

career of a popular leader. Those who best knew O'Connell are able to cite many an instance of magnanimity that contrasts strongly with the unscrupulousness of which his opponents accused him. An instance, vouchered for by a party well acquainted with both parties, has been lately given to me. O'Connell had been on terms of intimacy with P. M. an able and influential man, well known in Dublin. A quarrel, arising from some political difference, broke out between them. O'Connell denounced his opponent in language of extreme violence, and for many years they were on terms of mutual hostility. Long afterwards P. M. told my informant that, during the period of their friendship O'Connell had become aware of circumstances of a private nature which, if published, would have been ruinous to the position and credit of his adversary; but, in spite of the violence of their subsequent quarrel, was never led to divulge them, or allude to them in any way. Of him, as of nearly all men who have taken an eminent part in public affairs, we may say that, although his aims were lofty, he was not careful in his choice of means. The worst that can with justice be urged against him is that he was too tolerant of baser men, who used low means to compass low ends, so long as they were ready to swell the ranks of his auxiliary forces. When the future historian is able calmly to survey the miserable history of Ireland up to the end of the last century, he will, perhaps, regard it as no slight testimony to the qualities of the Irish race that it should at such a time have impersonated itself in a figure so commanding and so free from base admixture. If it prove the great qualities of the man that he should have acquired such power over his countrymen, it says not a little for them that the man to whom alone they gave their entire hearts was one whom they may present without shame to the scrutiny of succeeding generations.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

At the Limerick sessions, recently, the jury, after a quarter of an hour's absence, returned into court. "We find him not guilty." Chairman: "Are you unanimous in your verdict?" Foreman: "We are, your Worship, we are nine to three." (Great laughter.) Chairman: "This is not a proper verdict." Foreman: "We first decided, your Worship, that the minority should be ruled by the majority before going into the merits of the case. We then became unanimous in the end." (Laughter.) Chairman: "But how could you be unanimous when you say you are nine to three?" (Laughter.) Foreman: "Your Worship, I took down those who were for acquitting him, and the minority agreed to the verdict of the majority." Chairman: "Oh go inside, each of the three men who were in the minority, are they of the opinion that the man is guilty? Go inside and let them agree about it. I don't want to hear any more of your deliberations; go inside and let them find that this man did not strike the prosecutor." The jury then retired, and after a few minutes re-entered and handed in a verdict of "not guilty." Chairman (to the jury): "Gentlemen, you have agreed to your verdict. You say that the prisoner is not guilty?" Foreman: "We do." Chairman: "Is that the verdict of the whole of you?" Several Jurors: "Yes your Worship." Chairman: "Discharge the prisoner now." (To the prisoner.) "I hope if you ever come here again you will not get off so easy." Prisoner: "It is my first offence and it will be my last." (Loud laughter in which the whole court joined.) Chairman: "But the jury say you have done nothing at all." (Laughter.)

