * That I will seek out and oppose [persecute and fight against] *omni conatu persecuturim et impugnaturi* all heretics, schismatics against the name of our Lord, the Pope, and his before mentioned successors, with every possible effort."

It will be observed, in passing, that this remarkable document becomes more conspicuous by leaving out all reference to God, the Father of all, and the Savior, the Great Head of the Church on earth.

That the Pope, a foreign potentate, stripped of his temporal power, for abundant reasons, should be able to transform, on these shores, an American citizen into a prince, owing allegiance to that potentate, and confer the title, with the garments which are to distinguish him; that he should be able to subject him to the terms of such an oath, which transfers the allegiance of that prince, though disguised in the cardinal, and directs the labor of his life to the interests of "our most holy lord, the Pope"—ought to fix the attention of men who have the interests of their country at heart and wish its prosperity.

Is it not strange that the purpose of life of Cardinal McCloskey, as expressed in the oath, is not now to elevate and ameliorate the condition of his fellow-citizens, but to do all in his power to increase the membership of the Roman Catholic Church, and stamp upon it the same alien character of devotion, the same alien power that he himself worships? To this end, he denounces the instruction of youth by the State, who would be taught the true principles of patriotism and political freedom at the start of life, and who would grow up to manhood to exhibit devotion to them in practice. The function of a church is to instruct in religion, and to this no one would object. But the Roman Catholic Church is battling for the youth the State is teaching, in order to pervert the young mind first with devotion to the most holy Roman lord, the Pope, and his successors, and to treat devotion to country as of secondary and inferior concern. The Roman Catholic Church has, therefore, in this a purely political aim to accomplish; because the Pope, being an alien, has no right to issue a decree molesting or in any way governing the perfect political freedom of American citizens.

The oath of Cardinal McCloskey shows him prepared to carry out the Pope's decrees. Has the Pope intermeddled with our political affairs? What is at the bottom of the action of the Catholic bishops at New York and Cincinnati, as regards the public schools? It is said that the late Legislature of Ohio, which was Democratic, was the worst that ever met in that State. Yet, for certain privileges granted by that Democratic Legislature, the Roman Catholic authorities have undertaken to control the foreign Catholic, ignorant vote, to endeavor to perpetuate the power of the Democratic party. The Roman Catholic priests have always claimed the right to direct the votes of Catholics; and they will do so all the more in Cincinnati, if the Catholic Church is to be benefited. In places where the Catholic Church may be said to flourish, as in New York, there political corruption is most firmly entrenched.

The uneducated Irish and German votes ties the hands and defeats the will of the cultured and patriotic citizens to rectify wrongs and reform abuses. Could Tweed have plundered so enormously if it had not been for the Catholic vote and the Catholic Church? The principles of the Republican party, which are the principles of the moral and political honor and of national progress, have but little expression in the face of the priest-led vote. The head of the Catholic Church claims temporal as well as ecclesiastical rule. The Pope once did, and still wants, to sway a sceptre, while he governs as a priest. A complex claim of this kind makes the Roman Catholic Church an institution both political and religious. As a religious institution, nobody will interfere with it, so long as it interferes with no other religious body. But the Roman Catholic Church is a secret and oath-bound institution, pledged to put in force decrees and orders which always strike at liberty, and always put the church before the nation's welfare. What shall we say, then? Is the church to overshadow and dominate the State, and train up the children of the State to worship the most holy Roman lord, the Pope, and his successors? Or, rather, are we not called upon by every motive of patriotism, by all we hold dear, to keep wide open the gates of education for our children, to whose hands are to be transmitted our free institutions, and which can only be supported by men and women of intelligence, who sympathize with the objects of their establishment, and who will guard their interests with a jealous care?—*The Republic.*

Cost of Church-Going.

Probably not many New Yorkers fully comprehend how large is the amount of money which is annually spent in maintaining preaching and supporting the churches in this city. The cost of church-going is becoming a matter of no small concern to those who are religiously inclined. The price of a pew in many cases equals, if it does not exceed, the annual house rent of a family; and even a single sitting is often so expensive as to put an eligible place beyond the reach of a man of moderate means. In some churches all or nearly all of the pews are sold and a certain percentage of ground rent is paid annually by the owners, in some a portion of the pews are sold and the remainder are rented. In others a fixed valuation is placed on each pew, which the holder is required to pay, while in others still the valuation is fixed and the pews are sold at auction, at a premium, to the highest bidder. In many churches the system of sub-letting is in use; that is, if a pew holder does not wish to occupy an entire pew he leases a part of it. In some cases a pew holder who wishes to dispose of a portion of his pew is compelled to sell at a pro rata estimate. Where no restriction of this sort is made the practice of sub letting becomes a matter of speculation and a source of pecuniary profit to the pew holders. In churches where unsold and unrented pews are found many persons are present seeking free seats from Sunday to Sunday, who never pay a cent for the support of the church.

