

CHILD.

said, "Lend me a
I want to adver-
her debts."

he gets mad, he-
in his dictionary,
is the bottom out,

more stable govern-
consumed 11,219

as a charming little
savages who care

in a duel, and is
It looks as if the

good many years
minister "I see

ma have hit upon
They travel in a
they meet.

itary notes, that
very near a bank
he died a Christian,

a bust of Caster,
all sculp him, now
difficult to deter-

ed, you shouldn't
a awful bad form,"
dead boy, they

year's nest,"
year's vest
ugh the day.

he are always try-
are the men who
eventually crawl up

t of a grocery store
six pairs, six cents
these pairs, but we
did.

she is not ready
I am your
all; you look as
want, pray?"

fordville, Indiana,
his wife had saved
en invited her hus-

of spring,
to be in
theology."

ing of a newly
servant—a good

nce asked what an-
ernor of the State
and his arms, he re-
promise measure,
contents."

arch alone in West-
during the long ser-
that school rules
ster up in front of
e, sir, may we go
society soberly walked

telling her Scholast
y who stole a hun-
rupted by one of
nd how the dickens

everest joiner—he
ary, he, a witness
nger the gains, out
t in the desk, file his
ity.

se department at
ent, came home
ending reduced to
a being done, my
doing?" replied the
I have all along

in who was paying
one of our popular
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the sake of a little
a few days after he
and was confronted
his—was home he
was told that the

months ago, a young
y aspirations, and
e overland train;
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of noble achieve-
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ond-class hotel on

Earl of Lauderdale
y symptom being a
which the medical
His son, who
t, "Then sen' for
stones, for father
of the physicians
ng to, and the ex-
till him" succeed-
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died lately at
ert to our Faith.

last week offered
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obes. This was
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n is dominant in
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-life of Pen. Eli-

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN ST. ALBAN'S CATHOLIC CHAPEL, WARRINGTON.

INSANE OUTRAGE BY A MILITIA SERGEANT.

SINGULAR LETTER: THE CRACK OF DOOM FORETOLD, AND THE JUDGE APPOINTED.

Warrington Guardian, March 5.

The sanctity of the House of God has seldom in these days been violated in a more gross or profane way than that on Sunday morning last in St. Alban's Catholic Chapel, Bewsey-road, where a scene took place of the most outrageous and startling description. Service was over, the last mass was celebrated, and the congregation just about to depart, when one of the militia sergeants, named John Smith, who had occupied a seat in the body of the chapel suddenly rose from a kneeling posture, rushed up the altar steps, and commenced hacking with his drawn sword at the sacred symbols and ornaments peculiar to that part of the church. The action was so sudden and unexpected that for a few moments the congregation stood spell-bound, as much in pain and horror at the profanity of the deed as surprised at the frenzied and impious conduct of the man himself. The consequence was that the work of desecration was over before the slightest effort could be made to prevent the damage. After springing up the altar steps, just after the departure of the priest, Smith, as we have stated, made several lunges with his sword at the carved images, altar canopy, pillar mouldings, &c., and then turned to the congregation with both arms outstretched and his sword brandished in the air, as though, like Alexander, he wished for more worlds to conquer, and meditated attacks on some other parts of the chapel, or on some of the worshippers in it. He, however, these were his intentions they were doomed to frustration. On recovering from their first impressions of horror and detestation at the sight, the next prevalent feeling amongst the congregation, or at all events amongst the male portion of it, was one of intense indignation that so unhalloved an outrage should have been committed; and but for the cool and intrepid conduct of one of the comrades of the man, Colour-Sergeant Berne, also of the militia, it is not unlikely that Smith might have been very severely handled. Berne, regarding his profane act of mind first, stepped on to the altar after him, and on Smith putting himself into a posture of defiance, Berne quickly drew his sword with a view to intimidate him. On seeing this the man, for such he turned out to be, re- turned his sword quickly to its sheath, and he then turned his attention afterwards sprang upon the altar, seized him by the neck, and held him until assistance arrived. Fortunately there happened to be in the congregation a police constable of the name of Brevin, himself a Catholic and an attendant at St. Alban's, at the time when the man first sprang upon the altar and commenced his profane conduct, Brevin was making his way out of the building; but on learning what transpired he rapidly retraced his steps, and proceeded to the assistance of Berne, who had then overpowered the mischief. Father Feeny and Col. Cody, who had been officiating that morning, also came upon the scene, and by the united exertions of these gentlemen and the persons we have named the lunatic was got into the vestry at the back of the chapel, where it was deemed advisable to place him, in order that he might be out of the way of the mob, who would probably have ill-treated him. By adopting this plan the painful scene was brought to a quiet and speedy termination, which would not have been the case had he been taken through the chapel into the street, for by this time the congregation, having had time to reflect on the enormity of the outrage, had had their feelings aroused to a high pitch of excitement. Once in the vestry the frenzy of Smith seemed to entirely die out. Fathers Feeny and Cody, against whom he has since been uttering wild and insane threats, remained beside him with the utmost *bona fide* and had no reason to regret their confidence, as he made not the slightest attempt at violence and even talked with some degree of coherence, or at any rate with less signs of insanity than he had done before. Meanwhile, however, several policemen had been sent for, and on the arrival of Sergeant Spike and some other officers he was removed from the vestry to the bridewell, where he abode until Monday morning. His name was ascertained to be John Smith, and for some years he has been a colour-sergeant in the 4th Lancashire Militia. He has been suspected for some months of being insane, or to a moderate degree of unmistakable insanity which he has committed. He is a man apparently a little over thirty years of age, tall, imbecile-looking, well-furnished, and light-complexioned. As will be seen from the letter which we publish below, and which is itself an excellent proof of his unsoundness of mind, his education has been of a rather superior character, as in addition to the correct phraseology and orthography of that epistle, the calligraphy and punctuation were also alike excellent. It is, we may add, only one of many singular letters which he has addressed to the dignitaries of his church and to high personages in the country, an additional fact which goes to confirm the nature of his insanity. The damage to the chapel, we regret to learn, was very considerable, but no doubt immediate steps will be taken to restore the symbols and ornaments so ruthlessly and profanely brok-

