When all was done we lingered near the place. A spring-breathed soft wind was blowing; spring voiced sweet birds were singing; the cypresses were swaying to and fro; the mild spring sun was shining; the place was very soothing and peaceful—towered over by the great monumental pyramidal tomb of some forgotten great one, with the wonderful city of the dead, of memories, of surviving art lying in sight.

That was a day to be remembered.

I promised her that the grave should be cared for better than any other in the place; that flowers should always blossom on it, and its head-stone never be moss-encrusted.

When we went away I took her to the care of that motherly, kind, quakerish lady of the diligence, whom I had prepared to receive her.

I did not see her again for some days; she was too much exhausted, when reaction from long over-tension set in, to leave her bed.

I called every day, and always found some gentle-worded, grateful message ready for me; but day after day I did not see her.

At last a bright day came when I did.

She was more altered, more broken-down-looking than I had anticipated; the meeting me agitated her very greatly; her black dress, too, increased the delicacy of her look. Mrs. Norrison stood by her, smoothing her hair and petting her with loving deeds and words till she was calmer, then, good woman, she left us together.

I had no idea what lay before me. Our interview was a long one. More than once I left her side, and paced the room in despair, stood at one or other of the windows that looked down over the city, and pondered how I could convince her of my love, that is to say, the selfish and interesting nature of it.

She met my definite offer of my hand and heart (as the novelists phrase it) with the most meekly, humbly firm refusal.

Her gratitude was so full and so lowly, her agitation so great I could not be angry with her, but I was greatly irritated, and turned my irritation against myself; cursed myself that I could find no words strong enough to convince her. She had set me on a pinnacle, and she would keep me there, and I wanted to be no higher than the level of her love.

It was just like me, she told me. Just like what she had always heard of me. She would always love me with the most grateful, reverent love, always remember me in her prayers; but be my wife—no.

It was long before I could get a reason why: but at last I tortured it from her. She believed that I was sacrificing myself, that I loved her because she was friendless and alone; but she was not fit for me, she told me; she had not the accomplishments, the education, the talent, the beauty, the anything that my wife should have. As for her future I need not be anxious, she assured me. Mrs. Norrison had told her that here, in Rome, she could procure her a suitable situation.

At last, when I had exhausted every argument, or thought I had, and despaired, at all events, of present success, I grew hurt and angry: I turned from her to a window, and stood looking out. A veil of blackness gathered between me and all I looked on. I was ill with anger, disappointment, and thwarted will.

I don't know how long I had stood so (but I believe it was a long time) when the softest of small hands entered mine, which hung down beside me. I started and looked round. She was looking up into my face so wistfully, her own face strained with pain and earnestness.

'You look so pained, so displeased,' she said, 'I must seem to you so thoroughly heartless and ungrateful. I cannot bear it.'

Before I knew what she was going to do she was kneeling beside me; before I could prevent her her soft fingers were raising my hand to her softer lips.

I lifted her up; holding her by the shoulders, I asked her, I am afraid almost fiercely, 'Can you tell me that you do not love me?'

'No, I cannot, I do love you very dearly.' Her tears began to fall, and she, tottering towards me, shed them on my breast.

I held her there, fast and firm, and never since has she disclaimed the right to be there.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE JAMAICA REBELLION.

