

The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Vol. XIX.

HAMILTON, C. W. APRIL 18, 1856.

No. 98.

Poetry.

From the Western Planet.
SPRING.

Come my dear Planet, since the winter's o'er
The snow-birds gone, and sleigh bells heard no more,
Come, say, what barren waste or mountain rock
Lies there to-day, to increase their flock?
Or to what deep wood, to human eye unknown,
Do the white Arctic birds have flown?
As by intuition, they seem to dread
Dark rugged earth, to snow-capped regions fled,
Marbleous visitor of thine range,
How warm the blood that swells his throat-like
How sport he, flutter in a chilling blast,
And make a luxury of snow and frost!
Like modern gentility of our day and place,
With bells and sleighs, and burr o'ups, the chase,
Till Erie's breath dissolve both ice and snow,
Gay bells and glees display in pompous show,
But just let snow-birds take their northern flight,
Till merry bells and sleighs bid us—good-night.
Thus pass the gloomy season of our home,
Nor grudge the fickle state of southern clime.
On steeps or slights we pass three months away,
On foot or horse, they spend from day to day.
Their snow-birds, too, inferior far to ours,
One-half the size, of dull and mouse-like colors,
Remain not, there, but pass us northward late,
In numerous flocks, to test the continental
Great persians, which matrons may delude
With these choice heat, those cold to incubate!
But these winter birds have passed,
And earth disrobed of ice, of snow and frost,
We catch the notes of blue-birds on the wing!
These faithful harbingers of the joyous spring,
Without a compass they steer through midnight air.
With faith and hope to distant scenes repair,
With Christian's faith such as to sunbirds fair,
Death gives them wings, nor miss their way to
heaven!

Clarendale, March 29, 1856. J. S.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

In the spring of '48, I was called to Jackson to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I had a long conference with my client, and he acknowledged to me that on the night when the mail was robbed, he had been with a party of dissipated companions over to Toplam, and that on returning, they met the mail carrier on horseback coming from Jackson. Some of his companions were very drunk, and they proposed to stop the carrier, and overhaul his bag. The roads were very muddy at the time, and the coach could not run. My client assured me that he not only had no hand in robbing the mail, but that he tried to dissuade his companions from doing so. But they would not listen to him. One of them slipped up behind the carrier and knocked him from his horse. Then they bound and blindfolded him, and having tied him to a tree they took the mail bag, and made off to a neighboring field, where they overhauled it, finding some \$500 in money in various letters. He went with them, but in no way did he have any hand in the crime. Those who did it had fled, and as the carrier had recognized him in the party, he had been arrested.

The mail bag had been found, as well as the letters. These letters, from which money had been taken, were kept, by order of the officers, and duplicates sent to the various persons, to whom they were directed, naming the particulars. These letters had been given me for examination, and I had returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

I got through with my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come up before the next day, I went into court to see what was going on. The first case which came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Ludworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look, which we seldom find in acrimony. She was pale and frightened, and the moment my eyes rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, for her bosom was wet, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too much frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby, and as the case went on, I found that this Mrs. Naseby was her mistress, she (Mrs. N.) being a wealthy widow, living in town. The poor girl declared her innocence in the most wild terms, and called on God to witness that she would rather die than steal. But circumstances were heard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At this juncture, while the mistress was upon the witness-stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking fellow, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer?" he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I answered.

"Then—oh!—save her! You can certainly do it, for she is innocent!"

"Is she your sister?"

The youth hesitated and colored.

"No, sir," he said. "But—but—"

Here he hesitated again.

"She has no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody will do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll pay you all I've got. I can't pay you much, but I can raise something."

I reflected for a moment. I cast my eye towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye and the volume of humble prayerful entreaty I read in those tearful orbs, resolved me in a moment. In my soul I knew that the girl was innocent or at least—I firmly believed so—and perhaps I could help her. I arose and went to the girl, and asked her if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case, and I was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which ran through the room, quickly told me where the sympathies of the people were.

I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak with my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state to me candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and that during all that time she had never any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl told me, "and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing of it. The next thing I knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the key-hole. They then went to my trunk, and they found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But O, sir, I never took it—and somebody else put that money there!"

"I then asked her if she suspected any one."