Inquiries have been made recently as to the cost of church-going in various prominent churches in this city and Brooklyn; and of the churches visited by a *Tribune* reporter all but one either sell or let their pews. The exception is the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the central Presbyterian church of that city. In this church the voluntary plan is pursued. No seats are sold; and none are rented, and no valuation is placed on any pew. The members of the church and congregation are assigned seats on application to the trustees. Each one agrees to pay according to his ability, and in case the judgment of any one appears to the trustees to be defective on this point they do not hesitate to assist him in deciding. The Tabernacle has between 600 and 700 pews, which vary in size on account of the shape of the building, and it seats over 4000 people. The amount of money voluntarily given in this church is known only to the trustees. The largest church in New York is Mr. Hepworth's, the Church of the Disciples. Its seating capacity is 2500. The number of pews is 395, of which about 200 are neither sold nor rented. All the pews have a fixed valuation, which varies from $1200 to $30. The pew owners pay an annual ground rent of twelve per cent on the valuation, while those who rent pews pay eighteen per cent on the valuation. The entire amount obtained each year is about $14,000. If the entire church were occupied, the amount would be $30,000. Eighteen pews are valued at $1200 each, while the smallest and least eligible pews are valued at $30 each. In this church there is no sub letting. The rents of the pews of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn are larger than those of any other which was visited. About 2000 sittings are sold annually, and in addition, there are about 500 free seats. A renting price is set on each pew, the rents amounting to $12,033. The pews are sold at public auction at large premiums. At the last sale the highest premium paid for a single pew was $672. Below this the pews went for $550, $535, $530, $525, $520, etc., the lowest premium paid being $10. The sum total realized for the present year, including premiums, was $74,165. The premiums in chairs at the last rental were $810. A part of a pew, in many cases, is rented, but at a rate in proportion to the cost of the entire pew. The average cost of a sitting to those who hold pews in Plymouth Church is about $35 per annum.

All the pews of Grace Church, New York, are sold. When the church was built, in 1874, the selling price was, in the aggregate, $125,000. The number of pews is 208. They are subject to a ground rent of twelve per cent on their valuation. The highest rent paid is $108; the lowest, $6. The church is endowed, and much of its support is derived from the profits of leases of downtown property. The amount of ground rents is $12,360. If a pew owner wishes to dispose of his pew for any reason, a ready sale is always found, and the prices paid are largely in advance of valuations, which were assessed nearly thirty years ago. Pews have been sold for $250 a year in the temporary absence of their owners. There are about 100 free seats in the church, and seats are provided every Sunday for about 200 persons outside of the regular congregation. The system at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church combines both selling and renting. Pew owners pay twelve per cent ground rent on the valuation, while the assessment of those who rent pews is nineteen per cent of the valuation. The church has a seating capacity of about 1200. There are 138 pews on the ground floor, two-thirds of which are sold; some are rented, while the remainder are unoccupied, and so nominally free. The gallery contains sixty-two pews, a few of which are sold. The assessed valuations vary from $1500 to $200. Sub-letting is carried on to a considerable extent, but speculation in this matter is not allowed. The entire amount raised from the pews for the support of the church is not far from $11,000.

The pews of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, 225 in number, are all sold. The valuations were assessed in 1853, and, therefore, are not the proper basis for a relative comparison with the revenue from rentals in newer, up-town churches. The values of pews on the ground floor range between $175 and $1300; those in the gallery from $500 to $75. The ground rent is twelve per cent of the valuation. In cases of removal and for other causes, pews are sometimes resold. In a recent sale in this church the price was twenty five per cent greater than the original valuation. The plan of sub-letting is followed here without any restrictions, and at times as much as $100 has been paid for a single sitting. The annual amount of ground rents is about $16,500.

