GLEANINGS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

No less than 1,800 Swiss residents in Paris have, within the last few days, demanded passports to return to Switzerland.

The new statue of the Immaculate Conception, in the Piazza di Spagna, at Rome, is so little liked and venerated by the Romans, that a guard of soldiers is placed round it night and day for protection.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's Minister of Finance, has published a notice, to the effect that in consequence of the deficiency of the last crop of olives the exportation of olive oil is prohibited, and the free importation into the Roman States of that article is permitted until further orders.

Field-Marshal Radetsky, in spite of his 91 years, determined on fulfilling his duty towards his sovereign, and accordingly went from Verona to Venice, notwithstanding that the season was very rigorous. He has now returned to Verona. He accomplished his journey without sustaining the slightest inconvenience.

Mr. Barry, who had been connected for thirty-two years with the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the first instance as actor, and latterly as box-keeper, died on the 30th ult., of apoplexy.

The *Limerick Observer* states that a few days ago, while four men were engaged in knocking down an old house, they found in the wall 100 sovereigns, of the reign of George III. and dated 1791.

A public meeting is about being held in Cork, convened by the Mayor, for the purpose of taking steps to erect a memorial to the late Father Matthew. Similar intentions to perpetuate the memory of the "Apostle of Temperance" are evinced in Limerick and other towns.

Patrick Sheehan, a fine athletic healthy-looking man, twenty-four years of age, who was born and bred in Ennistymon, in the county Clare, who served in her Majesty's 82d Regiment of foot—who suffered in the trenches of Sebastopol—fought at Inkerman—received a wound in the arm on that memorable occasion, and who lost his sight in the service of his country—has returned home stone blind, and has received the reward of his valour, as consideration for his wounds, and as a recompense for his sufferings and his loss of sight, the munificent pension of 6d per deim for 6 months!—*Limerick Reporter*.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—The Emperor has ordered the restoration of the house of the Bonaparte family at Ajaccio, and has promised M. Montois, the prefect of Corsica, to inscribe 200,000f on the civil list of 1857, for the purpose of building a mausoleum to receive the ashes of the mother of Napoleon I. and of Cardinal Fiesch.

TERMS OFFERED TO THE SHAH.—A Constantinople correspondence in the *Univers*, dated Dec. 15, gives the following of the conditions of peace proposed by Lord de Redcliffe to Ferukh-Khan:—1. The Shah to dismiss his present prime minister. 2 Satisfaction to be given to the Persian subject on whose account the original difference with Mr. Murray took place. 3. To conclude a new treaty of commerce. 4. To admit English consuls in all places selected by the English Government. 5. To pay a war indemnity. 6. To restore Herat to the Affghans, and to evacuate the Affghanistan territory. 7. To undertake to defer all differences with regard to Herat which may arise in future between the Persians and Affghans to the arbitration of England. The *Univers* correspondent, who is very hostile to England, and sympathises with Russia, begins his letter by stating that, hard as these terms are, the Shah has no choice but to accept them, the internal state of his kingdom being such as to furnish England with powerful means of acting upon him.

KOSSUTH AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.—In company with his aide-de-camp, Kossuth proceeded to St Michael's churchyard, where, amid "crowded obelisk and urns," rises the sculptured shrine of Robert Burns. M. Kossuth entered the mausolem with reverential step, and as if absorbed by the intensity of his thoughts. He gazed long in pensive sadness at the figures of the ploughman poet and of Colia, and then earnestly conversed with his Hungarian companion in their own Magyar tongue.—*Dumfries Standard.*

The terrible story of Hugh Miller's death has created a deep gloom in Edinburgh. But another sad tragedy in connection with his fate had at the same time to be disclosed. After the judicial and medical inquiry on Friday, Professor Miller took the pistol to the gunsmith from whom it had been purchased by Mr. Miller, in July, 1855, in order to ascertain how many shots had been fired, and how many were still in the chamber. In the master's absence, the foreman, Thomas Leslie, an old and experienced workman, received the pistol from Professor Miller, and unfortunately, instead of taking off the chamber, he looked into the muzzle, holding the hammer with his fingers while he turned the chamber round to count the charges. The hammer slipped from his fingers, struck the cap, and the charge in the barrel exploded. Professor Miller, still standing outside the counter, exclaimed, "That's a narrow escape;" but, unhappily, it was not so, for as the smoke cleared away he saw the poor man's head gradually droop, and his body then fall lifeless on the floor. The charge had entered his right eye and penetrated the brain. Leslie was a steady trustworthy man, and had been 25 years in his present employment. He has left a widow and a family of eight children.

The funeral of Mr. Hugh Miller took place on Tuesday, the 30th ult, and both as to the attendance of mourners, and the concourse of the spectators, was one of the largest and most remarkable that has ever been witnessed in Edinburgh. The hearse was followed by 13 mourning carriages and 19 other carriages. Along all the streets from the register-office to the Grange Cemetery the shops were very generally closed, at the request of the magistrates; and the pavements along the North and South Bridges and Nicholson-street were lined by large numbers of persons.

