

ziously discussed, and seems as far from being solved now as it was last year. In some dioceses, the clergy have expressed willingness to commute, but considerable doubt and distrust prevail as to the security which they are to accept in exchange for that of the State. Altogether the prospect is stormy enough. Much stress has been laid upon an unfavorable opinion received from Dr. Farr as to the tables upon which the Church Commissioners have resolved to base the calculation of annuities. Dr. Farr thinks the scale too low to be safe for the clergy, having regard to the greater duration of clerical life. He calculates that it would require an addition of £400,000 to the 12 per cent bonus and general commutation to secure the annuities upon commutation. He has given an elaborate opinion, setting forth the reasons which have led him to this conclusion. It will probably be satisfactory to the laity, though it seems to be a source of disquietude to the clergy, to learn that he considers the climate of Ireland, from its agreeable temperature, peculiarly favorable to longevity. The clergy are not sanguine enough to expect that the additional £400,000 which he regards as indispensable will be obtained from Her Majesty's Government.

THE RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN FRANCE.—It is impossible to estimate, even approximately, the amount of money that has been raised in Ireland in aid of French distress, during the past few months. Our people having contributed largely and generously to the Ambulance Committee, which was the first to take up the work, are now anxiously desirous of aiding to the utmost of their means the poor non-combatant victims of the war. The subscriptions in small sums from every parish in Ireland, the universal co-operation of people of all ranks and creeds, and of every shade of political opinion, proves how wide-spread is the sympathy felt for the French nation in its affliction. The Society of S. Francis de Sales, under the patronage and presidency of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, continues to collect large sums, and the Dublin Mansion House Committee, presided over by the Lord Mayor is made the recipient of princely donations from the more affluent of all denominations, whilst many of the prelates, clergy, and corporate bodies throughout the country, have forwarded their several contributions direct to some favorite locality in France.

A correspondent of the Daily Express gives some further particulars of the recent attempt at assassination in the County Mayo. Mr. Crotty's left eye has been completely torn away, and his nose destroyed. After receiving the shot he got out of the car, and, although bleeding profusely, endeavored to reach a house. He was ultimately carried by some country people to the house of a man named Gibbons. Medical assistance was procured from Westport. The servant boy was carried in a state of insensibility to the house of a friend, named Joyce. On examining Mr. Crotty's wounds the doctor found a large hole near his left eye where a pellet had entered. He also received one in the chest. It is reported that the police, who have been indefatigable in their efforts to take the assassins, have found concealed in the spot the guns which were used in the perpetration of the outrage. Mr. Crotty and his tenants have, it is stated, been on land since he purchased the property, 15 or 16 years ago. The latest accounts report that he is dead, and that his servant's life is despaired of.

A novel application, arising out of the Irish Church Act, was made in the Court of Chancery on Saturday. Mr. Pilkington, Q.C., moved, on behalf of Sir David Roche, the guardian of Miss O'Grady, a minor, who resides with her grandmother, Lady Tuillamore, for liberty to allocate a bulk sum out of her property as a contribution to the Irish Church Body for the sustentation fund of the Church. It was stated that the lady is 16 years of age. The rental of the property is £6,000 a year. There is a sum of £8,000 invested in Government stock, and dividends amounting to £1,000. The property is situate in different parishes, in one of which the clergyman lately died, and it is necessary to make provision for a successor, and the guardians thought it would be better to give a bulk sum than an annuity. The Lord Chancellor asked was there any precedent for such an application. Counsel replied that this was the first application of the kind. His Lordship also asked how he could determine what the young lady was disposed to give, or what her father, if living, would be likely to give for such an object. If the Court allowed anything to be given it would be an annual sum, his Lordship being of opinion that it was the duty of every member of a religious community to contribute annually, in proportion to his means, to the support of his Church. He directed that the petition should be amended by stating a reasonable sum to be annually given, and by what machinery it was proposed to be invested.

