From Late English Papers.

Kossuth on British Sympathy with Italy Speech of Kossuth at Manchester.

Considering all things, it was evident that the prospects of the Italian movements were less favorable in 1848 than they were at present, whether we regarded the foreign relations of Italy, her power of resistance, or her internal condition. When the former struggle commenced in Italy, no man could have thought a French revolution imminent; but now, no reasonable man could doubt that the French people would soon awaken from their torpor of national degradation. An effective Italian movement might prove a trumpet-sound to awaken France; and as for England, if there was no change for the better in the British Government, a great advance had been made by the British people. [Cheers.] Whenever the four arrived for Hungarian or Italian freedom, their war-cry of Liberty would rouse such a burst of sympathy from the British people, that no British Minister would dare to make Great Britain subservient to despotism, or to tamper with petty experiments for stifling the aspirations for national liberty. [Great cheering.] He wished British statesmen would mind that now. If the voice of the poor exile could raise such feeling, what would be the case when the principles of national liberty were the pre-echo of cannon over the Continent. [Cheers.] At the present moment, Austria has in Italy, notwithstanding its palpitating state, from 40,000 to 50,000 men less than Ratedzky mustered in 1848. In 1848 Austria had virtually no army in Hungary; now, she needed 120,000 men to keep down Hungary and Transylvania. Croatia, too, required troops at present; and greatly more were now needed at every point out of Italy where Austria kept any forces in 1848. If the Italians would only fight now as they did in 1848, they had double the chances of success they had then. [Cheers.] No compromises from rulers would now stand between the people and their destiny. It was not to the Italian people that the failure in 1848 was due; documentary evidence in abundance proved that. It was a great mistake to put the conduct of a revolutionary insurrection in any royal hands. When a people had gained their ends, if they chose to have a King, it was for themselves to settle; but, during the struggle, only a popular head and revolutionary energy could insure success. When King Carlo Alberto got at the head of the Italian movement, it was no longer a revolutionary struggle; it was simply a struggle of one army against another, and the smallest succumbed. Carlo Alberto had acted either to gain some provinces for himself, or to prevent the establishment of a republic in or near his own dominions; and so the cause of Italy was lost.

In conclusion, M. Kossuth appealed to his audience—when the day came for the tri-color to be hoisted once more on the walls of Milan, would there not be an encouraging cheer for the patriots from the free people of Great Britain? If one warm grasp of the hands in faith and sympathy could hasten that day, would they remain silent, would they withhold their hand because some said—and did not shrink from falsification in saying so—that Italians had no reasonable chance of success?

From the Liverpool Herald.

A Protestant Party.—Address of the Christ Church Protestant Association, Belfast, to the noblemen and gentlemen representing in Parliament the counties and boroughs of Ulster.

"*Lords and Gentlemen*,—A crisis has arrived. We, and our fellow Protestants throughout the empire cannot but observe what utter confusion and disgrace has befallen the so-called *Conservative party, by the most inconsistent* and incompetent conduct of their Parliamentary leaders. It is now clear that such men cannot henceforth represent the opinions of earnest and loyal protestants; and that, under their auspices, a change of Government, with such men in power, would possess neither the blessing of God, nor the confidence of honest men.

"We pray most respectfully that now or previous to the ensuing elections, you all generously and explicitly declare yourselves the friends of honest policy, and of decided Protestant measures. We ask you to place at your head leaders whose antecedents are free from suspicion, and whose fidelity has been manifested in whatever is identified with our common Protestantism. We call attention to such men as Mr. Spooner, whose success is a proof that all we want, under God, to insure triumphant results, is honest and determined leadership.

"Protestant supremacy is dear to us. We seek it, and we hope for it. And while we desire to interfere with no man's liberty, we demand that our own liberty be duly guranteed and fortified. We humbly assure you, that, throughout the empire, there are millions of humble, honest men—electors and non electors—whose sympathies will ever be on the side of such policy; and, above all, you will possess the blessing of Almighty God.

"We return our most grateful thanks to those Members of the House of Commons who have been our comfort and hope in times past; nor will we despair of many accessions to their ranks, until a true Protestant Party be formed. Of the result no man can doubt, who remembers the righteousness of our cause, and the history of the past, when men were true to their Bible and their God.

"Signed on behalf of the Association,

"Thomas Drew, D. D., President.

Abraham Dawson, A. M., Secretary.

From the New York European.