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook and I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about two-and-twenty years old, with a low forehead, small gray eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance at once, as it rested upon the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced she was the rogue.

"O, sir, can you help me?" my client asked in a fearful whisper.

"Nancy Luther, did you say that girl's name was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?"

"No, sir."

"Then rest easy. I'll try hard to save you."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court-room and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted her room to the prisoner's care and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about the missing money, and closed by telling how she had found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, it being in two tens and a five dollar bill.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever before detected her in dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Naseby then left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say "trap me if you can." She gave evidence as follows:

"She said that on the night when the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the manner in which she went up, she suspected that all was not right. So she followed her up.

Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stepped down and looked through the key-hole, and saw her at mistress's draw. I saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket.—Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hastened away. Then she went on and told how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.

"You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered that room if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir. I meant no one else had any right there."

"I saw that Mrs. N. though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has often come up to my room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of market-men, who happened to pass along with their wagons."

"One more question: Have you known of the prisoner's having had any money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

"I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask you about the lost money?"

"Because I could not make up my mind at once to expose the poor young girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the key-

hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she place the lamp while she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony, you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?"

"The girl hesitated, and finally said, she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp."

"Very well," said I. "How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three-quarters."

"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I! I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."

"Now, if you had any wish to harm the prisoner, couldn't you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"

"No, sir," she replied with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir,—only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me."

"Then you didn't have twenty-five dollars when you came there?"

"No, sir; and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that, if you'd only remember what you hear."

This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money into the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?" I asked next.

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for an instant the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered, "I belong to Somers, Montgomery Co.," I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?"

"Always," she answered.

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She told the truth, sir, about my payments," Mrs. Naseby said.

"(I do not doubt it,) replied; but still the peculiar form in the proof for the court-room," I added with a smile. "So if you can, I wish you would procure me the receipts."

"She said she would willingly go, if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, straggling hand, by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," said I, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick starting tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court, and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in a letter to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started, as though avoicence had burst at her feet.

She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion, and then I repeated the question.

"I—no,—no,—any!" she fairly gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was overpowered.

"I—didn't," she faintly uttered, grasping the rail for support.

"May I please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, I said as soon as I had looked at the witness out of countenance: "I came here to defend a youth who had been arrested for helping to rob the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and rifled of money. When I ordered upon this case, and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post-mark you will see it was mailed today after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you if you please."

"The Court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date save that made by the post-master upon the outside. I give it here verbatim—

SISTER DORCAS: I send you here seventy-five dollars, which I want you to keep for me till I can hum. I cut kept it here coz ime afraid it will get stole. dont speak word ward to a livin soul bout this coz I dont want nobody to know I have gottony money. you wont will you. I am fast rate hoor, only that gode for nothin snipe of git red or her now. you knu I rote you bout her. giro my love to awl inquirin friends. this is from your sister lil deb.

NANCY LUTHER.

"Now, your honor," I said as I handed him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery County, and you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed those receipts. The jury will also observe. And I will only add, it is plain to see how the one hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five were put into that letter and sent away for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of other parts of the letter I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen, I leave my client's case in your hands, only I will thank God, and I know you will also, that an innocent person has been thus strangely saved from ruin and disgrace."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and wit out leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of—"Not Guilty."

The youth who had first asked me to defend him, was caught me by the hand, but he could not speak plainly, so I simply looked at me through his tears for a moment, and then he rushed to the fair prisoner. He seemed to forget where he was for a long time, and his arms round her, and she laid her head upon his bosom, the wept aloud.

I did not attempt to describe the scene that followed, but Nancy Luther had not been arrested for the theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of officers, or the great people would surely have caught her, if they had done so.

On the next morning, I received a note, very handsomely written, in which it was told that the witness had got a slight token of gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor defenceless, but much loved, maiden. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth came to pay me the money he could raise. I simply showed him the note I had received, and asked him if he would not keep his hard earning for his wife when he got home. He owned that he had intended to make Lizzy Ludworth his wife very soon.

I will only add that on the following day, I succeeded in clearing my next client from conviction of robbing the mail, and I doubt not that I made a considerable haul from the fortunate discomfiture of the latter, which had saved an innocent girl, on the day before, in my appeal to the jury; and if I made them feel that the finger of Omnipotence was in the work, I did it because I sincerely believed my client was innocent of all crime, and I am sure they thought so too.

