

MARSHAL MACMAHON.—The Dublin correspondent of the *Irish-American* writes:—"The Rev. Father Lavelle, who, as I have mentioned in a previous letter, took with him to Paris a handsome and costly watch, to be presented, from Mr. Donegan, of Dame street, Dublin, to the illustrious Marshal MacMahon, has returned to Dublin. He did not present the gift, for he was advised by some of the friends of Ireland, at Paris, that it would be better to keep it until itself and the sword of Honor could be presented together. To this view Father Lavelle agreed; but, nevertheless, he resolved on proceeding to the headquarters of the Marshal and having an interview with him. Accordingly, he got a letter of introduction and started off for Chalons. Arrived there, he sent forward his letters, and was not kept two minutes waiting, when the Marshal made his appearance, and received the rev. gentleman with a right hearty welcome. He asked how matters were getting on in Ireland. Father Lavelle answered, they were getting on very badly; that people in some parts of the country were dying of hunger; and that the government had refused to give them any relief. Whereupon the Marshal seemed much affected, and said it was pitiful. Father Lavelle then spoke of the sword, and told him that it was near completion, and that he had seen it. The Marshal's eyes, he says, actually brightened at this intelligence, and he seemed delighted while talking of the sword, which he said his compatriots in Ireland were so good as to offer him. Father Lavelle then told him of the watch, and showed it to him; and the Marshal seemed equally pleased with it; but he reminded Father Lavelle that the permission of the Emperor would be necessary before he could accept of any gift from persons resident out of France, when the reverend gentleman told him that permission would be applied for, and that it was intended to present the watch at the same time with the sword. The Marshal seemed highly pleased; he pressed the reverend gentleman to take refreshments, and on his requesting it, wrote his autograph for him on a slip of his official paper: after which they bade each other good bye; both seemed highly gratified at the interview. The Rev. Father says that the Marshal strongly resembles the portrait of him published at the *Nation* office; but does not look so stern. He appears to be of a genial, cheerful disposition, and his manners are most perfect and polished. There can be no doubt that he will be delighted when he receives the sword, which ought to be in about a fortnight, or, at farthest, three weeks time."

A French nobleman of great wealth, a very devoted Catholic, takes a great interest in the movement, and has offered to pay the expenses of some thousands of the gallant Irishmen out to Rome. The emigration is, of course, more or less disagreeable to the anti-Catholic party in France; but they are only a few, while by the great Catholic mass of the nation Ireland is regarded with a wonderfully increased affection for her ready and generous aid in men and money to the Holy Father.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS FOR THE POPE.—They will do their duty well, we doubt not, these volunteers from Erin. But they will have hard work to do, nevertheless, for the reputation of the old Irish Brigade is so enormous in European history, that these young fellows (if called into the fight) will have to perform miracles of valor to seem even worthy of their heroic predecessors. Alas! even our own history—the history of England—gives grim evidence what terrible foes the Irish, whom our infamous misgovernment in former days drove into exile, proved against us on the battle-fields of Europe. On that bloody day of Fontenoy, when the army of King Louis fell back discomfited before the resolute front of our British troops, and Cumberland seemed to have the victory in his hand, it was the Irish Brigade that rushed headlong upon the English ranks with clubbed muskets, broke utterly our solid lines, and absolutely trampled the flower of our soldiery under foot. No wonder that, on that disastrous day, King George of England should have exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart, "My curse upon the laws that have robbed me of such subjects." And not only in France, and Spain, and Germany, have those Irish warriors made themselves famous, but in Italy too. More than a century and a half ago a handful of them, in an Italian town, changed the destinies of Europe. Here is the story, as briefly told by a Dublin contemporary:—"On the 1st February, 1702, Villeroi, the French Commander-in-Chief, was in Cremona. Amongst his troops he had a couple of regiments of Irish peasants under one Mr. O'Mahoney. The great Prince Eugene and the Germans, who had Irish officers in their service, too, surprised the town at night, and captured the Commander-in-Chief himself. These 'Irish peasants' were in bed at the time; but the sound of the fighting woke them up; they jumped out of their beds, seized their arms, rushed out (these mad harem-scareen Irish peasants) in their shirts, met and routed the almost victorious foe, to the despair of the great Eugene." Such were the Irish volunteers of old. We are sure the brave volunteers who rally round the Pope to-day will prove themselves worthy of their matchless forefathers."—*Weekly Register*.