Escape of the French Political Captives—The party which escapd from Cayenne on the 13th of September, 1856, landed on the low marshy mud-shore of Dutch Guyana, after having been out at sea on their raft several days. It was on the 23d of September that they reached Demarara. They immediately made their situation known to the English governor, who supplied their wants, treated them with great kindness, and paid their passage in a ship to the United States, where they were desirous of proceeding. They remained at Demarara till the 30th of October, supported by the hospitable kindness of the English and their Governor, from whom they received the kindest treatment; and on the day mentioned, they embarked in the good ship Amazon for Baltimore, in the United States.

In giving an account of the severe trial they have gone through, they conclude with expressions of grateful thanks to the English Governor of Demarara for his generous and noble conduct towards them, as well as to all others who have participated in showing mercy and kindness to distressed humanity. The following are their names: Seronde Byoux, Perin, Dime, Chauvin, Monfalcon.

There are now nine of these sufferers in our city, and sixteen others are expected to arrive, who, also, it is to be hoped, will make good their escape.

In the meantime, they are in want of clothes and other relief, especially of employment, each of them being of some handicraft.

MR. ROEBUCK ON NON-INTERVENTION, AT SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Roebuck, who was received with tremendous applause, said he had been asked by Mr. Hadfield's committee to attend to him upon the performance of his duty, as he considered, it to the constituency of Sheffield. and he at once acceeded to the request. After a few complimentary remarks regarding his honourable colleague, Mr. Roebuck went on to express his opinion touching one or two question on which he differed from Mr. Hadfield. "If he will pardon me for so saying. I think he has made a mistake in his conception of the word "non-interference." I will explain my view of non-interference, for I am for non-interference for England. I don't want her to be eternally meddling in the quarrels of Europe. I want her to consider her own interests, for those interests happen to be the interests of mankind. But she has a mighty power to wield and a great destiny to fulfill. She cannot move without the world feeling that she moves. If she moves in error, woe to mankind; if she moves in the right-path, glory be to her, and happiness to the people who constitute her whole population. I believe we ought not to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations; but while we abstain, we must see that nobody else does so interfere (Cheers.) I beg of you to remember that we are at the head of the great Liberal party of the world. Despots banded together may oppress humanity, and, therefore, we have the duty to see that humanity is not oppressed. Therefore I say that England should, if she can, ally herself against the despots of Europe—against the despotisms that oppress humanity." Having illustrated his views on that head by reference to the shameful conduct of England when Russian intervention was called in to crush the liberties of Hungary, he next referred to the late war. If we had stood by and seen the iron heel of Russia put upon Turkey we should have repeated the fault we committed when we allowed Hungary to be put down. "It was, then, in furtherance of this great principle of non-interference, not the non-interference of England alone, but of everybody else that I acted (Cheers.) Austria, Russia, and Prussia can, if they please, unite; and shall England stand by and see them swallow up, bit by bit, every particle of freedom in Europe? Is that her duty? That is not my idea what her duty is (Cheers.) I do not. I know that there is a part—a portion—of mankind who believe that the only religion upon earth is the worship of the almighty dollar (Cheers.) I do not. I am not of that opinion. I believe that, for the good of mankind, good men ought to unite when bad men combine (Cheers.) Therefore, I say I united with that party which proclaimed war with Russia. * * * But if we, upon the suggestion of my honourable friend, had stood cowering by and seen the hordes of the Russian despot marched across the Pruth—if we had merely entered our 'solemn protest' upon that great occassion—not the protest backed by bayonets and guns, but in the empty form of diplomacy, I think we should have placed England in a disgraceful position. We should have disgraced her in the face of non-interference, and I believe you coincide with me. * * * We have been the friends of freedom, of good government, of humanity; but if we had narrowed our minds to the consideration simply of making money, of spinning cotton, of hammering iron, and weaving cloth, I think we should have been a despicable people—not England filled with Englishmen (Cheers.) Upon this point my hon. friend and myself differ. I don't know whether he will take the interpretation I have given you of non-interference, but sure I am that we shall be called upon to make this application very soon, for I believe that the world is upon the eve of great events. We live in great times. Talk about the apathy of the English people! There is no apathy in the people of England. I saw them rise as one man in support of the war (Cheers.) I saw them rise as one man in support of that gallant army we sent abroad. We welcomed them back—say, with those heartfelt thanks which such men deserve at our hands. We are in a position to send forth our sons on a glorious mission, for no man will interfere with us when we fulfill our destiny, and do not let any of our sons at least disgrace England so far as to make her an abettor of oppression in any part of the world (Cheers.) Of America all that has been said by my hon. colleague I entirely agree with (Cheers.) With her I should be loth, more loth than with anybody else, to enter into war; but even with her I would go to war if she did an injustice to use (Cheers.) It is not the time to mince matters (Loud Cheers); and I like straight forward speaking on all occasions. There is at this moment—and I use an American term—a Fillibustering spirit in America, and if that leads them beyond their own boundary—if that leads them to attack foreign nations—we in, the fulfilment of our non-interference principle, should be bound to interfere also (Cheers.) I say that a war between England and America would be almost the greatest calamity that mankind could suffer. We have everything that can bind us to that nation. They are of the same blood; they have the same language; they have the same literature, laws, and institutions; they are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. They are Englishmen on the other side of the Atlantic. But if they should do an injustice are we to stand by and see it done? (Cries of "No!") No; England's great destiny makes her the protector of mankind; and we should be derogating from our own dignity if we allowed any nation, however great, however nearly allied to us, to do aught that would bring discredit upon the great principles of humanity, if we could prevent it (Cheers.) I say although I would have us bound to America by everything that can bind—though I would by every tie unite us to her, and would not interfere in one iota with her internal transactions, though I look with great sorrow upon them—I will not express in public my opinion on the matter; yet, rather than see her oppress mankind, I would oppose her, and oppose her to the death (Cheers).

