

of indignation has been manifested by the people of this town and county for the last two months, in consequence of a party who has purchased this house, and adjoints the railings of the monument, having contemplated turning in the railings about forty feet, thereby destroying the beauty of the monument, and taking away that ground which is sacred to every Catholic and Irishman, as it was the spot where Catholic liberty was won by the return of O'Connell as member for Clare, in the historic year '28.

However, Mr. M. G. Considine and the honest trades of Ennis warmly opposed this disgraceful attempt to dishonor Clare. The Bishop, the Very Rev. Dr. Ryan, the priests and people of the town and county supported them, and upon last Friday the affair was introduced before our grand jury by Catholic attorneys; but the Rev. Father Quaid, of O'Callaghan's Mills, who was never absent from his post of duty, as an Irishman, the two respected curates of the town, Rev. Mr. Fitzgibbon and Rev. Father White, a name well known to every Irish Nationalist; the Rev. Father Harnet, of Clare Castle, with the secretary of the trades, M. G. Considine, were present to oppose the project, and to the credit of every gentleman of the grand jury they all spurned it with contempt. The grand jury decided that the ground can never be interfered with.—*Cor. of Irishman.*

The Home Government Association may be regarded as one of the most fortunate political organizations that has ever been known. Men and events play into their hands with regularity and force, and even their declared opponents adduce every now and then very strong arguments in favor of Home Rule. The English daily newspapers, which scarcely any exception, write up their cause without in the least intending so to do. Governmental follies push forward their ends with giant force, for the mistakes of the Executive never fail to ultimately advantage the liberties of the people—though the process may be harassing if not downright cruel. There is hardly a sitting of the House of Commons which does not bring forth more, and plainer, proofs of the utter incapacity of English statesmen for ruling Ireland; and Monday's debate in the Lords, over Earl Russell's misbegotten Irish measure bristled with powerful arguments in favor of Home Government. Ireland, irrespective of descent or creed, is with them almost a man; the leading thinkers of England are rapidly coming round, as any one who carefully studies public events must readily see; Scotland is awakening to the importance of the movement, and her large cities are becoming centres of action in favor of the Association; and we fail to see how any moderately thoughtful man can shut his eyes to the rapidly increasing growth of the movement throughout the kingdom. If it was strong in a dozen, or in one hundred places only, we might have our doubts of its success; but when we see its principles being advocated more or less in every part, and in every class of society, we can no longer deny its generality nor its vigor; and we hail its future as a victory already half won.—*Catholic Times.*

