

announcement of the sudden conversion to Home Rule principles of some prominent professional politicians. How much reliance is to be placed upon those "death-bed" conversions it is for the constituencies to determine. It is said that Mr. Butler, who attended the Limerick Amnesty meeting on Sunday, means to contest Ennis on Home Rule principles; another Home Ruler is named for Limerick County, and a meeting convened by tenant-farmers is to be held in Waterford next week to select candidates for that county. In this connection it may not be out of place to remark that the projectors of the forthcoming Home Rule meeting in Kilkenny, are not in fact members of the Home Rule Association, and that the knowledge of this circumstance has given occasion to the remark that the meeting is projected for the purpose of helping somebody or other into Parliament.—*Dublin Irishman*.

**AN OLD FOX IN A NEW DISGUISE.**—We learn from the *Freeman* that for some time past the Dublin police have been much puzzled to account for the numbers of persons affected with temporary lunacy which they have had of late to arrest in the streets, or for the numerous acts of absolute madness committed by persons who were said to be only under the influence of drink. Almost every night in the police stations raging maniacs were to be found; and all this insanity was put down to intemperance and otherwise adulterated whiskey. Many became so dangerously affected that they had to be taken to the hospital in the most deplorable state. It was also observed that suicides were becoming more frequent, and that persons who had no means to get drunk were seldom sober. Active inquiries have been set on foot, and it has been ascertained that in several places in the city a terrible chemical combination is sold at a low price. This liquid compound has the effect of producing the most fearful and rapid brain excitement, and we understand that it has been introduced here from America. It has the effect of not only making those who drink it demented, but also of producing temporary paralysis of the limbs, and frequently utter unconsciousness. In the pockets of many of the persons arrested lately the bottles in which it is contained, this terrible fluid had been contained, were found, but somehow or another the police were not able to get any of the liquid itself into their possession until Saturday night, when a man was brought in on a charge of having been drunk and disorderly. In a bottle on his person some of the famous *elixir* of mania was found, ready for "consumption" or any other complaint. The unfortunate owner of the bottle and its contents was in a wretched condition, and remained in the cell a howling maniac during the night. The liquid, which had to be given up to the man with whom it was found on his being admitted to bail, did not contain a drop of whiskey. It had a strong medicated odour, in which some preparation of ether was to be discovered. It is high time for the authorities to look after this new and terrible traffic, already attended with the most lamentable consequences.

**SUR C. G. DUFFY.**—A London telegram states that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is, it is said, about to reside in Ireland, where he will offer himself at the next election as a Home Rule candidate.

**SERIOUS AFFRAY BETWEEN ORANGEMEN AND POLICE IN PORTADOWN.**—The correspondent of *Standard* writes on Wednesday:—I deeply regret to say that one of the most serious riots that ever occurred in this part of the North took place in this town to-day. About one o'clock a large number of country Orangemen, some hundreds in number, the procession being a mile long, and having about twenty flags, were marching in, when they were informed by the sub-inspector that he could not allow them to pass through, as he had received a sworn information that a riot would occur. A time some stone-throwing took place, whilst another lot of Orangemen were attempting to force their way through the other cordon of police further up where an immense crowd had gathered, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Several times the police charged the crowd with fixed bayonets, but all to no purpose apparently. Some time after a man attempted to drive at a great rate a horse and cart through the police, stones then commenced to shower, when the police fiercely charged in all directions, the result of which was that many persons were stabbed. The police were then hurriedly taken up to the end of the Main-street, where the most serious row of all took place. Here the police were stoned in all directions, when they charged the crowd on all sides, and for a time the scene was of the wildest description imaginable. At last the police, about 100 in number had to retreat from the stones of the crowd, which were showered upon them like hail. At this time a large number of the police were wounded, and a number of the crowd were taken prisoners. Mr. Ware, S.I., was knocked down with a brick, and then kicked on the street until some of his ribs were broken. He had to take shelter in a public house close by. At this time some lodges passed down the street and over the Tunnel in spite of the police. Mr. McSheehy, R.M., read the Riot Act, and ordered the police to load, but still the stones continued to come. The wounded police were taken into the barracks and attended to by Dr. Stewart, who found many of them suffering from severe scalp wounds, one having his ear split open as with a knife. About five o'clock the scene began to abate, but still disturbance was imminent. All is now quite (nearly) at rest, and the Orangemen have nearly all left the town. Never was such a riot witnessed in Portadown before.