Corporal Kinning, 90th Regt. has received the present of a handkerchief from her Majesty, for his bravery in the Crimea. Right arm and ear shot off

THE WOMAN THAT ATTENDS FUNERALS

The Chinese have a proverb that every house has its own mouse, a way of expressing the fact that every one has his or her allotted sphere in the world. There is as the Scripture says, a time to laugh and a time to weep, and while there are those the basis of whose lives is frivolity, there is another class in the community who seem to take a mysterious delight in "the trappings and the signs of woe." We assert a truism, for all of our readers have seen the same identical flesh and blood, but they all have witnessed and marked that type of society in some one existent and sentient form.

We can remember, her among the vapory reminiscences of our childhood, sitting at funerals always in a corner, always with the same dingy weeds always, with the same expression of settled grief, firmly impressed upon her countenance. There she sat—we always found her there when we entered the house of the mourning—and when the service was over, silently and slowly, she glided rather than walked out into the busy street.

As years have rolled on we have still met the Woman, but always at a funeral. Never have we encountered her where there was a bustle, where there was activity, where the stir and noise of the world's life. And as for music and gay lights, and song, and dance, it were almost profanation to associate them in thought with The Woman. A sombreness has permeated every fibre of her being, and her face is the index of her heart.

Tell us now if this be an ideal sketch;—if day after day, week, after week, year in and year out, those who read this have not recognized this doleful familiarity;—if The Woman be not associated in their minds with the coffin the white flowers! As the owl brood over the decaying remnants of a noble pile, so does The Woman find her fitting place where the last earthly honors are paid to what once was earthly.

But the Woman is distant from other mourners in the house of lamentation. She is not kith nor kin of the departed mortality. There was no tie between them save the common brotherhood of humanity. Her eyes never rested on the face of the dead. No clergyman said to her "Be comforted." Nay we can positively affirm that we never saw her take a seat in one of the lengthy line of carriages that follow the hearsed corpse to the grave. Unnoticed she enters—unknown she lingers while Holy Writ be read and prayer be made—alone she leaves the darkened room.

And why and wherefore is it that this unvarying attendance at funerals, this identification of self with the only true solemnities of the world, is the sole occupation, the single pursuit of The Woman? Within the breast of every man and every woman there is some one life secret which dies with the possessor; some unrevealed fact, which involves but one other person; it may bring about the most disasterous consequences, or have as little effect as a feather's falling to the earth;—but still in every human being's breast some one secret is faithfully preserved, and the lips close in death without ever giving it utterance.

Well The Woman has her secret. What it is we may not know, but to it we may attribute the routine she so carefully follows. We can but guess at the mystery. We can but guess that some sudden death—the death of one even entwined with her heart string—changed her life, and saddened her soul forever, and so she wanders where the hearse stands ready, and she bides her time with a patient suffering, waiting for her summons to join the shadowy train that pass over the dead waters.

He'd was a tender heart, and with the death it broke. The rose withered, the well spring was dried up, and a star faded forever when that spirit broke from its mortal integuments. The death altered her very being. The light vanished from her eye, the bloom left her cheek and the raven of her hair gave place to a silver tinge. And who was it died the death. We may know it was one of three—a lover, a son, or a daughter. Was it he around whom all her young affections had clustered. And ere the marriage vow was spoken was he laid in earth! Or after heart had grown for years with the growth of another heart, when souls were linked together by the golden chains of wedded love, was it that the icy hand of the reaper was laid upon its victim!