**DISPUTED GUARDIANSHIP OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN.**—At a sitting at nisi prius of the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin on the 25th ult., before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, a dispute regarding the last will and testament of Robert Shapland Byrne, late an inmate of Wexford Union Workhouse came up for trial. Mr. Heron, Q.C., senior counsel for the plaintiffs—Very Rev. J. Roche, P.P., and Rev. Father Lambert, C.C.—said that the deceased was a Catholic, and in 1848 he married Charlotte Power, a Protestant. In 1861 he entered the Wexford workhouse with his wife and five children who were registered as Catholics. In that year a child was born in the workhouse which was also registered a Catholic. Shortly before his death Byrne made a will appointing the plaintiffs guardians of his four youngest children in order that they might be brought up in the Catholic faith. The question before the Court was the validity of that will. Evidence for the plaintiffs was then heard. Stephen Kavanagh, master of the Wexford Union Workhouse said that the entry in the books was that Byrne was a Catholic and his wife a Protestant. The children also were described as Catholics. Witness had been shown a draft of the will by Byrne had thanked him, and said that "he had at all events secured his four younger children"—he did not speak of his eldest boy Robert. The eldest boy was registered as a Catholic and had been prepared for Confirmation but he subsequently became a Protestant. The Rev. W. Lambert, one of the plaintiffs, said he had known Byrne to be a Catholic. He had baptised all his children Catholics. The defendant had said to witness that she would not allow any more of her children to be baptised by a minister and she also said "that she might shortly be coming to me herself," by which witness understood that she meant to become a Catholic. Byrne had asked him to become one of the guardians. For the defence, the defendant deposed that before her marriage she never heard that Byrne was a Catholic. They attended Protestant places of worship after marriage and all the children were baptised Protestants in accordance with Byrne's order. On Monday the counsel addressed the court and on Tuesday and Wednesday his Lordship delivered his charge to the jury. The jury disagreed and was discharged. The *Wexford People* says:—"There is another feature in the case which is worth referring to. It is this—if the rule implied by the disagreement of the jury in this case be generally carried out, it will be utterly impossible for priest or nun, or in fact any one else to hint or suggest to a dying man or woman whether dying or not, the propriety of a testamentary disposal of his or her children, lands, money, or goods; for it may be held that that would not be the testator's will—it would be the will of the man or woman that hints, instructs, or suggests, and so the major part of the community must forego the right invested in them by law to dispose by will of their effects. If either through apathy or ignorance they neglect to perform their duty to their successors by making a will until the propriety of so doing is suggested by a friend, the suggestion may be regarded as undue influence. Experience every day shows that most men are brought to make a testamentary arrangement by the advice of friends, and this, forsooth, is *undue influence*. One point, however, is gained by this tedious, protracted and expensive proceeding. It has established a rule in favour of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland which never before was raised, namely, their right to be named guardians of children. The case will also be a warning and a monition to Bishops and Priests to strive more earnestly, if possible, than they have heretofore—to use all their influence and energy against that baneful domestic happiness, and often the fruitful cause of ruin to whole families—mixed marriages. In conclusion we have simply to say that the plaintiffs in this case deserve much credit for challenging issue on this important subject, and for displaying so much pluck in their unfinishing struggle with a most astute and eminent bar. The battle was not their's alone. It was the battle of the whole Irish Church and in fighting that battle they have established a claim to the countenance and support of every Catholic in the land. The following are the points raised by the full court will give the plaintiffs a right to the guardianship of the children. That his Lordship should have directed the jury that there was no evidence to go before them of undue influence, that if the jury believed that the will was executed with the necessary formalities by Byrne, and that he was a person of competent understanding, the burden of proving that it was executed under undue influence lay on the defendant, and that undue influence could not be presumed."

There are many men in this wicked world cursed with a mania for making themselves ridiculous, and we are inclined to think Lord Oranmore is one of

them. Irish himself, he is bitterly anti-Irish; and though hailing from the most Catholic portion of these realms, he is anti-Catholic to the backbone. He seldom speaks in the House of Lords without striking both at country and creed, but as he is seldom listened to and never reported at any length, he flies for refuge to the columns of the *Times* to ventilate his bile. Last week, referring to the debates in the French Assembly on the question of burial without religious service, he wrote in the above journal to the effect that Irish Catholics were buried without any religious ceremony whatever—a fallacy so gross that we hardly think any paper but the *Times* and perhaps the organ of beer, the *Advertiser*, would have published his lordship's effusion. The priest of his own parish, Father McDonogh, writes in the same journal to give Lord Oranmore a flat denial, and his feeble lordship has to eat dirt without a word of remonstrance. By the cruel English Protestant law Irish Catholics were driven from their own burial grounds, and even within the last eight years priests have been imprisoned for praying over the graves of their flock, but in no instance has a funeral taken place without service as near the grave as the brutal law would permit. Lord Oranmore, or anyone else, who alleges the contrary to be the fact, must have about as good an idea of Irish habits, Irish feelings, and Irish religion as they have of those of the inhabitants of the Mountains of the Moon. *Catholic Times.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

