

THE POOR MAN'S HARVEST.—It is a disagreeable reflection to bear in mind that one must always be among those who carry bad tidings; but the truth should be told where its concealment might be injurious to thousands. From the frightful state of the weather lately, the poor, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, have been unable to save, as it should be saved, the third of the produce of their little holdings, and consequently a repetition of the scenes of last winter already stares them in the face. There is nothing like a sufficiency in the beggar to meet the debts due and the pressing requirements of the poor man's family. The cereal crop has been all but ruined by the storms and uncessing rains, and the potato will be far, far short, indeed, even of what was expected of it. This is a picture the reverse of the one we should be delighted to present to our readers; but, as before observed, it is the only one truth will permit us to draw. It has been more than once rather loudly asserted that in the matter of fuel there is no room for despair this year on the part of the poor. We question this very much. There is no such quantity saved as to guarantee a cheap supply to the struggling mechanic and labourer in this country. From all we can learn so far, there is nothing whatever to raise the hopes of the indigent in this respect. Winter is already at the door, and what is there inside to guarantee the occupant of the miserable hut against its rigours? We are compelled, by these considerations, to direct the attention of all whom it may concern to the propriety of at once setting on foot an energetic agitation for the commencement of a merciful system of out-door relief. A few shillings spent in this way, in proper time, will save pounds hereafter. Surely there is spirit enough among us to bring this subject home to the consideration of all the elected guardians in the country. We protest against the idea of sending round the begging-box, while there is a shilling in the country that can be applied with justice to the wants of the people. If the matter be taken up in time, and treated with spirit, we will be spared this year the humiliation to which last year we were subjected. As a proper stimulus, be it remembered, that in general the present is a short harvest, and, in particular, the poor man's portion of it is a complete failure. What should be done under the circumstances is just now the question of questions.—Catholic Telegraph.

A fatal explosion—the third of its character within the last three years—took place on Saturday at the Ballinacraig powder mills. By it two men were killed, and one man was injured in a trifling degree. The scene of the explosion was 'the stove,' or drying house, an erection situated at a considerable distance from other portions of the mill, and on the south bank of the canal that traverses the works. The building is constructed in three portions, consisting of two drying houses, and a small building between them containing a steam engine and other driving apparatus for the machinery used in the two adjoining structures. At the hour mentioned—twelve o'clock—there were only two men near the eastern one of these wings or 'stoves'—John Hallissy and David Leahy. The former was actually in the house; the other is believed to have been washing his feet on the banks of the canal. At that hour the explosion took place. The small building was blown utterly to pieces, leaving not a trace of its existence save some beams, sticks, and stones on the ground. Hallissy was crushed to death under the falling mass, although it would seem scarcely injured by the explosion itself; and Leahy, the second man, was blown into the canal and drowned there. In the central building, the engine-house, a man named Leahy was at work, and a portion of this being crushed by the explosion, Leahy was buried in the ruins, but, strange to say, escaped altogether unharmed, except in having received a slight contusion on his brow. Immediately afterwards, when the workmen gathered to the spot, the body of Hallissy was discovered among the ruins, with no portion of his body in any degree disfigured except his chest, which was crushed in. No trace was visible of Leahy, and up to the time of our despatch leaving the dragging of the canal to find his body was unsuccessful. The spot where the disaster occurred presents such a scene of wreck and violence as could not well be conceived by those who have not seen it. The spot where the 'stove' stood is quite level with the ground, except that on its site lie beams and slates, bricks and plaster, and piles of rubbish generally which once formed the building. No portion of the walls remain. Around for many hundred yards, on both sides of the canal, are pieces of the wood work and brick work of the house, shattered and splintered with a force more than gigantic. The shivered remnant of the engine-house stands alongside, and makes the scene even more gloomy. At the time our despatch left, the banks of the canal were crowded with anxious men, women, and children—all with the countenances of those on whom a serious misfortune had just fallen, waiting till the body of the drowned man should be recovered. The stunted and withered trees in the neighborhood have been rendered even more miserable looking by having in numerous instances branches wrenched off them by the explosion, hanging on their stems. This is the first time an explosion ever took place in this portion of the mill. Nothing is known of the cause of the accident, and the only suggestion that can be made is that it was caused by the friction of some portion of the machinery at work in the building.—Cork Examiner.