SPREAD OF SMALLPOX IN FRANCE.—A medical contemporary informs us that smallpox has broken out to such an extent in France, that Earl Granville, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has been applied to for a supply of vaccine lymph. England at present can hardly supply the want, as smallpox is so prevalent there that we are informed the lymph is forwarded in considerable quantities from Ireland almost every week. As it is probable that what is required by France will have ultimately to be obtained from this country, we hope that the Poor Law Medical officers, who have an almost unlimited supply of lymph always at their command, will be prepared to forward it immediately on the expected application.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Tuesday, a respectable farmer, named Kelly, residing in the parish of Backs, left town for home, going by Hill-street, and in a short time after was found dead, in a pool of water in the upper part of the street, by Mr. Binson, of this town, who was going that way at the time. An inquest was held by Mr. Mostyn in the course of the day, and a verdict of death from natural causes was returned. It would appear that holes of a depth almost sufficient to drown a man, if he falls into one of them, are permitted in one of the principal roads entering the town.—Tyranny Herald.

GREAT STORM OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF IRELAND.—Early on Monday morning a very severe storm prevailed off the Waterford and Wexford coasts. Nearly eighty vessels ran into the former harbour and many casualties are reported. The crew of the brigantine Rainbow, when about twelve miles from Saltee Island, saw a coasting schooner foundering, but were unable to render assistance. The brig Rorer had her main-topgallant sail carried away; one of the sailors was swept away and drowned. Portions of a wreck were washed ashore on Monday night about twelve miles from Waterford. The name "James Irving" was on a portion. The crew are supposed to be lost.

Certainly, the crimes which have recently been committed in Westmeath and other counties have met only with general reprobation in Ireland, and the two dreadful outrages which have been reported this week from Limerick and Clare, and the particulars of which will be found in another column, have excited satisfaction only in the minds of those who delight in blackening the character of our people. The Grand Jurors and the Judges are not the least zealous in their efforts to put a stop to crime. This week these functionaries have been busy enough in putting some provisions of the Coercion Act in force. At Monaghan a woman was executed by the widow of a murdered Orangeman for £500 as compensation, was allowed; and the Grand Jurors of Westmeath allowed two claims of a like nature on Wednesday. In one case £800, the full amount claimed, was granted; in the other, the sum of £400 was applied for, and £375 granted.—Dublin Nation.

In a recent County Galway breach of promise case the plaintiff, Miss Agnes Joyce, a lady in her nineteenth year, and of great personal attractions, daughter of Mr. T. Joyce, a member of one of the oldest families of the west of Ireland, recovered £5,000 damages, the largest amount we can recollect as having been so awarded, from the defendant, Mr. Theobald Blake, a county neighbor, whose rental is represented as some £3,000. The verdict was received with loud applause.

FISHING FISHERIES.—The great success which has attended the present fleet of 200 vessels, representing a money value at Kinsale of upwards of £60,000, is inducing a great many people interested in the east coast of England fisheries to turn their attention to Ireland, at a period of the year when little employment exists on their own coasts, and as large numbers of boats are preparing to engage in the Kinsale fisheries, it is fully anticipated that the fishing fleet for the ensuing season will number upwards of 300 boats.—Food Journal.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE NEW CATHOLIC BISHOP.—The Very Rev. James Danell, the Canon of Southwark, and Vicar-General of that diocese under the late Bishop Grant, to whose see he is now appointed to succeed, is a native of what was formerly called "the London District," and was born about the year 1820. He was educated at a private school at Richmond, and afterwards at St. Edmund's College, Hertfordshire. In 1843 he was sent to finish his ecclesiastical studies at St. Sulpice, Paris, where he was a pupil of the Abbe Le Hir, who is said to have been the first professor of that College to teach what are known as the Ultramontane Theories publicly. He was ordained priest in 1846 by Monsieigneur Aftre, the Archbishop of Paris, who lost his life so heroically on the barricades in the streets of Paris. On returning to England, Mr. Danell served for a short time a mission in Essex, and from the August following his ordination down to the present time he has been one of the priests attached to St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. He has been for a long time a canon of Southwark, and has held the Vicar-Generalship for nearly 15 years. It is understood that he will be consecrated in his cathedral on Saturday next by Archbishop Manning, assisted by Bishop Brown, of Newport, and the Bishop of Troy. The Tablet says of the Bishop elect, "If 25 years' experience of missionary life and the perfect knowledge of all its details, if a spirit of self-sacrifice, of constant hard work, and practical administrative ability, the affectionate confidence of the late bishop, the votes of the Chapter, the esteem of the clergy, and the respect of the laity are reasons to determine the elevation of a priest to the episcopate, they are certainly to be found in the Bishop elect of Southwark."

