Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

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Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., APRIL 8, 1864.

THE MISCEGENITARIANS.

To the genius of our American cousins, as displayed in the invention of all manner of labor-saving machines, from apple-parers to reaping machines, we have always given our meed of praise. They have done much, in this intensely utilitarian age, to economise *time*, which, in a certain sense, is money. Singer's Sewing Machine has rendered unnecessary a second edition of the "Song of the Shirt"—the steam engine, in American hands, has in numberless ways superseded human thews and sinews in delving, carrying, hoisting and lowering—Hoe has advanced the mechanical multiplication of human thought, through the medium of lamp-black, types and paper, to an enormous extent—the magnetic telegraph now binds together the ends of the continent, its thousands of iron tongues subserving the ends of Commerce, and, alas that imperfections *must* exist, bringing to us many items of news "requiring confirmation." Yes, the Americans certainly deserve high praise for the amount of inventive talent their "Almighty Dollar" theory has fostered and brought out. Well had it been for the country had the genius for invention been contented with things material. But it did not. In politics it invented a series of the most astounding nicknames, such as "Bloody Tubs," Locofocos, Straightouts, Thugs, Doughfaces, Copperheads, Peace Devils, War Christians, Dead Rabbits, Squatters, and scores of others that will occur to the mind of every reader of American newspapers.—In theology every denomination is invested with various attributes according to circumstances, such as hard-shell, ironside, Campbellite, soft-shell, &c., through a long vocabulary. Even in the ordinary intercourse of common life there is an annual crop of senseless slang, which would be childish were it not absurd. Even would-be fashionables are not ashamed to use such expressions as "git back," "nary red," "no yer don't," "can't come it," "good enough," and so on, and the newly-coined oaths that drop from the mouth of the universal Yankee as freely even as his native tobacco-juice are enough to curdle one's blood in his veins. Then, too, think of the odd religions invented in the United States, all departing glaringly from orthodoxy, and none of them having anything purely intellectual at bottom. Millerism would have had the world dissolved long since, had its prophets been true; Mormonism and Frecloveism give full play to the animal passions of their votaries, and hence find numbers of ardent disciples; Spiritualism reports the *present* sayings of Moses, George Washington and Stonewall Jackson, and numberless variations are tacked to the original idea of Universalism.

The latest invention in American social economy, however, is the strangest of all. We refer to what is called *Miscegenation*, which in plain English means an intermixture of the Anglo-Saxon and African races. It may be because we have allowed our minds to be swayed by prejudice, that great enemy to Reform of any kind, or we may not be thoroughly instructed in the laws of physiology, but it, nevertheless, does seem to us that there is something horrible, absolutely *revolting*, in this new and dangerous idea which is being promulgated openly through the press and on the platforms, and indirectly from the pulpits of the Northern States! Here is a people who feel themselves degenerating physically, notwithstanding the enormous influx of foreign emigration, and who can coolly discuss the proposal of a miscegenation with a race that holds *very nearly* the lowest position ever attained by humanity. The Miscegenitarians argue that the turgid blood of the Negro is all that is required to bring the nation back to a state of physical perfection. The argument is purely theoretical, for it is not held that the mulatto or his descendants are in any way superior to either of the races from which they sprang, on the contrary, they are generally found to possess a strong predilection to the weaknesses and vices peculiar to both. Unquestionably the intermixture of certain races has been attended with the happiest results. No nation in the world has surpassed in physical stamina and intellectual energy that which now holds within itself the elements of Ancient British, Scandinavian, Teutonic, &c. The blending there is harmonious, natural, and easy. But where is that nation that has been elevated physically and morally by a miscegenation *of white and black*,—a drawing together of such diametrically opposite elements as the swarthy, uncultured, Louisianian slave and the delicate offshoot of Northern luxury? Certainly the erudite Burritt never argued in favor of such an amalgamation, and even Mr Horace Greeley might have left what he himself calls a "very unsavory subject" in abeyance, had not a northern *lady* taken it up in a recently published pamphlet. It seems to us that there is very little of argument necessary in dealing with this question, simply because every right-feeling person turns from the proposal with instinctive disgust. It is, in fact, thrust forward by certain writers, not that they very eagerly desire to secure a physical regeneration of the nation, but because they imagine they see in it a solution to the important question "What shall we do with the Negro?" Most of our readers are aware that Mr. Lincoln, at or about the time his Emancipation Proclamation was issued, considered several projects with regard to the disposal of the emancipated, but without coming to any very definite understanding on the point. Then it was that the speakers and writers suddenly discovered that the negro was as much a man as themselves—that a transfusion of his blood would be the salvation, physically, of the pampered Anglo-Saxon—that he was a man and a brother, and that he had a perfect right to seek a mate amongst the pale daughters of the North. All this *hifalutin* talk has had one effect. It has given the negro a vast opinion of himself, and he loses no opportunity of testifying practically that the Miscegenitarians will never meet with opposition from his side. Truly this is an unpromising subject. As we pursue it, the loathesome associations connected with the idea produce such a crawling of the flesh and such a revulsion of feeling, that we ask ourselves, can there be a word of truth in it after all, or is it not entirely impracticable, confined to the inventive brains of a few foolish writers and speakers? We fear not. There are unmistakeable indications that the new doctrine finds favor and countenance throughout the country. We do desire to see the Negro happy and as free as possible, but we cannot believe that the amalgamation of the two races would elevate either in any respect.

