

A MAIL-CAR ADVENTURE.

Fourteen years ago I drove from S—, a distance of forty miles, and, as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, did not start until after dinner; so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one.— A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at S— until one o'clock in the morning; but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me. One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at F—, the postmaster called me into his office.

'Bill,' said he, 'with an important serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag;" and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from H—, to some land-agents up near the C— line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to S—. I told him I did not know; but "suppose I haven't?" I said.

'Why,' said he, 'the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon the mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful.'

He said that the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face. He did not know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there was not much danger. 'Oh, no, not if you have got passengers through; but I only told you this, so you might look out for your mail, and look out when you change horses.'

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it; but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode on to my first stopping place. I reached G— at dark, where we stopped for supper; and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left G— alone, having two horses and an open cart. I had seventeen miles to go—and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg weary and restive.— At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Z— Corners, where I took fresh horses. I had been two hours going that distance. Just as I was going to start, a man came up, and asked if I was going to S—. I told him I should go through if the thing could be possibly done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines, when the ostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly? I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the off fore-foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the ostler remarked that he thought I came alone.— I told him I did. 'Then where did you get that passenger?' said he.

'He has just got in,' I answered. 'Got in from where?' 'I don't know.' 'Well, now,' said the ostler, 'that's kind of curious. There ain't no such man been at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors.'

'Let's have a look at his face,' said I: 'we can get that much, at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the cart, just hold your lantern, so that the light will shine into his face.'

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the cart I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hardy features, and I could see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I did not think seriously of it until I had started. Perhaps I had got half a mile when I noticed that the mail-bag was not in its old place under my feet.

'Hallo!' says I, holding up my horses a little, 'where's my mail?' 'My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

'Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet,' he said, giving it a kick, as though he had shoved it forward.

Just at this moment my horses encountered a deep snow-drift, and I was forced to get out and through it. This took me about fifteen minutes, and when I got in again, I pulled the mail bag forward and put my feet upon it. And as I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the covering, and put it in his breast-pocket. At this I thought it was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of the barrel in the star-light, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me; and perhaps he meant to perform that detestable job at any rate. While I was thinking, the horses encountered another deep snow-drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he said he did not feel very well, and would not try it: so I worked alone, and was nearly a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts. When I got into the carriage again, I began to feel for the mail-bag with my feet, and found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that it had become entangled in something. I thought it the covering, and tried to kick it clear; but the more

I kicked the more closely it was held. I put down my hand, and, after feeling about a few minutes, I found my foot was in the mail-bag!— I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with knife. Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving F—; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances.

I was not long making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail-bag, and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by the size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I revolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time: so I must resort to stratagem.

Only a little distance ahead of us was a house. An old farmer named Martin lived there: and directly in front of it was a huge snow bank, stretched across the road, through which a track for waggons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the house, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up till the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shovelled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the horses mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the cart over about as quick as if lightning struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and was not prepared for it; but I had, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow, with a heavy robe about him while I alighted on my feet, directly on the top of him. I punched his head in the snow, and then sung out for old Martin. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass; and as soon as he saw my cart overturn, he had lit his lantern and hurried out.

'What's to pay?' asked the old man, coming out. 'Lead the horses into the track, and then come here,' said I.

As I spoke, I partially loosed my hold on the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season, and jammed his head in the snow again, and took the weapon away from him. By this time Martin had led the horses out and come back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road; and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets. He swore, and threatened, and prayed; but we paid no attention to him. Martin got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the cart. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to S—, and he said, 'Of course.' So he got his overcoat and muffer, and ere long we started.

I reached the end of my journey with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail-bag a little worse for the game he had played on it.

However, the mail robber was secured, and within a week he was identified by the officers as an old offender; and now, I think, he is in the state prison at the present moment. He was there when last I heard of him.—Lamp.

ROME AND THE REVOLUTION.