We regret to find the following painful story in a Cork contemporary:—"The Southern Reporter of this morning states that a murder was committed at Gogaun, about ten miles from Inchigeela, on Saturday evening, the 1st inst. Two brothers named Callaghan lived separate on one farm at that place. The cows of Timothy Callaghan were in the habit of trespassing on his brother Daniel's land, and from this cause a bitter feeling between the brothers arose. The victim, John Coleman, was servant to Timothy, and on Saturday evening went out to bring home his master's cows, and a short distance from Timothy's house he saw Daniel Callaghan behind a bush, and at the same time Callaghan threw a stone at him, from the effect of which he died on Sunday morning. Daniel Callaghan has been committed to Macroom Bridewell, to wait the coroner's inquest."

SUSPECTED MURDER.—The inquest on the body of James Ferrand, of Saddleworth, who is supposed to have been savagely assaulted and murdered, and afterwards thrown into the river Tame, was opened on Thursday. Little more was elicited than what has been already published, but a person called Bradbury has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair. He was known to be one of the last persons who was in Ferrand's company on Saturday night, the last time Ferrand was seen alive, but no evidence was given at the inquest to incriminate him further than this. The inquiry was adjourned for a week.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Died, at Ballybragh, on the 17th ult., James Falloon, aged 110 years. During his protracted life he always enjoyed excellent health, until within ten days of his death. He was an honest, kind-hearted man, and of a very cheerful, contented disposition. He retained all his faculties to the last. During the latter part of his life he received an annuity from his landlord, John Waring Maxwell, Esq., which was amply sufficient for his humble wants. His memory was good, but entirely conversant with matters of a local nature. The only national event of importance that he spoke of distinctly remembering was the landing of Thurot at Carrickfergus, in the year 1760. He stated that he had a clear recollection of standing on a large hill, near his father's house, with a number of other persons, and seeing the ships sail past, commanded by Elliot, which afterwards defeated the French squadron off the Isle of Man, when Thurot was killed. About five years ago, he and his brother Neal Falloon, and his wife, resided in the same house, and their united ages then amounted to 301 years. The two latter are since dead.—Down Recorder.

THE "DAILY EXPRESS" REBUKED.—An apparently valued correspondent of the Express thus unintentionally rebukes its assertion that the distress in Ireland was fictitious:—"Sir—While our hearts are opened and our sympathies drawn out for the distress of the Lancashire spinners, let it not be forgotten that, poor as they may be, our own poor are poorer still. Alas! many are the causes of poverty, but the results are the same—hunger, nakedness, misery—leading, if not relieved, most certainly to vice and further degradation."

CONVICTION OF A NOTORIOUS SWINDLER.—Ardee, October 27.—A one-armed swindler, who generally gives his name as 'Jackson,' and represented to his dupes that he had been at the battle of Bull's Run, where he lost his arm, has been tried at the Quarter Sessions of this town, for receiving goods under false pretences, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This worthy was well known in Dublin, Roscommon, Dundalk, Drogheda, Derry, Belfast, and, no doubt, in various other parts of Ireland, where he represented himself as having lately returned from America, and would persuade the party whom he intended to swindle, that he had a letter, or 'present' from some relative of theirs in the New World, the letter being invariably 'in his portmanteau at the hotel.' By this means he raised various sums of money. He lived with one man in Dundalk for three weeks, representing himself as a relative.—Cor. of Nation.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—A little boy, three years of age, son of a farmer named McGuinness, living at Bachel's Cross, county Louth, was burned to death on Friday, while his mother was absent about five minutes in the garden. It appeared the child did not scream. An inquest was held before Dr. Callan on next day, and a verdict of 'Accidental Death' returned.