**REPRESENTATIVES AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.**—In the course of his able speech at Waterford, Mr. P. J. Smyth made one remark which deserves more than passing attention. He lamented the absence in Ireland of that strong public opinion in political matters which across the Channel manifests itself so strikingly in the necessity which members of Parliament feel themselves under to annually meet their constituents and give an account of their stewardship. In this country, on the other hand, gentlemen rather "fight shy" of interviews with those in whose name they speak in the Imperial Parliament. Of course, when election time comes round, many of our members become suddenly eloquent and confidential, but in the interval which passes between the period when a man first enters that little Gothic doorway of Westminster Hall, and the next election, he does not, as a rule, encourage any interchange of ideas with those whose political nomination he is. Such a state of things exhibits an absence of public spirit in the constituencies which allow themselves to be thus slighted, and an absence of public spirit in the members, who ought to be glad to find renewed political strength and vigour in actual contact with those whom they represent. Perhaps, however, a more depressing sign of the situation is the coolness with which certain Irish members entirely neglect their Parliamentary duties and the tameness with which that neglect is submitted to by the constituencies which they "represent." As to the former, the ornamental member, the gentleman who covets the rank of M.P. as an "open sesame" to London society, is still a well-known political variety. As to the constituencies themselves, the calmness with which they allow their representatives to sink into a condition of political nonentity is one of the strongest evidences of that absence of a healthy public opinion to which the honourable member for Westmeath alluded. The Celtic nature has something volcanic in its nature. At election times an Irish constituency takes into fierce activity; but when the Sheriff has declared the result, apathy too often succeeds to excitement, and the man whose words on the hustings were scanned with such eagerness is allowed to be rarely or neglect in Parliament the interests he so solemnly bound himself to foster and protect. The recent is an important crisis for Ireland and for the Empire. It is a time when, as Mr. Mill once said, every one takes an interest in politics save those who are too deficient in intellect to understand them. It is a time when there is no place in the bosom of politics for the ornamental member. It is a time when every constituency, and, above all, every Irish constituency should expect from its representative a close attention to his Parliamentary duties, and, at reasonable intervals, an opportunity of consultation with those in whose name he speaks. At the same time we would be sorry to see constituencies running into the opposite extreme. We would, above all, regret any attempts being made to degrade the representative into what has been termed the ignominious position of a mere delegate. A member of Parliament does not, on obtaining that position, forfeit the valuable possession which we all "will of his own." He does not, and ought not, consent to be a mere puppet in the hands of his constituents. A constituency ought to see that member attend fairly to his duties, represents their case in the general line of his action, adheres to the pledges by which he obtained his seat, and above all, does not subordinate public aims to personal signs. Having ascertained that a member conforms to these requirements, we think that a constituency ought to allow him great liberty in matters of detail. If men were on every trivial point expected to vote as their constituency ordered them, a result would be that most serious calamity—the stigmata of public life of men of high spirit and delicate feeling. In this country, we fall into a error of allowing our representatives too much liberty of action, or perhaps we should rather say a much liberty of neglect. In America they fall into the error of laying down on every petty question of detail a hard and fast line which intolerably lifts the shoulders of the representative, and has put the best men in the States out of Congress, this, as in so many other questions of policy, a lesson may be taken from England, where if representatives are allowed ample discretion on all matters of detail, on the one hand, their general line of action and their attention to their duties are

watched with an interest and a care of which we have no idea in this country.—*Freeman.*

**ENGLISH UTRERANCA OF HOME RULE.**—The following extract from a recent number of the *North Londoner*, is an utterance as creditable as it is exceptional in a British journal:—

"It is, therefore, our duty, as far as it lies in our power, to expose and denounce all kinds of tyranny, whether exercised against ourselves at home, or the Irish in Ireland. We must all admit that Ireland has never been governed according to the wishes of the people of that country. The laws that have been framed for Ireland in time past were of the most oppressive and iniquitous kind that ever darkened the pages of a nation's history. To-day some of those infamous Acts are in full force and unrepented. They are still in existence, influencing and teaching Irish people to hate English laws and English justice. Coercion Acts are now in full force in Ireland. Press-censorship Acts are also in force, so that every vestige of liberty may be said to be taken from the people. The consequence is, they are leaving the country fast and furious, and endeavoring to make homes for themselves in foreign lands. Ireland cannot be expected to prosper as long as she is without manufactures, no more than England could be expected to prosper if deprived of hers. Why are not Irish manufactures promoted? The answer is simple: it is plain. The reason is, if Ireland was allowed to have her manufactures, English monopolists would suffer thereby. Fearing this causes many Englishmen to shudder at the thought of conceding Home Rule, as there is not the slightest doubt the first thing an Irish Parliament would do, would be to see to the establishment and restoration of Irish manufactures. In asking for Home Rule the Irish people simply desire to have the management of their own local affairs transferred to their own Parliament in Dublin.—They do not seek separation or the disintegration of the empire, as some would have us believe, but simply that they should have some kind of control over their own business. Mr. Butt says that Ireland, when demanding Home Rule, is holding out the hand of fellowship to England; and that it is the English people who will have to decide whether it be grasped in good fellowship or rejected with scorn. The time is coming fast when this country will ring from end to end with the cry of Home Rule. Let us, therefore, consider what course we shall adopt—whether we shall madly refuse to listen to the appeal of the Irish nation, and thereby risk a rebellion; or openly grant them Home Rule, by which we shall win the esteem and loyalty of all classes of Irishmen at home and abroad. By the former we may bring destruction on ourselves, while the latter will assuredly bring us permanent peace and happiness; loyalty from the Irish, and respect from every nation that loves liberty and justice."

