

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE LOYALIST.

"Away in speed Lord Cranston rode;
The goblin page behind abode:
His lord's command he ne'er withstood
Though small his pleasure to do good."

Well, Mr. Editor, my old friend; how do you do? I suppose you are surprised to hear that I am returned! but the truth is, that it is all up with the mischief makers in Britain. Since I bade you farewell, I have been employed by my master to assist in bringing about a revolution in England—the repeal excitement having died away by the wisdom of a Peel. But though I, in concert with my friends the Chartists, I exerted myself to the utmost, the whole affair ended in smoke; and their great champion, Feargus O'Connor, was arrested and held to bail. The fact is, that though a great many of the inhabitants of the British Isles would, if possible, overturn the existing order of things; some because they are discarded Statesmen, and wish for revenge; some because they are ambitious, and have not the talent necessary to ensure success, unless the state is convulsed; some because they wish to bring others down to their own level; and others, like my master, Michael Scott, and me, just for the love of devilry; yet still it will all be in vain while they have a Sovereign so virtuous and good as the present. So, as I was saying, having proven all our schemes abortive, I was ordered to go to Canada, where I understand mischief is once more brewing, and in my route I thought I'd call and see how my friends are getting on in St. John, and to give you a copy of a letter lately written from 'Blunderbuss' to 'Dan,' which I enclose. Your readers may be surprised why I should torture one so fallen as poor Blunderbuss, and for their information I will state the cause:—I detest a Boaster; and to such I am ever disposed to behave as I did to Filinus of yore, when

Shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares I wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dashed from his lips his can of beer;
Then to his knee he crept on
With bodkin pierced him to the bone;
The venomous wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point."

Your's, &c.
GALPIN HARNER.

FROM EDITOR BLUNDERBUSS TO FOUL-MOUTHED DAN.

Dorchester, Oct. 1842.

Arrah! me old boy, how are ye? Och, an' its proud I am this day—and so I be—that I am spared to write ye another letter!—In my last I was after givin' ye an account of the unhandsome way they kicked me out of the Looking-glass shop—the brutes; an' how they had dared to cheat me, an' scandalize me, yes! me! the President of the Mock-te-total, cold-water, total-abstinent—drinking-it-by-the-sly, fiddling, dancing, harranguin', Sabbath-breakin', temperance society!!! Me! whom for six months they had worshipped as a little god!—Och hone, but I been the means of splittin' 'em up, an' reduced our noble society down to the "leete end of nothin'!" Well, since this happened, we held an anniversary ball at the Temperance hall, but shure didn't we get tumbled into it!—myself, Mrs. Blunderbuss, all the little Blunderbusses, bud coach, canchee and all! By the powers had ye seen us there! We standin' upon our heads, maybe ye wouldnt laugh till ye cry! And this was done on the very same night on which we displayed the "Orange and Blue" flag in the Hall, just to conciliate!

But what do ye think of the scoundrels of the Looking-glass, taunting me with being a player, and having personated you! Och, but I retorted on them with a vengeance in the *Pacifier*. I told them I gloried in having personated so grade a man, and devoted half a dozen columns to the republication of the *critiques* which had appeared in different papers, praising me for my performance; and which, I have no doubt, was very edifying to my readers. But the circumstance on which I particularly dwell, was my personal likeness to you! and this puts me in mind of a question I have long intended to ask you—Pray sir, were you ever acquainted with my Mother?

But shure my dear Master, I hav'nt could ye the greatest accident which has happened to me yet. Notwithstanding the powerful talents I possess, and the tact I have for displaying them, I have not an hundred subscribers for the *Pacifier* yet! though I gull my enemies with reporting that I have four or five hundred; so to gain some more subscribers, I determined to make a journey to this place, and here I took the usual method of obtaining them, by calling together the inhabitants and delivering a temperance lecture! and I must say that I was extremely happy in my delivery, and produced a great effect. I told them temperance was the only thing could make them healthy, rich and happy; and that to be temperate they wanted assistance, and that no where could they obtain assistance so good and so cheap, as by subscribing for the *Pacifier*! But perhaps one reason why I produced a greater effect than common, was, that I was seated so, on the road, that my brandy-coloured nose turned as white

as Irish linen! What will you think of my *temperance*, when I tell you that I actually drove through five miles and a half of native woods! and how your astonishment will be increased, when I tell you there were Bears in the neighbourhood, and that I had been told of it before I entered the dreaded pass!!! Never before was I guilty of such a *daring act*! the sitting in a box in the House of Assembly, when the boys had threatened to shoot me, was nothing to it! I suppose most men can look back and recollect some inspired moment when they feared nothing, and this will be the thrilling incident of my life, which I shall always tremble to think of! I can easily comprehend now how Buonaparte stormed the Bridge of Lodi!