There was a numerous and interesting meeting of the committee for the relief of the distress in Lancashire at the Mansion House on Tuesday. The sum of £781 additional subscriptions for the first half of the week was announced. A letter was read from Lord Rosse, Lieutenant of the King's County addressed to the Deputy Lieutenant, exhorting them to make local efforts to raise funds, and reminding them that in supporting the present appeal, in addition to the general obligation imposed on us, as part of the United Kingdom, of joining in a combined effort to relieve the distress in the manufacturing districts, there are special obligations arising out of the fact that many from this country are residing in those districts, are sharing in the general distress, and are participating in the general fund. He feels convinced that this occasion will be gladly seized upon as an opportunity of showing that we have still a lively recollection of the great efforts made in the North of England for the severe distress in the Southern and Western districts of Ireland during the famine years. Two influential Roman Catholic gentlemen, Mr. Corbally, and Mr. D'Arcy, D.L., were added to the committee, and Mr. S. Bewley handed in £119 from the Society of Friends. Judge Fitzgerald informed the meeting that he had learned from private sources that the distress far exceeded in severity any public account that had reached this country. Alderman Roe expected that in a very short time local committees would be established in every town and village in the country.

The County Armagh met on Tuesday, when measures were taken for the collection of funds for the relief of distress in England. The meeting was convened by the High Sheriff, Mr. Bigger, and was attended by many of the gentry and clergy. Resolutions were moved and seconded by Colonel Stronge, Mr. Bond, Mr. Kirk, the Rev. A. Urwin, and Mr. H. L. Prentice, expressing sympathy with the sufferers, gratitude to the English people for their former liberality to this country, and adopting plans for the collection of funds.—Times.

At the Dublin Commission, Martin Hough, alias O'Leary, a servant, was convicted for attempting to murder Mary Metcham, also a servant, by cutting her throat with a razor, on the 15th of July last. Before sentence was passed he made a rambling statement. He was extremely sorry that one of the Queen's men (he had been a soldier) should have committed such a crime, as he had been granted a pension when leaving the service in 1857. He said, "I place myself in Her Majesty's hands, to do what she pleases with me, and I remain her humble and unfortunate servant, my Lord." An attempt had been made to show that he was insane, but the plea was not admitted, and Baron Fitzgerald sentenced him to penal servitude for life.—Correspondent of the Weekly Register.

ULSTER PROTESTANTISM.—The Inquirer, an English Protestant journal says:—"One misfortune of Irish Protestantism is, it has no history, no illustrious names or deeds of a national character to feed the spirit of national life. It has nothing but the siege of Derry and the victory of the Boyne, and around these exceptional events of a troubled era, the glory of which belongs to foreigners, not to Irishmen, there has been thrown a halo of misleading traditions and sectarian prejudices by the blind fury of passionate factions. One of the most vehement demands of the aggrieved thousands who met at Belfast was for 'even handed justice,' and never, surely, in the annals of party warfare was there such a perversion of language. 'Even-handed justice,' doing unto others as we would be done by, is an hereditary sentiment of Englishmen, and is sacred to most Christians. But then, justice with us is a very wide term, and applies to speech, to manner, to the nameless intercourse of daily social life, as well as to the statute law. We feel that we can be as unjust to our brother by rudeness and suspicion, by assailing his faith or his reputation, as much as by robbing him of his property or exposing him to physical suffering. In its enlarged Christian sense justice is the same as charity, wisdom, or that brotherly esteem and kindness, the cement of social life. Is it this sort of Christian justice on which the Ulster Protestants have set their hearts? The farthest from it possible! It is hardly credible that the special grievance which afflicts them arises from a recent act of parliament which forbids the use of party emblems and processions which exasperate their Roman Catholic neighbors, and have since time immemorial been productive of murderous tumults. It would be no great exercise of Protestant virtue, one would suppose, to abstain in a Roman Catholic country from anti-papal demonstrations. We may assume that the Bible is known in Ireland, or at least that clergyman might have learned somewhere that what is abstractly lawful is not always expedient, that all things should be done for edification, and that it is not always expedient, that all things should be done for edification, and that it is not Christian to indulge in practices, however innocent in themselves, whereby a weak brother stumble or is offended. For this kind of Gospel, Ulster Protestantism, at least, has no affection; and lustily does it demand the rich luxury of its party insignia, its Orange sashes and rosettes, and banners and music to display as insultingly as possible its dominant ascendancy; but one turns away in sadness from such blind folly, to mourn over the injury it inflicts on the divine charities of brotherhood and the Gospel.