**MR. O'DONOGHUE AND HIS APPOINTMENT.**—We trust that the people of Tralee will not send their representative adrift without first taking energetic measures to supply some kind of recreation in lieu of that which they are so soon to be deprived. Besides the diversion afforded the Traleeites during his late visit to his constituents, no little amusement has been caused by the following announcement, printed in large type, and extensively circulated in the borough:—"O'Donoghue's Appointment.—Special Gazette.—By Telegraph.—London, Wednesday.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Daniel O'Donoghue, of Tomies, County Kerry, to be her Lord High Ranger of Mangerton and Rear Admiral of the Lower Lake, the emoluments arising from said offices to be paid in advance." We hope the men of Tralee will not part with this member without presenting him with some slight recognition of the value they attach to the services rendered them during the time he has been their representative. Why not present him with an impartially written history of his own life, so that he might hand it down to posterity as an example of the way Irishmen treated renegades in the latter part of the nineteenth century?—*London Univers.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

**THE POPE AND GERMAN EMPEROR.**—Archbishop Manning presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Mail*, and would be glad if he would publish the enclosed extract from a German paper.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W., Oct. 28.  
A letter has appeared in the *Mainzer Journal* from Bishop von Ketteler, of Mainz, addressed to the German Emperor, in which the latter is challenged to prove the assertions against the loyalty of German Catholics contained in his reply to the Pope's letter. It runs as follows:—  
"Your Majesty has charged us in the face of Europe with disloyal intrigues.  
"Now, our agitation has either been conducted within the limits of the laws, and in that case you were not justified in bringing this charge against us, or our conduct has transgressed the laws, and accordingly we have committed the crime of treason.  
"Will your Majesty, then, order your Government, on the ground of the facts which must be at

your disposal in presence of such a charge, to indict our leaders as traitors?  
"After your Majesty has uttered so frightful an accusation against our honor, integrity, and loyalty, at least allow us to prove to you how ill-informed you have been."  
"It appears that there is a second letter from the Pope to the Emperor, which the latter has not published, and which the Catholics say he is afraid to publish."

The Spanish steamer *Murillo*, which had been seized upon the allegation of being the vessel which ran down the *Northfleet*, and caused the loss of nearly 300 lives, was yesterday condemned by the Judge of the Admiralty Court, and ordered to be sold on behalf of the owners of the *Northfleet* and of the cargo on board that ship.—*Times*, Nov. 4.

**A "HOME RULE" DEBATE IN CAMBRIDGE.**—A deputation of Osouians came over to Cambridge University on Tuesday night, and advocated Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. McNeill, of Christ Church, Oxford, a graduate of Dublin, proposed that Home Rule was absolutely necessary for the welfare of Ireland. The English Parliament neglected domestic affairs of importance to legislate for Ireland, the result being that Ireland was in a worse state now than in the time of Charles II. Mr. Campbell, of Exeter College, Oxford, and Mr. Kenny Downing, of Cambridge, supported the motion, the latter saying that the country producing Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, and Mayo ought to produce statesmen to govern itself. Several others having spoken, the debate was adjourned for a week.

**THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.**—The Marquis of Bute and the Very Rev. Monsignor Capel, his Lordship's chaplain, who is to be rector of the Catholic University which the English hierarchy, at the instance of Archbishop Manning, contemplate establishing in the heart of London, have started for Rome. Their mission is understood to be connected with the national organization of the projected Catholic learning in this country, and to consult the Sovereign Pontiff on his views as to the statutes and other matters of detail.—*Correspondent of Irish Times*.