THE PRISONER BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

At the Borough Court, on Monday morning, John Smith, colour-sergeant in the 4th Royal Lancashire Militia, was brought up on a charge of having on Sunday last, unlawfully, maliciously, and wilfully done injury and spoil to and upon certain articles in St. Alban's Chapel, to wit, the altar canopy, pillar, altar mouldings, two statues, lamp, fittings, missal, and altar cards. There was a further charge that upon the same occasion he disturbed the congregation. The prisoner pleaded guilty.

Mr. G. T. Moore appeared on behalf of the complainant, Father Cody, and said this most painful case was brought forward by the clergy for their own protection. The man might have been brought upon a much more serious charge. The only charitable construction which could be placed on his conduct was that he was not responsible for his actions. In order that medical testimony might be adduced on this point he merely proposed that morning to bring forward sufficient evidence to justify a remand. The prisoner had threatened to take the life of the rev. gentleman who sat next him (Father Cody, with whom sat Father Feeny), and also the life of the Rev. Father Pozzi. He had likewise threatened to go and do the same thing at Buttmarket-street Chapel. The offence complained of was that on Sunday morning, in St. Alban's Chapel, after service, he went up to the altar with a drawn sword in his hand and smashed all the articles he could lay hold of, while at the same time he made two attempts to cut a man who tried to stop him. That was a terrible thing for any man to do, and Father Cody was really in bodily fear that if he had the chance he would try to carry these threats into execution. All they wanted, therefore, was protection, as they believed the man was not fit to be at large.

Constable Brevin was then called, and said he at-

tended the last mass in the chapel in Bewsey-street on Sunday morning last. The defendant was there. After the service was over, just about ten minutes to twelve o'clock, he was coming out of the church when he heard a crash. He turned and saw the prisoner on the altar with his naked sword in his hand and cutting at the images and ornaments. A man named James Burrows stepped across the rails. The prisoner cut at him with his sword, and then turned to the other corner of the altar, when Colour-Sergeant Berne stepped on the altar and seized him by the neck. Witness also seized him. He resisted, but witness told him it was useless, as he was a policeman. Prisoner said, "I don't care what I've done. I am only doing my duty. I want the man who preached." Father Feeny had preached that morning. One of the clergymen assisted to get the crowd away and the other opened the vestry door. They then got him into the vestry. When he saw Father Cody he said, "This is the man I want." Witness believed if the congregation had got hold of him they would have killed him. Several constables came subsequently in a very quiet way, and the prisoner was removed to the police station.