**THE SHAH'S VISIT.**—In the national legends or records of every land there is one story which repeats itself with singular pertinacity. A faithless Prince entertains a number of his former foes. The tables groan beneath rich dishes, the wine-cup goes round; all is joy, and mirth, and gaiety. Suddenly a cry or trumpet-blast is heard, the guests start to their feet, a hundred swords are drawn, and in an instant the hall resounds with the clash of weapons, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the dying.—As the shrewd observer watches the festivities which have greeted the visit of the Persian King, the oft-repeated story we have told occurs to his imagination. Are all these feasts and pageantries—these revues at Berlin, these galas in the Guildhall—are they all but the prelude of a great tragedy, the light overture with which a stern drama is ushered in? Indications pointing in this direction are assuredly not wanting. On the first day after the Shah's arrival, Earl Granville, the Foreign Minister, waited upon him, and the interview lasted for several hours. Scarcely had that meeting concluded when it was simultaneously stated in many well-informed quarters that it had eventuated in a resolve big with mighty consequences to the future of the world. It is said that at this conference a secret treaty was entered into between England and Persia, by which the former power bound herself to defend the integrity of the Persian Empire with the same zeal and promptitude as if the Union Jack and not the standard of the lion fluttered from the minarets and battlements of Isfahan. That, in the opinion of the diplomatic world some such pact has been arrived at is plain, from the fact that a semi-official Berlin organ instantly declared that "England was again about to enter on a great policy," and that the press of St. Petersburg, acting, it is certain, on a *mot d'ordre* from the Government, commenced a furious tirade of abuse against England which has gone on deepening in volume and intensity every day. If the treaty has been concluded, the fact is the most important which has occurred in these exciting times since poor Ollivier declared war upon Germany with "a light heart." The people of Russia, deprived of political liberty, has sojourned themselves with dreams of universal conquest. Every patriotic Russian firmly believes that the day will come, when, in Asia, the Czar will rule over an empire as wide as that over which the great Macedonian bore sway. Hour by hour the Asiatic realm of Russia is extending itself. Circassia, Samarcand, Khiva have fallen, and it is known to all the world that the scheme for the conquest and annexation of Persia is completed—that at any moment we may hear of a quarrel picked with the Shah, of a column marching on Teheran. And at this supreme moment England has, we are told, sprung into the lists, and picked up the Muscovite glove. Russia, cannot, will not recede from her designs on Persia, and England is, if we are to believe the well-authenticated rumor, bound to protect Persia, with her last shilling and her last man. If the story is true, the great contest for the mastery of Asia may be fought out in our time. Such a contest would be one of giants. The world has never shaken under greater hosts than that vast array which the Czar could lead into the field, or the mighty army which England, in three months, could raise from the Sikhs, Belooches, Ghoorkas, and other valiant tribes subject to her sway.—*Freeman.*

**MONASTIC AND CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS.**—When Mr. Newdegate made his annual attack on Convents on Wednesday, it was obvious what comfort and support he had derived from the recent legislation in Germany. Religious Orders must be dreadful institutions—"objectionable institutions," the *Times* calls them—if such measures as those have been found necessary. It would have been more telling, however, if the member for North Warwickshire could have produced a single fact to prove that enquiry was necessary. He made the astounding assertion that the exemption of Catholic Convents from inspection was a privileged exemption and made other denominations jealous. Is there then an inquisition into Anglican Sisterhoods? and if Mr. Newdegate and a dozen friends chose to live together, would they be liable to the visits of a Commissioner, perhaps, as he suggested, appointed by the Commissioners in Lunacy? The speech of Mr. Pease, who led the opposition to the Bill, was a very fair one, and distinctly contradicted Mr. Newdegate's assertion that the Catholic witnesses had been reticent before the Committee. He was well backed by Mr. Matthews and Mr. Serjeant Sherlock, who observed that if the 1,222 questions Mr. Newdegate had already asked could not elicit the information he wanted, he did not see how he was ever to get it; and by Mr. Munster, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Mitchell Henry as well as by Mr. Martin, who, as usual, would not vote, but desired to "convey to his constituents and friends his indignation at the measure." It was rejected by 131 votes against 96. Is it too much to hope that next year it will not reach a second reading? The time and temper of the House are too valuable to be wasted on a motion no facts in support of which have ever been substantiated.—*Tablet.*

That Government Inspector who recently refused to allow the children of a Wiltshire school to sing *God save the Queen*, as being contrary to the principles of the Education Act, 1870, must have been a satirist of the purest water. In England which is prides herself on her religion—save the mark!—it is against the law to teach such religion in school hours; the name of the Deity is usually supposed to be intimately connected with religion; therefore the name of the Deity must not be used in school hours. It is the completest *reductio ad absurdum* of the Secularist system we have been as yet treated to, and the thanks of all Denominationalists are due to the keen-brained inspector who put the case so pointedly.

