

as any fluids remained in the body. The difficulties in the way of detecting cases of poisoning were, therefore, not so great as had been supposed.

PALMER, OF RUGELEY.—The *Norfolk Chronicle* states that a few years ago a young man named Bly, residing near Beccles, who had formed an unfortunate connection with the turf accepted an invitation from William Palmer to spend a short time with him at his residence at Rugeley. He had not, however, been there many days when his wife received a letter from Palmer, stating that her husband was dangerously ill. She immediately proceeded to Rugeley, and on her arrival at Palmer's house he tried to persuade her not to see her husband. She succeeded, however, in having an interview with him, and he told her he believed he was dying; and expressing contrition for his ill-spent life, stated, that in the event of his death, she was to apply to Palmer for £800 which he owed him. He died shortly afterwards, and after his funeral Mrs. Bly related the conversation. Palmer replied that it was only a proof of the state of mind in which the deceased had died, for instead of his owing him £800 it was just the reverse, the money being due from the deceased to him. He added that he should never have applied to Mrs. Bly for it, if she had not mentioned the subject to him.

MURDER OF A WHOLE FAMILY.—In Westminster, on Sunday a man described by the police as being about thirty four years of age, and of repulsive aspect, presented himself at Bow street station, with a particular request that he might see the Inspector on duty. He was at once introduced to Mr. Inspector Dodd, to whom he stated with the most profound coolness, that he had murdered his wife. The accused murderer said that his name was William Bowsfield, that he resided at No. 4, Portland street, Soho square, that he was by trade a news vendor and tobacconist, that he had that morning killed his wife by stabbing her in the neck, with a chisel, and that, in consequence of that act, he was desirous of delivering himself into the hands of justice. This statement having been duly entered, Inspector Dodd proceeded to Portland street for the purpose of instituting further inquiries. It was then discovered that not only had Bowsfield murdered his wife, but also his three children, aged respectively six years, four years, and eight months. It is said that lately Bowsfield had become jealous of his wife, but the neighbors generally are at a loss to account for the dreadful act. He has for some time been engaged in various theatres as an extra. His idleness and neglect of business led to various disputes with his wife, who was often heard to designate him a worthless, idle fellow. A coroner's inquest resulted in the committal of the prisoner for trial.

CHILD MURDER.—Not above a week ago we reported a case of child murder in Pollokshaws district, and we have now to notice another that has occurred there on Sunday last. In this case, as in the former, the infant seems to have been deprived of life as soon as it was born. There were no marks of violence on the body, but the umbilical cord was untied, and if not otherwise deprived of life, it must soon have expired through loss of blood. The body, which was that of a fine full-grown male child, had been thrown over the church-yard wall in Pollokshaws, and was there found on Sunday afternoon, wrapped up in some wretched rags, with particles of rotten straw adhering to them. An investigation was instantly made, and a report of the case transmitted to the county officials at Paisley, and a medical inspection of the body has since taken place. The county police are on the alert, and as the crime of infanticide is now of such frequent occurrence in Renfrewshire, their utmost vigilance should be exerted to detect the murderers, and we hope soon to hear of their success.—*Northern Times*.

OUR ENGLISH SUPERIORITY.—An Englishman is dreadfully proud and self-conceited, which subjects him to faults, and when he is told of them no man feels the pain more sensitively. We like to hear it said that England is the greatest nation on the earth, the British navy the finest in the world, and our army the most courageous that ever fought. Why are the articles in the *Times* and other papers read with such zest? merely because they generally pander to our vanity, lauding our country and most things in it. Now I do not mean to dispute the assertion that ours is the greatest nation in existence; but, at the same time, we must bear in mind that our resources are such that we have not the universal greatness—that superiority in everything that we would desire. I have been led to these remarks by the fact, that cannot be disguised by any who have been in the Crimea, of the universal contempt with which we are looked upon by our Allies. It is not so much in words for the officers are too polite to let us hear their opinion, although the soldiers may daily be heard applying the epithets "cochon," "bête," "canaille," &c., to us; but in their actions towards the English, this feeling is expressed clearer than by words. The Frenchman always pushes himself forward before the Englishman, and in everything takes the lead. But let us ask ourselves the home question, do we deserve this treatment? Unfortunately we do: when our Allies show 200,000 men out here without much effect, and we, by straining every nerve, can barely keep up an army of 30,000; is not this sufficient to form a basis for contempt from the martial soldiery of France? The difference, too, in the appearance of our men is again sufficient to make all but the English laugh. Our soldiers appear as ludicrous to the French as the Turks do to us. We seem to be playing at war; our Allies are at war in reality. We find a department not equal to its demand, so we patch it up with a hundred doctors for temporary use, or a few cargoes of fur coats. The French, seeing the civilian surgeons and uncouth habiliments, think we are indeed a little nation, and wonder how they ever thought so much of us. Never, however, were they more mistaken in their lives, but it takes our unfortunate country so many years to put out its strength, that others think we have not any to put forth. As to courage, we must remember that the French have given memorable proofs of that quality; the Russians, have, to our cost, shown that they possess it; the Sardinians did not run away at the battle of the Tchernaya; and the Turks won Silistria and Kars. Have we done more than this? These allusions have been painful to me, but are necessary, and I hope I may be able to see the days when the French will apply the terms "cochon," "bête," "canaille," to others and not the English.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*.

