resist an army of 50,000, which had chosen its own battle-field, and leisurely made its preparations. The Russians again tried their Inkermann tactics. Then they tried to cut off a portion of the English army; they now endeavoured to break the French line, by first separating General Morris from the infantry, and then making a path into the intrenchments. Not for a single moment, however, did success smile on them. The movements of the French and Piedmontese were as vigorously executed as ably planned, and in three hours the Russians were in full rout. The enemy have now learnt by the severest experience, and after repeated trials on their part, that their soldiers and their generals are inferior to those of the allies in the open field, and the effect on the spirit of their troops, and on the convictions of the whole Russian empire, must be proportionate.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT BATTLE—THE FRENCH SURPRISED.

For some time rumours had been afloat each night that an attack in force along the whole line would be made, but the deserters had so often proved false prophets that people began to doubt all their stories, until on Wednesday evening three spies came in, who positively declared that an attack would be made in force on the following morning; and hardly had they ceased speaking, when General Allonville, commanding the French cavalry at Baidar, telegraphed that the heights around were covered with troops, and that he wished to retire, from the fear that he might be cut off, but could not, owing to the road being blocked up by some hundreds of commissariat waggons. The Turks remained under arms all night, but, strange to say, the French, who were most of all interested in the matter, seem to have given themselves no trouble whatever about it, but went to bed and slept tranquilly. A peloton of Chasseurs d'Afrique went out to patrol during the night, and on the other side of the river fell into an ambuscade, and were all made prisoners, except two men, who escaped and gave the alarm; but even this was treated as one of the ordinary incidents of night duty in presence of the enemy. About an hour before daybreak the French sentinels in front of the bridge thought they could perceive shadows gliding past them in the darkness and fired. There was no reply, and silence deep as death followed; about the same time a few shots were heard from the hill occupied by the Piedmontese out-post, but, as the utmost stillness prevailed afterwards on every side, no precautions were taken till just as the first streak of light made itsef visible in the horizon a sharp fire was opened from a party of skirmishers against the *tete de pont*, and a regular assault made upon the Sardinian picket. General Marmora was already on the ground, and sent a battalion of bersaglieri to reinforce the post, so that they might defend themselves till the troops could be got under arms, and the necessary arrangements made. When the reinforcements arrived, half the picket was already *hors de combat*, and the assailants were up on the parapet of the little redoubt firing down into them. To prolong the conflict here would only have caused a useless massacre, and the Sardinians consequently withdrew behind an *epaulement* on the other side of the river, near the aqueduct, and there defended themselves till the day broke clearly, and the attack became general. On the side of the French, the *tete de pont* was assaulted in great force, and carried very soon after the enemy's first showing himself on the ground, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of the 20th Regiment of the line, which in one battalion alone lost twelve officers. The bridge was now occupied, two batteries of artillery were brought across, so as to sweep the road leading between the two heights towards Bala Clava, and a strong column was pushed on to the assault and mounted the declivity. Strange to say, although General Pelissier had received full warning the previous night, he refused to believe in an attack until it actually commenced, and consequently no dispositions were made, and nobody was ready. The Russians had already reached the crest of the hill, while the French were still asleep; many officers were awakened by the round shot passing through their tents; a sergeant had his head taken off while writing the orders of the day for the division. At this critical moment two battalions alone of the 2d Regiment of Zouaves held the whole assaulting column in check, and contested the ground inch by inch till they were forced back upon their own tents. In the meantime the alarm was sounding, the troops got into order, the artillery into position, and a vigorous onset drove the Russians down the declivity, leaving it covered with their dead and wounded. All this occurred in the grey of the morning, which the smoke of the action converted into something like positive darkness, leaving everybody as yet in complete ignorance as to the force they had to contend with, or the dangers they had to bear. In the short pause which followed, however, and during which both sides prepared for a renewal of the struggle, the sun came out from behind the hills, the smoke rose, and the valley of the Tchernaya lay before us like a picture. The tract of table-land lying at the foot of the Mackenzie heights was covered with cavalry, infantry and artillery. About 30 guns were ranged in a crescent outside the bridge, and thundered incessantly against the French position. The Piedmontese were drawn up in line behind a small eminence close to the ford on the Tchorgoum road, and their batteries on the heights to the *right* were vigorously replying to the Russian fire; the three divisions of French, Camoux, Erbillon and Faucheux were under arms, front line a little way back from the brow of the hill, and a great number of Zouaves were lying down in shelter behind a small ridge. Below, on the plain, along the hollow on which the English light horse died so gallantly last winter, every turf beneath their feet a soldier's sepulchre, were ranged the English and French cavalry, squadron after squadron, extending back nearly to the Turkish redoubts, ready to act in case the enemy should force the Piedmontese position and attempt to debouch upon the open ground behind. The pennons of the Lancers fluttered gaily in long lines in the fresh morning breeze, and when the sun rose high in glory and poured down its rays full on the plain, making scarlet look redder, and steel and brass brighter and more resplendent, gilding the hill tops, making the tents glitter, and rolling smoke and mist in great packs up the valley towards Inkermann, the scene became one of passing splendour as well as of passing interest. We looked in breathless anxiety for the renewal of the conflict. The combatants had taken breath—their blood was