SPAIN.—DECAY OF THE NATION—DISTRESSING SCANDALS OF THE COURT.—If ever there was a warning to the nations it is the decay of Spain. It is not merely that the political greatness has departed, for that would be little. Sweden and Holland are not what they were in former ages. Yet these countries are respectable and respected; the inhabitants need not be ashamed of themselves or their Government. But, at the present time, a Spaniard of good sense and quick feelings must blush for his nationality. All the great possessions of the monarchy are gone except Cuba and the Philippines. The fleets which even within the present century kept the sea against the English are now no more, and only a few frigates represent what was once the first navy in Chistendom. These losses no thinking man can set down to uncontrollable circumstances or evil fate. The cause is obvious, that in Spain every institution has degenerated, and is now at the lowest point of debasement. We bring no charge against the people, for history is full of instances of nations with sound and generous qualities misrepresented and lowered and ruined by the rule of unprincipled men or the action of effete institutions. So it may be with Spain. All that can be *said is that the bodies which* usually represent a country are, in the case of Spain, unworthy of respect, and declining to deeper degradation every day. Every one reads, though few care much for the news, of Ministerial changes, made seemingly without an object; but the will of the Palace, which is the moving power of the State, is hardly taken into account. At this moment, however, the Queen has made herself all but absolute, and, with the hereditary duplicity of her family, has contrived to baffle the most scheming and ambitious politicians of the country. Men of every faction are now found united in their dislike of her name and policy. Furthermore, the scandals of the Palace are said to be graver than at any former period. The Queen, it is reported, has thrown aside the last remnant of decency, and relapsed, after a short period of restraint, into excesses of which even a Southern capital is ashamed. The King, on the other hand, is divided from his wife by an intense mutual dislike, and is reported to be actually plotting against her throne. His narrow intellect is entirely ruled by the priests who surround him, and these men are all on the side of Montemolin and legitimacy. His present scheme seems to be to force the Queen to resign, to place the Count Montemolin in her room, and to marry the infant Princess to Montemolin's nephew. Such is the Royal couple to which the destinies of Spain are constitutionally confided. But where is the Minister, the firm, the undaunted, the despotic Narvaez? This man used to extort unwilling commendation from many sensible and liberal-minded Spaniards. He was, when he ruled before, a tyrant, unscrupulous and unrelenting; but he was clearheaded, clearsighted, practical, and, in a way of his own, patriotic. It was acknowledged that he preserved public quiet and encouraged material progress; that, above all, he kept the Court in order, and made the officials and military obey him. But Narvaez now must bend before the Queen. He fears that hereditary subtlety and that false smile which have been the ruin of Espartero and O'Donnell. He has enemies in his own Cabinet, of whom he cannot rid himself, and a strong opposition of Liberals, whom it is possible that the Court will play off against him if he pretends to too much power. The body [illegible] deeply tainted.

Anecdotes without number are told of the nobility, the clergy, the public servants. It would seem that the gaining of money is regarded as a natural desire, and any means to this end as venial, if not justifiable. Indeed, with such a Court, such Ministers, and such aspirants to power, to look for public spirit and morality would be absurd. The only hope of the country is in what may be called the remedial action which must exist in every body politic. When bad government and bad manners go too far there is a natural tendency to resistance, which must increase as affairs become worse.—*News of the World.*

THE BALLOT, A CONSERVATIVE MEASURE.—Under this title, Sir Arthur H. Elton, Bart., has just given to the world a tract of forty or fifty pages. He says:—"People, no doubt, feel that something is amiss in the working of the political system of this country, they are dissatisfied, and justly, with the conduct of affairs both in ordinary times and on great and stirring emergencies: they know, too, that there are anomalies in electoral fabric offensive to common sense. My object is now to prove that the ballot, or in other words the only effectual method of protecting voters from external influence, is in its immediate and ultimate consequences, conservative rather than revolutionary. It is a method of voting, moreover, demanded in all sincerity by a large section of the community, and any administration which should honestly take it up, and press it upon Parliament for adoption, would secure hearty good will and immediate co-operation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Be assured, vote by ballot will be established. Be assured that it is a real want of the age, and therefore, sooner or later, it will be supplied. It is not an unreal, sentimental notion; a cry got up for the occasion; a quack recipe for a sham disease; a mere instrument for dilettanti performers to make a noise with; a stage for political acrobats to execute gambols upon. It is something very different. Men ask for the protection of the ballot in order to enable them to exercise their political rights in the election of members of Parliament, and vote for whom they please. They ask for it because they really need it. Now, no large section of the community ever asks for justice persistently, without in the end obtaining it. For some reason or other, it is difficult to comprehend how or why, it is believed that vote by ballot is, in its spirit and tendency, dangerously democratic. Here must be a great confusion of ideas, or otherwise a taint of something like dishonesty. The object of the ballot is not to put into the hands of the working classes any fresh privilege, but to enable them to exercise a privilege already theirs. You, men of rank, of wealth, of power—living a life of ease and pleasantness, fearing little save the aches and pains of disease, or the cold consciousness of approaching death—you have no right to subject to a cruel test your poorer and less fortunate fellow creatures, and with an air of lofty patriotism declare that if they decline that test and ask to vote as they please, without interference from without, they evince a shabby, skulking, un-English dread of publicity. What pretence have you for officiously binding this burden on their backs? Why should they be compelled to choose between voting for the candidate they like best, and the good-will of customers and employers,—landlords and land agents? The ballot is essential to the healthy action of our present electoral system. We cannot estimate the real efficiency of that system without the ballot."—*News of the World.*

