

scornful laughter of 'Shawn Kaum' and his midnight gang. The dreadful moment now approached, when three of the best shots were chosen to execute the summary sentence. The Croppy chief took great praise to himself for the generosity he exhibited, in permitting his victim to die a soldier's death, instead of being hanged like a dog; and he promised O'Donnell the favor of a decent burial in the neat green mound in front of the old castle, for the generosity of the latter in bequeathing him his gold watch.— Being asked if he had any commands to communicate to his friends, O'Donnell drew a small memorandum book and pencil from his breast-coat pocket, and wrote a few lines to his brother Thomas, acquainting him of his own sad fate, telling him where his body might probably be found, and begging of him, in charity, to procure for his soul the suffrages of religion. Having discharged this, his last earthly duty, as he had every reason to believe, he knelt, and with his hands crossed on his breast, poured forth his fervent prayer to his Creator for mercy and pardon for the sins and transgressions of his life. The executioners had their firelocks presented, and standing within three yards of their victim's breast, waited for the signal of 'fire' from their leader, when a voice of one exclaiming, 'You murderers, desist,' startled the whole party, and a horseman, brandishing a heavy whip, rushed into this mad circle of inebriate half-savages.

'Father Murphy,' muttered the Croppy chief, whom the priest recognized as the teacher of a country grammar-school, of a neighbouring parish.

'Is it you whom I find presiding over a scene like this, Walsh?' said the priest.

'I was but a very unwilling actor here,' rejoined the false-hearted Croppy; 'but this being one of the judges who condemned Father O'Donnell, the boys here were determined to have blood for blood.'

'Scoundrel, what evidence had you that this gentleman is one of these judges? Know that you were going to murder the brother of him whose death you pretend to revenge, and that for the death of one who is now living and well.'

'Ob, murther, did we not see the head of our priest on the spike over the court-house, at Cloughmore?'

'Nonsense, sirrah, nonsense. I fear your head will be soon there, for your crimes deserve such a fate. Let me find you away from this neighborhood, off to your native north, within one week from this day, Walsh, or I shall myself inform on you, and give you up to justice. And you, men,' he said, addressing his deluded followers, 'renounce this dangerous man's company, or he will hang you all some day. Come, now on your knees, and ask this gentleman's forgiveness for the unpardonable injury and insults you have offered him.'

So they did; and after having faithfully promised the priest that they would renounce 'Shawn Kaum's' leadership, and bury their arms, till some national occasion demanded their use, the Croppies separated for their respective homes, and the captain and his reverend friend took the road towards Knockmelldown.

'How providential you came by this old ruin to-night. I should have been by this time decently buried,' said the captain, breaking the silence, which was observed for about half an hour between them.

'I shall never cease to thank God for this providence,' said the priest. 'But how dreadful must have been your sufferings while in the hands of such barbarians, and especially when you were on the very eve, almost in the very act of being murdered.'

'The sensations of my soul were dreadful, indeed, especially when I felt that I was going to suffer by mistake, and by the hands of those misguided men, who, if they knew me, would die to save me. You were my angel, indeed; but what brought you this way, may I ask, at this hour?'

'Well, a most singular succession of incidents. It happened yesterday morning that the parish priest, our neighbor of St. Molanafide's, got his leg broken by a fall from his horse; and having no assistant, he wrote to our pastor, Dr. O'Healy to beg that he would permit myself or Father Fogarty to attend to any sick calls that may come from his people, till the bishop could provide for his parish. And as Providence would have it, about two hours ago I was roused by a peasant to inform me that his wife was in her last agony, consequent on protracted confinement; and on my way to where the peasant directed me, I somehow or other lost my road, notwithstanding my knowledge, as I thought of every by-road and almost hut of this mountain district! It is to this sick call, and to my unaccountable missing of the more direct road, that you owe your delivery without a doubt. Who cannot see the hand of God in the affair? In fact, O'Donnell, you must be destined for something extraordinary, or Providence would not have so visibly interposed in your behalf.'

'I gratefully acknowledge God's special favor and mercy in my regard, but I do not think I will ever be anything but an unhappy exile from my beloved home, the sport of fortune, and the representative of a family doomed, I fear to everlasting obscurity and decay. Tell me, Father John, how did my brother feel when you saw him last? Did he reach the 'Joan d'Arc' in safety?'

