Carleton Place Herald.

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SABBATH READING.

A Little While.

A little while to walk this weary road;
A little while to bear this heavy load;
Then all our eathly pilgrimage shall cease,
And we shall wear the crown in perfect peace.

A little while to love with earthly love,
And then we share the 'fulness' from above;
A little time of darkness and of doubt,
Then the bright home whose light shall ne'er go out.

A little toil and sadness here below;
A little time to watch and plant and sow;
Then Jesus calls his laborers away
Where everlasting joy and gladness stay.

A little while of storm and wind and rain,
And then the shining heaven we shall gain;
A little time to toss on life's rough sea,
Then in that peaceful home our rest shall be.

A little while! Oh, Saviour make us strong
To bear that little, though it oft seem long:
Gide thou our way with thine own loving hand,
Till we shall enter in the Promised Land!

Try Again.

"Will you let your son attend Sunday-school, ma'am?" said a Sunday-school teacher to a mother who did not cherish the fear of God in her heart.

"I don't care if he does, for I am glad to get him out of the house especially on Sabbaths. He is an unruly fellow, and if you can manage him I shall be glad, for I'm sure I can't.

With this ungracious permission from the mother, the teacher took the boy. But the good teacher soon found that this boy was more than he could manage. Though only ten years old, he soon became the plague of the class and the Arab of the whole school. He was brimful of antics. Now he would pinch a child near him till he screamed, and when charged with the offence stoutly deny it with a face grave and solemn. Vainly did the teacher rebuke and entreat. Wickedness and mischief were his delight, and he would not be restrained. Finding him so incurably disobedient, the teacher had him turned out of school. But when the deed was done he reflected, "I have turned him out of School. Into what have I turned him? The streets—to the care of a mother who has no control over him whatever. What will become of him? He will certainly be ruined. I cannot give him up; I will try him again."

Once more, then, the boy was taken into the teacher's class. But he had by no means improved by his expulsion. He was as reckless, troublesome, ungovernable as before. No school could tolerate such a pupil.

What more could the teacher do? He took the little rebel after school into a small class room, and begged him to kneel by his side. The boy knelt, the teacher prayed, and the heart of the boy was touched. The teacher arose and taking the hand of his pupil told him how Jesus loved his soul, and died to save it. The boy's heart melted, and between the intervals of his own sobs and his teachers remarks he said:

"I never knew this before; I never thought of this before; I never believed any one loved me; I never thought I was wicked, and that Jesus saw me."

That half hour of prayer and personal instruction did the work. The young rebel was subdued. His heart was won. Henceforth he became a quiet, industrious, faithful scholar. The seed of a strong, healthy piety grew apace within him.

Years rolled round, and that boy became an upright man, a Christian sailor. He is now mate of a large merchant vessel, a distributer of tracts, Bibles, and religious books the supporter of his mother and family, and a zealous friend of his former teacher. In a word all the surplus vitality which, when guided by his self-will and fancy, made him so intractable, is now turned into channels of Christian activity, and he is as earnest for Christ as he was formerly for Satan.

What if that teacher had not tried that boy again? In all probability he would have been brought to disgrace. Trying again in that half hour of personal effort, with God's blessing.—*The Quiver.*

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.

A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not a ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So in the like manner the Christian is not ruined by living in the world which he must needs do, while he remains in the body, but by the world living in him.

The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink. And ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart, and thus entering in bring him to destruction, both of body and mind. The world and the things of the world press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations yea, our most lawful enjoyments, have need to be narrowly watched, lest they insensibly steal upon our affections, and draw away our hearts from God.

What wonderful provision God has made for us, spreading out the Bible into types of nature!

What if every part of your house should begin to repeat the truths which have been committed to its symbolism? The lowest stone would say in silence of night, "Other foundation can no man lay." The corner stone would catch the word "Christ is the corner stone." The door would add, I am the door." The taper burning by your bedside would stream up a moment to tell you "Christ is the light of the world." If you gaze upon your children, they reflect from their sweetly sleeping-faces the word of Christ, "Except ye become like little children." If walking, you look towards your parents' couch, from that sacred place God calls himself your father and your mother. Disturbed by the crying of your children, who are affrighted in a dream, you rise to soothe them, and hear God saying, "So will I wipe away all tears from your eyes in heaven." Returning to your bed, you look from the window. Every star hails you, but chiefest, "the bright and morning Star." By and by, flaming from the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling, and calls you forth to to the cares of the day, and then you remember that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with his presence. drawn by hunger, you approach the table, The loaf whispers as you break it, "Broken for you," and the wheat of the loaf sighs, "Bruised and ground for you." The water that quenches your thirst says, "I am the water of life." If you wash your hands, you can but remember the teachings of spiritual purity. If you wash your feet, that hath been done sacredly by Christ, as a memorial. The very roof of our dwelling hath its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top stone.