But though I had the temerity to underrate the drive, I must say that my courage nearly forsok me, when I was fairly in the woods,—it is true that I was in a carriage, and driving a swift horse,—that the road was good, and that Bears never attack any one without provocation; still I was terrified lest I should see one, and at every rustle of the wind among the leaves, I trembled so, that I verily believe I really seen one, I should have tumbled out of the carriage! however, thanks to a merciful Providence, no such catastrophe happened. But now I am here, how shall I get back again? I can never venture through those dreadful woods again, and only one alternative remains:—I must sell my horse,—though a borrowed one—and wait till I get an opportunity to return by water;

But who but a pagan would live in this desolate country? here am I suffering all those "moving accidents by flood and field," ill treated, laughed at, lampooned, and frightened; and with my splendid talents unappreciated; and would not have been able to procure a living, only for the loans I have obtained from the temperance society! when if I was in England, I could earn a comfortable living by performing a *third-rate* part in a theatre, or acting as an *understrapper* reporter for a radical paper. So I must request of you, dear Dan, to exert your influence to procure some situation for me, and then will I pitch New Brunswick, the *Pacifier*, and the Temperance Society, to the D—, and sing "Home-ward bound."

Yours, respectfully,
BON BLUNDERBUSS.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

The following brief but animated sketch of the memorable siege of this city is taken from the 23d part of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's work on Ireland:—

"The shutting of the gates of Derry" took place on the 7th of December, 1688. Tyrconnell had withdrawn from the garrison a regiment commanded by Lord Mountjoy, a Protestant, in whom the Catholics had much confidence, and proposed to replace it by one then raising by the Earl of Antrim, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whom they distrusted. The terrors of 1641 were yet green in the memories of many, and dismal rumours of a coming massacre were circulated; the Protestants of the north—surrounded by a hostile population, threatened by an undisciplined mob of armed men, recently recruited from classes whose evil passions required no stimulus, and governed by rulers who made no concealment of a resolve to destroy their rights and their religion—banded together for mutual defence; and, by degrees, assembled in towns where a stand was most likely to be made with effect. Derry offered peculiar advantages; and the neighbouring Protestants were already looking to it as their sanctuary, when the war was suddenly commenced. The two companies of Lord Antrim's regiment were marching towards the city; they were actually within sight of its walls, when a few lads—"about eight or nine of them"—shut the gates; refused entrance to the soldiers of King James; and, by conduct so seemingly "rash and desperate," so completely without calculation, as to have appeared absolute madness at the moment, these "prentice boys" became the arbiters of the destinies of three kingdoms, and, according to all human calculations, determined the fate of the Reformation of Europe. The leading authorities, headed by the bishop, Ezekiel Hopkins, vainly endeavoured to persuade the youths to retract their steps; they were resolute in defending the honour of the "maiden city"; the spirit they had kindled spread rapidly; men of note soon caught it; and within a very brief period a good and substantial band of armed citizens was formed, officered, and disciplined to man the walls, and endure a siege. First and foremost among their leaders was David Cairnes, a gentleman who, from the beginning to the end of the war, was brave, active, and uncompromising, and who lived to represent in Parliament the city he had so largely contributed to save. The news that Derry was to be defended spread like wild-fire through the northern counties; Protestants of all grades made their way to its protecting walls; arms and ammunition were, by degrees, and not without great difficulty, obtained; and preparations were made to preserve the city from the assaults of the army that was certain to be sent against it. Ample time was given for the citizen-soldiers to prepare, for the month of April, 1689, had advanced before they were exposed to serious danger. Meanwhile, James II. had landed in Ireland, at the head of his French allies, and very soon afterwards directed his attention to the North, with a view chiefly to the subjugation of Londonderry,