'Yes, perfectly so, and in good spirits. I went with him to the water's edge, and saw him ascend the gallant vessel, and waited till the brave craft flew, like a fairy, over the smooth sea. But that dreadful storm, which soon after rose, alarmed me much about the fate of the little bark.'

'It was a truly awful one, I am told; but the captain, Le Barry, is an experienced sailor, and I hope they were out in the channel ere it commenced.'

'O yes, they had time to be, but, for twenty years, I never recollect to have witnessed such a hurricane while it lasted. The peasantry interpreted the hurricane and thunder and lightning as manifestations of divine displeasure, on account of the perjury committed at Father Senan's trial;

and the general impression is, that he was executed.'

'So I believe. I can never forget your kindness to my poor, Father John, and I trust the part you acted in aiding him to escape his pursuers will be of no prejudice to you hereafter.'

'Don't mention it, my dear friend; my brother was more than a brother to me, and I would risk my life any day to save his. It is not very clear to me, however, that I will not have some little difficulty on account of having accompanied him to the beach, for, on my return back, at day-break, with his horse and my own, I was met by that perjured renegade, Sergeant Mally, who eyed me rather suspiciously, and who, I am sure, reported everything he sees or hears to headquarters, for he is fishing for promotion.'

'I should be sorry, but you must count on my aid if ever you get into trouble; and though now in trouble myself, I can tell you that I may not be long so, for I stand high in the esteem of the French king.'

'No doubt, no doubt. We must part here for the present, I to my sick call, and you to Fairy Hill, I suppose. Convey any commands you may have for me through that brave fellow, O'Mara. God be with you.'

And off started Father Murphy to his sick call, and the captain made the best of his way to the residence of his brother Thomas, or rather to the mountain in its vicinity.'

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM DR. O'BRIEN TO THE YOUNG MEN OF IRELAND.

(From the Cork Examiner.)

Newcastle West, March 24, 1862.

I address you to-day. I no longer confine myself to the Young Men's Societies, numerous though they be, and holding, as I believe, your bond and sinew. I address you all, high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and educated, and before God I declare that I believe myself placing before you the most important issue that ever engaged the hearts and heads of the Irish race.

And I do not confine myself in this appeal to the men who have not entered what is called the "National Brotherhood of St. Patrick." Nay, in a particular way I appeal to them. To the "initiated," who, perhaps imagining that rebellion against God can mean fidelity to their country; to the "uninitiated," who have not yet surrendered their liberty to the sanguinary fanaticism of revolutionary passions; to the honest men of every class, grade, and hope within that Brotherhood, I address myself in the face of our common danger, and I pray of them calmly to read these lines. I pray them calmly to read them, reason, and reflect upon them, and then pronounce their judgment; whether they can love God, Ireland, and their honor and remain where they are.

There is only one class whom I except—because that class is inaccessible to reason—and almost inaccessible to God. There is a class who hold in their pockets the pay for this country's humiliation—a class that hates with the hatred of demons the invincible faith of our martyrs and the blessed hopes of our patriots; a class which has found its merchandise in the honest enthusiasm of our country, and has sold us in the market of English ascendancy at every epoch of national expectancy. I do not address myself to them. They are men whom nothing will attract but gold, and the guilt that earns it. To them I have nothing to say; only that Ireland shall know them yet—and curse them!

Young men of Ireland! you saw the programme of the National Brotherhood which came from California last week. Read it. Let every man in Ireland read it; young and old. With the blush of burning shame upon our cheeks, and with bated breath, and praying to God for patience—let us read an advice given to the children of the saints, that we should become robbers, plunderers, murderers, apostates, infidels, and hired assassins, in the cause of public liberty. Great God! all moral principle be a mockery, and if rapine, slaughter, and anti-Christian impiety be the virtues of patriotism, let us burn the records of our fathers' heroic fidelity, and spurn the folly which left us landless and homeless for many a hundred years. If the doctrine of infidelity and sacrilege be the faith in which we are to rear the children of this generation, let us be wise with the dictates of our dogma. Let us fling down the old crosses, uproot the old abbey, turn our cathedrals into whiskey stores and museums of industry, and let us spit on the graves of the fools who did not accept the heresies of Edward, Elizabeth, and Knox, and save their descendants from the national confiscation which have left us paupers and oppressed!