Go forth to your labor, and what thing can you see that hath not its message? The ground is full of sympathy. The flowers have been printed with teachings. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are framing divine sentences. The birds tell of heaven with their love-warblings in the green twilight. The sparrow is a preacher of truth. The hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man. The sheep that bleat from the pastures, the hungry wolves that blink in the forest' the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plough, the sickle, the wain, the barn, the flail, the threshing floor, all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no visions themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love. All are ministers of God The whole earth doth praise him, and show forth his glory!

Morality is character and conduct, such as is required by the circle or community in which the man's life happens to be placed. It shows how much good men require of us. Religion is the endeavor of a man with all his mind, and heart, and soul, to form his life and his character upon the true elements of love and submission to good, will to man. A spiritual Christian like a man who learns the principles of music, and then goes on to the practice. A moralist is like a man who learns nothing of the principles, but only a few airs by rote and is satisfied to know as many tunes as common people do. Morality is good and is accepted of God, as far as it goes; but the difficulty is that it never goes far enough. "Is not my fifty fathom cable as good as your hundred fathom one?" said the sailor. Yes, as far as it goes; but in water a hundred fathoms deep, if it does not go within fifty fathoms of anchorage of what use will it be in a storm?

The Christian and the moralist are alike in many things, but by and by the Christian will be admitted to a sphere which the moralist cannot enter. A barren and a fruitful vine are growing side by side in the garden, and the barren vine says to the fruitful one,—

"Is not my root as good as yours?"

"Yes," replied the vine, "as good as mine."

"And are not my lower leaves as broad and spreading, and is not my stem as large and my bark as shaggy?"

"Yes," says the vine.

"And are not my leaves as green, and have I not as many bugs creeping up and down, and am I not taller than you?

"Yes," meekly replies the vine, "but I have blossoms."

"O! blossoms are of no use."

"But I bear fruit."

"What those clusters? Those are only a trouble to a vine."

But what thinks the vintner? He passes by the barren vine; but the other, filling the air with its odor in spring, and drooping with purple clusters in autumn, is his pride and joy; and he lingers near it, and prunes it that it may become yet more luxuriant and fruitful. So the moralist and the Christian may grow together for a while, but by and by, when the moralist's life is barren, the Christian's will come to flower and fruitage in the garden of God. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

All the might of the world is now on the side of Christianity. Those barbarous, incohate, powers which still cling to heathenism are already trembling before the advancing strides of the Christian nation; Christian just enough to rouse all their energies, and to make them intensely ambitious and on the alert to increase their own dominion, without having learned Christianity's highest lesson, the lesson of love.

Even heathenism which seems to have some power, is only waiting for its time of decay. In vast undisturbed forests, whose intertwining boughs exclude the light, moisture is generated, and rills, fed by marshes and quiet pools, unite to form running rivers. But let the trees be cut down, and the ground be laid open to the sun, and the swamps will dry up and the rivers run no more, so is it with the Brahmins, and with all the effete teachers of heathenism. As long as the dense shadows of ignorance brood over the people, they will possess some little trickling power; but let the light of knowledge shine in upon the masses, and the channels of their influence will dry up and be forgotten.

Already, war, with its bloody hand, raps at the gate of empire in India and China. England presses upon them. Russia is steadily moving through craunching snows to the southward. The great nations, like lions roused from their lairs, are roaring and springing upon their prey and the little nations, like packs of hungry wolves, are standing by, licking their jaws, and waiting for their share of the spoils. The world is out hunting—what? Heathenism. And will be caught; it will be unearthed. A little while and there will be no den so deep, or forest so dark or island so remote, that it can find refuge.