European Intelligence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

By a decree in the *Monitor* M. A. Fould, Minister of State, and Admiral Hamelin, Minister of Marine, have been promoted to the rank of Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honour.

Admiral Pansud, Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic Naval Division, has left Paris for Brost.

The telegraphic dispatch announcing the birth of the Imperial Prince caused an extraordinary sensation at Marasilles. All the vessels of the two harbours, foreign as well as French, were in an instant dressed with flags.

As a report of La Jollette in particular presented the most picturesque aspect. The Canadian steamer, the English Royal Navy, distinguished of her richness and variety of her colours, among which the flag of France occupied the place of honour. At night, the entire city was spontaneously illuminated. The next morning, the Bishop of Marasilles, accompanied by his clergy, proceeded to the Chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, and blessed a large gold medal, which is to be offered by the clergyman attached to that sanctuary to the Imperial Prince.

A letter from Jassy (Moldavia), of the 3d instant, says:

"The results of the conference of Constantinople have produced in our country the most painful impressions. We expect nothing less than from negotiations on the part of Turkey on our ancient treaties, and its usual claim for the prayers of 5,000,000 of Roumanians. The Boyards are accused of being divided among themselves, but on this occasion, at least, they have proved that the interests of their country have silenced the spirit of party. They agreed with each other on what was to be done, and went at once in concert with Prince Ghika. The Prince approved their conduct, and declared that the nation should communicate to the allied Powers, and a commission of Boyards was named to proceed to Paris to defend before the Congress the rights of the country, and to protest against the propositions of Turkey. The same day, the national protest was signed by all the clergy and the Boyards, and was communicated to the Consulate at Jassy, despite the earnest remonstrance of the Austrians. The deputation were on the point of leaving for Paris when the Prince received a firman from the Sultan against any movement of any demonstration in opposition to the wishes of the Sublime Porte. The firman of his Highness, backed by Austrian bayonets, has disconcerted every one. We are now, indeed, an object of derision to the Greeks, for our sympathy for Turkey, and for our blind confidence in Turkey, and we know not what answer to give when they say to us in the streets: 'It is still to Russia that you will be forced to have recourse in the long run.' We are, as you see, in the most critical situation. We are in a complete state of anarchy, and our devotion to her, on the other hand Austria stifles our cries of distress, and the Ambassador of France appears to have acquiesced in our condemnation. Our last hope is in the decision of the conference of Paris, which, if not quite conformity with our wishes may at least be more equitable and more in harmony with our ancient treaties. Our countrymen now in Paris are alone charged to speak in the name of the Roumanian nation, and to solicit from the representatives of the allied Powers, the Principality—the only element capable of raising us from our present condition, and of enabling us to realize the expectations of the Western Powers—namely, that of presenting strong barriers against the invasions of the North."

The following petition has been addressed to the Porte relative to the Moldavian frontier:

"On the one of the important conferences which are to regulate, in Paris, the general conditions of peace, and to insure, by a new and definitive settlement of its frontier, the East, the repose and security of Europe, we address ourselves with confidence to the benevolent protection of the Sultan, our august Sovereign, humbly expressing to him our wishes, in order that he may promote their realization, which is not less important to the common interests of the great European family than to the private advantage of Moldavia. According to the first article of the Austrian propositions, accepted by Russia, that power is to surrender the portion of the territory of Bessarabia, beginning at Ochetyn and following the line of mon-

tains as far as Lake Sasik. We take the liberty to observe that the mountains there mentioned are a succession of low hills, which become still lower as they approach the south, where they decline into an immense marshy plain, without any natural boundary fortresses, or obstacles calculated to serve as the basis of defensive operations. Such a frontier, which a great military power could with difficulty defend, would offer but an illusory protection to a feeble State like Moldavia, and would not even admit of the establishment of a Customs line. But, independently of these reasons, of which it appears impossible to question the correctness, a more grave and important consideration, involving a question of high morality, appears to us to point out the Disuster, our former limits, as the only prudent, rational, and political solution that can be arrived at. Bessarabia is a territorial portion of Moldavia, was violently separated from it by the treaty of Bucharest in 1812, to be incorporated with the Russian empire. Nevertheless, by the convention of 1812, entered into by Sigmund II. of glorious memory, with Bessarabia, and of Stephen the Great, Prince of Moldavia, the Sublime Porte bound itself to defend and maintain the territorial integrity of Moldavia, the privileges and immunities of the Principality. The treaty of Kainardji, concluded between the Sublime Porte and Russia in 1774, and the treaty of Jassy, signed in 1791 between the same Powers, conferred on Russia the right of protecting the Principality. Now, that right of protection, such as it results from the very stipulations of treaties and of several hard and scholastic, particularly that of 1802, issued at the special request of Russia, had been expressly recognized, in order the better to secure and guarantee the territorial integrity of Moldavia, the north eastern boundary of which, according to those conventions was, to be formed by the Disuster.

