

loved by all. Young men learn by this example that you shun temptation. If you say like this young man did, "how can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" you will eventually rise in the estimation of all around you and be blessed by God.

The twilight of another Sabbath is extinct.

THE FAMILY CASSETT

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Young Men for the Ministry.

No one conversant with the condition of our Churches in this Province can for a moment question the propriety of labouring to multiply the number of true and faithful men, who shall be willing to consecrate their lives to the solemn engagements of the Christian ministry; but in doing this we must adhere strictly to the means, which the Saviour, the Head of the Church, has instituted.

We ask not for dreams, or marvellous revelations; neither can we be satisfied with fiftal impulses however strong; but we do say that there should be realized, on the part of all who enter upon the duties of this sacred profession a measure of what the apostle felt when he said, "If I do this willingly I have a reward, but if against my will a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me; yea a necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

Taking this as our stand point, from which God forbid that we should ever depart, it becomes a very grave question how are those young men to be introduced into the ministry, who furnish satisfactory evidence that they are thus called to the work? Some may reply, "If they are called of God that is enough, let them go and preach;" but pause; it may be their first duty to seek some mental preparation for the work into which they are called to this. They say "God would not call a man, who is not already fitted for the work," but is this true? Take a case. Here is a young man possessed of undoubted piety, he has good natural abilities, and he evinces an earnest desire to devote his life to the work of winning souls to the Saviour; but he is just converted from a life of ignorance and sin. His acquaintance with the Bible is exceedingly limited, and yet he is expected as a preacher of the gospel to explain its sublime doctrines, to reveal its unfathomable mysteries, to unfold its precious promises. Can he do this before he is instructed in these things himself? Common sense answers no. He is ignorant also of his own mother tongue, and cannot put two sentences of the English language together correctly. Is it wise that he should throw obstacles in the way of his own success by a display of his own ignorance? Would it not be better for him to seek such an acquaintance with the rules of grammar as should enable him to speak with some degree of correctness? What then is to be done? We answer let such an one be taught the rudiments of his own language, and let him be instructed in the word of God, as a part of his obedience to the divine call. Such a course would be deemed prudent and wise by all competent judges in these important matters.

But if our young men are to have educational advantages, provision must be made for this by the churches. It is not enough that we support Academies and that we endow a college. Men must be sustained while they are getting their education, and for this no suitable provision is made. What is wanted then is some comprehensive and systematic plan by which a sufficient income could be realized to provide for the support of ministerial candidates at our places of learning. Ten or fifteen pounds per annum given to a young man, with what he would earn himself at vacation, and other periods would enable him to pursue his studies successfully. How shall this fund be raised? Two thousand pounds put to interest would yield an annual income of one hundred and twenty pounds. This divided between eight young men would give to each fifteen pounds; and what an invaluable blessing would this be to them, and to the cause of truth for all time to come. Will the wealthy members of our churches ponder this matter, and give as the Lord has prospered them? If they

will, there will be no lack of funds. In what way could their money be spent to greater advantage, than in supplying our churches with a class of men, intellectually and religiously qualified to become exponents of the Christian faith, to put to silence the objections of gainsayers, and to guide the minds of those who hear them exploring the wide fields of religious knowledge as they exist in the word of God? Let conscience and reason answer.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the Rev. O. R. Batchelor, M. D., returned missionary from India, accompanied by DULA, a converted SAKTAL, will deliver an address on Foreign Missions to-night in the Brussel-street Baptist Church, and to-morrow, (Thursday) evening, in the Baptist Church, Germain-street. Each service to commence at 8 o'clock. Collections will be made at the close of the meeting on behalf of the Free Will Baptist Foreign Mission Society, who are carrying on their operations in the Province of Orissa, British India. We hope to see overflowing houses.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the sketch of the ordination of Brother Stephen March, of St. Francis. We deeply regret that we were unable to attend, inasmuch as it is from our own Church that he has gone forth to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. We trust our young brother will have the seal of the Most High placed upon his ministerial duties, and that he will feel that no more than ever he is called to exert every power of his mind and every energy of his body for the building up of Christ's kingdom in that part of our Province where he is located.