CONTEST WITH SPANISH BANDITS.—A letter from Madrid of the 20th ult. states:—The bandits, who for the last four years have been setting the laws at defiance have just committed a fresh outrage which has thrown the town of Burgos and its neighbourhood into complete consternation. On the 18th a detachment of the civil guard, commanded by Captain Gongora, arrived at Cubillo la Cesar, in pursuit of Hierros, Villalain, and three other bandits, concealed in a house in that place, and at the moment when the guard was passing, Vallalain himself opened the door and discharged his blunderbuss, by which the captain was killed on the spot and several of his men wounded. A contest then took place between the bandits and the remainder of the guard, during which one of the former was killed. The others took to flight. The alcalde of Cubillo and the owner of the house in which the bandits were concealed have been arrested. Very severe charges are laid against the former. He is accused of having given billets to some of the civil guard for the very house in which the bandits were concealed, in order to thus place them in the power of the latter, but the arrival of Captain Gongora prevented this scheme being carried into execution. The body of the captain was conveyed to Burgos to be buried with military honours.

A SHOCKING STORY.—The following strange story appears in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:—"A German, named Actenburg, a strolling musician of the village of Thiscrup, in Jutland, left his home on the 18th ult., with his wife and daughter to play at a wedding party at the neighbouring town of Holt, leaving behind three boys, aged respectively thirteen, eleven, and nine. The children, who had great repugnance to go to school, deliberated among themselves as to the best means of freeing themselves from that disagreeable duty, and at last they resolved to cut out their tongues! The boy of eleven took a large table knife, and, placing himself before a looking-glass, resolutely made a profound incision in his tongue! Not being able to terminate the mutilation, he begged his elder brother to do it for him, and the latter taking hold of the tongue with a piece of linen between his fingers, pulled the tongue forwad and cut off a piece an inch long! Blood flowed in abundance, and the children, becoming greatly terrified, uttered piercing cries. The neighbours rushed in, and, seeing what had taken place, procured medical assistance; but though everything was done for the child that art could suggest, his life is considered in danger."

TWO CHILDREN MURDERED BY THEIR MOTHER, IN LONDON.—At the Lambeth Police-court, on the 30th ult., Mrs. Martha Bacon, a married woman 26 years of age, of mild expression of countenance, but with something in the appearance of her eyes that clearly indicated a disordered mind, was brought to the court in custody and charged with the murder of her two children, the one about 15 months, and the other about 3½ years of age, by cutting their throats from ear to ear, and also with inflicting some wounds on her own throat, with the intention, no doubt, of committing suicide.—Police-constable Henry Cook said that being called to the prisoner's house in Four Acre-street, Acre-lane, he found a child, a boy of about three and a half years of age, sitting in a chair, with his head leaning on a table placed before him, quite dead and cold, and his throat cut from ear to ear. He (witness) then went up stairs, and, on entering the back room on the first floor, he found another child lying on the floor, with its face downwards, quite dead, and its throat cut from ear to ear. The age of that child might be 15 or 16 months. On the bed of the room where he found the youngest child he found a woman's night dress, all over blood. The prisoner then said, "I did not do it; a man came in at the window and did it." The prisoner, who during the examination kept looking *at the different witnesses while giving their evidence* with a vacant stare, was then remanded to a future day, and Mr. Elliott humanely directed that her husband, who is at work at Reigate, should be made acquainted with his melancholy bereavement without delay.