The only effect produced upon us by the more enlarged and precise information which has reached us this week respecting the late engagements of the Pontifical troops with the revolutionists at Mantana, has been a still deeper conviction of the manifest interposition of Divine Providence in the whole of the circumstances and events that resulted in the utter confusion and rout of the enemies of the Church. In the incomprehensible judgments and in the unsearchable ways of the Omnipotent and Omniscient, there never was anything more extraordinary than the mode and the means chosen to uphold the Vicar of Christ, to scatter his enemies, and to frustrate their knavish tricks; to dissipate the misrepresentations upon which those enemies have founded the claim of the Piedmontese usurper to Rome as his capital, and to make manifest to mankind the utter falsehood of the reports, for so many years industriously circulated by the anti-Catholic press, that the Pontifical Government is unpopular among the Pope's temporal subjects and that the Romans were waiting to transfer their allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, and to become members of the 'great kingdom of Italy.'— We do not at all expect to see these wicked misrepresentations abandoned, for we know too well the character of the journals which have given them currency to hope for honor, truth, or decency in their dealing with the Holy See question. Bitter bigotry, stupid hatred of the Holy See alone made Garibaldi a hero in England. He never did anything great by his own genius or prowess. He has always been a buccannering braggadocio, and nothing more. We have it upon his own declaration at the Crystal Palace that he was enabled by the perfidious conduct of the British Admiral obeying the instructions of that vile of all British Ministers, Lord Palmerston to effect in perfect safety that landing in Sicily, which has been held up as an instance of superb man skill and bravery by our Protestant contemporaries. Lord Palmerston and his instrument boldly denied the fact at the time, but Garibaldi spouted out the truth at the Crystal Palace, and convicted his accomplices of the lie by bearing witness to their complicity. Having thus landed his filibusters in Sicily under cover of the British fleet, designated so anchored that the artillery of the King of Naples could not fire upon the Garibaldians without the imminent risk of hitting those on board the British ships. Garibaldi had not much difficulty in stirring up seditious tumults among the proverbially turbulent and disaffected Sicilians. He then went to Naples and there escaped annihilation by the King's troops, only through the opportune but shameful intervention of the Piedmontese army under Cialdini. This we have upon the authority of Cialdini himself in a letter addressed by him to Garibaldi, in which

he lays bare the false pretences under which the vainglorious buccannier strutted as a hero and also upon the authority of English officers friends of our own, who saw the whole affair near Naples, and, though sympathizing with the enemies of the Bourbon, have frankly avowed that the Neapolitan Revolution was effected not by Garibaldi, whom the army had defeated, but by Cialdini, who came to his aid and turned the tide of battle. In the Tyrol case it is notorious that the hero of Stafford House did nothing during the summer of 1866, when Austria had to contend against Prussia and Italy combined. And it is unnecessary to observe that he has reaped no laurels in the Papal States. Nevertheless, we shall see him still held up before British Protestants as a hero, because he is the furious assailant of the Holy See, and the ferocious reviler of the Pope. That covers all his faults, all his failings, all his crimes in British Protestant estimation. True, he gave expression at Geneva to the most horrible blasphemies, and advocated the most anarchical and anti-social principles—blasphemies, and principles, against which Calvinistic Geneva revolted so strongly that the miscreant who enunciated them had to fly from the city in the night, to escape the manifestation of that indignation which he had excited among the Genevese. True, he practically denied Jesus Christ and the Blessed Trinity by ostentatiously baptizing infants in the name of Italy and notorious Italian revolutionists thus rivalling one of the most horrible incidents of the first French Revolution.— Still he is a hero with the English Protestant press, and will long be the idol of English Low Church and Protestants, because he is the enemy of the Pope and the assailant of the Catholic Church. What matters it that he is a blasphemer and a practical infidel?— Has he not called the Pope a vampire, and denounced all Catholic bishops and priests as emissaries of the Evil One? That, not only covers all his infamy in English evangelical eyes, but glorifies him. We should not be surprised to hear that certain dukes and Exeter Hall ears, and distinguished statesmen, and Anglican bishops had, in their admiration for the archfilibuster, determined to domesticate his name by giving it to their sons at the font. There is only one impediment to the realisation of this idea, for the national debasement of a former period forbids us to reject any further scandal of its sort as impossible. England despises poltroonery as much as it dislikes the Papacy, and Garibaldi has shown himself the very poltroon. Brave man don't boast, but fight, and conquer or die. Garibaldi has been boasting at the top of his voice for several weeks, and when worsted in fair fight with the numerical odds in his favor, he bolted, leaving his dead, his wounded, and his beaten followers in the hands of the brave enemy whom he insolently reviled but three days before. 'Rome or death' was his war cry. Rome he has not got, and death he has avoided by an ignominious flight. Only a few days before his buccannering and bravado were brought so humiliating a close at Mentana, he told his volunteers not to waste their powder and ball, or soil their bayonets with the miserable mercenaries composing the Papal army, but to despatch them with the butt ends of their muskets. When the moment of action came he reversed his tactics; and made the best use of their small arms and field pieces, they were scattered like sheep—the heaviest burden the had to bear; and the greatest hindrance to their success being the enormous fatigues of their cause.