We understand that interesting services have been held since the ordination, resulting in much good, an account of which we hope to be able to furnish in our next.

Micmac Mission--Micmac Murder--Rum doings in Cornwallis.

Dear Brother Bill,--A week since I was in the house where many of your youthful days were passed,--the old mansion in Billtown which has kept Baptist Tavern time out of mind; where I have passed many a pleasant day in years gone by, and where you and brother T. Chase and I once sang, "When shall we three meet again." I composed a letter there for the "Visitor," on the three subjects named above, and have been waiting ever since for an opportunity to put it on paper. I am now at Berwick, under the hospitable roof of your good lady's brother-in-law, with Mrs. Rand and some of our children. I have been copying the first chapter of Genesis in Micmac for the press, and my pen--unfortunately I have but one--has become too bad for writing Micmac, and just in trim for writing for your "fallen angels," who are supposed to be able to read any thing; and make no mistakes.

First, then, of the Micmac Mission, Brother B. Scott will be pleased to hear from Ben Christmas, the Indian, whose letter he published some time ago in the "Visitor." He and his family are well, and I humbly trust doing well. They have lived in a house since last autumn, at Hantsport, and he is now working with a house joiner, an excellent man, named James Elder, and gets, I am told, somewhere about eight pounds per month. During the winter he was assisting me in translating and revising, and was at the same time studying Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, &c. He has made creditable progress in these branches of study. He has not yet formally renounced Popery, and is perhaps still in what might be termed the "transition state;" but I do humbly trust he is under the teachings of the divine spirit, and that he may be guided into all truth. The Indians cannot understand this state of things. They conceive that a man should be either one thing or the other--a decided, out and out Romanist, or a Protestant altogether. Some white people take the same view. They would not have us pass from death unto life--from error to truth like as the day comes. There must be no twilight--no state of perplexity, anxiety and doubt. The poor soul must be one moment steeped in the darkest night, and the next in the blaze of noon. He must go to sleep a rigid Papist, and awake a decided Protestant. I need not say that such views show that those who entertain them know but little of the matter. They are as unscriptural as they are unphilosophical. So far as I am able to learn, Ben's conduct is such as to give me great hopes. I have often heard him pray, and he gives every evidence of a sincere enquirer after truth. We meet with other instances of encouragement; but it would be premature to speak of them particularly here. The Indians extensively will listen to the Scriptures, and the Priests and Bishops cannot prevent them. In some instances, however, they show hostility, raise their war clubs, utter the most unearthly yells, come at me full drive, hatchet in hand, and I am glad to make good my retreat. I am not sure but this is a favorable symptom as any, certainly it remains one of primitive times. So much on this subject for the present.

A most cold blooded and brutal murder was committed near the Toll Bridge in Cornwallis, a few weeks since. The murdered man was an Indian, a stranger, from the United States, a Narraganset, he said. I never saw him. He could not speak Micmac, but could read and write English, and hailed for a Protestant. He was in this neighbourhood all winter, and was I suppose, on his way to Hantsport, when he was murdered. He was, without doubt, killed by an Indian. It was on the Lord's day. He, and the one who is supposed to have killed him were both, I am told at the Baptist Meeting House in Horton, in the morning, and then they were together drinking rum at the toll bridge, in the afternoon. About sundown two men passing in a sloop saw them lying, apparently asleep, by the side of the road. An hour or two afterwards they returned, and there was but one there. They attempted to

awaken him, but he was dead. An inquest was held on the body next morning. A deadly wound had been inflicted on the back of his head, apparently by the head of a hammer, which broke the skull, and must have produced instantaneous death. He would not have moved after the fatal blow had been given. When first found he lay on his face, and there was something in his pocket. When the Coroner came he had been turned over, and his pockets had been rifled. I was told since by the Indians that he had money about him, and the murderer or some one close had returned and taken it.