The *Daily Telegraph* has another leading article on the Virginian affair. It says considerations of policy and humanity would lead England to view favorably the annexation of Cuba to the United States. That the American Government will await the reassembling of Congress before taking action in the Virginian matter, is evidence that its policy will not be governed by popular clamor. We do not despair of a peaceful solution of the question. In view of the difficulty the United States would experience in retaining possession of Cuba if annexed, we would advise the Government of that country to acknowledge the belligerency of the insurgents and ultimately guarantee the independence of the island, asking in return the abolition of slavery.

**HOURS RULE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.**—It is not often that public attention is called to the existence in the very centre of the British dominions of a small spot which enjoys the advantages, such as they are, of Home Rule. The autonomy of the Isle of Man has been preserved intact through all the constitutional changes undergone by what, in Manx phrase, would be called "the sister islands." It has a constitution and a government of its own, independent of the Imperial Parliament, and possesses laws, law officers, and courts of law. The legislative body consists of the Court of Tynwald, composed of the highest officers of the State, and the House of 24 Keys, who are the legal representatives of the people. On a Bill being introduced, it is separately considered by both branches of the Manx Legislature, and, on being passed by them, transmitted to her Majesty for the royal assent.

**THE MARITIME POWERS OF EUROPE.**—The *Cologne Gazette* prints a list of the ironclads of the maritime Powers of Europe in 1873, which it professes to have derived from recent and trustworthy sources. England according to this, has a navy of 33 vessels, of 28,000-horse power, and 593 guns. Its home fleet consists of 14 large plated vessels, four plated batteries, and five plated gunboats of more than 30,000-horse power, and carrying 102 guns. The navy of Russia counts 15 plated frigates and four cupola vessels, 12,000-horse power and 154 guns. The home squadron includes ten turreted ships and three-plated batteries, with 2,710-horse power and 94 guns. Germany has a war navy composed of three plated frigates of 2,900-horse power, and 55 guns (not including five plated frigates and one plated corvette of 5,100-horse power and 48 guns) now in course of construction. The German Coast-guard fleet consists of two turreted ships of 600-horse power and seven guns. The war navy of France is composed of 16 plated frigates and 12 plated corvettes of 17,200-horse power in all, and carrying 316 guns. The French home squadron contains 14 turreted vessels, 16 plated batteries, and six rams, of 9,320-horse power, and carrying 268 guns. Austria has a war navy of seven plated frigates and four casemated ships of 8,150-horse power bearing 182 guns. There is no Austrian home squadron. The Italian war navy consists of 12 plated frigates, two plated corvettes, and one ram, of 9,100-horse power and having 108 guns. Turkey possesses a war navy of considerable strength, composed of 16 large plated war vessels, two of which have 9-inch plates, of 8,530-horse power in all, and carrying 116 guns of the heaviest calibre. Spain has seven plated frigates, of 5,998-horse power, and 145 guns, while in her coast fleet there are three turreted ships of 1,800-horse power, and nine guns. Finally, the Netherlands dispose of a Coast-guard fleet of 22 vessels of various kinds, 6,800-horse power and bearing 114 guns.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Whalley is himself again! Let his admiring countrymen rejoice. Let the representatives of the people look forward with pleasure to the opening of parliament. Let everybody "sing" and make merry. The dread of the public having been to be dependent for amusement upon the solemn but nevertheless tolerably entertaining Newdegate has passed away. Our last revelation respecting Whalley was that the mystery respecting his long disappearance from public view after his American tour has been satisfactorily cleared up, and that he had been seen alive and well in the Court of Queen's Bench. Happily he made the most of the opportunity afforded him to fully sustain the peculiarly singular position as a public man which he occupies. Some base persons—some considerable crowd of base persons—have been insinuating that this popular favorite had "coached up" some of the witnesses so as to dishonestly serve the cause of his friend the Claimant, and that he had even communicated to the defendant information which he had received from those persons prior to their meeting the defendant. The distinguished man had, in consequence, to be called by Dr. Keeney, so as to give him an opportunity of defending his much-prized character and clearing himself in the eyes of his admiring countrymen. And well did the chosen one of Peterborough pass through the highly-entertaining ordeal. He was questioned by his friend Dr. Keeney, and never wavered a moment in replying to the questions put. He never coached a witness and he never told the Claimant anything he should not have told him. With that happily rare consistency and childish belief in bogeys, for which Mr. Whalley has ever distinguished himself, he acknowledged that personally he knew nothing of Roger Tichborne, but that he never even saw him or his family, and that he had interested himself in the case and had undertaken all the trouble and expense he had put himself to because he was able to say what seems, even yet, invisible, undiscovered and even unsuspected by everybody else—namely, that the whole prosecution was a Jesuit and a Popish conspiracy. Bravo, Mr. Whalley! this is a proof you are indeed yourself