Young men of Ireland—there is the programme of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick. There is the philosophy of the resurrection of dead nations. Fling God and virtue overboard—turn to the devil and bloodshed and you shall be free!

What say you to it, young men of Ireland? What say you to this blasphemy against your dead kindred, and your living fathers, and your living faith? What say you to this creed of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick?—Answer!

Pass over what every one knows. Pass over the merciless slaughter of unarmed and undisciplined men. Pass over the hangings—drawings—transportations—sack and sacrileges—the goods which spies sell for English gold, and which English ministers have been so ready to buy. Pass over the ruin—the black, desolate ruin, over which the purchased patriots of English connection would stride with the assured dignity of men who are honored for having led a country to sell. Suppose that you had a fair field—an equal chance—or half an equal chance—suppose anything—what say you, young men of Ireland—would you take assassination and infidelity for your leaders—would you take this "National Brotherhood of St. Patrick's" doctrine for your battle-cry? Shame! Shame!

The National Brotherhood in Ireland, however, does not accept the creed of butchery and impiety. Of course they do not. We are not yet ripe enough for that. The Committee of the National Brotherhood will "modify it," before they accept such a profession of faith. They will tell us the railroads "not to be torn up," and, maybe, "the landlords to whom rent is to be paid." They will say when we may be "allowed to build a church," and when we "may listen to a Bishop or a Priest." This Committee of the National Brotherhood may sometimes permit us to provide places of education for our children; and if Garibaldi obtain Rome they may allow us to send a "moderate" contribution to the Pope. For auld you, young men, the Committee of St. Patrick's Brotherhood will modify the plan of American butchery and communism!

Judge well! I beg of you, in this matter. The "Brotherhood" in San Francisco proclaim a creed of blood—a creed more diabolical than Mirabeau ever laid down or Mazzini ever dared to plan.

The Brotherhood in Dublin (not yet of Ireland, thank God) says this creed must be modified, and is not entirely to be believed. Whom—which Brotherhood, is to be trusted as the real exponent of the National Brotherhood's views?

You will answer at once—the San Francisco Brotherhood, the outspoken Red Republican, must here claim the right to preach the true gospel of the Dublin Committee.

Why? Why, because the American "Brotherhood" spoke with perfect freedom. They spoke equally without compulsion and without restriction. They spoke as they were ruled and as they were sustained and therefore had no motive to conceal or to promulgate their doctrine cautiously. The Brotherhood in

Dublin (not of Ireland, thank God, again) do not come out with perfect freedom—they do not speak without apprehension or moral restriction—they do not come forth unsuspected and unquestioned to modify the same creed. They come to the bar of Irish judgment suspected—accused of the very things they deny—restrained by apprehension—their life or death, all their interest, dependent on modifying the creed of their brotherhood in America. They had not, and they cannot, in common sense and reason have any claim to believe when they deny their own body, their own friends and allies. I do not believe them; young men of Ireland, what say you? But we must get the bottom of this question now. The issue must be plainly put, and the Brotherhood of St. Patrick must be fairly and justly accused and proved guilty—and accused and proved guilty precisely in proportion to the criminality which evidence shall have established.

Well regarding this Committee of the National Brotherhood, (and of this National Brotherhood we know nothing more) I say, that if we knew every man of them to be as pure a patriot as Tell, and as heroic as Hofer, we could not believe them—we dare not believe them in a contingency such as this.

First of all, Secret Societies—those societies which are never seen together in public, or those which are never seen together in public and legal forms to cover the villainies of mysterious combination—both of them have two sets of opinions. They have a set for display and a set for conspiracy, a set for catching the simple and a set for destroying the reign of all Right and Truth. Such has ever been their history. Such it is to-day; and this difference, this necessity of "modifying" the San Francisco document, is simply a plan of the trade.