SEARCH FOR ARMS.—We understand that a few nights ago a large party of constabulary, under the direction of Sub-Inspector Waters, of Carrick-on-Shannon, made a search in the neighborhood of Drumna for fire-arms.—Nenagh Guardian.

TENANT RIGHT IN MONAGHAN.—During the past week a small, but well-circumstanced farm, situated in the townland of Garron, on the estate of Henry G. Johnston, Esq., containing 11 acres Irish, with half an acre of bog, held at will, sold, with the consent of the landlord, to an adjoining tenant for the round sum of £200. The same purchaser bought the farms of two adjoining tenants, who desired to part with their interest at a similar agreeable rate as the above sale.—Monaghan Standard.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We extract the following from Dr. O'Brien's address, delivered at the opening of the Conference at Liverpool:—

The Irish in England.—I need not say how truly needful and how highly valuable this mission is for preserving and improving our Catholics in England. Many and many a trial they have to undergo—trials from perversion of others, and very often from the very goodness of their own kind hearts. They no longer breathe the atmosphere where the traditions of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille form the heart and opinion of the masses. They are now under the influence of new associates, or old associates who may be sadly changed. When at home, the Sunday instruction was preserved in the home-stead, or supplemented by the acknowledged rule of religious views, which grew up and around one from childhood. We had it everywhere. The beggar whom we met upon the wayside and the young children singing their convent song as they came home from school, wore around our hearts the magic of Christian devotion. The old mother's long prayers and the poor father's frequent advisers, and the wonder and horror of all at a blasphemy or impiety hedged us round with defences "which treason durst not enter." The very churchyards and broken arches of the old abbey ruins were the sermons of the dead to us, and flung the solemn light of ages on the teachings of the living—we were in the circle of moral strength, and we moved by powers infinitely greater than our own. In England all these influences are nearly lost, and morality often has little chance of life amongst the assaults of every day free-thinking, or free acting, in workshop, mill, or railway. Alas, we sometimes lose everything. We lose name, character, hope, and happiness. We fall into the hands of men who, having been ruined themselves by vice, abuse our good fellowship and our simplicity, and we are finally lost to the Church, the country, and to Heaven (hear, hear). Brothers, will you not work to unite, change, and save these noble natures? (Hear, hear.) Will you not strive to bring them to our guilds—our schools—our libraries—our communions—to make them one with us? (Hear, hear.) Will you not use every power of prayer and persuasion to win, associate, and confirm these men so numerous and so chivalrous, that may increase so enormously the sum of their own felicity and the hopes of Catholicity in the whole world, by widening and strengthening the only power that seems equal to the mission of saving them—(cheers)—the Young Men's Society. Well, then, brothers, we know, if I mistake not, we know what our "union" means (hear, hear). We know it in its results to mean self-respect, self-reliance, temperance, industry, religion, Christian manhood developed (cheers). We know it to mean fidelity for the individual its growth—happy homes, happy families, growing in the peace and sanctity of faith (cheers). We know it to mean—in its perfection, we know it to mean Power—a Power that even now strives to twine its infant arms round the very globe, and take all humanity in its embrace (cheers). We know union to mean all we desire—to secure all we can hope—to insure all we can demand—to crown all we can possess with an aureole of glory. We know it to be our guard—our strength—our champion—our life, intellect, and honour—such is "union." Union is the honour of the man—the power of the people (cheers). Let us work for it then (hear, hear). When asked why so anxious about the guild meeting, answer, 'tis my part of the work for "union," of raising a race and making a people. When asked why pay your penny or your pound to the warden? say a penny or a pound is a small thing for banding, and keeping, and preserving yourself and a hundred thousand men (hear, hear). When asked why you bind yourself to rules and march under banners in the Young Men's Society? answer—if faith be with blood, and life be a poor offering on the altar of one's country, I surely ought to submit to rule and regulation (loud cheers). Yes, brothers, let us teach our various societies to forget and remember, as the case may be, small things in the presence of great interests—in the presence of union. Even when things may not go on well in guild or in council, never let a single view stand in the way of a general movement. If an individual be wrong—president, vice-president, or spiritual director—let us never dream of visiting such a thing upon our great society, and striking at union (hear, hear). If an individual should be foolish or offensive, no matter who he may be, he is not the society. Before that, before Union, let every small feeling be subdued, and no personal interest be heard—for the society is God and Catholic Union (cheers). Are those high principles of action what are called transcendental views? No; they are at the very foundation of social strength and social progress, and until they be practically learned and habitually employed, no nation or people ever had strength, hope, or dignity (cheers).