again. This was a serious charge to make, the government being the prosecutors and the parliament and the whole country being obliged to defray the expense of the prosecution. Coming from any other man such an insinuation would be treated as a serious offence and the culprit would have to substantiate his assertion or suffer punishment. But nobody minds what dear, old, ever-amusing Whalley says. Long ago Mr. Newdegate, the No-Popery member for North Warwickshire, told the British House of Commons that Mr. Whalley, the Peterborough pet, was a Jesuit in disguise. "We have now to add our belief that he is Irish, or of Irish extraction. Certainly the man who exclaimed, 'Who dare tread on the tail of my coat!' will never be dead while Whalley's alive, for the little man has publicly declared his determination to even take off his coat in defence of the wopping Claimant.—*London Univers.*

Mr. Gladstone is a Papist, an Ultramontane, a Jesuit! There can be no longer any doubt on the point in the mind of any good Protestant, for has not the *Record* discovered and published the fact that the Premier has actually been for ten days "a self-invited visitor at Garendon Park, the residence of Mr. Ambrose de Lisle, the well-known convert to Rome, and one of its most ardent proselytizers?" What can Mr. Gladstone be thinking about to lay himself open to such a terrible charge, and from such a terribly influential organ as the *musty old Record*?

**WHISKY AND PALM-SINGING AT A TURNIP SALE.**—Some funny incidents took place two days ago at a sale of turnips in the neighborhood of Stonehaven. Before the sale commenced six bottles of whisky had been provided by the owner of the turnips, and on proceeding to make a distribution of the "mountain dew" it was found that a dram-glass had not been sent along with the liquor. There was no public house near, but one of the company speedily improvised a very capacious glass by scooping out the inside of a large-sized turnip. A novel goblet was handed round, and the farmers from the way they smacked their lips, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the novelty of "whisky from the neep." The sale was now ready to begin, but some one suggested before doing so that a verse of a psalm should be sung. This was unanimously agreed to, and an old proctor present was elected to lead off. He gave out with muchunction the words:

May strong our oxen be for work,  
Let no in-braking be  
Nor going out; and may our streets  
From all complaints be free.

The verse was sung to the tune of "Kilmarnock," the assembly joining in it most heartily. Immediately after the sale of turnips began, and was carried on with much spirit to the end.—*Bundee Advertiser*.

**THE COMING SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.**—A meeting was recently held in St. Thomas's School, Fulham for the purpose of procuring the election of the Rev. G. McMullen to the London School Board. The meeting which was very numerous, was addressed by Messrs. Roskell, Skinner, O'Shaughnessy and Doyle.