Perchance there was something strange, something wrong, perhaps, about the death, that made its effect more terrible. It may have been a death caused by crime, or unjust accusation, or ruthless persecution, or latent villainy. May be he who died fell a victim to his own rash hand. Instances, to one of those fatal appetites we need not name; or, possibly, he fills the unhonored grave of the suicide.

Or was it the darling boy, the theme of all a mother's hopes and prayers and fears, that was taken away in the high flush of his baby beauty; Was it the girl with the blue eyes and the golden hair, upon those cheek, even in infancy, the hectic stole, whose memory is the worshipped past that is the only present to the widowed heart, that ever and ever chaunts an in a drear monotone.

"An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her, the double dead in that she died so young."

We may not know. The woman's secret is locked up in adamant. It will be all, save haply one cherished ring, that will be confined with her. No prayer, no tears will follow her.

She will fill out the measure of her days, still sitting stolidly listening to the funeral services. She will die and be forgotten, and what was mortal of her shall crumble and be dust.

Horrible Tragedy.—On Thursday night, the 30th ult., Mr. Wm. Pearce, residing about five miles from this place while he was eating supper, told one of his negro men, who had been guilty of some misdemeanor, that as soon as he was through he would give him a flogging. Accordingly, when he got up from the table, he went out into the back yard, and called the fellow out of the kitchen, and told him to come to him. Manifesting a great deal of submission he obeyed; but as soon as he got within striking distance, drew an axe, and split in twain the head of his master—scattering the brains in every direction. The negro fled, and, we are informed, has not yet been captured. Mr. Pearce was a good citizen, a kind husband, father, and master, and was beloved by all who knew him; this, his melancholy fate, has cast a pall of gloom over our whole community. The negro, beyond doubt, will be captured before many hours. If he is, although we admire submission to the course pointed out by the law of the land in this case so much of the brute has been manifested, we would be glad to see our citizens *en masse* rise and avail themselves lynch law, and hang the rascal without court or jury.—*Madison Florida Messenger.*

Bridging the Niagara at Buffalo.—An application will be made to the Legislature at the coming session for an act to authorize the building of a bridge across the Niagara Rapids near Buffalo. The River at that point, with its powerful current and dangerous reefs constitutes a serious obstacle to entercourse between Canada and the state. The plan of the structure contemplate wide draws, easily work by machinery, and avoids the usual objections to bridges from parties interested in River navigation. That interest in this case, owing to the Rapids in the river, is a very small one; still it should be justly treated.—The English Common Law rule, granting water highway monopoly rights, is yielding every where in America to the demands of the commerce and the wants and interests of the majority.—Trade across rivers has at last equal rights with trade up and down rivers. —*Albany Evening Journal Dec. 8.*

A Mournful Story.—The Troy Times tells a sad story of the destruction of a young and lovely woman, by intemperance. A few months since, a young lady of one of the first families of that city was married to New York merchant, under circumstances the most auspicious for the happiness of both. Lately she returned to her home in Troy, discarded by her husband on her account of her mania for intoxicating drinks, and in a few days she died of brain fever, induced by her habits. The father of the young lady has been called upon within three months, to mourn the death of a wife and daughter by intoxication, and a son, once noble and manly, whose highest nature has been perverted by the same cause.

☞ There were 80 deaths from Scarlet Fever in the City of Boston last week.

The Chronicle.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 2, 1857.

The Atlantic Telegraph under English Control.—The N. Y. *Times*, in speaking of the Atlantic Telegraph, calls attention to an important element in the organization of the great enterprise which is worth noting, as it tends to destroy much of its prospective value to the United States. The objectionable feature is thus set forth.

The landings of the cables will be in English territory. The eastern end will land at Valentia, a harbor in the south-western extremity of Ireland, about forty miles directly west of Cork, and the western end will land at St. John's, Newfoundland. This fact may be of little consequence in the piping time of peace, but in times of war it becomes a matter of great moment. In the hands of Great Britain the electric cable would then be a powerful antagonist, with which it would be impossible for us to cope.

"*Brother Jonathan*" has been so much in the habit of taking the wind out of the sails of "John Bull," in the way of bargain, that it becomes extremely painful to him when he finds Great Britain likely to obtain an equal share of a bargain about to be struck between the two countries. In the case above alluded to, our *trading* friend has nothing with which to blame himself; had it been a negotiation in which location alone did not throw the weight in the scale of England, there is little doubt but the New England peddler would have held the same cards—ah! and played them too—as he did in establishing the boundary line; the negotiating the Ashburton treaty; the one-sided Reciprocity Act; and the giving away our Fisheries, for the privilege of becoming the laughing-stock of wiser nations. In the present instance, however, it is fortunate for us, that the two ends of the Atlantic cable will rest on British territory and will, undoubtedly, in the event of a war with our gasconading neighbor, give to British interest the undivided advantages to be derived therefrom. But if our very *liberal* neighbor really believes, what he so pompously and has so frequently set forth through the press, he has yet another string to his bow; let him *Fillibuster* the island of Newfoundland, as he a short time since threatened he would do, then as England would, of course, submit, (according to Yankee ideas). He can make his own terms with "John Bull," and if the old boy should prove restive, he might cut his cable and turn him adrift; or what is perhaps better yet, invade the Isle itself, and regain the "old homestead." Huzza for the *Universal nation! the greatest nation in creation!!*

"FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL."

