

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Charles Tennant, an English Protestant, writing to the Irish people, says:—"They seemed to have retained more sense of some of the refinements of life than is usually found among their class in England. I never saw an Irishman beating his wife, or an Irish woman beating her children, and I never saw them cruel to their animals. To each other they were charitable and for hospitality they were proverbial. In moral qualities they are, at least, equal to English men and women, and in no department of human knowledge inferior. In vivacity of character, and vigor of body and mind, in courage and patient endurance under hardships, and never a falling love of country, Irish men and women have improved themselves pre-eminently among the races of man-kind. And education is more generally spread over Ireland than over England. I will add, not forgetting the danger of gracelessness of manner amongst the young women of the peasant class in Ireland than I have been fortunate enough to meet amongst the same class in England."

The "I. C. M."—The annual meeting of the Irish Church Missions to Catholics generally takes place in a singular coincidence it generally takes place in the same week. If the Jeremy Diddlers who Punchestown week. If the Jeremy Diddlers who are so active in their calling during these two days are present in the Rotunda on the above date, they would have been called and instructed. Being more open to "affectionate invitations" than the class to which these appeals are usually addressed, it was a pity that the promoters of the meeting did not specially solicit their attendance. And this is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as, in addition to the artists of native growth, we had various deputations from bonnie Scotland and merrie England, amongst us. However, we now make the suggestion, in order that so fine an opportunity may not be let slip by the society in coming years. The meeting was opened (of course) by singing and prayer. It then strikes us that on such occasions the prayer ought to go first, with a special petition for patience to endure the inevitable vocalization. The chair was taken at noon. It is at least curious what a military dictatorship. Last year was a full-blown military dictatorship. Last year was a full-blown military dictatorship. Last year was a full-blown military dictatorship.

Information wanted of James, Thomas, William, James, and Ann Mulvan, who left Belock, county Ferraragh, Ireland, about 1852, for Rhode Island, U. S.; also Michael Mulvan, who left Dundee, Scotland, 1853, for Cherry Valley, Upper Canada. Any information will be thankfully received by their sister, Mary Mulvan, 163 Hilltown, Dundee, Scotland. (American papers please copy).

The tower of the Catholic church at Adamstown, Wexford, fell the other day with a tremendous crash. Fortunately no one was injured. The accident is attributed to the bricks getting water-soaked. During the past fortnight, so great has been the rush of emigrants at Queenstown (mostly, we are told, fine young men and women, the very cream of the population), that there has not been sufficient lodging accommodation, and many have had to sleep out. The rush has been so great that the town resembled a fair-field or race-course, such was the throng of passengers parading the street.

INSURANCE.—Mr. Butt's bills to restore to the Irish Municipal Corporations the privileges of electing Sheriffs and Clerks of the Peace, and to extend the municipal franchise, were discussed by a committee of the Limerick Corporation on Monday. The committee approved of all their provisions, with the exception of that which proposes to empower the Corporations to grant an honorary franchise as a compliment to distinguished persons.—The committee fears that the privilege would be abused, and suggested its omission.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGENT.—Carrick-on-Suir and other towns in Tipperary have been visited by the agent, whose tour has proved a signal failure everywhere in Ireland. In Dublin, the small-pox continues its ravages with unabated violence and intensity, being most fatal to children under two years of age. A letter from Dr. Speedy to the guardians of the North Dublin Union bears strong testimony to the value of vaccination. "I have," he says, "vaccinated 1,400 persons during the past three months, a large proportion of whom had good marks of primary vaccination, yet in these individuals excellent vesicles were formed, and among all no case of small-pox occurred." It is stated as a medical fact that persons addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks are more liable to be attacked by this loathsome disease than those of abstemious lives and regular habits.

the appropriation of public money to sectarian or denominational purposes, a copy of which was sent to Mr. Gladstone. The right honorable gentleman desired to be supplied with particulars of the declarations to which exception had been taken, and in reply Mr. Gladstone states that when concurrent endorsement was proposed by the late Government in 1868 he at once objected to it, and he has "never ceased to entertain and proclaim a corresponding opinion."