Garibaldi Demonstration in Chester.—Anticipated Riots.—Considerable excitement prevailed in Chester on Monday, in consequence of bills posted in various parts of the city, headed 'Garibaldi for ever!—down with the Pope!' and which invited the friends of Garibaldi to meet at the Castle gates at eight o'clock. The mayor and the magistrates, apprehending that a disturbance would ensue if such a meeting took place, issued a placard on Monday afternoon, warning the public not to attend such meeting, as it was illegal, and having a tendency to provoke a breach of the peace would not be allowed. Notwithstanding this notice, soon after seven o'clock large numbers, women and children wended their way towards the Castle gates. It was especially noticed that the large portion of the lower orders were armed with short thick sticks, which had large knobs at the end of them. About 8 o'clock the Mayor (J. Trevor, Esq.) accompanied by Mr. Hill, chief constable, and a body of police, made their appearance, when the Mayor addressed those assembled, urgently requesting them to disperse. He assured them that no good would come if the meeting were held; that proper precautions had been taken to prevent it; and that if they attempted to proceed with it the offenders would get into difficulty. One of the crowd at this juncture of the proceedings hoisted an effigy of the Pope into the air, and there was a regular round of cheering and hooting. The chief constable endeavoured to apprehend the offender, but he, aided by those around him, made his escape. Many of the more respectable portion of the assembly took the mayor's advice and went away; but not so with the more evil disposed, whose numbers at this time were greatly augmented. They began to cheer for Garibaldi and groan for the Pope and one young man, a letter-carrier, began to harangue them. He deprecated the mayor's interfering with any body of Englishmen who wished, on the one hand, to bear their testimony to the noble character of Garibaldi; and on the other to express their contempt for the Pope. He believed that the Mayor was afraid of the Irish, and he (the speaker) therefore called for cheers for Garibaldi and groans for the Pope. They were heartily given. At this time there were something like a thousand people congregated together. They left the Castle when they found that the authorities were determined no meeting should be held, and proceeded up Grosvenor-street and Bridge-street into Eastgate-street, cheering for Garibaldi and groaning for the Pope as they walked along. The crowd gradually increased, and the streets and rows were full of people. The mayor and the police kept close to the ringleaders throughout, or there is no doubt a similar scene to that at Birkbehead would have been enacted in Chester. The crowd subsequently proceeded to Foregate-street groaning and cheering as they went. Boughton, which is just beyond Foregate-street, is almost totally inhabited by the Irish, who up to this time had not been known, as we could perceive, any part in the disgraceful proceedings, and on their bearing the cheers and groans, a number of them appeared at the end of the street. A determined effort was made to pre-

vent a collision between the two parties, the effects of which would most assuredly have been most serious. The crowd retreated into John-street, and up Pepper-street, and at a later period were entirely dispersed, without having committed that damage which they undoubtedly would have done had it not been for the vigorous measures adopted by the mayor and chief constable.—Manchester Examiner.