The supposed murderer did not begin to run away. He staid all night in the neighborhood, was seen at Kentville next day, went boldly a week after to Windsor with baskets to sell, and was arrested, lodged in Kentville jail, and the case went before the grand jury. They did not, however, find a bill. Nothing in the shape of evidence to convince, had come to light. The Judge approved of the course taken by the grand jury, and pointed out a serious error in the proceedings of the Coroner. The jury it seems, decided that the man had been murdered "by some person, or persons unknown." They preached no one. That brought the Coroner's duty to a close. No one could be arrested upon that verdict. Should any thing have turned up afterwards to throw suspicions on any one, a magistrate should have issued a warrant for his apprehension. After his discharge the Indian joined his family at Habitant, where I saw him Sunday before last carrying home a string of eels, as composed as possible. Of course he is liable to be arrested at any time and tried for his life.

He was arrested by a couple of Indians, or rather decoyed into the hands of the Sheriff by them. No one pretends to doubt his guilt. By what I could learn the Indians in general would not have been very well pleased had he been white. They are under the impression that the white people had as well take care of their own delinquents. I was called on at Hantsport by a number of Indians, one of them a subordinate chief, and requested to go and assist as interpreter at the trial. I accordingly set out next day with my interpreter intending to translate his indictment, and the evidences, so that the poor fellow might have all the advantages accorded, by our constitution, to criminals at their trials. But before we reached the Court House we learned that there was to be no trial. It seems amazing that one man could kill another within a stone's throw of a dwelling, in an open place, close by a public road in open day, and no clue be afforded that could lead to his conviction. Certain it is, a white man could hardly have done it. But the Indian, among his comrades, is, de facto, a foreigner in a distant land. A white man would have to go beyond the Far West to be as far out of the way. The whites are strangers to the Indians. I make not these remarks for the purpose of widening the distinction between the races. I would rather urge a more friendly intercourse--one conducted on the benign principles of the gospel. People wonder that the Indians profit so little by the examples of civilization they daily witness. They seem to many to be destitute of the imitative principle. This is not the true explanation of the phenomenon, however. Their "bursts of imitativeness" are as largely developed as those of other people. But what is it that calls those bumps into exercise in ordinary cases? Do people in general imitate the principles, manners, and habits of those they dislike? Not a bit of it. It is the friend who treats me as an equal, and whom I love, respect and honor, that I insensibly pattern after; not the haughty, frowning, frozen-hearted man, who keeps me at a distance, and treats me with contempt and scorn. Let the example set us by the Great Redeemer be followed in this matter, and then see if there will not be a development of the imitative principle manifested in these poor creatures, "for whom Christ died."

This murder must be put down as another item in the catalogue of arguments in favour of the Maine Law. This brings one, as we preachers are wont to say, to the third and last particular. Thank you for your noble and fearless stand in favour of truth and right. Your editorial on the "dissolution" and your full account of the same, furnished us with a capital evening's entertainment at our division. We hope and believe the good cause will triumph. You remember, I dare say, a rum seller near Canard, by the name of Cupples. He has for a long time kept a perfect den of iniquity. When he could obtain license he used it effectually, and when it was withheld, as it sometimes was, even when granted to others, he would set the law at defiance and continue to deal out the poison. Of late there has been a determined effort to suppress the concern. A Mr. Walter Witt--I presume you know him--residing at Habitant, has been the principle mover. Cupples has been complained of, has been fined, and has been complained of and fined again, and the process has been repeated until he was getting quite tired of it. He had appealed to the Supreme Court, and while the cause was pending, two ruffians attacked Mr. Witt, near Kentville Bridge, with bludgeons, knives, and a sling shot. They were, however, overpowered and secured. They were two coloured men by the name of Gibson--you know the Gibsons--pensioners upon Mr. Cupples, and rather diligent customers of his for years past. After they found themselves safely locked up, and had slept off the fumes, they were appalled at the prospect before them. They would the next day to the Penitentiary as sure as fate, and they did not want to go. They protested, they had nothing against Mr. Witt, that they did not even know him, and that Cupples had hired them to beat him and cut off his ears; that he had promised them five pounds a piece and five gallons of rum; that part of the rum had been paid, enough to screw them up to the deed. The story easily gained credence and people wished that the ruffians and instigator of the brutal assault could be made to serve out the term of the Penitentiary for both of the Gibsons, and a good number for himself to boot. Cupples attempted to get them bailed out, but failed. They pleaded guilty at their trial, and gave their affidavits that they had been hired. A warrant was instantly taken out for the arrest of Cupples. He kept out of the way of the Sheriff long enough to get on board the steamer at Windsor for your

