

how far they may safely give effect to a generous policy towards the people of any State. There is something about the atmosphere of a Congress of representatives of crowned heads which is not favorable to checks upon the authority of rulers. The expediency there discussed is the expediency of Sovereigns, and the moderation which they display in dealing with Royal interests becomes timidity when the concessions which may be safely made to the subjects of their Government are considered. During the wars which were scarcely interrupted by the Congresses of Antwerp, Prague, and Chatillon, and which were closed by that of Vienna, the people were frequently appealed to by the various antagonists. Napoleon I, was not slow to summon the Poles, the Hungarians, or the Italians to his standards by promises of liberty. Even Austria had an understanding with Murat, and at one time offered to guarantee his revolutionary Royalty at Naples. A Russian Grand Duke called the Poles to his assistance in the name of their nationality. But neither at Chatillon nor at Vienna did any one of these Powers, sitting in Congress, recognize the obligations they had singly incurred for belligerent purposes. When the result of those deliberations came forth it was found to be a distribution of territory with a view only to the convenience and safety of the community of European Sovereigns; and the inhabitants of the Continent were handed over, not according to their wishes or their interests, but simply numbered by the millions necessary to make Saxony weak enough to neutralize her French predilections, Austria strong enough to hold the gates of Italy against France, or Prussia populous enough to take rank as a first-rate Power. These assemblies also are terrible by their irresistible power, and, as responsibility is much divided, they are apt to use it lightly. Nor can we always foretell from any knowledge of the general policy of a particular State how its vote may be given under some hidden motive of interest or rancor. A note of Congress sufficed to authorize Prussia and Hanover to dismember Saxony. Commercial England lightly surrendered a possession second in value only to all India, Protestant England introduced the Pope into the Congress, and despot Russia, thwarted by the Minister of Louis XVIII, did not hesitate to speak of the unfitness of the elder branch of the Bourbons to reign, and to allude to the English Revolution of 1688. Nor can any one predict what may be the work done by Powers which wield such enormous forces. The Congress of Chatillon closed with a most unforeseen consequence in the Treaty of Chaumont, and even the States assembled at the Congress of Vienna were upon the point of breaking up in confusion, and engaging in a new war of England, France and Austria against Russia and Prussia, when the return of Napoleon from Elba hushed these mad quarrels, and a common danger imposed a common action.—Times.

We (Times) regret to learn that after a full discussion of the subject by the Cabinet it has been determined that Lord Palmerston shall not attend the Congress as the Plenipotentiary of England. We had hoped that the obvious advantages resulting from the Premier's representation of this country would have outweighed the inconvenience of his absence at an important time. However, the original plan is to be carried out, and Lord Cowley will attend to explain, and as far as possible, enforce, the views of his Government among the Plenipotentiaries. It need not be said that the reasons which have dissuaded the Government from parting with their chief have reference to the very important business which must be transacted on the meeting of Parliament. The Congress assembles nominally on the 6th of January, but practically and for real business not earlier probably than the 15th, while Parliament meets earlier than usual, — namely, on the 24th.

Four Merchants of Liverpool had taken upon themselves to write to the Emperor of the French enquiring what were his intentions in reference to England. The Emperor replied that his Secretary Mocuquard had furnished the Paris Journals with a copy of the letter. The action of the Liverpool merchants in addressing themselves to the Emperor was generally censured and ridiculed in England, and the Daily News reminds persons who are ambitious of corresponding with foreign Sovereigns that such an act is a matter of which the Attorney General may take notice in a very disagreeable manner. The Emperor's letter had a favorable effect on London Exchange. Some journals intimate that the Liverpool merchants wrote their letter as a joke, and were under the influence of drink and were greatly surprised at receiving an answer.