where the governor, Lundy, an officer originally appointed by Tyrconnell, and who, although his commission was ratified by the Prince of Orange, was in reality a partisan of James, was ready to "open the gates," betray the garrison, and sacrifice the cause. The King had actually reached the walls, expecting quiet possession, when the "prentice boys"—a "tumultuous and untractable rabble," for so they were described to his Majesty, rushed to their battlements, and fired their cannon upon his troops, killing, it is said, "a captain who stood near the King's person." At this critical moment, Adam Murray, Esq. who had been a medical officer in the service of the East India Company, arrived to the rescue; resolutely opposed all proposals for capitulation; and succeeded in establishing the principle, subsequently carried out, of "no surrender." On the 19th of April, Lundy, whose treachery had been fully exposed, and whose life was in danger, skulked from the walls in disguise, "with a load of match upon his back." Major Henry Baker, and the famous ecclesiastic, George Walker, were appointed to succeed him: Baker did about six weeks afterwards, and was buried in one of the vaults of the Cathedral, and Colonel Mitchellburne was elected in his place. The garrison was immediately formed into eight companies, amounting to 7020 men, commanded by 341 officers, each regiment had its own ground, each company its own bastion, and the spirit of the inhabitants was exhibited by a resolve that if any man offered to go out on that errand (to propose terms of capitulation) he should be treated as a traitor of the town, the Protestant religion, and King William's interest. The treacherous had been expelled, the timid had withdrawn, and the brave garrison was left to its own natural resources. The citizen-soldiers were badly armed and ill provisioned, the town was over-crowded by a useless population; there was no officer of experience to direct their energies; they had no engineers, few horses, and no forage; not a gun well mounted—nothing indeed to support and encourage them, but, according to the simple eloquence of Governor Walker, "their great confidence, and dependence upon Almighty God, that He would take care of them and preserve them!" Yet, in the midst of appalling perils, they persevered in resisting all temptations to surrender; they commenced the contest nearly in despite of hope, continued it almost in despair, and endured sufferings with a degree of patience, fortitude, and courage, scarcely paralleled in history. At this period there appears to have been upwards of 30,000 living souls encompassed by the walls, which enclosed an area of a few acres.

The first sortie of the garrison took place on the 21st of April. An assault was made upon the combined French and Irish at the Mill of ~~the town~~, now a picturesque ruin. The men of Derry were led by Colonel Murray, who killed with his own hand the French General Mammoth, with whom he is said to have had three personal encounters. The success of this effort animated the garrison, so that no difficulty was afterwards found in procuring men for a sortie. There were volunteers enough to follow any officer of note, whenever an attack was to be made upon the enemy. Meanwhile their resolution and bravery were known in England, and Major-General Kirk was sent with men, arms, and provisions to their relief; but the passage up the Foyle was arrested by the enemy, who planted guns upon either border, and placed a boom across a narrow part of the river. Kirk, however, continued to communicate with the city, informing the garrison that he had "stores and victuals for them"—one of his messengers, "a little boy," carried a letter up in a cloth button, and in conveying a reply he was taken prisoner, he contrived to swallow it. Towards the end of June, Marshal Rosen took the command of the French and Irish forces in person; and James returned to Dublin, previously exclaiming, that if his troops had been English, they would have brought him the walls stone by stone. Rosen tried the effect of lures and promises, "of which he was very eloquent and obliging," and finding them of no avail, resorted to threats—"swearing by the belly of God he would demolish the town and bury the inhabitants in its ashes." Kirk, who earned and deserved the title of "infamous," both for his conduct in Derry, and previously in Devonshire, made no worthy effort to relieve the gallant but famishing garrison; he had set sail from his shores, advising them "to be good husbands of their provisions"—advice from which they had a melancholy presage. Even then they were reduced almost to the last extremity—living upon salted and dried hides, horse-flesh, dogs, cats, and mice—yet still declaring, and with no empty boast, their resolution "to eat the Irish, and then one another, rather than yield."