Let us not be told that the committee (which is all we know of the association) are honorable men, and would not recede before their own principles. This cannot be said. To admit such pleading would be a suicide of all hope and reason, as things develop themselves now. Who are they? Whoever they be is Ireland to be surrendered to them? If they be mere tools—the mere tools of illegal, socialistic, Californian combination, they cannot be believed; because they are not in the secret—they are not sworn. If they be principals—red-handed conspirators, or mean-hearted spies they are not to be believed—because they, the conspirators and spies, are the people of the double creed. The one either one or the other.

Young men of Ireland mark me! In the year 1846 there were three men at the knees of Pius IX. They had been brought back from exile to their homes by his clemency. They swore a thousand oaths of eternal fidelity and two of them poured out the tears of full-hearted love and contrition at his very feet. They went to the church and received from his hands the Body and Blood of the Saviour, and they publicly prayed "that Paradise might close its portals in their face" if they should ever prove false to their benefactor and Prince. Mark and reflect! Almost from the very altar these men—Galetti, Riczzi, and Bianchi—retired to a back room to plot—to plot the overthrow of the Pontiff!

Listen. Like the National Brotherhood, they had the two creeds.

"Take the moderate as far as they will go with you," says Mazzini, "even make them leaders as long as they go your way." Thus the innocent were to be entrapped by vanity, and even led on by an appearance of lunacy with public principle. But these same men who used them, these patriots who seduced them, practised upon the necks of corpses to make themselves masters of assassination, and devoted themselves to eternal destruction if they would not kill an enemy, when called upon to do so, "even though he took refuge in the bosom of his mother, or in the Tabernacle of Christ."

Why was this? Because like the National Brotherhood, they had the two creeds.

Young men of Ireland, I again and again repeat—whether you innocently belong to the party represented by this Dublin Committee, or whether you be still free from their trammels—I say that the question for you to decide is whether you will sacrifice your country and your God or fly from all participation in the wickedness projected and practised by those who are the movers of this Brotherhood, and who hold the double creed.

They—this people of the double creed—they tell you there are no secret oaths.

I tell you there are.

They tell you there is no Revolutionary blood-stained object proposed to be initiated.

I tell you there is.

They tell you they contemplate the freedom of Ireland.

I tell you that many of them contemplate the sale of Ireland, and are in the pay of the police.

And now young men of Ireland! I pause for this day. I have some right to speak to you. For fourteen years I have laboured for you day and night, far and near, with the strong hope of building up a union which one day would represent the majority of my country's mind and strength. I never asked a penny of your money, and I never employed your influence for any personal end. We often spoke of Ireland. We spoke of the day when our schools would have brightened her intellect—our libraries stored her soul—our lectures imbued her with the thoughts that,—"cast

In the bright forms of ages past," would have stirred her home pride, and have awakened her noble energy, and given her a hold upon the respect of Europe. We talked of the irresistible force thus derived and developed, and we placed the future under the sceptre of God. We were succeeding—fast succeeding—when the devil or the "foreign policy" of some anti-Irish plotter adopted the whole of our system, but, as was wise in them, turned religion out of doors. I say then, young men of Ireland, I have some right to give you warning.

Well, then, to sum up this letter, long but necessary:—

Firstly: the creed of this National Brotherhood is simply blasphemy, rapine, and murder. This is proved by the San Francisco document, a thing of more authority than the Dublin Committee can pretend to.

Secondly: This creed of assassination and impiety places our country at the command of spies, infidels, and English political designers.

Thirdly: This creed makes an Irish union impossible, for no man who respects himself, religion, or Irish traditions will join them; while most men will not like to encounter its unscrupulousness and bad language, by forming another organization.

Fourthly: This Brotherhood thus helps distraction and division, and places all the hopes of constitutional liberty under the feet of English power.

Fifthly: This Brotherhood has members bound by oaths, and thus excommunicated and banned by God. Of that my certainty is as indubitable, as my certainty is of the light now shining.

Sixthly: This Brotherhood has members "proclaiming" the road to Botany Bay, and the best way of making Ireland ridiculous.

Of this my certainty is equally great.

I therefore place the plain issue before you, young men of Ireland. Impiety—revolutionary absurdity, that means riveting our chains—rapine—dishonour on one side—with the National Brotherhood; and God and Ireland on the other. Which side will you take?

I am, your devoted servant,  
R. L. O'Leary, V. G., P. P.