**THE MEN OF THE NORTH.**—Ulster is being swiftly and surely won back to Ireland and to Catholicity. Remember that thirty years ago the Protestants were as two to one in the province—that they were the manufacturers, the farmers, the landed proprietors, the artisans, an insolent and omnipotent caste; while the wretched Catholics, with the rust of centuries in their blood, huddled in the dirty suburbs, and hovels for churches, hewed wood and drew water for their Protestant masters, were squalid, despised and insulted, and thought themselves happy if once a year they could avenge their slavery by battering out Orange brains or smashing Protestant drums. Now all that is changed. True, the Scotch colonists still own most of the land; their hard faces are to be seen everywhere, and their dry accents heard. A race of them hold most of the small farms in Down and Antrim, and, to their credit, be it said, make the land burst with fruitfulness. In Belfast and the busy manufacturing district all around, most of the capitalists are still Protestants and strangers. But their lessons of thrift and pluck have not been lost on the Catholics. More fruitful than the colonists, the Celts multiply year by year; work brings them to the great towns; they learn how to thrive and make money, to buy farms and start industries like other neighbors. To-day there are Catholic Celts in the magistracy, in the Town Councils, at the head of industries. In numbers they are every year distancing the Orangemen, and will soon, in spite of emigration, leave them far behind. Their constant contact with the canny colonists, it may be admitted freely, has made them hard, practical men. They have, perhaps, more sturdy self-reliance than their brethren of the south or west, and they may thank for it their long fight for life. Donegal, which was never wholly "settled," is to-day as Celtic and Catholic as Galway. In Belfast there are a hundred thousand Catholics. The Tyrone small farmers are most of them Catholic; those of Monaghan and Cavan most entirely so.

**OUTRAGE AT NEW PALLAS.**—An outrage of a serious character from the neighborhood of New Pallas was reported to the constabulary on Saturday evening. On Thursday night a respectable farmer named William Ryan was proceeding home from Limerick to New Pallas, when two men, farmers from Cappamore, named Philip Butler and James O'Brien, and who are stated to belong to one of the rival factions, overtook Ryan on the road between Boher and Killonnan some six miles from Limerick. Ryan was pulled off his car by the men, who knocked him down and beat him in the most savage manner. Whilst beating him they "wheeled" and shouted against "blood money and the Conways." Ryan, it appears, is married to a sister of Patrick Conway, who was murdered at New Pallas about two years ago, and for whose murder three or four people of the name of Kearney, and an old man of the name of Cornelius McCarthy, were sentenced to lengthened periods of penal servitude. Butler and O'Brien are near relatives of the convict McCarthy, and it is this circumstance which seems to have led to this savage assault on Ryan.—*Saunders.*

**REPORTED FIRING AT THE PRISON IN COUNTY KILDARE.**—Mr. Matthew Handbridge, of Ballylennan, County Carlow, who was spending the evening with Mr. John Bently, of Grangemellon, County Kildare, reports that when driving home in his croydon, at about a quarter to one o'clock, on Thursday morning, when passing the gate of Dunamogogue Church-yard, he observed two men dressed in grey frocks, standing inside the piers, and immediately a shot was fired at him, the shot whizzing past him and rattling in the bushes at the other side of the road. There was clear moon-light, but he did not know either of the men. He proceeded at once to Carlow, and made a deposition to Head-Constable D. James, who at once despatched a mounted orderly with particulars to Inspector Webb, of Athy, and the matter is being vigorously followed up.