There are some men who are so outrageously cultivated, that they are miserable the moment they are away from all which is exquisite. It is a piety that such men were born into a rough world like this, where God forgot to finish up rocks and make tree trunks smooth, and to slope the mountains down gently to the plains. That is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life, and enables us to work most successfully for his advancement. Refinement that carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement.

Our children that lie in the cradle are ours, and bear in them those lines which make them to appear, the boy like the father, and the daughter like the mother; and we are God's growing up, and we trust into the lineaments which shall make us like unto him. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Man is God's creation. Every thing else is the nursery and nurse of man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ode to the Stars.

Ye stars that rule the night with glorious splendor
Forever shining from your azure dome,
Will ye to earthly mortals knowledge render
Of that far home?

Tell us your mission, for in vain we ponder,
And search each mystic page with zealous care,
Lost in rapt thought, we meditate and wonder
Why ye are there.

Lights of the upper world that beam in glory,
Say, are ye what the ancients deemed of yore,
Rulers of men, and fraught with fabled story
Of mystic lore?

Tell us mysterious orbs, have ye the power
Astrologers declared and sought to scan—
Can ye unveil the future's hazy hour
To eye of man?

Or are ye worlds in the far distance beaming,
With vales bestrowed with rivers, trees and flowers;
With sinless life, and love, and pleasure teeming,
Purer than ours.

Aye, there ye shine and glisten now as brightly,
As when ye first the azure heavens trode,
Lighting the path that leads the way-worn nightly,
To his abode.

Then twinkle on, ye beacons ever flaming;
Years must elapse, and ages circle on,
Ere thunders forth the mighty voice proclaiming,
Your mission done.

Sad Comment on Fast Living.

An old man who has been living in the most abject poverty for several years, vibrating between Worcester county and Berkshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut, as he was shifted by selectmen who wished to clear him from their precincts has at last found a refuge, but perhaps only a temporary one, in the State's Almhouse at Monson. Forty years ago this same man did a heavy grain and shipping business in New York, and was among the most influential and respected of the merchants of the metropolis. About the time of the completion of the Erie canal he, with others, conceived a grand scheme of doing an immense foreign trade; and went to Europe, taking most of his wealth with him. Family affairs did not run smooth, and he gave up his grand project, went to London, led a gay life, was feasted by lords, became very intimate with the household of a noble earl, and was presented at court by the American Minister. Afterwards he crossed to Paris, where some imbroglio obliged him to accept the challenge of a fighting marquis who sent a ball through his right arm; but our pauper being a poor shot, severely wounded his own second instead of the marquis, and had to leave that city. Then he went to Munich, and made love to a neice of one of the royal families, was accepted, got drunk at a palatial ball, over his conquest, made a bad thing of it and left Munich with despatch. He continued in his excesses, gambled away all his property, was a vagabond in England a few years, then in New York, and then throughout western Massachusetts. His life is a sadder comment on fast living than was ever written.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Valuable Bucket.—Among the many curious modes of making money in Australia, none, I think, surpasses the following:—A surgeon told me that he went one day into the tent of a brother medicus, on the Bendigo, just as the patient was going out.

"I have been stopping a tooth," said the surgeon.

"Do you get good cement here?" inquired my friend.

"Admirable!" replied the surgeon. "I saw an old gutta-percha bucket selling in a lot of old tools one day at auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the gutta-percha at a guinea each, and shall, no doubt, stop thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unrivalled dentist, and they come to me far and near."—*Life in Melbourne.*

German yeast.—The yeast prepared by the Hungarians will keep a whole twelvemonth. During the summer they boil a quantity of wheaten bran and hops in water; the decoction is not long in fermenting, and when this has taken place they throw in a sufficient quantity of bran to form the whole into a thick paste, which they work into balls that are afterwards dried by a slow heat. When wanted for use, they are broken and boiling water is poured upon them. Having stood a proper time, the fluid is decanted, and is in a fit state for leavening bread.—*Johnson's Encyclopadia of Agriculture.*

Washing Directions.—From the Soap Man.—Calicos, and other goods not printed with *fast* colors, should be washed in a weak suds, using none but the bar soap. Flannels and other woolen goods, after being well soaped, should be washed in cold water, until quite free of suds. Never wring nor twist any woolen garment, to free it of water; but fold and gently press out all that will flow easy, and then hang it upon the line to drain, and if it is necessary squeeze out the accumulating water from the lower edges once or twice. When dry or nearly so, shake, whip, or pull the article to expand it to its full size and prevent the natural tendency to full up which wool has.

