(From the London Times.)

CAPTURE OF AN INDIAN MURDERER.

Among the curiosities formerly to be seen in the East India House was a magnificent saddle, covered with crimson velvet and lavishly decorated with caparisons of gold. It was a wonderful thing to look at, but the story which it recorded was more wonderful still.

That saddle was the trophy and memorial of an event which, forty years afterwards, was followed by the massacre of Cawnpore and the most terrible scenes of the great Bengal mutinies. The very exploit which we shall presently relate, springs out of the same transactions, and, as Nana Sahib has still to be captured, this is not the last time, we trust, that the subject will be brought before the public. The object in question was the state saddle of the Peishwa or Prime Minister of the Mahratta Confederacy, taken at the battle of Ashti, in 1818, by which victory the Mahratta power was overthrown, and the Peishwa himself made a pensioner of the British Government. His pension, however, was large, and his position, except that he was under restraint, by no means a bad one. He survived as a kind of State prisoner in Hindostan for many years, and, being childless, exercised the Hindoo privilege of adopting sons.

The children of his adoption were three in number—Nana Sahib, Bala Rao, and a third who died, but left a son named Pandoo Rao, or Rao Sahib. All this family, though living in luxurious opulence, conceived themselves aggrieved by the proceedings of our Government in the ex-Peishwa's affairs, and the atrocities at Cawnpore, near which city they resided, were executed under their direction. Nana Sahib and Bala Rao superintended the massacres in person; Rao Sahib, it is said, remained at Bithoor, the family residence, in charge of the mansion; but more than one cold-blooded murder was perpetrated by his orders, and a body of fugitives from Futtyghur, intercepted by his troops, were forwarded by him to Cawnpore, to share the fate of the other victims.

After the restoration of our ascendancy it was, of course, the anxious desire of Government to capture these three assassins; and to many persons it may appear strange that, with the whole of India in our hands, and all the resources of a well organized administration at our command, we should hitherto have failed in the attempt. The fact, however, that an Irish murderer is still defying justice at home, and eluding all the efforts of a trained constabulary to arrest him, may serve to render the escape of the Bithoor family somewhat less remarkable. Nana Sahib and Bala Rao, if they still live, are probably beyond the frontiers of our territory, either in Nepaul, or on the other side of the Himalayas. Rao Sahib might have been supposed, till the other day, to be in company with his uncles; but he at last was delivered into our hands, and by the intelligence and energy of an Indian officer, has been consigned, after a series of extraordinary adventures, to the gallows he so well deserved.

It appears that after escaping from the advance of our troops he joined Tantia Topee, the partisan who so long eluded our flying columns, and was only caught and hanged after a two years' fight. After the dispersion of that chief's band, he wandered about India in disguise, settling sometimes at one place of pilgrimage, and sometimes at another; till at length, about a year ago, he took up his abode at Chineanee, a small district in the territory of Jummoo, lying between the northern frontier of the Punjaub, and the rugged hills of Cashmere.

In this remote and secluded spot he remained for twelve months unnoticed and unknown, till he was one day recognized by a Hindoo pilgrim, with whom he had formerly had some cause of quarrel. The pilgrim immediately betook himself to Sealkote, the nearest station in the Punjaub, and communicated the intelligence to Mr. Macnabb, Acting Deputy Commissioner in the Punjaub. That gentleman took his measures without an hour's delay. First arming himself with a letter from the Lieutenant Governor to the Maharajah of Jummoo, in order to meet the contingency of any reluctance or timidity on the part of the Prince, he started for Jummoo in the night, and arrived there by daybreak.

An interview with the Maharajah satisfied him that his Highness was entirely ignorant of the facts reported, and without any suspicion of the people who had found their way into his territories. For the rest, he was willing enough to co-operate in the capture of the murderer, but the enterprise, notwithstanding the proffered assistance, was beset with difficulties. Rao Sahib was on his guard day and night. His servants and followers watched for him; the arrival of a British officer in those parts would be instantly signalled, and at the first alarm the fugitive might plunge into a country through which it would be hopeless to follow him. It was necessary, therefore, that Mr. Macnabb should succeed in getting to Chineanee, not only in person, but with such an escort [illegible] might be required to effect his arrest, and [illegible] not excite suspicion of his approach. [illegible] purpose. Such a problem was no easy [illegible] nor was it facilitated by the circum[illegible] that Mr. Macnabb himself was so ill [illegible] time as to be unable to walk or ride. [illegible] Jummoo to Chineanee is a distance of [illegible] five miles, through passes and over pre[illegible] of the most dangerous character, and [illegible] traversed by Europeans. How was [illegible] a journey to be accomplished, and [illegible] all, to be accomplished without alarm? [illegible]er a brief consultation—for time press[illegible] and the delay of an hour might be fatal [illegible]e whole enterprise—the following scheme [illegible] arranged and adopted:—A Tehsilder, or [illegible]enue agent of the Maharajah's stationed [illegible]ittle beyond Chineanee, either was, or [illegible]ld very naturally be supposed to be, a [illegible]ulter in his accounts, and therefore it was [illegible]sary to despatch a trusty secretary for the [illegible]e of sup[illegible]reeding him. That the secretary [illegible]ed on such an errand should take an [illegible]as but reasonable, and the pretext pro[illegible] for a guard of fifty soldiers. Finally, [illegible]ew agent might wish for his wife's [illegible]y at the scene of his duties, a litter [illegible]vided for the conveyance of the lady. [illegible] character and conveyance Mr. Mac[illegible] appropriated to himself. He next took the precaution of sending his own litter to Sealkote with a little public demonstration, in order that he might be thought to have returned to his station, and that his name might not by any chance be connected with the expedition to Chineanee.

This done, the little party started, the secretary at the head of his soldiers, and the British officer representing the secretary's wife in the closed litter. The road lay across the most terrible rocks and solitudes, and was so painfully difficult that half a mile an hour was as much as could be done. Ninety hours of fatigue and peril hardly sufficed to bring the party to Chineanee, when the original informer, who had been taken into the expedition, was sent forward, accompanied by a trusty messenger, to see if the prize was safe. The messenger presently returned with the intelligence that the informer had found Rao Sahib, and taken a seat by his side. The soldiers, therefore, marched on, and presently a cry of success aroused Mr. Macnabb from his litter, to the astonishment not only of the villagers but to the troops themselves, who had been kept in perfect ignorance of his presence.