**THE REPRESENTATION OF YOUGHAL.**—Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, D.L., late member for Youghal, has announced his intention of again seeking the suffrages of the constituency at the general election under the auspices of the parish priest. It is not likely that Mr. Montague Guest, the sitting member, will contest the borough again. The gallant and honorable gentleman owed his return to the friendship of Mr. Christopher Weguelin, who, it will be recollected, was unseated on petition by Mr. Justice O'Brien after a protracted investigation. If Mr. Butt supports the candidature of his former opponent, Sir Joseph McKenna, it must be simply because the latter has given in his adhesion to the Home Rulers. Sir Joseph is at present at his Youghal residence Ardce House.—*Irish Times.*

**POST-OFFICE ROBBERY OF £300.**—On Tuesday evening a mysterious robbery was committed at the Post-office, Cork. A letter containing bank notes to the amount of £300 was handed in and registered. When the mails came to be made up it was found that the letter had been abstracted from the desk in

which it had been placed, and next morning the envelope was found in the yard near the Post-office. The Police are very reticent, and will give no information. No arrest has been made.

**THE VICTORY OF IRISH RIFLEMEN IN ENGLAND.**—The Elcho Challenge Shield, which was this year, for the first time, won by Irish riflemen, was on Thursday conveyed to the Mansion House, by military escort, and was there received by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Town Councillors, a number of distinguished visitors being present. In the evening a banquet was given by the Lord Mayor, at which the members of the Irish Eighth and a numerous company were present.

**CHOLERA IN WEXFORD.**—A case of cholera was reported to the Board of Guardians as they were transacting business on Saturday. It has occurred at a place called Maudlintown, principally occupied by sailors and fishermen. A covered car prepared for the purpose was sent for the person, who was taken to hospital, where she was attended by Dr. Creane.

**REPRESENTATION OF WATERFORD CITY.**—The Home Rule party in Waterford have invited Mr. Daunt to represent that city. He has declined to undertake the responsibility on account of advanced age and infirm health.

GREAT BRITAIN.

**MIXED MARRIAGES.**—The *Times* has discovered a decided mare's nest. In an article on the collective Pastoral issued by the English Catholic Bishops after the recent Council, it touches—as it might be expected to do, after the correspondence which has appeared in its columns—on the rules laid down in the matter of mixed marriages. "Here is the very highest authority," says our correspondent, "that any marriage of a Roman Catholic to one not a Roman Catholic is essentially unlawful, as well as expressly prohibited. They are not even told that, though wrong, such a marriage once effected is valid and binding." The *Times* goes on to picture the disastrous effects that may be produced on husbands who would like to desert their wives and children by the announcement that "a mixed marriage is unlawful." Unfortunately for the theory of the *Times*, Catholics know a little better than the writer supposes they do, that "unlawful" and "invalid" represent totally distinct ideas. And when he comments on the fact that the Pastoral does not go on to declare the validity of mixed marriages when once contracted, he ignores the fact that the Catholics to whom it is addressed have other sources of instruction. The Pastoral is not the first information they have on the subject. Let the writer in the *Times* ask the question of an intelligent child in a Catholic school, and he will be convinced that there is no confusion in the minds of Catholics between the "unlawful" and the "invalid." But he has been guilty not only of misapprehension, but of direct misstatement. Catholics, he says, "are not even told that, though wrong, such a marriage once effected is valid and binding." And upon these he raises the superstructure on which we have been commenting. These are the words of the Pastoral:—"The Catholic Church recognizes as perfect and valid the marriages of the people of England contracted before the law of the land, if there be no impediment which in itself annuls the contract. The Catholic Church does not re-marry those of the English people who are received into its unity. It regards them as already man and wife, and their children as legitimate. Therefore, if any Catholic solemnize a mixed marriage before the Registrar, or before the Protestant minister, the Catholic Church refuses to marry them. For two obvious reasons: first, they are already married, &c."