To Toughen New Earthen Ware.—It is a bad plan to put new earthen ware into boiling hot water; it should first be plunged into cold water, and placed over a fire, where it will heat moderately to the boiling point, and then be permitted to cool again. This process greatly promotes the toughness and durability of common earthen ware, which is generally objectionable for domestic uses, on account of its fragility. The glazing on this kind of ware will remain uninjured by the boiling of a handful of rye or wheat bran be added to the water, and prepare it to withstand successfully, and for a long time, the action of acid or salt.—*Sel.*

Frenchy.—A Frenchman, wishing to say to a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed himself—'She be mooch tame like the petite mouton!'

Execution of the Murderer Fralick.

Zecharian Fralick, who was convicted at the late Assizes of killing Elizabeth York, in the township of Richmond, on the 28th June last, and sentenced to be executed on the 7th December, suffered the extreme penalty of the law yesterday morning within the gaol walls. The murder was one of the most atrocious character, and created an intense sensation throughout the whole district in which it took place. The leading facts of the tragedy are briefly these: Fralick had contracted a deep passion for the deceased girl, who was the eldest daughter of Harman York, a farmer residing in the same neighborhood with the murderer's family, but she did not reciprocate the feeling, and several times refused his offers of marriage. On the evening of Sunday, the 28th June, Elizabeth left her house and went to the residence of her uncle, Daniel York, in company with two young children who had spent the day with her. She remained at her uncle's till ten o'clock, when she left by herself for home, and that was the last time she was seen alive. No anxiety was felt for her safety till Monday afternoon, when her mother sent to Daniel's house to make inquiry, and received information that she had left home on the previous night. Great alarm was excited in the minds of her parents by this intelligence, and her father and others at once proceeded to make a search for the missing girl, whose murdered body was shortly afterward discovered in a field on the road to her parent's dwelling. Among the people who flocked to see the body when it had been conveyed to the house was young Fralick, who was then and there hinted at by one of the persons present as being the probable murderer. Fralick hearing the remark, and also threats against his life, immediately went away. On the following morning several friends of the deceased girl went to prisoner's house and asked him to accompany them to the house to see the body, which he did. On the way, Fralick, of his own motion, pointed out the scene of the murder, and by some remarks and actions confirmed the suspicion that he was the guilty person. After reaching the house, he remained outside while the others entered, and was shortly afterwards seen running away across the fields; but being immediately pursued, he was overtaken and secured. During the inquest on the following day, several persons proceeded to Fralick's house, where they found some articles of the murdered girl's clothing, stained with blood, and blood was also found on the hat worn by the prisonor. The jury found that Elizabeth York had been murdered by Zechariah Fralick, and the prisoner was at once conveyed to Kingston, where, after a long and patient trial, he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Of the wretched man's previous life, but little is known beyond the fact that he was brought up in total ignorance of his duties as a member of society and of his responsibilities as an immortal being. Professedly adherents of the Methodist Church, his parents seem to have attended no place of religious worship, and the family were consequently reared in ignorance of religion and morality. During Fralick's incarceration, reports were circulated that he had been guilty of other serious offences, but they have proved to be without foundation, and were probably concocted by his enemies with a view of influencing public opinion in the event of an appeal being made to the Executive in his behalf. During his trial, and until within a few weeks of his execution, Fralick exhibited a wonderful indifference as to his position, and stoutly denied his guilt. The ministrations of his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. Gemley, appear, however, to have wrought a desirable change in his feelings, and about two weeks ago he fully confessed himself guilty of the murder, but denied to the last that he violated the person of his victim. He stated to the reverned gentleman that it was with the latter intention he waylaid the girl; that the thought of killing her had not entered his mind, but that the opposition she offered to his solicitations excited his anger and impelled him to commit the shocking deed. After his confession Fralick became more docile and willingly received the instructions and consolations of religion offered to him by the clergymen who visited his cell. He exhibited no signs of fear, however, and his fortitude to the last moment was admirable. On Sunday evening he received the sacrament as administered by the Methodist church, at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Gemley, and with that gentleman and others spent a portion of the night in preparing to meet his Maker. A few days ago he gave the Sheriff to understand that he would say a few words to the crowd before his execution, but he subsequently changed his mind and informed the same officer that he had determined not to make any remarks. Yesterday morning he was visited at an early hour by the Rev. Mr. Gemley, Rev. Mr. Watt and another clergyman, who spent the remaining time he had to live in praise and prayer, and his conduct was such as to increase the hope entertained of his penitence and preparation for his awful fate. Shortly before ten o'clock the hangmen, two in number, entered the doomed man's cell, and having dressed him in a long white gown and pinioned his arms behind his back, left him for a few minutes with his spiritual advisers. Meanwhile a large concourse of eager spectators, numbering about two thousand, assembled in the gaol yard and outside the walls, many of whom had arrived on the ground as early as six o'clock, and patiently awaited the fearful scene. The crowd was chiefly made up of people from the country, and nearly all the females present, of whom we are happy to say there were not many, were the wives and daughters of farmers. The hour appointed for the execution having arrived the prisoner was brought out of his cell, and accompanied by the clergymen, the Sheriff, and a few others, walked with a firm step to the scaffold, his attendants singing a hymn as they moved on in procession. On reaching the fatal spot the doomed man cast a rapid glance at the curious crowd assembled below, but the scene did not affect his firmness, and having been instructed to step on the stool which had been placed on the drop to increase the length of the fall, he obeyed the order with alacrity. Immediately on ascending he turned round and in a low voice requested the Sheriff to close the door so that the crowd could not see him, but being informed by that officer that he had no power to do so, the wretched man resumed his former position and awaited his fate with the utmost composure. Rev. Mr. Gemley then read a portion of the impressive burial service of the Church of England and commended the culprit's spirit to its Maker, after which one of the executioners approached and drew the white cap over the unhappy man's features. In another moment the fatal bolt was drawn and Zechariah Fralick was launched into eternity, amid the prayers of the clergymen and officials who surrounded him. The hangman's work was quickly and effectively done, and the criminal died without a perceptible struggle. Those who stood by the unhappy man to the last were deeply affected by the solemn scene, and the feeling which affected the small circle on the scafforld appeared to prevail in the crowd without. The utmost order was observed among the spectators, and when the execution had taken place the crowd rapidly dispersed. After hanging about fifteen minutes the body was cut down and placed in a coffin to await its disposal by deceased's friends, who subsequently took possession of it and made arrangements for its conveyance to the township of Richmond, where it would be decently interred. The execution yesterday was the first witnessed in Kingston during the last ten years, and all will pray that such a scene may never again occur in our midst.