P. S. Mr. Mitchell seems to think that "bad repute" is not a sufficient reason for warning your friend against a stranger's company: I differ with him.

COLONIAL EMANCIPATION.

(To the Editor of the Daily News.)

Sir,—If any Canadians have been offended, as it appears some have been, by my first letter to you on the subject of Colonial Emancipation, it is the fault of the *Times*, not mine. I send to you, whose motto is open councils, a letter obviously intended as a contribution to English discussion, but which, when read entire, could not be thought disparaging to the colonists. The *Times*, being apprehensive lest my remarks should do mischief at "Quebec and Montreal," drags the letter from "its obscurity," and calls the particular attention of the people of Quebec and Montreal to the passages which it thinks likely to be offensive. Perhaps I should have either been left in obscurity, or differently treated, if I had not on a previous occasion, spoken rather freely against an ecclesiastical system which, because it is the useful outwork of a corresponding political system, the "statesmen" of the *Times* in common with other 'statesmen,' piously defend.

No doubt my first thought was justice to the English people, who maintain, by the sweat of their brow, that "magnificent fabric," as the *Times* calls it, of reckless and useless expenditure, which the profligacy of past rulers reared, and the blindness of their successors uphold. A Quebec journal tells me that "my God is Mammon." My neighbor tells me that I am Mammon, because, when he is better off than I am, I do not wish to pay his rates. Our statesmen need not fear to encounter the reproach of Mammon worship when public money is to be saved. A wealthy Genoese, long known for his liberality, all at once turned miser, and became by his solid parsimony the object of general wonder and of general scorn; but at last, with the savings of that parsimony he paid the public debt of Genoa, and with her solvency restored her greatness. The extravagance of our government is sustaining the reputation of a minister who has no other ground for his reputation; but not only does this extravagance diminish the comforts of our people in peace—it cuts beforehand the sinews of just war.

However, my argument is that timely separation is good for both parties, but especially good for the colonists. They love a fresh start in the world, with a heritage of modern liberty and civilization, unencumbered by the feudalism which still presses, and will long continue to press, on the energies of the mother country. Their destiny, as it is the last gift of Providence, is probably higher than ours, if they will only go forward like men to meet it, instead of clinging, like frightened children, to the skirts of the Old World.

What is it the Canadians hope to gain by remaining a province? What is it that they fear to lose by becoming a nation?

We have given them all that we really have to give—our national character, our commercial energy, our attitude of law and government, our language, with all the stores of wisdom and beauty which it contains—the memory of an illustrious origin and bond of affection which will not lose its force when the Governor General ceases to exercise his nominal rule. We have given them the essence of our constitution—free legislation, self-taxation, ministerial responsibility, personal liberty, trial by jury. The accidents of that constitution—the relics of the feudal mould in which it was wrought—we can no more give them than we can give them our history or skies. Do they or any of them desire an hereditary aristocracy? Then they must be prepared to accept the necessary basis of an hereditary aristocracy—primogeniture and great settled estates, with waste, neglect, pauperism, absenteeism and Windhamism in their train. An aristocracy without acres would soon prove anything but an august institution or an element of political stability. I find it difficult to soar to the poetic conception of a free-new Canadian monarchy, with colonial lords of the bedchamber and ladies in waiting; but I find it still more difficult to soar to the conception of a Canadian peerage, with the Duke of Montreal, the third perhaps from the creation of the title, begging like Belshazzar for an obolus, or whistling on a costermonger's cart.

Again, the Canadians possess what is essential in our religion. Do they or any of them wish to import our ecclesiastical institutions, with state bishops sitting in parliament and ecclesiastical courts to enforce Church authority in matters of opinion, and bring men to trial for writing what they believe to be the truth? Does not the very mention of these things at once remind us that ages as well as oceans lie between the feudal civilization in church and state, and that of which the colonies are born heirs?

Or to drop from these refined and airy speculations to the vulgar and substantial, do the Canadians hope that this country will always go on paying for their army and navy? Then I do not shrink from declaring my belief that, governed by the power of the clubs as we are, and cajoled as we are by the great organ of that power, to hope this is to hope too much from the suzerainty of the English people.

If then, the Canadians have nothing to hope from continuing a dependence, have they anything to fear from becoming a nation?

