

Assassination in the United States.

While, within the last fortnight, the law has been taking its unaverted course, and its highest penalty has been exacted on the scaffold, in various parts of this Province, one of the most cold-blooded murders, on record, was perpetrated in the neighboring "Land of the free." This most atrocious of all crimes—premeditated homicide—was committed in the forenoon, in one of the greatest thoroughfares of the populous city of St. Louis. The sanguinary deed was done in broad day, and in presence of a crowd of wondering people. From the frequency of such open-day assassination in the United States, the question is naturally suggested. Whence arises the cause of this peculiarly national crime on the part of Americans? No sooner is the Sickles-and-Key tragedy judicially disposed of, than we have its counterpart in that of Thornton-and-Charless—how come such fearful acts so rife? Our answer is easy, and we believe it unmistakably correct. It is only necessary for the *high-spirited republican* to hurl forth an alleged grievance, at his victim, to be justified in, instantly, depriving him of life. In such cases, the deadly call of the revolver and the bloody gash of the bowie knife are regarded as mere matters of course, by that magnanimous people, each individual of which not only considers himself as good as *L. curgus*, or any other man that ever was or is, but believes himself, in his own person, equal to the duty of accuser, judge, jury and executioner. Hence your Mat. Wards—your Sickles—your Thorntons and a hundred others. Hence, too, in cases, the circumstances of which happen to jar against this people's *Notions*, the clamor for "Lynch law,"—hence the demand of the mob for Thornton, that they might administer summary vengeance upon him. They know, that, by a thousand precedents, they have established a law of impunity, for such offences as his. They happen, however, to be in the humor to make an exception to the practice in Thornton's crime, on account of its supposed *extra* atrocity. Let such a community know, however, that those who sow the wind must reap the whirlwind. If the administration of justice, in *nineteen cases out of twenty*, depends upon contingent influences with the executive—or, as may be, the social position, or political power of the criminal—it is absurdly ridiculous to be so nervously anxious about the merited fate of the unhappy *twentieth*. When *Fiat Justitia* is the invariable and impartial rule of the jury, the court and the executive—when gold and other potent protectives shall bend beneath the unbiased judicial award—then may that sense of justice, which is still left that people, and

occasionally shows itself, cease to be violated in the acquittals of the guilty—then shall the cry of "Lynch" cease against the unlucky and unpopular prisoner—and not till then can the citizens of the Great Republic, with all their fanfaronade about liberty and their free institutions, be considered a fit people for the peaceable and civilized to live among.

No Astonishment.

We clip the following remarks from our quantum contemporary the *Grouler*. We are not at all astonished when we consider who the individual is—a disgrace to his cloth and to everything pertaining to manhood. But we are astonished, that our highly-esteemed and worthy Sheriff, should so far forget himself as to allow the fellow to be on the platform—gloating as it were at the awful proceeding which was being enacted. The *man* is too well known to need further comment and we have much pleasure in endorsing the following:—

UNCEREMONIOUS CONDUCT.

Every one was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the High Constable, Mr. Smith, as he appeared on the platform, and from what we have known of that individual, we certainly expected better.—His farmer-looking garb, uncovered head during the ceremony, and occasional unickler at the bystanders was certainly inappropriate for so solemn an occasion, and in our eyes looked very unmannerly.

"Fiat Justitia est! Who!"

Can it be possible? Is it really true, that the gigantic, immaculate, austere, awe-striking, tremendous, formidable, desperate, furious, phrenetic, rampant Coun. McDowell, did, in divers ways, and against the peace of our Gracious Sovereign the Queen, threaten to circumvent, use up, shoot, assassinate, chaw up, and otherwise annihilate, with bludgeons, blunderbusses, bombshells, congreve rockets, grenades, Greek fire, grape shot, grid-irons, torpedoes, stink-pots, infernal machines, "Armstrong" guns, revolvers, pontoon bridges, redoubts, parallels, redans, whip-stocks, chair shot, caribines, fuzees, harguebuses, 112 pounders, bowie knives, stiletos, rapiers, tulwars, yatigans, sabres, cutlasses, boomerangs, swords, tomahawks, slung-shots, javelins and battering-rams, one of the *Grouler* men. Certainly some of the members of the Municipal body of this city must think they are a privileged few. While certain of them make By-Laws to profit by their own reserved right to break them—another one sets at defiance all precedent & all law, by threatening the life of a printer on one of our most public thoroughfares

O tempora! O mores! Will the voters of St. Andrew's Ward be always governed by the same inadvertency, in electing men to seats at the Council Board, who are not possessed of the simplest qualifications for so important a position? We will see whether they are or not. More anon.

As we are proceeding to press, a notice is placed in our hands, issued by the new Licence Inspector, Mr. J. E. Dallyn, cautioning all Tavern keepers to exhibit over the principal entrance, in large letters, the following words:—"Licenced to sell Wine, Beer, and other Spirituous Liquors." By force of circumstances, we combine with our editorial duties that of tavern keeper, and the 'principal entrance' to our premises is that of our stables. We wish to know if this will meet with the requirements of the law, and also if Chalk may be substituted for Paint. As the charges of writers in the latter are so exorbitant that in these hard times we should be glad to defer to the lawby exhibiting in chalk the required notice. Should any evil disposed person, or the Inspector, obliterate the same, we shall be glad to replace it. By the bye, are Wines and Beers Spirituous Liquors?

We have heard of several mean things lately, but out West they are beating us, an old friend of ours Tubby Baker, a Cooper, has complained sadly of the shaving and scraping practiced by his customers, instead of buying new Barrels but his disgust reached its acme the other day, when old Tom Grindhard the Brewer, brought him an old Buryhole to have a new Barrel made to it, he closed store next morning!

NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—The fourth annual meeting of the "National Dress-Reform Association" (Bloomerites) is to be held at Auburn, N. Y., on the 22nd 23rd of June.

A very good story was once told me about Curran and his Irish servant:—Curran once ordered a chicken for dinner, but found out to his surprise that it was minus a leg. The servant (who had taken a liking for the missing member) on being questioned, informed his master that chickens in that part had but one leg; as he could prove, if his master would go into the yard after dinner. He of course, found all the poultry roosting (as usual on one leg) when in half anger and half disgust at being made a fool of, he said at once "thuk!" when at once the birds sprang to their feet. Turning round to his servant, he said, now you fool you see they have two legs, yessir, replied the servant, but you did not say "thuk" to the bird on the table.

NOTICE.—Should the gentleman who visited a certain place on King William St. East, on Sunday night, and who got kicked out of doors, call at an office he knows of, he can have his hat, coat, and one boot— that is providing he promises us faithfully to pry for his ice-cream in future.—*Chalk*