Rao Sahib could offer no resistance, and make but little defence. He confessed at once, surrendered himself, with about £4,000 worth of jewellery, which he still retained, and after being duly tried, was hanged on the 21st of August, at the scene of his crimes. The story, our readers will acknowledge, is a remarkable one. The public at home will be interested in an exploit which recalls some of the most romantic achievements of the old Indian service; and the public in India will, we trust, be impressed with the conviction which such a feat is well calculated to carry—that treason and blood guiltiness, though they may succeed for a season, will surely meet with retribution.

SILVER MINES IN CALIFORNIA.—Recent despatches over the overland Telegraph report the discovery of silver in Mariposa County. This has caused so much excitement that there is now over six hundred claims, located on a line of thirty-five miles long. Some very fine specimens of rock have been found, in one case reported with a yield of $500 to the ton.

POST OFFICE ROBBERY ON A LARGE SCALE — EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF AUSTRIAN RASCALITY.

A clerk in the Vienna Post Office was arrested a few months ago for embezzling letters passing through his hands. 59,055 letters were discovered in the possession of the miscreant at the time of his arrest. What must have been destroyed before it is startling enough. As his landlady stated in evidence, he was able to save a good deal of fuel owing to the daily supply of correspondence with which he fed his stove; while in summer, when the quantity of ashes might excite suspicion, he carefully swept them up, put them in paper, and afterwards consigned the packet to the river, or any other safe burial ground. Equally with the number of letters, the amount of money contained in them baffles calculation. A letter from Vienna mentions some singular results of this miscreant's knavery:—"A young Breslau merchant, being in the habit of visiting Vienna in the course of his business, happened to fall in love with the daughter of one of his customers, and, having paid his addresses to the young lady, was promised a definite answer from the father within a fortnight. The latter returned to Breslau and waited in feverish anxiety the arrival of the expected letter. The fortnight elapsed, but no answer; and when a second fortnight elapsed, and a third, and a fourth, left him in sickening suspense, the young man gave up his case as hopeless, and resolved to remain no longer in this weary world. Accordingly he became a desperate lover, bought a pistol, made his will, and, leaving a farewell letter on his table, betook himself to the fields to shoot himself.—Whether he had forgotten something indispensably necessary to his full purpose, he found the contemplation of the inside of a loaded pistol barrel too uncanny to persist in, the fact is he returned home; and there lay the letter containing the long delayed yes of his future father-in-law. This missive, too, like many thousand others, had been rescued from the remains of Herr Kallab's private collection, and after murderously lying in that gentleman's room for a month or six weeks, had been despatched by Government to the rightful owner. A more melancholy case is the following:—On the 2nd October last, one Herr K., a student at law, committed suicide in the Vienna moat. He left no explanation of his criminal deed, which, in the absence of all assignable motive, was put to the charge of temporary insanity. Not long after his death, a fellow-student, who had been absent frim Vienna at the date of the melancholy occurrence, returned to the capital, and enlightened his old comrades as to the cause of the deed. Herr K., he said, had been entirely deserted by his parents. For several months past they had neither written nor sent him any remittances; and as his letters remained unanswered, he feared they were displeased with him for not having completed his examination. Being of a sombre and reserved disposition, the young man was too proud to repeat his importunites, but expressed himself in terms of the bitterest disappointment. When he died, there was not a kreutzer left in his purse. The correctness of his friend's suggestion has now been demonstrated from the evidence of Herr Kallab's crime. Among the 59,055 letters there happened to be those of the son as well as of the father. The Boniface of the post-office has embezzled the remittances of the one, and the notes containing the remittances of the other. In January last one Herr D., a young gentleman of wealthy family, living at Untersteyer, became seriously involved in some debts of honor requiring immediate payment. A letter was hastily despatched to his mother, who resided at some distance in Bohemia, and upon the answer that had been requested by return of post failing to arrive, the youth shot himself.

When the news was communicated to his mother, the afflicted parent had not only to mourn the loss of her son, but also the loss of confidence in herself that had hurried him to the grave without making any appeal for assistance. Here again Herr Kallab had stood for fate and cut short the fragile thread of life. Leaving the more tragic consequences of Herr Kallab's activity I will just select an instance of a laughable kind out of the many that are making the round of the press. A military officer of high rank lately received a few lines from his niece in the provinces, in which the lady informed her uncle that she was doing pretty well, and had just been confined of a boy. The uncle, never having heard of the marriage of his neice, was thunderstruck at the news of the birth, and still more at the effrontery of the mother. In a prompt reply, curt and ungracious, he avowed his feelings, declining any further intercourse with so abandoned a relation and upbraiding her with being the disgrace of the family. The lady returned an immediate answer, expressing still greater astonishment than his own. More than a year and a half ago she had performed the duties of relationship by despatching wedding cards, and her second communication was not unnaturally the result of the first. When the story of the stolen letters began to be bruited about, the uncle, who had been long satisfied upon the delicate point of his grand-nephew's legitimacy, betook himself out of curiosity to the post office, to enquire after the wedding cards. There lay the letter, all ready for him, with the fatal endorsement upon it—'Embezzled, and officially recovered.'

The delinquent has since been tried, and sentenced to ten year's imprisonment with hard labor.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARM.—PRINCE ALBERT'S farm is situated near Windsor Castle, about twenty miles S. W. of the city, occupies one thousand acres, one hundred of which are never ploughed, and is wooded and sown with orchard grass, top-dressed every four years with liquid manure. The arable land is subsoiled every two or three years with four enormously large Scotch horses, driven tandem; rotation of crops much the same as ours, without the Indian corn.

Barley and oats are crushed in a mill driven by steam; eight short horn and Alderney cows are kept, cow stalls made of iron; iron troughs always full of water in each stall, with waste-pipe to gutter behind them, and thence to manure-shed, from which it is pumped into carts similar to ours for watering streets, and sprinkled over the grass. Keeps none but Suffolk and Berkshire pigs; prefers former on account of their taking on fat; as one of the swine herds said "A dale of fat a dale quicker."