From the Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop, and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster, we make the following extract on "Mixed Marriages":—"There yet remains one other subject on which we desire to speak: not indeed to instruct you; but to justify your fidelity, in cases which bring upon us much unreasoning and perverse censure from the world around you. The Church has by its earliest discipline, and at all times, in language of great energy condemned marriages of mixed religion. The reasons of this prohibition to you are self-evident; to the world they are, like the Catholic Faith itself, unintelligible. The Church has added to its prohibition the impediment whereby a mixed marriage without dispensation is unlawful. For grave causes, such a dispensation is granted by the Church. But it cannot be granted except upon the mutual and united promise of the two parties, Catholic and non-Catholic, made to the Bishop who grants the dispensation, that the Catholic party shall have perfect liberty to practise the Catholic religion, that all children born of such marriage shall be brought up in the Catholic faith, and that the marriage shall be solemnized in the Catholic Church alone. Of these three conditions the first is so self-evidently right and necessary, that we need no more than recite it. But on the two last much censure have been cast, and many things unreasonable and untrue have been said. We will therefore place in your hands a statement of the law of the Church, by which you will be able to satisfy all just minds, and to answer even those whose contentions are not just. First, as to the education of the children in the Catholic faith, it has been said, and thought, that the Church used to permit that the sons should be brought up in one religion and the daughters in another. The Church has never permitted such a thing; it would not permit it; because such a practice is intrinsically sinful. It would be not only the breach of a law, but it would also be a denial of the Catholic faith. The Catholic Church knows of only one faith in which we can be saved. To consent to, or to countenance, an agreement by which one soul shall be brought up out of that way of salvation would be a mortal sin, and a tacit denial of the one only way of salvation. This the Church has never done, nor has ever even implicitly countenanced. They who have done such things will answer at the judgment-seat for their own personal acts, which were not acts of the Church, nor sanctioned by the Church, but were in direct variance with its express commands and with the law of God. It is in the memory of living men that the Archbishop of Cologne endured imprisonment in vindication of this divine law. We are bound to walk in the one only way to life, and to allow no soul for whom we are responsible to be led away from it. The Catholic father or mother who, for interest or any worldly motive, consents that their offspring shall be educated out of the way of life in which they profess to desire to die, thereby denies in deed the faith which they profess in words. Both by the natural and the revealed law of God, parents are bound to rear their children in the same grace of salvation in which they hope for eternal life. This condition, then, that all children of such marriage shall be brought up in the Catholic faith, is not a new or an arbitrary rule. It is an intrinsic law founded upon the revelation of God, old as the Church itself, and inseparable from the faith. They who believe that all forms of Christianity are indifferent will perhaps not understand our words. They who believe that the Catholic is the only revealed way of salvation will need no further reasoning. The other condition, that no Catholic shall solemnize marriage before any minister of religion other than the priests of the Catholic Church, rests on principles equally plain. From the unity of the faith springs the unity of divine worship. As it is unlawful to hold communion with any professions of faith out of the unity of Catholic truth, so it is unlawful to hold communion in any acts of religion out of the unity of Catholic worship. Matrimony is a Sacrament of the Church; and no Catholic can therefore hold communion with any marriage ceremony professing to be religious, or in the presence of any person profes-

sing to be a minister of religion, out of the unity of the Catholic Church. So long as penal laws inflicted legal nullity upon all Catholic marriages unless they were solemnized before the ministers of the Established Church, Catholics were compelled to go before them to obtain the legal validity of their marriage and the legal security of their estates. But they went before the minister of the Established Church, not as a minister of religion, but as a civil authority, and for civil effects. Their Catholic marriage was the only marriage they recognized as perfect before God and man; but, for its civil recognition and legal validity, they were compelled by penal laws to appear before the appointed civil officer, who was also a minister of the established religion. When, however, in the year 1836, this penal law was abolished, and the validity of Catholic marriages, with the presence of the Registrar, was legalized, the Registrar took the place of the Protestant clergyman, as the Protestant clergyman had until then discharged the office of the Registrar. From that moment the necessity of appearing before him ceased for all civil effects; and no other lawful motive for a Catholic to appear before him could exist. Thereafterward he could only be regarded as a minister of religion; and to go before him as such for any religious act, and especially for matrimony, which a Catholic knows to be a sacrament, has ever been and ever must be a hidden, as an act intrinsically sinful. The highest authority in the Church declares such an act to be "unlawful and sacrilegious." This, then, is no new or arbitrary law, recently enacted by us. It is as old as the Church, and directly, and by necessity, resulting from the unity of Catholic Faith."