MISCEGENATION. — The New York *Times*, in an article on amalgamation, says:—We shriek from putting on paper the stories which reach us as to the prevalence amongst young white ladies of preference for colored men—pure blacks having the precedence in all cases where there is room for choice.

The Efficient Corps.

The following is a complete list of the successful competitors for prizes at the recent inspection of Volunteer Corps in Upper Canada:—

KINGSTON DISTRICT — Lieut.-Col. Earle, Grenadier Guards, inspecting officer.—1st. Brockville Rifle Corps, Major Crawford. 2nd. Brockville Infantry Corps, Capt Burt. 3rd. Belleville Rifle corps, Captain Levesconte.—4th. Prescott Rifle corps, Lieutenant Colonel Jessup.

TORONTO DISTRICT—Colonel Montanie, R. A., inspecting officer. 1st. University Rifle corps, Capt Croft. 2nd. Barrie Rifle corps, Captain McKenzie. 3rd. Port Hope Infantry corps, Captain Williams. 4th. Toronto Naval corps, Captain McMaster.

HAMILTON DISTRICT — Lieutenant-Col. Hoste, R. A., inspecting officer. 1st. Simcoe Rifle corps, Captain Tisdale. 2nd. Port Colborne F. Battery, Captain Vernor. 3rd. Niagara Infantry, Captain Henderson. 4th. York Rifle corps, Captain Davis.

LONDON DISTRICT—Lieutenant Col. Grant, R. C. Rifles. 1st. Goderich Foot Artillery, Captain Ross. 2nd. Woodstock Rifle corps, Captain Richardson. 3rd. Amherstburg Infantry corps, Captain Wilkinson. 4th. Southampton Rifle corps, Captain Sproat.

LATES FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, April 6.

Sir E. P. Tache and Mr. Galt are still in Quebec. The latter is said to be managing the Crown Land Department. It is reported that licenses will be issued authorizing prospectors to dig for gold on the Crown Lands, without waiting for the action of Parliament on the subject. It is also affirmed that the sale of gold lands will be re-opened.

Mr. Desbarats, the Queen's Printer, is seriously ill. Dr. McCallum, of Montreal, arrived here yesterday to hold consultation with Dr. Boswell.

Mr. Campbell Wallbridge, M.P., is still here, but fast recovering, I am happy to say, from the rheumatic fever under which he has suffering.

Mr. Conger, M. P., is also recovering from gastric fever.

Mr. Leboutillier, M. P., for Gaspe, remains here during the recess. He expresses the opinion freely that the present Ministry cannot stand.

Monsier Cauchon announces through his paper, *Le Journal de Quebec*, that Col. Tache offered him a portfolio in the new Cabinet, but he declined.—*Globe.*

The *Globe* closes an article on the points at issue between itself and the *Free Press* as follows:—

"In conclusion, we trust the *Free Press* will not fancy for a moment that we are endeavoring to set it right on the question under discussion. That would indeed be lamentable waste of labour. The *Free Press* has an attack of George Brown fever periodically. It has it in the natural way, always about the time of a change of Ministry. What pæans the *Free Press* did sing, to be sure, in honor of the Brown-Dorion Ministry! But no sooner was its brief reign ended, with a certain vacant office unsupplied, than up went the George Brown bowl and barrah for the Coalition!—But the spoils of the Coalition came to an end, and another king reigned that knew not Josiah. The *Free Press* wheeled in a day—hoisted the cockade of the new king—howled its lustiest against its old masters—and found twenty-five thousand arguments in favour of the changed. The new king is out and the old king is back to power—not a moment is to be lost!—up with the George Brown bowl—swear you were constant to Cartier & Co. all the while in your heart—praise Foley and McGee—Howl—Shriek—if you only do it loud enough, you will get five and twenty thousand more!"

The Elections.

Kingston—Nomination day, Monday, the 11th.

Montreal—Nomination day in both Divisions, Monday, the 11th. Polling days, 18th and 19th.

Cobourg—Nomination day, April 12th.

Foley "Dragged in!"

The Quebec correspondent of the Montreal *Witness*, says:—"It is fully believed here that the Postmaster General will be defeated. He was literally dragged into the Cabinet by Mr. McGee, who dreaded, it would seem, having for a colleague Mr. Ferguson, of Simcoe, who is understood to be anything but pleased that he was not made an Hon. It is said Mr. McGee threatened to back out if Mr. Ferguson were not brought in, and the thing had to be done."