DEATHS IN CONVENTS.—A Parliamentary return has been obtained, on the motion of Mr. Newdegate, stating the number of coroners' inquests held on persons known at the period of their deaths to have been inmates of convents in England in the five years 1865-69, and the first half of 1870. The return shows only three such cases. One was that of a man accidentally drowned in 1865 while bathing near Stroud. The second was in 1867—the death of an old man at Bristol, an inmate of the House of Mercy of "The Little Sisters;" the verdict was "Found dead in his room," but there was no doubt that he died from a natural cause. The third case was in 1868, when a young priest in a very feeble state of health came over from Ireland on a visit to the Chislewood Convent with a view to recruit his health; he died from disease of the heart.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS V. PROTESTANT MINISTERS.—We read in the Glasgow Star that at a late meeting of the Glasgow Burying Parochial Board, a letter was read from the Superintendent of the Glasgow City Mission, stating that the directors were agreed that the request of the Home Committee that a missionary should visit the Fever Hospital, could not be granted, "as they were afraid that if the missionary were to visit his district after having been in the hospital, he might carry infection and so be the means of spreading disease." A member of the Board said it might be interesting to watch how the Catholic clergyman conducted themselves in regard to fever patients. He believed they were unremitting in their attendance on fever patients, and they appeared to be willing to risk their lives in the discharge of their duty, while the Protestants could not be got to do as much.

A lady at Weymouth has died, and several of her children are dangerously ill, from drinking tea made with water in which a dead rat was found.

The Guardian says the memorial from the clergy to the bishops against the Purgas judgment has already received nearly 2,000 signatures.

JUDY CONTRADICTS THE REPORT THAT—Mr. John Bright M.P., to succeed the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and, says the story, that the Duke of Cambridge is to supersede Dr. Titus as Archbishop of Canterbury, is not a fact. The rumour arose in connection with the recent appointment of Mr. Goschen to the Admiralty.

THE ANGLICAN VERSION OF THE BIBLE.—We (Tablet) see it announced that the revisors are continuing their labours. It is curious to observe how the progress of modern thought brings our opponents round to the admission that the old Catholic arguments were, after all, true. Ward's Errors was published 200 years ago; and now the proposed revision of the Holy Scriptures has not failed to bring into notice the essentially dishonest character of that version. We observe that in the Anglican Convention the other day, the Protestant Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Ellicott, honestly acknowledged it, and gave several instances in which the translation had been intentionally corrupted, (he used the delicate phrase, "deviations from faithfulness as to be found.") in order to favor that particular heresy. After mentioning two of these, he added: "There are many other instances, but I will not waste your time by commenting upon these points;" and, through this was a speech delivered to all the Protestant Bishops, no one of them was able to deny that the existing version does contain "many intentional deviations from faithfulness." A fact which we think ought to be placed on record.

THE PURGAS JUDGMENT.—"A Country Parson" brings to our notice a "remembrance" which is being very largely signed by the clergy against the recent decision in the Purgas case. He informs us that it is addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops, expressing an earnest trust "that they will abstain from acting upon this decision, and asks us whether the memorialists have considered what they are about in requesting those whose business it is to administer the law not to enforce it when declared by the supreme authority? He proceeds to inquire what would be thought of a memorial from military or naval officers requesting, the commanders of ships or regiments not to enforce the last instructions from Headquarters. Whatever might be thought of such a proceeding, it would not be hard to enlighten our correspondent as to what would happen in a professional point of view to the actors in it.