The Garibaldi sympathisers are producing the evil consequences which were apprehended. It is not, however, the mere circumstance that meetings have been held for the purpose of expressing the admiration which is felt by an inconsiderable portion of the people of this country for the Italian buccannin and patriot that has led to the riots at Birkbehead and in Hyde Park; for there had been such assemblages of sympathisers on former occasions without exciting angry passions or leading to collisions. What has occasioned the late tumults has been the motive which too manifestly prompted those who organised the sympathising meetings. It was not as a patriot like William Tell or Kosciuszko fighting for his country's liberation from a foreign, intolerable yoke that Garibaldi has become the idol of any portion of the people of England. He could not possibly have won their esteem for that reason, inasmuch as no such reason has existed. Truly is not suffering under a foreign yoke, unless it be that of the Sardinians. Garibaldi may be as great a hero and as noble a patriot as the orators of the Whittington Club and the London Tavern may choose to represent him, but he is neither a Kosciuszko nor a Tell. All he has ever done is this and no more—that he aided in establishing a revolutionary triumvirate, as chiefs of a Republic stained by robbery, sacrilege, murder, and systematised assassination in Rome, and that as the agent of Count Cavour he stirred up the seditious feelings of the Sicilians against the Bourbons, and created a successful rebellion in Naples against an unfortunate young Sovereign who was surrounded by traitors, led on by members of his own family, and openly encouraged by three of the leading members of the British Cabinet. Garibaldi's military exploits have been nothing. In the only instance in which he and his volunteers were really encountered by the Neapolitan army, he would have been annihilated had not the Sardinians under Cialdini come to the rescue,—and all the world knows how he succeeded at Aspromonte. He is, we believe brave,—but he is neither a soldier nor a hero. Against the Austrians he and the Piedmontese have been and will be always contemptible. His heroism, as far as he has hitherto shown it, consists in will-pending Priests, and in truculently abusive speeches against the Pope and the Emperor of the French. And this is why he is an idol of the ignorant fanatical multitude in this country, and why he is abetted, encouraged, and caressed by their betters. He is the virulent enemy of the Holy See; and for this it is that the sympathising meetings have been got up in his favour.—Weekly Register.

The true character of the proceedings at Birkbehead is coming out more and more clearly. They consist of a series of Orange demonstrations made by Irish Orangemen at the instigation of Irish Protestants; Clergymen, Dr. Bayle, Dr. Blakeney, and Dr. Butler, among a large population of Irish Catholic labourers, with the connivance, the approbation, and the moral and physical support of the English magistracy, the English police, English volunteers, and English troops. It is impossible to read the accounts given by the Liverpool papers, such as the Mercury and Daily Post, without indignation. A savage thirst for the blood of the Irish Roman Catholics of Birkbehead would account for the proceedings which have taken place since Wednesday, the 15th of October, more simply than any other hypothesis. But if that hypothesis were rejected for the honour of humanity, it would be hard to define the mixture of motives which must have led to the disgraceful conduct pursued. Cowardice, stupidity, bigotry, may safely be ascribed to the authorities. To the Orangemen of Liverpool, and the clerical No Popery agitators, it is not necessary to ascribe motives. They act, as such people have always acted, according to their nature, and what that brutalised nature is has been shown only too often. Most fortunately the influence of the malignant and insulted Catholic Clergy, and the good sense of the Catholic population, have saved Birkbehead from a horrible massacre.—London Tablet.

At Knutsford also, last week the aggressive conduct of the Garibaldians has been very near causing a serious disturbance, but was quelled by the quiet determination of the Irish, who appeared ready, though not provocative. "Defence, not Defence," seems to have been their motto; as it should be on all such occasions.

On the authority of the Liverpool Mercury, we learn that nine deaths have occurred amongst the Irish who were maltreated by the police at the late riots! Nine victims, and these all Irish, besides a large number who have suffered grievous injury and are confined to bed in consequence, were necessary to glut the vengeance of the Garibaldian sympathisers. Here's a bloody page for the world to gaze upon! What a satire on the English dogma of freedom of speech! A sacrifice of nine lives, together with the damning fact that every prisoner, except one, who was an Italian, were taken from amidst the Irish. Some of the latter are women. What a splendid specimen of English justice and fair play.