How then could Russia, the protectress of the Principality, the voluntary guardian of its privileges and its territorial integrity, legitimately dispossess them of that sanctuary which she had so solemnly guaranteed?

How, after so many precautions against the Porte, with the object of confirming still more the principle of our integrity, could the protecting Power recognize the right to violate it by an exemption in its own favor and its special interest?

How could the state of war between the Porte and Russia in 1812, be the just motif, to the prejudice of our Principality, for the violation of rights formally admitted by the first of these Powers and guaranteed by the second?

Good faith, equity, the security of Europe, which can be neither limit nor modified by chances of dispute, the community of origin, language, manners—all, in fine, present us with the right to recover our ancient limits to the Disuster.

We supplicate the Sublime Porte to weigh well those considerations, and to support them energetically with the allies, and with Russia herself, which, thanks to the spirit wisdom and moderation that now seems to direct the councils of her young august Sovereign, may reconsider a measure arbitrarily adopted at a period of crisis and of violent wars. She should not admit that it behoves a great nation to repair an act of injustice, which it becomes the ancient protectress of a weak, but a Christian and orthodox people like herself, to restore to her on the part of the prince the security of which had been placed under guardianship."

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

From the *Guardian* of March 19.

Parliament has separated for the recess, meditating, as usual, extraordinary activity "after Easter." After Easter, Government bills will be ready on Church Discipline and on Marriage and Divorce, for erecting a new Parliamentary Court, altering the Law of Poor Removal, remodelling the Corporation of London, and reforming the University of Cambridge. Then there will be Berkeley on the Ballot, Muntz on the Income-tax, Smith on Decimal Coinage, Spooner on Maynooth. Sir E. Perry will attempt to address the wrongs of married women. There are rival measures for altering the Oath of Abjuration Sir G. Grey's makeshift for a Church rate Bill has been laid upon the table, and a measure to abolish the rate for keeping up churches will lie side by side with one to establish a rate for religious education. As to which Lord Granville candidly admits that he believes the rate desirable because so few children comparatively go to school. Was Lord Granville ever a boy? If so, does not he see that, whilst a return of the number of dissenters in a given county might show that more dissenters were wanted, no similar clue would be afforded by a return of schools attended of persons learned. A boy who has eaten no dinner had probably none to eat; but it does not at all follow that a boy who has learnt his lesson had none to learn, or one who has not been to school, no school to go to.

The long-expected bout between Napier and Graham came off last week, and it could only be fitly described in the too forcible phraseology of the prize-ring. In fact, you can hardly read it without being reminded of a turn-up between some bulky coal-heaver, somewhat unsteady on his legs, and a veteran but battered professor of the art of self-defence. Sir Charles's backers have every reason to be dissatisfied with their man. They sent him to Parliament to substantiate his own grievances and make mince-meat of his enemy; he has made it clear that his grievances are moonshine, and has turned against him: he is set down as self-convicted of a want of nerve, dash, and capacity; and public opinion, to which he appeals, is disposed to judge him even more harshly than he deserves. Sir James, on the other side, is as usual the practised bruiser bent on administering punishment, and diverting the spectators at his assessor's expense, rather than the gentleman fairly defending himself against an unjust attack. His prepared quotations, his allusions to the infirmity which incapacitated the old Admiral for a great command, record indeed upon himself, for he is responsible for the choice of the man whom he de-

cries. And his speech suggests—and more than suggests—the suspicion that he was not more competent to direct the operations of the campaign than Sir Charles Napier to execute them.

THE LAND TITLE FORGERIES IN ENGLAND.