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The February number is received from the publishers, Messrs. L. Scott & Co., N. Y. Its contents are:—The country life of England; the dynamical theory of heat; Bibliomania; Harold Hardrada, King of Norway; The later Roman Epic; Statius' Thebaid; Kilmahoe a Highland pastoral; Renan's Vie de Jesus; Thackeray. The last article, devoted to a review of the literary career of the great humorist, is an admirable one.

MESSRS MCILWAIN BROS. of Springfield, Mass., will please accept our thanks for a fine package (by post) of rare garden and flower seeds. Persons in Goderich wishing to send for extremely rare seeds can see a catalogue by calling at this office.

Death of the Earl of Aberdeen.

The readers of *Punch* will remember a tall, thin figure, usually in Scotch costume, and always wearing a Scotch cap, which some years ago used to be very often seen in the political cartoons of the London *Charivari*. It was the Earl of Aberdeen, the Prime Minister of England, whose death is announced to us by the latest news from abroad.

George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, was born in 1784, and was created an English peer in 1814, having in 1804 graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He early travelled in Greece, and joined a club every member of which must have visited the same classic ground. He also contributed some articles to the *Edinburg Review*, and had the satisfaction or pain of seeing himself attacked by Byron in the "English bards and Scotch Reviewers."

In 1811 Lord Aberdeen made his maiden speech in Parliament, and in 1813 he was sent as secret envoy to the court of Vienna to use his influence in detaching that power from her alliance with Napoleon. Later he was active in the diplomacy going on in the European courts for the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Naples. In 1828, after a long interim of comparative retirement from official life, Lord Aberdeen, thro' the instrumentality of the Duke of Wellington was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but on the death of George IV. was replaced by Earl Grey. In 1851, when Sir Robert Peel came into power, Aberdeen was again made Foreign Secretary, and one of his acts was to send to the U. S. Lord Ashburton, who arranged with Webster the troublesome boundary question. When the troubles with Russia broke out in 1853-4, Lord Aberdeen hesitated and vacillated so much in deciding on a war with Russia, and even when begun, furthered it with such lukewarmness that public opinion was entirely turned against him, and he was forced to resign. Since then he has lived chiefly on his magnificent estates in Scotland, without reappearing on the political stage.

As a diplomatist Lord Aberdeen was shrewd and successful, but not as absolutely great as to leave a name as such, or be remembered as other than as a useful worker and faithful servant of the government. In literature he is only known as the author of a work on Grecian architecture, and as a contributor to the *Edinburg*—a fact which would probably have been quite forgotten ere this, but for Byron's castigation. He is, however, the most eminent man who has died in England since the death of Prince Albert, and his decease will, therefore, attract much attention abroad.

With regard to the above the *Globe* of yesterday says:—

The *Leader*, with its accustomed energy, got ahead of the *Globe* yesterday. The telegraph announced the death of the Earl of Aberdees, and our contemporary forthwith published a biography of the distinguished statesman of that name who died more than three years ago! The nobleman who died on the 21st ult, was the son of that Earl of Aberdeen whose history the *Leader* yesterday gave to its readers.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

New York, April 6th.—*Times'* special: Washington, 5th.—The rumors so thickly spread about, that General Meade is to be removed, may as well be set at rest; it is now understood as a settled matter that Gen. Meade will be retained in command of the Army of the Potomac—more firmly fixed in position than ever. Several troopers belonging to Dahlgren's command, captured near Richmond, have succeeded in affecting their escape and rejoining their regiments. The recent rains have prevented any change of position in the army. Rumors have been brought in that Lee had been reinforced by Longstreet and part of Joe Johnston's forces; they lack confirmation.

Herald's special. — Notwithstanding the prevalent rain storm, the work of preparation for an active and decisive spring campaign is going on. The Commissary Department here are busy in refilling and furnishing the army and the passage of regiments to and fro revive recollections of the stirring times of 1861, when the Army of the Potomac was being formed.

Gen. Sickles, accompanied by his personal staff, left here this morning for Cincinnati. He is charged with special orders from the President, under which he will make a complete tour of the territory taken from the rebels with a view of observing the temper and disposition of the people towards the U. S. Government—investigating the practical workings of the policies adopted in dealing with them—expounding to them the purposes of the administration—and endeavor to reconcile them to the Government.

It is believed that this mission will have the effect of correcting numerous evils, under which the people in the reclaimed territory labor, but which have never been brought to the notice of the government. The President is exceedingly sanguine that the effect will also be to restore the people to a healthy allegiance by opening their eyes, which have been so long blinded by Southern politicians.

The prolonged storm has swollen the river to an alarming extent, and serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of warehouses and other valuable property on the wharves of Georgetou. The streams crossed by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad have risen to an unprecedented height, and most superhuman exertions are being made to prevent the bridges from being destroyed, but the task seems almost hopeless.