EVIDENCE OF THE NEGRO ATROCITIES

It was clearly proved by witnesses that the original disturbance occurred during the investigation of a case of the most ordinary description. The attempt to serve a warrant upon Paul Bogle, at Stony Gut, one of the most flourishing negro settlements in the Island, was the signal for a more serious outbreak. Police-constable Osborn proved that Bogle, by a mere motion of the hand and a single call, assembled in a moment some five hundred men, provided with sticks and cutlasses. To disarm or bind the policeman was the work of a moment, and the oath (to cleave from the whites and to cleave to the blacks) was next administered, and most of them were compelled to take it in order to save their lives. "Colour for colour," cried the black insurgents to the black policeman sent to capture them, "we will not kill you, but let the white man come." The white man, however, did not come, so the black man went in search of him. A body of them, variously stated at three, four, and five hundred or more, turned their backs upon Stony Gut (now a heap of ruins) and marched, with cutlasses and bludgeons, and a few guns, to Morant Bay. A coloured man, Mathew Cresser, who had charge of a store in the Blue Mountain Valley, deposed that he was taken prisoner by the rioters, who, after sacking the store, marched him to Stony Gut. There he saw Paul and Moses Bogle and some 30 negroes being drilled in the open space around the chapel. A man named Craddock addressed the people. He told them that the country belonged to them, and that they were about to take possession of it. Paul Bogle told the people that some policeman had come to Stony Gut to take him into custody; but he would not go with them. He said, "Don't go to any work; not a man of you must work even if you can get a dollar a day. When you want anything go to an estate and take it. Take a cow and kill it when you want it." The evidence as to their doings at Morant Bay was ample. The vestry was sitting, when at about four o'clock the approach of rioters was descried. Intimation had reached the authorities, and the volunteers had been called out, to the number of about twenty. They were drawn up in front of the court-house. The mob, advancing through the square in which it is situated, hurled volleys of stones upon them. Their bayonets were knocked off their rifles, and some of the men sustained serious wounds. It was proved that the negroes began the attack, and showered down volleys of stones before the volunteers fired. The little family of Englishmen gathered together in the court-house now found that their last hour was at hand. Prayers were offered by Herschell, the clergyman, and as the flames spread around and covered the house, the white men inside shook hands, and "asked each other to tell the Governor, and then our wives and families, if any one of us should escape." Mitchell, one of the volunteers, spoke of an interview that took place between Paul Bogle and the Baron. "If you want me," said the Baron, "take me, do what you will with me, and let it be all over." "No, no," said Bogle, "we don't want you alone, we want to kill all those Buckra and all those Mulatto fellows." At these words about two dozen of the negroes then came up and began to kill the Baron with sticks. He cried out, "Mercy! have mercy!" Said Bogle, "No, no, we'll have no mercy now." When the Baron fell Bogle said, "He is dead now," and went away. Returning in a quarter of an hour, he looked at the body, and again said, "Him dead now—dead." "Better give him a chop," said one of the bystanders, and he drew his cutlass, and chopped the body. Another came up: "We must give him a charge," and he run the body through. Then Paul Bogle cried, "Now drag him down to the gully, and there let the pigs eat him." Dr. Gerrard (who, being a doctor, was allowed to escape without injury) spoke to having seen three volunteers killed at the moment when the negroes took hold of him. He could hear the cries; they called to him for help, but he could do nothing. "Then Captain Hitchins staggered up to him; he was cut fearfully. One man kept on hacking him. I passed, and Hitchins threw his arms around my neck, said, 'Doctor, I am weak.' He fell down and died." Other witnesses spoke to similar acts of atrocity, and many of them had themselves suffered severely. These deeds transacted in the twilight, and as night drew on the flames of the burning buildings lighted up the place, and rendered visible the half naked and disfigured corpses as they lay strewn about the market-place and elsewhere. On the following morning Serjeant M'Kenzie collected the dead bodies and removed them. Alberger's face was beaten out of all resemblance, so that he was only recognized by his dress. Herschell's corpse was greatly disfigured. The Baron was a mass of bruises; his fingers had been disjointed or cut with a knife. Capt. Hitchins, Lieut. Reed, Mr. Walton, and others also presented evidence of savage ill-treatment. When the victims had been put to death at Morant Bay the negroes proceeded to break open the prison, and release the persons confined in it. The negroes then turned their steps eastward. Dr Crowdy, who lived at Golden Grove, 15 miles from Morant Bay, and who on the 12th was sick in bed at Amity Hall, two miles distant, found his room invaded early in the morning by a number of negroes. They set fire to the bed-hangings, and smashed the furniture. Hire (who thought he knew the negroes, and could trust them, and who paid with his life for so egregious a blunder) was brought in shortly afterwards, bleeding profusely, with one finger of his right hand cut off, and another one hanging only by a bit of skin. He died early on the following morning. Dr. Gerrard recounted a series of conflicts and escapes through which he passed, and mentioned as one incident the setting fire to the penguin bushes ("penguins" are a description of cactus much used for making fences in the country), the negroes saying, as they committed this act, "Plenty buckra here; shoot! shoot!" He owed his own life to the fact of his being a surgeon. A man said to him, "If you was not a doctor, I chop you up sa', chop you up." One horrible mass of bones and flesh, tied up in a bundle, he was told had been M'Cornock, a poor old cripple, who had attended the vestry meeting and was hacked to pieces. In conclusion, the witness said:—The Baron's fingers were cut off and hung by threads. The ring which he always wore had been taken off, his skull was fractured, and his brains were oozing out. He had his coat on. His trousers had been taken off; but his drawers were on. Walton was lying on the road. I saw Herschell. He had a great gash from ear to ear. The mouth was opened from that gash I heard that the tongue had been cut. Mrs. Major, the wife of Dr. Major, who resides in another direction in the same destrict, stated that she saw the reflection of a fire at Morant Bay, six negroes were passing at the time, and declaring that they would kill Hire, Harrison, and a number of other managers of estates in the neighbourhood, whom they named. They were singing a song such as she had never heard before, the refrain of it was—

"Buckra's blood we want,
Buckra's blood we'll have,
Buckra's blood we'll have,
Till there's no more to be had."

The above are a few instances out of a great many that have been given in evidence of the manner in which the "local riot," as it has been termed, at Morant Bay, spread over the country in every direction. A proclamation of Paul Bogle's was found at Stony Gut, urging his followers to go to Morant Bay, and take cutlasses and arms with them. Every black man was ordered to turn out for "oppression against them had become too great." For weeks before the outbreak midnight drillings had been going on; the negroes being divided into bands or gangs, each of which had its "captain." Bogle himself was one of the most active members; and it was proved that several of the rebels, before their death, said that he was the man who had brought them to their fate. "Ah, Mr. Gordon," exclaimed an old negro, as he was about to mount the ladder, to Gordon, who was standing up, "If it had not been for you I d never have come to this."

HARROWING EVIDENCE OF THE WIDOW OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

The widow of Capt. Hitchins, who was slaughtered by the negroes, deposed: "It was between one and two in the morning that I heard my husband was dead. Then shortly before daybreak I heard the bugle sound, and we ran and hid in the bamboo wood—myself, two grown up girls, a little girl not three years old, and a baby of only a few months. The mob came, and ran all over the house, calling for "the woman Hitchins," and for the gunpowder; but they could not find either it or me. While in hiding, we heard a great many things. Some of the people were for killing me, and a man named Duncan Stewart, said he had killed my husband, and would lay my body beside his; while others cried out not to kill any of the women, for they would want wives. While they were plundering Mr. Hall's house, Mr. Donaldson, a coloured man, who kept a store, came to my hiding place and brought me out, assuring me that the rebels had promised him they would not hurt me. I brought my youngest child, the baby only, out of the bushes. The other girls remained where they were and were silent. Duncan Stewart came up to me, and asked me if I knew that he had killed my husband. I answered, "Yes," and he held up his cutlass and told me to call him "master." I said then, "Yes, me sweetie massa." He asked if I forgave him; and to save my life I told him that I did from the bottom of my heart. They took my baby among them, and said it was like the brute Hitchins, and they would have its head. It was passed from one to another, but a woman took it and put it under a basket, which she sat upon. A cry was raised that Mr. Wilson was coming, and they ran off, saying "Buckra come, buckra come; let us chop him." Mr. Wilson was not killed, but severely wounded. They then began to plunder Mr. Ford's store, and were doing this when Mr. Manning came and offered to take me in his buggy to Iron-bridge house and shelter me there. I took my children with me, and on the road to Iron-bridge house from Plantain Garden River, we saw more than two hundred people, who were armed with all kinds of weapons. The people had begun to threaten Iron-bridge house when I escaped from it. When I got to Duckenfield House, they wished me to have some supper, but I could take nothing About one o'clock I was awoke by Mr. Manning's voice, crying, "Escape, Mrs. Hitchins, escape; don't stay to dress." I ran out, with little on but my night-dress, and both Mr. Manning and I were instantly surrounded by rebels, who were shouting, "Colour, colour," and "Peace, peace," and "Kill him," and all kinds of cries. An immense man called out, "Peace!" and held up his hand as high as he could stretch his arm; and he took me and Mr. Manning through the crowd, going back himself to join in the breaking up and plunder of Duckenfield House. It was very dark. In a quarter of an hour we were surrounded again by a number of people, who separated me from Mr. Manning, seizing me by my throat, tearing me almost to pieces. They said I was Mr. M'Dermott in disguise. I tried to say, "A woman! a woman!" but I was so exhausted that I could not pronounce the word woman distinctly, and I drew down my hair and shook it. They held me by it and jerked me by it, at last they gave me one pitch and I got away, having nearly been dismantled by them. Soon I heard Mr. Manning calling out to me and asking if I was alive. We went on together, and when I was near Iron-bridge House I heard a woman and a young man talking. The young man said, "Lord, what shall I do with the children this night?" They had got my two babies, that had been brought back again from Duckenfield. Mr. Manning hid me and them in a little room, and kept watch himself, burning a light as he had been desired by the rebels to do. About five on Friday morning, the mob came cheering, and telling how they had been to Amity Hall, and had killed Mr. Hire and his son and Mr. Crichton, and had fired the bed on which Dr. Crowder was lying. They said they had pushed the dead body of young Mr. Hire into a stone-hole; but this was not true, for though he was badly wounded he was not killed. I remained at Iron Bridgeston all Friday and Saturday; and after that I went back to Bath, where I remained till the following Thursday, and then came down to Kingston in the gunboat Onyx.