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.—The writer of the London letter in the *Liverpool Journal* speaks as follows of the relative claims to leadership of the members for Cork and Limerick respectively.—"The discussion upon Home Rule will not come off until after Whit-sundae. Who will move the resolution? I know not. Mr. Maguire gave notice last session that he would move a resolution. That notice still stands upon the paper, and certainly he, of all the Irish members, is the proper man to move such a resolution. But since he put the notice upon the paper, Mr. Butt, the Corypheus of the partisans of Home Rule, has got into Parliament, and some of the Irish members think that he, and not Mr. Maguire ought to be the leader in the House. In short, between ourselves, the convalesces which have assembled in a committee-room here have not been quite harmonious. Mr. Maguire has behaved very honorably, as he always does. "Settle it amongst yourselves," he says. "If you wish Mr. Butt to move the resolution, I will support him. If you prefer me, I am at your service." But at present the Home Rulers have not settled it amongst themselves. It seems very strange to me that the Irish members should think of deposing Mr. Maguire, and setting up Mr. Butt.—A very able man is Mr. Butt, no doubt. But he has not, nor ever can have, the weight of character in the House that Mr. Maguire has. The hon. member for Cork has been in the House twenty-five years, and during all that time, though he has had to fight some very studly battles, and has never flinched, I do not believe that he ever made an enemy. I have heard that the people of Ireland are about to present him with a testimonial, and that the subscriptions amount already to £4,000. This is as it should be, for Mr. Maguire has been a very faithful representative of Ireland, and has made considerable sacrifices. If he had been less uncompromising, he might long ago have got a lucrative post.

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WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of the working-men and others, interested in the labour movement held in the Mechanics Institute for the purpose of drawing public attention to the present deplorable condition of the labouring classes, a resolution calling on employers to consider the greatly increased cost of living, and to increase the wages of labourers to 16 shillings per week, was adopted. The promoters of the meeting vehemently repudiated the slightest accord of sympathy with the International Association.

THE OXFORD DON AND HOME RULE.—The Oxford Don, M.P., in a letter to the secretary of the Roscommon Home Government Association, has expressed his determination to support the principles of Home Rule. On April 17 the remains of Patrick Kearney were interred in Glasnevin Cemetery in the presence of a very large assemblage of men. The deceased was a smith by trade, and in the year 1855 the police decided on searching his forge for arms. When doing so he resisted them, and struck Acting Inspector Clifford a blow with a sledge. He was arrested and committed to Mountjoy Prison, from whence he was removed to Naas Gaol, where he remained for a considerable time. After his release he proceeded to America, and in consequence of declining health he had to return home. After a painful and protracted illness, he expired, on Sunday, at the residence of his mother in Charles St. His funeral was very solemn and impressive.

DEATH OF MR. BUZZ ROOPE.—The death of the above gentleman, which took place on the 20th of March, has deprived society of another of those living witnesses whose personal recollections of '98 have frequently to supply the place of the unpublished history of that eventful time. Mr. Roope was born at Dundalk, about the year 1787, and consequently exceeded by fifteen years the time allotted to man should live. He got a first class education, in fact such a one as in his day must have been only within the reach of those possessing ample means; and, having strong retentive powers, he could relate with scrupulous accuracy events which occurred eighty years ago; he remembered distinctly his nurse holding him up in her arms, saw Wolfe Tone pass through Dundalk to Dublin, a prisoner, in 1798, under a strong military escort, one of the officers in command being Captain