That their trade with us would not suffer they know, not only from the reason of the case, but from the decisive example of the United States, whose trade with this country has rapidly increased from the first hour of their dependence.

They dread annexation to the United States. But I submit that their greatest danger of being annexed arises from the position as a dependency of England. That England will some day get into a war with the United States is only too probable, were it only from the intense hatred which our aristocracy naturally feel for the model republic, and which has so signally broken forth since the commencement of the civil war. And in case of a war between England and the United States, Canada, as an outlying dependency of England, would no doubt be placed in jeopardy. But is there any reasonable ground for presuming that the American people are so extravagantly ambitious and so outrageously profligate as, without provocation, to invade and annex an independent nation?

And supposing the Americans to be bent on this change, could England undertake ultimately to prevent it? We are now able to spare a large force for Canada, because we have no other enemy on our hands. But the day may come when we shall be engaged in a death struggle with some European power. And shall we then be able to keep a great army in Canada, a flotilla on her lakes, and a fleet upon her coast?

I doubt the judgment of the Canadians in these matters, because I see that they are animated by an extravagant and childish antipathy to the Americans. Their reliance on the protection of England encourages them to give vent to this antipathy, which may some day lead them into acts of folly, and consequent disaster.

That they should be a separate nation from the Americans is manifestly to be desired, not only for their own sake, but for that of the Americans themselves, who have shown only too plainly that they stand in need of the lessons which nations, like men, derive from the society of their equals. But it is idle to think that Canada can be a part of the Old World. Let us see a Canadian dollar. Whose image and superscription has it? Those of England or those of America? And ask the holder of Grand Trunk shares or of Hamilton bonds whether the people of the country in which that dollar circulates, as commercial men, are so very different as they imagine from their neighbors of New York. Not that the character either of the Canadian or the Yankee ought to be judged exclusively by their commercial morality. A lax commercial morality is, in effect, the barbarism of a young commercial nation. The progress of civilization will introduce nobler objects of pursuit than money, which at first it is every colonist's natural business to make, and assuage that craving desire to grow suddenly rich from which wild speculation and profligate repudiation spring.

I submit, then, that the interest of the Canadians,

as well as ours, is on the side of separate government. They gain nothing by the present system but the payment from this country for their military and naval defences, which as it leads them to neglect the duty of self-defence, they will find in the end no gain, but a heavy loss. And if I am told that it is strange and ungracious to propose separation at a moment when the Canadians are so loyal, my answer is, that I believe no greater or nobler boon can be given them than independence, and that no time can be better for bestowing that boon than one of perfect mutual confidence and affection.

I have now, sir, only to thank you for having given admission to my letters on this subject. I am not without hope that the public attention has been in some degree drawn to this question. If it has, my object is gained, and I have not much doubt as to the ultimate result.—I am, &c.,

