

The following are some of the *Cleaner's* remarks on the late Libel case. We have no room for remarks, but as this case is going the rounds of the Press, we shall without doubt see it fairly handled and commented upon:—

"This has closed a matter that has caused us considerable anxiety, and in which was involved an important principle. We knew that the *Law* held us responsible for all matters arising out of anonymous communications, but we never imagined that the *People*, through the *Jury Box*, would hold us liable for the remarks of our advertisers. We even felt assured they would protect us, should they be ever called upon, from suffering pecuniary loss, for having allowed our columns to be made the medium of attack on public men—to correct public abuses—to expose the tricks and machinations of men in high places, who have by their selfish acts, and to build themselves up, curtailed the privileges and rights of the masses, and introduced measures, and established systems, melancholy to contemplate. Those things have caused considerable dissatisfaction, and tended much to create and foster that discontent which exists throughout the length and breadth of the land. So formidable has this feeling become, that His Honor the Judge thought it necessary to allude to it in his addresses to the Grand Juries in this and the Counties of Gloucester and Restigouche.

"But the verdict of the Jury in this case, and the first test we have made of *Public Opinion*, shows us that we have entertained a very erroneous idea. As a Journalist we have always acted as public stewards. Our Press, we conceived, was public property, and to be made use of by that public to subserve their interests; we, of course, taking care that the parties assailed should be public men, or those who placed themselves in public positions, and that the names of their opponents should be forthcoming, if not published, and of such a character as entitled them to the privilege, and occupied such a position in society as would lead us to suppose that they were as able as ourselves, to meet the expenses of any prosecution that might be brought against them. So conscientious were we in this matter, that we have published on several occasions, from anonymous writers, articles reflecting on our character as Journalists, and containing charges, insinuations, and "inven-tions," of which we have heard so much during this trial (witness the last letter of *Filius*), than we ever felt authorized to put forth to the world, in such a way, against any man. But the *Law* says the opinion entertained by us was an incorrect one, and the *Public*, through the *Jury Box*, have echoed the same sentiment. We are now corrected in an error we have entertained for very many years, and patiently bow to the decision. The Press, it appears, is our own, and we are to be held responsible for all matters contained in its pages, whether bearing the signatures of the writers or not. The information is dearly bought, and we shall govern ourselves accordingly.

"Mr. Williston has exultingly boasted, and on one particular occasion in the public street, to a party whose near connexion to us should have been a protection, and would have been to a gentleman or a man of any feeling, that he would ruin us. Not that we had published Mr. Hea's advertisement, but that we had allowed a correspondent under the signature of *Punch*, to criticize his acts as a Magistrate. Here was the gist of our offence. When he thus boasted, the *One Thousand Pounds*, we have no doubt, in his sanguine imagination, was within his grasp; but fortunately for us, there stood between his estimate of his own character and us, twelve men, who narrowed down the sum to a very small figure. The amount, certainly, is as little as any Jury could well give for damaging a character, but the cost will be considerable. The sum must be raised from our subscribers, but we look with confidence for a ready response to our call on them for help, and live in the expectation that it will be met with promptitude, and thus prevent the consummation of Mr. Williston's hopes.

"One thing we will tell him, and we have no doubt the information will be received with much gratification—that the result of this prosecution will tend materially to destroy our independence and usefulness as a Journalist.

"Knowing that there exists considerable anxiety abroad, to ascertain the result of the trial, we have hurriedly given a brief synopsis of it. In our next paper, we shall publish a detailed report of the evidence, speeches, and charge of His Honor the Judge."

ROME AS IT IS.