Elias Thackeray, afterwards the much esteemed and venerated Vicar of Dundalk; and he subsequently witnessed the hurried retreat of Teeling, Napper Tandy and several other prominent members of the Dublin Directory of United Irishmen from Union Lodge in Scotlandgreen, then the princely residence of John Byrne; and would relate with evident satisfaction and pride that it was Roddy who first gave the alarm that the soldiers were coming. The social condition of society in Mr. Roddy's early days was not calculated to impress him with much respect for its conventionalities. It would now be considered a strange proceeding if a man were brought into the square and hanged on a market day, without even a cloth to hide the contortions of his features, while the people exhibited their goods on the impromptu gallows, and counted their money beneath the feet of the dangling corpse, which was left swaying to and fro until night, when it was cut down, dragged across the street like a cowhide to a tanner's and finally carted away. Yet such was exactly the case at the time Mr. Roddy was, as he says himself, "a brisk young man," the unfortunate hero of this tragic scene being a man named Devlin. This was the condition of society, in the midst of which Roddy had mastered an education not merely scholastic, but such a practical one as enabled him afterward to take a proud stand as an architect, at the top of his profession in this town. During Mr. Roddy's long and eventful life, he was an enterprising and industrious man, and although a consistent liberal in politics, yet he was a strong-minded man, and invariably rejected the dictum *res populi*. When in the discursive mood, he would boast of his ancient lineage, and declare that he was proud to claim as his ancestors the man who gave to the remains of King Edward Bruce the honors of an Irish wake, and finally had them buried in the tomb of the Redclays at Faughart. Yet, withal, in private life, Mr. Roddy was a staunch, generous and warm-hearted friend. A few years since he had erected over his family burying place in Castle-town a family stone, which for copious details and elaborate workmanship is certainly a curiosity, and might serve as a reference for readers of Irish history. It commences with the death of Art Malahan, corporal in the army of James the Second, who died from injuries received while fighting at the battle of the Boyne, then follow a long list of deceased relatives, including a professor in the College of Tuolo and two Archbishops of Armagh. To this historic spot the remains of the late Brian were conveyed on Sunday, where they now rest with their kindred dust, and all who knew him in life will admit that, taking him all in all, he was an honest, industrious and upright man.—*Dundalk Herald*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Two new Protestant sects have lately been added in England to the countless number already existing, one called the Walworth Convalescists, and the other calling themselves the Peculiar People. The leader of the first is a Mrs. Girling, who calls herself a seven-tyled woman, although she says she has rid herself of the tormentors which once possessed her. The meetings of Mrs. Girling's followers having been interrupted by soldiers who were arrested by the police, an examination in court led to an explanation of her doctrines. She said that the manifestations which had attracted attention to her meetings occur when the worshippers feel the Word of God, and when it falls on them they remain in an unconscious state for a time, after which they are impelled to dance.—All who dance have passed from death to life; the death takes place during the period of unconsciousness, and some persons take seven hours in passing from the old state of Adam to the new. At least so says Mrs. Girling. The Peculiar People believe that they are the special objects of Divine protection and permit their children to die of accidents or illness without calling in medical assistance, because they have faith that God will heal them supernaturally if it is His will that they should recover.

The members of the Protestant sect known as the Peculiar People are giving the authorities a good deal of trouble in England. These people refuse to provide medical assistance in cases of sickness, but when one of their number is taken ill call in the elders of the church, who lay hands on the invalid, anoint him with oil, and leave the rest to Providence. It is believed that the laying on of hands by the elders in every case of sickness has increased the spread of small-pox, which has prevailed extensively among this sect, and no little popular feeling has consequently been excited against them. There is one of the fraternity now lying in Newgate for the manslaughter of his daughter in failing to provide her with medical assistance; and the wife of this man has been arrested for permitting another child to die through similar neglect. The case of the woman is aggravated by the fact that in order to show her faith in supernatural interposition, she carried the second child into a room containing fifty or sixty people and kept it there for several hours, after the small-pox eruption had broken out upon it. As remonstrances have proved unavailing the utmost severity of the law will be brought to bear against them.

THE INTERNATIONAL IN IRELAND.—During a recent debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the International Society now numbers 180,000 registered members in England alone. If we take Mr. Bruce's view, and regard it merely as an union of trades unions, that number would be swollen to 600,000. An attempt not altogether unsuccessful, has been made to extend it to Ireland, and though we do not believe it will obtain a firm footing in the sister Isle, perhaps at no time in the history of Ireland was there more reason to tremble for the future of that country than now, when an abominable society, whose principles are alike subversive of religion and law, seeks to implant in its midst pernicious doctrines which, if accepted, can only lead to a demoralisation of the people, and rob Ireland of that glory which centuries of persecution could not take from her. This nefarious attempt to destroy the basis of Irish society, however, comes as if to bear witness to the wisdom of those who cautioned the people against lending themselves to secret associations, which, under the garb of patriotism, strike deadly blows against religion; and whose agents never do anything better than bring sorrow and suffering to the homes of which they avowed themselves to be the protectors. It is to be hoped that the International will not succeed in gaining a foothold in Ireland. It must be crushed in time, or it will be difficult to uproot it. Penitence, unfortunately, which met the priest with a sneer, when the interests of his flock demanded that he should mix himself in politics, has only too well prepared the way for the reception of those who, however loudly they may disclaim connection with the Commune of Paris, nevertheless profess a creed as essentially subversive of morality and social order. It is sufficient to know that the Communist and Internationalist make common cause, and rejoice and congratulate each other on assassination the most cowardly and revolting, and upon surlige which seems to have no other object than to prove their fanatical hatred of religion. Did they explain their true aim and objects, they would be speedily routed out from every hole and corner of Ireland; but they beat up for recruits after the approved manner of Sergeant Kite when expatiating on the glorious privileges of dying at a shilling a day. It is, of course, their policy to profess to be friends of the working-man; but when the basis of society are undermined, then they will show themselves in their true colors, and prove that the Internationale and the Commune, whatever names they may adopt, are practically one and the same thing. In the meantime, the Irish in London have a duty they owe to their country, and