A motion was made on Wednesday before one of the Masters in Chancery, Dublin to have all the deeds, documents, checks and receipts having reference to the case of the Earl of Kingston and John Sadler, brought in and lodged for the purpose of having the account which was decreed by the Master taken. Counsel appeared on the other side, but objection having been made, the Master decreed accordingly. It is understood that this particular case will bring to light some frightful revelations in connection with the history of Sadler as a speculator in the Irish land market, and as the founder of the Irish Bank.

The invention of Alexander Dumas has been thrown into the shade by the disclosures which have just taken place respecting the affairs of the Tipperary Bank. "Was there ever," said the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, "so gigantic a fraud committed by any man, or body of men, upon unfortunate contributors who were being swindled out of their money?" The court alluded to the scandals which have come to light affecting another member of the Sadler family. It seems that no later than the 1st of February last Mr. James Sadler (M.P. for Tipperary) published the annual report of the affairs of the Bank. It announced a dividend of six per cent, and a further bonus of three per cent, for the last year's trading. It also asserted that, after a dividend and bonus, there remained a surplus of £3,303 12s. 4d., which was to be carried to a reserve account of £17,375 12s. 7d., spare money lying by. Yet at that very time the bank was in a state of hopeless insolvency. The liabilities of the bank were £200,000. James Sadler had allowed his brother John (*par nobis fratrum*) to overdraw his account by £200,000. The assets of the concern were £35,000. See, how to the last John Sadler tried to mislead—"I wish to blame no one. My cursed brain, already another hideous culprit is dragged to light; nor is it likely that exposure will stop there. Other parties are likely to be convinced of being accomplices in this gigantic swindling. What was done with all the money? How was it lost? "Lost!" Is it really lost? Is none of it put by in any keeping? Was not the day when the bubble would burst provided for by any of these 'Tipperary swindlers?' It is most suspicious that certain persons, not unconnected with "the gang," were loud in their abuse of John Sadler's character after his suicide, and were equally loud in their protestations about his "victim, poor James."—*Tipperary Free Press*.

The *Waterford Mail*, speaking on behalf of the Carrick shareholders and depositors in the unfortunate Tipperary Bank, insists upon a searching inquiry with respect to the, as yet, wholly unaccounted for deficiency of 300,000. For this frightful defalcation no explanation has so far been even attempted:

It appears (says the *Mail*), that there was an attempt to make things snug before the crash, for we find that it was before the 31st of December, 1855—mark the date—that Mr. Vincent Scully and Mr. Wilson Kennedy ceased to be directors. Poor fellows! they were in happy ignorance of what was coming when they tried to slip their heads out of the noose. Are we to believe they knew nothing about these things? We are told 'twas all Mr. John Sadler's doings; but, while we have the glaring fact that, in addition to the £200,000 which John Sadler got, some of the other conspirators have made away with the still larger sum of £300,000, we ask—Who got it? where was it put? and who has it? We wait for an answer."

A long list of aspirants for the offices of manager and solicitor for winding up the affairs of the Bank was lodged, in the Master's office, but the appointments were not to be declared until Saturday. Among those proposed for official manager were Mr. George McDowell, one of the junior fellows of Trinity College; Mr. Francis Codd, of the Dublin Corporation; and Alderman John Reynolds. If all the liabilities of the Bank be realized, the fees of the official manager will be near £10,000.

A singular episode in the business of Montreal occurred this Winter. The two extensive India Rubber factories located in this city, entered into a competition so warm, that men's India Rubber shoes of good quality, were retailed in immense quantities at 50 cents a pair, and other sizes in proportion. It is said, that one house retailed about 10,000 pairs. The companies have, however, it is understood, made arrangements, by which this competition has ceased, and the prices are henceforth to be kept just below the price, at which importations could be made from the United States.

The Great Western Railway extension to be completed to Port Sarnia, opposite Port Huron by next Fall, is said. The working excavation and leveling is going on along the whole line, and piles are being driven at Sarnia for extensive wharves.

LIABILITIES OF THE TIPPERARY BANK.—Dublin, Friday.—At the meeting of the case before the master of the Rolls, statements were made to the effect that the liabilities amounted to £400,000, while the assets were as low as £35,000. We are assured from quarters likely to be well informed that the liabilities, in all probability, will not exceed £300,000, while the assets, with careful and judicious management, may produce £100,000.