One would hardly expect to extract much fun out of coal. A sturdy Yorkshireman managed last week, however, to import some humor into the proceedings of the Parliamentary Committee on coal, and besides gave utterance to an idea that has of late been silently troubling no few people. He raised "laughter" by discussing amiably of the piano, harmoniums, and perambulators the colliers have recently indulged in, being of opinion that a piano is "a cut above" the last named machine. As to champagne, he was diffusive. He did not see why

colliers should not drink it as well as anybody else, but held that they were in blissful ignorance of its sparkling delights until "put up" to the fact by "you gentlemen"—as Mr. Normansell was pleased to call the sedate committee. Since that putting up operation the man *have* taken to champagne to "see what it tastes like," and we wish them joy of the Petroleum-born stuff they are probably treated to by the publicans, at twelve or fourteen shillings a bottle. In explaining his position with reference to the Union of 20,000 men which he came to represent, Mr. Normansell declared he was, "like Gladstone is to you" *i.e.* the Committee—in other words, a sort of responsible, ir-responsible, leader. "The more you educate men," said Mr. Normansell later on, "the less physical labor you get out of them, and quite right too!"—a proposition which we leave for the consideration of those who care to dive into the vast question thus raised.—*Catholic Times.*

**DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.**—Last night the Government sustained another defeat. On this occasion also their misfortune came from an Irish question. The great disaster of the session was the Ministerial defeat on the Irish Education Bill; and last night, almost the eve of the close of the session, they sustained another defeat, when Mr. Plunkett's motion in reference to the Irish Civil Service was carried, on a division, by 130 to 117. To-day we merely note the fact as one not only significant in its nature, but furnishing another remarkable illustration of the weakness of the Irish policy of the Cabinet.—*Freeman*, July 5th.

**THE GREAT CATHOLIC WILL CASE.**—Yesterday the precincts of the Probate Court, Westminster, were crowded by a large number of dignitaries, among whom were Archbishop Manning and several bishops and priests, interested in a forthcoming case of importance, in which a lady bequeathed about £80,000 to the Roman Catholic Church the will is disputed on the ground of alleged incapacity on the part of some of the Roman Catholic dignitaries. The case, it is said, is likely to be of general importance to the religious world.—*Id.*

**EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.**—Yesterday, shortly before six o'clock, a gentleman staying at Charing Cross Hotel, London, was seen to get out of a window on the fourth floor, and after walking some distance upon a ledge extending along the front of the hotel, he was seen to turn back, and suddenly either to leap or fall to the ground. Before reaching the ground, however, he came upon the portico at the entrance, and coming through the glass roof, his fall was broken, and to this circumstance, probably, is owing the fact that the man was not instantaneously killed. As it was, however, he sustained, besides other injuries, a serious fracture of the skull. He was removed to Charing Cross Hospital. His name is given as Thomas William Bry.—*Id.*

**THE CHOLERA.**—The *Times* says:—"Public health has of late been remarkably good, but then the seasons have hitherto been favourable. A wet winter and a cold ungenial spring brought with them advantages of their own. People were predisposed to repine at the absence of clear frost at one period and of balmy winds at another, but the temperature of the year has been beneficial nevertheless. We are now, however, approaching the season of epidemics, and the sultry heats of early autumn are not very distant. It is time to be on our guard. We can no longer expect to see the cholera slowly advancing from one point of the Continent to another, so we may measure its distance from our own shores and calculate the period of its possible arrival. It may show itself among us at any time, and that is why the prescribed precautions should be carefully studied, and preparations be duly made. The work is not difficult nor costly, nor will it in any case be thrown away. Supposing—as indeed we may hope—that the cholera will not visit us, every step taken in the way of sanitary improvement will not be less bear its fruit. Some disease or other is almost always endemic, and there is no epidemic against which pure air and water are not the best of preservatives."

**FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.**—The action brought by the female medical students against the Senatus Academicus of the Edinburgh University has been decided in the Court of Session in favour of the defendants. The ladies asked the court to hold that they were entitled to matriculate and attend the classes at the University, and also to graduate. All the judges were consulted, and the claims of the ladies were disallowed by seven to five.

**THE HARVEST IN SOMERSET.**—The *Bristol Post* says that the hay harvest, of which there are good accounts, is proceeding rapidly in West Somerset. Corn is also looking well, and the apple crop will probably prove one of the largest that has been gathered for many years. Other crops in general have a prosperous appearance.