that is to avoid at all times mixing themselves with Republicans and Revolutionists, and to repress in every possible way their abhorrence of doctrine such as that which immortalized its infamy in the streets of Paris. If an Irishman only remember what made the glory of his country and of his fathers—submission and attachment to religion—and that the regeneration of Ireland can be effected without the aid of continental out-throws, who war, not against unjust laws, but all laws human and divine, and with whom he can, therefore, hold nothing in common—he will be slow to ally himself with those who would rob him of so precious an inheritance. Irishmen will prove their self-respect by refusing to connect themselves with the refuse of humanity—with political intriguers, who ever abandon their dupes in the hour of supreme danger, and leave them to expiate the crimes of those who pride themselves on being able to sway the multitude and lead it to destruction, without, however, sharing its punishment. We know that their sympathy is a mockery; we know that, when examined, they possess neither religion nor morality; and that their only merit consists in blindly adhering to principles which they have copied from others, and which they never take the trouble of examining for themselves. It is the duty of Irishmen, both here and at home, to avoid both their meetings and their clubs, and thereby prove themselves capable, not only of governing themselves, but also of governing their country. The cause of Ireland is not one of revolution; for Ireland demands only restitution.—*Catholic Opinion*.

A catastrophe almost unparalleled in horror, disclosing the gross cruelties of the Mexican emigrant trade by one most terrible demonstration, is recorded in a Parliamentary Report. A vessel called the *Don Juan*, sailing under the flag of the Portuguese Government, set sail with 650 coolies on board. These poor wretches were kidnapped in the most shameful manner. Once on board, this large multitude was placed literally in prison—perched on the main deck and fastened down by three iron gratings which closed the hatches, for coolies at a time only being allowed on deck. On the second day of the voyage, the captain selected twenty coolies and put them in irons, with much brutality, as an example to the others. On the third day a difficulty arose about the food. The interpreter got angry, and struck those who complained with his cane, whereupon the wretched coolies made a rush at their European gaolers. The iron hatches were immediately slammed back, and when the poor creatures beat upon the planks for air, muskets were fired into the crowd. It then appears that, in desperation, some few of the coolies set fire to the store-room, hoping to force the crew to throw their prison open. The sailors tried to pump water upon the conflagration, but the frozen men passed the hose out of the port-holes, so that pumping became useless. Then the fire spread beyond all control, and volumes of thick smoke rolled into the main deck—hoking the mass of coolies at either end, who had taken no part in the previous proceedings. Red tongues of flame and scorching clouds filled the ship, while the miserable prisoners beat at the iron gratings, tore at the fastenings of the deck, and even endeavoured to get up to the air through the ventilators. The port-holes, however, were fastened, the deck-lights were too small to allow of a man's body passing, and the ventilators were barred. In two hours' time the fire was "established on the main-deck"—which means that scores of the Chinese had already been roasted or smothered—yet the crew never took a step towards saving the lives of the imprisoned wretches. They merely lowered three boats and pushed off from the burning vessel, leaving all that mass of human creatures pent up in a floating hell of fear and agony. The sea was calm; the hatches might have been opened at the last moment; yet the Don Juan's captain and hands shoved off, while the ship blazed, and while the coolies perished inside with frightful screams. The scoundrel master and crew saved their villainous lives; a junk picked them up; and the same witness who tells us this says that when the twenty Chinese in irons, who were upon the fore-castle, broke away their fetters, and swam towards the junk, they were pushed off into the sea to drown. Meantime, in their awful terror, the survivors of the six hundred and fifty-five below found some means of bursting the fore-hatch. Scores were by this time killed by the flames or the smoke; scores had been trampled down in the frantic rush for life. About a hundred in all at last emerged from that Golgotha of anguish, and leaped at once into the sea. A few managed to get hold of spars and floating gear, and hung upon these till some fishing boats picked them up next morning. The majority were already mortally injured when they escaped, or were drowned, or crushed by the falling chains and spars of the ship. But at least five hundred were first scorched to death, or choked and trampled dead, before the infernal prison-gate was forced by the breaking open of the hatches, which the captain and crew had so shamefully left fast.