APRIL.

From Mrs. Trull's *Canadian Settlers' Guide*.

April in Canada is not the same month in its general features, as the lovely, showery, capricious April, that month of smiles and sunshine, in dear old England. It is often cold, stern and harsh, yet with many hopeful changes that come to cheer us into the belief that winter is gone, and the season of buds and flowers is at hand, and some years it is so; but only once in five or ten years does the Canadian April prove a pleasant genial month.

Some warm, lively, even sultry days, misty like Indian Summer, are experienced, and the snow melts rapidly, and a few flies creep out and sport awhile in the warm beams of the young sun, but by and by a cloud takes all away. The wind blows chilly, snow showers fall, and all is cold, cheerless winter again.

In fine April a few blossoms peep out from under the thick carpet of dead leaves, and then you see the pretty snow-flower or Hepatica lifting its stony head and waving in the spring breezes on the way-sides, on upturned roots and in the shelter of the underwood where the forest is a little thinner, so as to admit of the warm beams of the sun; pale pink, blue of two shades and snow white are the varieties of this cheerful little flower. Violets, the small white, and few pale blue ones, are next seen. The rich tansy, at the edges of your clearing produces the sanguinaria or blood root—the modest white flower shrouded at its first breaking the soil in vine-shaped leaf, followed with orange. The red of this plant affords a bright red dye to the Indian, with which they stain the bark of the mats and baskets. You may know the blood-root, on breaking the leaf or the roots, by its red juice.

In low, open, moist ground, the mottled leaf of the dog's tooth violet (*erythronium*) comes up, and late in April the yellow bell-shaped bell, comes in abundance. Spring beauty, too, is in the April flower—a delicate little flower with pale pink striped bell—Claytonia is its botanical name—but we love to call this yellow star may easily remember.

As the snow melts off in the woods, the leaves of various evergreen plants appear still fresh and green. Among these are the yew or sweet wintergreen, a numerous and lovely family of Canadian plants; several varieties of the clubmoss, one of which is as the festoon pine, and is used to make wreaths for ornamenting the settlers' houses with. The wild garlic, too, shows its bright green spear-shaped leaves early in this month. This plant so eagerly sought for by the cattle, to which it is a very healing medicine, is drained by the dairymaid, as it destroys the flavor of the milk and spoils the butter.

If the above month of April should prove cold, many of the above named flowers put off their blossoming time, appearing in the ensuing month of May.

April unlocks the ice-bound lakes and streams; and it is during this month, that the winter snows are dissolved; the warmth which in summer climes brings to perfection the bulbs, and gives impulse to the vegetation, here must be expended in feeding the first-bound earth from its icy fetters, and the waters from their frozen chains. Let us therefore not despise our Canadian April, though also be not as winning and fair as her namesake at home.

A THIRD HERO.

On the night of the 31st January, the packet from Dover to Calais, after experiencing very heavy weather, was unable, in consequence of the continual violence of the storm, to enter the port of Calais. Two English travellers on board expressed great anxiety to catch the train for Paris; and persisted on being allowed to land. For this purpose, they got into a small boat, which, as the water was so high, they were obliged to push the boat to the shore by the side of the ship's side when she captured by a large man-of-war, and the whole crew were precipitated into the waves. An English gentleman, who had remained on deck, immediately took off his coat and sprang into the sea, and, at the imminent hazard of his own life, succeeded in reaching two of the unfortunate passengers, and brought them safely to the ship's ladder. He was himself assisted upon deck, but he says that, while the boat was on the water, he was the only one who presented himself to thank the hero of the adventure, and to demand his passport. The passport on being produced, bore the name of Lieutenant-General Sir Stephen Lakeham. The public will remember this gallant soldier in connection with the Rifle War—for his services in which he received the honor of knighthood. They will also remember his name in connection with the war on the Danube, and his successful resistance to the forces of the Sultan in the Princes of Bucharest. Sir Stephen holds the rank of Lieutenant General in the service of the Sultan, under the title of *Mushar Facha*. We learn from Calais that the *Societe des Secours Mutuel*, of the Department of the Seine, a Society instituted for the protection of lives from shipwreck, has just named him one of its Honorary Presidents; and forwarded him its gold medal, together with a diploma of membership—the latter being dated the 16th of February. The true hero in war is the true hero in peace. All experience teaches this; and the brilliant example of Sir Stephen Lakeham affords another and striking instance of it.