Will our Corporation, for once, do an act of justice? Will they accept the scheme for the Fishery Draft suggested by B. O'Brien? Or will they, as usual, bungle along in the old fogy fashion of giving all the benefits of the Fishing Draft to a fortunate few, to the unjust exclusion of all the other freemen, who are, by charter, equally entitled to participate? If there is an honest man at the Council Board let us hear from him. And as the question is now mooted, we would suggest, what we conceive to be a still more equitable scheme. Say let the first hundred numbers be five pounds, prizes, and the surplus, so far as it will reach, be one pound prizes. Should this plan be adopted from four to five hundred persons would draw prizes, instead of about twenty-five, as is now the case.—Try it.

☞ The schooner *Trio*, which arrived last week from Portland, Me. brought a locomotive engine for our Railway. The *New Brunswicker* says:—

The temporary track from the bridge across the Marsh Creek, will pass down the Marsh, in front of the residence of H. Gilbert, Esq. then by the Wright Farm, past the Valley Church, and across the Mill Pond to North Slip at York Point, where locomotives, cars, trucks, barn and other materials can be landed from sea-going vessels, and at once sent out on the line. Labourers from the city can also be taken up and set down there, morning and evening, and thus be enable to earn wages at the rock cuttings from Lawlor's Lake to Torryburn. For these cuttings, tenders will be received until the 15th of January next, and the work will be prosecuted during the winter.

Godey's Lady's Book for January, excells in every respect all its predecessors. It contains three copper plate engravings, a Brioche Cushion, printed in scarlet and gold, besides about thirty other engravings, illustrative of their several subjects. The reading matter comprises the usual interesting variety and consists of 94 pages. This number commences a new volume, and we advise all our lady friends to subscribe at once.

Fire at Hillsboro'.—A melancholy accident occurred at the Albert Mines on the morning of the 18th ult., the particulars of which are as follows:—About 4 o'clock in the morning a fire was discovered in the porch of one of the dwelling houses supposed to be from hot ashes. A man named James Glen opened the door, when the flames burst into the house with such fury that the whole was instantly in a blaze. The house stood with the front to the north and at the time of the accident the wind was blowing a gale from that point. A man named Gallagher saved himself by jumping out at the back window, and he is the only one of the inmates left to tell the melancholy tale. The others who perished were named James Glen, Daniel Glen, Mrs. Allan and her child. The bodies of the three adults were found in a shocking state, so that they could scarcely be distinguished one from the other, the body of the child has not been found.—*W. Times.*

The following amounts were collected for the poor at Divine service on Christmas Day, in the undermentioned churches, viz. Trinity Church, £30 5s.; St. John Church £20 7s. 6d.; Saint James' Church, £11.

The Annual Meeting of the New-Brunswick Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society will be held at the Mechanics' Institute, next Wednesday evening. The Meeting promises to be an unusually interesting one. We would suggest that a small sum be charged for the tickets of admission, instead of taking up a collection during the proceedings.

The Rev. Mr. Alves will deliver the fourth Lecture of the course, before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Mechanics' Institute, on Friday evening. Subject "God in Scripture."

Mr. Duval will deliver a Lecture before the members of the Mechanics' Institute, on Monday evening, on "Marine Zoology."—*Ch. Witness.*

The *Boston Transcript* says the sleighing is very fine in this city, and the streets present a lively appearance both day and evening. The new styles of sleighs are very beautiful.

Here, in St. John, the roads are quite bare in some places, and but very thinly clad with their winter garb in the most favoured spots. The weather is very fine and mild.

☞ The Legislature of the Province of New-Brunswick is summoned to meet at Fredericton, for the despatch of business, on the twelfth day of February next.