**A REMARKABLE ACTION.**—In the Court of Common Pleas, London, on Thursday, a widow twenty-five years of age, under Lord Campbell's Act, on behalf of herself and her two children, to recover compensation for the loss of her husband, who met his death whilst he was working for a firm of naphtha and creosote manufacturers on Bow-common. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and awarded £200 for the widow, and £100 to each child.

**NEW POLITICAL MOVEMENT.**—We (*Post*) understand that a new movement is being begun by certain non-Parliamentary gentlemen prominently connected with the National Education League and various Nonconformist Associations, the object of which is to start a Radical candidate who comes forward as a supporter of Mr. Foster's educational policy. Considerable funds have already been promised in support of the movement.

**SNOR WILL.**—The following short will was recently registered in the Winchester District Registry:—"This is the last will of me, of Hants. I give all my property to my daughter for her separate use, and appoint her executrix hereof."

The *Newcastle Chronicle* reports that upwards of 600 out of the 2,098 puddling furnaces in that district are now idle. A short time ago every furnace was at full work. This fact gives some idea of the state of one branch of the iron trade.

The London Master Builders' Association, at the recommendation of the Social Science Association has issued circulars to the masons and carpenters committees proposing to meet some of the delegates with a view to averting a strike.

**HISTORICAL PARALLEL.**—Cromwell had his Ironsides—we have our Iron-clads.—*Punch.*

UNITED STATES.

**NEAR FORTY YEARS AGO,** when Illinois was going ahead on credit, forty rods at a jump, many of the best young men of the country were lured to the prairie only to find themselves swamped in the mire of poverty when the collapse came. The mire of poverty, however, failed to quench the music that was in their souls, and to-day, there is more joy in that latitude than in any other of our acquaintance. Among many other like ceremonialists still religiously observed from a love of the ludicrous is the annual parade on Independence Day of Major General Pummaddiddehwhacker's forces. Here is the announcement made of the programme at the ancient burgh of Hennepin, one of the oldest of the Illinois river towns:

"Know all ye Men, Women and Babies, Living in ye Glorious United States of America, that on Friday, ye 4th Day of July, Anny Dominoes, 1873! There will appear to ye natives of Hennepin and Vicinity ye Great and Immaculate Terrible phantasmagorical from ye sunny and dried up land of Timbuctoo.

"Ye great army will form into line at their den in ye raging Illinois river, and will come forth amid

ye krowing of kox and booming of kannon. At ye small hour of 8 1/2 a. m., they will meander south on Front to High, ramble up High to Eight, north on Eight to Court, west on Court to Fourth, and north on Fourth street to the Fair Grounds, where ye great, learned and highly intelligent orator from ye city of Cork, will deliver his Fourth of July celebration, together with the degradation of indignation. After which ye enormous procession will return amid clouds of dust and showers of fire-crackers to there hole and pull ye hole in after them."

The notable personages announced to participate form a list too long for our columns. But to witness these ceremonies must be far more enjoyable than any of the pin-a-fore street processions of our secret societies, even though only participated in by "Le Ragmuffin Rag-Tag and Bobtails of all creation, with babies crying and old men sneezing."