The servant girls of Dundee have formed a Union and agreed they will not take service where the regular hours are longer than from six a.m. to ten p.m.; they will have a Sunday once a fortnight; and they will organize inquiries into the characters of employers. Everybody smiles, but eighteen-thirty of these girls in Scotland work in houses where there is only one servant; they cannot be married without consent, which, without holidays, is such a harsh and impracticable, and their mistresses' tempers are of the last importance to them, because if they do not stop a year no future employer will trust their characters. In the smaller Scotch towns, and even in Edinburgh, household discipline is still maintained with a strictness of which Londoners have no idea, and a mistress who "follows" an unlucky maid all day, who has a hot tongue, or who thinks broth sufficient nourishment, is not a pleasant task-mistress, even for the limited time of sixteen hours a day. The girls will be beaten, but even if they succeed they will be worse off than London lodging-house servants, who sell their health for good round profits.

THE TROUBLED CASE.—The tenantry of Lord Annuld, of Warden, have just presented his lordship with an illuminated address, expressing their sincere and heartfelt congratulations on the result of the Tichborne trial, "in which your lordship's family" proceeds the address, "must have been deeply interested on account of Lady Tichborne (your lordship's sister) and her youthful son, Sir Henry Alfred Tichborne, the only rightful heir to the Tichborne title and estates." The tenantry convey their assurance of their sympathy on account of the unprecedented litigation in "exposing one of the greatest conspiracies on record." "Of the claimant"—they add—"we cannot speak in language too strong but we have the additional pleasure in now knowing that his base attempt has not only been signally defeated, but that he is now in the hands of the law to receive the punishment so justly merited." The Catholics of Glasgow are numerically equal to one-fourth of the whole population, and yet they are still without almost any direct representation in its management. The accession of the Princess of Wales is expected in the latter part of June or early in July.

UNITED STATES.

REV. HERBERT VAUGHAN, AND THE MISSION TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.—It is now several weeks since the Catholics of New York were made aware of the arrival in our midst of the Mission to the colored race in the South, sent to our shores by the St. Joseph's Missionary Society of London, and headed by the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D. Since his arrival in New York, Dr. Vaughan has been un-

ceasing in his efforts to enlist the charity of Catholics in behalf of the great object of his mission, the conversion of the negro population of the South.—He has already directed appeals, alike forcible and eloquent, from the pulpits of St. Paul the Apostle's, St. Peter's, St. Stephen's, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Joseph's, and others of our churches, and, in each instance, the congregation has generously responded by substantial contributions. We believe it is the intention of the eloquent missionary to make similar calls upon the people of the principal churches yet unvisited, and we hope that, out of the multiplicity of objects which press upon their charity, they will yet find both the will and the way to aid in a work which advances the strongest arguments for their generous co-operation. There is now in the South, a colored population, numbered by millions, demoralized by their still recent emancipation from the yoke of slavery, and unguided and unchristianized by the saving influence of religion. This immense multitude of people, a nation in itself, is in danger of perishing from the face of the earth, victims to the gross lawlessness of unchecked passions. There is here an undoubted field for the zeal of apostolic men, a field in which the Church through her servants, may reap abundant harvest of souls, whilst preserving these poor people from the imminent peril of utter decay. Now that the laborers are in our midst, eager to proceed to the scene where such glorious labors await them, surely the hand of the Catholics of New York, will not be restrained, and they will add another noble act of charity to their long record.—*N. Y. Trib.*