The St. John papers are advocating a change in the system of laying out wild lands in the Province, in order to induce emigration. The *Chronicle* suggests the reservation of every other lot, the proceeds of which are when enchanced in value by the settlement of the alternate lots, to be applied to railway purposes. Other are also urging the establishment of an Agricultural Journal, none being published there. It is thought it would receive a generous support, and be the means of giving an impetus to agricultural enterprise.—*Canadian News*

The Ottawa Canadian Times has the following: The brute and cowardly outrages on females, so peculiarly of late years, the disgrace of England, —for Scotchmen and Irishmen do not appear to have any particular *penchant* for licking their wives till their are half dead,—are worse than ever. The law by which the magistrates were empowered to inflict very heavy terms of imprisonment for assaults on women, does not appear to have mended matters. Perhaps the philanthrophic gentlemen who think the desperate criminals can be reclaimed by the "law of kindness"—who pet pickpockets, cosher up house-breakers, and would save murderers from the gallows, only on this point public opinion is, as yet, a little too strong for them—will find, by and by, that a ruffian cannot be whitewashed into a saint, and that our ancestors were not so foolish after all, when they laid hold of a brute, and treated him as a brute in human form ought to be. It was proposed to give the Police Magistrates the power of administering a sound flogging with the 'cats' to fellows convicted of ferocious assault upon women, but the rosewater philanthropists of Exeter Hall could not endure the idea of having their pets' backs tickled by the drummers, and the proposition was rejected. Now our idea is, that when a man, by his acts, shows that he is an irreclaimable rascal, he ought to be treated like one by society, "have leather laid on his back and ironound his neck," as Carlyle says, till absolute fear of bodily suffering in his own person teaches him respect for the personal rights of others.

In addition to the ruffianism of the lower classes, we have some instructive specimens of chiselling on a large scale, by men of higher standing, and in situations of trust. The delinquency of Robson, the Crystal Palace forger equalled on this side the water by that of Huntington of New York, has been beaten, out and out, by a man named Redpath, the Registrar of Sharepto one of the great Railway Companies. This man has diddled his employers out of about £200,000. His salary was a very small one, but he lived in magnificent style —splendid house, fine horses and equipage, opera box, and everything to match. Robson and Huntington were snobs in comparison with Redpath —they were only "Gents" Redpath was a "Gentleman,"—Robson and Huntinton were "fast men" associated with fast men, and kept fast women and fast horses, pink bonnets and Richmond,—two-forty and fall over the dash board! Redpath did not descend to such vulgarities—things well enough for gents, Cantos, and guardsmen in their teens; he was a chosen vessel—admired in May Fair, a standing ornament on the platform of Exeter Hall. It is true that he had an opera box, but he had patronized sowers in Ireland, and had a lively interest in the somwhat highly perfumed Quashies on the banks of the Niger. *Arcades Ambo*, Redpath and Dean Paul; "blackguards both," as some one happily rendered the proverb; elegant specimens of that most revolting class of modern humbug, the would-be-religious—the greatest enemies of true religion—of that religion given as "that we should think no evil of our neighbor;" the men who are great in advocating the conversion of savages in distant lands, and utterly neglecting the worse than heathen that swarm in the back slums of their own cities; the men whose atrocious hypocrisy drives every man of intellect to sit in the seat of the scorner; in fact, the Phariseo of this age. We have no patience with humbug of any kind, and utterly abhor that phrase of humbug, that puts the religion taught by our Blessed Lord as a cloak over its shoulders to hide the foul corruption that is within—the horrible depravity that from to time produces such rascals as Dean Paul, Redpath, and the Directors of the Montreal Savings' Bank.

Suicide.—On Friday night, about half past eight o'clock, Mr. John Soule saw a man go down the South Market Wharf in a manner which excited his suspicion so strongly that, although he at first allowed him to pass, he followed him immediately in the hope of preventing evil. The man, however, reached the end of the wharf before he could overtake him, jumped off, and has not been seen since. Mr. Soule at once gave the alarm. It is supposed that the suicide was a man named Laurence Keegan, who left his house in Smith's Alley about that time and has not since been found. His description answers that given of Keegan, and K's. cap was found next day in the slip. Keegan was a drunken, worthless character, and his wife has been in the Penitentiary. Both have been for some time sad specimens of that class who, grovelling in filthy alleys and lanes, labour and live only to gratify their fierce appetite for rum. It is fearful to think how numerous that class is, and how steadily it is recruited.—*Freeman.*