Gen. Lee seems to have taken it for granted that the mid-Virginia route to Richmond is not to be abandoned. Strong fortifications are being thrown up on the south side of the Rapidan at a point opposite Mitchell's Station and what is known as Clark's Mountain. The new works are plainly in view from our signal stations.

Condition of Things at the South.

Baltimore correspondence of New York World.

Among the rebel documents which have recently been confidentially communicated to me, the most interesting are certain private letters written by Southern rebels to their relations and friends in the North, in which the state of rebel society is, in my opinion better and more accurately described than in any article published in the Richmond press. In them I found a real picture of a kind of life of which we can form here no idea—a life of perserving toil, breathless anxiety, frequent privations, alternated with sudden fits of hope, and sustained by an unexplicable conviction of ultimate triumph. Such a life is too full of emotions, too restless, too feverish to last very long. It must either subside or carry away its owner.

If I am to credit those letters, the same state of thrift and plenty which we notice among us, exists also in the South. Every kind of provisions and manufactures sell there at enormous prices, and bring wealth in the home of the producer—this, notwithstanding the large proportion of hands who have recently turned their attention to the raising of cereals and cattle, and to the still more profitable employment of making cloth and shoes and of tanning leather. Incredible as it may appear, there is not a field in Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama, three-fourths of which has not been devoted to the raising of corn or wheat; not a house in which the loom, spinning wheel, hand cards, hammer and awl are not in play. An acquaintance of mine, the wife of a wealthy Louisiana planter now in the rebel army, writes that since she has been driven from her estate in Mississippi, she has located on a farm with the balance of her negro servants who have consented to follow her, and that she is now manufacturing fifty yards of cotton cloth a day. Her neighbors, many of them are like her, refugees from their native state, have taken to the same trade, in which they realize very hand some profits. All the family, white and black, from the age of ten upward, are working at those extemporized factories. In the evening they meet in a common room and pray for the success of the cause. Two hours a day—are devoted to the reading of newspapers, which are read by the landlady, or by her son a boy of twelve. The news paper which was formerly a luxury in the South, is as great a want with the Southerner as it is in the North. There is hardly one family which does not receive one, and sometimes two or three, this being the quickest and safest channel through which the people of the South are informed on their affairs.

The Health of the Pope.

HIS SUCCESSOR—CEREMONIAL OF HIS DEATH.

A correspondent of the London *Post* writing from Rome under date of March 10, says:

Great alarm has already been felt at the Vatican in consequence of the Pope's serious illness, which commenced on Friday last with one of his usual fainting fits, and has confined him to his bed ever since, necessitating the attendance of his medical man, Dr. Viale, every day and during the whole of Monday night. The disease appears to be a fresh attack of erysipelas, accompanied by a derangement of the digestion, brought on by the Pope's obstinate observance of Lent *regime*, to which he insists on conforming more strictly than his health allows in order to give a good example as head of the church.

In the presence of what was at first considered immediate danger, much anxiety was experienced by the functionaries surrounding his Holiness with regard to the advisability of their suggesting, as a precautionary measure, the extreme offices of religion.

But as life is always uncertain, and especially at the age of seventy-three, the possibility of Pio Nono's demise naturally leads us to the consideration of the steps most likely to be taken by the Sacred College in consequence of such an event during the present abnormal condition of Rome, and in the face of the many increasing obstacles to a periodical renewal of the antiquated temporal *regime* of the supreme Pontiffs. A general conviction has been for some time prevalent that the operations of the ensuing conclave will be conducted with great rapidity, in order to ensure for the new Pope's election the advantages of a *fait accompli*.

Among the traditional ceremonies observed on the death of a Pope is the official attendance of the cardinal *Camerlingo* at the bed side of the defunct with a golden hammer, with which he raps three times on the deceased Pontiff's forehead, invoking him each time by name. Receiving no response, the *Camerlingo* assumes in the interim the reins of government, and announces to the cardinals their duty of electing a successor. It has been hitherto customary for the Pontifical corpse to lie in state for three days, and for the conclave to assemble on the ninth day.—This gave a great advantage to the Italian cardinals, for it was formerly impossible for foreign members of the Sacred College residing at great distances to receive news of the Pope's death in nine days, and much less possible for them to be in Rome within that time; but in these times of telegraphs and express trains so important a piece of intelligence can be flashed in an instant all over Europe, bringing back in a few hours crowds of continental cardinals to vote in the briefly summoned conclave.