THE CAREER OF A NOTORIOUS CONVICT.—We gave a short time ago a brief account of a desperate convict named George Woodcock, who was sentenced to six month's imprisonment at the recent Devon winter assizes for escaping from Dartmoor Prison. It appears that, although so young—being only twenty-five years of age—he boasts that he has been in almost every jail in the country, and that he has committed "every crime short of murder." He has been convicted under various *aliases*—Sigismund, Colbeck, Johnson, Thompson, and Massey. In the spring of 1853 he commited a burglary at Bedford, and was sentenced to eighteen month's imprisonment. While in gaol he behaved with great violence, and made several attacks upon the governor, Mr. Roberts. He was threatened with corporal punishment, but this had no effect upon him, and in the following July he smashed the furniture of his cell, and threatened to take the life of any one who approached him. The governor, however, with the assistance of the officers, overpowered him, and he was then placed under restraint. He afterwards kicked at the governor, and serious injury would have been the result had he not fortunately missed his aim. On one occasion, he closed the door immediately on the governor entering the cell, with the intention, as he afterwards stated, of stabbing him—"washing his hands in his blood," and then destroying himself. Frustrated in his diabolical design, he exhibited alternate signs of repentance and fury: and on being released from restraint he attempted to strangle himself. Being detected in this attempt by one of the wardens, he endeavored to dash out his brains by knocking his head against the floor. So violent was his conduct that for six weeks he was secured, hand and foot, to his bed. In the month of August he was placed in a lunatic asylum, and here Woodcock assumed a quiet and even pious demeanour, which threw the keepers off their guard, and on the [illegible] of October following he effected his escape. He was not at large long, for in the same month he was committed to Derby jail on charge of theft, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and ten year's penal servitude. While in Derby jail the governor, Mr. Sims having ascertained that Woodcock was a notorious character, made sundry inquiries respecting him, and found out that he had been in prison no less than five times in Wakfield for various offences; was sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Aylesbury sessions for stealing a pair of shoes in 1847; three month's for some offence, in the name of Massey, at Durham, in 1848; a month's imprisonment at Leicester assizes, for stealing boots, in 1849, in the name of Johnson; 12 month's at Bedford, in 1850, for housebreaking; and nine month's at Northampton assizes, in 1851, in the name of Thompson, for stealing boots at Daventry. Besides this, Mr. Sims says he has reason to believe he has been in many more prisons in London, Scotland, and France. The conduct of Woodcock while in Derby goal was most violent and outrageous; he struck a fellow prisoner, and attempted the life of an officer with a piece of wood which he broke off from the seat of an iron bedstead in his cell. He was in the dark cell of Northampton gaol for misconduct 72 days, was once flogged, and several times put in irons for the safety of the officers. He boasted to the chaplain that he had committed every crime short of murder. On one occasion he made a daring attempt to escape from Preston gaol by ascending the chimney, but was discovered. He refused to come down again, but altered his determination when some fire was kindled and the smoke ascended the chimney. Being sent to Dartmoor, he made his escape while doing some out-door work. He was apprehended at York, and was sent to the Devon County goal, which is the receptacle for all the escaped convicts of Dartmoor; for, no matter what part of the country they are apprehended, instead of being taken back to Dartomor, they are conveyed to the country gaol, and, after undergoing a punishment, they are sent back to finish the period of penal servitude to which they had been previously sentenced.—*London Times.*

FRANCE.—The Emperor continues to show himself very constantly in public, riding, driving, and even walking through all parts of the city. One day last week he rode slowly through the Faubourg St. Antoine amidst crowds of the working classes, looking at the different improvements and buildings going forward, and stopped to converse with the people employed on them. Not very long ago, during one of those perambulations, he dismounted from his horse and went aboard a steam tug he saw at work in the canal, the machinery of which he caused to be explained to him, and after steaming a considerable distance, landed at one of the quays amidst the assembled bystanders. The other day his Majesty might be seen crossing the Place de la Concorde on foot from the Tuileries, and strolling leisurely through the Champs Elysees, to visit another of his palaces, the Elysee Bourbon. In the portions of the garden of the Tuileries railed off from public observation, family groups may sometimes be seen of no small interest to strangers and sight seekers. Passing in that direction at a somewhat early hour, I witnessed the Imperial circle taking the morning air with a freedom which they seemed greatly to enjoy.—The Emperor, in a stout pea-jacket, was amusing himself with, and helping to amuse, his infant heir, who sat smiling in a superb coach, drawn by a couple of goats, magnificently caparisoned, and whose possible caprices were duly restrained by two dapper little grooms or pages, with gold laced hats, standing at the heads of the animals. The Empress herself looked down from a window upon the group, chatting and laughing with her Imperial *sposo*. High health, merriment, and perfect ease and security, characterised the happy looking party. Louis Napoleon grows stout on his prosperity, and gives the lie, by his hale and hearty appearance, to all the vain prognostications of those enemies who are for ever killing him by the course of nature. Her Majesty, too, shows signs of a recruited health; and as to the future hope of France, even the tongue of envy cannot refuse to his plump cheeks and twinkling pair of orbs, the designation so dear to matrimony of "an uncommonly fine child."—*Corresp. London Guardian.*

THE LONDON-SWELL MOB AT A CONSECRATION.—On Tuesday, the 23rd instant at the consecration of the new church of St. Matthew, Bedford, New Town, St Pancras, a novel incident took place. Just after the newly-created Bishop of London arrived, and at the moment when the entire congregation were on the tiptoe of excitement, a person appeared at the southern door, attired in the garb of a clergyman, but not having the required ticket, his name was requested. He announced his name as the Rev. Mr. Blackthorn, of Sydenham, and was immediately shown to the spot appropriated to his "clerical brethren." He had scarcely, however, taken his seat, when the "rev. gentleman" was recognised by several detectives, who were present in plain clothes, as being a well-known member of the swell mob. The *soi-disant* reverend, finding he was discovered, slunk into a back seat, and as soon as opportunity offered made his escape.

A NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Mr. Hume, the wondrous medium and ruler of the spirits, has contributed *soirees* both at the Tuileries and in the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain. He has arrived from Florence with some new effects, more marvellous than any which have been hitherto produced even by himself. The wonderful production of the spirit hands, not only visible to the eye, but tangible to the touch, has filled us with awe, the fact of such appearance being now established beyond a doubt. The spirit called answers through the medium, on whose request the hands of the spirit become visible. One of our greatest English poets, being in communication with the medium, asked for the summons of Dante. The presence of the latter was immediately made manifest by the written answers returned to the questions of the inquirer, and Mr. B——— then asked the medium to request the great Italian to make himself visible! Presently there arose, as if from the ground beneath the table, two long, thin, yellow hands, unmistakeable as to their Italian origin, undeniable as to their having belonged to a student and a gentleman. While the assembly were yet gazing in breathless awe, and may be something of terror likewise, the hands floated away, or were rather borne, as it were, across the room, and rose to the marble console opposite, upon which stood an orange tree in blossom. The hands slowly and softly, without noise, but visible to all, plucked from the stem a sprig of the orange flower with its leaves and buds, and, returning to the table, paused above the head of Mrs. B———, the poet's wife, herself an exquisite and beautiful poet likewise, and placing the sprig upon her raven hair, disappeared gradually from sight, seeming once more to sink to the floor, while the audience remained speechless and awe struck, and but little inclined to renew the experiment that same night, at all events. The sprig of orange blossom is religiously preserved by Mrs. B———, whose honor and truth are unimpeachable; while the witnesses gathered around the table at the time of the apparition testify to its occurrence, as well as to the utter unconsciousness of the medium, who neither spoke nor moved during the whole time the circumstances was taking place.—*Paris Cor. of the Court Journal.*

(*From the London News*)

JUDGE HALIBURTON.

Mr. Ex-Judge Haliburton has been, after the fashion of the day, and like other notorieties, lecturing "on the British colonies" nominally, but really on British North America. It was, of course, impossible for the author of "Sam Slick," not to amuse his auditory, and in a certain way to instruct them also. The general tone of Mr. Haliburton's address was in some respects excellent—it was full of that grumbling critical patriotism which is universally characteristic of Englishmen, whether colonists or not, and which in the present case made one feel that the wonder was, as perhaps it really is, how "on airth" we ever got and ever retain such amazingly fine possessions as British North America; and for which, in return, it might really be supposed from Mr. Haliburton's address we have done nothing but oppress, degrade, and insult them. Yet in that great struggle for colonial freedom which the Colonial Minister, whom Mr. Halliburton so inconsiderately sneered at, terminated as became a British statesman and a free country, the colonists of British North America, so far from receiving any aid or assistance from "Sam Slick," met, on the contrary, with as resolute a resistance as admirable wit but very bad reasoning could furnish. And now, when the inestimable freedom of victory has been won, and when Canada at least has sprung ahead in consequence of the liberty conceded to her, here comes Mr. Haliburton again with all his old jokes, his old stories, and his old complaints, mis-stating facts, overlooking the immense changes so beneficially made—reiterating his former complaints as if no changes had been made, and professing to have a remedy of his own for evils that disappeared years ago. "Sam Slick" must be getting old. He has not kept moving with the rest of British North America, and has become so confirmed a grumbler that he must have his hearty old British growl at any price.

Something, too, is, no doubt, to be attributed to Mr. Haliburton taking on himself to speak authoritatively about British North America as a whole, when in point of fact he ought to confine himself to his own colony of Nova Scotia, where he says he knows every man in it, and every woman too. For it is quite clear that his observations were drawn and his remarks chiefly applicable to it and the other smaller British American colonies, and not to Canada. But even in respect to them, Mr. Haliburton grows oblivious. The institutions of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick have not undergone that judicious remodelling by Imperial Legislation which the representative system of Canada has. But they also, thanks to John Russell, enjoy that "responsible government" which, despite Mr Haliburton's disparaging philosophy, is the parent of all true colonial prosperity, and of imperial prosperity also; and if at this moment the British Crown retains a single inch of British North America, it is owing to the wise and timely revolution which Lord John effected in that portion of the Queen's dominions. And how simply was the revolution—for such it really was—effected. All that was done to establish "responsible government" in the smaller colonies was the insertion in the governor's instructions of an unlimited power to appoint new councillors in his executive council or cabinet, it being understood that councillors who have lost the confidence of the local legislature must tender their resignations to the governors. When, then, Mr. Haliburton complained at Manchester that "At this moment, he believed, there was not a man in the Colonial office, wielding the destinies of more than one-third of the globe, who ever saw a foot of it; and if that was a state of things that suited Englishmen, it did not suit intelligent colonists—(loud cheers)"—he was only misleading the auditory who cheered so loudly. The Colonial-office has no real power in or influence over the fortunes of colonies which are thus empowered, and which do really and truly govern and rule themselves. "In colonies thus governed," say "the rules and regulations of her Majesty's colonial service," dated March, 1856, "it must be generally understood that as regards them, rules of this book are applicable for the guidance of governors rather than as absolute directions;" and for a very good reason, that where responsible government prevails, as it does throughout British North America, there the legislature is of much greater importance than either Governor or Colonial-office; though to listen to Mr. Haliburton it might be imagined that the Colonial-office was still omnipotent. Happily, the days when it was thus have so long passed away, that they are now almost forgotten.