up, for hundreds on both sides lay already stark and stiff on the river side around the bridge, and the artillery evidently was simply playing an interlude till the curtain rose upon another act in the tragedy. We were not kept long waiting. From behind the cloud of smoke which naturally hung around the Russian batteries came two large columns of the enemy, marching in quick time, about 200 yards apart and exactly parallel, a short distance from the river, and in a line with the bank. As they wound and twisted, mounted and descended, following the inequalities in the ground in long compact masses, their bayonets glancing in the sunlight, they looked exactly like two huge serpents creeping rapidly along, their scales glistening, and their prey in sight. On arriving within about eight hundred yards of the ford, one halted, and the other turned off abruptly towards the river. It was evident they were about to assail the French position more to the right, on the side next to the Sardinians. On reaching the water, some passed on small bridges hastily thrown over, the rest forded, and on gaining this side the column broke into loose order, and pushed on towards the canal or aqueduct, which rises within an embankment at the very foot of the hill. Before reaching it they had to traverse about two hundred yards of smooth green sward; they were no longer exposed to the French artillery, because the guns could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, but they had their flank turned to that of the Piedmontese, who had got the range to an inch, and fired with an accuracy little short of marvellous. The head of the column had hardly come up dripping from the water, when they found themselves in the midst of a storm of round shot, grape and shell, bent upon relentlessly, unrelaxingly, mowing them down by the score, and covering the survivors with clay and gravel. But I must do these survivors justice, and say that they bore up right gallantly, marched firmly onward and upward, passed the canal, though the water was breast high, pushed some yards still on the precipitous side of the hill, though here every wound was mortal, for all who fell rolled helplessly downwards into the aqueduct, and were instantly drowned; but at last halted, turned and fled—never stopping till they reached the river, when they got shelter under the banks and amongst the old willows. An officer remained for some time alone on the declivity, vainly urging them to follow him. Reinforcements now came up from the second column; they re-formed, but again in loose open order, or rather no order at all, for they marched exactly like a flock of sheep. This was done evidently so that they might present less mass for the artillery to play upon, but it was a great mistake, as will be seen afterwards. This time they displayed more pluck and resolution; they fell to be sure by the dozen, but they never wavered nor faltered, climbed on slowly and laboriously, and at last reached the crest of the hill, and came out on the level. When the head of the column attained this point, the Zouaves, who were lying down behind the ridge on the Russian left, jumped up and ran off to join the main body, posted near the artillery on the centre of the plateau, and at the same moment the whole of the French, the artillery included, retired about a hundred yards before the advancing enemy. The firing had ceased, except broken and puny file-firing from the assailants, who now, unable to form in line, and mixed up in disorder, doubtless perceived they should have either mounted in line, or halted or deployed before coming out on the open ground above. For some moments I thought the French were about to give way and retreat, and the Russians become masters of the heights, but I was soon convinced of my mistake. One could see them, it is true, falling back on all sides, and closing up into a small round mass, but in the twinkling of an eye this mass opened out like a fan, two black lines shot from it on each side across the plateau, the centre closed up, divided itself, and the next moment a sheet of flame broke from the whole line, followed by a cloud of smoke, and the crash of the musketry fell on our ears in a long, continuous, unfaltering whirr, like the roar of a waterfall, drowned every second by the mightier thunder of the artillery, which had made half a wheel to the right, and raked the crest of the hill with a tempest of grape. The Russians paused for a few seconds, seemed to hesitate, but were speedily relieved from all embarrassment as to the course they should pursue by the advance of the French, whose cheer rang merrily through the morning air, levelled their bayonets and rushed to the charge. The Russians gave one "Hurrah," as if they intended to come up to the scratch, but instead of suiting the action to the word, they wheeled about, the Sardinian artillery again playing upon them as before, and flung themselves down the hill side in complete disorder. Some hundreds threw down their arms and surrendered to the French, sooner than run the gauntlet once more across the aqueduct and the river. The remnant of the column got under cover on the other side of the stream, and remained there for some minutes, until two battalions of of Piedmontese came out upon the plain, and throwing out skirmishers advanced upon the river. The Russians now retired in haste, and not in very good order, skirmishing as they went, until they reached the high ground on which their cavalry and the reserve of their artillery were stationed. During the pursuit the Piedmontese made some prisoners. The moment was propitious for a charge of cavalry, who might have cut them up completely. Major Grovac, the second on the Sardinian etat-major, accordingly brought down their four squadrons, but the colonel objected to charge in face of the Russian cavalry force, fully five thousand in number, unless he were supported by French or English. A message was accordingly sent to General Maurice, the French general commanding the cavalry, requesting him to push forward a body of his men in the rear of the Piedmontese, but he declined, alleging that he had positive orders not to pursue, having returned a similar answer to a similar request on the part of General Erbillon, who commanded on the heights. This is extraordinary, but true, and the only thing one can say about it is to express a hope that there was some good reason for it not visible at first sight. The greater part of the Russian artillery now retired, followed up for a short distance by the French Chasseurs de Vincennes: the cavalry then advanced in an immense line, forming a crescent, from out of which issued three guns, which fired away to protect the retreat, till the last column had wound its weary way up the road to Mackenzie's Farm, or disappeared amongst the hills towards Tchionlion.

FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN STERLING, N. Y.

FATHER, MOTHER AND BROTHER KILLED BY A BROTHER.—[Let all Irish parents in America read and lay to heart the following fearful tale, and remember the moral it teaches, when the first signs of diabolical *independence* of parental authority, so prevalent in this state of society, begin to show themselves in their boys.—ED. AM. CELT.]

(*From the Oswego Times and Journal.*)

We yesterday evening visited the scene of the late terrible tragedy in the town of Sterling, and will give our readers the particulars as we learned them. The Fitzgerald family reside about ten miles west of this city, (Oswego,) and about one and a-half miles from the North Sterling Post Office, on a by-road. The family consisted of Mark and Mary Fitzgerald, and their three sons, Patrick, John and James, aged 22, 18 and 13 years, respectively. John, the murderer, it would seem, is a wayward youth, and had but recently been in the Auburn Jail for horse-stealing. His father, in order to obtain his release, applied to a neighbour, Mr. McEchron, for whom John had formerly worked, to endorse with him a note, to raise money for the purpose. Mr. McE. declined, giving as a reason, he thought it would teach him a lesson by keeping him imprisoned until the Court set, when he would assist the father in obtaining his release. He added, that John was a bad boy, and if liberated—from his knowledge of his character—would not mend his ways. Mr. McE. told the father this on the strength of conversations he had had with John when in his employ. The father, however, obtained $100 from G. S. Tilford, Esq., residing at the "Mills," between North Sterling and Sterling Centre, on a chattel mortgage on his farm, and had his son liberated.

A son of Mr. Fitzgerald's died and was buried on the 27th last May. John would not attend the funeral, but ridiculed the ceremony, (his parents being Catholics,) and remarked, *if he had a gun, he would shoot the cross from the hearse.* This coming to the father's ears, as would be supposed, displeased him very much, and since that time, John's hatred to his parents has been gradually on the increase, till the final consummation of this hellish deed.

From the confession it will be seen that he attempted poisoning his parents about a week since, by placing strychnine in the sugar, but from some cause his design was frustrated.

On Wednesday evening he had an altercation with his mother, and refused to go to bed, sulkily lying down on the kitchen floor. The father, mother and murdered brother, slept in a room off the kitchen. The house contains but two rooms on the first floor. As before stated, John refused to go to bed on Wednesday evening, but lay down on the floor, while Patrick slept in the recess.

About three o'clock in the morning, Patrick was awakened by hearing a noise in the adjoining room, which he supposed was caused by James falling off the lounge on which he slept near the bed of his parents. He immediately got up, when John came out of the room, saying there was "a man in there doing some mischief." Patrick at once went for assistance to the house of Mr. O'Neill, living but a short distance off. The startling fact of his brother's guilt flashed upon him, on finding the door fastened on the inside, when he started for aid, showing, conclusively, that no one came in from the outside.