In all this how manifest is the Power of God?—Weekly Register.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN Nov 19.—His Eminence Cardinal Cullen has issued another pastoral to his clergy, which was read yesterday in the several churches and chapels of the diocese. It begins thus:—'Pall by the mercy of God of the title of St Peter in Montorio, of the Holy Roman Church Cardinal Priest, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, &c. &c., to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Dublin.' His Eminence relates the Scriptural narrative of the deliverance of St. Peter from the prison to which had been consigned by Herod, the first persecutor of the Christian Church, and then draws an analogy between his conduct and that of statesmen, politicians, and other public men in our day who appear to be imbued with the spirit of the Jewish King, and to be anxious to imitate his wicked deeds and crooked policy. He complains that while the evils which several Catholic countries are afflicted are passed over in silence, attacks have been directed within the last few weeks against the successor of St. Peter, and attempts made to rob him of the small territory which he now holds, and then observes: 'Happily the wicked and unjust war carried on sacrilegiously during the past month against the See of Peter has not been successful; a small band of Christian warriors inspired by their faith and the goodness of their cause, have completely destroyed the piratical hordes of Garibaldi, and freed Rome—the capital of Christianity, the home of every Catholic—from the immediate danger to which it was exposed. However the enemies of the Church, though signally chastised for the moment, will not abandon their wicked designs, and it is to be feared that with the sanction or connivance of the Sardinian Government and the aid obtained from England and other countries, and especially from secret societies, they will continue to conspire against our Holy Father Pius IX., and to raise new troubles around him making him drink more deeply the bitter cup of affliction. In these circumstances, and especially in consideration of the many grievous evils which afflict various portions of the Church, the Holy Pontiff, who now so gloriously fills the chair of Peter has addressed an Encyclical letter to all the Bishops of the world, in which he manifests his feeling of alarm for the safety of the faithful, and exhorts the pastors of the fold to have recourse to prayer, public and private, in order to avert the anger of Heaven, and to beg of God to convert or to humble his enemies, so intent upon banishing religion from the world and establishing a baneful system of incredulity or indifference in its place.' His Eminence, after quoting the words of the Encyclical, directs that in order to carry out the wishes of the Holy Father, a triduum, commencing on Friday next, shall be performed in all the churches of the diocese. The devotions are prescribed, and indulgences mentioned in the Encyclical are promised to those who engage in them.

THE CONVICTED FENIANS.—The so called Gen. Halpin, Col Warren, and Capt Costello were brought up for sentence on the 13th of October.

Gen. Halpin protested against the jurisdiction of the Court. He was, he said, an American and owed no allegiance to any other Government than that of the United States, and would rather swear allegiance to the Emperor of Abyssinia than give half an hour's allegiance to a Government that has blasted the hopes of half the world. The jury was packed, and the jurors has made up minds before they heard the evidence.

The Lord Chief Baron here reminded Halpin that he was transcending the limits the Court could allow him.

Halpin—I am come to the conclusion that the law allows me no privileges. I don't blame your lordship for administering the law. I have to thank your lordship for your conduct. But the law takes me, a citizen of the United States, and tries me as a British subject, and I look to another place and people to see justice done.

Lord Chief Justice.—This again transcends the limits. Halpin—I am aware that it does not come within your lordship's province to deal with any Government; but if it only has the effect of making the sword of Brother Jonathan spring from its scabbard, all the punishment you can inflict on me shall be borne with submission.

The Lord Chief Baron again said that such appeals could not be allowed.

Halpin—I can not only say that the first gun fired between these two nations shall solace me in my lonely cell.