An intelligent U. S. Naval Officer, (himself a Roman Catholic,) writing from the Eternal City, to the *Baltimore Sun*, says:—

"Since the Pope's return from exile, Rome has been governed by a tyranny, which is known to the Catholics of America, would awaken an universal indignation. The Cardinals are gloating in revenge, not only on the men who desired to purify the Church by disconnecting it from temporal affairs, but upon those who are suspected of the most distant association with that movement, and not only upon the men, but upon their wives and children. The men are imprisoned or driven from Rome, and their property being confiscated to the Papal government, their families are thrown upon the world homeless and penniless. Some of the noblest families of Rome—Catholic all—have thus been despoiled by the Pontifical power for their love of free religion and free government, and some of their children have really begged and received the shelter of the diplomatic agents of other governments."

"These are undoubted facts; and they are the best friends of the Roman Catholics of America who give them to the world. "Am I therefore become thine enemy," said the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "because I tell thee the truth?" Our only aim is, like that of thousands of sincere Roman Catholics, to "disconnect the spiritual from temporal affairs." This done, other reforms, so much needed in the body, would soon follow.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—One day last week, the schooner *Lark*, Masters, bound for this port, was lying at Hantsport, seven miles from Kempt. N. S. A miserable leaky boat

left Kempt, containing eleven passengers, among them six children, (to be put on board the *Lark*), and two boatmen. They had hardly got half a mile from the shore, when the boat filled and sunk. The six children and two boatmen were drowned. The mother of the children and four male passengers were saved—but in what manner, Capt. Masters (our informant) did not learn. The boatmen's names were brown and Spearing; the children were all of one family, and with their mother, were on their way to this City, to join their father, whose name is Ingham Macomber—a workman on some rail road in this city or vicinity—whom, up to the writing of these particulars, it has been impossible to find—and who will probably be first apprised of the dreadful death of his whole family of children by reading this article.—*Portland Argus*.

A WOMAN BURNED BY THE POTATO BLIGHT.—As every fact in connection with the mysterious disease which steals away the food of the Irish peasantry, is of importance, we give the following singular statement which appears in the *Galway Vindicator*:—"A woman, named Mary McDonough, aged 33, was brought, a few days ago, on a cart to the workhouse gate. She appeared to be suffering from acute pain; her hands and face presented the appearance of having been severely burned, as if they had been held over the flame of a very strong fire. In reply to the questions put to her she made the following statement:—She was employed by a man to weed potatoes, and was at work on Friday the 18th inst., in her perfect health, when a sudden blast of burning air, came over her, and she was thrown down.

"She felt as if a quantity of pungent snuff had entered her nostrils. She recovered in a few minutes, and found her hands and face scorched in the manner described.—She also stated that the stalks of the potatoes where she was at work were burned to a cinder, and the tubers made soft and black. It is thought the parts of the poor woman's body which were affected by the blast, will mortify."

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—The American Steamship *Pacific* arrived at New York on Saturday evening, 21st ult., bringing Liverpool dates to the 11th Sep, four days later.

The weather had been fine. Wheat was firm with a good inquiry. Indian Corn was higher by 1s 6d to 2s per quarter. We have no regular list of quotations for bread stuffs in Liverpool, which, however, are said to be unchanged since the sailing of the *Asia* four days previous.

The English papers have long and glowing accounts of the brilliant naval review by the president of France at Cherbourg. In addition to the royal yacht squadron were four vessels from Portsmouth, bearing the British pendant.

The consul of the Seine at Marn has adopted a resolution expressing a wish that the remains of Louis Philippe might be brought to France.

The butcher Haynau has arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, suffering from the severe flogging he received from the London draymen.—He escaped from London, sneaked out of England, and was allowed to pass through Belgium with silent contempt.

One of the Roman journals give currency to a report that Lord Palmerston has addressed to the court of the Vatican an energetic note, in which he cautions it against adopting violent measures towards Sardinia, and persevering in the system hitherto pursued by the Pope with regard to the government.