The following is a translation of the letter addressed by the Emperor's private Secretary, M. Mocuquard to Messrs. Shaw, Mellor, Irving, and Blackwell the merchants of Liverpool above referred to:—

Palace of the Tuilleries, Nov. 30. "Gentlemen,—You have directly addressed the Emperor to know what were his intentions with respect to England. Great fear and great confidence can only explain this step. On the one hand you are affected with an imaginary disease, which seems to have attacked your country with the rapidity of an epidemic. On the other, you count on the loyalty of him from whom you ask answer. Yet it was easy for yourselves to give that an answer. If you had coolly examined the real cause of your apprehensions that cause you would have found only in all the din excited among your countrymen by the most chimerical of alarms; for up to the present moment, in no circumstance whatever is there a word of the Emperor or an act which would permit of a doubt respecting his sentiments, and, consequently, his intentions towards your country.

"His conduct invariably the same, has not for a moment ceased to be that of a faithful and irreproachable ally. That which he has been his wishes (and on his behalf I declare to you) to continue to be. In proof of the fact you have the approaching community of distant perils between your soldiers and ours. Thus, henceforth completely reassured, combat an error which is too extended. Great nations are made to esteem and not to fear each other.

"Receive, Gentlemen, the assurance, &c. "MOCUQUARD." "Secretary to the Emperor and Chief of the Cabinet."

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S INTENTIONS.—The Roman satirist said that in his age of the world the rarest thing was simplicity. Had he lived in our times he would have thought differently. Only imagine four persons not country clergymen, not young ladies at a boarding school, not aged spinsters in a country village, but four British merchants, residing in the thriving city of Liverpool, men who had seen the rise, the culmination, and the fall of Mr. Oliver, men who remembered the glory and the reverses of the Borough bank, men who have held bank bills which were dishonoured, proved debts on bankrupt estates, and written off to profit and loss the obligations of a debtor who has so suddenly departed on a tour to the Western States of America—imagine, we say, such men as these gravely sitting down to ask the Emperor of the French his intentions about England, in the modest confidence, first, that they will get an answer, and, secondly, that this answer would be such as would give consolation to their apprehensions! These worthy men were, doubtless, distracted between the wish to embark on some promising speculation, and the fear that the course of its prosperity might be abruptly cut short by the information that all the world was in arms. Having observed that the statements of mankind were always implicitly to be relied upon as to the state of their own affairs and their own intentions, that nobody ever asserted himself to be prosperous when on the brink of ruin, or sought in any way to play upon the credulity of his neighbour, they went straight to the Emperor of the French, and asked him, as some stern father or fiery brother might do a feeble suitor, what were his intentions with regard to England. Fact has her heroes as well as fiction, and

posterity will be very unjust if it do not place Messrs. Shaw, Mellor, Irving, and Blackwell on the same pedestal as Moses Promises. We wonder what answer these gentlemen supposed they would receive. If the Emperor really meant them and their little speculations no harm, and condescended to answer at all, he was sure to answer that "his intentions were honourable." If, on the other hand, the Emperor Napoleon really did nourish the dark designs which they suspected, he could still give no other answer, unless he were so peculiarly constituted as to allow his deepest plans to be drawn from him by the curiosity of an unauthorised querist. In neither case was it possible that they could gain any other satisfaction than that of receiving a letter from a real Emperor, tossing up for the original, and having three photographs made for the unsuccessful competitors.—Times, Dec. 6.