**POLYGAMY PROPOSED.**—A most extraordinary statement has made its appearance in that highly respectable paper, the *Saturday Review*, to the effect that English society is getting so over-crowded with unmarried women, that serious thoughts are entertained of introducing polygamy as a remedy for the enormous evils which this condition of things entails. This paper further asserts that the enthusiasm with which the Shah of Persia, a polygamist, has been received by women, is a distinct expression in favor of the Persian social system. The following passage is very curious:—"We have already seen that it is obedience to its symbolizing craving that the population has been in a delirious state of excitement during the Shah's visit. The reason of the welcome given to the Shah by the leasure classes is no less clear. Society is governed by the necessity of providing occupation for its unmarried women. Unmarried women form the majority of every household, and nothing checks their increase from decade to decade and from year to year. Food is plentiful; neither famines nor fevers decimate them; Malthus is not read. To the elder succeed the younger, equally healthy and good-natured; equally unable to "dress on £15 a year as ladies." London has grown unmanageable. The number of persons who accept are out of all proportion to the number of those who give, nor does society sympathize with the difficulties and disappointments of those who endeavor to provide for its amusements. It is, therefore, only natural that the mother of a large and interesting family should find her symbol in the Shah. Just as Dr. Primrose represented the quaintness of monogamy, so the Shah represents the polygamic element, and suggests the one conceivable method for providing for our surplus female population. The politician may see in him a firm ally, the financier the gain of new concessions, but the mother will dream of fresh woods and untrodden pastures, where the younger members of her family may browse in peace."

**ASHANTEE WAR.**—Let there be no more pleasing illusions in Downing-street about his war. It is a very serious matter. From Chama to Apollonia, about 180 miles, the whole sea-coast is in the hands of the Ashantees. They are said to have moved their camp yesterday to a place called Dugna, only seven miles off. It is a mistake to suppose that we have quelled their spirit; and though, perhaps, they may go home now, it will be only to delude us into a false notion of security and to prepare for another attack. Assinie is their port, and is French; they can therefore buy at that place whatever arms and ammunition they may choose to order. They are now animated by bitter enmity against us. They recognize in us an obstacle: "The white men trouble us," say they; "were it not for us they would reign over the Coast tribes and possess 200 miles of seaboard." They have determined to drive us from the Coast if they can; they are aware that there exists a party in Great Britain which advocates the abandonment of these settlements, and they hope by continual war to tease us away. It is no longer a question as to whether we are under an obligation to protect the Fantees; we have now to fight for our honor or to be, at least in Africa, covered with contempt or ridicule.—*Times*.

UNITED STATES.

**THE STOKES TRAGEDY.**—Stokes has always insisted that the hemp which was to hang him would never grow, and Stokes' confidence in his own destiny has been indorsed and confirmed by that remarkable creation of nineteenth century civilization—a New York jury. Instead of going to the gallows, he goes to the penitentiary; not for life, but for four years—a shorter term than could have been awarded him had he stolen a horse or plundered a peasant stand.

The eccentricity of the verdict becomes more apparent if surveyed in the light of the theories put forth by the defence. These theories were three: First, that Stokes killed Fisk in self-defence; second, that Fisk was killed, not by Stokes, but by the Surgeons who attended on him; and, third, that Stokes was insane. Now, if the killing was done by an insane man, or by blundering doctors, or in self-defence, Stokes should have been acquitted outright with no punishment whatever. But this was further than the intelligent jury cared, or dared, to go. They knew that neither insanity, nor doctors, nor self-defence had anything to do with the death of Fisk; but the three combined made a pretty and specious fiction upon which a sort of compromise with conscience and public opinion could be erected; and so third-degree manslaughter was introduced and adopted. They might, with about the same