He awoke O'Neill and they together went back to the house, meeting John in the road, who said two negroes had just run down the road to the woods. Patrick and O'Neill entered the house, and found Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald weltering in their gore. Patrick immediately alarmed the other neighbours, and then went for Dr. Proudfit, a physician living near by.

G. S. Tilford, Esq., Justice for the town of Sterling, arrived at the house about two o'clock in the morning, and from particulars he could gather, caused John to be arrested. He was manacled, and kept in a room on the second floor during the day.

Mr. Tilford waited till 4 o'clock, p. m., for the Coroner, who was sent for to Auburn, but he not having arrived at that hour, proceeded, through the advice of those present, to empanell a Jury and instigate an examination.

During the Coroner's Inquest, and among the witnesses sworn was Peter Adle, who testified as follows:—

Peter Adle, sworn, testified: I have had a conversation with prisoner; he confessed to Dr. Plump and myself that he killed his father, mother and brother, with an axe; he assigned as a reason, that his parents misused him, for not attending his brother's funeral, and for forbidding the man by whom he was employed paying him his wages; said he tried to poison his parents about one week ago, with strychnine or some poison placed in the sugar; says Patrick knew nothing of his intentions; reason for killing brother was, that he (prisoner) was angry with him: said he killed father first, then mother, and afterwards James; he appears perfectly rational; had no intention of killing Patrick; I found blood on prisoner's wristband and sleeve of his shirt, which appeared as though tried to have been rubbed off; also found blood on his shoulder, and on both feet; acknowledged the bottle found in his trunk, brought home from Mr. McFarland's, where he was at work, held poison with which he intended to kill his father and mother.

After the examination of witnesses, Justice Tilford requested the presence of the prisoner. On appearing, he said to him, "John, you are charged with the murder of your father, mother and brother. I wish to ask you a few questions, but will say that you need not answer them unless you choose. Do you know how your father, mother and brother, received their wounds?"

Prisoner—I do; with an axe.

Justice—In whose hands?

Prisoner—In my own; I tried to poison father and mother about a week ago.

Justice—What was the poison in?

Prisoner—In a phial in my trunk; I got it at Oswego, don't know who of; I did not get poison, with intent to kill father and mother.

Justice—Had you conversation with any one in relation to the matter, before you committed the deed?

Prisoner—I had a conversation with some one about killing father and mother, but object telling with whom.

Shortly after arriving, we were admitted to the room containing the bodies, which had been washed and laid out. A sight met our gaze, truly sickening, and one which we hope never to see again. A father, mother and brother lying coldly side by side, in that sleep from which none awake—sent to their account, without a moment's warning, by a son and brother!

While we stood gazing at the lifeless forms, a slight opening was made by those surrounding the bed, and the murderer stood before us, looking at his victims? Hardly a breath broke the stillness, as he gazed at their pallid, upturned faces, until a sob broke from him, when his whole frame shook with emotion. It was but transitory, however, as he regained his composure, and was led out of the room in a moment. A good deal of indignation was felt by those present, but no manifestations were made.

The tragedy has occasioned the most intense excitement for miles around, and the roads leading from the houses were thronged with teams and pedestrians, and a large crowd was also on the premises.

(*From the Boston Traveller.*)

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

23 PERSONS KILLED—MANY WOUNDED.—We have now received full particulars of the frightful accident on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. The number of persons killed is happily not so great as reported yesterday, but the catastrophe in respect to its fatal results has not been exceeded by any since the tragedy at Norwalk.

The cause of the accident has already been very clearly stated. The train to which the calamity occurred, left Philadelphia for New York on Wednesday, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and the accident took place between one and two miles this side of Burlington.

At that place is a curve where the up and down trains usually meet, and the rule of the road is that in case either train is behind time, the one on time shall wait ten minutes, and then proceed cautiously, the one behind time switching off and backing into a side track when they come in sight of each other. This rule appears to have been duly observed, and when the train from New York came in sight, the engineer of the Philadelphia train immediately reversed his engine so as to go into the turn off.

Whilst doing so, and coming back, as is alleged, at a very undue speed, a two-horse carriage, driven by Dr. Henricken, a physician, and containing four ladies, crossed the track. Being in the rear of the train, the engineer did not see the obstruction, and the hindmost passenger car came in collision with the carriage, by which the horses were immediately killed, and the carriage was broken into fragments, although the driver and the ladies escaped unharmed. It is reported that the conductor saw the impending danger, and attempted to give the signal to the engineer, but the signal rope was out of order.