This change will probably be more novel than agreeable to the Italian and resident cardinals, whose preconcerted combinations of votes will be embarrassed by an inundation of foreign *eminentissimi*. There are, probably, adhering to the received rule that St. Peter's chair is henceforward to be filled only by an Italian, not more than fifteen or sixteen cardinals really *Papabili, i. e.*, eligible to the tiara; but it it is true that Pio Nono has already drawn up chirographic instructions for the selection of his successor—a fact, by the bye, which I can hardly credit, so entirely is it opposed to all Papal precedent—the choice of the conclave will be restricted to three cardinals, viz: Patrizi, Barnabo and Bofondi, whom his Holiness is said to consider as best adapted to govern the church in these troublous times. But there are other favorite candidates for the throne, and when called on to elect, the cardinals will doubtless vote freely, according to the Divine inspiration that governs them on such occasions.

☞ The New York railroads caused the death of two hundred and eighty persons, and injured one hundred and eighty-nine others last year.

Murder of a Young Wife—Distressing Scene in Court.

From the Midland Counties Herald.

George Hall was tried for the wilful murder of his wife, at the Warwick Assizes, March 10th. The prisoner, who is a jeweller's stamper, 22 years of age, and who has hitherto borne the character of steady, peaceable, humane man, was married to the deceased on last Christmas day. Previously and up to the very day of her marriage the woman had been "keeping company" with a man named Martin Joy, and on the evening of her wedding day she left her husband and returned to her mother's house. On the following day she was taken back to her husband by her parents and remained with him for some days. Early in January she again returned to her mother and remained at her house, living apart from her husband up to the 16th of February, the day of her death. The day after she left him upon this second occasion the prisoner came to her mother's house to learn the reason of her leaving him. They went out and had some conversation together, and on her return her mother said to her, 'I hope you have settled it, I should like to see you happy.

The daughter answered, 'he has deceived me in saying that he had a home to take me to.'

Her mother replied, 'never mind, Sarah, you are both young and strong, and he is a steady man; you will soon have a home.'—The deceased, however, said she would not live with him again till he had a home. After that she continued to live with her mother, and they worked together. During this time she appears on one occasion to have been at the theatre with Martin Joy, for her husband charged her with the fact, and she admitted that she had gone to the theatre with a female friend and had met Martin Joy there. On the 16th February the deceased was seen by her mother talking to the prisoner in the street near the factory where the latter worked, and they all three went to the mother's.

With reference to this interview the mother deposed:—At first the prisoner sat away from the fire. I asked him to come nearer and he said he was not cold. He sent for some beer, and it was drunk by all of us.—While she was handing back the glass he looked up in her face, and said, 'Sarah, what makes you look so solid?' She gave him a bit of a smile, but said nothing. I asked him if he had heard anything of the Worcester murder, and he said he had not. He afterwards whispered to my daughter, and she replied in the same manner. He sat with his head on her shoulder. At ten o'clock he got up as if he was going away. He went to the doorway, she following, but without her bonnet and shawl. When he got to the door he said, 'Sarah, put on your things.'

She said, 'Never mind, it does not matter.' He said, 'Put them on. I want to go to Constitution hill to fetch something.' She did as he requested, and went out with him. He said he would bring her back to the top of the street. She never came back alive."

About half-past 11 the same evening the prisoner went into the Wellington Inn and asked for a glass of rum and hot water. He sat down and pressed the landlord to drink with him, saying, 'Perhaps it will be the last time you will have an opportunity.' He was asked what he meant, and said, 'I have done it. I have done for my wife.' He went on to say that he had shot her on Dartmouth street Bridge, and produced a pair of pistols, one of which was loaded, while the other appeared to have been recently discharged. He afterwards said, 'I courted her for seven years. I loved her intensely. She complained of being poor. She went home on the night of her marriage, saying that she was going to sleep with her mother, and slept with another man. The night after she came back to me. My shopmates used me cruelly. The apprentice told me about my wife going with other men. What could I do?' The prisoner was then taken to his father's house, and, addressing his father and mother, said, 'I have told you I would do it, and I have done it.'

It was proved that the prisoner had bought the pistols with some powder and bullets on the morning of the same day. The deceased was found lying on her back in the road near Dartmouth street bridge. She had received a pistol shot in the cheek, and died on the following day without being able to speak so as to give any account of what had occurred. The Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, accompanied by a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the provocation which the prisoner had received at the hands of the murdered woman. Upon hearing the verdict the prisoner appeared to wake up from a state of stupor, and there ensued one of the most distressing scenes that have ever been witnessed in a court of justice. He said:—"I may be allowed to say a few words before I am condemned to die. I have kept company with her for more than three years, and during that time there is no man on earth that loved a girl better; and all that time she loved another. I married her, for she said she had no home to dwell in. I said, Sarah, I have a good home, and will you share it? She said, 'George, if you will give me one chair and a stool I will dwell with you till the day I die.' We were married on Christmas day, as they have said. At night she said she was poorly and went home to her mother, and on Saturday night she slept with Martin. She came to me again after being in bed with that man. Is there a heart of a man in a Christian land who will condemn, or sanction the condemnation of, a poor man under such circumstances? When she said to me, in the presence of her mother, that I had threatened her life, she said also with a sneer, 'The first child that is born shall be fathered on you, and you shall not be the father of it.' When I am dead and gone, there is no one here who will say that I harmed a hair of her head. If Martin Joy were here he would not deny what I say about him. Let my parents visit me, and let my friends visit me and pray with me, in the condemned cell, and let me then rise to the throne of God and be judged by our Lord Jesus Christ. I shall then see her where no man can tear her from me. I hope the Lord will pardon my sins, and take me before the time appointed for my execution into a better world. I say candidly that Martin Joy has been the ruin of my life, that might have been comfortable and happy."