Mackenzie.—We occasionally take up a copy of this old simpleton's "*Message*" for the amusement given us by his printed vagaries. The other day we lighted on a choice bit of fun. Alluding to the subscriptions set on foot for erecting a National Monumentto the memory of William Wallace, he actually institutes a comparison between him and a couple of scoundrels who were tried and hanged for rebellion in Upper Canada in 1838. Mackenzie calls these fellows "martyrs"—"gallant men"—"heroes." Why not one fellow concerned in the Upper Canada outbreak ever showed half as much pluck as a lot of English school boys do in robbing a hen roost or an orchard. The whole collection of scamps who figured at Gallows-Hill ran away like rabbits after a shot or two from the undisciplined populace of Toronto; never were such a set of abominable poltroons heard of.—Mackenzie gravely tells his readers that Lount and Matthews were "hanged, *drawn, and quartered.*" The latter part of the story is an unmitigated falsehood, as no such thing ever took place. There may have been some grievances in Canada before the rebellion, although we believe them to have been much exaggerated, but the whole affair of the rebellion, and all the actors in it, hanged and unhanged, are so utterly contemptible as to be hardly worth notice.—*Ottawa Times.*

A Sad Case.—The New York Commercial relates an affecting incident connected with the arrival of the steamer Arago, at that port from Europe, on Friday last. Among those who hastened on board to greet returning relatives and friends, was one whose heart rebounding from the depths of apprehensions to the summit of serene content, lent wings to his feet as he leaped upon the deck, impatient to clasp the form of her who had been pledged to him for years, and who, in one short week, was to crown his happiness by becoming his wife. Blessed with the perilous gift of beauty in its most delicate, subtile and spiritual phase, she had inherited with a weak constitution, and it was with the hope that a tour in Europe might restore her health that she left home and friends a few months ago. The trip had seemingly accomplished the hopes of her friends, and flush of apparent health lent new charms to her beauty. Intelligence of the pleasing change was communicated to her friends at home. These hopes, alas, deceptive, for soon after leaving the shores of England for home, she sickened with brain fever, and in spite of all the medical skill and the tenderest care could do, sank swiftly down and died, only two days sail from home.

When the vessel touched the wharf, her betrothed who had waited her coming with fearful anxiety, leaped upon the vessel's deck and hastened to meet and greet his expectant bride. A friendly hand checked his impatient step, and in a voice choking with agony, told him that she whom he sought lay cold in death below! The cold form of the loved one was borne to the kindly roof which was to have sheltered her nuptials, and thence it was transferred to the cold grave. The name of the lady was Annie I. M., daughter of J. M. Lachaise, and her age was nineteen.

Steamer "Lord Elgin" Lost.—The steamer Lord Elgin, from Toronto to Montreal, with 2,000 barrels of flour went ashore on Long Point, near Kingston, in the gale of Tuesday night. The crew escaped unharmed. The flour was owned by several Toronto merchants, and was mostly insured. The policy on the boat expired on Sunday morning, at it is possible that one risk of $8,000 was intended. The vessel is valued at $16,000, and was owned by Pridham & Co.

Largest Clock.—The dials of the English Parliament clock are twenty-two feet in diameter, and as the largest in the world with a minute hand. Every half minute, the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and half days and strike only seven and a half, so as to indicate, by its silence, any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each fits at rest parts will take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long: the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing over fourteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four cwt.

Upham, K. C., Nov. 1856.

Mr. Editor,—At the request of a number of your subscribers, and well wishers of your good old paper, I respectfully beg to call your attention to the remarks made by you in your paper of the 14th ult. In reference to *a pattern farmer*, (Mr. R. Beckford, from Cornwall, England.) None more than the correspondent of this Epistle appreciate the farming qualities of Mr. R. Beckford, and the English Farmers, in general; but feeling the statements made by you are a gross exaggeration, and that you will, as usual, be ever ready to contradict that which is wrong, I humbly solicit that you will bear with me while I shew that the statements made in reference to a "pattern farmer" are decidedly untrue. I cannot conceive what object any person could have in view in attempting to palm off such statements on a people who have good opportunities of *knowing* to the contrary.

Here our correspondent enters in minutia, and shows that it was utterly impossible to raise any thing near the quantity stated in the article referred to, upon the cleared acres of Mr. B., and that he has been outstripped, under similar circumstances by several neighbours in the same vicinity.

I would be useless, and be side uninteresting to publish all which is contained in our correspondent "*Correctos*" letter, as we are under the impression we were imposed upon by our informant. —[Chronicle.

☞ A man's leg, with a new boot on, was picked up last week on the beach at Blue Rock, Carleton. It is supposed to have been washed in from the sea.

☞ Avery's Almanack for 1857.—We are obliged to the publisher for a copy of the Almanack. It is nicely got up and filled with useful information.

A UNITED STATES PREMIUM FOR WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.

The following sensible article is from the *Bath Northern Tocsine.*

In our telegraphic report of the proceedings of Congress of Friday was published the following paragraph:—

"Mr. Broome, from the Post Office Committee, reported a bill authorizing the Postmaster General to make a contract with Cornelius Vanderbilt for carrying a mail between New York and Southampton at a compensation of $16,666 for the round trip—a provision being that in the event of the line not making as quick time as the Cunard steamers, $1,000 shall be deducted for every twelve hours deficiency."