The revenue of the Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational) is very large. Since the beginning of Dr. Taylor's pastorate, three years ago, it has increased from $15,000 to $38,000. There are 308 pews in the church, and all are rented with the exception of a small number in the gallery. The highest pew rent is $325; the lowest $50. No premiums are paid, and there is no sale of pews at auction. The church seats 1540. The average cost of a sitting is about $25 a year, and the average cost of a pew is $125. The Calvary Baptist Church, in Twenty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, has a seating capacity of 800. There are in the church 136 pews, the rents of which range from $200 to $20 per annum. The yearly income from the pews amounts to $8,000. Nearly all the pews are rented. In the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) the rents paid on both sold and rented pews are fifteen per cent of the valuation is $1500. The church will seat about 1000. The entire amount of pew rents for the present year is $20,000.

The income of Trinity Church is largely derived from endowments, and the amount of pew rents is correspondingly small. The number of pews is 139, of which the Trinity corporation owns 103, and private individuals thirty-six. The amount of ground rents paid by those owning pews for the year 1874-5 is $418; the rents of hired pews are $1025. The church will seat in pews, 882; on benches in aisles, 141; on settees, 100. Fifteen hundred persons can be accommodated.—*New York Tribune.*

Life in the Cloisters.

Charles Warren Stoddard in one of his interesting letters to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, from Florence, gives a beautiful description of an old Italian monastery. Speaking of the location of the monastery, he says:

Winding among the hills we dropped at last into the sweet Val d'Ema. We are but three miles from Florence, yet we seem to be in another part of the world. Out of this happy valley runs a great island. The little Ema, a brawling brook, skirts it on one side. The whole top of the island is covered with the walls and towers of the splendid monastery which we have come out to visit. It looks like a small fortified city—there are cities in Italy no larger. We count the peaked roofs and the tall chimneys of many houses that tower above the great monastery wall. These are the separate cells of the monks. At a stone arch down by the main road, surmounted by a statue of San Lorenzo, we halt. There are nine malformed beggars waiting to receive us. Each of the nine makes a desperate effort to reach the bell rope before his rival, and the consequence is that the bell is nearly jerked from its diminutive tower. A gardener approaches, admits us, drives off the swarm of beggars as if they had been so many enormous flies, and we begin ascending the hill. The monastery is still a quarter of a mile distant. Tree road we just left is the road to Rome. We may drive to Naples on it if we choose, and find it in excellent repair all the way. The garden about us is the nursery of the monastery, and the very air is heavy with the aromatic breath of all manner of herbs and flowers. There is another gate to enter, and beyond it a great paved court, where we alight and find ourselves in the chaste embrace of a respectful and unobtrusive guide. He belongs to the establishment. Without him we could scarcely find our way into any part of the building, for there are bolts and bars and gates to be passed, many of them before we have seen one-half of the wonderful old place.