EVIDENCE RELATING TO GORDON.

Mrs. Major deposed: "On the 14th of August Mr. Gordon came to breakfast with us, as was his habit when he came to attend the vestry. I was reading his printed speech at St. Ann's meeting I said, 'Take care, Mr. Gordon, you have gone too far.' He replied, 'I have gone as far as I can go, but no further.' He said that the governor was a very wicked man, and that it would be a blessing to the country if any one would shoot him. He also said that Mr. Herschell and the Baron were very wicked men, and that it would be a blessing to the country if any one would shoot the three of them."—Mr. James Harrison, attorney of the Hordley estate, gave evidence that Gordon advised him to go to Europe before the rainy season set in. He replied that he could not leave the estate, upon which Gordon said, "Your life is more to you than the estate." He also said that he was himself going to France, and added, speaking as the witness described it laughingly, "the whole Island will belong to the negroes."—Another witness, the Rev. Arthur Beckwith, a dissenting minister, stated that in June or July last he spoke to Gordon, who said the people had been greatly oppressed and must have redress in some way or other; and if they did not succeed in that way there would be, in six months, a revolution in the country; continuing, "As I have always stood by the black people I shall stand by them then."

EVIDENCE RELATING TO THE TREATMENT OF THE NEGROES.

Several gentlemen have been questioned by the Commissioners as to the treatment of the negroes employed upon the estates of which they have the management, and the system adopted in paying their wages. The general effect of their evidence has been that the men are paid regularly and justly, but the negroes have frequently expressed discontent at the stoppage of small sums for short or bad work. The Rev. Mr. Parnther, a Wesleyan minister, said—"The people have often come to me and complained of not receiving their pay, and for receiving only a portion. I inquired into the cause, and have been told in reply they were paid regularly, and that they would not do full work."

ALLEGED VIOLENCE IN SUPPRESSION OF THE OUTRAGES.

During the last week the time of the Commissioners has been mainly occupied by the examination of witnesses who have spoken to acts of violence and oppression committed by persons in authority, or by the black and white troops who were engaged in the suppression of the disturbances In but few, if any, cases, however, have the parties charged been heard in their defence. All who have watched the enquiry closely must feel that the statements made by negro witnesses must be received with the utmost caution. A painful story was told by a black woman named Ann Mitchell. She said:—"I was only married last October, and was living at Harbour-head with my husband and his mother. On Saturday some soldiers came to our house searched for 'buckra's goods,' and found a coat, inside of which was a receipt for a lamp bought for Paul Bogle's chapel at Stony Gut. This was an account made out by my husband last Christmas twelvemonth, at the request of Bogle, who could neither read nor write. My husband was then a schoolmaster at Spring. When they found the coat the soldiers said, 'Where could a nigger get a coat like this?' My husband was in the yard. They tied him to a tree there and shot him. I saw them do it. Three Volunteers shot him through the head, and his brains were scattered round about. Afterwards the soldiers set fire to the house and burnt everything. Besides being a schoolmaster, my husband sometimes preached when the minister was away." Now, on successive days since the evidence of this woman has been given, we have had statements from three people that Mitchell came into the office of a gentleman named Hague, and said to him that the chair on which he was sitting ought to be a black man's, and that his head ought to be cut off as the heads of the Baron and others would be in the Court house. This was two or three hours before the outbreak, and the threat was used to Mr. Hague, collector of customs at Morant Bay. Again, Mr. Duffus, proprietor of a wharf on the east side of Port Morant, said that on the 11th, the day of the outbreak, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, the man Mitchell said to him, "You are going to Morant Bay to have your head chopped off; I want a white wife and estate." He cut a bamboo and said, "That's the way in which buckras' heads are cut off." It was also deposed that the prisoner had attempted to chop at the overseer of Mr. Duffus with a cutlass; and upon this evidence the Court ordered the man to be shot. This disposes of the story of the summary execution, without trial, deposed to by his widow.

FALSE EVIDENCE.

After a witness, in whose statement we all were inclined to place confidence, had been called and recalled; after it was proved that he had confidently described the death of men whom he afterwards as confidently admitted to be now alive; and had described acts of atrocity for which—if they were true—no punishment could be too severe. "The witness may go," said the Commissioner, "it is impossible to believe a word that he has said." Even the consul for the Jamaica Committee gave him up, as an ingenious, habitual, and plausible liar. Or take another instance on the previous day. A woman told a story sufficiently painful. Her name is Susanna Bennett, and she declared that Mr. Hayne, the collector of customs at Morant Bay, had ordered her to be flogged. That after he went away one of the black soldiers gave her a hundred lashes with a wire cat; and that in the following week, while the wounds made by the first flogging were still raw, she received another ten lashes. So astonishing a story excited suspicion. Two medical men were sent for. They examined the sufferer, and afterwards declared upon their oath that "most decidedly she had never been flogged at all."