Presuming that the statement of terms, upon which Vanderbilt is to run his new line, is correct, we cannot consider the offer made by Congress, in any other light, than as a premium for wholesale slaughter. We are well aware that only the initatory step has been taken, and the bill introduced by Mr. Broome has yet to become a law. But this fact does not change one particle the character of the transaction. Congress says to Vanderbilt, we pay you so and so, provided always you beat the Cunard line; if you do not, for every twelve hours' deficiency the sum of one thousand dollars shall be deducted from your compensation. And what, in the name of heaven, is this but a direct and splendid effort to promote ocean steamboat racing —an offer to encourage the sending of hecatombs of innocent victims to the bottom of the sea? Of what use, pray is it, for the Congress of the United States to enact stringent laws, regulating our steam marine, if in the very next breath it offers so strong—nay, more irresistible inducements for for their violation every day—every hour that an American steamer is passing and re-passing between New York and Southampton? Does Congress design that the lines in which Government has no direct interest, shall be managed with a due regard to the law, and to the safe transportation of property and life, and that the lines for which the Treasury of the United States is to be held in part responsible, shall be run with a single eye only to the beating of an English rival line? In other words, are our ocean steamers to be regulated by a different code, from that which governs the general steam marine of the country?

To our shame be it said, our ocean steamers, thus far, if they have not proved failures, have been so built and managed as that great loss of life and property has attended their trips across the Atlantic. The Collins' line, the largest and the most unfortunate in the loss of ships, has been run without the incentive offered to Vanderbilt, to race, and with a splendid pay for the round trip, say some $3,000 or $27,000. If under this state of things the American line has not secured full success, what may be anticipated, under a law like the one proposed by Mr. Broome it is only proposed to Vanderbilt to beat the Cunard line; not one word is said of the Cilins' line. Now it is known that the Secretary of the Treasury has given notice to Collins that his increased pay—some two or three years ago—will cease upon the expiration of the term of office fixed by his consent with the Government. With less pay from Government, and with a rival (Vanderbilt) in the field, what must Collins do? Beat both his competitors (Vanderbilt and Chard) and by running his ships at the top of their speed, as Americans will go the fastest ships can though they know that they will be run to the —— David Jone's Locker? less than no one. And thus Mr. Broome's offer is a spur to both Vanderbilt and Collins, if for the Cunard line so far as it dare to pass. Thank God, English law holds a tighter grasp of English steamer captains and officers than do American law for the same class of men.

In the name of humanity we hope Broome's Bill will never pass. Both it would be that every American line of steamers should cease running, if that such infamous proposals, which can emanate only in a terrible loss of life, should it be made and carried out. If we cannot run ocean steamers, without an offer to beat other lines, let us give up the business to those who can—let them British, French, or what not.

GENERAL WALKER.

In exchanges we find a few paragraphs in relation to this fillibuster, which we extract for the information of our readers. The New York Herald says—

When Walker's house and native troops seized the archives of the government. Among the letters were two written by General Walker—one to the Emperor of the French, and the other to Lord Clarendon—to obtain their moral support and the acknowledgment of the Western government by England France, as the only means of preventing the annexation of Central America to the United States. These letters were consistent with the instructions which Walker gave to General Goicoechea.

The N. Y. Tribune has the following from Washington:—

Intelligence from Walker, at Havana, discourages the hopes entertained by his friends of an immediate recognition here. They assured the Administration that this news would confirm his success in the combined forces and verify his establishment in Leon. The present appearances renders his position desperate and hopeless, unless he immediately recruits men, munitions and supplies.

Other accounts represent him in a good situation.

A dispatch dated New York Dec. 6th, says:—A private letter from Nicaragua says, the sick and wounded, with the women and children, who were at Granada before its evacuation, were, to the number of some hundred and fifty, conveyed to the island of Ometepe, in the lake, where they had a dreadful privation for some days, and were then surprised and attacked by the natives. Only thirty escaped, but there are fearful apprehensions as to the fate of the remainder.

Other Metal Discovery.—Dr. Hoffman, following in the wake of Davy and Deville, has come forward as the discoverer of metal. In a lecture delivered by him at the British Royal Institution, he exhibited a bright glistening mass, resembling burnished silver, and described it as a metallic base of ammonia. This substance he regarded as a highly important chemical fact, inasmuch, as it strengthens the view entertained respecting the constitution of the atmosphere, viz. that they are highly complex.