We thread long corridors: enter one court after another; pass through chapels and chambers and come out on the other side into cloisters that are silent, though they are not deserted, for the monks who are moving about in them pass one another with a meek obeisance, but without other greeting. Certosa was erected in 1341. From time to time it has been enriched by the handiwork of some of the great masters. In the cryps there are monuments by Donatello; a young warrior who reclines in full armor and a cardinal who seems to be peacefully sleeping, with his head buried in a downy pillow and his calm face the picture of utter repose. The chapels are numerous and interesting. You are led from one into another and down into a third and out by another entrance, so that you are thoroughly confused by the time you have made the complete circuit. If you have ever been into an old house that has been added to again and again, a wing here, an extra room there, to accommodate an increasing family, if these additions have all been made without following any plan whatever, but have been fitted on where it was most convenient; and if you will imagine each one of these many chambers, of all sizes and shapes, to be a little church, complete in itself, with altars, choir, pictures and decorations, you will comprehend just how odd and how surprising are the old monastic churches of Italy. The cloisters are always a feature, also—an open square of any size which is found convenient, surrounded on the four sides by a corridor, with arches between the pillars. A low wall about as high as the knee runs between the pillars; and the only entrances to the grass plot, the fountains or the well in the centre of the cloisters are the four open gateways in the centre of each of the sides. Here the monks walk up and down meditating, reading their offices or taking a pious constitutional.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the richness or the splendid effect of the monastic chapels. To the unaccustomed eye they seem unreal. One does not consider the value, the priceless value of such ornamentation. Pavements that delight you with the subdued harmony of color and the exquisite beauty of the pattern, are wrought of porphyry, jasper, and verd antique. The great carved columns are of alabaster. The altar is one mass of jewels; even diamonds are sometimes set in those altars. The candle-stick and other ornaments are of gold, silver, or bronze, richly jeweled. The choir stools are of carved wood, the work of artists who spent years upon them. At Certosa, in the light of the great chapel, we saw two or three of the monks at prayer. They are very old now—near on to ninety years. There are but twelve of them left, though the monastery is capable of accommodating four or five times as many. These old Carthusians rock to and fro on their sandaled feet as they wander about the cloisters. They are clad in white woolen robes, and most of them have long, white, patriarchal beards. They fit into the cloister niches like so many curious old statues. The place would be quite dreary without them, and with them it has just sense of life enough to make it seem like a dream. The fountain plashes lazily out in the centre of the large cloister; on one side there are graves of monks, and on the other a patch of artichokes. The effect is odd enough, and yet one never feels exactly like smiling there. We were shown through the suite of rooms once occupied by Pope Pius VI. when banished from Rome by the French, and then we wandered into the refectory, where we saw the long table with the twelve plates set out on it, a good distance apart. Here on Sundays the monks meet one another and break bread together. But their diet is so light you would think it was a boarding school instead of a world-famous monastery that once sheltered a Pope. A long row of rather small doors open out of the great cloister. Each door is numbered. These doors open into the little houses of the monks, and there is a house for each one. You enter into a cosy room with a cubby-hole in the wall through which, by means of an outer door, food and drink are passed in to the monks when they have retired to the seclusion of their own cells. There is a table that swings down from the wall on hinges, and a chair, a small cupboard over the table, half a dozen holy pictures, and two doors; one door leads into the sleeping room, where there is nothing but a hard cot and more holy pictures; the other opens on to a narrow balcony overhanging a small garden and commanding a fine view of the valley of Ema. Every monk takes care of his own house and his own garden. There is no necessity of their ever leaving their solitary homes, or of their ever communicating with any one in this life, provided the little locker in the wall is regularly supplied with bread and salt and wine. We lounged about the place after this; played we were monks, and handed invisible provisions in to each other through the small hole in the wall; went down into the garden where pots of thyme and scented herbs were set about in the angles of the paths; it was quite like playing at housekeeping. There were plenty of gilly flowers and not a few weeds growing in the garden that we were admitted to, for the monk who lived there now lies in the cloister with the artichokes. He passed out of his solemn life into a life which is, I trust, more cheerful, years and years ago. We had yet to settle the Spezeria. Down on the lower hill, a little off the edge of the hill, are the saleroome of the monastery. As we approached this part of the extensive building our nostrils were saluted with a combination of perfumes that was almost intoxicating. It was quite like a first class drug store; the innumerable jars and bottles; the customers waiting their turn at the counter, where a clerk was kept busy putting up prescriptions and dealing out the dainties peculiar to the place. And one may enter the Spezeria by a side entrance, and there be served with the drugs and medicines that are so necessary to human happiness—or one would think they were, judging from the enormous consumption of the same. We were at once served with a small glass of Chartreuse, and then the curiosities of the place were temptingly displayed. Quaint bottles rested in exquisite wicker work; bottles that were divided in the centre like the two halves of a pear that had been cut down through the middle; and having two necks. One side of this double bottle contains Chartreuse, the other alkermes. There were bottles in the form of crosses; bottles shaped like turtles, lizards, flowers, Cinderella's slipper, and of fifty other patterns. There were little bundles of sweet smelling sticks bound round with wisps of straw, and having bits of straw still sticking to them.

Woman Suffrage Judicially Recognized.

The question whether women are entitled to vote under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments has now been passed upon judicially in three different cases, and in all three it has been decided against the claim. This is as it should be. If women are ever to vote in those parts of the country where they are now excluded from the polls, it must be by fair and open admission, not by trickery. Every candid person, of whatever opinion as to the propriety of admitting women to the polls, knows that those amendments were not adopted by the country for any such purpose or with any such intention. To say that the country adopted them without knowing its own mind, and without foreseeing their effect is after the exhaustive discussion that preceded their passage, simply silly; and to say that after adoption they can be twisted to a new and unheard unheard of meaning and effect, is as fair as to say that after a man has signed a note for $1000 the "one" can be read "ten," and he be held to pay accordingly. It is difficult to see how an honest judge could decide the question otherwise; and those who first opposed the amendments on the express ground that they did not enfranchise women, and afterward turned round and claimed that they did, have—very properly—had their labor for their pains. In fact, no one would be so sure to rue the results of a favorable decision as these very persons. Woman suffrage can only come to stay when public opinion is prepared for it; and if the courts should to-day admit women to the polls, within two years laws would be passed excluding them again, and also, if need be, reconstructing the courts.