Disease added its terrors to those of famine, yet half-dying men, with emaciated frames and hungry eyes, stalked through the city, threatening death to any traitor who spoke of a surrender. On the 1st of July, Rosen kept the promise to which he had pledged himself; he collected from the neighbouring counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Donegal, every Protestant he could find—and before day broke on that eventful day, the miserable garrison heard a confused murmur of groans and cries; and the morning dawned they beheld a mass of their aged, decrepit and infant relatives—old men, women, and children—of the number of "some thousands"—pushed or rather picked, onward towards the

walls; with an intimation from the French commander, that unless they were received within them, they should all be left there to perish. "The atrocious act produced an effect the very opposite of that intended; for, says Walker, "the sight only warmed us with new rage and fury against the enemy," and, according to Mackenzie, "the poor people themselves entreated us not to surrender." The garrison immediately erected a gallows on the bastion next the Irish camp, and declared that unless their friends were allowed to depart to their several habitations, they would hang every prisoner within the walls—an experiment that succeeded although Rosen remained unmoved, and Hamilton, in answer to a touching memorial, informed his friends that "if they suffered it could not be helped, but they should be avenged on many thousands."

At length, on the 30th of July, "some ships were seen in the Lough"—they proved to be the Dartmouth frigate, with a convoy of three vessels laden with provisions, the first of them struck against the boom, rebounded and ran ashore; the shock of a broadside, however, "loosened her," so that she got clear, and passed on the next day the siege was raised. Of 7,500 men "regimented," fatigue, hunger, and disease had swept away nearly 3,200—for the losses in actual fighting were few; and of those who remained alive, at least a fourth were incapable of service.

Of those who had taken shelter in Derry—and people had thronged into it from all parts of the northern provinces—thousands died of famine and disease and many fell by the shot of the enemy. The siege lasted one hundred and five days. Relief came precisely at the moment when it was most needed and could be made effectual. A delay of a day or two longer, and the people must have perished or the gates been opened—opened to the wreck of an army, but with them would have entered a multitude of camp-followers; and it is more than probable that not one of "the Defenders" would have been left alive. They saw, from the tops of houses, the ships laden with provisions, they even exchanged signals with their deliverers; and yet for no inconsiderable time they had to bear the misery of "hope deferred;" food, almost within the grasp of hungry thousands, was yet beyond their reach; it was impossible for contemporary historians to exaggerate in describing the agony they suffered. "Our spirit sunk, and our hopes were expiring," writes Mackenzie. "We only reckoned," says Walker, "upon two days' life." Proportionally great was their exulting joy when the boom was broken, and the ships sailed slowly but safely to their wharves. The bells of the battered cathedral rang out a merry and grateful peal, bonfires were kindled in various parts of the city, and cannon thundered from the walls, when the craving hunger of the multitude had been satisfied. It requires no exertion of fancy to picture the miserable and famished—men, women and children—crowding around the boats that were conveying to them food. The imagination readily beholds the scene, even to-day, from the heights that command the quays upon Lough Foyle; hears the mingled moans and shouts of the sufferers, grateful for their deliverance, giving thanks and glory to God, who had proposed "the just cause they had undertaken."

Extraordinary Dissensions among the Roman Catholics of Liverpool.—A quarrel on a very extensive scale, and of unusual occurrence among the Roman Catholic party, has sprung up of late in this town, which has created considerable interest in the minds of all classes; and in which the titular bishop of the district has set himself in opposition to one of his guests, who happens to be no less a personage than the Pope's chamberlain, and a member of the Propaganda at Rome. The dispute, however, has not been simply confined to the bishop and the chamberlain, but it has extended itself to the whole priesthood and their flocks, the local of the former having become the bishop's advocates and sticklers for ecclesiastical rule and authority.

The cause of all this dissidence between clergy and laity may be worthy of narration. The chamberlain's name style and title, are that of the Rev. Dr. Butler, he is a native of the city of Limerick, and may with truth be said to have descended from persons in the humblest walk of life. He received his education at Maynooth. He possesses in an especial manner all the bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance of which that college has ever been known to be the nursery. In habit, gesture and brogue he is essentially Irish, while in his public demeanour, he is arrogant, impatient under rebuke, self-conceited, and in a remarkable degree egotistical. He has even figured as a religious controversialist—that is to say, his discourses from the Pulpit have chiefly consisted of a defence of Roman Catholicism, and of attacks not merely upon the doctrines, but upon the ministers also, of the church establishment. This species of warfare on his part has frequently been the means of bringing him into collision with the Protestant clergy; but, singular to say, he never yet had the manliness to meet any of them in public discussion. He has, indeed, repeatedly challenged them, and they have almost as repeatedly accepted the challenges, but he has invariably contrived to evade a *viva voce* meeting. In the Lent of last year he visited

