

VALIANT WEXFORD.

At present some of our militia regiments are in England taking part in that mimic warfare, which, if we may believe our military *Solons*, is destined to work wonders in the efficiency of our army. Angry and hostile voices have been raised to denounce the demeanour and soldierly bearing of our fellow-countrymen. English critics have derided the qualities of the mere Irish, and credited them with being boisterous and drunkards. Friends, however, and impartial foes, have vindicated the character of our countrymen; and even the 'Times' has been compelled to make known to the world that the Irish auxiliary forces are equal, if not superior, to any other troops composing the two army corps now in the field, and fighting imaginary enemies in the South of England. Some of our militia regiments were mentioned with honor—notably the Armagh and the North and South Cork, but there is one regiment which was certainly passed over, although, as we have now abundant evidence of their prowess, they should have been amongst the very first in the *role of honors*. Until the telegraph wires flashed to every corner of the United Kingdom the mighty deeds of the Wexford Militia, but few amongst us even knew that these gallant men had been drafted from their own green shore to play at dummy warfare in England. Yesterday they were unheard of; now they are justly famous. Regulars have a thorough contempt for militiamen. Unfortunately for the character of the regular forces the Wexford Militia were camped in close proximity to the 95th (Derbyshire) Regiment. For some little time the regulars and the auxiliaries fraternised. The sturdy Wexford men rather liked the 95th, who are almost an entirely English regiment, and were willing to live on friendly and familiar terms with them. But the regulars despised the auxiliary. The men of the line believed they could with impunity insult Irish militiamen. They tried the game and paid the penalty. The old Wexford spirit was roused. Irish militiamen could not understand English regulars insulting them. Insults offered to Wexford militiamen could not be brooked, and they turned upon their tormentors. The Wexford boys were brought to England to teach them to fight, and soon they put their lessons in practice. They assailed the 95th. They demonstrated beyond a doubt their fighting qualities. The enemy were foemen worthy of their steel. On the colors of the Derbyshire regiment are inscribed the various successful battles in which they were engaged—Alma, Balaclava, Sebastopol, Central India. Never did they turn tail until they met the famous Wexford militia. At the battle of Salisbury, which should be inscribed upon the colors of the Wexfordmen, the 95th met the boys from the banks of the Slaney, and drubbed ignominiously, they were chased from their tents. They were put to flight, and but that the other troops interfered, few of the 95th would have been left to tell of the disaster. The Irish militiamen, whom the Englishmen and the English press affect to scorn, beat a regiment of regulars in fair open fight, and an entire *corps d'armée* is requisite to disarm them, and prevent them from annihilating the heroes of Inkerman, Alona, Balaclava, and Central India. The Wexfordmen are a fair example of our countrymen. England should take care how she provokes their animosity.—'Ulster Examiner.'

LATEST WONDERS OF TELEGRAPHY.

The readers of the 'Traveller' have been made acquainted with the wonderful inventions of Professor Bell by which musical and vocal sounds can be, and have been sent over the electric wires, but few, if any, are aware of the wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy. A few nights ago Professor Bell was in communication with a telegraph operator in New York, and commenced experiments with one of his inventions pertaining to the transmission of musical sounds. He made use of his phonetic organ and played the tune of "America," and asked the operator in New York what he heard.

"I hear the tune of 'America,'" replied New York. "Give us another."

Professor Bell then played "Auld Lang Syne."

"What do you hear now?"

"I hear the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with full chords distinctly," replied New York.

Thus the astounding discovery has been made that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New Orleans, or London, or Paris, and be heard distinctly in Boston! If this can be done, why cannot distinguished performers execute the most artistic and beautiful music in Paris, and an audience assemble in Music Hall, Boston, to listen.

Professor Bell's other improvement, namely the transmission of the human voice, has become so far perfected that persons have conversed over 1000 miles of wire with perfect ease, although as yet the vocal sounds are not loud enough to be heard by more than one or two persons. But if the human voice can now be sent over the wire so distinctly that when two or three known parties are telegraphing the voices of each can be recognised, we may soon have distinguished men delivering speeches in Washington, New York, or London, and audiences assembled in Music Hall, or Faneuil Hall to listen.—'Boston Traveller.'

A PUZZLED COURT.

"EVA SUTTON," cried Sergeant Quinn, at the Tombs yesterday, in a voice from which all traces of emotion had vanished; and in response to the challenge, there hobbled from the pen a hearty young woman in a gaudy dress. With his usual sympathy with the halt and lame, the judge inquired of the prisoner when she had hurt her leg.

"About six months ago," was the response.

