

IRISH FILLIBUSTERISM.—The following article is from the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch:—We understand that, in addition to the editorial and Methodist fillibustering mentioned in other paragraphs, the Irish people in America are preparing for a grand expedition to their native country, so that Great Britain will probably be attacked in three separate armies, impelled by the three mighty motives of want, religion and revenge. In this connection, it is our duty as public journalists to state that some mysterious proceedings have lately been observed among the Irish in Virginia. Large numbers of them have for some time past been quartered in a secluded mountain section of the State, and during the day time keep themselves carefully hidden from public view. They have not, however, been so far able to escape observation as to conceal the fact that they carry dangerous weapons, whilst the loud and repeated explosions of gunpowder in their subterranean retreat have often excited curious surmises and dark suspicions. Another significant and well-established fact gives to conjecture on this subject the stamp of certainty it is well known that these men are in the employment and under the command of a veteran French Colonel, an old soldier of Bonaparte, who has never been able to forgive England for the battle of Waterloo, and who would rejoice at an opportunity of boring a hole in the white cliffs of Albion and sinking her to the bottom of the sea. In addition to these mysterious movements in the mountains, we have seen large parties of Irish in our own streets, armed with crowbars, ripping up paving stones, and looking as full of fight as an egg is of meat. Not far from the row of houses, where these gentlemen lodge, is a large fleet of piratical craft, which, with the ostensible purpose of trading in oysters, have collected in unusual numbers at the dock near 18th street. We recommend this fleet to the Mayor of this city and the Governor of Virginia, who are either slumbering over a volcano, or conniving at a palpable plan to invade the dominions of a country at peace with the United States. Will Mr. Crampton give his earliest attention to this subject? If he can send a ship or two and stop this fleet in Hampton Roads, he will make a more valuable prize than any the British squadron have yet taken in the Baltic.

The Report of the Fillibuster Convention in the Times of the 5th inst. confirms our statement that the E. M. A. is a Secret Society. All its members "are sworn"—just like the Carbonari of Italy, the Orangemen of Ireland, and the Know-Nothings of this country.—lb.

The Newark Advertiser of the 28th ult. has the following paragraph:—"Another meeting of the Irish Emigrant Aid Society, was held last evening in Liberty Hall, and was attended by between two and three hundred persons, chiefly brought there through curiosity. A Capt. Lyons, from New York, held forth about half an hour on the practicability and expediency of freeing Ireland, and counseled the young men to acquire all possible proficiency in the use of arms. The material aid was called for, but did not flow in as freely as was expected. The whole movement is ridiculed, we understand, by Irishmen generally, including the better class of them, and consequently meets with but little substantial success in Newark."

SENSIBLE.—Some one having used the name of General Shields, ex-U.S. Senator from Illinois, in connection with plans for the invasion of Ireland by Irish fillibusters from this country, he writes:—"If there is one man in America who thinks I am such a fool as to countenance such absurdity, he may cherish that belief. If my name be mentioned publicly in connection with it you will do me the favor to contradict it."—Commercial Advertiser.

MORALITY OF MORMONISM AND PROTESTANTISM.—The newspapers inform us that a warrant has been issued against one Wm. Latham, for the practice of Mormonism in Troy, N.Y. One of the injured women complains that he not only had two wives, but was living openly with a sister of his second wife. We were considerably amused some time since with a most excellent definition by the Catholic Telegraph, in its own peculiar pithy style of American morality. That it consisted in behaving oneself nicely before folks. Well regarded in this point of view, Wm. Latham has certainly offended grievously against prudence, and we are far from complaining or murmuring against any proceeding adopted against him. But the difficulty we perceive in this and similar infractions of morality is to find the guiltless parties, to cast a stone at him or the doctrines which he professes. It certainly is not free to Protestantism to draw its pharisaical cloak around it, and command the Mormon to stand aside and claim to be holier than him. The Mormons have wicked doctrines and wicked practices, judged by the simple law of Christianity—but the Protestant magistrate who seeks to make them amenable to punishment in reparation for offended morality; is placed in a position just as embarrassing and equally inconsistent as if, he sat in judgment on a Baptist or Anabaptist or Presbyterian. The Mormons teach and practice nothing which the Protestant Reformers did not teach and practice before them. Oh! They lead immoral lives, exclaims some indignant, sectarian—yes, true they do; but so did Henry VIII; so did his daughter, the Virgin Queen; so did Luther and Calvin; so did Zuinglius and Beza. Yet these men, despite their obscenities, are held in honor, while they spit upon the memory and persecute the followers of Joe Smith and Brigham Young.—Catholic Vindicator.

A revival took place on board a whale ship in the Pacific Ocean not long since. The religious paper which gives an account of it says: "One man was hopefully converted at mast-head looking out for whales."