propriety, have declared the crime to be assault and battery, or obtaining goods under false pretences; for the farce perpetrated in the name of justice could not be much broader than it is. The story of Fisk and Stokes may now be said to have touched its climax and conclusion. Let us see if there be not some moral in it worthy the attention of young men outside, as well as inside New York. A New England boy, neither better nor worse than the average of his fellows, commences active life with one, and only one object in view. He was poor, and his family for generations back had been poor; he, therefore, determined to be rich—honestly if he could, dishonestly if he must. From a clerkship in a country store he climbed to the top of a pedler's cart, and from thence made his way to the junior partnership of a large dry-goods house. Here was a competence in prospective, but a competence in prospective was not what he wanted. He must leap at once in fortune's arms; he must gain wealth, not as the reward of long and patient industry, but by a brilliant stroke, a trick of financial legerdemain which nothing could excuse—except success. The man knew by intuition how success succeeds; how it covers with its glittering robe ten thousand times more sins than the white garments of charity can ever hide. So Fisk left the "pent-up Utica," of Boston for the "boundless continent" which New York affords. He found a congenial spirit and a valuable partner in Jay Gould, and together they stole a railway. Here was an ocean of money gathered by a single magnificent coup d'état. Into this ocean Fisk plunged and revelled, as though it had been his native element. His houses, his carriages, his clothes, his steamboats, his operas, his diamonds and his concubines, were the wonder of the nation. Thousands of honest, hard-working men who saw the gay "Prince of Erie" dash through Central Park in his gorgeous equipage, with some Parisian nymph by his side, wondered why Providence gave him so much and them so little, and questioned whether, after all, impudence and casualty were not better than modesty and integrity. The crack of a pistol burst the glittering bubble and drowned it in blood. Fisk fell by the hand of the man whom he had befriended—the man whom he had made the confidante of his vices and the sharer of his spoils. He died "unwept, unhonored and unsung," and a grave dug in the snow on a bleak and barren hill-side hid him and his devices out of sight forever. The career of the murderer is quite as suggestive as that of the murdered. Stokes came from what is termed "better stock" than Fisk; his social and educational advantages were far superior to those of his victim, and his responsibility was, therefore, greater. Rich enough for all reasonable wants; blessed with health, beauty, fond parents, a loving wife and hosts of friends—what more could he desire? He desired to be a fashionable man about town, an elegant roue, a luxurious debauchee, the pet of frail women, the companion of unscrupulous adventurers, the rotten flower of a rotten civilization. He accomplished his desires. He exchanged wife, family, friends, and reputation for the society of the demimonde and the position of a graceful vagabond. Among women of easy virtue and men of no virtue at all he wasted his time, squandered his money, and sold for less than Esau's mess of pottage, the priceless heritage of an unspotted name. Honour, manhood, decency—all that lifts human nature above the beast—were eradicated. Fisk trusted him with his secrets and his mistress. He betrayed the one; robbed him of the other and then shot him. For two years Stokes has occupied a felon's cell, suspended between life and death; for four years, if Fate spares him, he will wear a convict's uniform and be buried in a penitentiary. When he emerges from that burial he will walk the world with the brand of Cain upon his brow; society will slun him as if he were a leper, his family and friends will merely tolerate, and the community loath and despise him. He is cursed with an everlasting curse, for which there is no relief here, whatever there may be hereafter. If there is no lesson in the story of Fisk and Stokes, then, verily, "men would not believe though one rose from the dead."—*Missouri Republican*.

**SUCCESS IN LIFE.**—One of the most alarming signs of the times is to be seen in the universal homage paid to success—regardless of the means by which it was attained. Success is the only criterion by which a man is to be judged, and attaining that, in any walk of life, he is a model to be commended and admired. If he succeed in amassing wealth, no matter how attained, the dead is not more free from criticism, than the puffed magnate who uses that wealth in ignorant pride, personal gratification, or the demoralization of the community in which he resides. If a man attains position and prominence in public life, wielding power and influence, he is fawned upon and followed by the needy and unscrupulous; courted or feared. The respectable masses, losing sight of the ignoble means, the dishonesty, fraud and corruption which cling like a garment about him, count his success a virtue, and he struts his day poisoning the very atmosphere of political life with his corruption and vice. So in every walk of life, success is the criterion; and he only is successful who puts money in his purse, or elbows his way by fraud and cunning to the front.—This feeling and sentiment is spreading like poison through the national life. We are said to be a fast people—almost a law unto ourselves—and we have certainly reversed many old-fashioned ways and ways; first among them the true standard of success and manhood, and placed in its stead this modern "Josh" of gold; and honored its votaries, though their success was won by the loss of every virtue which God commands. The public sentiment is debauched, and we see its fruit in the low standard of public and private life which the pulpit and the press deplore. We are worse than in Europe today; for there they will not honor wealth dishonestly attained, nor give high places to corrupt or designing knaves. Day by day brings tidings of corporations; cities and States rising against "rings" and monopolies; "bosses" plundering; legislatures weak and venal, and a public sentiment turgid, low, apathetic. So in finance, we have the same standard, and sentiment; the same code of morals and laws. We worship the golden calf, though but thinly shrouded by the veil of success.—*U. S. Paper*.