Crinoline and Cosmetics.

"Dear Punch.—I am a young man, and have a fairish income, and I want to find some fair creature to share it. But I declare to you I really am so frightened by advertisements that I can hardly summon up the pluck to go in quest of her. Not to mention the announcements of milliners and jewellers, which in a money point of view are terrible enough, there are other dreadful notices addressed to the fair sex, which really make one's flesh creep when one thinks of getting married. By Jove, if one believes in half that is hinted in the newspapers girls are now adays all sham, there's nothing real about them. They buy their hair of Monsieur Coiffeur, and their teeth of Monsieur Dentifrice; Madame Crinoline supplies them with a figure, and Mademoiselle Enamelle furnishes the face. One shopkeeper sells eyebrows that are warranted to stick, while another supplies roses to beautify the cheeks, warranted to bear even inspection through a microscope. As for hair dyes, they are numberless, and so are curling fluids; and somebody keeps puffing some patent hair restoratives, which he begs us to observe is 'recommended by the faculty,' and is 'held in high estimation in the higher circles.' Besides this, there's the 'pomadore, for beautifying the arms and hands or face, without causing the slightest unnatural appearance,' and in addition there is the 'eye fluid,' which some genius has invented, and which serves not merely for concealment of crows' feet, but to give great 'boldness, character, and seeming enlargement' to that 'index of character' which we more simply call the eye.