A correspondent of the *Northern Times*—a Scotch Catholic paper published in Glasgow—draws the following, not very flattering, picture of British civilization, and Protestant morality, in the XIX. century: "I will only give one or two cases of infanticide

which occurred within the last two or three weeks.—Ann Gail, charged before the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on the 21st ult., with having given birth to an illegitimate child, and afterwards murdering it; the remains being found in the coal-cellar; the legs were cut off, and the head nearly severed from the body. And a new-born child was discovered lying dead near Strathbungo, having been left alive by its unnatural mother. The last I will cite is the case of Mary Muldon, a bleacher at Loundsdale, near Paisley, and her mother, who are in prison, charged with taking away the life of a child, son of the younger prisoner, born on Saturday the 19th Jan. Then there are failures by banks, and bankruptcies—of which there are in every copy of the *Herald* numerous cases—of our most extensive and respectable mercantile and manufacturing establishments, such as iron foundries, lace, sewed muslin, and various other manufacturers, druggists, &c., &c. And, besides the disastrous effects which such wholesale failures must inevitably entail upon the public generally, as well as their victims, very many of whom, doubtless, have become bankrupt more than once previously, there are also thousands of both known and unknown, ways and means resorted to, to cozen and defraud the public, both high and low, as all are necessarily more or less consumers of certain manufactured articles. In proof of which I will refer you to an article inserted in the columns of your paper of the 26th ult., written by a correspondent of the *Times*, 'Amicus,' making some pretty disclosures of the dishonesty practised by some of the large manufacturers on the public. Space does not permit me here to give many quotations from 'Amicus.' He gives, however, the following strong facts regarding various manufactured articles, such as Birmingham jewellery, broad cloths, cottons, tapes, threads, &c., all of which are to an awful extent deteriorated both in composition, texture, material, quality, and measure. And this system of false materials, false measures, and false qualities extends to almost every other kind of manufactured goods. "Cloths sold as 7-8th wide, now measures only 27 inches; and a cloth which professes to be a yard and a quarter, is in truth barely a yard. And bunches of tape stamped 9 yards, measures 7 or 8; linen thread weighs 12 to 14 oz. to the pound. Reels or bobbins of thread professes to hold 300 yards, made by the most respectable makers," mark you, "measures 260 or 270. The reel known as the Paisley Reel, No. 1, professes to be 100 yards, measures 60; No. 2, marked—Sons, Manchester, Paisley Quality, 300 yards measures only 176; No. 3, green ticket, marked Paisley Sewing Thread, 3000 yards, and made at Paisley, measures only 150; No. 4 is labelled on gold tickets, 'Persian Thread, Six Cord, and Warranted 200 yards'—the truth is, it measures 100 yards, and is only three cord; No. 5 is the 'Royal British Thread,' ticketed 100 yards—it measures exactly 25." Your people certainly have a liberty, and exercise it too, which no people of any other land under heaven enjoys. A great proportion seem to be impressed with the conviction that they have a liberty, and perhaps a commission for slaying or for poisoning all or any who may come within their reach. It seems to be the order of the day; even in broad day light, in the highways, and in their own private dwellings, as well as in the night in lanes and secret places murder reigns supreme; the state of society is such that the people have not only to guard against the foe from without, but every family seems almost to have their enemies among themselves—perhaps their most dangerous enemy dips their hands in the same dish with you—perhaps the partner of your bosom, your best beloved son, or fondly cherished daughter—your family physician, or some near relative or most intimate friends, or associates, &c., &c. "Men are afraid to eat or drink with their nearest relatives, lest there be poison in the cup or on the plate. Lest my statement might not be relied on, I will give you the testimony of a witness, and one not very likely to be prejudiced in the case, and who certainly cannot be contradicted, for his ideas, his own words, he gives the facts—irrefragable facts, enumerating the most important cases of crime which occurred during the month of December 1855. The *Civil Service Gazette*, an English journal. He says, "No language but that of Divine inspiration alone can describe it." It is 'the abomination of desolation,' 'the spirit of murder is abroad and crime and dark deeds are desolating the land.' 'This is the iron age.' 'Oh it is horrible.' 'The *Times* should be printed in red ink with a black border.' 'We clasp to our bosoms the copper faced savages of Patagonia, while our own people are rotting in ignorance and steeped to the lips in crime.'"