Were anything wanted to give a fresh impetus to the "rifle fever," it would be an attempt by the authorities to administer a cooling draught, out of regard to the feelings of our too sensitive neighbour. Let it be officially announced that the Emperor of the French made a point of our disarming, by land and by sea, and let orders to that effect be sent down to our dockyards, our recruiting stations, and our Lord-Lieutenants, and the only result would be that every man in England fit to be trusted with firearms would be enrolled in a Rifle Club before Easter next. There would also be a change of Ministry the first week in February. As for a common disarmament, if such a thing has been proposed, it could only be as a figure of speech, with no serious meaning. But the other day France had not armed, and would not arm, and then suddenly poured 200,000 men across her frontier, and drove Austria out of Lombardy in a few days' march. France, of course, is now as unarmed as she was then, and that cannot mean much. There can, indeed, be no common terms between a country which lays the whole of its population under the conscription and another which trusts wholly to volunteers. Our army and navy are both volunteer services, get together and kept together with immense difficulty and by high pay. Once laid aside they are as good as thrown away, and cannot be replaced. It has been shown over and over again that were every regiment disbanded and every ship put out of commission, France could summon a new army of trained soldiers and a navy of good sailors in a fortnight, if need be. For her to disarm is only to give her men a furlough, and save herself their pay. Our soldiers and sailors would have flown away to every corner of the land and every shore in the world, beyond the reach of recall. It is the system of France to provide against the evils of disarmament, and to reduce it to a mere name. She has a reserve of soldiers and sailors, good enough at least to make an army and a navy for any emergency, and that reserve she has always within call. We have no such system. Disarmament with us is a serious reality. It is equivalent to burning the ship and casting away the sword altogether, instead of merely turning it into a prunehook for the time. No such proposition has been made, to the best of our belief, and none such will be made. The bare suggestion is little more than a jest. We are twitted for our Channel Fleet and our Rifle Corps. It is evident, however, that the latter have no desire to cross the Channel; and it is not in regard to that alternative that France can object to them.—Times.

Now is coming the time when, if England is to be England, and not a French province, it must be by arousing the old Protestant feeling, as in Elizabeth's days, Cromwell's days, and William's days; otherwise England is lost for ever. The Israelites, in Jeremiah's time, would go into Egypt, and would pray to the Queen of Heaven, and wouldn't listen to the prophet's warning. They sent him a fool's errand, as it were, to God, pretending that they were anxious to do His will, while they had made up their minds to hunt down Jeremiah, if he happened to tell them what they didn't like to hear. So sword, famine, and pestilence swept them off; and they were taught bitterly that the Lord He was the God. Are we ready? Not if we are determined to treat our Jeremiah as the pro-Egyptian Israelites did; not if we seek to prostitute the Queen of Heaven, while hypocritically calling upon God; not if we patronize the Papal apostasy, now, in its last days, preparing to gather together its forces, to curse God—and die! But away with these things, and let the true men stand to their arms! Just two good and safe investments for money there are in these days—a Bible and an Enfield rifle. At any rate, let the Protestants of Ireland look to it. In the fight coming they won't get much for England; and they'll have rebels to fight, they may depend upon it. If they love their homes, and their churches, and their Boyne-watered country, let them heed us earnestly, and each man that can buy a rifle and learn how to use it. There will be men, as there are, ready to lead the Protestants when that day comes—men who love old England and would stand by her; and loyal Orangemen in Canada, in Australia, and everywhere will come across the sea, remembering that they are bound, wherever they are, to stand or fall by the dear old land. If we cannot have Rifle Volunteers, organized and drilled as soldiers, we can have rifle clubs where men can learn to shoot. At any rate, let those who care for doing right in these days in God's name get those two things the Bible and the Enfield rifle.—Downshire Protestant.

PLURITY OF ELECTIONS.—In our boyhood we are all of us taken through various scientific investigations, the interest of which is somewhat affected by the circumstances that we are already familiar with the result, and the only object is to attain it in a regular way. To the ardent youthful mind, which wants only to know, and does not care how, this is very provoking. In after life we become painfully aware that we know rather too much, and would rather not know a good deal that meets our eyes, and is shouted or whispered into our ears. We then learn to appreciate the beauty of a logical or legal demonstration. Till the blot is hit, we delight to feel that we may ignore the loudest scandal. Hence Commissions of Inquiry, the purpose of which is to prove what everybody knows, and to reduce to a technical form what already is old in vulgar notoriety. We all of us know how people get into Parliament, at least, for all boroughs below a scale too large for bribery. We all of us know that if there be only a thousand or twelve hundred electors, they will divide themselves so equally that it will be in the power of 50 or 100 fellows to turn the scale, and they are as well aware of this advantage as people of "position" usually are. If one side does not bribe the other will, and no power on earth can prevent somebody or other from going round at the last, perhaps at a quarter to 4, and buying their votes. Besides this, there are honest, conscientious, hearty supporters, who want a compliment, or a promise,—something to complete the important and happy relation of member and constituent. All this we knew before the opening of the Gloucester Election Commission. That city must be very unlike other British towns with less than 20,000 inhabitants if its electors do not exhibit a large expenditure which somebody pays for, and which the candidate is "no gentleman" if he does not pay to the very last sixpence. The only question, then, is the chain which connects the Bill with the "slave who pays." The thing must be done, not by you or any responsible person, but for you. There is a real philosophy and a sound morality in this scruple. Permit a regular sale of constituencies—let any candidate be allowed with impunity to bid publicly against all the world, and we should soon have a very different class in the House of Commons. So we must keep up the decent veil which hides these transactions from the uncharitable eye. The borough must do its own dirty work, and then throw itself, if it pleases, on the compassion of the fortunate or the rejected candidate. The member must still be allowed to save