The first case in which the question came up was that of the United States against Susan B. Anthony; but as the court unlawfully and tyrannically prevented the jury from deciding the guilt or innocence of the defendant, the case has little weight. In Minor vs. Hoppersatt, Mrs. Minor, of St. Louis, sued the judges of election for refusing her vote, and the Supreme Court of the United States denied her claim. The third case, that of Mrs. Sara J. Spencer, against the judges of election, was elaborately examined by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia—one of the ablest of United States courts, consisting of five judges instead of one or two—and the full bench rendered a unanimous opinion that, while the constitution recognizes the right of suffrage as existing in women, it does not repeal State constitutions or existing laws excluding them from the exercise of the right. While this case has gone up on appeal, the appeal does not question the constitutional recognition. It is judicially established, therefore, that the constitution recognizes that women have a right to vote.

These facts place the suffrage question in a new light before the public. Women, finding their right to suffrage judicially conceded, will largely ask why they should be debarred its exercise. Other facts, too, show that the question is one of the issues of the near future. Eight years ago John Stuart Mill moved in the British House of Commons to strike out the word "man" and insert the word "person" in the description of persons entitled to vote. The motion was rejected by about two to one; but five years later a bill to allow women to vote in town and city elections passed the same House unanimously, and women have since voted at such polls without any dreadful consequences. The motion to admit them as voters for members of Parliament was again made within a few weeks past, and more votes were given for the measure than eight years ago were given against it, while the adverse majority this time, instead of over seventy, was but thirty-five. In Michigan, last fall, despite discouragement and blundering, 40,000 men went to the polls and voted to open the ballot-box for their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. The organization of a "young men's woman suffrage league" in New York, its persistent activity and rapid growth are also signs of the times; and another is furnished by the fact that when a deputation from this league lately appeared before the assembled judiciary committee, they found no serious opposition to their views, and a feeling favorable to the movement among most of the politicians who yearly gathered at Albany. The time has passed when jests or sneers can dispose of the subject. Thoughtful people must address themselves to its earnest consideration; for if woman's enfranchisement is to be prevented it will have to be by an earnestness and persistence of opposition at least equal to those wherewith it is urged.—*New York Mercantile Journal.*

Old New England Preachers and Teachers.

At a recent Congregational festival and church reunion, held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, the following interesting reminiscences were related by Allen W. Dodge, one of the pioneers of the Congregationalist Church:

I have sat here this evening listening to the remarks, the very interesting remarks, that have been made, and still with a feeling—I can hardly describe it—mingled with a good deal of sadness at the thought of my being here. I have not been here for fifty-one years before. I was here one Sunday evening, I think, when I was a student at Cambridge, in this hall, on some great occasion—I have forgotten what—there was some great crisis in the nation, and we were about something. I was here and heard in this hall Harrison Gray Otis, of this city, then the most accomplished orator of the day. Well, my thoughts, you may naturally suppose, have run back to that time, and I have thought of all the changes which have taken place, and I have said to myself almost that I am "a stranger here in a strange land;" but still I have not had a feeling exactly like hanging my "harp on the willow" and sitting down and crying, but I feel somewhat like Rip Van Winkle when he waked up; or, perhaps, to make a more fitting illustration, if you can understand it, feel something like "a connecting link;" and especially as our friend from the far West, Dr. Post, of St. Louis, spoke of the far West, why, I said to myself, my little town, now Hamilton, then Ipswich, owed its origin to Essex county, and to the good parson of my town, the Rev. Dr. Cutler. From that little town went forth the first band of pioneers to settle the West. They started from the church which now stands there, about a hundred of them, the doctor to drive a sulky, and the rest of them in wagons—wagons on which were painted, in large letters, "Bound for Ohio." As I said before, it is a sort of centennial year; old people are in great demand, like old furniture. They are now-a-days so infatuated with this love of the antique that they go prowling around in the country towns; they want to see an old clock and lay foul eyes upon an old portrait; and you have to watch your cupboards or else their contents are spirited away. I expect some morning to wake up and find myself gone.