Liverpool, and from that time, up to the last fortnight he has been officiating as one of the priests of St. Anthony's Roman Catholic chapel in this town. It would be tedious, and indeed unnecessary to describe his plan of attack here. Suffice it to say, that it differed little from what he pursued elsewhere. Every Sunday evening he converted the chapel into a politico-religious pandemonium. The chamberlain speedily issued his challenges to the Protestant clergy—the press teemed hebdomadally with his splenetic effusions. His challenges were accepted another by the Rev. Mr. Bayley, both clergymen of the church of England, eminent for their piety, their learning, and their usefulness. The former offered to meet him in a written, the latter in a *viva voce*, discussion. He declined both, and as usual, had recourse to subterfuges to hide his discomfiture. His conduct in these several respects disgusted the other priesthood of the town and neighborhood. It disgusted also the English Roman Catholic residents of the locality, and I might add also, the better educated of the Irish Roman Catholic residents, and what is rather a gratifying fact, it stirred up a spirit of inquiry among some of the more enlightened of his faith; and while many converts to Protestantism have thereby been made, I have not heard of even one who became converted to Roman Catholicism through his instrumentality.

In fact, so far as his church was concerned, he has done vastly more harm than good. At length those Roman Catholics who were in the habit of attending his chapel, and who have, as I have intimated, become disgusted with his conduct, insisted upon having the Sunday evening diatribes against the Protestant clergy and doctrines discontinued. In this attempt they were successful. The diatribes were discontinued for a few Sundays, but the chamberlain, being unaccountably recommenced them in despite of all remonstrance to the contrary. It was in this predicament, and under aggravated circumstances such as these, that the same party forwarded a strong memorial to the titular bishop of the district, acquainting him with the doings of the chamberlain, and earnestly petitioning for some mitigation of the evil. The bishop immediately took the case into his consideration, and issued his inhibition against the chamberlain, thereby removing him from officiating in any Roman Catholic chapel under his jurisdiction. This inhibition came upon the chamberlain and his supporters like a thunderbolt.

It had the immediate effect of splitting the whole party into two great divisions—the priests, the English and the better educated portion of the Irish Roman Catholics coinciding in the judgment of the Bishop; and the lowest classes only of the Irish Roman Catholics concurring with the chamberlain. The meetings of the latter class have since been heard at one of the theatres here. At the first they adopted a petition to the bishop, praying him to reinstate the chamberlain at St. Anthony's and appointed a deputation to present the same. At the second, which was held on Thursday last, the deputation stated the result of their interview with the bishop, from which it appeared that his lordship (as he is styled) peremptorily refused to accede to the prayer of the petition, and said that "he had decided on Dr. Butler's removal, and that he was determined to abide by his decision." The doctor was present at the second meeting and delivered himself of one of his acrimonious effusions, in the course of which he denounced his English Roman Catholic accusers as a "rotten clique," mentioned some of them by name, and indulged himself with issuing another of his trumpet challenges to the Protestant clergy. Thus the matter stands at present. The chamberlain, has sent off a representation of the case to the Pope and the Propaganda, and upon the answer that will be returned much must necessarily depend. In the meantime the Bishop is receiving commendation on all hands for his prompt interference in preventing further religious controversy and for having had the manliness to check the outbursts of such a man as the Pope's chamberlain and a member of the Propaganda. It will however, be incumbent upon him to keep a strict eye upon the chamberlain and his Irish dupes; besides the latter are, at the present moment, actively engaged in raising a collection among themselves for the purpose of importing a bevy of Irish, and Maynooth educated priests to Liverpool, to keep religious and political controversy alive, and thus to annoy the bishop.

THE JESUITS.

(From the Protestant Magazine.)

A great meeting recently took place at Liverpool, having for its object the building of a large church in that town, expressly for the Jesuits to exercise their vocation in. Now we put it to the members of the Protestant Associations, (not being Papists,) and to the clergy in particular—Englishmen in general, (not being Papists,) and to the clergy in particular—we put it, not in the way of declamation, of complaint, or remonstrance, but as a demand. Why do you suffer the laws of your country to be trampled on, and the whole population exposed to the working of this leaven of malice and wickedness? It would be incredible if we did not witness it with our own eyes, and it is altogether inexplicable, that men who rallied round our Protestant constitution in 1820 and who, seeing they could not avert the mischief designed against it, laboured sedulously to strengthen what remained and to surround the fragment with every attainable safeguard, should now tamely,