The poor wretch then fell, in a fainting condition, into the arms of the warders. The scene in court during the delivery of this address was indescribable. Every one present was visibly affected, and the women who thronged the gallery sobbed aloud. As soon as the emotion had in some measure subsided, the learned Judge passed sentence of death upon the prisoner.

FRIGHTFUL MURDER IN A THEATRE.— Philadelphia, April 3.—An unfortunate affair occurred at a concert saloon last night. A cyprian was shot dead in a private box by her lover, who fired three balls through her. The house was closed on account of the occurrence.

☞ Eight persons have been executed at Port au Prince for murdering and devouring a child.

Fatal Alpine Excursion.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 28, a young Russian gentleman, M. B——, and an English, Mr. G——, set out on an Alpine ascent of some difficulty. Accompanied by four guides, and well provided with all the necessaries for a similar excursion, they left Sion at 3 o'clock a.m., and proceeded to a village called Ardon, whence they commenced the ascension of the Dent d'Ardon.

Owing to the heat of the sun and under the influence of the warm wind which prevailed, the snow was exceedingly soft, and on nearing the summit it became almost impossible to advance. Still persevering, however, in their hazardous enterprise, the travellers waded, so to say, through the yielding snow, when suddenly the mass on which they were gave way and dashed down the side of the mountain with fearful velocity. At the time of the accident all were properly attached to a new rope, made on purpose for the ascent. In some unaccountable manner the rope snapped in two places during the descent, so that when the avalanche reached the valley below, after a side of 600 mitres, or 1,800 feet, the travellers were no longer roped together. The two gentlemen and one of the guides were entirely buried in the snow, another guide partly so, and the only two uninjured were the remaining guides, who were attached to the two ends of the rope.

Notwithstanding the most heroic efforts of these two men, only two of the party could be got out in time to save their lives. M. B——was found dead in a recumbent position with his head downwards, and it was only after two days' continued search that the missing guide's body was found.

This sad affair has thrown a gloom over the surrounding neighborhood, and those who knew M. B——will long remember the deep impression that his untimely fate has left behind. The funeral took place on the 3rd inst., at Lausanne, in the Ouchy burial ground.

It is but right to add that the inhabitants of the Valais took the most kindly interest in the affair, and had it not been for their prompt and eager assistance the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers would most likely still have been where they were buried alive.—*London Times*

Frightful Death of a Young Lady.

The Carlisle *Examiner* of March 2nd says:—On Monday afternoon, a terrible fatality happened to a young lady, who, in company with a small party of friends, was inspecting the machinery in the mill of Messrs. Joseph Robinson & Co., biscuit manufacturers, Denton Mill, in this city. She was a Miss Mary Nelson, of Waile, a village near to Lowther, and her companions were Mr. Burrows, to whom, we believe, she was engaged to be married in a week or two, Mr. Atkinson, who is a friend the unfortunate young lady was. In their course through the basement floor of the mill, Miss Nelson's attention was attracted by an Archimedean screw, which collects the wheat after it is ground, previous to its passing into the elevators, and which is guarded by a strong brass rod breast high.—It is surmised that she was stooping down, and her expanding crinoline was thus caught in the wheels; but this is not known positively, for she was a little in the rear of the visitors.

Suddenly, however, they were arrested by a frightful shriek from the young lady, and when they started round, they saw her in the iron grasp of the revolving wheels. Mr. Burrows clasped his affianced round the waist, and tried to rescue her from the terrible situation, but it was in vain; the steel of her crinoline was indented and welded in the machinery, and it was hopeless to struggle with such an indomitable power. She was dragged in by a leg, and whirled round again and again; in truth, she was torn and mangled and rent in less than a second. Her legs were broken and crushed to fragments; so were her arms; and the lower part of her body was torn so frightfully as to make the sight sickening and a description impossible. All this was within two minutes of their entry through the mill gates. Her body lies at the Melbourne Arms, awaiting the inquest, which will be held to day. Looked at in any light, the event is unspeakably melancholy; and it may be set down as another in the black list of the arch destroyer—Crinoline.