**THE CIVIL AGAINST THE SPIRITUAL.**—The civil law, all over the world, is encroaching on the rights of the spiritual order. There is not a Government on earth that is ruled by Christian principles or rules in accordance with them. The men of politics have always accused the men of religion of intolerance and tyranny. They have forged facts and falsified history in order to prove the truth of their assertion. They have misrepresented the principles of the spiritual order in order to justify themselves in working out the total independence of the civil from the spiritual. Their proposition they never have proved, nor ever can, but their separation from and independence of all spiritual powers they have made a living fact. But they are not content with that independence, nor are they satisfied with that separation. They have gone a great deal further, and do not intend to stop at the line they have reached. Step by step they are encroaching. They arrogantly assume the right of settling the statute of religion. They pretend to the power of solving strictly spiritual questions, and whenever and wherever the spiritual conflicts, or seems to conflict with the temporal, to maintain the latter and restrain the former. In every Government on earth the sacred domains of marriage and education have been unjustly encroached upon. Christianity says "Marriage is indissoluble." The State says, "It is not." The Church says "No man validly married, can, the other party to the contract living marry another." The State says "It can be done." "It is a crime," says religion. "It is not—it is a right," says the State. So the civil power and the spiritual power are in conflict. But the civil power will have its way, and has it. And so of education, and so of numberless other points the Governments of men encroach upon the rights of the Kingdom of God. But never with impunity,—never without penalty. That penalty comes in one form or another. Why these terrible disturbances of the nations? The law of man lifts its hand against the law of God. That spiritual power which will never make a compromise,—which never will defect from the line of law Divine—which will never come down from the height of its principles to the level of human opinions, must necessarily be the object of the special aversion and hostility of civil Governments. Hence the Catholic Church at the present day, has not a true friend among all the Governments of the earth. She is persecuted in her rights because she will not yield her powers. In Russia, in Prussia, in Switzerland, in Spain, in France, and in England, the Catholic Church meets with opposition.—Why? She will not retreat from her position. She will not relinquish one of her powers. She will make no concession, which involves a sacrifice of principle. She will not condescend to bend a single law or to change a single principle. She was taught by the Divine, teaches the Divine, and will not go to the school of the human. Are these so-called Christian Governments Christian at all? They are not Catholic, it is but too plain. Can they be Christian without being Catholic? When they oppose Catholic law do they not oppose Christian law? They do—for Christianity if it be true at all, is, and can only be Catholicity. What then is the spirit of the Governments of this age? Absolutely Pagan. And the people under them what will they become? Pagans.—Hard words, these? Yes—but true words. To this the world is coming. The Evening of the Christian era will be like its Morning. Persecution now by law,—how soon by the sword?—*N. O. Morning Star.*

**SECRETS OF THE SANCTUM.**—The humourist of the *Detroit Free Press* observes that there is always one vacant chair in the sanctum of every daily paper, or it would be vacated for the right man. It is the position of "really-very-good-but-we-haven't-room-for-it" man. When a young man; wearing a very exultant countenance, walks into the editorial rooms with a bundle of manuscript under his arm, all the staff know what is coming. He has been writing an ode to spring, or a poem, on the fast disappearing Indian race, or five hundred verses on the power of love. It is really wonderful how sanguine he is. He has selected this particular paper as a great favour to the paper, and he is certain that the publisher won't think of offering him less than ten dollars a verse, and that after they have handed him the money they will pat him on the back and say "Go on, young man, there is a wealth of laurels for you in the future." He walks around the room a few times to collect himself, and then goes for the nearest man. He is referred to "the man in the other room," and the man in the other room heaves a sigh as he sees him enter. "Here's a few verses on spring time which I dashed off the other day," says the young man, as he deposits the roll on the table; "you can look them over, and I will call for the money on Saturday." He goes out, and the recipient of the roll unrolls it, feels his hair raise up as he sees that some lines have ten "feet," others six, and that a pile driver could not pound the metro into shape. He puts it away, and begins to dread Saturday. Saturday comes, and with it the young man, who expects a check and a compliment. He sits down, and there is a long pause. The editor would rather tackle a Bogardus kicker than to say what he must say, but he finally gets around to it. "Very good—seasonable—well written—but, ah! ah! we haven't room for it just at present; you'd better send it to the *New York Post*." That young man gets up with an awful look of contempt and revenge on his face, seizes the roll, and goes out feeling that he shall be an enemy of the paper, the editor, reporters, compositors, and apprentices for ever after. This is only an illustrative case. There is the woman who has written nineteen verses on her dead baby; the old maid who has hashed up a ballad and wants to be brought out as the author; the young man in love who has written a poem on his Hannah and five or six others. Each one must be refused in such a manner as not to wound his feelings, and yet his feelings will be wounded. If he hadn't a cent in the world, and was in need of bread, he wouldn't feel half so bad to be refused a cash loan as he would to be told that his poetry wasn't first-class, and that he'd better turn his attention to a trade. The poets are not all. There is the man with the "Essay on Sober Second Thought," the man with the two columns on "The Degeneration of American Politics," and the scores of men with essays on this and that, which no one but the writer would read. They must be met, repulsed and got rid of; and, though the editor is as tender as a lover, the chances are that within three days he will receive a letter reading something like this:—

"DEAR SIR,—Owing to the fact that my article on the 'Resurrection of Mummies' did not appear in your issue of Wednesday, you can stop my paper. I shall subscribe to the *Ark*, which is a live, go-ahead daily, fully up to the times. Yours, 'CATO.'"