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

The last English papers brought a report of the discussion which took place in the House of Commons, in regard to the Fenian movement. The Chancellor of the Exchequer deprecated debate on the matter as impolitic, but the irrepressible Commons would have their say, and they had it. Some speakers magnified the movement, others ridiculed it; but among the points raised, there was one of peculiar interest and importance at the present time. It was the question whether the United States Government was doing its duty in the matter. For the past six or seven years the Brotherhood has been in existence. The avowed intention of the society, at its formation, was to make Ireland an independent country. At first, the movement went on stealthily and secretly; but gradually all pretence at concealment was thrown off, and the objects of the organization were proclaimed at every street corner and from every house-top. Mass meetings are now being held, money is being collected, arms purchased, agents sent to Ireland, and so forth—all avowedly for the purpose of dismembering the British Empire. Before the eyes and in the hearing, as it were, of the American Government, threats are ostentatiously made, the work of organizing goes on, and in all respects the acts of the Brotherhood accord with their professed intentions, short of the last decisive step. Under these circumstances, is the United States discharging its duty to great Britain, in witnessing all this without making the slightest attempt to check the plans of its citizens? Of course, it would interfere if an actual raid was committed; but is it under no obligation to move till then?

Mr. Gladstone—in reply to Mr. Watkin—admitted that Her Majesty's Government had not made any representations to the Government of the United States, with reference to the Fenian Organization; and maintained that there was, as yet, no sufficient reason to do so. It was not enough, he said, to know that Fenianism was a thing of American growth. It was necessary that some law of the United States should be violated, in order that Great Britain might claim the intervention of the Government. The Fenian movement was notorious in a certain way, but not in such a way that it could be made the subject of legal proceedings. Again, if an attack was made upon any portion of the British dominions, we would have a right to ask the American Government to put down the movement by force. Another case in which we could rightfully complain would be where officers of the Government had taken part in the conspiracy. The rumours as to this were too vague and informal to warrant any complaint. Thus, while admitting the serious character of the movement and the undeniable object of it, Mr. Gladstone denied that we had any sufficient ground upon which to make representations to the Government of the United States.

We have stated fully the grounds taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and certainly, if nothing more can be said for refraining from addressing a remonstrance to the United States authorities, it seems to us that he has failed to make out a case. Mr. Gladstone says that "no law of the United States has been violated," and that the Fenian movement is "not notorious in such a way as to be made the subject of legal proceedings." A few weeks ago, Mr. McKenna, of New York, acting in the interest of the Chilian Government, set himself to fit out privateers to prey upon Spanish commerce. Although he had endeavoured to execute his project secretly, the matter became known, and was deemed sufficiently "notorious" to be "made the subject of legal proceedings." At the instance of District Attorney Dickinson, proceedings were instituted against McKenna, a grand jury found an indictment, and he was arrested and kept in close confinement. This is a case exactly in point, Was there a tithe of the "notoriety" about this that there was about the Fenian plot? Assuredly not. And the scheme of O'Mahony and Sweeney is as clearly against a friendly power as was that of McKenna.

Then, as to no United States law having been violated, we find that the law under which an indictment was found against McKenna is most flagrantly violated by the Fenians. The 6th section of the Neutrality Act of 1818 provides that, "if any person shall, *within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begin, or set on foot, or provide or prepare the means for, any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominion of any foreign prince or state, or any colony district or people, with whom the United States are at peace*, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding $3,000, or imprisoned not more than three years." Could language apply more completely to the Fenian movement? We venture to say that if a measure was introduced into Congress for the express purpose of meeting the case of the Fenians, it could not be made more pointed and applicable than is this 6th section of the Act of 1818. The Fenians are literally "setting on foot and providing the means for a military enterprise against the territory of a foreign State, with which the United States are at peace;" and they are so acting "within the territory of the United States," and the enterprise is "to be carried on from thence." And if this law was found to cover the case of McKenna—as it undoubtedly did—how is it that it is not invoked with equal promptitude to put down the more notorious fillibustering project of the Fenians? We put the question deliberately.

To put this case in a stronger light, we shall refer to another authority, and one which Americans, at all events, must acknowledge; we refer to "Wheaton's International Law." Congressional orators and rabid anti-British newspapers vied with each other, during the rebellion, in proving from Wheaton that Britain had failed to discharge her duty towards the United States. They failed to make out a single point, unless forced and unnatural constructions could do it; but we shall reproduce one extract for their consideration at the present time, and will not resort to far-fetched construction in order to make it applicable to their case. "For citizens of the United States," says the author, "to commit murder and depredations on the members of other nations, *or to combine to do it*, appeared to the American Government as much against the laws of the land as to murder or rob, or to combine to murder or rob their own citizens, and as much to require punishment, *if done within the limits where they had a territorial jurisdiction*."

As to Mr. Gladstone's third plea—that public officers of the United States were not concerned in the Fenian movement in such a way as to justify a remonstrance—let us see. At the Philadelphia Fenian Congress, in one single committee, there were no less than three Generals and five Colonels of Volunteers taking part in the most direct and palpable manner possible. Gen. Sweeney, a leading star of the Roberts faction, was notoriously "preparing a military enterprise" against a country at peace with his Government for a considerable time before he was cashiered; and when he was dismissed, it was not on the ground that he was plotting against a friendly power, but *for being absent without leave!* A few months ago, moreover, the Postmaster at Buffalo presided at a meeting of Fenians, at which most explicit proposals were made and adopted for the invasion of this Province. He uttered a few weak sentences in palliation of his conduct, but the fact remained that he was, by his presence and occupancy of the chair, aiding and abetting the Fenians. He said he was there in his private, not his public capacity—a miserable subterfuge, for if the "Postmaster" had stayed away, (as he admits he should have done), where would the "private citizen" have been? And so we might go on adding illustrations; but it is needless. The fact is notorious that public officers of various grades have been mixed up with this Fenian business. Did not even the President himself receive a deputation from the Fenian Congress that waited upon him to thank him, in the name of the Fenians, for releasing the notorious John Mitchell? This recognition by President Johnson of an organization formed avowedly to engage in hostilities against Britain, was gravely calculated alike to encourage the fillibusterers and irritate the British people.