The *St. Louis Democrat* says:—We have received a letter from a female cousin now going to school at Vassar College, and as the epistle contains information of a startling character it is thought best to publish a part of it. After a request to send her down a box of soft slate pencils and gum drops to eat, she says: "We do have such fun here. All the girls are made to participate in outdoor exercises, and we row on the lake, ride horse-back, turn hand-springs, run foot-races, and have heaps of fun. Belle Hastings can climb a thirty-foot smooth pole in two minutes. Nell Vivian (you remember her) can turn a hand-spring and not make a wrinkle in her dress. I put a beautiful head on Mary Dodge yesterday in the boxing-room."

**MIXED MARRIAGES.**—One Edward Brown, who is black, is at present serving out a sentence of five years in the Indiana Penitentiary for marrying a white woman. A suit has been instituted in one of the State Courts for the express purpose of testing the question whether these State laws forbidding mixed marriages are not in conflict with the civil rights laws and constitutional amendments. Whether mixed marriages are prudent or desirable may be a question requiring a pretty broad physiological discussion; but the right of the State to interfere to prevent unions which are not forbidden by Divine Law for reasons of consanguinity is certainly, a doubtful one.

**A JUST REBUKE.**—The following is from the *New York Sunday Times*, administered a merited rebuke to Nast and others who prostitute their talents to the vile work of caricaturing and vilifying the Catholic Church and its faith:—"We do not regard religious subjects, and especially religious creeds, as fit subjects for even humorous caricature. We view religion, and the Church, as something so serious to be jested with and held up to public ridicule. The pictorial attempts of a celebrated caricaturist, therefore, to heap obloquy upon the Pope, merit, in our opinion, the greatest censure. The *Churchman*, we perceive, contemplates these sectarian caricatures in the same light. They may amuse the bigot, but they must make the judicious grieve. Moreover, in a country like this where no denomination of Christians enjoy exclusive rights, it ought to be a gross libel to hold that which represents any one of them as a mass to public scorn and contempt." As Protestants, we should feel indignant were a caricaturist hired to malign and subject the Protestant Church to laughter; and if the Roman Catholics are not exasperated by this absurd but bitter misrepresentation of the Pontiff, they are exceedingly patient and good natured people. As the *Churchman* remarks: "If it were this caricaturist's first offence it might be well to pass it by unnoticed; but we have had hints before this that he is meditating continuous and sustained assaults upon the Roman Works. In the interest of peace, we venture to protest against such a course." And so do we. Pope Pio Nona has afflictions enough at this moment to endure, and it is both cowardly and ungenerous to assail him because of his helplessness. A gentlemanly instinct would revolt at it. To strike a man when he is down is not an act characteristic of a noble mind. The gentlemen who compose the 'Evangelical (?) Alliance may find food for reflection in the following: "As for the Roman Catholics thus generally vilified through the special hand of their Church, surely they have the same rights under our liberal institutions, that we Protestants have ourselves, and one of the most precious of those rights is the freedom of religious opinion. He who assails that liberty, in this country, is simply a mischief maker, and should be condemned accordingly. His object is to create exactly that condition of popular feeling which leads, at the first impulse, to a religious riot. In the interests of peace, therefore," as the *Churchman* expresses it, "we venture to protest against anything calculated to rouse the bitter, church burning sectarianism of bygone days. As Americans, we are supposed to entertain a more intelligent conception of liberty than this. As 'model Republicans,' we ought to set a vigilant world a better example of the practical liberality of a people educated to understand and appreciate the principles of a free government."

Some slight originality has found its way into the obituary columns of the *George W. Childs*—the *Philadelphia Ledger*, rather:—  
Lay aside his little trousers  
That our darling used to wear,  
He will never on earth want them,  
He has climbed the golden stair.  
If anybody can read that verse without shedding tears he may safely be called a fiend in human shape. The picture of a little boy climbing golden stairs without his trousers on is very beautiful, and the more so because of the reflection that the little one can never catch cold again.