Dr. Henricken states that he heard no whistle or other indication of a train being in the vicinity, nor could he see one, although he looked up and down the track.

As soon as he discovered the train he tried to back his horses, but they only halted on the rails. He alleges that the cars were running at the rate of 30 miles an hour, although being within city bounds, the Legislature forbids a speed of over six miles an hour.

Now for the sad result. The concussion threw the hindmost car off the track, down an embankment eight or ten feet high. The train must have been backing at considerable speed, for the next two cars were thrown over and beyond the three. The baggage car, tender and engine remained upon the top of the embankment and were inconsiderably injured.

The cars that were thrown down the embankment were broken in fragments. The scene now became distressing in the extreme. So soon as those who were unhurt recovered from the shock, they set to work to relieve the sufferers and extract from the ruins of the cars the dead and wounded. The shrieks of the latter were appalling. So far as can yet be ascertained, the number of killed is twenty-three, and forty or fifty are reported wounded. Of the twenty three killed, eleven are said to have been residents of Philadelphia.

Mr. James E. Ray, hosiery merchant of New York, confirms the report that the last passenger car, where he was seated, was thrown completely over the other three, making a leap of fifteen feet, and grazing the top of the other car in its passage. Mr. Ray escaped with slight injuries.

Mr. Mills, of Bridgeport, Ct, reports that Mr. Humphries, who was killed, sat next to him, and had just taken his counsel as to the best route to Boston, when he was instantly killed, the back of his head being completely cut off. Mr. Mills himself fell among the trucks, with his face in the sand and his throat across a bar of iron. He received a contusion on his leg.

Mr. J. J. Leah, of New York, lost some valuable jewellery.

A Spanish gentleman was severely wounded, and suffered much agony. Unfortunately he could not speak English, and a young lady of Burlington, who had some knowledge of Spanish and kindly came to interpret for him, was so affected by the scene around her that she was totally unable to converse.

Miss Leeks, of Bridgeport, Ct., had a remarkable escape. The side of the car in which she was seated was driven out, and the seat being suddenly raised, she was thrown out upon the ground, clear of the ruins.

It is feared that others of the wounded, left at Burlington, cannot survive, 30 of them still remain at the place. A number of the victims have been interred there, while the remains of some have been removed to their former homes. Two bodies still remain unrecognized, one of them a man about 50 years, respectably dressed, and the other apparently an Irish laborer.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—Within the last few days several fires have occurred, which must either have been caused by gross carelessness or malignant design. On Tuesday evening about 9 o'clock a fire broke out in a range of wooden buildings in the rear of Mr. A. Armstrong's, Dock-street, Brewery, but owing to the energy of the Fire Department, the flames were confined to the premises in which they originated.

Last evening, about 6 o'clock, a serious conflagration occurred in the district known as Vinegar Hill. The fire originated in a barn in the rear of Waterloo Road, and spread with wonderful rapidity. In a very short time it reached the neighboring buildings, destroying some eleven or twelve houses on Waterloo Road, two on Richmond-street, and three on Exmouth-street, besides barns and out-buildings, and seriously damaging other dwellings.

The Engine Companies worked with their usual spirit and energy, but owing to the great distance they had to draw water, the flames obtained great ascendancy before they were fairly at work. Their united efforts, however, restrained the fire, and finally subdued a conflagration which at one time threatened to sweep the whole district. They are entitled to the highest praise.—*St. John New Brunswicker, Sept.* 13.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, SEPTEMBER 24, 1855.

MONAMANIA.