Equally strange were Mr. Haliburton's statements as to the trade of British North America. Forgetful that the Clockmaker was himself a Yankee, the author of "Sam Slick" asserted that from their cradle to their grave the British North Americans were dependent on England for everything they did not grow—whereat, strangely enough, free-trade Manchester applauded—and parodying a celebrated passage in an essay of Lord Brougham's on taxation, he said "that was a fact which spoke volumes." Now very happily and fortunately this is not a fact. It was once something like the truth in British North America, but that was when the British colonial system was in full force at home, and the "family compact" governments bore away in those colonies; when Canada protected its produce against republican breadstuffs; when England, in its turn, protected its agriculture against Canadian grain; when the St. Lawrence was a closed river; when we watched and guarded the British North American fisheries, as a great lord at home does his pheasant preserves; when the United States retaliated by excluding the produce of the colonies from their consumption, when smuggling was carried on wholesale along the Canadian lines, and animosity, jealousy, and ill-will were the natural consequences of so illiberal a policy. But Mr. Haliburton must have speculated largely on his Manchester friends' ignorance of the treaty which was signed at Washington on the 5th of June, 1854—the ratification of which were exchanged on the 9th of September following—when he indulged them in this extraordinary rhapsody.

"The child who was born in that country was washed—first thing—in an English bowl, put into English flannel, English petticoats, and an English frock trimmed with English lace, and the first word he spoke was English. When he went to school, his hat, his coat, his shirt, his trousers, and his shoes—all came from England; his satchel was made in Manchester, and his slate was from the English slate-quarries; his book and paper, his lead-pencil, his ruler, and copybook were all sent from England. The moment he began to use a horse, his saddle and bridle, spurs, crupper, girths, whip, halter, reins, bits, currycomb, brush, and iron shoes, were all made for him in England. If he enjoyed the sports of the field, his gun, his flask, his shot-bag, powder and shot, and percussion caps, were English. If he went fishing, his rod and line, the sinker, the floats, and even the flies (laughter), were English, although there were flies in the colony big enough and strong enough to bite through a boot, and the borders of the lakes were covered with wood that would supply the whole world with fishing-rods. If he built a vessel, not a single thing in it belonged to the country where it was built; the rigging, the iron, the copper, the ropes, the chains, the rudder, the compass, and all the fittings, were English. If he built a house, which he did very early, for he was a very amorous young gentleman, and frequently caught his bird before he had got a cage (laughter), then the trees were cut with an English axe, sawn with an English saw, planed with an English plane; the boards were nailed with English nails and by an English hammer, and the windows were of English glass, puttied with English putty. Then the carpet, knives, forks, plates, were English, and so were the decanters—for he would drink something besides cold water, and he (Judge Haliburton) did not much like that, to tell the truth. (Cheers and laughter.) He thought, too, it was something touching that the colonist still said he was going 'home,' when he came on a visit to England (cheers); and though it might be thought that the man he had been supposing, having brought nothing into the world, took nothing out with him, yet he was put in a coffin with English flannel, covered with English cloth, screwed down with English screws and an English screw-driver, and his name was on an English coffin-plate. The priest in an English gown, read the service over him out of an English book, and the earth was shovelled over him with English shovels. From the cradle to the grave the colonist was dependant on England." (Hear, hear.)

Gently, Mr Haliburton—you know nothing about the matter. The export trade of the United States with the British North American colonies amounted last year to nearly 4,500,000*l*., and their exportations to the United States to rather more than 4,000,000*l*.—together to quite eight millions and a half sterling. And yet you would persuade Manchester that from the cradle to the grave those colonists were dependent on England—the fact being that everything British America and the United States respectively grow and produce is admitted into the other free of all duty; and that their respective manufactures are exchanged at low rates of duty. Such is the information that Mr. Haliburton proposes to dispense in the shape of rhetoric to country Athenæums and provincial Mechanics' Institutions.

Nor do Mr. Haliburton's political views appear to be one whit wiser or sounder than his commercial statements are accurate. Hear the patriotic Clockmaker.

"Certainly the colonists would never consent to any other union with England than one with perfect equality. They had been degraded and treated like serfs, and would bear it no more. Every pretty German prince who came over here had his place assigned him, but the colonists had no place whatever in any public arrangements. In the colonies there was now no political strife or ferment, but a dead calm—a very dangerous state for any country to be in, because it usually preceded a storm. The colonists must have fair representations in parliament. Perhaps it would be objected that this would be making a mob of parliament, however, it was not much better than a mob now, and perhaps if it were more of a mob, the colonial members might kick out some fellows who had better never have been let in. As things were, the intelligent Canadian was dissatisfied, because if he had been born on the other side of the St. Lawrence, he would have had a fair chance of rising to any of the public offices, or even that of President. There was, however, no Canadian to be found in our House of Peers." (Hear, hear).

This is the mere idle verbiage of a disappointed man. Canada is now as free as England, so also are Nova Scotia and the other colonies of North America; yet this ex-Judge tells the Manchester Athenæum they "will bear it no more;" but that they must have places in all our public arrangements and have seats in the House of Lords. Surely they have got something much better; they have parliaments of their own. They have Ministers of their own. They have institutions and public arrangements of their own. They have far more civil and religious equality than we have at home. When they want capital, skill or advice to execute their railways or canals, we furnish them with it, sometimes to our own serious loss. If they desire to raise money for public purposes we lend them the Imperial credit. The Imperial Legislature has abrogated every Imperial law they objected to, and Canada may, if it please, make ducks and drakes with the Clergy Land Reserves, the Quebec Act notwithstanding. In short, if ever a colony had entirely and completely its own way, Canada has. It is not even a dependent State. A common Sovereign and common military protection are the only links, as happily they are the strongest links, of connexion. And it is in the face of all this Mr. Haliburton declares they will "bear it no longer," and must have the House of Lords thrown open to them.