The Protestant Bishop of Lincoln has sent his blessing to the "Old" Catholics assembled at Constance, and we sincerely hope it will do them good. More, he has sent them a copy of rather feeble Latin verses, in which he makes immense capital out of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. He cannot go to the "Congress" of Constance in person, but "in spirit" he is all there. Might we presume to ask Dr. Wordsworth a question? Supposing one of his parsons had taken a solemn and public oath to God, in the full vigor of his manhood, and in the full possession of remarkably sharpened intellects, and had then deliberately and publicly broken it in the most outrageous manner, then in what estimation would his lordship of Lincoln—or, for the matter of that, any plain, honest Englishman—have held that parson? Would he not justly call him rogue, perjurer, blasphemer? We rather think he would, and have added a spiritual, social, and moral denunciation to the perjurer, remaining still unrepentant. Yet this Layson, this protege of his Lordship of Lincoln, is precisely what we have above described; and yet Dr. Wordsworth sees in him a virtue worthy of Protestant laudation, and worthy of Latin verses, which, if of a knock-kneed type, are yet eminently cordial. Cannot the Bishop of Lincoln get an English parson, in preference to a French one, and elevate the poor fellow into a Protestant demi-god?

The *Birmingham Morning News* says that a story, in which the Protestant Bishop of Lichfield is the prominent figure, is just now circulating in Wolverhampton. It is to the effect that while walking in the Black Country, a short time ago, his lordship saw a number of miners seated on the ground, and went towards them with the object of saying a "word in season." He asked them what they were doing, and was told by one of the men that they had been "joyin'." The Bishop evinced some astonishment, and asked for an explanation. "Why, yer see," said one of the men, "one on us has fun' a kettle, and we been a tryin' who can tell the biggest lie to ha' it." His Lordship was shocked, and proceeded to read the men a lecture, telling them, among other things, that he had always been taught that lying was an awful offence, and that, in fact, no strongly held this been impressed upon him that he had never told a lie in the whole course of his life. His lordship had hardly finished when one of the men, who had previously remained silent, exclaimed, "Gie the governor the kettle; gie the governor the kettle."

Don Pint describes the British House of Peers as "a body of men exceedingly quiet and unpretending in manner, not remarkably striking in countenance, and so badly dressed that it seemed an affectation."

It is proposed to erect a part of the intended permanent cathedral in Westminster as a memorial of the Pilgrimage lately made by the English to Paris.

The Thames murder remains a mystery, and there is as yet no certainty that the police are on the track of the murderer.

The authorities have decided to send out a line of railway to the Gold Coast, and yesterday the first instalment of iron was shipped at Woolwich.

UNITED STATES.

**LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The following anecdotes, strikingly characteristic of the social condition of the United States, are by us copied from our exchanges of last week:—