We have said quite enough to show, on the one hand, that the American Government should interfere against the Fenians, and, on the other, that the British Government should remonstrate. It is high time that action should be taken. When in Ireland the *habeas corpus* Act has had to be suspended—a grave step, and one which can only be justified by serious danger—when arrests by hundreds are being made and arms and munitions of war are found secreted throughout the island—when dozens of misguided men are already paying the penalty of their folly in prison, and must remain there for a decade or two, if not for life—when bonds of the so-called "Irish Republic" are being sold—when all this is kown, it seems the height of absurdity to announce in Parliament that there is not yet sufficient ground upon which to make representations to the Government of the United States. Of course, at the time Mr. Gladstone made his speech, he was not aware of the extreme violence which the American Fenians have exhibited within the past fortnight; but with the exception of this extra violence, he was in possession of all essential facts. That the Washington authorities should not vindicate their own municipal law, and discharge their international obligations, is bad enough; but they must draw some consolation from the thought, that Great Britain has never yet made the slightest complaint. We repeat it, the time has fully arrived when diplomacy should grapple with this question.—*Toronto Globe, March 16.*

EXPECTED WAR BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

Count Bismark is proceeding resolutely to the accomplishment of his great design of annexing Schleswig and Holstein, the spoil of the Danish war, to the dominions of his royal master; and Austrian statesmen are endeavouring to prevent that consummation, unless an adequate territorial "consideration" be given. The Prussian Minister appears to see his way to the end without hampering himself with conditions, and Austria being embarrassed still with Hungarian differences, is unable to bring the requisite amount of courage into the discussion to arrest his progress. The Vienna semi-official papers consider a war between Austria and Prussia as a probable occurrence, and in the course of an examination of the consequences, they admit that the first advantage would be on the Prussian side. The 3,000 Austrian soldiers in Holstein would be unable to resist the sudden attack of three times the number of Prussians that might be directed against them. "But," says the *New Free Press* of Vienna, "the Cabinet of Berlin should not deceive itself as to the terrible consequence of such an act. Prussia would have gained nothing in the Duchies; she would be obliged to withdraw from Schleswig-Holstein, if not before Austria, at least before Europe; and in the war she would thus have provoked she would certainly, in the end, be conquered." This seems to imply a belief that Austria would not be allowed to fight her battle single-handed; that non-Prussian Germany would rally strongly round the Austrian flag, and that England, having an interest in the preservation of Austria as a great power, would give a moral influence in her favor, and might be induced to afford material aid as well. Expectations of English assistance would, however, be disappointed; and Count Bismarck is evidently working with a view of preventing important alliances in other quarters. Bavaria, it is thought, has been brought over to the Prussian side by considerations submitted by the Minister of King William, wherein the possibility of a division of Germany between herself and the kingdom of the Hohenzollerns occupies the foremost place. A design like this would be characteristic of the daring mind Count Bismarck has displayed. Bavaria is the largest of the secondary states, and the ambition of her statesmen may be leaping in accordance with Prussian desire and design. By pressure from the Diet, her action would appear to favor the Emperor, but its issues might be more injurious than otherwise to his cause. The apprehensions that are entertained mark, at any rate, the craft and activity with which the Prussian statesman is working. Before there is any open rupture with Austria, the chances of help are calculated for the purpose of overcoming them.

And what would France do in the event of a war between Prussia and Austria? There is a curious piece of news in one of the Berlin papers, which must strike the reader as affording another instance of the strategy of the King of Prussia's minister. The Government coalfields of Saarbruck, about an hour's distance from the French frontier, have been leased out to an "anonymous French shareholding company" for an annual rent of 90,000 thalers. Unless a very minor portion only of these coal mines has been transferred to the French company, the price must be incorrectly given; but the importance of the transaction arises from the fact of so profitable a part of the Prussian property being alienated for French purposes. Whatever the actual character of the affair may be, political motives will be assigned for it, just as political motives are assigned for that impossible undertaking, the Suez canal, which although the thing itself may be a disastrous failure, gives the French a footing in the land of Egypt; and accomplishes thereby a design which was ever uppermost in the first Napoleon's mind. The Emperor of the French is a man of peace; his conquests are pacifically war—a coal field is as good as anything else to place a foot upon, and forbearance from intervention is an easy price to pay for it. There is no war to incense the French mind, and the prize would awaken enthusiastic delight. These are only possibilities; but they are likely to enter the mind of such a man as Bismarck, who has audacity enough to seek to make them realities. There are reasons why the Emperor of the French should give the might of his influence to Austria; and also why Bavaria should resist the tempter and act with the Diet and in good faith; but the Prussian is bold, unscrupulous and reckless. He has set his mind upon an object and will endeavor to accomplish it at all risks and hazards.

The first step towards a rupture has been taken in the repudiation by Prussia of the proclamation of General Gablenz, that the constitution introduced in Holstein by the Danes in 1854 should be regarded as valid. Prussia declares that the convention of a representative assembly in Holstein without her consent, would be a violation of the Treaty of Gastein. Although the duchy of Holstein was placed under the protection of Austria for purposes of civil and military administration, Count Bismarck contends that the right of sovereignity was vested in the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria conjointly. This is the starting point of what is likely to be a serious quarrel, and that may eventually set all Germany on fire. "The King regrets," says the Prussian minister in his reply to an address from some members of what is called the "Equestrian Order" in Holstein, "that the inconvenience of the existing transitional state of affairs is aggravated by the provocative activity of a party whose pretensions are not founded in right, and are irreconcileable with the treaties of Vienna and Gastein." His Majesty's Government have already endeavoured to maintain in concert with Austria the legal situation created by those treaties, and to prevent disorder; and then comes out the intention, in good round terms. "I have already had occasion to declare, that amongst the various modes by which the interests of Prussia and those of Germany may be maintained in the duchies, is that the union with the Prussian monarchy, is that which would be most advantageous for Schleswig Holstein itself." And "the claims of Prussia the Government maintains absolutely, which would lead to the establishment of an undivided administration for the duchies, and guarantee their prosperity as well as their security.—Von Bismarck." There is no disguise here. The claim of the King of Prussia to Holstein as well as Schleswig is maintained absolutely, and will be enforced by the sword if Austria declines yielding to soft persuasion.—*London News of the World, March 18.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE EXAMINER.]