The pig pens are of stone, and paved with stone, being lower in the centre, from which a pipe conducts the liquid manure to keep. In the garden I saw peach, apricot and plum trees trained espalier - pine apples, strawberries and grapes, in all stages of growth; the latter finer than in countries to which they are indigenous, and ripe all the year round. Melons will not grow in the open air, but they have very fine ones in frames. Her Majesty must certainly fare sumptuously every day. There are forty men to attend to the garden alone. Mr. Tait the gentlemanly manager of the farm, gave me every information desired. I also went to see the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace; they would make more comfortable dwellings than two-thirds of the people of London live in. English farriers have found out that the upper part of the stall ought to be lowest by two inches at least. There are in those stables one hundred and six horses. Her Majesty is partial to greys, and may frequently be seen driving two in hand at Windsor Park. The Princess Alice drives four ponies, and is said to be an excellent horsewoman. I saw the eight cream colored horses that draw her Majesty at the time of opening or dissolving Parliament. Their harness is red morocco, gold mounted, cost $10,000; and the state carriage cost $35,000 ninety years ago.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF BULL RUN.—The field of the last Bull Run battle presents a most sickening scene. The fields are strewn with dismantled gun carriages, caissons, clothing, shot shell, and the dried mummy-like remains of slaughtered horses, which appear on almost every hand. The limbs of the half buried dead are seen protruding from the earth; arms and legs are frequently found upon the surface of the ground, with the muscles and portions of the flesh still adhering to the bones, and in some instances bearing the marks of dogs and buzzards.

Printing paper has nearly doubled in price within a few weeks.

DREADFUL DISASTER AT SEA.—The San Francisco *Alta Californi*a of Oct. 24 has the following account of the sufferings of a ship's crew in consequence of the destruction of their vessel by fire:—

"The Barque Cubana, bound from Coldero (Chili) to Swansea (Wales) was discovered, at 11 p. m. on June 11, to be on fire three hundred miles southeast of Cape Horn. In twenty minutes thereafter the vessel was wrapped in flames, and in five hours sank.

The captain, officers, crew and one passenger managed to get into two boats, taking aboard but four pounds of biscuit and four gallons of water. They were eight days without seeing land and most of the time in a driving gale of rain and sleet. During this period one of the boats, containing the second mate and four men, capsized, but were rescued by the other boat, theirs being lost. On the ninth day they landed on a barren island known as Roschine Rock, ninety miles south of the Falklands.

Here they stayed nine days, subsisting on limpets (a species of shell fish) and penguins. Their sufferings were intolerable. They were compelled to drink urine and sea water. Finally, the first mate and carpenter, who only of all the survivors could perform any labor, managed to launch the boat. In this the captain and seven others started for the Falklands, leaving the remainder on the island, frost bitten and unable to move. On the 5th of July the boat was descried off the Falklands by a schooner which picked up the occupants and conveyed them to the Falklands.

Another vessel was immediately dispatched for the remaining survivors on the rock, all of whom were recovered and placed in Falklands' Hospital. But the sufferings of two were speedily relieved by death. The names of those were Geo. Elliot, second mate of Bideford, and Wm. Edward, seaman. Four of the men had each both legs amputated, and the condition of the other survivors was truly pitiable."

TERRIBLE MAGAZINE EXPLOSION AT JACKSON, MISS.—On the 12th inst., a terrible explosion occurred in the powder magazine at Jackson, Miss. The immediate cause of the catastrophe can never be known. Girls were kept at work making cartridges, in the magazine. From sixty to one hundred girls were usually employed; but the full set of hands were not at work on the day of the explosion. After the explosion the building burst into flames, and, shocking to tell, nothing could be done to aid the sufferers, or rescue them from the fearful ravages of the fire that raged furiously through the shattered building; for, among the finished work packed away to send off when called for, was a considerable number of shells. As the fire reached them, these awful instruments of warfare exploded, sometimes two, three or more at a time, scattering masses of iron in every direction. No one could approach the fatal spot—the firemen stood far off with their engine, idle, unable to lend their aid. The roaring flames pursued their devouring work uninterrupted, reducing to cinders the bodies of forty young girls, protected in its horrible fierceness by the exploding shells.

THE ELECTIONS IN THE NORTH.—The *Times*, in some speculations on the elections in the Northern States says:—"When we see the Democratic party making a show of force, once more struggling for utterance and yearning for the old free institutions of early America, we believe that in that party lies the only hope of peace to a great people, and permanent prosperity to a mighty country. They have all our sympathies. We have no great faith in the early termination of the war if the Republicans gain another term of power. True, gold is now at 132 and the money-crash is nearing every day, but the Confederates have fought on the parched corn, and the Federals also can fight without foreign credit, if their passions hold out or their party hatreds urge them. Although they never can actually subdue, they may go on obstinately fighting. If the Republicans had won these elections, the result would very probably have lengthened and embittered this war as to throw the North American continent back a century."

A SOUTHERN WAY OF CLINCHING AN ARGUMENT.—A few days ago a number of gentlemen, promiscuously thrown together in a railway train proceeding from Liverpool to Manchester, found that one of their number was a native of the Confederate States of America. A conversation very naturally arose upon the struggle now existing in America, and quite as naturally changed to an argument about negro slavery. The Confederate gentleman strongly defended the institution, and attempted to justify it, mainly on scriptural grounds. His chief opponent was a Manchester man, who so roused the anger of the other that it became quite uncontrollable. To the amazement of the rest of the company the Southerner seized the Manchester man by the throat, and seemed disposed to settle the argument by strangling him. This, of course, was not allowed, and they were soon separated. When the American's temper had cooled a little the Manchester gentleman told him that he appeared to have forgotten that he was not now in a slave state, but in a land where every man was allowed freely to express his opinions, and would be protected whilst so doing by the law. He at the same time stated his intention of giving the other into the custody of a policeman for the assault. Upon this intimation their fellow-passengers again interfered, and it was ultimately arranged that the "belligerent" Southerner should be excused on payment of a sovereign to the fund for the relief of the distress in the manufacturing districts—a penalty which he willingly consented to pay, when he saw the consequences to which he had exposed himself by his display of temper.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A BOY DROWNED BY ANOTHER.—At Cape Elizabeth, Me., last week, a boy of about 13 years of age, deliberately killed a lad 3 years of age, by pushing him into the water. Walter Jordan, the murdered boy, was a son of Scott D. Jordan, keeper of the poor house and town farm. The murderer is a boy named Isaac Smith, an inmate of the poor house. Smith confesses the deed, but assigns no reason for it.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.—Russia is said to be in possesion of a very simple and effective machine for blowing up ships.