HOW TO GET THE MEN TO CHURCH.—"My dear parson, I am delighted with your sentiments," said the professor, confidentially, as they walked together into the smoking room. "They have given me so much pleasure that in return I must communicate to you an important secret. It's a scheme I have long entertained for setting the Church of England on its legs again." "Sir!" ejaculated the divine, indignantly, "it can stand perfectly well without your help, I do assure you. The religious census returns—" "My good sir," interrupted the professor,

"that counts the ladies. There is no doubt whatever that a great number of females do attend the services of the church; but, unhappily, if you glance round you, even from your own pulpit, you see many more bonnets than bare heads. Come, confess it. The men don't come as they should do." "Well, then—for argument's sake—they don't." "Just so. Now, I've a plan to make them." "Some new-fangled absurdity of yours, professor, I'm afraid." "Not at all, my dear sir. I propose to revive an old and revered custom, which is spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as being in use in some of the out-of-the-way kirks in Scotland—those, I suppose, 'above the pass.' If you would only adopt it, I promise you would get nine male hearers where you now get one. It's nothing wrong, as you think; it's something we are just about to do ourselves." Here the professor dropped his voice to a stage whisper. "Let 'em smoke!"

An action for breach of promise, brought by a washerwoman against a small farmer, was lately tried at Lincoln, and the evidences of the promise call up a touching picture of pastoral simplicity tempered by Calvinistic influences. The defendant's wife died about a year ago, and he soon afterwards gave the plaintiff his late wife's shawl, as a remembrance of her. Three months later he sent his house-keeper to fetch her, because he wanted to say something. This "something" was that she was not to get engaged, as he meant to marry her as soon as convenient. Soon after this he made her a present of a sucking pig. Could anything be more conclusive? But a very old Calvinist lady, to whom the match was mentioned, told him that he ought not to be unequally yoked with an unbeliever, as the Plaintiff is a churchwoman. He seems to have taken this to heart, and the blighted washerwoman is consoled by a verdict for one farthing.

DR. WILBERFORCE AND MR. FROELKES.—In the Protestant Convention the other day, Dean Stanley made a point against the Bishop of Winchester, a point fatal to any, even an Anglican, claim on his part to hold the Catholic faith. He showed that Dr. Wilberforce had authorized Canon Gregory to make a formal act of receiving Mr. Froelkes into the Anglican Church, on the strength of a profession of his faith in which he recited the Nicene Creed (in Greek, contrary to the 39 Articles) omitting the declaration of the double procession of the Holy Spirit. What made the case the stronger was that the only object of the whole function was that Mr. Froelkes' rejection of the Catholic doctrine on that point might be more emphatically marked. There was nothing to prevent his going to the Anglican Communion without any public ceremony, but he was unwilling to do so without making a protest that he does not receive that Creed as it is taught by the Catholic Church. It is plain that if nothing else had ever happened to mark the Protestant and heretical character of the Anglican Communion, this act, publicly performed by the authority of the Anglican Bishop of Winchester, and allowed, without a protest, by all the other Anglican Prelates and by Convocation, would be enough to do it.