I fully agree with this writer in considering as a point of great importance, and one, I am sorry to say, which has hitherto been almost entirely overlooked.

For how can a Bishop have that weight and influence among his Clergy, (for it is of them I chiefly speak) which it is absolutely necessary he should possess, if he has been in any way mixed up with parties in the same Diocese previous to his election to the Episcopate; and how can the Clergy look up to him with that respect and esteem with which, to say the least, it is highly desirable for them to regard their Bishop, if they have been, as was naturally to be expected under such circumstances, in the most intimate and familiar terms with him previous to his consecration.

We more than once have been accused by the writers in the Echo of insincerity, because we denounced canvassing, electioneering and pledging on behalf of any individual as Bishop; and yet, as they supposed, (and truly) were ourselves connected with the Prorog Circular. Our answer is simply this; that the object of that Circular was not a pledge to the individual, but to obtain an expression from our Brethren as to the sort of person they wished to see elected, particularly with respect to his theological views, his literary attainments, and his experience in the workings of the Church.

Will the Echo insert this explanation as we think it is bound to do. But now we are sorry to have to express our surprise at charges brought by the Echo and its friends, since we know not how to suppose that they themselves believe them.

THE ALTAR AT COBOURG. We have been requested to make the following statement respecting our editorial of last week:—"The patterns of the altar referred to were never submitted to the Archdeacon, before its construction was decided upon, and he did not know what was to be its form or character until after it was brought to Cobourg." We are further requested, "to add that had he been so consulted, and the patterns been decided upon after consultation with him, all subsequent difficulties connected with this matter would probably have been avoided."

glected to fulfil that intention. But we have a strong conviction that this is substantially the state of the case, as regards Mr John-on, from our thorough acquaintance with that deep reverence for authority and gentlemanly fear of trespassing upon the rights of an official superior, however much he may differ with him in opinion, which form such prominent features in his character.

If it be wished, we are quite willing to examine more fully into the matter.

THE "ECHO" AND ITS CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not our intention of forestalling the discussion of the many important questions which will engage the attention of the Synod, our remarks will rather be directed to a subject which probably will not be mentioned as all but which nevertheless is one of the very deepest importance to the future peace and well-being of the Church,—we mean the association of the laity with the Clergy in a Synodical Assembly.

But now we are sorry to have to express our surprise at charges brought by the Echo and its friends, since we know not how to suppose that they themselves believe them. They charge us,—who seek a truthful and evangelical adherent to the Prayer-Book for our Bishop,—with being the first to canvass! As far as this Western Diocese is concerned, they must surely know better! Sir G. Prorog's name was never mentioned amongst us, we believe, until Dr Cronyn's had repeatedly appeared in print as the expected Bishop! Now it may be said this is not the result of canvassing. Perhaps not. But it was the consequence of something. We are not infidels, we do not believe in effects without causes!

We are asked what we mean by "Prayer-Book Bishops?" whether we mean persons who adhere strictly to every letter and word of the Rubric, without regard to the change in the state of society, or to long established custom? We reply, that we mean simply, what any impartial Disserter would say was implied in an honest obedience to the Prayer-Book; that is, that we shall not be guided by our opinions as to the wisdom of any of its injunctions, but by what we gave up when we subscribed, but by an honest common sense, understanding of its commands. Itself lays down its own principles; it is this, "not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause;" again, "being at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered." This is the principle, we should say, which not only applies to the Daily Morning and Evening Service, but to every other Church Order. Now we agree with our friends, that a Friday Evening Lecture is good; but we must believe that a Friday Evening Lecture and a truthful fulfilment of the promise to obey the Prayer-Book by having, in a large City, Daily Morning and Evening Prayer, "not being let or hindered by absence, sickness, or other urgent cause," would be infinitely better! And it was not done even during Lent.

We beg to correct another gross misrepresentation. The Echo says, we would make the Bishop an "absolute despot." Can this be true, when we have distinctly denied him the power of so much as altering the shape of a single garment without the consent of the Synod. Do let us, while professing to be Christians and Churchmen, argue as honest men!