his honour and to take his seat, conscious of no other failing than that generally and indulgently which "lean on virtue's side." He must not touch the unclean thing with his own hands. Nor is this all, or even the chief reservation. He must also be moderate. A very profuse expenditure is incompatible with the illusion of purity. Two or three guineas a-head on a large constituency cannot be satisfactorily accounted for. Lord Chesterfield's aphorism applies to this case. We must all of us eat our peck of dirt before we die, but we need not eat it all at once; and there are elections, it must be admitted, that look all dirt,—the figure is so large.—Times.

WOMEN AND WORKHOUSES.—The porchouses in some country towns may be bearable when compared with many of the metropolitan houses, but they are all cold, whitewashed sepulchres, full of dead men's bones. The number of inmates varies in different parishes at different seasons, from 400 to 1000 in the great London unions it is generally from 500 to 2,000. Of these, a very large proportion are women, and they may be divided generally, and described as night-wanderers, or tramps, orphan children, the lame, blind, idiot, and insane, the aged, who here lie down on their last bed to die, and last, but by far the worst, the sick outcasts of the streets, who have been thrown up as refuse out of the very mire of the gutter. And where do these outcasts come from in the beginning? Why they are, in innumerable instances, girls who have been brought up in the very house to which they return. In the workhouses, which shall be nameless, 209 out of 309 were returned upon the parish in a deplorable state; and out of 326 from another house, 110 were known to have been subsequently led into vice and infamy. Two thirds out of 306 girls returning to be watched infants, swelling the mass of destitute inmates, and adding to the parish expense. Is it not astonishing that the poor law guardians do not see that, to encourage some moral and preventive influences within the walls of the workhouse must, in long run, diminish the burdens on the ratepayers? Again, the number of females committed from the workhouse to two London prisons was, in the year 1856, nearly 500, and, in the following year, the number had increased. And no wonder. Men know what fruit to expect from a corrupt tree, and are not disappointed in this instance. Oh, no! There is no variation in the great laws of Nature; and if we want different management and broader views taken. What time and what money, we should like to know, would it take to provide by emigration for all the young girls now in all the unions in England? Here we have Australia and New Zealand, stretching out their hands, and crying out for us to help them, voting sums of money every session to pay for the passage of female laborers; and we, like the dog in the fable unable to provide for them, distracted by their conduct, disgraced by their lives, and impoverished by their maintenance, reluctantly hold back, and refuse to give up what would be treasure to others and absolute loss to us. Who is to teach us wisdom, and when will a remedy be provided? The doors are closed; no man comes out to tell the tale of things done within those walls; and we, outside the gate, are too careless to force the latch and walk in. Yet the movement must come from without—the relief must come from us!—Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.—The Liverpool *Albion* tells the following story:—An eminent artist in London lately received a visit from a gentleman, who had the true Manchester retired cut about him, and paraded as a voucher much of the gold outwardly on his person, with a whacking diamond and a big brooch of an emerald. After some hesitation, he asked the artist if he could condescend to retouch a gallery of family portraits. The artist, nothing loth agreed and next day the visitor arrived with four cabs filled with several veritable family portraits to all appearance. The artist, however, was rather surprised to recognize them as a lot that had been knocked down at a West end sale three years before; and still more to hear the old gentleman claim them as relics of his family. The old gentleman still further astonished the artist by asking when he should "sit," in order that he might give the portraits "the true family cast of countenance," which the ravages of time had destroyed. The artist hid his smiles behind a large canvas, and then proceeded to carry out the wishes of his visitor, which were performed with so much satisfaction, that the old gentleman left the heaviest golden souvenir the artist had received for many a day.