COLONIAL.

SHIP BUILDING.—A short time ago the price of new vessels was exceedingly low in the British Market, and there was but little building going on in the North American Colonies. Lately, a slight change for the better has taken place at home; ships have taken a rise, and the consequence is, that from all quarters of the Colonies we hear of active preparations being made to carry on the ship building business on an extensive scale. The natural results will follow. The market next year will be glutted—the prices will fall, and many will lose heavily. Such is the usual practice with the two branches of business we are mainly engaged in—ship building and lumbering. No sooner is there a change for the better, than both branches are overdone, the price of the articles fall, the merchants lose money, and a stagnation ensues, injurious to the builders and the workmen. This is a brief history of ship-building and lumbering according to our experience, which extends over a period of thirty years.—*Miramichi Gleaner*.

A WRIT was served last week on the city of Halifax, by the Attorney General, for $37,770 for Railway interest.

The Canadian papers announce the death of David Kinnear, for many years editor of the Montreal 'Herald.'

The Miramichi *Gleaner* reports the winter fairly set in. Good sleighing in the streets, and iceboats in requisition on the river.

WEST INDIES.

We have news from Havana to the 20th. The Havana newspapers were still discussing the merits of the case of the steamer Blanche, and the opinions of the American press are fully reproduced in their columns. The only wish expressed in Havana is for the close of the war and the return of the prosperous times of the republic.

The Spanish steamer Principe de Asturias brings dates from Porto Rico to the 7th, and from St. Domingo to the 12th inst. From Porto Rico we learn that on the 25th ult., a brig was driven ashore and nearly consumed by a fire, which was still burning, at Palmas Atlas. There is to be no change in the routes of the St. Nazaire line of steamers, nor in that of the British line.

From St. Domingo we learn that the British brig Morning Star, which put into Jamaica on account of sickness, was burnt on the 24th, while the Captain was ashore. No lives lost.

AMERICAN NEWS.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—The draw of the Charlestown bridge was open this morning when the way passenger train from Malden and other stations for Boston went through. The train consisted of an engine, tender, smoking car and three passenger cars. The latter were quite full of passengers. The weather was very dark and foggy, and the train was proceeding quite slowly at the time. The engine and tender plunged into the river and were soon submerged out of sight. The smoking car, in which were a number of passengers, was thrown forward, with all the passengers in a heap. The remaining cars were uncoupled in time to avoid taking the plunge. Many of the passengers in the smoking car succeeded in making their escape by jumping from the windows and saving themselves by swimming, while to others were thrown planks taken from the bridge. There is so much confusion at the scene of the disaster that the total loss of life cannot as yet be ascertained. Four dead bodies have been recovered. The following are the names of those known to have been killed:—Charles G. Richardson, brakeman; Justin E. Holt, of Malden; Mr. Dyer, of Somerville; Mr. Taylor, of Somerville. John Rafferty is missing.

The Boston 'Traveller' of the 16th Nov. notices somewhat at length the demand for Catholic churches in that city. It seems that the "foreign population" is on the increase, notwithstanding the call for soldiers for war purposes. Three Protestant churches have been very recently sold to the Catholic Bishop of the diocese, and it is further stated, "on good authority," that negotiations are on foot for the purchase of another.

The Richmond 'Enquirer' of the 16th, in a leading article, speaks of the utter hopelessness of recognition of the Southern Confederacy, so long as the war continues,—and in evidence of the determined resolve of the South not to yield while there be "a man, a rifle, and a dollar, to prosecute the war," adds, "If we have to retreat before the foe we shall do so, but their track shall be across a desert. We will leave them nothing to occupy but smoking ruins—a land swept of its inhabitants and goods."

The following, from the Richmond Despatch of the 15th ult., is rather amusing in some of its statements:—

"The world has never beheld such armaments, such resources and such fighting as this contest has brought out on both sides. The armies of the Holy Alliance and Napoleon sink into insignificance beside them. Now, Yankeedom is bitterly exercised against Great Britain, and could she subdue us, and become the possessor of our resources in addition to her own, she would take the very first opportunity to make war on her. How that war would end is, we think, not in the least doubtful, and it will not appear so to any man who looks at what has been lately done here. In the first place Great Britain would lose Canada. Her fleets would next be swept from the ocean. Next, all the rest of her colonial possessions — West Indies, Australia, India — would assuredly follow. Next, again, she would inevitably lose Ireland; and, lastly, she would find her own soil invaded by a million of men.

"No man will think these occurrences at all impossible who reflects that the old United States was wont to double its population in twenty-three years, and that if these States ever become reunited, they will, in forty years—a mere second in the lifetime of a nation—be inhabited by 100,000,000 of just such people as are now waging this unheard of war. It is therefore so plainly the interest of Great Britain to keep the two sections separate, that every thinking man on this side of the water has wondered that, from the promptings of mere selfishness—conceding that she acts on none other than selfish principles—she has permitted the war to assume such gigantic proportions, and the parties engaged in it to ascertain the secret of their terrible strength."

The Blockaders ran a schooner and brig *Fanny Fisher* ashore near Fort Fisher. Captain and nine of the crew drowned while attempting to reach the shore.

AMERICAN ITEMS.

Second-hand flour barrels sell at 50 cents a piece in Philadelphia, and new ones can scarcely be obtained at any price. This is owing principally to the scarcity of workmen in the barrel manufactories, and it is proposed to create an establishment for making barrels by machinery.

General Sigel says that he has one regiment, the 136th New York, which would take Richmond, could it once be encamped within three miles of it, in one night—by stealing it.