Garibaldi was burned in effigy in Limerick on St. John's eve, amid a crowd of 2,000 persons.

A correspondent, writing from Monaghan, to the *Nation*, says:—"Faithful to the old customs of our country, the people of a district near Monaghan, made all preparations for having a bonfire on the 23rd of June, round which they might sit and talk of the glories of the past. At the time appointed for lighting the bonfire, about 100 boys of the neighborhood assembled on the hill, which has been for years their place of meeting. It was rumored that the Orangemen of the locality were to meet in arms on an opposite hill, and would deliberately fire on the assembled Catholics? The clergy of Monaghan and the Rev. Curate of Goreagh took part in the innocent amusement of the people around their bonfire; and everything was conducted with the utmost harmony. However, as the night approached, the Orangemen, who had faithful to all report, assembled on the neighboring hill, fired forty gunshots in the direction of the bonfire, but without effect. Some among the Catholics had provided themselves with pistols, and returned about eight shots. The Monaghan constabulary who were on the ground, soon succeeded in dislodging the cowardly Orange assassins. In their flight they came up with a boy returning from the bonfire, and wreaked their ruffianly spite on him by beating him severely."

The House of Commons on last Friday night debated the Tenure and Improvement (Ireland) Bill, passing ten clauses, and rejecting Mr. Maguire's amendments, though it was supported by both Tories and Liberals, by Mr. Monnell, Mr. Scully, Lord Forster, and Sir Wm. Somerville, as well as by Colonel Dickson, and Mr. Connelley. On the same night Mr. MacMahon brought before the House the case of the Catholics of Headford, who are unable to procure a site for the erection of a place of worship owing to the refusal of the owner of the soil, Mr. St. George, to part with ground for the purpose. Mr. Brady also brought the Gorlister Chapel case before the House, an account of which will be found in our Irish intelligence. The conversation that ensued gave an opportunity for the expression by several members of their disapprobation of such an abuse of power as the refusal of an Irish landlord to allow of the erection of a place of worship for his Catholic tenants. This is not much, but it is only by bringing public opinion to bear on such abuses that they will ever be cured. Other and important measures affecting Ireland have also been before Parliament and under consideration of the Government. A measure of great practical value, the Registration of Marriages in Ireland, has to be withdrawn in consequence of the general opposition which it has encountered. This opposition is not directed against the object of the Bill itself, which is recognised by every one as being most desirable, but against the

stupid and vexatious regulations which disfigure it. The services of the Catholic clergy are absolutely necessary in this case, and the matter is one of great public importance. The Whig Government proposed to obtain these services by compelling them to keep books and registers of all marriages, and to supply copies to the Registrars under penalties of £5 for every omission to insert a marriage, and £10 for every neglect to furnish a copy of the book, and the remuneration was sixpence per marriage, or an average of 10s per annum to each Catholic Parochial. The bill absolutely ignored the Bishops of Ireland, and the Parochial divisions of Ireland. We are sorry that the Registration of Marriages in Ireland should be deferred, but it is impossible to consent to legislation by which the services of the Catholic Clergy are put in forced requisition on terms insulting to them and discreditable to those who offer them. We are glad to learn that there is a prospect of one great amelioration in the Irish Workhouse system. The fearful sacrifice of life, and the frightful shipwreck of morals, which are the consequences of workhouse rearing are well known. The Rev. J. Farrell, of St. Andrew's, Westland-row, has been for some weeks in London pressing on the attention of Government and Parliament the desirability of a change by which these evils might be lessened at a reduced, instead of an increased cost to the ratepayers. Provision will be made that orphan children of both sexes, up to the age of 12, may be brought up out of the workhouse. The boon is incomplete, for there is no reason why orphans alone should have the benefit of it, and the age fixed ought to be 15 years instead of 12. As it is, they will in almost all cases have to enter the workhouse at 12 years of age, whereas at the age of 15 they would be able to maintain themselves out of the workhouse, to their own great advantage and to the benefit of the public funds. The hardships which occasionally attend the removal to their own parishes of the poor who become chargeable, to parishes in which they have gained no settlement, and have not become irremovable by five years unbroken residence next before becoming chargeable, have been frequently noticed.—*Tablet*.