UNITED STATES.

REV. DR. CABILL IN BROOKLYN.—The Rev. Cabill, in company with Bishop Loughlin, on Sunday evening last, attended a lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. Nelligan, in the Church of the Assumption, corner of York and Jay sts., Brooklyn. It having been intimated in the early part of the day that the learned Doctor would be present, the church was densely crowded by persons anxious to get even a sight of one whom they had heard and thought so much about. At the conclusion of Dr. Nelligan's lecture, (which was on the Roman Catacombs,) Dr. Cabill was induced to address a few remarks to the congregation, by whom they were enthusiastically received. He intimated that it was his intention for some time to lecture on religious subjects for charitable purposes; but that he would not give any of his discourses on scientific matters until the commencement of the regular course of lectures, which he proposes to deliver in this and other large cities of the Union. The first of these, we learn, will come off on or about the 6th of January, when the lovers of astronomy and the admirers of rhetoric of the highest order may calculate on an intellectual treat such as they have never previously experienced.—Irish American.

WE perceive that the Bible-reading mania has again broken out in several parts of the country. Our Protestant friends are, indeed, never entirely free from it. Sporadic cases, more or less violent, take place amongst them at all seasons; but it almost invariably assumes the epidemic form at election time. What is still more remarkable, if possible, is that it exhibits a decided preference for would-be Aldermen and Councilmen—especially for those whose education has been neglected. The disease is sometimes insidious in its progress; but in general its symptoms are not to be mistaken. The patient first grows pious and uneasy, begins to attend mid-day prayer meetings; finds the Bible full of consolation, discovers that the Pope is Anti-Christ &c., and finally he is persuaded that the Jesuits have been preparing for several years for the overthrow, not only of Protestantism, but of all our republican institutions. At this stage the malady may be said to have reached its crisis; but the more violent symptoms subside rapidly after election, disappearing at once among the defeated candidates, because, after all, the thing seems not to pay.

This is no imaginary picture, and far from being a caricature, it merely presents the outlines. It is comparatively harmless for small politicians to make a common-place book of King James' Bible themselves. They are quite welcome to read and praise it as much as they like; but they should not abuse Catholics for not doing the same. This is all we object to though it would be different if they treated the true version in a similar manner. Then we should protest against desecrating the sacred Scriptures. As for the man who reads it, we are as little concerned, as if the book which is thrown about in every tavern, steamboat, and travelling station were the Mahomedan Koran, which is read down people's throats precisely after the same fashion. We are only sorry that we see our Protestant fellow citizens so much like the Turks; and even the latter have learned sense and liberality enough in recent years to allow people to read, or not read the Koran, according as they feel disposed, without subjecting them to abuse or depriving them of their civil rights.—Boston Pilot.

A Protestant lady, whilst looking at the scene representing the Roman Carnival, in Waugh's "Mirror of Italy," lately exhibited in this city remarked to a friend beside her:—"Well, now, I declare! they are just the kind of people I always imagined those Romish Cardinals to be. What an awful mockery of Religion!" This we have from a Catholic lady who overheard it; so our readers will please not mother it on Mrs. Partington. Were the other ideas which that good Protestant lady entertains of Catholicity, and which ninety out of every hundred Protestants, of both sexes, entertain of it, symbolized, the symbols would be found to represent truth and fact as faithfully as do Mr. Waugh's masks and harlequins, the College of Cardinals. How could it be otherwise, when, in this year of grace, even a learned Professor of a Protestant seminary, is heard to tell our enlightened community, that Catholic priests sell indulgences to commit sin!—Pittsburgh Catholic.