Minister Cameron denies having ever said twenty iron-clads were being built in Scotland and England. He repeats what he stated in New York on his arrival that three of the largest class iron steamers are now being constructed, one at Glasgow and two at Liverpool, notoriously for the rebel service, and also that Mr. Dudley, American Consul at Liverpool, has laid the information before the government.

Two United States Officers stationed at White Sulphur Springs, Va., being dissatisfied with camp fare, went foraging for a dinner, and reached a handsome looking house where there were some hospitable ladies. The ladies could give them no dinner that day, but if they would only come the next they should have as good as the country afforded. As the place was some distance within the Federal lines, the ladies asked for a guard to preserve their property from injury. The guard was given, and the next day the expectants of a dinner were on hand at the proper time. They had hardly sat down before the pickets were driven in, the guard captured, and they themselves made prisoners.

The new statue of Franklin, made by Powers in Rome, has just arrived in Washington, and is opened in the House of Representatives. It cost $20,000, is eight and a half feet high, and is one of the finest works of art ever made.

The Rutland (Vermont) 'Courier' has the name of George B. McClellan at the head of its editorial columns for President in 1863.

President Lincoln is about to present to the Kings of Denmark and Sweden two beautifully manufactnred rosewood boxes mounted with silver, each containing two of the army pattern Colt's revolvers, the stocks ornamented with silver, and the barrels elaborately chased with gold and bearing figures of agriculture and the arts. They will at once be sent to the American Ministers for presentation to the Sovereigns for whom they are intended. Each case and contents cost about $500.

The circulation of "shinplasters" in New York State seems to have become a great nuisance and is loudly complained of. New York engravers are sending agents through the country selling shinplasters by the thousand, which are in imitation of the government postage currency. The Rochester Union says of a piece of currency:—"We have one before us made payable at Utica next July, in strawberries, if the crop does not fail. Such trash is taken and circulated."

The draft was resisted in the village of Ozankee, Wisconsin, by the mob, who pelted the drafting Commissioner with stones, brick-bats, etc., tore up the drafting papers, levelled the Ozankee Stone Mills to the ground and sacked several private houses, including the residence of the Commissioner, where they smashed the furniture and threw it into the streets. Jellies, jams and preserves were poured over the Brussels carpets, and ladies' personal apparel torn into shreds. Several law-abiding citizens were badly beaten. Six hundred United States troops were speedily at the riot, which they quelled, capturing several of the ringleaders.

The Boston Post says, about one hundred millions of dollars are due to the army and navy—back pay.

The New Orleans Delta reports flour fifty-five dollars a barrel, in Pass Coristian; and children's shoes are fifteen dollars a pair.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" CONCLUDED.

Exeunt Palmer and Pope.

Lamartine asserts that the history of the present and of the future is merely that of the past "repeating itself." And truly in the *coup d'etat* of the Duke of Newcastle of "2d December," 1862, we have a faithful though modest "repetition" of that of "2d December, 1852," by Louis Napoleon.

In both cases there was the same conspiracy against the head of the Executive; and in both the same summary defeat. In the one by a midnight raid, in the other (as best beseems our statesmen) by constitutional action.

Where be now your consummate statecraft, Pope & Palmer? You strained the constitution and the patience of the Governor to the utmost to sustain your ridiculous recourse to the Parliament of England against the enlightened and equitable acts of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle; and lo! like the "baseless fabric of a vision," you disappear from existence.

You will now appeal to the people for life to resume your silly contest with the Duke. But vain and supercilious and selfish as you are, do you fancy that the people will listen to you? Or will they not rather refer their troubles to the enlightened policy of a great statesmen who has no selfish interest or pecuniary advantage in deceiving them? And will they not, therefore, laying aside the silly suicidal bigotry taught them by the 'Islander,' give a frank and generous assent to the policy of our party, seeing that we aim not at ascendancy of any sort, save that of liberality over bigotry, and are only truly anxious to raise up our backward Province to the range of prosperity attained by the sister Colonies?

There is much to be done, and the time is precious; for ere long we may be called upon to consider, in common with the other Provinces, the policy of a *federal union* of the whole.

As for the Tory party, we are convinced that Pope and Palmer have been its ruin; for on them alone devolved latterly the honors and cares of State, the rest of the Cabinet having gradually abandoned everything to them rather than longer break the vain supercilious pretensions of the one and the *insanity* of the other.

We make this statement as a matter of fact, in sustainment of which we would appeal merely to the broken front observed by every one, and the *disjecta membra* exhibited by the Government upon the late occasion of receiving their *coup de grace* from the gentle hands of His Excellency, Mr. Dundas.

The Tory party we, therefore, consider dead and gone, with only the wild wail of Pope left us to proclaim the terrible agony and bigoted despair of its "miserable end;" and we look forward hopefully to the early rise and prosperity of a more capable and enlightened "party" in its stead.

Under our system of Government there must always be *two parties*; let us, therefore, understand this well, and labor always to excel our political rivals in the sublime science of Civil Government, and in that alone.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR;

It cannot fail to be observed, in the characteristic lucrubation over the signature "Edward Reilly," published in the last No. of the *Examiner*, that the versatile genius of discord tacitly admits the falseness of the unprovoked and reckless assertions made in his 'Vindicator' concerning "Ecolier." Instead of retracting his mendacities, he indulges his spleen by making a number of gross charges against "An Irish Catholic," which are well known to be palpably untrue to those who can understand his verbiage. He sets out in his effusion by saying something very, very pathetic about the "bottom of his heart." Whilst we must suppose that he has something of that nature, he evidently shews that his claims to having any conscience are exceedingly small. Although he quibbles very *learnedly* about one or two of the sentences in my hastily written letter, he obviously thoroughly understands the statements made by me only in self-defence. His efforts to "blow his own trumpet"—and he does make many excruciating attempts to render audible the *sweet* sounds of his *organs*—are well known. But the labor of the mountain generally ends in the squeal of the ridiculous mouse. In his egregious vanity he imagines that I desired him to testify the truth concerning me. I have seen too much of his treacherous friendship towards myself and others on past occasions, to prevent me from entertaining the notion that he could act honorably towards me now. I formerly spurned his insidious attempt to publicly praise me: I expect nothing but splenetic censure in his effete effusions at present. But when an insignificant object puts on airs, like E. Reilly, of offended dignity, the picture is certainly ludicrous. His contempt for any one must be very provoking! and when occupying the whole extent, from the "bottom" of that peculiar "heart" which he tells us he has, must be very profound indeed!