A TOURNAMENT WITH THE SAINTS.—We had hoped that last year's demonstration in Hyde Park against the Saints would have satisfied them that their interference in matters concerning the public weal and comfort was anything but grateful to the palate of those opposed to intolerance. Blind as owls, and deaf to reason, these used-up fogies are again on the move to obstruct the onward march of mind, and bring the world back to those "good old times," when for religion's sake, or rather to compel men to be religious, persons were burnt at the stake or suffered divers other punishments too horrible to relate. The country must have a joint with these resuscitated mawworms. Their interference must not be tolerated any longer. If they are content to be shut-up all day upon cold meat and pump water, let them indulge their fancy. No one will interfere or annoy them. Why, therefore, should they annoy others by standing up and declaring that no one shall have a drop of beer, a pipe of tobacco, or a joint of hot meat for a Sunday's dinner, on the ground that everybody ought to go to church, and that their absence from it involves their eternal welfare. This may be their opinion, but it is not the opinion of others; it is not the opinion of the majority of the country, by which society ought to be ruled; and nothing but offering a determined front to the Sabbatarians will beat them out of the field, into which they have entered heart and soul during the last week, in order to oppose by petition and otherwise, Sir Joshua Walmesley's motion, which stands for the 19th instant for opening the public galleries and British Museum on Sundays. We have some hope that this motion will receive considerable support. We are not sanguine enough to believe that it will be carried, because we do not imagine that the House of Commons is yet sufficiently enlightened or relieved from the trammels of party, to speak the real sentiments of their mind on the subject; but, in the sequel, the Government must comply with the expressed wish of the nation, if it really have a desire to elevate the human race above the standard of positive barbarism. Open the British Museum; open the portals of the public galleries and exhibitions; let the

grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham be thrown open for the recreation of the inhabitants of London, and the palace itself to those who delight in the fine arts, and we venture to say that drunkenness and debauchery would sensibly decrease, and our population rise in the scale of respectability, in a manner never before known; but which never can take place while the aristocracy are allowed every indulgence, and the middling and working classes are the constant objects of attack by those who think that the Legislature can make them religious and sober, or otherwise. Should Sir Joshua Walmesley's motion fail, Mr. Vincent Scully will move that the West-end Clubs be closed entirely on the Lord's Day. Things have positively arrived at this pass, that the rich should be taught to know that they must no longer legislate for themselves. The people require indulgences, and they will have them. They will not be denied a draught of beer or ale at the public-house, while the aristocracy may drink from morning till night, and go home drunk on the Sabbath from their clubs, without police interference—without those domiciliary visits to which the publican is subject, if he neglect to close his house as the clock strikes the hour of 12. Now is the time for the working classes to be up and stirring. Meetings should be held in every district, merely to show that they disapprove of dishonest legislation, and that Mawworm interference ought to be laughed to scorn in the Houses of Parliament, where, unfortunately, there are still a great number of respectable elderly ladies in pantaloons, who believe the world will soon be at an end if the masses are allowed the slightest indulgence. With these people the public must make war, and the end will be victory.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

UNITED STATES.