STROKESTOWN QUARTER SESSION.—The QUEEN AGAINST M. TRAVES AND H. WARREN.—The prisoners were indicted for feloniously assaulting Patrick Lynch when on his way home at Ardara, on the morning of Sunday, the 6th day of April, 1860, and robbing him of five one pound bank notes and a bundle which contained about four or five pounds of bacon his property.

The Rev. Michael O'Beirne, C.C., of Croghan, when called, begged to be allowed to swear on the Douay Testament. He said—I make this application through no bigoted motive, but from a conscientious feeling. I have my book with me.

Chairman—Let me see it. His Worship then took the Testament into his hands, and after examining it said—This is the Douay version; it has the Gospels. I have no objection whatever to have you sworn on it. The rev. gentlemen were then sworn and gave his evidence.

[To prevent the unseemly opposition sometimes offered to Catholics in wishing to take oaths with due solemnity, and in a manner neither opposed to the law nor to their own religious ideas, it is desirable that this very proper and just ruling be published in all the newspapers. Added to decisions lately made in Dublin and other places, it will serve to instruct magistrates who may not have received a legal education, or who, from bigotry or other motives may be inclined to ignore the principles of English law, as well as the dictates of conscience and of right reason.]—*Roscommon Herald*.

THE "TIMES" AND THE AUTHOR OF "LA QUESTION IRLANDAISE."—MEAN SUPPRESSION.—On Wednesday last the author of "*La Question Irlandaise*," addressed to the *Times* a letter, of which he has now sent to us (*Morning News*) the following translation, for which he solicits a place in the columns of every journal in Ireland that loves fair play and detests meanness. Truly it may be proclaimed that the victory of the French writer could have no prouder, no more complete attestation than this act of the *Times*. To the simple but irresistible facts he so calmly adduces, of what avail in reply would be another column or two of such dreary mumping and ludicrous evasion as those which greeted the Pamphlet! Indeed, was it not the refinement of coldhearted cruelty in the Frenchman to ask the *Times* to make still clearer to its readers the discomfiture it had encountered at his hands? Long ago the savage tyranny of mighty power used to be the worst complaint against the *Times*: now it is the shabby meanness of weak cowardice that marks its conduct to antagonists:—

"To the Editor of the *Times*.
"Sir—I have got from your Paris correspondent what I deserve, and what I expected. In the very first lines of my pamphlet on Ireland, I said I should be reproached with 'ignorance'—that being, I added, the usual polite word from English papers towards any Frenchman treating of English affairs otherwise than applauding them. But, indeed, as I thought every writer in a respectable newspaper in England to be a gentleman, I had not ventured to hope for quite so much abuse as has been heaped upon me by that correspondent of yours. He has exhausted the vilest vocabulary with regard to '*La Question Irlandaise*,'—an utter trash!—so eminently absurd—such a farrago of nonsense!—and also with regard to its author, whom he accuses, of course, with 'grotesque ignorance,' to whom he is kind enough to ascribe 'a head hopelessly stupid,' and whom, in fact, he has the exquisite taste to style an 'ass.'
"Now, I really did not expect to be so honorably dealt with, for I consider it a high honor to be spoken of in such an outrageous manner by the *Times*, *apropos* of Ireland. Even by the side of your very insolent leading article on the same question, it shows how impossible it is for you to refute either my facts or my arguments. Allow me here to state only a few of them in the way of mere queries:—
"Is it true or not that Ireland produced twice as much as was needed to feed and clothe all her people during those very years when hundreds of thousands died of famine or were forced to emigrate?—Do you call that only 'political economy'? Is that a proof of that free self-government which you pretend to uphold all over Europe?
"Is it not a fact of to-day that the burthen of a Protestant Church Establishment weighs on Ireland, which is, for the immense majority of her people, a Catholic country?
"Is it not a fact of to-day that, in what you call National schools in Ireland, books are carefully composed and expurgated, so that they may contain nothing about Irish nationality, Irish independence, Irish national religion?
"Is it not a fact of to-day that emigration begins anew on a great scale in Ireland? Do you consider that a sign of perfect happiness among the Irish?
"Is it not a fact of to-day that the English Government dare not trust the Irish with arms and rifles, and refuse to authorize volunteer corps in Ireland?
"If I have been mistaken in those facts, then, indeed, you may call me an ignorant scribbler. But, if I have not, your correspondent had better write as a gentleman and be polite; though all his ritepuerations I heartily take as a praise, and as the best proof that I have hit on a just and good cause."