**A MISSOURI COLONY.**—*JIM CROW CHILES.*—SHOOTING FOR FUN.—Until a few days ago the City of Independence, in Missouri, boasted the possession of a citizen, who even in that State of lawless repute, must have been a man of mark. At least he was a marksman, as many presumptuous officers of the law discovered to their cost in attempting to arrest him. Col. Jim Crow Chiles was not what would be called here an attractive person. He had a jovial habit of shooting people just for fun, or to keep his pistol-hand in whenever he got a little drunk, and as he had a proper gentlemanly scorn of excessive sobriety, timid persons, or such as had unreasonable prejudices against this sort of humor, found him an uncomfortable associate. In this unpremeditated and good-humored fashion he had already disposed of nine men since the war, in which he earned his sanguinary surnames as an associate of Quantrell. The Colonel had a son, who, at the early age of thirteen, appears to have exhibited many of the parental virtues, and bade fair to become in time such a shot as would gladden and soothe his father's declining years. On Sunday morning, the 21st ult., the Colonel thought fit to get a little drunk. Or to put it more accurately, he woke up a little drunk from being much more drunk on the preceding night. It was a day of rest and recreation, and the Colonel felt particularly good-humored. So he loaded his pistols with especial care, and sallied forth to his favorite amusement. He had already insulted a number of people, who showed an utter deficiency of humor by promptly running away, and was beginning to grow almost despondent over his chances of a pleasant shot, when, by the merest good luck, he met the City Marshal, one Peacock. That dignitary, with the affability that City Marshals usually show to shooting Colonels when slightly drunk, held out his hand, and said, with great sweetness, "how are you Jim?" To this cheerful salutation the overjoyed Colonel responded pleasantly by a slap in the face. The Marshal inquired mildly his intentions. The jovial Chiles explained them more clearly with a blow. Even a City Marshal could not be expected to need further enlightenment, so he grappled with the gratified Colonel, and for some time their struggles in the gutter afforded a gentle sensation to the loafers in the neighboring bar-rooms. At this moment appeared the youthful Chiles, who promptly picked up his father's revolver and shot Peacock in the back. Then Peacock's son emerged from the historic background and shot the Colonel in the back. Then the Marshal fired by filial example, shot the Colonel a little more, which proved to be sufficient. Then young Chiles, finding it devolved on him to sustain the family honor, shot young Peacock, and young Peacock responded by shooting young

Chiles mortally. But this bright young acion of chivalry did not die without kindly promising "to do" for the entire Peacock family if he ever recovered, and adjuring his younger brother, aged ten, to attend to the matter in case he died. It is, perhaps, immaterial to mention that Deputy Marshal Farrow arrived in time to catch a stray shot in the chest, and to report that there was no one left for him to kill. "As he has no son to assume that pleasant duty for him, he does not legitimately enter into the scope of this narrative. It is the general impression in Independence, the very best thing for a citizen of that lovely town to do is to provide himself with a son who knows how to shoot."—*N. Y. Times.*

The Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise* relates the particulars of a desperate and fatal street affray which occurred a few nights since at Truckee, in Washoe county, on the Central Pacific Railroad. The parties engaged were Andy Fugot, a carpenter, and Jack White, a miner, and the cause of the difficulty was an old grudge that existed between them. A few days previous to the fight the men had come to an understanding that upon the occasion of their next meeting they would settle the difficulty with pistols. The occasion soon presented itself, and although the hour was nine o'clock in the evening, the men had no sooner sighted each other than they took their positions, drew their revolvers, and commenced firing with incredible rapidity. People near the scene of danger fled precipitately, and the combatants had the street to themselves. White was the first to fall. He dropped from the sidewalk into a gutter, and was almost immediately followed by Fugot, who lay in the same gutter but a few feet from him. Between the wounded and helpless antagonists was a bundle of gunny sacks, which hid them from one another, but Fugot crawled to the top of these bags, and from this position fired twice at White. At the same moment White discharged his last shot with great effort, and Fugot, struck by the bullet, rolled from the bags in agony. The groaning and bleeding men were then picked up, but their desperate wounds rendered recovery impossible. Fugot died in ten minutes, and White expired shortly after.