'Now Crinoline is bad enough, and an awful thing it is for a young bachelor to contemplate the larceration of his ancles and destruction of his trousers, which will infallibly result from his walking arm in arm with the steel-begirt young creature he consents to call his wife. But, nuisance though it be, Crinoline is not half so nasty as cosmetics. A sham figure is more tolerable by far than a sham face. Just conceive a man's disgust at finding that his wife changed color when he kissed her, and that her rosy cheeks turned yellow if he touched them with his lips. Who would care to marry a beautiful complexion, if he knew it had been purchased in the Burlington Arcade; and how can one admire a snowy brow or swan-like neck when one believes it to be whitewashed, say, at sixpence the square inch? What a pleasant thing for Corydon to find his Chloe *minus* her left eyebrow some fine morning, or showing two large crows-feet which had been concealed by paint! Don't you think he would be justified in going to his club to breakfast for the future, and if he lived there altogether, I for one, should not much censure him. I think Sir James Plaisted Wilde would hardly call it cruel for a man to leave a wife whom he detected using paint. A girl who sails under false colors when cruising for a husband I consider should be viewed in the light of a she-pirate, and should be driven to surrender any prize that she might take.

"No, no, Mr. Punch. You have influence with the ladies, if anybody has; and I wish you would just tell them that when they use cosmetics to beautify themselves they only make themselves more ugly than by nature they would be. Men like beauty, no doubt; but then to please their eyes it must be beauty without paint. So far as flesh and blood go, what a man wants in a wife is something huggable and kissable, and Crinoline and Cosmetics quite prevent her being this. A cheek like a blush rose is a pleasant thing to look upon; but I have little likeing for artificial flowers, and have certainly no wish for one to decorate my table. For rather would I stick to my Old Bachelor's Button than sit down to dinner daily with sham roses to look at. Let others praise the *cerea brachia* of Chloe, or any other specimens of Miss Enamelle's skill in wax-work; I for one would have my wife as *Beatrice* would have her husband, one not for Sunday show but for honest week-day use. As for paint attracting lovers, I am sure it only serves to frighten them away. Who with lips that are by nature capable of kissing would ever dream of paying his addresses to a girl with 'touch-me-not' quite plainly painted on her face? The mistletoe will soon be an extinct institution, if girls persist in trying to make themselves unkissable by colouring their cheeks. One would as soon salute the *Wall* in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, as kiss a painted, powdered beauty who purchased her complexion, and put on an extra smear when she wanted to look smart. For myself I shall keep single until the rage of paint-brushes and powder-balls is over; and I recommend the fellow who is caught by a complexion to ponder well, ere marrying, the moot point, *Will it Wash?*

"I remain, my dear old Punch, yours in all serenity (at present),

"Charley Cœlebs."

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot house.

One of the incidents of the late battle was the shelling of a farm house by a rebel battery, commanded by the son of the owner and occupant. During a charge of the Union troops the son was killed, but the father refused to look upon the remains of his ungrateful child.

Substitute for Soap.—A late French author recommends potatoes, three-fourths boiled, as a substitute for Soap in washing hands. The use of this prevents chapping in cold weather, and retains the skin soft and healthy.

Mr. Smith O'Brian on the American war.

Mr. Smith O'Brien has published in the Dublin Irishman a letter replying to Brig. Gen. Meagher's, addressed to his countrymen some time since, advocating the cause of the Federal Government. We subjoin the greater part of the letter:—

Killarney, Oct. 28. 1863.

My Dear Smith:—I perceive that our friend, T. F. Meagher, not satisfied with having made in America a series of brilliant orations in favor of a continuance of the civil war that has raged nearly three years in the United States, has sent a despatch to Ireland which is evidently intended to induce Irish emigrants to enlist under the Federal bannars on their arrival in America.

I cannot calculate less than two hundred thousand the number of Irishmen have already fallen in this horrible warfare. These men have fallen in the prime of life—in the vigor of youth and strength. Had they fallen in contending for the freedom of their country their memory would have been consecrated in the annals of patriotism. Their heroism would have been admired even by those who hate our nation; but truth compels me to say that those brave men are now regarded as mere mercenaries, who for a handful of dollars, enlist themselves in a strife, the sole object of which is to determine whether one third of the citizens of the United States, shall be governed according to their own free choice, or shall be coerced by force to submit to a connection and to a government which they repudiate and abhor.

Nothing but a sense of duty could place me in antagonism to a comrade who shared many of my hopes and disappointments; but as there are some in Ireland, and in America too, who pay attention to what I say, I feel it to be incumbent upon me at a time when thousands upon thousands of Irishmen are leaving our shores, to declare that it would be far better for them to remain at home earning a shilling a day than to be seduced by the glitter of military trappings—by the solicitations of crimps and man-brokers—or by the invocation of the most splendid oratory—to perish as mercenaries in the unholy strife which now desolates the States of America.