For a purpose, that is not only malignant, but I might add, infamous, he asserts that I refused to sing "Rule Britannia" at a public concert, because the "words were antagonistic to my *principles!*" The assertion is an absolute untruth, as I did sing the part which I was able to sing in the *chorus* of that song at the concert to which he alludes. One evening, during the rehearsals for the concert, "Edward Reilly" desired me to bring him where they were held. Whilst there he heard some gentlemen of the tenor part asked successively if they would sing the *solo* of "Rule Britannia;" they refused on the grounds that it was difficult for their voices. Being asked to sing it, after making a passing jest on supposing that a *bass* voice could sing what the *tenors* would not attempt, I said that I would take home the music and practise it, and that in a few days I could tell whether or not I could master the solo part. Now, it so happened that the engaging "presence" of "Edward Reilly" the honorable, came to my residence whilst I was practising the solo of "Rule Britannia." He also thrust his useful "presence" into the place of rehearsal a few evenings after, when he heard, as every one there heard, me state that I found it was impossible for me—although I desired to do so—to manage the solo of that fine piece of music, as it was too high for the compass of my voice. Persons acquainted with music will at once understand that ordinary *bass* voices cannot sing a solo like that of "Rule Britannia," which contains several passages running from A up to F on the treble clef. A gentleman, however, of a well cultivated, high, flexible voice, with much difficulty, did sing the solo of "Rule Britannia," and, as before stated, I sang my part in the chorus as cheerfully as any one, and perhaps as sincerely as "Edward Reilly," were there any reality in his pretensions as a singer.

Now, when the august "presence" of E. Reilly for the future honors any company of persons with its appearance, they will be careful and guarded in their conversations, as—even were the expression which he attributes to me correct—it is seen that he can wontonly play the informer. Captain Armstrong, of infamous memory, did not act the villain until he received a consideration. Whilst Protestants, I doubt not, will scorn "Edward Reilly's" silly allegation impeaching my loyalty, Irishmen and Catholics will know how to trust him for the future! Men are to be judged by the tenor of their lives, and not by incidental expressions. The most careful persons have written lines which they would wish to blot out, and spoken words which they would have recalled; but if private conversations are to be reported, what will be the result? Addison, in one of his essays, assures us that if every body knew what was said one by another, there would not be three real friends in the world. Concerning one who had carried the private conversation of one gentleman to another, I remember to have read in the columns of the 'Vindicator' that he thus "covered himself with infamy." Let "Edward Reilly" now ask himself with what he is covered?

After exposing his perversion of truth in the above instance, it is almost unnecessary to deny his other assertions in reference to an "Irish Catholic." Whilst I may not admire the character of an Alexander VI. or a Gregory VI., as represented to us by Catholic historians, we can afford to give up three or four, out of the long and illustrious line of Pontiffs that have adorned and exalted human nature by their genius and virtues—whilst I may not endorse every word or approve every action of any man, I need scarcely say that my respect for religion and its ministers is at least as sincere and disinterested as that of my accuser, who, when no penny could be turned, it is known skedaddled from the post of religious duty, whilst I stood my ground. If I have, in heated moments, made offensive expressions towards any one, let them be pointed out and I shall cheerfully recal them. I don't remember that I have done so, and I now defy "Edward Reilly" to get one respectable person to publicly state that I have ever "eulogised and sympathised with the Colonial Secretary in that official's crusade against Catholic clergymen." The very contrary is the fact, as I have invariably argued, when the subject happened to come up in any conversation of mine, that a public officer, receiving his salary from the pockets of all sects, should offend none. We can all see the impolicy and impropriety of Secretary Stanton, of the United States, when he recently, in a stump oration in New York, denounced the Democratic party; so here the impropriety of our Colonial Secretary will soon become obvious to all, or at least a large majority, if such language as Vindicator Reilly recently used in a public meeting of the Charlottetown Debating Club be not employed. Whatever may be our political or religious differences with those opposed to us, no person, having regard for Christian decency, would sanction for a moment the polite and pious language which he then made use of—that the "Government officials were a set of cowardly blackguards." As it then filled with disgust every gentleman present, Catholic and Protestant, so it must every right thinking person in the Colony. He may feel assured that, though I tried, on the occasion referred to, to help him out of the disgraceful position in which he placed himself, I loathe such disreputable language. Though I entertain proper respect for some of the Government officials, whom I know to be honorable men, I have not the slightest motive to be interested in them. I know, however, that E. Reilly's conduct is calculated to damage the cause he assumes to defend, because hearts are not won nor causes gained by coarse language. Besides, if Edward Reilly, to say nothing about his courage, is not an "official blackguard" of the present Government, it is not because he did not make application to be one. As when he applied—according to his own statement in a public meeting—to be a schoolmaster in a backwoods settlement, the countrymen when they saw him treated his application with "derison"—so the Government, I presume, not regarding his *powerful* influence, would "have none of him," considering he would be to them neither useful nor ornamental.

In reference to the assertion that I availed myself of an "official position to gratify personal animosity," I do, and did, as he well knows, deny it. The misunderstanding alluded to occurred one night in the C. Y. M. L. Institute, through a notice which I, as Secretary, wrote in the *Examiner*, of a lecture given by a gentleman whose talents were too apparent for me to have the folly to attempt to derogate from them. The notice was written, I can faithfully state, not with animosity, but as I considered fairly and complimentary. Unfortunately two or three verbal errors were printed in the notice of the lecture. Not knowing the proper orthography of the lecturer's name, I employed an *e* instead of an *u*, which was my chief offence. I have heard of persons in remunerative situations having to mind their p's and q's, but when I considered that often, with great inconvenience and loss, I gave my services gratuitously during a long winter to the Institute, and that not writing an *u* instead of an *e* was a cause of a "castigation," as Reilly exultingly states, I confess that I felt my feelings wounded such as they never were before. I understood that the explanations then made were satisfactory. But such unintentional misunderstandings will occur in the best socities, and that evening's were the only ones during a long session of the Institute. I imagine that no one will thank Edward Reilly for striving to recall the unpleasant affair. Every real friend of the persons concerned regretted that it happened. Three or four individuals, however, made themselves conspicuous on that occasion in *fiendishly* gloating over that little breach of harmony, amongst them I need not name the genius who clapped so exultingly on the evening alluded to.