To-day we publish the text of the remonstrance of the New York Chamber of Commerce. They have issued a "report" upon this subject, in which not one word occurs as to the negligence or inefficiency of their own navy; but they declare that "the most widespread exasperation" is rising against this country, because the Confederate war steamer Alabama burnt the Federal merchant ship Brilliant.—Their reason for this exasperation is that the Alabama was built in this country, and that guns with which she is mounted were also bought in this country. We have no doubt of these facts, although we have no special information as to them. But what has England to do with this? Suppose we had knowingly allowed a ship-of-war to be built, and armed, and provisioned, and manned, and to go, flying the Confederate flag, out of one of our ports, we should have done wrong. We should have done what the United States did when, during the Russian war, they sent the America across the Pacific to the Russians on the Yellow Sea. We should have done what the United States did when the Russian war ship, the Great Admiral, was laid down in an American dockyard. But we have done nothing of the sort. Our shipbuilders have sold a ship as they are every day selling ships. Whether she be better adapted for war or for peace is nothing to them or to us. She left our port an unarmed vessel. Depend upon it, she infringed no law municipal or international, for Mr. Adams and his agents, as well as the secret Committee which sits in London, had all their eyes upon her. Whether she would have been a lawful prize when she had left our waters, we know not; that must depend upon her papers; but she was not a ship which our Government had a right to stop. How many steamships does the New York Chamber of Commerce think our shipbuilders turn out in a year? Are we to shut up our ship-yards as well as our factories as a homageto the Federal lust of conquest? The New York Chamber of Commerce, and especially Mr. Low, who seems to be their mouthpiece, would appear to be of this opinion. They have "heard with amazement" that other ships have been built in England and Scotland which may possibly become at a future time Confederate vessels of war. Mr. Low has, moreover, heard that an iron-clad ship is being built here for that purpose, and he has also read in the public papers, that a ship-loaded with Confederate stores was lately sunk in the Clyde. In the old days of Greta Green marriages, when an enraged guard drove up to Newman's stables at Barnet in time to see his fugitive ward driven off by four speedy grays, he turned furiously upon the horsekeeper for

having supplied the runaways with such splendid horseflesh. "I am strictly neutral, Sir," said the master of the road. "Four bays, the exact counterparts in blood; and hope, are harnessing for you at this moment." "We cannot shut up our shipping yards, but all the world is free to buy in them. We do not fit out ships-of-war, but we sell all the component materials to any one who will buy. It is for them at their own risk to take them away and put them together. In doing this we follow very high example, and are covered by very high authority.—In 1855, when we were at war with Russia, some of us had some foolish notions that we ought to have the sympathy of a kindred race and a free Government. We were inclined to expostulate when we found America selling to our enemy the chief materials by which he carried on the war. But what did Mr. President Pierce answer? He showed us at once how wrong we were. He professed the purest neutrality policy, and he thus lucidly defines that policy. His Message to Congress will be found in the Times of the 15th of January 1856. "In pursuance of this policy," said Mr. President Pierce, "the Laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent Powers articles contraband of war, or to take munitions of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation; and, although, in so doing, the individual citizen exposes his property or person to some of the hazards of war; his acts do not involve any breach of the national neutrality, nor of themselves implicate the Government. Thus, during the progress of the present war in Europe, our citizens have, without national responsibility therefor, sold gunpowder and arms to all buyers, regardless of the destination of those articles. Our merchantmen have been and still continue to be, largely employed by Great Britain and by France in transporting troops, provisions, and munitions of war to the principal seat of military operations, and in bringing home the sick and wounded soldiers; but such use of our mercantile marine is not interdicted either by the international or by our municipal law, and therefore does not compromise our neutral relations with Russia." We have never gone beyond, or even stepped fully up to the bounds of American theory. That theory, however, is perfectly sound; and therefore it is that we sell unarmed ships to all the world, "regardless," as Mr. President Pierce so aptly says, "of the destination of those articles." The New York Chamber of Commerce had better send Capt. Wilkes after the Alabama. We cannot undertake to capture this one Confederate cruiser. We are very sorry that the Brilliant was burnt, and so we are that the towns on the Mississippi were burnt, and that murder and dishonor of men and women of Alabama took place. These scenes are sad to have suggested the name of this terrible cruiser—but we know our duties as neutrals, and sit as disciples at the feet of President Pierce.