Gen. Meagher complains that the Irish people have identified themselves with the Orangemen and Tories of England in their sympathy with the Rebels of the South. This charge proceeds from the misconception of the state of feeling that prevails in this country. There are few Englishmen or Anglicized Irishmen who do not rejoice in the separation which has taken place between the Southern and Northern States, because they were accustomed to feel that the growth of American power under the Union was so rapid as to become extremely formidable to England. On the other hand, the patriotic party in Ireland deeply regret the severance of these States, because they found the increasing strength of the United States, a guarantee against English oppression, which under various contingencies, might be useful for the protection of Ireland. But after this war had unhappily broken out—when, from the course of events, it became manifest to all mankind that there is between North and South and alienation of feeling which cannot be reconciled—when it became evident that the South, even if conquered, could be retained in connection with the North only by coercion—then the levers of human freedom—the upholders of the right of self-government—began to feel that though the dissolution of the union might be a great calamity, its maintenance by such means as are employed by Russia in order to retain Poland under subjection would be a great evil. Instead, thereof, of hounding on the combatants to mutual destruction, we earnestly pray that the Americans may settle their differences by amicable adjustment, even though the separation may be injurious to us.

An inspiration prevails in the mind of some of our deluded fellow countrymen to the effect, that Gen. Meagher is exciting them with such earnestness to take part in the civil war in America with a view to prepare them for an invasion of Ireland. A more absurd mode of preparing them to attack an enemy was never devised by the imagination of man, It is not told how many Irishmen enlisted in the Southern armies have been sent into another world by Meagher's Brigade, but it has been stated—I believe on his own authoity—that he carried twelve hundred fine young Irishmen into the battle of Fredericksburgh, and that he brought out of that engagement unharmed only two hundred and fifty. Could the worst enemies of Ireland desire that the Irish should be spurred to destruction by infatuation more insane than that which induces Irishmen to butcher each other in this accursed war.

Gen. Meagher excuses us on the ground that we are ignorant respecting American affairs, and abstains from reputing base motives to our desire that peace should be restored in the Western world. Following his example I will not impute to him improper motives for the course which he has adopted. Had he received the honors which are due to his eloquence and to his gallantry, his motives might have been questioned; but we have been led to believe that Meagher, as well as Shield, has been treated with much indignity by the Federal Government; while we wonder at the forgiving disposition that has been displayed by by our gallant brigadier, we feel bound to dissuade our countrymen from entering a service in which they will be placed foremost in the very post of danger, and last in all distribution of honors and emoluments.

After alluding to Mr. Meagher's stupid sneers against Southern aristocrats, saying Irishmen liked old families, &c., Mr. O'Brien continues:

Mr. Meagher is more sure of exciting among us prejudices against the Southerns when he calls them slave owners than when he designates them as aristocrates. The Irish people feel an invincible aversion to the institution of slavery; and if this war were really a war of emancipation, there would be few in Ireland who would not pray for the success of the Northerns. But no one knows better than Gen. Meagher that the present war is not a war of emancipation of the slaves, but that it is a war which is carried on for the purpose of upholding the Union. No one knows better than Gen. Meagher that a large majority of those who are fighting in the Northerns regard the Abolitionists of slavery as a mischievous and fanatical faction—that this majority would continue to uphold and enforce the detestable "Fugitive Slave Law," and all other appliances incidental to slavery, provided that the slave-holding States would return to the Union. Had it been a war of emancipation, Congress would have seized the opportunity afforded by the secession to enact and promulgate the freedom of every slave in the United States. But it has done no such thing. It has authorized President Lincoln, to declare that the slaves of Rebels over whom he has now no sway are free, but the slaves of the loyal upholders of the Union who are subject to the legislation of Congress, are still consigned to everlasting bondage.