We, in all our writings respecting our new Bishops, have cautiously avoided saying much about the personal piety of the man, because we rejoice to believe that "praying" men of holy and devout lives are to be found amongst the Clergy whose tendencies are unappily Genevaan, as well as amongst those whose loyal attachment is fully and consistently given to the Prayer-Book in its integrity. The Echo, however, seems to doubt the piety of the latter; and we have only

THE APPROACHING SYNOD. From the Churchman's Friend. The Synod which has been summoned by our beloved Diocesan to assemble on the 1st of next month will be by far the most important meeting which has ever been held in Canada. Very necessary is it that the Clergy and the Lay-Representatives should enter upon their deliberations in a prayerful, thoughtful, and earnest spirit; should dismiss from their minds all lesser aims and motives, and direct all their energies to the attainment of God's glory and man's salvation; which, we are persuaded, can best be promoted by the prosperity and efficiency of the Church.

We have no intention of forestalling the discussion of the many important questions which will engage the attention of the Synod, our remarks will rather be directed to a subject which probably will not be mentioned as all but which nevertheless is one of the very deepest importance to the future peace and well-being of the Church,—we mean the association of the laity with the Clergy in a Synodical Assembly.

No student of Church history will need to be informed that this association is a step taken in compliance with "the spirit of the age." It is true that in early times before the extension of the civil authorities, the members of the Church were admitted to be present at councils and their names sometimes appear on the documents which emanated from those councils. And it is also true that after the conversion of Constantine, the Emperor or deputies acting on his behalf, represented the body of the laity. But it does not appear that in either case the laity took any part in the deliberations; that their "acclamations" were either in former case, or their "consent" in the latter, was at all an essential part of the decision.

Subsequently to this period the laity have been supposed to act, with regard to Church matters, in their own assembly, namely Parliament, and it has been asserted that their exclusion from ecclesiastical assemblies is amply compensated by the power which they possess of legislating for the Church. Further enquiry will however show that this supposed power never extended to anything beyond the binding sanction of a civil law to the decisions of the Clergy in the convocation of the Clergy. The vote of the Clergy made the law of the Church, binding of course upon all churchmen; the vote of Parliament made the law of the land, binding upon all citizens.

Thus far then we can find no precedent for the admission of the laity to equal power with the Clergy in synodical assemblies. And the idea that because the States is no longer identical with the Church, and Parliament no longer an assembly of churchmen, and no longer represents the laity; there are therefore now necessarily to be admitted to a deliberative voice in such assemblies, is evidently without foundation. We are nevertheless well aware that many earnest and thoughtful men anticipate that great advantages will be derived from the association of Clergy and laity in synodical assemblies. The apothetic, it is thought, will be removed into action, and the feet will be set upon the ground, since the States has formally repudiated all connection with the Church, it is necessary to obtain, in as formal a manner as possible, the acquiescence and assent of the laity to all measures prepared for increasing the efficiency of the Church, or regulating her affairs.

It may be said that no such questions will come before the Synod at all. Such is not their intention at present of us all. But it is not the fact, that doctrinal differences manifest themselves every where: And as the avowed object of the admission of the laity is to rouse them into action, it is not probable that those who become the most active, who feel most strongly on controversial points of doctrine in the doctrinal and furniture of our Church, in the form of our altars, in the frequency of our services, in our observance of fasts and holy days, doctrinal differences are involved. And who shall say when or in what form

they will start up before the Synod! Nay it must be admitted that indirectly a vast power in deciding points of doctrine was placed in the hands of the laity, when a voice in the election of our Bishops was granted to them. No reasonable person can doubt that in proportion as the laity are roused to action, the fitness of the candidates proposed,—his piety, learning, humility, faithfulness,—will receive but little attention compared with the accordance of his views with what happens to be the popular theology of the day.

May God in His mercy direct our hearts and minds, and overrule all things to the good of His Church!

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM-SHIP "BALTIK." Peace Signed. New York, April 17. The Baltik is at anchor outside the bar. The papers arrived at 11 o'clock, without previous announcement. The treaty of peace was signed by all the plenipotentiaries. March 30. General demonstrations in Paris. Firing of cannon and illuminations. The English demonstrations were more quiet. Ratifications cannot be exchanged within four weeks. The Africa arrived out on the 8th. Breadstuffs dull but not lower.—Specialist Extra.

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