Fortunately Mr. Haliburton is not an exponent of Canadian or of British North American feeling. He is simply a witty, joking, hearty old Colonial Tory, who, now that his books no longer sell, has taken to lecturing in order to indulge his love of fun and his confirmed habits of grumbling.

The Hon. Samuel Cunard, in a letter to the London Times, states a most remarkable fact, to the credit of the Steam Ships that bear his name, that for 20 years (we believe by the way it is not quite 17 years since their start) they have only on one occasion failed to sail at the appointed time. Only one, (the Columbia) have been lost.—*Halifax Journal.*

A marriage took place at Nantucket last week in the Friends' Meeting House. The prescribed preparatory forms having been complied with, after a pause the parties rose (being seated side by side), and took each other by the right hand, when the bridegroom said: "In the presence of this assembly, I take this my friend, S——— B———, to be my wife, promising through Divine assistance, to be unto her a faithful and affectionate husband until death shall separate us." The bride then said.—"In the presence of this assembly, I take this, my friend, P——— W———, to be my husband, promising through Divine assistance, to be unto him a faithful and affectionate wife, until death shall separate us." They then unclasped their hands and sat down. A document (expressive of the willingness of the parties to the union), then received their signatures, which was attested by two members of the meeting, of each sex, being what might be called an investigating committee. The document was read aloud by the clerk, which was the completion of the simple and interesting marriage ceremony of the Quakers.

Mr. Boss, of New York, has recently secured a patent for reducing and reefing topsails. The plan is very simple. Four legs, or a crow's foot, are spread along the foot of the sail and secured to it, two on each side of amidships, and are sewed to the sail up to the close reef band, where they terminate in eyes. To these eyes four ropes are bent, which reve thro' fairleaders on the yard, and thence thro' blocks, at the mast-head, to the deck.—When the sail is required to be reefed, these ropes are hauled taut, the topsail halliards let go, and the sail is brought bodily up to the yard and confined there. The slack of the reef-tackles is then hauled in, and the sail is almost as snug as if it were close-reefed. The work of hauling out the earings, and knotting the points, is then comparatively easy. This plan, it is thought, will do away with double topsail yards.—*U. S. Nautical Magazine.*

COLONIAL MATTERS.

RATHER COOL.—The St. John *Courier* of January 24th, says—

Last Sunday was intensely cold; generally throughout the city, the Mercury descended to 20 degrees below zero. In exposed situations it was three degrees lower. At New York, Albany and Boston there was a severe storm of snow, Railway communication was stopped, and much anxiety felt for the safety of the shipping at the first and last place. In Iowa the *mercury froze* at 37 degrees below zero. In the early part of the week we had a good fall of snow. On Thursday we had a January thaw and a pouring rain. Friday was cold and clear again.

Yesterday and to-day the weather has been intensely cold. This morning at seven o'clock the thermometer indicated 30 degrees below zero outside the town; at Fredericton it was the same; at Woodstock 38 below zero; at Portland (Maine), 28; at Calais, 39; and at Moncton, 16.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The ship Welsford, of 1200 tons, Capt. Hatfield, with a crew of twenty-six, all told, left St. John, N. B. on the 18th ult. for Liverpool, G. B. Experienced very dark weather with strong gales for several days, the ship at times under close reefed topsails. On Christmas day the ship was put under single reefed topsails and topgallant sail, and the usual course was steered. No land could be seen during the day. At 6 p. m. while the first officer was in the cabin writing up his log, the ship struck so suddenly as to throw him flat upon the floor. There was nothing left but every man to save, if possible his own life, by jumping on to the rocks. The ship held together for nearly two hours. Only three persons, namely, Mr. Journay, first officer, and two seamen, Malcom Finlayson, and Thomas Hand, survive this sad catastrophe. The remainder of the crew were either drowned or killed on the rocks in attempting to save themselves. The survivors suffered dreadfully from bruises, cold and exposure. The Welsford was owned in St. John, N. B., and was, we believe, a new ship. Her loss was doubtless occasioned by the old story—not giving Newfoundland a wide enough berth, neglect of which has in not a few instances resulted in shipwreck by being drawn into the land by the indraught characteristic of the coast of Newfoundland. In the present instance Mistaken Point, near Cape Race, brought the Welsford.—*Hx. Chronicle.*

The arrival, on Thursday, of upwards of three hundred of Swiss and Germans, belonging to the Foreign Legion, created considerable sensation. The men looked hale and hearty,—doubtless, much more improved than when they enlisted. We believe that employment in some of the public works has been provided for a portion of them; and those that cannot secure employment here, will likely find their way to the United States. Nearly all of them are good mechanics. They do not arrive here destitute and penniless, for each of the privates will receive sixteen pounds sterling. This sum will enable them to get on their legs,—and if they do not find something to do here, they may seek their fortunes elsewhere—*Halifax Sun.*

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY INSTITUTE.