"I will only add that no French paper would ever or in any case have consented to insert such words as those you allowed your correspondent to use towards

"THE AUTHOR OF
"LA QUESTION IRLANDAISE."
"P.S.—Trusting you will not refuse to find room for this answer, I enclose my card, as required."

At the Ardee petty sessions on Wednesday, 27th three boys, J. and P. Gaynor, and M. Walden were sentenced to periods of imprisonment varying from 14 days to a month, with hard labour, for assaulting two of the souper brigade named Maguire and Halpenney. The magistrates in attendance were G. Fitzmaurice, Esq., Chairman, M. Tassie, G. Ruxton, W. Ruxton and W. Hatch, Esqrs. Mr. J. T. Rowland conducted the case for the soupers, and to do him justice he did not allow any acerbity of speech into the proceedings.—*Correspondent*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—The intense anxiety felt in consequence of the alarming news received as to the health of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop has been relieved by later and more favorable news. By the last accounts His Eminence had been progressing towards recovery for some days, and if this improvement continued, his physicians hoped that in three days more his recovery could be announced. The incautious and exaggerated statements which have been admitted into foreign journals and by some of our contemporaries, have caused much alarm and affliction, but they have also served to stimulate the faithful to more ardent prayers for the recovery of their beloved Pastor, and have strengthened the attachment felt for him by his flock by bringing home to every mind the incalculable and disastrous consequences of such an irreparable loss to England and the Church as was at one time apprehended to be imminent. What the Cardinal has been will be neither known or acknowledged by the English public till he is no more. But the false report of the unfavorable termination of his illness served at least to show, by the manner in which it was every where mentioned, that the qualities displayed by him during the ten years' residence among the English people, since the time when the re-establishment of our Hierarchy made him the target at which every bigot and libeller discharged his bolt, have conquered prejudice, and converted blind enmity into discriminating admiration and respect.—*Tablet*.

The revenue returns for the quarter ending June 30, show an increase on the gross account of more than £300,000 over the receipt of the corresponding quarter of last year notwithstanding the loss of about £280,000 on the Customs, owing to the operation of the new tariff on excise. There is an increase of about £100,000, consequent on the earlier payment of duties on malt and an augmentation on hops; on stamps there is an improvement of £100,000, arising from the stamp duties on delivery, order, &c. The income tax has improved to the extent of £300,000, caused by the additional rate. The account for the year shows a loss of rather more than £250,000 on customs for the reason already given. The excise for the year is augmented by £2,300,000 partly from the malt credits, and partly from spirits, hops, and papers. The increased rates of income tax result in an improvement of £380,000. The aggregate improvement in the revenue for the year ending June 30, is £5,700,000.

Referring to the Revenue returns for the quarter and year, the *Times* remarks that no one can say that the country is otherwise than prosperous, and the revenue flourishing. The immense business which has been done during the last year, and the general occupation of the people have been the cause of this prosperity of the revenue, but we are still unable to keep pace with our expenditure. What will happen should a hard time ensue and check consumption it is not difficult to divine. At any rate, it is clear that the country wants every penny it can get. In spite of the doubling of the Income Tax, we shall want not only all the paper duty but either a loan or additional taxation, to meet the cost of the Chinese war.