Lord Chief Baron.—cannot allow you to make observations as to Governments or countries.

Halpin—My observations refer to a fact that I hope shall come before long; that I shall bear the death-knell of that infamous Government that—

The Lord Chief Baron said he could not permit such language.

Halpin—You cannot help my thinking it. The prisoner went on to complain of Mr. Price refusing to procure new newspapers, and with suppressing his papers.

The Lord Chief Baron said the court had no jurisdiction with respect to prison rules.

Halpin—Then in Kilmaham he is monarch of all he surveys. The prisoner complained that he had not been arrested in Ireland, but on the high seas, on his way to his home. He had a right to complain that he should be consigned to a dungeon, in consequence of the trumping up of a case. In no other country would perjured informers be allowed to testify. Even according to the French code.

Lord Chief Baron—I cannot allow you to refer to the French law.

Halpin—I can only say that the law under which I have been convicted—if I have been convicted under any law at all, of which I have serious doubts—your lordship has stated the law as it stands; but there are outside issues that have been brought against me, that I think are not justified by any laws.

The prisoner then spoke of his treatment during his imprisonment, and said that a wiler durance no man had ever endured. They had heard that hell was a bad place, and the devil a bad boy, but he could not hold a candle to old Price.

The Lord Chief Baron—If you continue in this tone, I shall be obliged to adopt the more repressive course.

Halpin—Well, I shall say no more about the old gorilla. It has been stated that I have travelled under a different name, but I have high authority for that. Monarchs travelled under an assumed name; and I have heard that the Prince of Wales sometimes changes his name.

Lord Chief Baron—This is so very unwarrantable that I cannot allow it to proceed.

Halpin—Then I shall say no more.

Costello protested his innocence and proclaimed that he was an Irishman; but was an American citizen and denied the jurisdiction of the Court.

The Lord Chief Baron in passing sentence, referred to the claims of the prisoners of their American citizenship. He said that, according to British law they who were born under the Crown cannot be absolved from their allegiance. It might be a calamity to persons circumstanced as the prisoners appeared to be, in that accepting the privileges accorded by the Government of another State, they did that which created a conflict between two duties.—They might have acquired all the privileges of American citizenship. With those privileges no Court of Justice in this country could interfere. Of those privileges they could not deprive them if they would, and he would not deprive them if he could, save in so far as they might conflict with the duties which the prisoners owe to the Sovereign under whose allegiance they were born. But when they came to a country where their allegiance originally bound them, they must be amenable to the laws which there prevailed.

Halpin and Warren were then each sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude, and Costello to 12 years. As Warren was leaving the dock, he said, 'I would not take a lease of the British Kingdom for 37½ cents.'

CHARGE OF FENIANISM AGAINST A GOVERNMENT OFFICER AT GIBRALTAR.—STRANGE STORY.—The following extraordinary narrative appears in Mr. Mitchell's journal the Irish Citizen:

To the Editor of the Irish Citizen.

Among the various systems of tyranny resorted to by the British Government towards Irishmen, the following is a very remarkable one. I held the appointment of Inspector of Revenues at Gibraltar, and on the 7th of May, 1867, while on a visit at night, at the residence of a Spanish gentleman, the conversation turned on politics, and among other subjects, Fenianism was discussed. I recollect upon that occasion, to have inadvertently made some remarks with reference to the Fenian organisation. Two days afterwards I was surprised, on receiving an official communication from His Excellency the Governor, Sir Richard Airey, intimating that my language and conduct on the night in question was highly disapproved of; that a court of inquiry would be convened to examine the same, before which court I was to defend myself. The sham court did assemble on the 12th of the same month, and my astonishment was great indeed when I found it composed entirely of military officers, consisting of one colonel, two captains, two lieutenants, and one ensign. I remonstrated upon the impropriety of being tried by a military tribunal, and demanded a court consisting of civil officers. My application was rejected in a most imperious manner. After this 'neomogach' court reading a great amount of rubbish they called on Mr. John Rice, the Government spy and informer, who deposed that on the night in question he secreted himself behind the drawing-room door, whereby he was enabled to hear the conversation which passed between the parties in the drawing room. The infamous informer! this swinish brute swore to the most diabolical and abject falsehoods, and he was the only witness the crown could produce. The whole of our conversation on the night in question was exclusively in the Spanish language, and when the informer Rice was questioned as to his knowledge of that tongue, he admitted he did not understand Spanish! 'But,' said he, 'I wrote down some of the words you said, so as I should not forget them!' This corrupt inquiry lasted three days, and during my absence on the 14th, finished their laborious work. On the 10th of May, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock midnight, I received an official communication from the Governor. The following is a correct copy:—

Secretary's Office, Gibraltar, May 16, 1867.