The editor of a Nevada newspaper gives notice that he cannot be bribed with a 5c cigar to write a \$5 puff.  
**WACKUP'S WASHINGTON.**—Mr. Wackup, a married man of Bridgeport, quit work early the other afternoon, and went home to fix up for the purpose of spending the evening—or rather half the night—with a number of his friends. He found his wife lying upon the lounge enjoying a sick headache, but he couldn't find a clean shirt. Mrs. Wackup said his shirts were washed, but not ironed, and she was too ill to do it, and it was the girl's afternoon out. A shade of disappointment clouded his brow, and rushing into the kitchen, he slammed the door with much earnestness, and fortunately found an iron on the range, nice and hot. Then he dived into the basket of dampened clothes, and found one of his shirts at the bottom, just as he expected. He spread the garment out on the table without first removing the oilcloth cover and hurriedly consulted his watch. Then he couldn't find the ironholder, and substituted his pocket handkerchief, and after burning four of his fingers and breaking the commandments, he landed the hot iron on his shirt bosom. He thought the garment had a strange look, but supposed it would assume its proper shape when ironed, and he shoved the iron up and down like a jack-plane. The labor seemed so easy that he mentally said he had a mind to follow the business for a living. Then he undertook to turn his shirt, and just because it adhered to the glazed table cover he gave it a violent jerk, adding at least six inches more to the split in the back. Then he noticed for the first time that he had set the hot iron on the tail of the garment and scorched a hole in it as large as his hand, and in his haste to remove the smoothing machine he neglected to use the holder, and dropped the hot iron on his choice toe; and when Mrs. Wackup, who was startled by the intensity of his language, entered the kitchen, holding her head with both hands, she discovered her husband hopping about the room on one foot and clasping the other with both his hands. The sympathy that Mrs. Wackup tendered was not of a nature that blistered husband yearned for just at that particular moment. She placed her arms akimbo and indignantly observed:—"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old fool! dancing the can-can around here, and your poor wife nearly dead, too! And"—here her eyes rested upon the wreck on the table—"and if the old idiot hasn't gone and ruined my best chemise. O, the—the—" Wackup didn't tarry to hear his infuriated better-half finish the sentence, but adroitly dodged the broom handle, and limped out of the room and up stairs to bed without his supper. The next morning he told his friends that the reason he failed to keep his engagement, he was suddenly attacked with the cholera morbus at the supper table and liked to have died during the night.—*Exchange*.

**ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.**—Experiments have demonstrated that cows living on scanty diet still secrete milk containing butter, it became evident that the butter must have been prepared from the fatty tissues of the animal. This led to a series of experiments in splitting up animal fats, which have resulted in the preparation of an artificial butter from saws. The suet is first finely divided by circular saws in a cylinder. It is then treated with water, carbonate of potassa, and finely divided fresh sheep's stomachs at a temperature of 45 deg. C. The pepsin and heat separate the fat which floats on the surface, whence it is decanted, and when cool placed in a hydraulic press, which separates the stearine from the semi-fluid oleomargarine, which is employed as follows in the preparation of the butter: 50 kilo's of the fat, 25 liters of milk and 20 liters of water are placed in a churn; to this 100 grammes of the soluble matter obtained from the cows' udders and milk-glands is added, together with a little annatto. The mixture is then churned, when the butter separates in the usual manner.

**CHICORY.**—Chicory is said to contain properties positively injurious to the health. Yet ground coffee, as sold by grocers, is usually adulterated with this substance, and many persons insist that it improves the flavor of the coffee. We are informed in a recent work on coffee, that the coffee dealer adulterates his coffee with chicory to increase his profits; the chicory dealer adulterates his chicory with Venetian red to please the eye of the coffee dealer; and lastly, the Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his color with brick-dust, that by its greater cheapness, and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chicory.