"And do you suffer much from it now, Eva?" asked the compassionate court.

"Not much now, your honor," replied the prisoner, as the tears which the tender words evoked purred down her too roseate cheeks.

"None whatever?" pursued the judge.

"No, your honor; since four months you could stick a pin in it, and I wouldn't feel it."

"Paralysed?" queried the judge.

"No, your honor."

"No rheumatic pains when the wind's east?"

"None, your honor."

"A most singular case," said the judge, becoming more and more interested. "I must say, most extraordinary. How do you account for it, prisoner?"

"Well, your honor," said the girl, "I don't know, unless maybe it's because it's a cork leg."

"Silence in the court," shouted Sergeant Quinn, as he glowered upon the audience, who had the bad taste to laugh, and jerked a dozen grinning boys into the street.

"Now, Thompson," said the judge, testily, to the testifying officer, "these indictments must be more carefully worded. Who ever heard of a person striking another with the leg? People kick with their legs; they don't strike."

"She did, your honor," insisted the officer; "she had that cork leg in her hand when I"—

"Ten dollars or ten days," growled the judge, and as he saw the woman limp off grinning, after paying her fine, he felt like calling her back and making it \$100.—American paper.

A FRAUD EXPOSED.

THE fraud exposed by the following letter is of so much importance, and so discreditable, that we give the communication a prominent place in our columns.

SIR,—Permit me to draw your attention to a most contemptible trick in journalism, of which I find the 'Australasian' has been guilty.

It has kept by it for a quarter of a century an article from an obscure journal, which was published at a far end of the earth, and dressed it up as the current literature of the day, in an editorial column to impress on its readers the arrogance and tyranny of the Church of Rome.

The article in question was written by an ill-informed Catholic, in fact, a born Protestant.

The worthlessness of it was so manifest to the 'Australasian,' that it needs must drag in the Archbishop of St. Louis as the author. His Lordship being so far away, he was considered safe game. His Lordship was thus calumniated.—'Australasian,' 4th March, 1876.

"One of these episcopal dignitaries who wears his heart upon his sleeve for critical daws to peck at, is the Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis, who controls and inspires a newspaper called the 'Shepherd of the Valley,' which speaks out with delightful freedom. These are *ipsissima verba* of the gentle 'Shepherd of the Valley':—'The Church indeed, tolerates heretics here, when she is under restraint, but she hates them mortally, and employs her forces to procure their annihilation. As soon as the Catholics are here in possession of a considerable majority, as certainly they will be some day, although the moment may delay its coming, their religious liberty will have come to an end in the United States. Our enemies say so, and we agree with them. Our enemies know that we do not pretend to be better than our Church, and as to what concerns that Church, its history is open to the eyes of all. They know, then, how it acted with heretics in the middle ages, and how it acts with them now, whenever it has the requisite power. In the meanwhile, the lovers of freedom throughout the whole of Christendom ought to be very much obliged to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis for assuring them through his 'Shepherd of the Valley' that just as the Church acted with heretics in the middle ages, so she will act with them now whenever she has the requisite power.'"

I brought the above under the notice of my honored friend, and his reply is below:—

St. Louis, Mo., U.S.,

12th July, 1876.

My dear Sir,— . . . As regards the extract from the 'Shepherd of the Valley,' the following facts will, I trust, satisfy any honest man that the Catholic Church, or any of her bishops or priests, cannot be held accountable for its contents.

1st. It was not written by any bishop or priest, or by anyone officially authorised by such to express the mind of the Church on the subject.

2nd. A paragraph similar (though, I believe, not the very same) was published by an ardent young convert in this city, about 25 years ago, in the paper named, which was not then, and never was, an official organ of the archbishop, and simply reflected the opinions of its young editor.

3rd. The sentiments in the extracts you sent me have been repeatedly disclaimed by members of the hierarchy of the United States, and the paper named has been dead for nearly 20 years.

I was not even a priest when the extract was first printed, so you need not fear that I hold such opinions. Wishing you every blessing, and with kind regards to your family,

I remain,

Yours very faithfully in Christ,

(Signed) † P. J. RYAN, C.B.

To John O'Carrollan, Esq., Owens.

No comment on the gross fraud so happily exposed through the agency of Mr. Carolan is necessary. The exposure tells its own tale, and that is one of unscrupulous bigotry and perfidious malignity. We most earnestly desire that we could spread a report of this scandalous business wherever the 'Australasian' circulates; for we are persuaded that no honest Protestant, much less any genuine Catholic, under whose notice it had come, could ever afterwards entertain the slightest respect for a journal that had been convicted of such conduct.—'Advocate.'