Sir—I am directed by His Excellency the Governor to inform you that the Court of Inquiry which assembled on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of the present month, to inquire into certain charges preferred against you by Her Majesty's Government, on the information of Mr. John Rice, ex-warden of her Majesty's Convict Prison in this garrison.—That you did, on the 7th day of May, 1867, make use of treasonable and seditious language towards her Government; and, further, that similar language was made use of by you, at the residence of Senor Manuel Gimenez, in the presence of several ladies and gentlemen, on the 4th of February last.

The finding of the Court on the charges aforesaid is as follows:—

1. The Court has not sufficient evidence before them to prove the charge of 'Fenianism' but that there was strong evidence, although in some material points contradicted, that you did assert:—'The Fenians are a glorious society, and will ultimately rescue their country from the tyranny and oppression of Great Britain.'

2. The Court having carefully gone through the evidence, find that you did make use of language unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in her Majesty's service, notwithstanding your plea in defence that the same was used in private conversation.

3. As you have declined to withdraw the said language, the Court have decided that you, Charles Patrick Stanton, be dismissed from the appointment which you now hold as Inspector of her Majesty's Revenues in the city and garrison of Gibraltar. Approved and confirmed by His Excellency Sir

Richard Airey, Lieutenant-General and Governor. (Signed), S. BAZZANO, Secretary. Chas. P. STANTON, Esq., Inspector of her Majesty's Revenues, Gibraltar, &c.

A few days after the foregoing occurrence, I received information, from a friend high in office, that the name of Stanton was found written in some Fenian documents seized by the police in England, and I was so strongly suspected to be that person, that the Attorney General had telegraphed to London for information as to how he should act in the case. This friend advised me to go out of the way, and on more mature consideration of my position, and recollecting how the British Government hang and transport Irishmen on the most execrable and uncorroborated evidence of informers, I determined, under the exigence, to remove to Tangiers in the Kingdom of Morocco.

At Tangiers I engaged apartments at the French Hotel, which is kept by a good old Frenchman named Joseph. I was about 14 days at Joseph's hotel when on the night of the 1st of June, about 2 o'clock a.m., poor Joseph came into my bedroom, terribly frightened, with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Stanton, the English Consul is outside with a guard of Moorish soldiers, and he wants you. What have you done, what have you done?' I quickly slipped out of bed, exhorting the good Joseph to supply me with a Moorish costume. In less than three minutes Joseph had the clothes ready, which I promptly slipped on. Nothing was now wanted but a turban to make the attire complete. Joseph had none, but, running to the bed, he seized one of the sheets, tore it in two, making a turban out of one half. On a reconnoissance of the position of the enemy I ascertained that soldiers were stationed at the back of the hotel. Consequently, the only chance of escape was in boldly walking out of the front door, which I did as Joseph opened it to the guard, and as I passed in the midst of the soldiers I heard the English Consul say to the guard, 'I would sooner you shoot him than he should escape!' I passed on without delay and made the best of my way to the gate of the Zoo (or market), which I found closed. I had, therefore, to escalate the walls and pass out into the midnight darkness of the African mountains, pursued and prosecuted like a wild beast. I made for the Rif mountains, where the most savage tribe of Bedouins lived a kind of erratic predatory life thinking, and rightly so, that this would be the only safe place from pursuit. I owe my preservation principally to a slight knowledge of the Arabic and the religious ceremonies of the country, more especially to the peculiar mode of ablution. As I anticipated, the Rifians made me a prisoner and brought me before the Sheik of the tribe who appeared to be a kind old man. I informed them that I was a Christian hog; that I had changed my mind and turned a true believer in the Prophet and for so doing I was pursued by the Christians, who wanted to take me and put me to death. The poor benighted savages had some suspicion I was not telling the truth; and therefore they rigorously put me through the ablution every day during the first week—but their doubts were entirely removed by a proclamation received by the Sheik of Al Whalib, offering 500 k-abshequis reward for the Englishman, who was supposed to be among them; an amount which was a great temptation for those poor wandering people.