GARIBALDI EXPECTED IN LONDON.—The illustrious Italian hero may be expected to arrive in London in the course of the next or following week. On Thursday last Signor Casta, a distinguished Italian exile residing at Chelsea, officially communicated to the Secretary of the Trades Garibaldi Demonstrations Committee (a committee formed about twelve months since, consisting of delegates from trade societies to give a public welcome to Garibaldi, who was at that time expected) that the General would be in London by the end of the present month at the latest. On receipt of this communication the secretary at once telegraphed to Caprera, and received reply to the effect that Garibaldi had left the island, it was believed *en route* for England. It, therefore, no untoward circumstances intervene, the English public will be enabled to welcome one of the most noble and disinterested men of the present time in a few days. The Demonstrations Committee have been called together for the early part of the next week, to organise the proceedings, which, it is intended, shall consist of a public entry into London, and a banquet, probably at the Crystal Palace. The Third London Volunteers have, through their commandant, Major Richards, consented to act as a guard of honor to Garibaldi on the occasion.—*London Observer, March 20th.*

Arrival of the Persia.

NEW YORK, April 6.—The Persia, from Liverpool on the 26th and Queenstown on the 27th ult., has arrived. The London *Shipping Gazette's* Paris correspondent writes that the finance minister had an interview on Friday afternoon with Mr. Glynn respecting the Mexican loan, and that in the evening a gentleman of the financial department was to leave for Miramar to obtain Maximilian's signature to the decree. The impression in Paris is that the proposition for the bondholders of 1851 is really not unfavorable.

Sir Francis Baring will retire from the representation of Portsmouth at the next general election. The privateer Georgia arrived at Bordeaux on the 28th of March.

LIVERPOOL, March 26, evening—To-day has been a complete holiday, and there was no markets, except the Stock Exchange. The London journals of to day contain nothing important.

The Persia passed the Pennsylvania, for Liverpool, off Kinsale. She brings 100 passengers, including the Duke and Duchess of Arlot. The London *Times*, editorially, contends the Federal armies will this year be made subservient to electioneering purposes, rather than the object of war. It is reported that Queen Victoria will soon emerge from her seclusion, by shortly holding state receptions. A mass meeting at Blackheath, near London, adopted resolutions in favor of English intervention for Poland. The Russian staff at Warsaw has been transferred to the camp near Kalish. The Russians were barricading the principal railroad stations. It is reported that great coolness has arisen between Russia and France—the former having acquired the conviction that France is plotting mischief in European Turkey.

☞ When conversing with your female acquaintance upon family matters, studiously abstain from picking holes in your husband's coat. Rather devote yourself to the more amiable and wifely task of repairing breeches.

Mr. Sam Cowell is lying helplessly ill in the little village of Blandfered, Dorsetshire. Mr. Quirk, the rector of the place, is unremitting in his spiritual dispensation to him, and poor Sam seems entirely resigned to the great change that must come, sooner or later, to all.

The Earl of Carlisle (lord Lieutenant of Ireland) has written to Hackett, the American actor, intimating that it would probably strengthen the kindly feeling which ought to exist between the two nations speaking the English language, if America would join with England in the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Shakespeare.

A COW KILLED BY A CAT.—On Thursday last a cow owned by Mr. Marshall Morrison of Port Dalhousie, was quietly taking her noon *siesta* on the street near his residence "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," when some boys were playing near by, conceived the idea of having some fun by tying a cat to the animal's udder, and catching a cat they proceeded to put their scheme into execution. As soon as the cat was fastened, the boys left, and the cat endeavored to follow their example, when the tension on her tail caused her to scratch the cow, which immediately jumped up and commenced running and bellowing at a fearful rate, the cat all the time scratching and biting the udder and legs and this continued until the cow fell down from exhaustion and cut in a most fearful manner, when the cat was liberated. The cow died next day, Friday. The owner of the cow threatens to sue the parents of the boys for damages, as he considers it unjust that he should lose the value of the animal through the mischievous pranks of lads who require more gad and less liberty.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

SHODDY.—A set of noted sharpers, hailing from London, England, under the names of Knell and Pearson, having been perambulating the County of Renfrew, from Arprior upwards, and victimising the liege in all imaginary ways. They have been selling every description of cloth, at fabulously low prices, pocketing large amounts of cash, and making a promise of bringing any quantity of Brussels carpeting at the low figure of 1s.3d. per yard. In the meantime they have disposed of large quantities of cloth, which, upon being examined by competent judges, proved to be the worst description of shoddy, manufactured for the purpose. They have not returned, although they promised to be back last week with the Brussels carpeting, of which they had really a good specimen.

The Fenian Brotherhood Discountenanced.

The *Fenian* is the title of a paper published at Chicago, as the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood. In its second number, just issued, is a long account of an interview between a committee of the Brotherhood and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Chicago.—The latter discouraged the enterprise of the 'brethern' of the order, and the colloquy wound up thus:

Com.—Well, Bishop, is there no way in which our society can be made in consonance with the laws of the Church?

Bishop—Your object is illegal, and until you abandon that object, nothing can be done.

Com.—Our object is the overthrow of British rule in Ireland. Must we give up that?

Bishop—I have said your object was illegal.