MR. EDITOR,—An anonymous letter appeared in the *Examiner*, a few weeks since, signed "Omega," avowing the existence of a Society, entitled the "Catholic Young Men's Literary Institute," under the patronage of Rev. Thomas Phelan, P. P. This communication excited considerable attention in our city. The Hon. Charles Young, LL D., a gentleman ever forward in promoting the cause of literature and fine arts, wrote to Rev. Mr. Phelan, wishing to know if such was the fact, and if so, desired to see a copy of the rules and regulations. The Rev. gentleman promptly responded, and forwarded to him a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the institution. Mr. Young, in return, expressed himself "very much pleased with the rules, &c.," adding, "As I see nothing to prevent me from becoming an honorary member, may I ask the favor of your proposing it to the Institute," "and upon receiving notice thereof, I will be happy not only to send you three pounds [the prescribed fee constituting an honorary member], but also make a donation of books towards the Library." This generous offer being communicated to the Institute, a vote of thanks was given; Mr. Young was unanimously elected an honorary member, and a committee appointed to wait upon him with an Address, informing him of the facts. The Committee accordingly waited upon the Hon. Gentleman; were kindly received, and presented him with the following Address:—

"CHARLOTTETOWN, Jan. 27, 1857.

"HONORED SIR:—At a meeting of the "Catholic Young Men's Literary Institute,' held on Thursday evening, Jan. 22d, 1857, the correspondence which passed between yourself and our Patron, the Rev. Thomas Phelan, was submitted to that body, and elicited its grateful praise and thanks.

"The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

'*Resolved*, That the following persons do constitute a Committee, and are hereby instructed to wait upon the Hon. CHARLES YOUNG, LL D., and respectfully intimate to him, that (pursuant to his request) he has been elected an honorary member of this institute:

'JOHN J. MCDONALD, President; THOMAS KIRWAN, Vice President; RONALD WALKER.'

'In the performance of this our agreeable duty, we beg leave to say, on behalf of the 'C. Y. M. L. I.' that this unexpected notice you have been pleased to take of us, and the kindly interest you manifest in our humble endeavors to promote the dissemination of knowledge,—overstepping, as it does the narrow bounds of sectarian prejudice, which nothing but a philanthropical spirit and love of learning could accomplish,—has created within us the most heartfelt gratitude towards your person, and a hope that you may long live to reap the rewards of such disinterested benevolence.

"We cannot take leave, honored Sir, without expressing our thanks for the generous proffer of books you have been pleased to make our Institute; and beg to add, that, as

'Tis education forms the common mind,'

there is nothing we desire so much as good and useful works. We have at present in our Library a collection of some of the best standard authors, embracing History, Philosophy, Poetry, and translations from the Classics, and nothing gives us greater pleasure than adding to its quantity and quality.

"With the best wishes for your health, and that of your accomplished lady, we have the honour to subscribe ourselves, respectfully, "Your obedient servants,

"JOHN J. MCDONALD,
THOMAS KIRWAN,
RONALD WALKER."

"Hon. Charles Young, LL.D.,
&c., &c., &c.,

When the following reply was received—

CHARLOTTETOWN, Jan, 27 1857.

"GENTLEMEN,—I feel highly gratified at the very handsome manner in which you have conveyed to me the resolution, unanimously adopted by the 'Catholic Young Men's Literary Institute,' electing me an honorary member of their society.

"Ever since my arrival in this, my adopted land, I have felt a lively interest in the dissemination of Literary and Scientific knowledge among all classes of the community; and I have always manifested a disposition to co-operate with those who had this useful object in view.

"So soon as I ascertained that your Institute was in being; and so soon as I learned from its Constitution that it was so entirely free from sectarian prejudice in its organization; I then felt a desire to render it such aid as was in my power; and I now have the pleasure of handing to you the sum of three pounds, and books of a corresponding value.

"I trust that the young men, who have so creditably banded themselves together for mutual improvement, will see their Institute flourish, far beyond their most sanguine expectations; and that every succeeding year it will abound more and more in usefulness and prosperity.

"I am gentlemen,
"Your obedient servant,
"CHARLES YOUNG.

"Messrs. John J. MacDonald, Thomas Kirwan, and Ronald Walker."

The Institute cannot but feel grateful to Hon. Mr. Young, who has thus liberally come forward in its support; nor can the fact be omitted that Hon. E. Whelan, who was one of the first to apply to an honorary membership, has also come forward handsomely to give it his support.

But I must not omit mentioning how much the Institute [illegible] indebted to the noble and prompt activity and goodness of [illegible] Patron, the Rev. Mr. Phelan, who was the first to nourish [illegible] existence, and to whom it is indebted for the room in which [illegible] meetings are held, besides many other good offices.

The Institute numbers at present well on to thirty members, has a Library of one hundred and fifty volumes, of choice standard works, and needs nothing but the hearty support and co-operation of all good Catholics,—who would wish to [illegible] children and young friends do well;—to make it rival [illegible] institutions of the kind in this Colony.

On behalf of the Institute,
Jan. 31, 1857. R. B. REID, Secretary.