Mr. Moore said that was all the evidence he intended to offer.

Colonel Godfrey said he should like to make a remark or two on the case. He was quite of opinion with Mr. Moore that the sergeant was not responsible for his actions. He wished it to go forth that it had nothing to do with drink. A more steady or better behaved man never existed. He had the highest possible opinion of him. From a letter which he held in his hand, and which he would hand to the Bench, it was clear the man was of unsound mind. There were many letters of a similar character, all tending to show that the man was not in his right senses.

Mr. Moore.—He has written to Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Liverpool, and all sorts of people.

Colonel Godfrey.—I am quite of opinion that he is not responsible for his actions.

Father Feeny.—I may say, having been in charge of Bewsey-street, that it is not the wish of either myself or Father Cody to punish this poor man. We think, looking at the matter calmly, that he is not a fit subject to be at large in the town. I had the pleasure of having this letter presented to me by Colonel Godfrey, and a more incoherent document from first to last I have never read. No man of sound mind could write such a letter.

Colonel Godfrey said he might mention that the prisoner took part in the shooting at Oxford Park last week and won second prize.

Mr. White asked the prisoner if he had anything to say.

Prisoner.—I have a great deal to say. I have a lot of papers I wish to show. They concern the world at large.

Mr. White.—Have you anything to say why you should not be remanded?

Prisoner.—I would like to read you a copy of my papers to show how the affair commenced. It has been going on a long time. It was a premeditated affair altogether, and at the time when the man had the pleasure of having this letter presented to me by Colonel Godfrey, and a more incoherent document from first to last I have never read. No man of sound mind could write such a letter.

Colonel Godfrey.—He has been writing those letters for a year.

Prisoner was proceeding to make a rambling statement, when

The Bench interposed and ordered him to be remanded until Friday morning.

HOW AN ELECTION WAS WON.

Some years ago Russ, our own G. W., lived in our adjoining county of Ripley. He was then a Republican in a Democratic county. What his politics are now we don't know and don't care, and we think he don't know and don't care either. We only know he is a manly, big-hearted, genial gentleman, and that's all we care about these times. But to the story. Russ was the Republican candidate for sheriff in the Democratic county of Ripley, and as a matter of course, wanted all the votes he could get. Then as now he was passionately fond of gunning, and always owned a fine gun and dogs. In his county was an old German, we will call Jake. He also was a hunter, and a power among "the boys." He kept a little country dog, and his "influence" was worth about thirty votes. In due time Russ met Jake, and a talk about hunting, guns and dogs rather warmed the Dutchman towards Russ, although Jake was a Democrat. After a while Russ saw one of Jake's hunk, pot-bellied pointers, and commenced to give away taffy.

"Jake," said Russ, "that's a mighty fine dog. Where did you get him?"

Jake replied to the effect that he raised that kind dogs.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Russ, "I am very fond of hunting, and if I am elected sheriff this fall I shall indulge myself in shooting to my heart's content. If I am not elected I shall not be able to shoot much. I will give you \$50 for that dog, Jake, if I want him after the election. Here's a \$5 note to bind the bargain."

Jake tickled to death at the fine sale of his dog, which was worth about fifty cents, took the bill, and as a consequence, his end of the county gave Russ a handsome majority, and he was elected barely pulling through. Time passed, and Russ was duly installed in the office of sheriff of Ripley county. Soon Jake put in an appearance, dragging the unwilling cur at his heels.

"Mister Russ," said Jake, "you vos now elected sheriff of dis county, and here is dose dog. Gife me my forty-five dollars."

"Jake," said Russ, "I find that my time will not allow me to hunt as much as I thought it would; you may just keep the dog and \$5 too."

Jake studied a long time, then took a long breath and said:

"Mister Russ, I believe id, by Gosh, you buy me and not my dog! 'Ain't id!"

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