Com.—Must we consent to abandon our intention of striking the British government if an opportunity should offer?

Bishop—Yes; even the British government.

Com.—We have spoken of Poland. The national government of Poland is one of the most incurable societies which has ever existed on the face of the earth. It condemns a man to death, and immediately he is found stabbed or put to death in some mysterious manner. No man knows even the names of those who comprise the government, and yet the Archbishop of Ireland, who is most opposed to us in his letter to the Polish committee in Dublin, apologizes for the small amount he sends to aid the cause of Poland. The Cardinals, and even our Holy Father, the Pope, offer up their prayers for the success of the Poles.

Bishop—If they are secret they will fail.—Nothing good ever came from secret societies.

Com.—We are detaining you longer than we expected. Allow us to ask the question: Must we, in your opinion, give up the idea of overthrowing British domination in Ireland, in order to be reconciled to the Church?

Bishop—The British government is a legal government, and it is a crime against the Church to attempt to subvert the existing state of society.

Com.—Are we to understand that the British government in Ireland is a legal government, and it is a crime against the Church to attempt to overthrow that Government in Ireland?

Bishop—Well, yes.

This closed the interview.

Colonization Scheme in New Zealand.

By the last advices from New Zealand, we learn that the land belonging to the insurgent natives is to be confiscated, and that about eight million acres are already considered to have been forfeited. The government proposes to turn this land to advantage at once by establishing upon it 20,000 military settlers. Every native, who comes in of his own accord, and loyally submits to the Queen's authority, is to have a Crown grant of 100 acres of good land. The military settlers will each receive fifty acres of good land, and an allotment of one acre in the nearest government townships. The rest of the land will be sold to defray the costs of the war. By these means it is hoped that the country will be rapidly pacified and settled; that the political power of the Maories will be entirely destroyed; and that the Maories themselves will become gradually absorbed into the political system of the colony. Agents of good position are to be appointed to promote the scheme in England. The New Zealand Parliament has already passed the necessary measures for carrying out this important object. One of these measures empowers the government to borrow £3,000,000 on the security of the general revenue of the country. Of this, £1,000,000 is to be expended in suppressing the rebellion; the remainder is to cover the half million loan of 1852, and to be spent also in the establishment of the military settlements, in surveys, the construction of roads and bridges, and other permanent works and in the introduction of 15,000 military settlers with their wives and families.—An electric telegraph is also to be laid down at the cost of £150,000, from Dunedin, Otago, through the Middle Island, and under Cook's Straits. These undertakings are to be charged against the forfeited land, except the first and last named. The act of confiscation has been passed by the New Zealand Legislature, and now awaits the sanction of the Imperial authorities.

☞ Detriot has been making a raid upon the clairvoyant mediums in that city.

☞ A woman aged one hundred and twenty one years has just died in Rome.

☞ The Rothschilds have arranged for the purchase of all the Italian railways.

☞ A monument has been erected at Dhurmsala, India over the grave of Lord Elgin.

☞ A new Protestant version of the Scriptures is in the course of publication at Paris.

☞ The French *savans* express the full belief in the practicability of aerial navigation.

The musical people of Stoke, Newcastle, and many localities of the North, have been much astonished and delighted with Master Willie Pape, the American pianist, who is styled a prodigy.

☞ Motto for the rose in June, "Well, I'm blowed." For the asparagus in July, "Cut and come again." For the marrowfat in August "Shell out." For the apple in September, "Go it my pippins." For the cabbage in November, "My heart is sound: my heart is my own."

THE QUEBEC MERCURY.—The London *Free Press* understands that Mr. George Sheppard has resigned the editorial chair of the Quebec *Mercury*. Mr. J. Blackburn will assume the editorship, transforming the paper from a morning to an evening issue.

The Solicitor General East.

The Bar of Quebec is up in arms, respecting Mr. Langevin's appointment as Solicitor General with what reason I know not, says the Quebec correspondent of the *Witness*. The common objection to him is, that he is a briefless limb of the law, and would not have been appointed but for fear of consequences. When the Speaker could not be induced to vacate the chair, Mr. Langevin put his claims for office in such a shape as could not be resisted by a Ministry which only claims to have sixty five votes in a House of one hundred and thirty.

A capital sell came off at a masquerade ball recently in Boston. Two wealthy merchants were paying their devotion to a young lady in mask, each striving for the largest place in her affections. The time for raising the masks arrived, both suitors were clinging to the arms of their charmer—when lo! the fascinating fair one proved to be a boy employed in their own establishment.

A Hopeless Case.

The *Times* speaking of the result of the Danish war thus far, says:—"It is thus that the Danes without as yet having won the chances of a decisive encounter, have in the unfortunate war suffered losses which their inferiority of numbers render almost irreparable. It is calculated that no less than 500 men were put *hors de combat* at Missunde, Bustrup, and other combats at the Dannewerk; about 1,000