The Anglican papers are wholly occupied with the judgment on the "Purgas Case," of which we spoke last week. There is a unanimous feeling of anger against the judges by whom it was decided, which leads to a great deal of hard language. Thus the Church Times says, amongst a good deal more of the same sort:—"All that the most learned and able counsel could have done would have been to prove to their lordships that the law is in favor of the Ritualists. But they knew that already themselves; they could have no manner of doubt concerning it, and they had made up their minds beforehand not to interpret the law, but to contradict and abolish it. Lord Chelmsford has no more reputation as lawyer than Archbishop Thomson has as a saint. We should be sincerely glad to learn that Lord Hatherley, whom we have always held to be a Christian gentleman, could exonerate himself from his apparent complicity in it (the judgment) and thus from the Parliamentary enquiry and impeachment which are the due of his colleagues." The other Ritualist papers write in the same tone. We doubt, however, whether the real importance of the judgment is seen. By Mr. Bressford Hope it certainly is not, for he expresses the hope that "the authorities" will leave Mr. Hibbert by his triumph over Mr. Purgas and not push the thing any further by enforcing the judgment against any one else. He does not see that this a question for the "authorities," unless, indeed, by authorities he means Parliament. The state of the case is this.—The highest law court, from which, in the nature of the case, there is no appeal, has laid down in detail what the law is. It has decided that the law, as it stands, absolutely forbids all the "ritualistic" practices in all churches of the Establishment. All inferior Ecclesiastical Courts, whether they wish it or not, must enforce the law thus laid down in every separate case that comes before them. They have no choice. The law is what the Committee of Privy Council has declared it to be, until it is altered either by an Act of Parliament or by an opposite judgment of the same Court; and there is no chance of either (to say the least) in the present generation. Therefore every Ritualistic practice in any church of the Establishment is like any other merely illegal action, a thing for which any individual who pleases may prosecute, and the Court, whatever its wishes, is compelled to give sentence against the clergyman. The authorities (if by that Mr. Bressford Hope means, as we suppose he does, the Protestant Bishops) have no more power of preventing it than he has. Any one man might enforce the law if he pleased, against all the Ritualistic clergy-men in England. And not one but thousands of men are eager to do so. We wish, as we said last week, it were not so, but so it is.—Therefore the advice given by the Ritualist papers (e.g. the Church Herald) to take no notice of the judgment, is simply absurd. It is certain to be universally enforced, and obeyed it must and will be. What the Ritualistic clergyman will do remains to be seen.—Tablet.

The decisions of the Privy Council against the Ritualists, in the cases of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Purgas, and the anticipated decision against them in the coming appeal in the Bennet case, have sorely tried the tempers of the extreme members of that body. A correspondent of a contemporary says "that on Sunday last, from the pulpit of S. Alban's, Folham, Mr. Stanton announced the formation of a League within the Church to put an end to the 'curse' connection now existing between Church and State. He invited the male communicants to sign a paper to such purpose, which they would find at the church doors. And finally, he called on the congregation to look at the altar, denuded and cold, to consider their mutilated ritual, and the indignities offered to their clergy, and to join in removing this 'curse.' The same correspondent adds that during the service a portion of the Stabat Mater was exquisitely performed by the choir, a prayer was said for 'Mother Church,' for the souls of the dead in war, for a woman who had just died, and for other persons. So far good. When will our Anglican friends go a little farther, and sing 'In exitu—de populo barbaro?'"

A CORONER "SITTING" ON A HAM BONE.—A correspondent furnishes us with the following amusing story.—In the earlier history of the gold fields law was sometimes singularly administered, and medicinal men of no great repute either for professional skill or personal morality were frequently appointed as coroners. A singular instance of cupidty came under my personal observation when quartered in one of the largest districts of the gold-bearing colony of Victoria. One evening the fire-bell rang out its