I was reading in the last *Harper* an account of Concord—when I was a young man in college, over fifty years ago, I taught school there two winters—and all of a sudden I came to the picture of old Ezra Ripley, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificate—I have it at home—certifying that I was "of good moral character;" certifying, too, that I was "qualified to teach a school in the town of Concord;" and he signed it, in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezra Ripley, minister, and *the* minister *par excellence* in the town of Concord.

If you will pardon me, I will tell you how he examined me. I went there in the evening with fear and trembling, and sat down and told him that I was the man he was to examine. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare—he even made me read, and examined my writing, and then put me through a course of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, vulgar fractions and that sort of thing; and said he, "I am satisfied with your attainments, but there is one thing, before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said, "What is that, sir?" "You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" I said, "I am not a professor of religion; I never prayed out loud in my life, and I think it is unfair for you to require it of me." He said, "Young man, I want no arguing." I said, "What do you want, Dr. Ripley?" He said, "I want you to pray;" and I said again I could not do it, and he said, "You can not keep this school." Well, now, I wanted to keep this school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over; I thought very quick, and I said, "Will you allow me, Dr. Ripley, to write out the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with one eye open until I get it by heart?" He said to me, "Any way you can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you are." And I said, "I will keep the school." And, well, what do you think? He had to call his daughter Hannah—Hannah was there in a moment; he said, "Hannah, draw a mug of cider." Well, we passed a very pleasant evening; the cider was very nice, and we parted good friends, and I didn't think he was so stern a man when I left as when I came. Well, that illustrates, to a certain extent, the character of the clergy of that day—they were the "masters of the situation;" their word was law.

"Cleopatra's Needle."

Major General James Edward Alexander writes to the London *Times*: "I have only just read in a letter from your correspondent in Egypt a paragraph to the effect that a gentleman had arrived in Alexandria with the intention of transporting to England the prostrate obelisk presented to the English by Mahomed Ali Pasha in 1820, and your correspondent adds that the expense of transport will be borne by this gentleman's private purse. As I am the gentleman referred to, I should be glad if you would allow me to correct an error into which your correspondent has unwittingly fallen. It is true that I have been to Alexandria at my own charges to consider the feasibility of transporting the obelisk in question to England, and I am glad to say that I found the monument, with its hieroglyphic superscription, in perfect preservation, and its transport a matter of comparatively small difficulty and expense. Skilled engineers have concurred in reporting that the obelisk can be safely conveyed to England and erected on the firm site already allotted to it by the Metropolitan Board of Works, on the Thames embankment, at the cost of £10,000, just an eighth part of the sum expended by the French government in the transport and erection of the obelisk now standing in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. But the further statement that I am prepared to bear the expense of transport is erroneous. While I have already given much time and trouble to the facilitating the removal of this beautiful monument, and am fully prepared to devote much more of my time to the accomplishment of this object, I am not prepared to bear the expense of it. Nor do I think that any private person, however rich, should be allowed to undertake what seems to me a national duty. The obelisk was presented to the nation as an acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered to Egypt in the beginning of the century. It is a work of art of a unique character, and its transport will, I trust, be the subject of a Parliamentary grant."

Breaking News Gently.

He entered the ladies' sitting room at the central depot, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired:

"Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"He had red hair?"

"He had—oh! what has happened?"

"Weighed about 180 pounds?"

"Yes—yes—where is he—where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He's drowned—my husband is drowned!" she wailed.

"Had a silver watch chain?" continued the stranger.

"Where is my husband—where is the body?" she gasped.

"Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Yes—oh! my Thomas! my Thomas!"

"And stoga boots?"

"Let me see him—let me see him!" she cried.

"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There, is that your husband across the street at that peanut stand?"

"Why, yes, that's him; that's my husband!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I thought you said he was drowned."

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying peanuts, and I believed it my duty to say to you that peanuts are not healthy at this season of the year!"

He slid softly out, and she stood there and chewed her parasol and started after him as if he were a menagerie on wheels.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHERIFF'S SALES.