The Portland *Argus* reports that Rev. Dr. Chikering and Rev. Mr. Moore of that city exchanged pulpits on Sabbath morning week. When the latter was about half through his discourse, at the High Street Church, he suddenly stopped, and remarked that the sermon had cost him a great deal of labor; but as it seemed not to interest the audience, and as many of them were asleep, he would proceed with it no longer.

The New York correspondent of a Boston paper gives the following statement:—"There is a great and growing evil in this city, but one of such a delicate nature as to almost forbid being dragged into public print. I refer to the increasing and lamentable habit now so common, of the indulgence by ladies in intoxicating drinks. I refer to those who have rich husbands and homes that might be made happy. A large number of this class seem steadily to be diving deeper into dissipation every year, than many persons greatly interested in their welfare and happiness even imagine. I have heard recently of several distressing cases of this kind, and to-day I learn that the wife of a well known citizen reported to be very wealthy, has been sent to the lunatic asylum, in the hope that she may with returning reason, be enabled to overcome the terrible temptations which intoxicating liquors have of late had for her."

A SPECIMEN OF PROTESTANT MARTYRS.—While we are well aware from reliable history, that Fox's Book of Martyrs is filled from cover to cover with falsehood, yet we are curious to know how "Protestant Martyrs" were so numerous. However the past week has given us an opportunity to learn. No matter how great a disturber an adventurer may be—from Maine to Kansas—he may set St. James against St. James, and neighbor against neighbor—trample upon the laws of his country and conspire for the overthrow of the Constitution; and even murder fathers and brothers leaving widows and orphans, and all this according to his political notions, and when finally stopped in his mad career it is only necessary to proclaim himself governed by his Bible lessons, and after giving an exhortation upon the Bible, make a sensation by bequeathing a few copies to relatives and old acquaintances, and immediately the Drs. Ochever and Beechers will assemble and "The Martyrs Death and the Martyrs Triumph," is heralded from pole to pole. When we know the characteristics of this last "Martyr" it is not to be wondered at that our Protestant brethren are so prolific of Martyrs? Nineteenth of their "Martyrs" can be easily shown to have suffered punishment for political offences and opposition to law and order just as the misguided John Brown has done. We regret his unhappy fate, or that of any man, but cannot help looking the facts fairly in the face, and admit the necessity of maintaining the law.

MORE WORK FOR OUR CANADIAN STRAMERS.—The Director-General of the French Post Office has already availed himself of the new line of communication through Ireland, by means of the Canadian Royal Mail Steamers. Last week an agreement was entered into between the English and French Imperial Post Office Departments, and for the future closed mails for the United States will be sent from Paris each Tuesday evening for embarkation at Queenstown on the following Thursday. Closed mails will also be sent from America, and will be landed at Queenstown, so as to be forwarded from there to Paris. France is thus the first foreign country that has, as yet, taken advantage of the saving of 24 hours by the transit of its American correspondence through Ireland; but it is expected that a similar arrangement will be promptly made for Belgium, Prussia, and the whole of Northern Germany, which (but especially Hamburg and Bremen) maintains an immense correspondence, both commercial and social, with the Western and North Western States of the American Union.