silently, and altogether passively, if not complacently, look on, while those safeguards are coolly, and at their leisure, taken down by the men, against whom they were erected. Whence this pusillanimity, this treachery, on the part of English Protestants? The statutes enacted in our country against the order of Jesuits are not only un repealed, but were re-enacted, guarded by additional sanctions, in 1829; and the mercy of God in putting it into the hearts of our legislators so to guard the country from the climax of the curse, that mercy of God we now fling back in his face, by refusing even to avail ourselves of it! There is not a man in England who cannot lay an information against any Jesuit who has set foot on England since the month of April, 1820, or who has not registered his abode in it between that month and the November following. For the information of such as may not be aware of this fact, we transcribe two sections of that disastrous bill:—

"Sec. 28.—And whereas Jesuits, and members of other religious orders, communities, or societies of the church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows, are resident within the United Kingdom, and it is expedient to make provision for the suppression and final prohibition of the same therein. Be it therefore enacted, that every Jesuit, and every member of any other religious order, community, or society of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows, who at the time of the commencement of this act shall be within the United Kingdom, shall, within six calendar months after the commencement of this act, deliver to the clerk of the peace of the county or place where such persons shall reside, or to his deputy, a notice or statement in the form, and containing the particulars required to be set forth in the schedule to this act annexed."

"Any person failing to do this, the act proceeds, is to be liable to a fine of fifty pounds a month for his neglect; and the return so made is to be enrolled in the records of the county, a copy being sent to the secretary of the lord lieutenant."

"Sec. 29.—And be it further enacted, that if any Jesuit or member of any such religious order, community, or society, as aforesaid shall, after the commencement of this act, come into this realm, he shall be deemed and taken to be guilty of a misdemeanour; and being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be sentenced and ordered to be banished from the United Kingdom for the term of his natural life."

The next section provides that Jesuits being natives of this kingdom may return to it, on registering themselves as aforesaid; and that a foreigner of the order may come into the kingdom, on producing a certificate from one of the principal secretaries of state to remain not longer than six months. Yet the chairman of a meeting at Liverpool, at which 5,000 persons were said to have been present, declared that the order of Jesuits was about to be revived. Richard Sheil, Esq., one of the Jesuits. Next came O'Connell, and spoke as follows:—

"The greatest blow ever yet inflicted upon religion was the suppression of the order of Jesuits, and accordingly a utter punishment has followed upon the nations, that committed that crime. They have been punished with the severity of a scourge of iron, and tears of blood would hardly atone for the crime which they thus committed against themselves; they were abandoned to themselves, I think I may without profaneness say it, by the just anger of the Deity! But here they are again! The Jesuits again! I remember the time when a man would have been knocked down who ventured to call out 'Hurrah for the Jesuits!' (The meeting here gave three cheers for the Jesuits.)"

A Mr. Brewer, who announced himself a Benedictine (one of the illegal orders,) rejoined in the cordial concurrence of the vicar apostolic and Romish priesthood of Liverpool in the project for re-establishing the order of Jesuits in Liverpool.

On this subject "the Protestant Witness" of the 3d instant, a periodical published in Manchester, has the following remarks:—

"Grievously shall we be disappointed in our Liverpool brethren, if they do not try whether the laws of England are but spiders' webs before the arrogant advances of Popery. We have long made up our minds that the first distinct opportunity which may be furnished to us in Manchester, we will try the question in court of justice."

PICTOR, OCTOBER 15.—Remarkable Escape from a Bear.—On Saturday the 1st of the current month a son of Mr. Robert McDonald of Earl Town, was sent to examine a potatoe field to ascertain if any cattle had broken into it. After proceeding about 20 rods from the house he was attacked by a she bear with four cubs. The bear immediately seized him and threw him violently on the ground. As soon as he rose she struck him again and he fell. When he rose the second time he attempted to strike her with a small stick, but she caught him again and tore his head fearfully, and he was prostrated a third time. Providentially, at this critical moment some movement among the cubs drew her attention from the boy who seized the opportunity and sprang over a fence near which the event occurred. The bear instantly followed, but when she alighted on the fence it gave way under her, and before she could recover, the boy happily effected his escape. When he arrived at the nearest house he was literally covered with blood, and not a shred of his clothing remained except this collar of his shirt. For some time his life was despaired of, but now sanguine hopes of his recovery are entertained. *Banner.*

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