He states that my allusions incidently made in reference to his retirement for a short season from a certain Institute, and to the "†" communication published during that period, are false. Now, it is well known to many that "Edward Reilly" in high dudgeon retired from the C. Y. M. L. Institute because the members felt indignant at him for, amongst other things, evincing his disregard for the feelings of that body in not preparing, as was his duty as Secretary, a farewell address to the only Catholic Governor ever on the Island, Sir Dominick Daly, on his departure from the Colony. "Edward Reilly," it was supposed, perhaps erroneously, pandered to the prejudices of his employers, and with certain parties who were hostile to Sir Dominick. The Catholic Institute, of which the Governor was a beneficent patron, through the unfaithful Secretary, did not present Sir Dominick with a farewell address, though the Protestant Mechanics' Institute did pay him the respect which Sir Dominick Daly well deserved. Mr. R. may have the effrontery to deny this, perhaps, as well as the fact that he refused, and has not given up to this day, a report or account of monies supposed to be in his hands, or that when he again got the Secretary's book in his possession *some one* cut out four or six pages, whereon were recorded his honorable conduct! Shortly after the time referred to, a communication appeared in the Protestant, where Mr. R. was then working, abusing and misrepresenting the Catholic Institute in the foulest manner. It was appropriately signed "†". A late gentleman, in a short communication, published in the 'Examiner,' having stated that the Catholic community could afford to despise the pen, dagger or crutch of the 'Protestant, E. R. published a lachrymary letter, in which, however, he did not deny—what was generally believed at the time—that he wrote the infamous attack in the 'Protestant' against Catholics. Thus, Sir, you find that my allusions were not as he would have it believed. Perhaps, however, he was blamed wrongfully about the squib referred to: he should yet deny that he wrote it, through the columns of the 'Protestant.'!

Now, I may say, in reference to his *fanciful* surmises and wild statements concerning me, that he mistakes very much if he supposes that his "thunderbolts, daggers, or ghosts," have any effect but to afford me amusement. He, as is believed, sought to have it represented, in the 'Protestant's' "†" that I was a credulous believer in aeriels, ghosts or hobgoblins. But he will not assert that I have any feelings but those of pity for earthly ones. As I have never had any interest or motive to act with duplicity, and as those who know me are aware that I fear not to speak, when occasion requires, what I find to be the truth regarding men and things, I scorn *his* opinion of my character. He seems certainly to have studied Shakspeare's portrait of Iago to some purpose. He admits that Iago is the character of the great poet most constantly in his "mind's eye," as he is well known for nothing so much as treachery and low cunning, the predominant traits of character in persons of "Edward Reilly's" stamp. In the 'Vindicator' paper he set out in the first No. somewhat Quixotically, certainly, with proposing to be the defender of "every one's rights," and promising to do "justice to all mankind"! His regard for justice is in keeping with his notions of right and wrong, when he would fain close your journal and not allow me to refute his *charitable* allegations. I pass over his melancholy attempt at wit; his sneers at my conduct in doing right in reference to the Bishop's Incorporation Bill, and other matters, are worthy of him! You, Sir, no doubt, duly appreciate his *sincere* praise of the 'Examiner.' He will scarcely have the hardihood to deny, through your columns, that there is some reason to believe that he sought to injure the usefulness of the 'Examiner' as much as his "feeble utmost could," when he "furnished ideas" to a person not your political friend, concerning a "wanton attack" by him against a stranger, which he would fain have published, but which was thrown out by you; or that he practised the most cunning "duplicity" towards you concerning his publishing the 'Vindicator.' The fact is almost evident that his charges against me seem to be a portrait of himself. His statement in reference to the 'Monitor' I have denied in the proper place.

His "contempt"! for the letters of Ecolier was shewn in a curious way, when, although he approved of them to the writer's face, he wasted many weary hours and tallow candles in preparing a long lucrubation against Ecolier's letters, which was so highly appreciated by the publisher of the 'Islander,' that it found its way into type only through the fingers of "Nemo" himself, while at the time he was paid for his services in the 'Protestant' office! But even on these *honorable* terms "Nemo" could only get *one* letter published in the 'Islander.' Whilst, having no pretensions to literary talent, it would seem that a statement, sometime since by you, Sir, editorially made, namely, that a certain contributor had "written many able articles for the 'Examiner,'" was more grateful to my feelings than to Edward Reilly's. Every article that I wrote for your journal has been published, whilst Mr. R. has been heard not unfrequently to lament that your estimation of his *literary* vagaries has induced you to place them amongst the rubbish of the waste corner. Ah! Sir, what a sacrifice of genius and learning have you not made! Return his rejected communications, and in the columns of the 'Vindicator' they will become as *famous* as the celebrated "Rejected Addresses"! I gladly acknowledge the great literary ability of the paragraph editor of the 'Vindicator;' his talents are of that distinguished order, which have conferred celebrity on a certain class of the female orators of Great Britain! The wiseacre once had the humility to seek in an easy, yet *honorable* manner, literary reputation in another department of polite letters, by instructing a certain fraternal *goose* to cackle abroad that Edward the modest was the author of the letters of "Conservative," published a year or two ago in the 'Examiner.' The derision with which the cackling was received soon caused the silly goose to take flight for other regions of fancy.