The following is a literal translation of this proclamation to the best of my ability:—

In the name of the Most Merciful God: To all the Faithful children and true believers of the Great—the Glorious—the Seal of the Prophets! By And with the sanction of Mully Abb as the faithful Servant of our Great and most beloved Sultan—Sidi Mahammed.

I, John Hay Drummond Hay, the servant of my Great Mistress—the Queen of the English, and your friend—do hereby offer to pay, to the faithful believers of our great Prophet, the sum of 500 kabshequis, (about fifty dollars) for information of the whereabouts of an Englishman, who is a very bad man, and a great enemy to my great Queen, or to whosoever will bring him into Tangier and deliver him up to me, or to the Consul—as my great Mistress, the Queen of the English, wants him, to punish him, for being a bad man; and whereas he did escape from the Sultan's soldiers out of the city of Tangier, on the night of the 28th Mubarran (June), '24 (the era of the Hegira), and is now supposed to be concealed among the Tribe of Haqui Mohammed aben ben Al Whalib.

God is great—be faithful to your Friends. Tangier, 11th Sappar, 1284. (—14th June, 1867. (Signed) J. H. D. H., Plenipotenziare.

This notice had the contrary effect. The Bedouins now really believed I was a true convert; they flocked around me in large numbers, headed by the Sheik, vehemently swearing that every man of them would lose the last drop of blood in their veins for me. Some of them drew out their knives, opened a vein in the back of their hands, sucked their blood, vociferating by the hand of the Prophet—they would defend me from all my enemies. This is a common way of swearing among the Rif Bedouins. I remained for days among these poor wandering people, and ultimately was enabled to leave the coast at midnight on the 10th of July, through the kind offices of the Spanish Consul at Tangier, who not only sent a Spanish boat to take me off and convey me to Algieria, but also sent provisions to me on more than one occasion, by his Moorish servant, a distance of five days' journey into the mountains, and from whom I received information as to the movements of the English authorities. I take this opportunity of returning that gentleman my most sincere thanks. I was afterwards enabled to conceal myself in Gibraltar through the kindness of powerful friends, where I remained in comparative safety during a space of 14 days—the English authorities at the time hunting for me in Africa, where they believed I still remained. On the 28th of August an American gentleman residing at Gibraltar prepared a passage for me on board the United States barque Commerce, which arrived in the port of New York on the 21st instant. I also take this opportunity of thanking Captain Robinson, of the said barque, for his fatherly kindness during the passage. Such is the brief and unadorned account of the treatment which Irishmen receive from the British government, in the middle of the nineteenth century. And for what? For an imaginary offence! The British government are so terrified in the present day, that they suspect every Irishman, both in Great Britain and the Colonies—and are in perpetual apprehension of having their throats cut at the corner of every street. The consequence is, they have spies and informers continually close to their heels; it matters not how high their position. And yet the most distinguished foreign writers on the subject of Civil Government, including Montesquieu and De La Motte, have given it as their opinion that in no part of the world is liberty so well understood and so perfectly enjoyed as under the British Constitution!—I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES H. STANTON, Major Clarke's Hotel, 110 Chatham-street.

FENIANISM IN MAYO.—A young man named Ooady about twenty years of age, son of the captain man, has been arrested for administering the Fenian oath to one of the Military (2nd Queen's) quartered here. The house of his father was searched. His father is a retired non-commissioned officer of the 19th Regiment, in which he served with distinction. He was subsequently attached to the staff of the North Mayo Militia, and having entered into trade, he resigned his post on the staff. No suspicious or treasonable documents were found on his premises by the police.

Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, nephew to Professor O'Donovan, and protégé of Sir Thomas Larcom (who is his guardian), has been confined in our city jail under the suspension act, as an alleged Fenian, was removed on Friday morning to that Blyssan midland Mountjoy (Mountjoy) Dublin.—Cork Herald