A PEACE-OFFERING.

Our atmosphere political portends
A sweeping storm: the lurid, angry sky,
And the deep moaning which from earth ascends,
Give full assurance that the crash is nigh.
So, ere its pent-up fire Mount Ætna rends,
And all before the molten deluge fly,
Doom-speaking portents all around proclaim
The certain dread approach of the consuming flame.

And, as, when thus the dread alarm is given,
They who had long in Pleasure's bower reposed,
And quaffed their wine with spirits light, though even
Their very couch o'er Tartarus was disposed,
By sudden consciousness of danger driven,—
The energies of fear alone opposed
To what no power of earth-born man can stay,
Each sense confounded, flee, all dubious of their way.

So now our Public Men, both false and true,
The INS, long lucky, and long luckless OUTS,
Alike amazed, the coming ordeal view,
And tremble at the thoughts of Party-killing routs.
Still many claim the trust; yet still but few,
With titles valid, unobscured by doubts,
The public trust and confidence can claim;
Or point to their career without some touch of shame.

And now, behold! the gathering storm at hand,
Th' inevitable hour of trial nigh,
The wary leaders of each party band,
On whom or what, unknowing to rely,
Without one point on which to make a stand,
Shorn of each shibboleth and rallying cry,
This way and that way look for aid in vain;—
These how they may confirm; those how retrieve their reign.

The House, long doomed, approaches to its end:
Its last—its Trial Session—fast comes on.
Without one Act, on which they can depend,
By evidence of fruits, or vantage won,
Their course, 'gainst damning charges to defend;
Alike on what they've done, what left undone,—
E'en on their best, most liberal acts arraigned—
Sad lot—to doom themselves, themselves shall be constrained.

The Government is doomed: they know it well,
So well, that all their care seems, wisely, now
To fall, as haut, o'erweening Cæsar fell,
Calm and composed, and—as their necks they bow
To the raised sword, submissively—compel
Almost their foes, 'gainst darker thoughts, to trow
That "blessed martyrs to their country's good,"
They think they fall, by thankless ignorance subdued.

Their fall—for fallen indeed they are, though still
The Council Board is theirs, and, for a time,
Their veriest minions e'en the posts may fill,
They purchased by venality and crime,
As safe as they whom honour, learning, skill,
Crowned with a patent right to power to climb.—
Their fall, however, whatsoe'er its bounds,
Small triumph can afford upon mere party grounds;

To nought by Liberals in power achieved;
To nought by them in opposition done;
To no remembrance of the boons received
From Liberal rule; to nought of prestige won
By Liberal Chiefs; to nought that is conceived
Of Liberal projects, promised or begun;—
To none of these succumbs the Tory power:
Their schemes, delusive, vain, now ruin on them shower.

The Cancer in our State has ever been
The lordly fiefs, engrossing all our soil;
Which ever, as was long ago foreseen,
The tenants of their social rights de'poil,
And press them down as vassals, low and mean,
For ever doomed to unredeeming toil:
And pledges to remove this Cancer—given,
But unredeemed—from trust, the Tory Chiefs have driven.

Who own the soil must ever rulers be;
Who merely till it, are but serfs at best.
The husbandman can ne'er be truly free
Whilst, by a landlord's claim, borne down and pressed,
To call him freeman is mere mockery.
A freeman's power is not by him possessed
His name indeed stands on the freemen's roll,
But still his freeman's vote his landlord may control.

This galling serfdom stands by all confessed
The monster evil of our fertile land;
And, though each Party has, in turn, professed
Its cure, by sovereign measures, to have planned;
Yet still the people, by its weight oppressed,
Feel as if each had tricked them, and trepanned.
And, true, a strange fatality it seems
Has hitherto beset their best remedial schemes.

The Tenant League, fool-hardy as it was,
And madly led, like Fenianism, had
Too much provoking and incentive cause
To warrant it with some, who rashly bade
Defiance to the might of Britain's laws;
And now, though justice-stricken, the mad raid
Of each is closed ere it was well begun,
Justice, in other guise, must now be fully done

A monster incub s, Old Ireland strains
To break at once her spirit and provoke,
To sadden and depopulate her plains,
Fenfeeble, through the land, the workman's stroke,
And rob the peasant of his scanty gains;
As erst with Israel 'neath th' Egyptian yoke.
But soon, her days of degradation o'er
Her harp its joyful notes shall wake from shore to shore.

Injustice now its utmost course has run:
Britain awake to own and to deplore
The wrong she to a people's faith has done;
To own their share that people ever bore
In all the battles by her lost or won,
Though still the sense of wrong their spirits wore.
But Britain now redress shall give at length,
And, in Old Ireland's joy, renew her ancient strength.

Our wrongs, like Ireland's, too, approach their end,
They now must wake Great Britain's Sovereign will;
The only power which full redress can lend,
And say to warring parties, "Peace be still."
Our hopes upon that Sovereign Will depend:—
Her Parliament alone can these fulfill;
And never, till we there in person sue,
Shall we obtain redress or recognition due.

The question of "The Union" has awoke,
Within our bounds, of words an idle war!
"Idle" we say; for though it may provoke
To mighty threats, 'twill neither shake nor mar
The noble scheme; nor can the mightiest stroke
Of foes retard its culminating star.
But to *another union*, which our need
More instantly demands, 'tis now our aim to lead.

A Union of the Worthies of the land,
Devoted solely to their country's good;
Of men, who ever, as a patriot band,
Would hold their honor dearer than their blood,
And ne'er in doubt, as tempted waverers, stand
Whate'er the opposing tide, or wooing flood.
To such a band, with stable Seraskier,
To honor and success, the Ruler's path were clear.

And men like these within our Senate sit,
Who—would they party trammels cast aside—
Clothed with all statesman qualities, are fit
To stem and rule our stormiest human tide;
To whom our interests we might well commit,
And in whose honor we might well confide.
But whilst, as now, they factiously contend,
Their strife to public weal shall still but little tend.