A WOMAN'S WHITE.—Some editor who has been victimized writes as follows: "We shall never engage another woman to report gentlemen's fashions for this paper. We might have known she would ignominiously fail; but she said gentlemen reported ladies' fashions, and she couldn't see why a woman shouldn't write up the masculine modes. We couldn't see either, so we gave her a *carte-blanche* to go ahead. And such a fashion article! Here is a specimen of the ridiculous stuff: 'A *recherché* Spring overcoat for promenade has pretty ribbed stripes, with three ruffles on the tails, festooned with tassels, single-breasted collar, and rolling flaps on the panicle. A lovely dress coat has three buttons and pockets in the vee, box-plaited on the hips, three-ply guipure lace on the narrative, gored in a bunch, and cut bouffant. Vests button up in front, same as last year, and have pockets, with imperial polonaise up the back, and oxidized buttons in double rows on the collar, with tab fronts. The skirt is cut tight at the knee, and open in front or behind, as may be preferred, with persea bosom, trimmed passementerie; four rows of Magenta braid around the skirt, with hook at back, bound with galloon to match. Much depends on the pantaloons. A gentleman's dress is very incomplete without trousers. These are of some subdued color, as London smoke, and should have monise with the—the neck fitch. They are cut bias in both legs, with deep frills to fall over the instep; the waist is garnished with a grand band of batiste, with *ceru* facings, and buttons to match; the—' But that is enough. Any one but a Sandwich Islander will see at a glance that these fashions are frightfully mixed. Who ever heard of trousers being cut bias in the legs, deep frills falling over the instep, with a broad band of batiste—whatever that may be—and *ceru* facings and things? Rather than wear pantaloons built in that way we would go without, and embrace our limbs in two sections of stove pipe."—*New York Daily Graphic.*

"They have two very enthusiastic undertakers in Camden. They are always on the lookout for business, and always trying to get ahead of each other. The wife of a prominent citizen was known to be quite ill, some time ago, and both undertakers made up their minds to provide the funeral if she should die. On Thursday night, the husband dropped the paragonic bottle on the floor, and scared the invalid so that she gave a little scream. The next instant, the family heard somebody staggering up-stairs, knocking the paper off the wall with some kind of an implement. It was Jones, the undertaker, bringing up one of his hermetically sealed coffins. He had been waiting on the front step, and hearing the scream, concluded the end had come, and rushed in, all ready. He dashed up the stairs, as the husband opened the door, set the coffin upon the carpet, and exclaimed, eagerly: "Gimme the first chance. Bury her forty dollars, with silver-plated trimmings!" Before the indignant man had time to reply a noise was heard in the attic. Presently Brown, the undertaker, appeared on the third-story, and leaving one of his "incredibly burial caskets" down the stairs, cried, "Don't do it! I'll plant her for thirty-eight dollars: five off for cash, put a monogram on the casket, and throw in a tombstone." Brown had been watching Jones, it seems from the roof of the house next door and would have beaten him, but the trapdoor stuck. They were led away by a policeman, but before they had reached the corner, Jones had a contract for burying that policeman's mother-in-law, when she died. The policeman was not particular about details. "Let it be deep," said he, "and put a heavy stone on top, to hold her down."

**CATHOLIC FREEMASONS.**—Some of our readers are, no doubt puzzled at our coupling together two words so contradictory as Catholic and Freemason. Every Catholic is aware that the moment a man becomes a Freemason he ceases to be a Catholic; but all are not aware that there are a few wild young men and bad old men in this city who connect themselves with such bodies, and yet wear an occasional cloak of Catholicity. In our experience in Newark we have met some of these gentlemen, who, on their joining, invariably tell their friends that their faith is untouched by their connection with Masonry. One thing is certain: that the arch-enemies of the Church all over the world are Freemasons. Another thing, equally certain, is within the knowledge of many of us; that after a Catholic joins the Masonic fraternity he becomes gradually more and more careless in his attendance at church, performs none of his religious duties, and by-and-by absents himself altogether. Death comes at last, and he is borne to the grave with what are called Masonic honors, and, of course, without the Sacraments of the Church. Such has been the sad ending of many an unhappy young man. It is especially noticeable that those who thus fall away are those who have a little learning, and fancy they have got a great deal.—*Catholic Citizen.*

A householder at Lampasas, Texas, wishing to render the entrance of his house as lovely as possible, decorated the door with a white knob. It was the only one in the place, and the citizens hastened to utilize it. They constituted it a target, and began rifle and revolver practice immediately. The unfortunate householder retired to the cellar for safety, until, under the influence of a steady shower of bullets, the new knob had entirely disappeared. That door now opens with a string, running through a bullet hole.

The editor of a newspaper in Nebraska, begins his introductory article with the following sentence:—"The object in view in the establishment of this paper is the procuring of means wherewith to buy bread and butter and good clothes."