THE MORTAL END OF JOHN BROWN.—We notice elsewhere in the columns of this issue of the *Pilot*, the execution of Capt. John Brown, at Charlestown Va., on the 2nd instant. Our prediction that the abolitionists and republicans would treat Brown as a martyr has been verified to an extent far beyond our expectations. They have gone into the work with a perfect rush. Here in Massachusetts he was represented from a majority of the pulpits on Thanksgiving Day as a martyr in the cause of justice and mercy. He was spoken of in the same manner by many of the clergy of New York on the same day. In every instance they approved of his motives, while they blamed his want of discretion in adopting his means to his end. All around among this class of clergymen there was a determined purpose to keep out of sight the actual deeds and real character of Brown. Thanksgiving sermons by the score might be read without discovering in them the slightest hint, that he was distinguished as a robber and a murderer nearly four years ago. Early in 1856, he organized a band of freebooters in Kansas, which included some of his sons. On one annual settlement of inoffensive people, they on the night of May 24 in that year, dragged from their homes five men and murdered them on the road side, and took from the houses such property as they could carry off conveniently.—The persons taken from their beds and killed were Aiken Wilkinson, William Sherman, William P. Doyle, and his two sons, William and Drury. This was some time before Brown's sons were shot in a regular fight with a party of Missourians, who crossed the border for the purpose of avenging the crimes committed by Brown's party. This fact is mentioned to show that there is no just ground whatever for the palliation set up in its defence, that he was driven into the course of life he led in consequence of the killing of his sons by a pro-slavery party. He had previously gone into the work of murder and pillage as a business, as pirates fit out a ship for their bloody purposes. Some of the preachers boldly denied in their pulpits, that Brown did not intend to shed blood, when he planned his Harper's ferry expedition. For what purpose then had he collected a large number of rifles, revolvers, and pikes? How was it that his party was fully armed, when they took possession of the bridge? Why were they the first to shed blood, and that too before they had been attacked? It is outrageous that men claiming to be ministers of the gospel should be so recklessly regardless of the truth, merely because they happen to be opposed to slavery. It seems as if madness had taken possession of the whole set.—Boston Pilot.

A VERY SICK PEOPLE.—The Maine Law forbids the people of Massachusetts from using spirituous liquors, excepting in cases of sickness. Mr. A. S. Mansfield, the last year he was the Liquor Agent of Massachusetts, sold spirits to the amount of \$108,760 43. The sales of Mr. Burnham his successor, have amounted this year to about 125,000. Burnham bought the most villainous compounds and practiced the most extensive frauds with them. Distillery shops; current in all the rum holes of Yankeeedom at thirty to forty cents per gallon, he would drug so as to give them a six and eight dollar brandy appearance, and all them at that rate, pocketing the difference, in the name of Temperance Reform and Total Abstinence. Great is Maine-lawian, and great is Yankeeedom, its foster-parent.

DISUNION.—Mr. Whaley, a member from South Charlestown, introduced the following in the South Carolina House of Representatives on the 12th inst. Whereas fraternal relations are dissolved between the North and South, and the slaveholding states demanding that the dissolution of the Union be consummated, and this state of affairs will probably render a resort to arms necessary, it is therefore resolved that the sum of \$200,000 be placed at the disposal of the Governor to be used at his discretion, according to the expediency of the times.

CANADIAN EGGS.—The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says:—"Do you know where you get most of the eggs from that are shipped from this city to Charleston? They are nearly all brought from Canada. With the exception of about forty miles of railroad, from Lake Champlain to the Hudson River, they come by water, and so are not much shaken up by the time you get them. Captain Berry informs me that the shipment of Canadian eggs forms not an inconsiderable item in the carrying trade to your city, and it is all done by one John Murphy, who is consequently getting rich."

WHERE THE YANKEE GIRLS HAVE GONE.—The women of New England, and particularly those of Massachusetts, earn millions of dollars annually, in various branches of industry which have been introduced in modern times. In one part of the Commonwealth female labor is employed upon binding shoes, in another district, brading straw is the leading pursuit; in a neighboring county, palm leaf is converted into hats and bonnets by women; and in the seaport villages clothing is made by the female residents for large dealers in Boston. The effect of this home industry upon a large scale, has been the withdrawal of nearly the whole native force from the factories, and the substitution of foreigners in manufacturing villages; while, in the matter of domestic service, the native women have almost wholly left the field, much to the regret and annoyance of housekeepers; and we apprehend that if the amount of the aggregate wealth of the women of Massachusetts could be ascertained, the sum would surprise everybody. They form a large class of the depositors in Savings Banks, and there is hardly a corporation within our borders that has not females among its share-owners. The independent industry of our New England women adds largely each year to the aggregate wealth of the community.