TEN PRICE OF BUTCHERS' MEAT.—A second open air meeting of working men was held on Brandon-hill, Bristol, on Saturday evening, to reconsider the present high price of butchers' meat. The attendance was not near so large as on the former occasion. The chairman and speakers were the same and but little progress seemed to have been made in arriving at the real cause or causes of the present high prices of meat. A good share of the speeches was devoted to abuse of the writers in the metropolitan and provincial press who have taken the trouble to point out the fallacies in which the working men indulged at their first meeting, and the idea of providing them with better education was ridiculed as a promise which was always being made to the poorer classes, but never performed. While it was admitted that, to some extent, the present high prices were caused by scarcity, it was insisted that they were mainly owing to monopoly, one of the creators citing as an illustration an instance in which a grazier who had purchased stock to the extent of £100 was on his way to Bristol market when he met a dealer who gave him £120 for his beasts, the argument being that the price was thereby increased £20 which was paid by the consumers. Another speaker who professed to know a good deal about agriculture, having worked at it in his younger days, asserted that taking the average of seasons, the present was not so adverse as had been represented; the truth was that fodder was kept back. He knew a farmer in the marsh beyond Westbury, who had several mows of hay which he refused to sell until the price reached 27 per ton. Resolutions were passed declaring the intention of the meeting to continue in the abstinance from butchers' meat until the price were reduced; and gratification was expressed that the movement had extended to other towns, and that "pavies" in the north and other parts of the kingdom had shown themselves to be as ignorant as those of the west had been declared to be. At a preliminary meeting of the delegates by whom the this assembly was convened one of the speakers stated that since he had abstained from meat he had lost 7lb in weight, and that his wife had got so thin that her clothes hung quite loose upon her body.

A ROYAL RIFLEWOMAN.—A Parisian cook, on taking leave of life and his art, enjoined his successor to season with discretion, and not to push the mustard to fanaticism. The tree and enlightened British nation needs now and then to be similarly exhorted, in respect of its loyalty. The last exhibition of over-zealous enthusiasm grew out of a movement connected with the National Volunteer Rifle Association. In order to ripen the capacities of this body into complete usefulness, a course of target-shooting was provided, which began on the 2nd inst. at the village of Wimbledon. To give particular detail to the event, her Majesty consented to be present at the opening, and, under certain mechanical conditions, and wise precautions, to fire the first shot. It has not been heretofore regarded as a necessary qualification of a good sovereign that he or she should be expert with the rifle, and it would no doubt be generally conceded, even in England at the present time, that Majesty may merit the sincerest love of a true-hearted people, without possessing accurate information upon the subject of bull's eyes. In a Queen, especially, absence of familiarity with target practice might be overlooked. But the British people, improving upon the old theory, were determined that Royalty should be permitted to do no wrong. Whether she could, or not, the Queen must be made to shoot with triumphant precision. To secure this result, a rifle was adjusted upon a stout iron frame, and, by the exercise of the most patient care, was so exactly brought to bear upon the target that to miss it would have been impossible. Before the arrival of the Queen, "during the greater part of the afternoon," says the *London Times*, "Mr. Whitworth" (the inventor of the weapon employed) "and his assistants were engaged in fixing the rifle to bear correctly. Many shots were fired to test the aim. The process kept the spectators on the alert for more than two hours." "At last," says another account, "it was permanently fixed, so that when her Majesty pulled the trigger, she was enabled