THIS little Island, as well as every other place in the civilized and uncivilized world, appears to have its full complement of unfortunate individuals, who indulge the most extraordinary fancies in reference to their own extraordinary persons. Some of the cases of monomania that have recently come to our knowledge are extremely ludicrous. We have heard of one individual who was steadfast in the belief that he was nothing more nor less than a pump—whether his hallucination was owing to the fact of his being a cold water subject, we forgot to enquire; we have now in the city a suffering woman who thinks herself the Queen of England, and a woman died lately at the Asylum who fancied herself Miss Fanning, and that she owned half the property in the Island. But William Cooper, Esq., of Sailor's Hope, eclipses all his rivals and cotemporaries in the domain of Folly by the extraordinary wildness of his fancies. This gentleman has the reputation of being a shrewd thinker on commonplace subjects, and of a tolerably sane mind; but in reference to what he calls the "Land question," the vagaries of his imagination are such, that even his most indulgent friends cannot blink the fact that the "fine old English gentleman" has a thundering bee in his bonnet. His proceedings as a public man, extending over many years, have shown this plainly enough; but his late, or rather his *present* correspondence, for it does not appear to be concluded, with the Editor of this paper, places the fact of *his monomania* beyond all doubt. It appears from this correspondence that the unhappy gentle has persuaded himself that when he was delegated to England to procure the Imperial sanction to the establishment of a Court of Escheat, the British Ministers and others, having nothing to do, concocted a conspiracy against *him*, the said illustrious delegate. He has likewise persuaded himself that the acts of the Queen's Ministers are not the acts of the Queen herself—(how deeply read in constitutional law is the learned Mr. Cooper!) He further fancies that Sir Alexander Bannerman was sent here entirely in consequence of *his* agitation, with instructions to save Lord John Russell and the other Ministers of the Crown, by escheating the lands, *from the disgrace that awaited them*, notwithstanding that at the time of Sir Alexander's arrival in the Colony, and long before it, Mr. Cooper was in California, too far off to originate this disgrace,—and notwithstanding, too, what Sir Alexander told the public on several occasions, namely, that the settlement his Excellency was charged with, was the very reverse of Mr. Cooper's object. The gist of Sir Alexander's instructions was simply this—that he was to settle Mr. Cooper and all the other old fogies by discouraging, in every possible way, the protracted and fruitless agitation for escheat. But (as if the Fates would have it so) Mr. Cooper seems determined that there shall be no doubt of his insanity, for he persists in telling us, over and over again, that Lord John Russell left the Ministry and *fled* to Scotland, because he was under the apprehension of being disgraced for having written a despatch about what Mr. Cooper calls the "Land question." Proh Jupiter! if this is not the result of monamania, *what can it be?* How disrespectful to Prince Gortschakoff, Count Buol, and the other European diplomatists, to insinuate that it was not owing to any failure of the Vienna negociations that Lord John Russell had to leave the Colonial Office. The deluded people of England thought that Lord John's retirement from office was necessitated by a quarrel with his brother Ministers on a great question affecting the peace of Europe, the parties to which were such unimportant personages as the Emperors of Russia, Austria and France, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Sardinia, and the Queen of England. Mr. Cooper and Escheat appear to have been at the bottom of the whole affair, and the incumbent of Sailor's Hope, according to his own opinion, was the only man who drove the ex-Colonial Minister from office!!

We fear that all this self-reliance, and the disgrace which he thinks he has the power to inflict on British Ministers, will hardly persuade the Legislature or the people of this Island to send good money after bad, and again place Mr. Cooper at the head of an embassy to Downing Street. But, to be serious, how can Mr. Cooper take the course he does in the face of his diametrically opposite declarations at the last general election? His folly and inconsistency in vainly trying to inflame the people to their own injury are so conspicuous, that the only charitable view we can take of his conduct is to believe that with him escheat is a monamania. But if we are mistaken in this view of his case, it is right to advise the Queen, as loyal subjects, to apply to Mr. Cooper whenever she wants to get rid of an old Minister or to set up a new one. He keeps a black list for the first service, and can offer himself for the second. Truly, he is like the renowned Warwick whom Shakespeare calls the setter up and putter down of kings, with this trifling difference, that he has not to do with kings but ministers, and lives at Sailor's Hope instead of Warwick Castle.

Providence, he says, chooses the weak of this world to confound the strong. Weak he certainly is; but we cannot see that Providence or any one else has yet made choice of William Cooper for any purpose of which we have any knowledge.

WE stated in our issue of the 10th inst., that we had received another letter from Mr. Cooper, being No. 3, on the escheat question, the propriety of publishing which we had under consideration at the time. Since then we have received from him too other letters on the same subject, making three that are unpublished in this paper. There is not one new argument in the whole three letters, and scarcely one sensible remark. To publish them would, therefore, be a great waste of time and of newspaper space. The indulgence of the *cacæthes scribendi* may be a pleasant employment for Mr. Cooper, who has no other use for his time; but for ourselves, we can turn our hands to something more profitable than correcting Mr. Cooper's manuscripts for the press, and can fill our columns with something much more readable. Whenever he will condescend to leave the beaten track, and write something really new on the escheat question, we shall readily print it.