THE HARBERS.—Of all the dough-faced blunkies to the slave power that disgraced the country twelve years ago, none were more despicable than the Harbers. Favoring like whipped spaniels, they never allowed one word of manly sentiment on the question of slavery to appear in any of their publications. Then the people of the South had money, and paid well for what they bought. Now that they are too poor to indulge in idle pleasures, look or gilt-edged animals, their former ruling adulators, the Harbers, take a malicious pleasure in persecuting the prejudices of their enemies by insinuating through word and caricature, all manner of vile abuse upon them. Pretending what they call a *Journal of Civilization*, they exemplify their idea of what such a journal should be, by siding with every puff of prejudice and seeking to catch the popular applause by clamorous acquiescence. Of their caricatures of prominent men we have nothing to say. These men can champion their own cause, and deal back as heavy blows as they receive. Nor do we complain of their treatment of the Catholic Church.—That institution is amply able to take care of itself. But when an honest emigrant leaves his home in the old country that has been his and his fathers' beyond memory, and which, though ever so humble, is yet endorsed by a thousand associations, and seeking our country as a home from sore oppression, finds his little all upon our shores, rightfully expecting to meet a welcome—we say, to them that a vile picture in his face that, pretending to portray him and his race, represents him as a brute, but a remove from the beasts of the field, is the act of a creature whose heart never gave a human thought. To stir up prejudice against the poor, the weak, and the friendless, no matter how ill-favored, is the work of a poltroon and a coward, who should be kicked from decent society. The man who seeks to array one race of people against the other in a republican country, is simply infamous.—Irish features, not only of men, but of little children and women, have been distorted in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* until they represented hideous monstrosities. Were the Irish ever so ill-favored in mind and body as there indicated, would it be any justification? If nature has dealt unkindly with some of her children, it is a strong reason why the more favored should be, as it were, blind to their imperfections, and smooth their paths, instead of casting them and thistles in their way. Examining every impud that the Harbers have ever made, and they will betray the same scold, despicable spirit. Cool, selfish, calculating, respectable (?) heartlessness marks every action of their lives.—*Ohio Statesman*.

A man named Franklin, living in St. Louis, has sued for a divorce from his wife on account of her cruel conduct toward him. This amiable woman has stabbed her husband on four different occasions. She has repeatedly struck him with clubs, and has often seized him by the throat and beaten him with her fist. The reason of this preposterous course of treatment was not his drunkenness or unfaithfulness. On the contrary, the only charge that she makes against him is, that he would not vote as she wished him to. If this is the way in which strong-minded women attempt to influence their husbands' political views while they themselves are not yet in possession of the suffrage, what will they do when they are legal voters, and are entitled to hold office? If ever the women of St. Louis are permitted to vote, Mrs. Franklin should be especially exempted. Imagination recoils from the idea of what that spirited woman would inflict upon her husband, if she refused to vote for her as Justice of the Peace.

Christian Education, the States or civil power cannot give, for it has no spiritual competency. Hence it is that our common schools fail, and necessarily fail, of their purpose. They are based on two false assumptions, the one that morality is sufficient for the secular order, and that morality can be maintained without religion. Neither assumption is true. Religion and morality are inseparable. No nation can be religious without morality, or moral without religion. The great moral principles incorporated in the Common Law, and which form the basis of American jurisprudence, were never adopted and so incorporated by a people who had no religion, or that held the secular order to be sufficient for itself, or the State to have no need of the Church. What of morality there is in the American people, has been derived from the teaching and influence of Christianity, and that, as every one may see, diminishes just in proportion as faith in the Christian religion dies out, or is substituted by fanatical sectarism, or a still more fanatical humanitarianism.—*N. Y. Trib.*

A study of the records of the American police reports leads the foreigner to the conclusion that the average American carries a pistol about with him in much the same matter-of-course way that an Englishman carries a penknife or a pencil-case. The practice is, indeed, so common that no suit of male clothing would be complete without a "pistol-pocket." The natural consequence of the national habit is recorded in every file of American papers which reaches us. A man carries his pistol loaded and primed, and he expects his fellow-men to do the same. A judge in New Orleans has a difference with a reporter, and meeting him accidentally he "whips out his pistol" and calls on the reporter to produce his, which the reporter does without the slightest inconvenience. A barrister practising at the bar of a Georgia court is flaily contradicted by a learned friend. He lays down his brief, pulls out his pistols, and invites his learned friend to "show up;" his learned friend promptly "shows up," a witness or two joins in the skirmish, and in the twinkling of an eye the peaceful court resounds with a fusillade of pistol shots. When Fisk went on his last visit to the Grand Hotel in New York he had no idea that Stokes was waiting on the staircase to shoot him. But Fisk nevertheless had his pistol ready, and it was only because Stokes got a brief start of him that Fisk was killed and Stokes was in a position to run away. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but these will suffice to show that Senator Lewis is not performing a work of supererogation by introducing "a bill for the repression of the use of deadly weapons."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.