alarming summons, and the Bundigo fire-engine arrived at the place, where a hut was rapidly burning in the vicinity of Sandbunt. In a country where the air was so dry, and buildings were generally raised of very inflammable materials, the engine commonly arrived too late to save. It did so on this occasion. The remains of a deserted hut were smouldering, and the spectators quickly dispersed. A few days afterwards a rumour spread that some man "fossicking" in the ruins had found a human bone, and shortly afterwards the statement circulated that one Jones had been in the habit of using this dilapidated building as a sleeping place, and that since the fire he had been seen by no one. As soon as Dr. O'S.—heard of these corroborative facts, he summoned a jury, and proceeded to hold an inquest on the charred bone. I must premise that a coroner's fee was two guineas, and the fee for medical evidence (including a post mortem examination), three guineas; for this will explain the doctor's ardour in the cause of burnt humanity. The finder of the bone was duly sworn, and deposed that he had found the bone, which he produced, in the debris of the late fire. Another witness proved that it was the habit of Jones, whose age, height, and size, he graphically described, to sleep in the deserted hut; whilst other witnesses declared that Jones had never been seen by them since the night of the fire. My friend the coroner stepped forward, administered to himself the oath, and then deposed as "medical witness" that he had made a post mortem examination of the bone produced by the first witness; that it was the scapula of an adult male of the age and size of a man answering the description of Jones, as given by the second witness—in fact, that he believed it to be the scapula of Jones. A verdict was, therefore, recorded that Jones had been accidentally burnt to death. The jury were discharged, and our friend O'S.—sent in a bill for £2 2s as coroner, £1 1s as medical witness, besides charging the Government allowance of £5 for a pauper funeral for the moneyless victim to fire and flame; and the chaplain with solemn words consoled "our dear brother" who departed to the grave in the cheap side of his district cemetery, and everyone thought there was an end to Jones. Three weeks after the coroner had reaped the reward of his professional skill and official activity, in the receipt of a draft on the Treasury for £10 6s. to his intense disgust, and the astonishment of the township, once more appeared the inevitable Jones! whose absence had occurred in consequence of his having started to "prospect" in a distant range of hills and gullies. Happily offended at having been sat upon in his absence, and vowing vengeance on the unhappy coroner, the news spread rapidly, and reached the capital, where speculations became rife as to the identity of the "dear departed." An examination was ordered, and the anonymous bone was conveyed, labelled "with care, to be kept dry," to the Government analyst at Melbourne, and coroner, jury, chaplain, and the public generally were petrified by the announcement that Jones remains proved to be a burnt human bone! The next Gazette dispensed with the services of that duly qualified medical practitioner, O'S.—as coroner, and since that time by a singular retribution, a coroner's inquest has, sat on on him.—The Lancet.

There was a letter in the Times which will probably attract not half the attention it deserves; yet if it falls into the hands of some future historian we may be sure he will make use of it to show the barbarous condition of London in this year of grace 1871. The letter is written by Mr. Robert Brett, a surgeon in Stoke Newington-green, and discloses a state of affairs as regards the victims of small-pox among the poor of which he charitably hopes the rich and prosperous have no conception. There is but one ray of light in the horrible story, and that is the account he gives of a small band of "sisters" who devote themselves to the good work of nursing the sufferers. The first case is that of a respectable man employed as a boot finisher who had four children taken ill with small-pox, and lost his work in consequence. Both himself and his wife were reduced to such a state of weakness that they became very ill. Two of the children died, and when the undertaker came to remove them the aspect of the living was so like that of the dead that he for the moment mistook one for the other, until the living children shrieked, "Oh, mother, don't let us go too!" Having no change of linen, and the mother being too ill to help them, they literally stuck to the sheet, until one of the good Sisters procured some clean garments and went daily to wash and change them. Mr. Brett gives another case of three or four children, covered with small-pox, and glued to the bare boards on which they lay. The only ragged blanket in the house was wrapped round the father, who was suffering from rheumatism. They were utterly destitute of food and no one but the Sisters would go near to help them. He tells another story of a poor man who died of small-pox. His wife, exhausted with watching and fatigue, let her baby fall from her arms. None of the neighbours except a fellow-lodger durst enter the room. This lodger sat by the bedside of the dying man when he became uncontrollable, and tied the infant to the mother's bosom that it should not fall again. The Sisters came to her help, and undertook the night watching until the poor man died. When we consider that for half the expense of the three great hospitals established at Stockwell, Homerton, and Hampstead, temporary iron hospitals might have been constructed in the various districts of this plague-stricken city, to which these poor sufferers might have been easily removed without danger to themselves or others, we may well feel ashamed of the misery now being endured by hundreds of the poorer classes.—Pall Mall Gazette.