Accounts from Schleswig announce that martial law has been proclaimed against all persons concealing arms, or holding communication with the Danish camp. Owing to continued heavy rains the war in Schleswig has been at a stand still. The flat meadows are under water, and in some places to such a depth that only the roofs of houses could be seen above it. The Germans generally are expressing great discontent at the delay.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

On the 14th of August, a dreadful riot, attended with loss of life, occurred at Sacramento City, between a body of people known as the Squatters and the Real Estate owners. It is well known that for some time much ill feeling has prevailed between these two classes, and it has now found vent in an open warfare, the slaying of many persons and the burning down of the City.

The outbreak commenced on Wednesday, August 14th, when an armed body of about sixty Squatters were proceeding to the prison ship to release two of their party who were confined on board. They were confronted by Mayor Bigelow and members of the corporation. An affray soon commenced, and the city was aroused to arms. Mayor Bigelow was shot in three places, and died in fifteen minutes after. J. W. Woodland, City Assessor, was shot dead, and several other citizens were killed and severely wounded.

Dr. Robinson and a man named Mahoney, two leaders of the squatters, were shot dead, as were several others of the party.

The squatter force soon swelled from the sixty first engaged in the affray to a body of armed men, numbering between seven and eight hundred. The keepers of gaming houses and sporting men generally sided with the real estate owners or citizens proper. A tremendous force was fast accumulating.

Lieutenant Governor McDougal repaired to the city as soon as he heard of the affray, and proclaimed martial law.

The Steamer "McKin" was dispatched to Benicio, and the "Senator" to San Francisco, for arms and men to use them.

The above is the news as published in the San Francisco papers. Just as the steamer "Caroline" was getting under way, (about 4 P. M.) a despatch was received on board from the Pacific News office, stating that an express had just arrived bringing the intelligence that Sacramento City had been reduced to ashes, and the Squatters were receiving reinforcements of men from the mines.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR!—There is a report current in the city to the effect that on Saturday night, or Sunday morning last, the sentry on duty at the Ordnance Wharf discovered a man skulking on the premises immediately challenged—"Who goes there?" and received the usual reply—"A friend!" It being of course the duty to keep interlopers clear of the yard and wharf, he closed with the transgressor—hailing again and receiving the same answer, which was repeated three times. The soldier had by this time got sufficiently near to see the person, who is described as being a tall man, about to attack him with a weapon of some kind; the sentry brought his piece to the charge and ran the bayonet up almost to its extreme end into his antagonist, who immediately fell. The sentry then proceeded to the Guard House to give the alarm, returned immediately with the serjeant and a file of the guard, but they could discern nothing of the man who had been stabbed, although a large pool of blood was seen on the spot at which the man fell. The presumption is that he must by some means or other have got overboard, but it is understood that nothing definite is known as to what became of him; and the whole affair is, we believe, up to the present time, shrouded in mystery—a mystery which the Police have not yet been able to unravel.—*Halifax paper*.

FROM HALIFAX.—*Mutiny and Murder.*—The brig *Rival* owned by Messrs. Pryor and Sons, which left this Port on

Saturday afternoon, for St. Jago de Cuba, returned from Sea yesterday Morning, one of the Crew, a Lascar, having mutinied and killed the Mate.