As now, they neutralize each other's worth;
Each other's wholesome measures circumvent;
By rancorous contests blight our very earth:
And reels our tottering State as earthquake-rent.
Shall then no large-souled patriot come forth,
And, as indeed by Heaven prepared and sent,
Armed at all points like Curtius, interpose,
And nobly doom himself the ravenous gulf to close?

Such patriot for a time, no doubt, would sink,
Whelmed to the lowest depths of party hate;
But soon he would surmount that Tophet's brink,
And rise, th' acknowledged saviour of the State.
Men justly of his course would learn to think,
True Tory worth with Liberal worth would mate,
And rival bands, by love of country won,
Like sympathetic drops, would mingle into one.

Who thus, for noble ends, would nobly dare
With Tophet's vexed spirits to engage,
Must be a man of self-denial rare,
Ready *a l' outrance* the just war to wage
On all who would corrupt, or truth ensnare,
Firm and defiantly, howsoe'er they rage;—
And more—he must be like a sun, to lend
Vigour and life to those who on his course attend.

Redress long due—long promised, but withheld,
Each party's rule subservient to a few,
And mainly by delusion's power upheld,
Have forced the wide belief that, both untrue,
Have been by private hopes alone impelled,
And kept in action by the prize in view.
Thus trust in party seems forever gone,
And party chiefs are left, deserted and alone.

And thus—as vessels by the ruffian blast
From sheltering coves and harbour moorings torn,
Unmanned, upon the surging sea are cast,
And o'er its treacherous depths in fury borne,
To be some ruthless pirate's prey at last,
Ere of their strength and all equipments shorn,—
The mass, by strong unreasoning impulse driven.
Themselves a helpless prey to wily knaves have given.

By arms' strong terrors and the law's combined,
Dismayed, 'tis true, these knaves no more are found
Open perverters of the public mind,
And hostile notes no more their trumpets sound;
But yet, as ever with the vulpine kind,
When danger threatens them, and foes surround,
Gnashing their teeth, the poltroons, darkly hid,
Cower till they may once more with less of risk make head.

And much we fear, unless, as patriots true,
Conflicting leaders freely coalesce,
And, with no aim but public good in view,
Resolve the State's great grievance to redress,—
And that by means to both the parties new,
Means which would better all, but none oppress—
The brigand leaguers, still on plunder bent,
The statesmanship of both may sadly circumvent.

But let them now, for this great aim, unite,
All inefficient partial schemes, disown,
And boldly stand upon the people's right—
The right to call this fertile Isle their own—
A right which, fairly urged, need none affright;
For, on Great Britain all the onus thrown,
The power, which freedom to the helot gave,
From apprehended loss the feudary would save.

Men now within our Lower Chamber sit,
Of legal knowledge and forensic skill,
For the great mission eminently fit,
Whose periods might with admiration fill,
Whom judges all of eloquence admit,
And win their judgments to our suppliant will.
Yes, give these men the British Senate's ear,
And sanction of our claims were but their pleas to hear.

Let but this policy, this course, obtain—
Though now made manifest alone in will—
Full many hearts recalcitrant 'twould gain,
Full many breasts, now sad, with gladness fill.
'Gainst such a Union leagues were formed in vain;
For its sure promise would all murmurs still,
And its strong power a Rule inaugurate
Our welfare to secure to Time's long distant date

A Rule, not darkened by the bigot's spleen,
Not made for party, brothers, cousins, friends;
But, in whose practice, would be ever seen
Stern public virtue, true to public ends,
Foe to all trickery and evasions mean;
Such rule as ne'er to oligarchy tends;
Which power alone would to the people owe,
And public posts alone on public worth bestow.

A rule which never at the Council Board—
Whate'er th' emmergence or the consequence—
Would fondly deem its prestige could afford
With honor, truth, or breeding to dispense;
Or suffer there that, as despotic lord,
A boor should triumph in his insolence;
But still provide our Exarch there should find
His peers—if not by birth—by patent of the mind.

A rule which would, with equal eye, behold
In the two Churches which divide the land,
But two close sections of the Christian fold;
And would, at once, with strong directing hand.
Between the two such even balance hold,
As full approval would from both command;
Hearts long estranged would unite again,
And bind us, man to man, by Love's most holy chain.

The pseudo-patriot pietist, indeed,
Such rule with rabid malice might assail;
And the pert popinjay, of doubtful breed,
Whose pleas for favor nothing would avail,
With all the scattered parasites in need,
Would loudly at the fair concordance rail;
But all besides, and chiefly Christians true,
Such Christian rule would hail with love and honor due.

MR. WHELAN:—

Sir,—I was particularly well pleased to see the remarks in a late *Weekly* relative to shot and peas being thrown about lecture rooms; and further, that the parties are known; so that although they may wear superfine cloth, carry whip handles and appear very gentlemanly on the streets, these qualifications will not prevent their being punished for impropriety.

You will scarcely belive it, Sir, but some of these very boys who thus misconduct themselves during lectures, appear to consider it far less disgraceful to annoy and insult their superiors, than to be seen opening or shutting shops or offices, making fires, carrying out ashes, sweeping and dusting, or washing the windows of their respective places of business! *O tempora, O mores!* Why, Sir, when you and I were serving our apprenticeships we, with our fellows, used to take delight in keeping our offices and shops clean and respectable, fit for Governors, Admirals, or Colonels (and these were abundant in our day) to enter and inspect; but in Charlottetown, and among our mushroon aristocracy, *honest labour* by their children is deemed derogatory, consequently when the latter are forced into situations they are too ignorant to know, and too proud to be taught the common decencies of their occupation. Hence it not unfrequently occurs that when you enter their places of business names can be easily written with the finger on all around, and if a pretty girl is crossing the street you will have to apply your handkerchief to the dirty window to get a spot on the glass large enough to get a peep at her; yet these sprigs of nobility (?) who think themselves *something*, are mean enough to throw missiles through a respectable assembly, not caring whether they may knock out or damage a person's eye with buckshot or hard peas! It is time such practices were checked, and it is fortunate that the guilty only will suffer.

Yours,
REFORMER.