George Emerson, an Englishman residing in Exeter, having lived a bachelor until he was nearly 50, conceived the idea of marrying a Chinese woman, and accordingly set sail from Liverpool for Canton. There he selected a girl of 18; gave her father £20 for her, was wedded on the spot, and re-embarked for home. He quarrelled violently with his wife before reaching land, and was with difficulty prevented from throwing her overboard. He now offers to dispose of his Chinese cannibal investment at less than half-price.

UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, March 30th.—The Senate floor was to-day the scene of a rencontre which created the liveliest excitement, and which threatened to lead to a disgraceful collision. While Garrett Davis was speaking on Ku-Klux matters, General Butler entered the Senate, and after surveying the field for a few minutes, walked over and took the chair next to Davis, wheeled around to face the Kentuckian and folding his arms stared steadily and insolently into his face. Mr. Davis was greatly embarrassed by the presence of the enemy, and showed the most extreme nervousness in his manner, especially when he happened to look that way. At length he reached the point at which he was about to describe the class of men who start stories of Southern outrages for their unscrupulous purposes, when he accidentally met the placid imperturbable face of the Essex member.—This concrete illustration of the objects of his invective was sufficient to bring Mr. Davis' remarks to an abrupt and painful close. Shaking with rage, he leaned on his desk a moment for support, then coming closer to Butler and shaking his fist violently in his face, he exclaimed:—"Here, sir, is one of them. These false and scandalous Ku-Klux stories are concocted by such wicked, unscrupulous, lying villains as you, sir, you base scoundrel!" The speaker's passion here completely overpowered him, and he sank into his chair helpless and unable to say a word. He partially recovered, however, and wheeling his chair around toward Butler who still preserved his defiant attitude and unruffled countenance, he glared at him like a tiger. Again he began to hurl epithets at the Representative, but in a lower tone, and succeeded in provoking only the most contemptuous retorts from his adversary. Very soon the affair became reduced to mere acts of effrontery, in which the Kentucky Senator seemed likely to be worsted, when he began to move his chair impulsively along towards Butler, with the evident intention of a resort to more serious measures. At this critical moment Senator Wilson appeared on the scene as a peacemaker, and, placing a hand on the shoulder of each party, prevented a personal collision. Mr. Davis was taken into a cloak-room to cool off, and General Butler, after snarling about the Chamber for a while, also retired.—The affair is the chief topic of conversation in the city to-night. Both belligerents have been "interviewed." Mr. Davis accuses Mr. Butler of coming there for the purpose of insulting him, and General Butler of course disclaims any such intention. Senator Wilson seems to be positive that Mr. Davis intended to strike Butler, and that his timely interference once prevented a most disgraceful scene.

THE CONSERVATOR.—The young squirt on the corner, with his hat a little on one side, the stub of a cheap cigar in his mouth, and a stare for every lady that passes, is a loafer. Do you know where he gets money? His mother or sister, in all probability earns it for him by taking in washing. Poor soul! she thinks her son will get work soon. He could find work enough to keep him busy from early morn until evening if he wanted it, but he is a lazy loafer, and don't want work. If he gets a place he neglects his work, or does it so poorly he is soon discharged. He never works for the same man twice; or, perhaps he is particular what kind of work he does. He is willing that his mother or sister should sew or wash to earn money for him to spend, but he is a little particular as to the work he does. He looks down on that sweaty carpenter, who hurries past him, nods condescendingly to his fillet, the shoemaker, and sends a whiff of smoke into the eyes of a bedabned painter, with both hands full of pets and brushes. He couldn't borrow ten cents of either of them. They know he would never pay it. They earn their money. He begs of his mother a part of her hard earnings, at an age, too, when he is capable of putting his shoulder to the wheel and adding a little towards the support of himself and little brothers and sisters.