**DEPRAVED BATTLE REPORTED.**—AMERICAN VICTORIES.—GEN. MACKENZIE KILLED.—WASHINGTON, July 22.—News has been received from San Antonio,

Texas, the headquarters of General Angur, commanding the department, that the Mexican general, Escopedo, was advancing to the Rio Grande at the head of a division. What this means is not known, but the natural inference is that such a movement of so large a body of troops must be with hostile intention, and it, stirring intelligence may be looked for at any moment. In fact, it was stated in several quarters that a Texas paper had been received here containing particulars of a desperate engagement on the fourth of July, between the American troops and a large detachment of Mexican troops and Kickapoo Indians. Our troops are said to have been victorious, but that General Mackenzie has been killed. On enquiry it appeared that the War Department had not as yet received official advice of any such engagement, and knew nothing more of it than the common rumor. If such an engagement has taken place, news of the same must now reach military headquarters in due form in a very short time.

**BALLOON VOYAGE OVER THE ATLANTIC.**—"Professor" Wise, of Boston, intended to start from that port for Europe, on the 4th July, in a balloon. The professor reckoned confidently upon an "eastern current" in the upper regions of the atmosphere which would waft him to "some point" in England or Ireland. It appears however, that an unfavorable current nearer to the earth has interfered with Mr. Wise; in other words, he was unable to "raise the wind," and the plan has been abandoned for the present, although the professor still believes in the existence of his current.

**PITTSBURG, PA.**—The Catholics of this city have opened a public library, free to all. It is one of the handiwork in the country, and reflects great credit on the Catholics of Pittsburg. The *Irish World*, and all other Irish-American and Catholic journals will be found on the tables.

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* says that, with the exception of the peach belt along the shore of Lake Michigan, peaches are killed through that State, and it is feared that many of the trees are also destroyed, the thermometer having sunk the past winter to 38 deg. and 40 deg. below zero. Apples, however, promise a full crop; grape vines are badly cut down, and pear and plum trees are much injured.

A young man in Louisville examined a keg of damaged powder with a red hot poker to see if it was good. It is believed by his friends that he has gone to Europe, although a man has found some human bones and a piece of a shirt about twenty miles from Louisville.

A statue to Robert Burns is to be erected in the Central Park, New York.

Out near Rochester there is an eccentric old fellow who lives alongside of a graveyard. He was asked if it was not unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in all my life, with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so steady as they do."

A new coal mine was lately discovered on the farm of David Harrington, near the established line of the Painesville, Warren & Youngstown Railroad in Trumbull county. Land in the vicinity is going up.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is still engaged with his "History of the Confederate States," though his impaired eyesight forbids much continuous reading or writing.

People don't block their boots at Pittsburg, Pa. They hang them out of a window over night, and they are black enough in the morning.

A Yankee has invented yellow spectacles, for making hard look like butter; he says they are a great saving of expense, if worn while eating.

**PUTTING UP A BED.**—It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead; but she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been placed in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and you then scold. The thread which had been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction in the holes, has come off, and you have to roll it up again.—Then, after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door. Then you try again, and get the rope tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bed-room in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door? Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side of the rail; then she moves it so that the heat comes up from the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most, you lose sight of it entirely, and turning around, find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head board, miss it, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it, the frightful thought strikes you that if one of these feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through to the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up and grunt. Then you move along to the next, pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle and commence to think that you are about through, even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection and find that you have to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment, and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death to him if he did. Then he goes over it again, pulling and wadding, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp and tells him to take it easy and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds! In the dead of night that man will steal up to that room and look at that bedstead and swear.—*Danbury News.*

**DEPRAVED BATTLE REPORTED.**—AMERICAN VICTORIES.—GEN. MACKENZIE KILLED.—WASHINGTON, July 22.—News has been received from San Antonio,