No one knows better than Gen. Meagher that the condition of the emancipated slave in the North is more humiliating to a sensitive force than enforced subjection which is maintained in the South. He knows that with a few individual exceptions, the Northern emancipator will neither eat, pray nor travel with men of color—even though he is as well educated and refined as the most accomplished of the white population. He knows that the president has held out no other hope to the emancipated slaves of the South than that of compulsory removal to some land distant from the homes of their childhood. He knows that the condition and prospects of the emancipated slaves are such, that of the many millions of slaves to whom the present war has afforded an opportunity of fleeing from servitude, only a few thousand have sought to escape, though they have been stimulated by the Northerners not only to flee from their masters, but also to plunder and massacree the families among whom they had lived from their infancy. He has yet to learn that the Southerns may prefer to trust themselves to their slaves rather than submit to Northern domination; and that before this horrible struggle be ended we may witness the invasion of the North by half a million of colored troops armed and led by their former masters.

God forbid that I should say a word in favor of Slavery. The one redeeming advantage which I have contemplated as a possible result of this conflict is, that it may induce the Southerns Voluntarily to emancipate their slaves: but I will not allow my countrymen to be so misled by grandiloquent vituparation as to believe that this war is a war undertaken for the abolition of Slavery in America.

Let us suppose that in 1782, the Irish patriots had learnt that instead of amicable adjustment which took place by a concession to the demands of Ireland, the British Ministry had appointed a Lord Lieutenant in Ireland who would undoubtedly have filled all official positions with Englishmen, or with Irishmen who were opposed to the national interests, would Meagher have reproached them if they had made the appointment of such a Lord Lieutenant a *casus belli*, and had subjected to the arbitrament of the sword the question that were then at issue between England and Ireland? Neither is Mr. Toombs to be blamed for having taken into account this element in considering the relations between the Southern and Northern States of America.

Equally unreasonable are the reproaches with which the Southerns have been assailed, because at the time of secession they took possession of the forts and the arsenals which were situated in the Southern territory. These forts and arsnels belonged as much to the Southerns as to the Northerns, and as the secession naturally gave to the Northerns the arsenals and dockyards which were situated in the Northern States, so it gave to the Southerns those which are situated in the seceding States. If the Irish insurrection in 1848 had been successful, would not Gen. Meagher have laughed to scorn any one who should have reproached him for taking possession of Spike Island, because it was called by the English a British fort. Fort Sumpter stands in relation to Charleston in a position exactly similar to that which is occupied by Spike Island in relation to Cork.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I write these pages with a view to justify the Secession. When I made a tour in the Southern States of North America, in 1859. I earnestly implored my Southern friends to renounce the idea which could not fail to be disastrous to them, as well as the whole of the Republic. When I learnt that instead of endeavoring to obtain redress for their real or imaginary grievances by peaceful negociation, that forces of South Carolina had fired upon Fort Sumpter, I thought it extremely natural that the inhabitants of the Northern States should meet force by force in the maintenance of the Union. Mr. Henry W. Beacher asked an auditory in London last week whether Englismen would or aught to tolerate the secession of Kent from the political unity which now holds together the several counties of England. I answer without hesitation that such a secession ought to be prevented by force, while Kent enjoys equality of rights with the other inhabitants of Britain; and though I maintain speaking theoretically, and South Carolina or Maine enjoys a right to withdraw from the Union, yet, as a practical question, it is not unnatural that the other members of the United States should endeavor to prevent by force a secession which may be injurious to the whole Union.

But since after a succession of bloody engagements it has been seen that what appeared at first to be the whim of a single State is the deliberate resolve of several millions of people—since it has been seen that though contending under many difficulties and disadvantages the Southern leaders have displayed more able statesmanship and more skilful stategy than has been exhibited by their adversaries—when it is manifest that they possess all the qualifications that render a people fitted for self-government—an attempt to coerce them into enforced subjugation becomes nothing less than unjustifiable and intolerable tyranny.

Having thus endeavored to disconnect from the main question at issue the various fallacies and prejudices by which it has been surrounded, I now address myself to the question, whether Virginia, Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and the other seceding States have or have not a natural or indefensible right to determine what form of government is most conducive to their interests and acceptable to their feelings. This appears to be a question which does not admit of argument on the part of those who, like T. F. Meagher have contended that Ireland and Poland have a moral right to withdraw from the domination of England and Russia. There is, perhaps, no part of the world in which the pressure of metropolitan domination is less felt than in Canada, yet Gen. Meagher would not deny to Canadians the right to declare their independence, or to associate themselves with the States of America. It is difficult, therefore, to understand by what process of reasoning he can satisfy himself, that Ireland enjoys such a right—that Ca-