It appears that this Lascar entered on the voyage unwillingly, or in sullen mood,—that on the crew being summoned to tea he refused to join them, he and the Mate alone remaining on deck,—that shortly after his comrades had gone below he proceeded forward and barred down the hatch, that he then rushed upon the Mate (who had asked—What are you doing at the hatch?) and stabbed him to the heart, causing instant death,—that he again proceeded to the hatch and thumped upon it, arousing the Captain's attention, who, on coming out of the Cabin, was immediately assaulted, receiving a wound in his neck from the knife of the murderer desperately plunged at his heart, barely escaping death by leaping into the cabin. The murderer again went forward, the crew in the forecabin now making efforts to lift the hatch. The captain having armed himself with a musket and bayonet came on deck and hoisted lights of distress. Presently two Pilots boarded the brig, when the mutiny of the Lascar was made known and their assistance asked. Another musket and bayonet, or weapon of some sort was procured, and the three proceeded forward to seize the murderer, when they came to the lifeless body of the Mate extended in its gore, the Captain up to this moment being ignorant of his death. Meanwhile, the murderer seeing the odds against him, took refuge in the rigging, where he remained until the brig reached the harbour, from whence he was dislodged by a threatening demonstration from Mr. Jacob Miller, who ascended after him, pistol in hand, and handed him over to the Police.—*Halifax Sun*.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—The sea serpent has made his appearance off Cork. A Mr. Travers, who was out yachting, saw him rubbing his scales against the Beacon on the Barrel rocks, and fired at him with a rifle, when he leaped 30 fathoms out of the water, and instantly disappeared. The scales which he left against the beacon are preserved, and may be seen at the Horse-rock coast-guard station. His eyes were observed to be of immense size, about nine inches across the ball. All the fish in Court-mashery Bay had been driven ashore by him for some days previously.

STEAMBOAT BURNED.—The small steamer *Novelly*, built by Mr. Tibbits—which, on account of her peculiarly constructed hybrid engine—the high and low pressure principles being combined—and the speed with which she scudded across, to and from Point Levi, attracted considerable attention last summer, we are sorry to learn, was destroyed by fire at Varennes, on Saturday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, while on her way to this port with a raft in tow. The fire was hardly discovered, when the boat was completely in a blaze, and to save the lives of those on board it became necessary to run her ashore. Her head was accordingly directed to a little island near, and the crew on her touching, leaped overboard and reached terra firma in safety. The criminal negligence of running these small steamers without having a boat attached to them—as is the custom—is here apparent, for had the above accident happened in the middle of the Lake, every soul on board must have perished.—*Quebec Gazette*.

THE GOLD-HUNTING EXPEDITION.—Accounts from Turk's Islands state that the schr. *Olive Branch*, from this port, arrived at Grand Cay on the 30th ult., took in part of a cargo of salt, and on the Sunday following proceeded to Sand Cay, where the treasure, which she is said to be in search of, was deposited. The news of the object of those on board the *Olive Branch*, reached Turk's Islands the day before her, which caused her proceedings to be watched. They however landed about noon, and commenced digging—the people who followed them not arriving until five o'clock the same day, when the schooner set all sail and steered for St. Domingo. When the pursuers landed they found five holes open, one of which had been terraced; and though it was generally supposed that the treasure had been removed, yet it was thought that all reported to be there could not be found in so short time, and the new-comers commenced digging with their hands in the sand, dreadfully lacerating their fingers, when they were compelled to desist. They, however, remained on the island, and had sent to Sand Cay for the necessary implements for digging.—*New Brunswick*.

A YOUNG LADY, with a mind intent on shopping, entered a store on a certain occasion, and addressing a fresh-looking, rosy cheeked youth, desired to know if he had any nice silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied the youth, and immediately the counter was strewn with the delicate articles. After selecting a pair, she looked up very innocently and enquired—

"How high do they come, sir?"

The clerk blushed, turned in fact all sorts of colors, but spoke not a word. She gave him a look of surprise, and repeated her question. Again the youth stammered and said—

"Really, Miss, I—that is to say, I think—I could not be positive, but my impression is that they come just above the knee!"

On Saturday last, says the Eastport Sentinel, as the wife of Samuel Tuttle, Jr., of Perry, was riding with her little child in a covered buggy across the bridge, the horse suddenly backed off, giving Mrs. T. just time to leap, without being able to secure her child. The horse turned a comple somerset, and was killed; and, most miraculously, the child was found in a corner of the carriage, covered under the seat-cushion, unharmed.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.—A disastrous fire broke out in Philadelphia on Sunday morning last. It commenced in the stable and workshop of an undertaker, who lost six horses and a large amount of materials. A considerable number of shops, stores, and dwelling houses in the neighbourhood, were either entirely consumed, or considerably injured.