REPORT OF A CASE TRIED RECENTLY BEFORE RHADAMANTHUS, C. J.—The Court was sitting, and but guess seemed to be carried on with a dispatch quite unknown to the oldest inhabitant of even our "upper" tribunals, particularly to the English Court of Chancery! Presently one of the constables bawled out:—

"Virgil Hoskins, Virgil Hoskins!"  
"Here!" answered a Yankee peddler, quaking up to the bar.  
Rhadamantus was seated with a great number of huge account books before him.  
"Virgil Hoskins is your name, is it?" said he; "here it is among the IIs, p. 49, 358. Ah! Virgil, there is a terrible long account against you. Let's see a few of the charges!"  
"Virgil Hoskins."  
Dr.

June 27, 18—To selling, in the course of our peddling expedition, 597,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish cigars made of oak leaves, and 617 wooden clocks!"

"What do you say to that charge, Hoskins?"  
Hoskins—"Say to it! why, that was counted in our place about the greatest peddling trip that was ever made over the Potomac."  
The Judge reads again:—"June 29, 18—To stealing an old grindstone, and covering it with cotton cloth, then spreading it over with butter, and selling it as a cheese."

Hoskins—"Father was real glad when he found it out. He said it showed that I had a genius."  
Judge again—"To taking a worn-out pair of shoes, which you had found in the road, and selling them to an old lady as being the actual shoes of Gen. Washington!"

Hoskins (with exultation)—"Yes, I made four dollars and ten cents by that job!"  
Judge proceeds—"December 13, 18—To making a counterfeit dollar out of pewter, when you were six years old, and then cheating your own father with it."  
Hoskins—"He! he! he! well, that was one of the cutest tricks what I ever played in all my life!"  
Judge Rhadamantus—"It would occupy me a week, Hoskins, to go through all the charges against you. I really am getting out of all patience with New England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all of your countrymen already are, with that same old grindstone tied to your neck."

After the Yankee had been disposed of, there were a few other cases. Among the rest, an old Virginian was condemned for fishing on a Sunday, a Kentuckian for horse-stealing all the time, a Georgian for hard swearing, and a South Carolinian for taking part with the general Government against his own state.

THE GRIDIRON ORDEAL OF FREE MASONRY.—A POLICE OFFICER ALARMED AT THE INITIATION RITES.—The New York *Evening Post* relates this amusing story:—"Captain Jenkins, of one of the precincts above Canal-street, enjoys the reputation of being an able officer. A short time since he entertained the fancy to unite with the Free Masons, and was accordingly proposed, balloted for, and elected. A well known citizen accompanied him to the place of meeting. The lodge was in the Upper story of a house, the lower floors of which were employed as a place of entertainment. The neophyte was left in an apartment adjoining the servants' room, while his friend went above stairs to assist the opening of the ceremonies. A muscular Celtic maiden soon caught a glimpse of the stranger, and resolved to take part in his initiation. Setting down her smoothing-iron, she procured the gridiron, and placed it over the range. It was not long before the Captain, looking inquisitively in through the door, saw the utensil reddening in the heat. The recollection flashed through his mind of Masonic candidates and some peculiar ordeals which they were made to encounter. His hair would have risen but for the perspiration which darted through the pores and saturated it with moisture.

"What is that Bridget?" he eagerly inquired.  
"And sure," replied the Irishman, "it's only the gridiron that I was told to place over the coals."  
"Who told you?" asked the eager policeman.  
"And was it not the gentleman who came with you?"  
"What could he want of it?" demanded the Capt.  
"And sure I can't tell," replied Bridget, "they're often using it: it belongs to the people above stairs. I always heat it when they want to make a Mason."  
It was too much, the eyes of the Captain were about starting from their sockets, when hearing steps descending the stairs, he sprang to the door, cleared the steps at a bound, and bawling towards the prospect before him, he cried out, "You are not a neophyte, nor considered himself safe till he had re-assumed the blue costume, buttons and club, and ontrenched himself behind the desk. How the lodge received the intelligence of the hasty departure of the neophyte who was to "learn more than they dare tell" we are not informed. Since that time the Captain has conceived a violent antipathy to secret societies, and, although elected to a membership in a lodge of the Sons of Malta, he resolutely refused to visit the lodge, assume the mystic apron, or grasp the scroll of honor. He remembers his former observations, and is afraid of being burnt."

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