to make an excellent shot right in the middle." It should be understood that, however roused the royal ambition may have been, it was not suffered to smother the royal prudence. A trigger is a piece of machinery not to be trifled with. Accordingly, a long string was attached, by means of which her Majesty, "with great firmness was enabled to effect the desired consummation in comparative safety. The determination of the populace to become suddenly blind to preliminaries, and the attempts of the newspapers to surround the performance with a pompous glory, are infinitely amusing to consider, from a distance. The *London News* relates that "cheering followed this remarkable incident." The *Times* adds that "Her Majesty scored three points according to the rules of the Association." Such a token of skill could not pass without some permanent testimonial of acknowledgement, and so a gold medal was struck, "to be presented to her Majesty for her excellent central shot." The moral value of this medal is not supposed to be at all impaired by the fact that it was manufactured some days in advance of the excellent central shot it serves to commemorate. A few incidents of contingent interest are recorded. We are told that, immediately upon the discharge of the rifle, a gentleman hurried to the target, and made a hasty sketch of the aperture created by the royal bullet, which was at once laid before the Queen. Upon this, "her Majesty burst into a low, silvery laugh of delight." The family also expressed the sentiment of satisfaction in the same agreeable manner. The bull's eye was removed, and put in a perfectly secure place, where it was subsequently exhibited for the sum of one shilling each admission. On the following day, Prince Albert rode over to Wimbledon to inspect the bullet. He found it reposing in its plate, "an inch above the exact centre." This seems to have been the only misadventure in the whole affair. If the variation of an inch could not be provided against, where was the use in all the elaborate preparation? Some surer plan should have been devised. A far more consistent and efficacious method would have been to insert bullet beforehand, in the exact centre, and to relieve the Queen from all responsibility by giving her a blank cartridge to let off. It is probable that very few sturdy Britons ever suspected their Queen of being a "crack" shot, and that very few will be induced to change their convictions by these droll intimations of her firmness and expertise, and the public acknowledgement, inscribed on a gold medal, of her "excellent central shot." It is simply a little case of loyalty *à la française*. We may as well expect to read, by and by, of her Majesty's vigour of thought and felicity of expression in her next address at the opening of Parliament. It is true that the Ministers always prepare the speech, but then did not Mr. Whitworth prepare the shot on Wimbledon Common?—*Tribune*.

Considerable indignation has been expressed by the French musical visitors of last week at the reception accorded them on their arrival in London.—The Orpheonists voluntarily gave their services at the grand concert at the Crystal Palace, and in return they were provided with accommodation unfit for human beings; indeed, in some respects they were not so well cared for as if they had been animals arriving for their metropolitan cattle market. Verily they fell among thieves, for not content with depriving them of necessary comforts they were attempted to be robbed of their faith. "The generous English public" allowed our educated and civilized visitors to want the very necessities of life, but as a substitute they subscribed large sums of money to insult them with forced presents of heretical publications. Truly Protestant Englishmen are a polite set of beings!—*Weekly Register*.

THE LONDON IRISH VOLUNTEERS.—With a pardonable, if not commendable spice of nationality, an "eye-witness" of the Volunteer display in Hyde-park, London, thus speaks of the appearance of the London Irish brigade:—"Although the general verdict of the public was in favor of that splendid aggregation of *efficiens peritus*, the lawyers of the 'Tus of Court' regiment (familiarily and suggestively termed 'the Devil's Own') or Irishmen stood second to none in martial bearing and soldierly promise. The singularly foreign appearance of the Irish regiment—the result of the peculiar cast of the Celtic physiognomy—was very striking. The 'Devil's Own' may be better drilled for the present; the London Scotch and the 'Robin Hood' may have more military merit and more picturesque uniforms; but, for the real rudiments of a regiment of good soldiers, our Irish volunteers need yield the *pas* to none other. When the fighting comes—if it comes—we know what the Irish can do. If the evil day comes—which I, for one, do not expect—when Louis Napoleon is to take his final dressing within range of 'Big Ben' of Westminster, I know where the London Irish will be then. There will be green plumes dancing and bright swords flashing, and some choice rifle practice going on somewhere not far from the front that day. I saw rather a suggestive sight on the review day. One of the best-looking fellows in the Irish lines was Morgan John O'Connell, ex-M.P., recalling in his own person the lineaments and physique of the burly Liberator."