Several distressing cases of suicide—more than one of them by young women—and several horrid discoveries of child murder, are published this week in the daily papers. It is beside our purpose to give the sickening details, but the existence of such facts must not be forgotten.—Weekly Register.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.—A characteristic affair has occurred at Willenhall, where a "secession" having taken place in a Baptist chapel, a new preacher was engaged by the one party, and as strongly opposed by the other. On the next preaching night, both sides met, but the pulpit having been occupied ever since the morning by the old preacher, the new one had to put up with a temporary substitute in the vestry, both parties holding forth at the same time. After service the party in power maintained possession of the building, several of them remaining all night to prevent any violent attempt on the part of their opponents to force an entrance. Two such efforts were actually made—one about midnight and another about four o'clock in the morning—but without success.—Guardian.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The moral condition of England is, we regret to say, every day growing worse. Trials of the most abominable nature are constantly coming before the courts. Robberies, accompanied with violence, take place with astonishing frequency in the streets of London. The peculiarly English crime of woman-murder is reaching a frightful development. To such a pitch has the crime of infanticide spread, that some humane persons have formed themselves into a society for the discouragement of the practice! Very probably the society will send persons about the country to lecture on the subject, and to persuade the enlightened and civilised English people, if they can, that it is cruel and sinful to murder the little children. Is it not a frightful state of things? What Christian or truly humane heart can think without a shudder of these little hands instinctively extended for mercy—of those little eyes looking so innocently into the face of the murderous-minded parent? who can, without horror, think of the brutal grasp on the little throat? We cannot dwell further on the fearful picture. But we pray that God may save those people from the fearful condition into which they are fast hurrying, and give to other people the grace to shun the paths that have brought the English so far on the way to moral ruin.

THE USES AND ADVANTAGES OF GOING TO CHURCH.—In a certain Highland glen a staunch Established Churchman was one day on his way home from church, and he met one of his dissenting brethren. The latter asked the former if he got a good sermon from Mr. —, to which the former gentleman gave the following rather strange reply:—"Indeed, sir, I did not expect to get a good sermon, but I went there for a certain reason." As a matter of course, the reason was asked, after which the worthy gentleman continued—"Our congregation is a rather singular one; it is composed of three parts. The first division, of which I form a part myself, goes there to gain the favor of the laity; the second goes there so as to get a general good name; and the third goes there in order that it may pass a part of Sunday, since it is always considered to be a long day."—Elgin Courier.

AN AWFUL WARNING.—In London, last week, a drunken and excited woman made use of the expression "God strike me down dead," when, almost before she had got the words out of her mouth, she fell on a heap of stones in the street, and on being picked up she was found to be extinct.

THE SCOTCH SUBTERRANEANS.—The opening of the Botanic Gardens at Kew has been attended with the most beneficial results; but the Edinburgh Pharisees seem to think that the extension of the same boon to their city will at once expose "Auld Scotia" to the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah. A rampant public meeting has been held, in which we are sorry to see, amongst a mass of obscure bigots, that such men as the Lord Provost, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie—who has done good service in the cause of ragged schools, and ought to know better—and the Rev. Mr. Boyd, who, under the initials A.K.H.B., has gained a gratifying literary reputation, have taken part on the side of intolerance. The old bosh about John Knox and the Covenant was duly ranting, and a letter was read from some 'precious professor,' named Balfour, who manifested great solicitude for the 'valuable ferns' in the Botanic Gardens, and was wicked and unchristian enough to hint that people who broke the fourth commandment would easily break the eighth. This reminds us of the judge who, in addressing the prisoner convicted of robbing a farm-yard, said, 'Provided, instead of which you go about stealing ducks.' Mr. Balfour appears to be fearful lest the people of Edinburgh, their exhausted faculties recruited by a stroll in the Botanic Gardens, should suddenly take to pilfering ferns. "May we ask the professor if the robbery of garden stuff be inseparable from taking a Sunday afternoon's walk; whether it is the practice of going so many times per diem, to kick that leads to the Scotch getting so very drunk on the Sabbath? Really, we have no patience with these Scotch hypocrites."—Daily Telegraph.