PROFANE LANGUAGE.—We can scarcely leave our humble domicile and enter on the crowded thoroughfares of the city before our ears are stunned by the most profane language issuing from the mouths of old and young. This evil is now so wide-spread and deeply rooted that it appears more than a herculean task to attempt to remedy it. Difficult though it may be, we will not hesitate an essay, not indeed, that we think we will be able to accomplish much of ourselves but by calling the attention of the ably conducted journals of the country to the subject, they, by their learning and influence may effect much good. It is astonishing in a community, professedly Christian, to find such a gross and so constant a violation of this commandment of God. Our whole country is deluged with tracts and mutilated bibles; our cities and towns crowded with meeting-houses; and between local preachers, itinerants, colporteurs and deaconesses, there is not a hole or corner in the land, from the penitentiary and almshouse to the dome-covered audience chambers, which are thoroughly preached at both by day and night; yet, what are the results?—Nothing, nay, worse than nothing. These people—we mean the so-called ministers of the Gospel of both genders, have not a divine commission to preach the word of God, hence his grace does not accompany their teaching, and hence the unfortunate results which follow. They tell you at their Anniversary Meetings how many tracts have been distributed—particularly among the *Romantics*—but what good have these tracts effected. The more they multiply their tracts, the more they hold their protracted meetings, the more vice seems to (aye and does) spread and cover the land. The *New York Freeman's Journal* has told us what a mockery, an impious delusion and a snare is their "Five Points Mission-house" yet that same enterprise is the most successful of their speculations. They send missionaries to the Hindoo and the Hottentot in foreign climes; but the Hindoo at their door they seek not to reclaim, nay, the political Hindoo they will flatter, and bow down before him; if he will but give them three dollars a day in a Massachusetts, or eight dollars a day in a national legislature. When so many of these self-styled Ministers of Christ have bound themselves by impious oaths, calling God to witness their readiness to do the work of Satan, by persecuting the righteous and the just; by depriving good citizens of their lawful rights; by putting on the works of darkness; by walking by the light of dark lanterns and not honestly as in the day; become members of smelling committees; revelling in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and impurities, so that their name is a Hissing and a scorn; so word that their children and their flocks should, follow in their footsteps, become a disgrace to the nation and to humanity. As they are, so must, so will be their followers. This vice of profane swearing and blasphemy seems to have become almost national. No people professes more outward religion than the people of this country, and no people, as a people, is more profane. It is a vice which pervades every class and every rank of society, from the school-boy (yes, and not unfrequently the school-girl) to the senator, the leader of armies, and the First Magistrate of the Union—not the present one, who is a moral man—but more than one preceding him.—*Philadelphia Catholic Instructor*.

Yes, we have a very clear understanding that the object of the *Express* is to proscribe the foreigner, to hold in contempt the Irishman, and to make the American people look upon the Catholic religion as a dangerous element in the State, whose disciples are governed by a divided allegiance. This is the policy of the Native American Party, whose principles the *Express* propounds with earnestness and ability.—*Irish American*.

The *Montreal Herald* gives the following:—"Curious Statistics.—It is estimated that the clergy cost the United States six million dollars per year; the criminals, twelve millions; the dogs ten millions; and the lawyers, thirty-five millions. According to this statement, friend Jonathan pays twice as much for his criminals; nearly twice as much for his dogs; and six times as much for his lawyers, as he does for his clergy."

GROSS SUPERSTITION.—At the execution of Hubbard, a few days ago, in Wabash county, in this State, for the murder of the French family, after he was entirely dead, the enclosure was taken down and more than five hundred persons went in and touched him, giving their reasons for so doing that it would in the future protect them from witchcraft. The rope that he was hung with, the crowd afterwards took, cut up in small pieces, and divided it out among them to act as a charm in protecting them from ague and other diseases. Surely this is the quintessence of superstition.—*Terre Haute, Ind. Express*.