BUTLER'S PHOTOGRAPH.—PEN-SKETCH OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CYNOSURPHALS.—He is fifty-three years old, slightly below the middle stature, and as ungainly and misshapen in form as he is hideous and revolting in features. His round, pot-bellied nose, by long indulgence in a diet most favorable to the abnormal development of the abdominal viscera, to have outgrown a pair of miserable spindle-shanks, originally intended for the support of the most attenuated of human trunks, and which by reason of the superincumbent weight of bowels they are compelled to sustain, have been bent into the shape of a pair of callipers or old-fashioned pot-hooks. His head, in that portion which is supposed to be the seat of all the baser propensities with which human nature is sometimes so sadly endowed, is very largely developed, as well as that portion which is thought by naturalists to impart to certain orders of the brute creation their sagacity and cunning; but the top of his head, in fact all of it, except around the base of the skull, is entirely bald, as if nature designed that the world should see from the mere conformation of his cranium development that he is incapable of moral sentiment. His forehead is broad, low and receding. His eyes are simply past description, as there is perhaps not a human being alive who can tell the color of them. To save him the painful necessity of looking his fellow-men in the face, they are placed obliquely under a pair of beetling brows and comb'd in a most atrocious squint, which only allows them to peep out between the folds of buggy skin in which they are concealed in perpetual contemplation of his rather small, ill-shaped nose, which has more the resemblance of the beak of some carrion bird than anything else. A small, crescent-shaped mustache hangs over and partially encloses a sensual mouth, while his chin runs into a heavy, round jaw. Although such a mass of nature perhaps never existed, his countenance when in repose would remind one of a cross-eyed snapping turtle; when animated it has no similitude in the entire range of animated nature, as even one of his atrocious smiles but serves to add distortion to his already hideous features. There may be a jewel in the head of the toad, but as the Deity never bestows the human heart in such an execrable vessel, it requires no adept in the science of Lavater to see that deficient, cunning, treachery, cowardice and cruelty are the leading characteristics of this man.—New-York Tribune Record.

A RIGHT GRAMMATICAL DECISION.—The New York Tribune decides that the plural of titmouse is titmouses, and not titmice. "On the same principle," says another paper, "the plural of a tailor's goose is geoses," as, indeed, we hold that it is. This reminds me of an anecdote in regard to a country merchant who wanted two of these tailors' hons several years ago, and ordered them of Messrs Dunn & Spencer, hardware merchants, then doing business in this city. He first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailors' geoses." Thinking that this was bad grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailors' geese." Upon reflection he destroyed this one also for fear he would receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly mailed: "Messrs Dunn & Spencer: Please send me one tailors' geese, and don't send me another." This was the only way he knew of to order two of them; but of course he had not read the above wise decision then.—Cleveland Va., Courier.

Among the congratulations extended to Judge Dainger, of Cleveland, for refusing, in his charge to a jury in a murder trial, to recognize the plea of momentary insanity, was a letter from General Garfield, saying: "The whole country owes you a debt of gratitude for brushing away the wicked absurdity which has lately been palmed off on the country as law on the subject of insanity. If the thing has gone much farther, all that a man would need to secure himself from punishment for the crime of murder would be to tear his hair and rave a little, and then kill his man. I hope you will print your opinion in pamphlet form, and send it broadcast to all the Judges in the land."

A gentleman recently hired a negro girl to act as servant in his house. Thenceforth the rooms were not redolent of roses, and the mistress of the house appealed to the girl's better feelings. In reply the girl said: "Well, missis, I generally washes myself twice a year, but the fact is, dis season I neglected myself!" The Rome (Ga.) Chronicle publishes a rumour of a terrible tragedy in St. Clair county, Ala. It appears that a band of disguised men broke into the house of the tax collector of that county, who was absent from home at the time, and demanded the amount of the taxes from his wife. She refused to give it up or tell where it was, and they searched for it and found it. They then ordered her to get them some supper. While she was busying herself with this forced task, she conceived the idea of poisoning them, and thus preserving the money and her husband's honour. She deftly slipped some arsenic in the coffee she was mixing. They drank heartily and fell dead shortly afterwards. She stripped the disguises off, and found that two of the villains were strangers, but the third was her husband, who had taken this means of stealing the taxes of the people.