The State of Louisiana vs. D. B. Penn.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans. No. 4260.—By virtue of an alias writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for State taxes of 1871, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on MONDAY, July 12, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

FIFTEEN CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated in the First District of this city, in square number twenty B, bounded by Peters, Race, Water and Orange streets.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN,
je8 20 jy11 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

Henry Renshaw, Testamentary Executor of Robert Geddes, vs. Charles T. Irving.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans, No. 7672.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Sixth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on FRIDAY, July 2, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

FOUR CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, together with the improvements thereon, and all the rights, ways, privileges appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, situated in the Fifth District of the city of New Orleans, on the right bank of the Mississippi river, in the tract of land commonly called the Brooklyn Warehouse Company property, and designated as lots numbers twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three and twenty-four, of the square number eleven, which is bounded by Atlantic and Pacific avenues, and Eliza and Alix streets, as per the original plan of said tract of land drawn by W. T. Thompson, surveyor, under date of the seventh March, 1849, and deposited for reference in the office of James Graham, a notary public in the city of New Orleans; which said lots adjoin each other, and said lot number twenty-four forms the corner of Pacific avenue and Alix street, and measures thirty-one feet nine inches front on Pacific avenue, by one hundred and twenty-three feet eight inches in depth and front on Alix street, between parallel lines; and said lots numbers twenty-one, twenty-two and twenty-three measure each thirty-one feet seven inches front on said Pacific avenue, by one hundred and twenty-three feet eight inches in depth, between parallel lines. Being the same property which the defendant herein acquired by purchase from Robert Geddes as per act dated February 4, 1871, passed before Andrew Hero, Jr., notary public in this city.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—This being the second and last auction, the said property will be definitely adjudicated to the highest and last bidder for what it will bring at twelve months' credit, the purchaser furnishing bond, with good and solvent security, bearing eight per cent interest per annum from date and special mortgage on the property sold until final payment. Said purchaser will have to deduct and pay in cash the printing, sheriff's and clerk's fees, attorney's fees, etc., which amount to about six hundred and seventy-five dollars, and, further more, the State, parish and municipal taxes, the amount of which is not yet ascertained.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN,
Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.
je15 20 27 jy2

Samuel Lawson vs. George L. Kouns and William Moran.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans, No. 3887.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Fifth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on FRIDAY, July 2, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

THE STEAMBOAT FLIRT, together with all her furniture, tackle, apparel, machinery, etc., as she now lies in the Mississippi river, right bank, above the First District ferry landing.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—This being the second and last auction, the said boat will be definitely adjudicated to the highest and last bidder, for what she will bring, at twelve months' credit, the purchaser furnishing bond, with good and solvent security, bearing five per cent interest per annum from date, and privilege on the boat sold until final payment. Said purchaser will have to deduct and pay in cash the printing, sheriff's and clerk's fees, keeping, etc., which amount to about four hundred and seventy-five dollars.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN,
Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.
je13 20 27 jy2

Hibernia Bank of New Orleans vs. W. H. Walters and George Cronan.

FOURTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans. No. 33 057.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias against George Cronan to me directed by the honorable the Fourth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on MONDAY, July 5, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

TWO CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated, lying and being in the First District of this city, in the square bounded by White, Palmyra, Banks streets and Jane alley, designated by the numbers fifteen and sixteen of square D, on a certain plan drawn by J. A. D'Hemecourt, surveyor, on the tenth of January, 1867, a true copy of which is annexed to an act passed in the office of Edward Barnett, late a notary public in this city, on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1867, a copy of which sketch is annexed to an act passed under date of the thirtieth of April, 1870 in the office of W. J. Castell, notary public in this city; said lots of ground adjoin each other, and measure, each, according to said plan, twenty-five feet seven inches front on Palmyra street, by a depth, between parallel lines, of one hundred feet; lot number fifteen forming the corner of Palmyra and White streets; together with all the rights, ways and advantages thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Being the same property acquired by the defendant herein, George Cronan, from Paul Surgi, per act passed before said notary, Castell, on the sixth day of June, 1872.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN,
je2 13 20 jy4 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

John R. Mitchell vs. Peter Fell Kendall.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans, No. 5452.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Fifth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on MONDAY, July 5, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, with the improvements thereon, rights, ways, servitudes, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, situated in Faubourg Lafayette, now the Fourth District of this city, designated by the