"AMERICAN PROGRESS."—We take the following from our nativist neighbor the *Evening News*. It needs no comment from us:—"Will Democracy do for Northern Cities?—This question is being seriously put and earnestly investigated by the Northern press. Eighty years of experiment have not yet, it seems, solved the problem of man's capacity for self-government, under all circumstances, and the terrible throes visible in New York city society as this tremendous question approximates a final solution, have filled trembling believers in pure Democracy with despondency, and modified the uncalculating zeal of those enthusiasts who have made Liberty almost synonymous with License. It would be sad and discouraging to humanity to find that universal suffrage should be proved a humbug, and free-government a farce, in the very centres of a boasted civilization. Yet late developments in the governmental department of New York city, and the tone of the press in its courtments thereon, are preparing us to expect a complete revolution, if not in the Society, at least in the Government of Northern cities. It would be a weary and tedious task to enumerate the evils which press, like a horrid nightmare, on the bosom of Society in New York, and prey, like a Promethean vulture, on the diseased heart of the body politic, checking the exultations of the sanguine believers in the perfection of developed human virtue, by ghastly sneers at a joy that may yet be found to have been premature. The intelligent and substantial classes of that city, who have more interest in the stability and integrity of its government, become more and more deeply immersed in their own private affairs, and more and more neglectful of public interests, leaving the latter to be cared for by those who have not talent, honesty, and intelligence enough to succeed in honourable business, but possess, in a shocking degree, that combination of trickery, impudence and recklessness which insures success in politics. The consequence is, New York is completely governed by rowdies, ruffians, pimps and scoundrels. It is, in short, a ruffian-ocracy.—Fighting bullies, who, at a brandish of their bravest fist, find a compact class of voting and electioneering followers at their backs, control all elections, and make candidates for most dignified and responsible stations their fawning sycophants. The bullies are not so witless as to neglect their own interests, and if a City Judge, Magistrate, or Alderman gets the support of themselves and their hordes, it is only by a disgusting and indecent bargain by which the official sells his future favor for the bullies' votes. Thieves and burglars secure connivance at their crimes by the promise of hearty support of the Judge in the next election; wealthy keepers of gambling houses have their hot and hissing hells winked at by the officers of justice by the annual payment of a sum which, while it is liberal to the recipient, is a trifle to them; and huge dens of prostitution are allowed to be the unmolested scenes of the most shocking depravity and infamy, because, forsooth, Aldermen are uncharged customers of, and, sometimes partners in, them. A month since, a City Judge, in New York, was tried and convicted by the public, if not by the jury, of accepting a bribe from a prostitute for the release of her paramour from prison. The other day a City Magistrate was tried and convicted of a similar corruption in releasing a culprit on straw bail, and now the Street Commissioner is on trial for trickery, in giving the job of cleaning the street to a man, who gave the Commissioner \$40,000 for his friendly regard.

We clip the following from that eminently Protestant paper, *The Journal of Commerce*:—"The Latter Day Saints who arrived at this port on Saturday, in the ship John J. Boyd, are mostly Danes, with a small sprinkling of Norwegians, a few Italians from the Protestant valley of Piedmont, and two Icelanders. They are stout, hearty-looking people, with an expression of intelligence above that of the average European immigrants. The greater number are agriculturists, though the trades are well represented. The ship load is said to be only the forerunner of an immense Mormon immigration which we may look for next Spring. The emissaries from Great Salt Lake are reported to have been very successful in making proselytes in Norway, Denmark, and Switzerland. In Denmark alone they have fifty traveling ministers, and several hundred local elders. They meet with occasional opposition from the municipal authorities in some places; but this, as is usually the case, has only served to excite the sympathy of the lower classes in their favor. One member of the company by the John J. Boyd was imprisoned eight months, and subjected to many privations, in a town of Denmark. It is estimated that about 10,000 converts will be landed here, this season, mostly from the sources above named. It is satisfactory to know that they are able to pay their passages here, that they generally bring a little money into the country." We direct particular attention to two facts recorded in the above. First, that the foreign acquisition to Mormonism is exclusively derived from Protestant countries, such as the benighted States of Northern Europe, where Catholicity is proscribed, and from that portion of Italy where Protestantism has gained a foothold, and where the traditions of the degraded Albigensian heresy yet lingers in the minds of the Protestants of the valley of Piedmont. Second, that the pious, evangelical, and sanctimonious *Journal of Commerce* comforts itself with the reflection that this brutal and anti-Christian horde possesses some worldly means. Such is the low estimate that Protestantism places on Christianity. Poverty, in its eyes, is the unpardonable sin, and Christian morals of very slight consideration in comparison to dollars.—*N. Y. Freeman*.

U. G. R. R.—We understand that forty seven fugitives have been dispatched to Canada by the Underground Railroad: since the commencement of the fugitive case now pending before United States Commissioner Pendery. A friend in Covington has told us of an extraordinary fugitive case, which may have made one of the above number. The fugitive was an old woman, nearly seventy years of age, who had been confined to her room with rheumatism for some months, during which she had been waited upon assiduously and tenderly by her mistress. She had only been able to go about for two or three weeks, and chose the very coldest weather we have had for her flight. The enthusiasm among the slaves must be high if it reaches persons of her class.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

A remarkable fact contained in the abstracts of births in Massachusetts in 1854 is the great increase of children of foreign parents. Of the 32,000 born, but 16,470 were of American parents, while 14,000 were of parents one or both foreigners—and the increase from foreign parents was more than twice what it was from native parents.