Feeling that I have occupied too much space, even though with such an important personage, I have only further to remark that anything said by me in reference to establishing the 'Vindicator' was merely reiterating — and I did so to Mr. R. — what I had heard from many who have the best interests of the Catholic religion at heart, that it might prove well not to start the 'Vindicator' for a short time to come. That Church which has braved the adversities of nearly two thousand years surely could have survived a little longer without the Vindicatorship of two inexperienced adventurers, from Protestant newspaper offices, like Messrs. Reilly & Doyle. I can candidly state, however, that when their undertaking was commenced, I wished them God speed. But as I presume the Vindicator was established *not* that the young gentlemen were overburthened with a burning zeal for religion, but that they honestly and fairly desired to make shillings and pence out of the enterprise, I do not know that I am bound to endorse every article, much less issue of the 'Vindicator' or any other paper. Whilst Mr. R. may rest assured that I will "condemn" any paper whilst it attempts to injure what is as dear to me as life—a good name—I can forgive his puerile attacks. It is to be expected that he, being trained — the man of all work, in fact — in the 'Protestant' office, a place surrounded by an atmosphere hostile to Catholics, will for a time indulge in practices not in accordance with the spirit and teachings of the Catholic religion. It is related of Baron Munchausen's coachman's horn, that the breath which had been blown into it during the frosts of winter remained congealed, but became "long and loud" sounds with the heat of summer. In like manner, some of the foul air which our local Munchausen inhaled in the 'Protestant' office during the winter of his life is now coming out during the summer of his career. If, however, he allows his paper—an avowedly religious one—to become fouled with such unprovoked personal attacks of the nature which reluctantly compelled an "Irish Catholic" to take up his pen in self defence, no one can be so much injured as himself. The most neatly printed piece of cotton, when unclean, becomes a rag, and is soon thrown out of respectable houses. I must give my friend "Nemo" credit for speaking one word of truth in his epistle against an "Irish Catholic," namely, that it is "*nonsense*" for any one to suppose that Edward Reilly's efforts are worthy of notice. I trust, however, that he will feel duly thankful for the attention I have, in this communication, paid him. He is indebted for it to the slight cold which has given me a few moments of leisure, and which, in the close of his letter, he charitably exults over. I sincerely hope that he may always have good health, and that he may prosper in business; but if I have to "notice" him again, he must excuse me if I do not devote to him so long a letter as the present.

Nov. 27, 1862. P. B.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, December 8th, 1862.

THE SECOND OF DECEMBER.

ONE of the drollest incidents recorded in our parliamentary history occurred on Tuesday last. Our readers will remember that that was the day appointed for the special meeting of the Legislature, in which there was to be a great flare up about the Land Commissioners' Award, and in which, also, it was intended to annihilate the Duke of Newcastle for daring to put that precious bantling "out of the way." The Second of December was never ushered in with more auspicious smiles from the Clerk of the Weather—the day was as genial as we could hope to find a day in the first blushes of Spring, or in the mellow tints of early Autumn. The notabilities of the place were all astir in the forenoon, for the Colonial Secretary had been exceedingly industrious for days and nights before in sending invitations to gentlemen to be present at the august meeting of Parliament; and the "pomp and circumstance" exhibited in official circles were marvellously imposing features in the day's programme. Of course, it will be taken for granted that the Volunteers were out in their gay uniform, and drawn up in front of the Colonial Building as a Guard of Honour; and when His Excellency arrived there, never was there heard such a booming of cannon in our quiet streets; and the way the glass went shivering out of the windows of the big building must have been delightful to the heart of a glazier. The Aides-de-Camp, Messrs. Gray and Longworth, were rigged out with elaborate care—the senior Aide—("the gallant Colonel," as he is sometimes called)—seemed to look more than usually consequential in his military toggery; and as for the Colonial Secretary, he was irreproachable for magnificence. All the tailors of P. E. Island were considered incapable of doing him up for the occasion, and a London artist was specially employed for the purpose.

While so much grandeur was to be seen in and about the Council Chamber, the House of Assembly presented a rather beggarly account of empty chairs. Scarcely a dozen members were in attendance, and most of these were supporters of the Government. Some of the latter looked uncommonly knowing — exchanging winks and nods brimful of meaning, while one or two, who found state secrets to be rather burthensome things, followed up the winks and nods by intimating in mysterious sentences, such as the following:—"The Session will be much shorter than you think"—"There will be very little time for long speeches!" "Bet ten to one that Coles or Whelan will not be allowed to speak for even one hour!" "Very important despatches from the Colonial Minister!" "Elections sooner than the people expect!" We heard these mysterious revelations with unalloyed pleasure, because we did not wish the anniversary of the French *coup d' etat* to pass without some remarkable event in our history, since our rulers had chosen that anniversary for convening the condensed wisdom of our country. It was a relief to the bearers of the great secret when the Usher of the Black Rod made his appearance at the Bar of the House about half-past two o'clock, commanding the attendance of the "Honourable House" in the Council Chamber instanter; and it was really pleasant to see with what intensified politeness and grace the always graceful and polite Usher performed this dry ceremony. The Black Rod undulated as daintily as a fairy's wand, and the most accomplished acrobat could not possibly exhibit more suppleness of the spine than the gentlemanly Usher displayed. The fine portly Speaker of the House, leading the way in his flowing silk robes, with the Sergeant and his white Rod, and the two Clerks in their gowns, bowing and scraping to "honourable members" — and policemen and constables lining the passage from the House to the Council, to see that "honourable members" were duly honoured in going and coming from the vice-regal presence — the Session was opened and closed in less than ten minutes. His Excellency informed the two Houses that they were called for the purpose of making a final endeavour to settle the troublesome Land Question; but that unexpectedly he had received a despatch conveying the royal assent to the Legislative Council Elective Bill — that that branch of the Legislature would cease to exist at once, until elected; and, therefore, he could not take the advice of the Legislature. In fact, the members of both Houses were plainly told to go home as soon as possible. The following is the Speech delivered by the Lieutenant Governor on this extraordinary occasion:—

Mr. President and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

My object in summoning you at this unusual period of the year was, that an endeavour might be made to obtain some solution of the long agitated Land Question.

Circumstances have, however, occurred, which will prevent your deliberations at the present time.

I received by the last Mail a Despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, informing me that the Royal assent had been given to "the Act to change the constitution of the Legislative Council by rendering the same Elective."

From Despatches which had passed between His Grace the Duke of Newcastle and myself on the subject of an objection raised by His Grace to a clause in this Act, it was apprehended that Her Majesty's assent would not be given to the Act until that clause had been amended by the Legislature.

The confirmation of the Act leaves me no alternative but immediately to declare it to be in force, and a Proclamation to that effect will be issued without delay.

I will cause Papers on the subject to be at once made public.