OUTRAGES IN KANSAS.—It appears from our despatches that we are having a hot political stew in Kansas at last. The story as it comes to us, is this: That three Free Soilers went into a settler's house named Coleman, who is a Pro-Slavery man, and ordered him off. They were armed, and gave the man, only ten minutes to leave. He left for a short time but returned well armed. He met one of the three men, who renewed his threats and attempted to shoot Coleman, but his gun missed fire. Coleman then shot his assailant, but he died immediately. Coleman then gave himself up for trial. A mob of Abolitionists, armed with Shorpe's rifles, repaired to Coleman's house, driving his wife and children off, burned his house, and ordered other Pro-Slavery men to leave and burned their houses. Deputy Marshal Jones arrested the leader of the mob, and obtained the names of 20 others. Jones is now at Leecompton with two prisoners and fifteen or twenty assistants. The Abolitionists are gathering at Leecompton and demanding the release of their comrades, and the surrender of Coleman. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling the militia to the assistance of the officers.

UNIVERSALISTS DENOUNCED INCOMPETENT WITNESSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—In a trial before the Jackson (N.C.) Superior Court, Judge Manly held that a person professing the doctrine of Universalism was an incompetent witness, and in accordance with that decision, ruled out two or three witnesses. The decision gave rise to some feeling of indignation among those who professed the Universalist doctrines, and it appears from a report of the proceedings of a late state convention of the denomination, that the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas, We have learned with surprise and regret through the public press that his Honor Judge Manly, at the last Superior Court of Jackson, N.C., decided that Universalists are not competent witnesses in a court of justice; and whereas, we believe such a decision is not only a flagrant outrage upon the increasing and respectable denomination of Christians called Universalists, but unconstitutional and inimical to this republican government.

Resolved, That this convention proceed forthwith to take such measures as they may deem expedient, to have their claims and civil rights protected in this our boasted land of civil and religious liberty.

CHLOROFORM AND ROBBERY.—The Lion Independent gives a long account of the robbery, by the aid of chloroform of Mrs. David Wright of Toronto, while on the Hudson River R.R. It was accomplished by a dark-eyed, well-dressed, genteel looking lady, who, when Mrs. W. complained of a pain in the head, said, "Oh! I have some cologne—with me, let me put a little on your temples, it will doubtless relieve you." A porte-monnaie, containing considerable money, her ticket, baggage check, and breast pin, were all taken; and the robber by means of the check also stole the baggage.

CUNIOUS KIDNAPING.—The Chicago Democrat of Tuesday, says that a woman arrived in that place a few days previous, with the dead body of her husband, which she was taking East for burial. On the route she fell in with a young man, and, on the arrival of the cars at Chicago, they went off together, leaving the dead body of the husband in the depot, where it has remained since.

(From the Philadelphia Times).

On Wednesday last, a neatly dressed, very prepossessing, and prettily spoken woman, somewhere between sweet sixteen and twenty-five years of age, drove up to the door of the Insane Hospital, over which Dr. — presides, and enquired for that gentleman. She was ushered into the reception room, where she awaited the coming of the Doctor with an air of nonchalance which rather fascinated the servant, who looked upon her with eyes of admiration and unfeigned pleasure. When left alone, she amused herself—as woman always will—in gratifying her curiosity by inspecting the various articles in the room, critically and thoroughly. The Doctor being announced, she received him with one of those bewildering smiles which some women know so well how to bestow, and whose influence no man of feeling can resist. The Doctor welcomed her with more than his usual warmth, and soon learned the object of her visit.

She had come, she said, with a glance full of melancholy, and a tone of more than womanly tenderness, to ascertain of the Doctor, in person, whether she could secure private quarters for her husband, who was subject to intense fits of aberration of mind, but whose conduct towards her, bitter and cold as it was, could not alienate her love for him, which was the all-pervading passion of her soul. He had grown so violent of late, that she wished to have him secured from violence to himself as well as to her, (and here the charming creature wept for some moments), and if she could make an arrangement with the Doctor, she urged that it should be kept as private as his most secret thoughts, and her husband beyond the scrutiny of visitors. And then she said her heart would break, she knew it would, and wept bitterly and long.

The Doctor, as all who know his kind and tender-heartedness will readily imagine, was not insensible to the touching recital of his visitor, and with that frankness which always characterizes him, he promised to comply with her wishes, to give her husband a private apartment and his special care; and, also to shield him from the gaze of the curiosity seekers who run down public institutions.

The lady was not long in arranging terms; she was not long in expressing her thanks, intermingled with tears; she was not long in settling the details of her husband's confinement; she was not long, in short, in taking her leave. And as she stepped into the carriage, aided by the kind hand of the doctor, she turned her beautiful face towards him, and cast upon him a glance that was full of tenderness and solitude, and inspired him anew with admiration and pity.

The carriage drove away, the doctor's eyes following, amid the clouds of dust which followed in its wake, until it was entirely lost to view. Down to the bridge, along the crowded thoroughfare, over the pebbled way of Chesnut street, to a fashionable, if not the fashionable jewellery establishment of our city, the carriage passed, its sweet and solitary inmate glancing out and smiling within, and growing radiant with a thought that requires another paragraph to learn.