Charlottetown, 29th March, 1866.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, April 9, 1866.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WE had very large Colonial and American Mails on Thursday and Friday evenings last. From a careful perusal of our papers, however, we are unable to find anything of great importance. The Fenian movement still attracts much attention in Canada, where 180,000 Militia have offered their services to the Government. A very large force of the Militia and Regulars is stationed in the frontier towns, and all along the borders. The utmost vigilance is maintained, but no foe appears, though he is eagerly looked for. The Fenian vagabonds have been thoroughly circumvented by the vigilance and activity of the Provincial authorities. Whatever disposition to fight they had, appears to be thoroughly knocked out of them,—they are now laughed at on all sides by the American people; but they still go on raking and scraping from the hard earnings of their dupes large sums of money wherewith the leaders of the movement may yet, for a considerable time, live in luxurious idleness. The Fenian swindle has continued so long—now over seven years—it is hard to say when it will die out. The thick skulls of its dupes seem to be impervious to intelligence or common sense; and so long as they will give money towards its support, and so long as the American Government countenance the infamous organization from pure spite against Great Britain and her Colonies, so long will the Fenian ruffians keep up the excitement by daily threatening to make attacks on British territory. The defensive preparations in the Colonies may be expensive to them and to Great Britain; but the advantage will be felt in the security for peace which they afford, and in the complete independence of Brother Jonathan and his hordes of would-be marauders.

The attitude and spirit of the Provinces, in view of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, appear to have taken the American people by surprise. They evidently thought that the Provincials would go cringing to them more than they have done, and would beg for admission into the Union rather than lose the advantages of free trade with the Americans. The Provincial Proclamations warning American fishermen of the consequences of trespassing on British fishing grounds, have also served to open the eyes of the people of the United States to the impolicy of the Protectionist party in refusing to continue the old treaty, or negotiate a new one on anything like fair terms. They may and do talk about their fishermen pursuing their avocations in the same free and unrestricted manner as they have done for the last eleven years, and of the determination of the Fishermen to fight for the privilege; but we feel assured that the American Government is not now prepared to sanction a wanton disregard of treaty stipulations, nor is the Government of Great Britain disposed to allow any thing of the kind. American journalists that were strongly opposed to a renewal of the treaty are now suggesting the propriety of entering into new negotiations, for the making of a new treaty; but the Provincial Governments will be wary of negotiations in that direction for the future.

We reprint in other columns a portion of the evidence taken before the Jamaica Royal Commission, charged with an enquiry into the causes and extent of the late negro insurrection in Jamaica. According to this evidence, which, we presume, may be relied upon, there was not much exaggeration in the accounts first received of the atrocities committed by the blacks.

The Steamship *City of Paris* arrived at New York from Liverpool on the 2nd inst., with English dates to the 22nd. The news is unimportant. The Conservative party have devised a scheme to defeat the Reform Bill—Earl Grosvenor proposing to move as an amendment, on the 2nd reading of the Bill, that it be deferred until the House had before it the entire Reform Scheme contemplated by the Government. It is believed, however, that the amendment will be a failure.—The ex-Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* was sold in England for £15,750.

The contention between the President of the United States and his Cabinet and Congress, appears to have lost none of its violence and animosity. It was reported in Washington on the 1st instant, that after a stormy meeting of the Cabinet, the President had intimated to Secretary Stanton and another minister, that he was anxious to receive their resignations. There appears to be a good deal of trouble in store for the vigorous and determined occupant of the White House.—The President issued on the 2nd or 3rd a proclamation declaring the "rebellion" at an end, and that the States lately in revolt would be restored to their former relations under the Union. This will be a new brand to the flame kindled by the Republican party.

ANOTHER GOVERNMENT PURCHASE.—We learn from a short article in the *Islander* that the Government have purchased the estate of James F. Montgomery, Esq., in this Island, for the sum of seven shillings and sixpence an acre. This is the highest price they could give under the Land Purchase Bill—the good work of their predecessors in office—and without which they would have no good deeds to show for their long possession of the Government. We cannot understand why they should have concluded a purchase without the knowledge and consent of the Legislature, especially when the Session was so close at hand. Report says there was a certain pressure brought upon them in order to effect the sale; but of that we shall know more by-and-by, when we will have more lengthy remarks to offer on the subject.

WE cut the following paragraph from the St. John, N. B. *Telegraph*, of the 3rd. inst. We have not seen the address of the House of Assembly in answer to the Governor's Speech, but if they (the Government party who rule the Assembly) used language in it to justify His Excellency's eulogy on their supposed new-born zeal for Confederation, they have made a wonderful change since last year, when they declared they would not accept Confederation on any terms, and wanted no union with Canada especially, further than that of a common allegiance. If the Government have not changed their views on Confederation, they are sadly quizzed and made to appear very inconsistent in the remarks of the Lieut. Governor:—

IMPORTANT FROM FREDERICTON.—We learned by telegraph from Fredericton yesterday, that "the talk" there was that "the immediate resignation of the "Government is unavoidable," in consequence of the Lieutenant Governor's Message to the Legislative Council in reply to their Address. The following paragraph occurs in His Excellency's remarks:—

"Your conviction that an Union of the B. N. A. Provinces will strengthen the ties which bind them to the Mother Country, and be consistent with the true interests and prosperity of New Brunswick, will, I know, afford much satisfaction to Her Majesty's Government, who will rejoice to learn that this great measure, the speedy accomplishment of which is ardently desired by them, and which, if carried into effect with a careful regard to the strength and efficiency of the Union they believe so well calculated to benefit British America, is heartily approved by you."

CALEDONIA CLUB DINNER.—The annual Dinner of the Caledonia Club was given at the Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evening last. The dinner was prepared in Mr. Connell's best style, and included every delicacy and luxury which the season and market could afford. The President's Chair was occupied by the Hon. P. Walker, Vice President of the Club, who was ably assisted by G. W. Sutherland and Neil Rankin, Esqrs. The toasts were of the usual loyal and patriotic kind, and called forth some racy and eloquent speeches from the gentlemen who were called upon to respond to them. The principal toast on the list—"Scotland"—was replied to by Dr. Sutherland in a speech of very considerable power, in which he gave a passing but pleasing review of the resources, natural beauties, and historical greatness of his native land. We regret that we have not been able to obtain, in time for this edition, an outline of the speeches,