THE GREAT NORTH ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The late Arctic cruiser Fox, which is about to be despatched on survey service in connection with this undertaking, is now lying in the Southampton Docks for the purpose of undergoing the necessary refitment. She will be commanded by Captain Allen Young and will be accompanied by an adequate staff of electricians, geographers, geologists, and surveyors, and a marine painter. The Danish Government takes a warm interest in the project and will send out two commissioners in the Fox to report upon the survey. Captain Young was at Southampton on Tuesday, on business connected with her equipment for sea. The paddle steamer Bulldog, appointed by our Government to take the soundings, has already sailed on her mission, and it is expected she will be absent from three to four months. The Fox will be ready for sea about the middle of July. The Mayor of Southampton is making arrangements to give a grand banquet to Captain Allen Young in celebration of the departure of this expedition to commence the accomplishment of what is hoped and anticipated by a large body of nautical and scientific men will be a successful endeavour to unite the two worlds by a telegraphic communication. Invitations have been forwarded to Lord Palmerston, Lord Ashburton, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and other persons eminent in science and literature.

NEWSPAPER FABRICATIONS.—It is in the past pages of the *Times* that the most harrowing stories are to be found—and the most baseless. Everybody will remember the Arrowsmith story—that dreadful letter published by the *Times* in 1856. The writer professed to relate the adventures of a journey which he performed in mid-day on one of the most frequented railways of the United States. He told us how there was open quarrelling in the cars—how men were slaughtered by the way—how the train was stopped in order to the completion of a duel, and how a child which cried was despatched and thrown out of a window. And that letter was published in the *Times* newspaper, and duly moralised, to the tune of "O tempora! O mores!" Everybody remembers the denouement—how the authorities of the railway came forward to prove that there had been no such indiscriminate slaughter in a railway train; and how the writer, Mr. Arrowsmith, was shown to have labored under a delusion. Everybody, however, does not know what is supposed to be the true basis under which that worthy, and no doubt sincere, gentleman spoke. Possibly his character was known; at all events he had become the object of a practical joke. There happened to be in the compartment next his own a number of medical students. If not "out on the spree," they were quite ready for sport, and they were primed to it by am-