She alighted, and glided into the bazaar of gold and silver and precious stones, with all the stateliness of a queen. One or two of the gentlemanly attendants ran to learn her wish. She wanted to select a set of silver ware, not too elaborate in design of workmanship, nor yet too plain, something neat, tasteful and beautiful. The various patterns were shown and a set valued at \$500 was selected by the lady of the stately tread. She desired the articles put up, a bill made out and she would settle it. Her wishes were complied with, and the lady took out her porte-monnaie, but alas! there were but about \$40 in it. She had picked up her wrong porte-monnaie, she said with a bewitching sweetness, and she was vexed at her stupidity. She was the wife of Dr. —, the principal physician of the Insane Hospital, and she desired her obliging attendant to accompany her to that place, when she would pay him at once. Who could resist such a request from a beautiful woman—a request spoken as much with the eyes as the voice? Not the clerk certainly.

The two got into the carriage together, and back it whirled to the hospital. The lady jumped from the carriage, and was warmly greeted by the doctor, who was at the entrance door. "Doctor, this is my husband," said she, with an air at once sweet and sorrowful. The poor attendant started he was struck aghast. He could not fathom her meaning. "What did you say, madam?" he stammered, as best he could, "what did you say?" "Doctor, this is my husband, please take him in charge."

"The devil, madam, I'm not your husband; what do you mean?" Bursting into tears she sobbed aloud. "He has another spasm—he has another attack.—Oh! Doctor, if you have any pity in your soul, secure him, and save yourself from his violence." In vain the poor fellow attempted to explain. He was hurried along the corridor and into a room, and confined securely—the woman all the while following close behind weeping as though her heart would break. The Doctor and the lady returned to the reception room, and the latter, after giving the other an outline of the peculiarities of her alleged husband's attacks, together with some directions in reference to the care she desired to have bestowed upon him, she left, promising to come again in a few days. And away whirled the carriage, the silver ware, and the lady; neither of which has been heard of since.

The poor attendant was confined three days before any one about the establishment could be induced to convey a letter to his employer who, all the time, were suspecting his honesty, and preparing to advertise him in the newspapers. Upon the receipt of the letter it did not take them long to discover that they had

been sold most brilliantly; and upon their appearance at the hospital, it did not take the Doctor long to discover that he had been sold decidedly; the poor attendant was satisfied upon his arrival at the hospital that he had been sold most sorrowfully indeed. And here, we think, we will end our story, which has been talked over in fashionable circles for the last three or four days with many a hearty laugh.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON CREEDS.—"We know not," says the Christian Enquirer, "where to find a better protest against the abuse referred to, than the following which we copy from an exchange paper." "There is nothing imaginary in the statement that the creed power is beginning to prohibit the Bible as really as Rome did, though in a subtler way. During the whole course of seven year's study, the Protestant candidate for the ministry sees before him an authorized statement, spined down and stereotyped of what he must find in the Bible, or be martyred. And does any one acquainted with human nature need to be told that he studies under a tremendous pressure of motive? Is that freedom of opinion—the liberty wherewith Christ makes free? Rome would have given that. Every one of her clergy might have studied the Bible to find the Pontifical creed, on the pain of death. Was that liberty? Hence, I say, that liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thunders of criticism, by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the student consists in a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence it has now come to pass that the ministry themselves dare not study the bible. Large numbers thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless number; or, if they do study and search, they cannot show their people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mold of age upon them."

HARD TIMES.—The rise in prices, and the augmentation of taxes, resulting from the war, affect disagreeably even the wealthy and well-born classes.—Lady Fitz-Flunkey finds it advisable to reduce her weekly allowance of canary bird's marrow pumatum from three bottles to two. She wears one muslin dress less than usual during the season, and deducts a dozen buttons or so from her page's livery. Her respected spouse, Sir Theodore Fitz-Flunkey, refrains from purchasing a fourth hunter, and settling his collar in front of a full-length mirror, mildly expatiates to his domestic circle on the severity of the sacrifice he is compelled to make on behalf of his country's honour. The Honourable Jimmie Bodkin (the Worcester-shire branch of the Bodkins) feels the pinch of the times, and with moistened eyes commutes her lapdog's morning meal from gravy soup to mutton broth. Thompson Johnson—who made the large fortune you may have read of in the jubilee trade—Thompson Johnson meets his son and heir on his return from Magdalen College with unwonted severity of mien, scowls at his waistcoat of gigantic plaid, coughs with feigned nausea when the word 'cigar' is mentioned, and broadly intimates that Thompson Johnson, junior, must forthwith economise his resources and spare the paternal pockets. Mr. and Lady Sybilla Barnacles, and the little Barnacles instead of their contemplated trip to Paris, fall back upon the more sober enjoyments of the neighboring watering-place of Wigwam-super-Mud. Lord and Lady Orchis find it convenient to postpone the erection of their intended conservatory in the early English style of architecture for a year or two longer. Lower down in the social scale the inconvenience of high prices and heavy taxes begins to be more sharply felt. How is it with the wide-spread social wilderness of the multitudinous poor, stretching obscurely in all directions, and out of which the classes which live at ease emerge like scattered islands in a wide and desolate sea? How is it with the working poor? The answer is short and painful: they are suffering severely. Little margin have they for retrenchment or economy!—Tracts for the Present Crisis, No. 32.

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Dec., 1854. M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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