Oxford, March 21.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.—In our last but one we (*Irish Farmer's Gazette*) published an extract from a London (*Canada West*) contemporary, the *Canadian News*, giving a sketch of the condition of our finest dependency, its agricultural capability, and the encouraging prospects held out to settlers there, as well on account of the great fertility of the soil, the excellence of the climate, the unrivalled means of communication by water and rail throughout the province, which gives nearly equal value to farm produce in all parts of it, and the extremely liberal terms on which the Canadian Government are now bestowing the land on industrious settlers who make Canada their home.—There is, perhaps, however, no feature in Canadian life and prospects so favorable to the settler as the great trade in timber, with which the soil of Canada has been so bountifully supplied by Providence. The forests of the country are said to be covered with enough of wood to supply Europe for ages—an immense source of wealth when combined with the other advantage that the tributaries of the great St. Lawrence, when swollen in the spring by the melting of the winter's snows, convey the timber to a market at Quebec with such facility and at hardly any expense, while the snow which lies on the ground in the months of December, January, February, and part of March in some places, is most valuable in "macadamizing" the roads to draw the timber on sleds to the banks of the rivers. Many parts of Canada, not readily reached in this way, have also been tapped by the railways recently constructed, but they only bring a small proportion of the whole quantity exported to the shipping port.—The value of Canadian yellow pine, the great staple wood of the country, is well known. Of late the beautiful Canadian black walnut has become a favorite article, and is highly prized for making the most elegant description of furniture. The hard maple, curly birch, and other ornamental woods also grow in almost unlimited variety and profusion, besides the celebrated rock elm, oak, red pine, Tamarac and other ship-building woods, so valuable items of Canadian export. But we were certainly not prepared to learn that Canada produced anything like so many varieties of wood as were shown to us yesterday by E. J. Charlton, Esq., a native of Ireland, and for many years a resident in Canada, who now represents the Canadian Government in this country, for the purpose of encouraging emigration to Canada. The box of specimens shown to us embraced a variety of over fifty different kinds of wood, being as many varieties as are imported into the United Kingdom from all parts of the world. They are beautifully got up, and are creditable to the taste, as well as indicative of the wealth and resources of Canada, and are well worthy of inspection by our artisans and manufacturers, who will receive from Mr. Charlton useful information as to what these woods are best suited for, the quantity in which they can be produced, and the probable cost laid down here.—But the most interesting consideration in connection with Canadian timber is the great assistance it is the means of affording to the farmer who makes a home for himself in Canada in the neighborhood of the lumber merchants' operations, to whom it gives a market for his produce at all times at high prices. The farmer in the new settlements on the Ottawa and St. Maurice, for instance, not only gets the prices current at the great market towns on the St. Lawrence, but as much added as will cover the cost of transport from thence to the farmer's own door in the neighborhood of the timber manufacturer's chandler or saw mill—a most important consideration, indeed, to a new settler, and one that should have the effect of inducing intending emigrants to select Canada in preference to the western prairies of the United States, where an absence of all timber causes the farmer to be put to great expense and suffering for fencing, for building materials, and fuel, and where there are no prices for his produce, Indian corn having sold last season at sixpence per bushel of sixty pounds in the centre of Illinois. We congratulate Canada on the enlightened and liberal policy adopted by her rulers and the people of this country disposed to emigrate in the means taken to inform them where they are so likely to secure independent positions for themselves; and we are glad to learn that Mr. Charlton's mission will result in inducing a large number of valuable settlers from this country to adopt a home in Canada in preference to the United States.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette*.

If we may draw an inference from the condition of the old Orange organs in Dublin, there is something rotten in the state of Irish Orangeism. The *Evening Packet* was founded some 35 years ago upon the ruins of a vile old no popery paper called the *Correspondent*, and was conspicuous as a "state of the country" paper, that is, an Irish metropolitan journal which made it its chief business to befoul its country by scrapping together all the crimes, real or fictitious that were mentioned in the low Orange provincial newspapers, and blazoning them forth for the gratification of the enemies of Ireland in this country. The *Packet* is defunct, or, which is the same, is merged in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, whilom a flourishing concern; but that was when Mr. Sheelán held the reins, and before that able writer and amiable gentleman had the boundless happiness to become reconciled to the Church.—*Weekly Register*.

THE SOUVENIR AND THE CENSUS.—Hotels and lodgings have been looking up, during the past week. There is a stir amongst the evangelicals; croquet requisites have been in demand; and every Parsonage in the city is arranging its round of social parties, where the young ladies may have best chance of meeting unattached Rectors, with good livings or fair prospects. The Tract Trade is importing largely and sales of Bibles are tumbled from the holds of the steamers without any seeming reverence for their contents. All Parsondom will march upon this beleaguered city, on Monday next, and hold it within their pious grasp for the next week. The Rounda will be the Head Quarters of this Army of Evangelizers, from which various lines of operation will extend throughout the city and suburbs. Tribulation, and and sore, has fallen, however, upon these good men, since they last assembled in the Metropolis. "Essays and Reviews" may drive Protestantism home to Rationalism, its ultimate logical consequence; the Ultramontanes may threaten to attack the Establishment; an unbelieving Parliament may even take into consideration an authorized interpretation of every text in King James's Version, having first recast, abridged and amended the Prayer-Book, and decided as to the number of the sacraments, and nor this, nor these, nor all could equal the disastrous blow levelled against Protestant interests by the publication of the Census Returns, last year. Rev. Major Dallas must clip the wings of his poetic imagination and conform his figure of speech, regarding the fabulous missionary harvest in Cornwall, not to the caucos of criticism, but to the unpoetical op-