munition which they carried on board in the shape of several bottles of champagne. They knew that there were ears on the other side of the compartment which divided them from the traveller's carriage, and in a spirit of fun they got up sounds of quarrelling.—When the worthy was had grown to its height, the cork of a champagne bottle was exploded, and then there was a cry to "throw the dead man out of the window," namely, the empty bottle. The joke was repeated six times, and it had its full effect upon the ears of the harrowed Arrowsmith. A little bottle remained, nothing bigger than a pint bottle, and that, too, was despatched out of the window—it was "the child." Thus the students succeeded in mystifying the *Times* by procuration of Mr. Arrowsmith! Our contemporary may be content to have been deceived, for it is a habit with English people when they are travelling in the Western land. We remember another and a very similar case. Not long since an English gentleman divulged a tale as harrowing as that of Arrowsmith. He had been travelling from Buffalo to Albany. On the road, all the way from Buffalo to Syracuse, he observed that at every Station the train stopped, and one coffin was taken from it. The incident is almost like something in the "Arabian Nights"—one coffin for every station! The traveller was painfully puzzled, and he inquired what it could mean? The disclosure which he thus evoked was dreadful. There had been he was told, a fight at Buffalo; the question was how to dispose of the bodies so as to occasion the least remark; and some ingenious person had suggested that the dead should be properly stowed away in coffins, sent down the line, and one buried at each station. The traveller already had his notebook in use and perhaps the sight of the suggestive volume had provoked this communication, which was duly recorded, and duly published. When it came forth, doubts were cast upon the tale; on which the writer brought forward, as a witness to the truth of his account, an Englishman of the highest repute for personal character, being the possessor of a distinguished name—a name, we may say, "with a handle to it"—and holding a position which proved that he had the confidence of the English nation. As to the main fact of the journey—the deposit of a coffin at each station—there was no doubt; but the explanation is as simple as it was in the case of Arrowsmith. At Buffalo there is a great establishment for the manufacture of coffins. From that centre the country places around are supplied, and on the first of each month to each station is sent a "nest" of coffins; that is, the wooden receptacles are placed one inside the other, sometimes to the smallest dimension which can be included in that transmission. Hence the delivery of "one coffin at each station;" the hollow receptacle being manifestly heavier than it would be if it were empty. Travellers have far more often been the victims of fact than the makers of it, and it was so in this instance. We remember a tale which had more dreadful effects than either of these, with far less basis. It occurred about twenty years ago, and the original publisher of it, we imagine, must have had some connection or other with recent stories; for his name was Arrowsmith, and curiously enough, the place of his divagation was Liverpool. Our readers are aware that the business of the cotton crop in America commences in September, and terminates in June.—In the middle of February appeared this earnest gentleman, fresh from the United States, with a stricken countenance. Why, people asked, should he return before June? Why thus come back in the middle of the season? There was a reason. He told a tale of a portentous kind. He gave an awful account of a frost incredibly severe, which had not only made him suffer from the cold the whole night to a painful degree, but which had destroyed the whole cotton crop of the United States! After such awful damage, hardly any more could remain to supply the English market. We may fancy the effect of this news in Liverpool. Cotton was at a premium—it was bought up in a furor—prices as incredible as the frost were actually given. When men thus buy in the belief of some astounding scarcity at astounding prices, and afterwards discover that there is really abundance, we all know what happened; and many in Liverpool must remember that story—truthfully told we believe—but quite as accurate as the story of the railway and its murders. In each of these cases there was some grave testimony to the tale.—In the story of the coffin there were actually the coffins; two English gentlemen saw them deposited, and the character of the witnesses was of the highest kind. In the case of the railway there was an honest man, there were startling explosions, and the bottles of "Montecristo" champagne were truly called by the noisy students "Montecristo pistols." The cotton story was circulated by a gentleman who knew something about cotton.—*London Morning Chronicle*.

SIXPENCE A DAY.—The *London Times* correspondent at Gibraltar writes as follows on the afternoon of the 26th ult:—"A private of the Royal Canadians, named Thomas Wallace, will early tomorrow morning (8 o'clock), suffer the extreme penalty of the law for having deliberately shot a fellow soldier of his regiment. When brought before the Court-martial Wallace pleaded 'Guilty,' avowing at the same time that he committed the deed while in a state of frenzy through hard drink. He is a native of Canada, and only 24 years of age. The Court sentenced him to be hung, and the sentence is now being approved of by His Excellency the Governor; the execution will take place at Windmill-hill in the presence of the whole garrison, no civilian being allowed to approach the spot. The murder was committed in the afternoon of the 12th inst., at the North Front encampment where the corps is now stationed. A few days after this unfortunate occurrence there happened another also in the camp, which might, had not the hand of the assassin been stayed, have proved equally murderous. One of the men, having a grudge against his sergeant, attempted to run him through with his fixed bayonet, but was fortunately checked at the moment by one of his comrades, who seized his arm.—This man was tried by a Court-martial and sentenced to receive 50 lashes, and afterwards to be imprisoned for two years. The sentence was carried into effect, and he is now undergoing the term of his imprisonment. Last Thursday another man of the Canadians nearly murdered a civilian carpenter, who was working in one of the sheds in the camp. After knocking the man down, it is said without any provocation, he kicked the carpenter on the ground with his heavy boots, and fractured his skull. The trial of the last offender will not take place until the carpenter, who is yet in a dangerous state, recovers or dies."

SIXPENCE A DAY.—A London paper furnishes the following:—There is now an old man in an almshouse, in Bristol, who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year, at five per cent, compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's saving (three hundred and sixty-five pence) nine pounds eleven shillings and sixpence sterling, he added the interest, and thus went on, year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence-a-day reached the starting sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds nineteen shillings and ninepence sterling. Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a-day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he could have comforted himself with a house of his own, and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy among his children and grand-children, or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.