city, and "further deponent saith not." Is it believed that it will be some days before he will show his head in Cornwallis again. The den is demolished. May the time soon come when every such hole of infamy may be stopped, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The Gibsons have gone to the penitentiary for two years.

You give us the hint not to write long letters. If your correspondents take the hint, they must keep clear of interesting facts and details. I expect to pay you a visit soon, meanwhile, I remain, yours in the best of bonds, Berwick, June 30. S. T. RAND.

St. MARTINS, July 7th, 1856.

Mr. Editor,--In this quiet out of the way corner of the prospectively populous and busy Province of N. B., any thing that may accidentally or despondently interrupt its settled monotony is, as we consider, a something to be welcomed. Unbroken monotony is too somnific, is not at all suitable to the development of the inherent energies of the human brain. It is too apt to stereotype man the thing he was when first his eyes opened upon the fact that he had by a natural process just passed from the condition of the boy to (as some would have him believe) that of a man--a man as to corporeal bulk--ability to accomplish a certain amount of labour, and not much more.

Thanks to the active efforts of Christian philanthropy for preserving the race from positive degeneracy--for keeping alive the kindly feelings of our nature, and leading us to have a belief in, if not a knowledge of, the great future that awaits the children of faith.

We have no sympathy with mental stagnation. Give us agitation--of the proper character of course--not what lately our eyes with pain beheld. Let the depths of our mental constitution be moved and kept in motion, and the friction consequent thereon will brighten, polish, and make sharp each and every faculty of our intellectual, and moral being, and give a proper tone to our animal nature. Although we thus speak, it must not be inferred that the mental mercury of society, as we have it, stands at Zero. It occasionally starts thence if not for the boiling point at least to blood heat. We have in our midst a few who have resolution enough to do what they can to prop the mercury. They have taken hold of the power and of the religio-literary--scientific lever, and seem determined by its use to keep in healthy action the corpus populorum. One of the reformatory corps, the resident Dr. Alexander, on the evening of Saturday 28th inst., delivered a lecture in the Middletown School-house, on the Homeopathic system of cure, versus Allopathy. The room on that occasion was filled with an attentive people who appeared evidently delighted with the subject of the lecture. The Dr. explained the principle of the system, "similia similibus curantur," and the modus operandi of its cure. He produced statistical evidence of the efficiency of the system, and modestly alluded to the success of his own practice since he had the pleasure of becoming one of the people of St. Martins.

We thank the Dr. for "exhibiting" physics in the shape of a lecture to the people, and heartily pray for a complete victory to his "small pills" and "sugared tincture" over all the ills that flesh is heir to. C. A.

Canada Correspondence.

MONTREAL, C. E., July 9, 1856.

In our last, some statistics were given, from sources within our reach, omitting several denominations only because we were without information. The following embraces what we have been able to procure during the week:--

The endowment for Maclay College, (Baptist) designed to be located at Toronto, and which promised so much in the advancement of the denomination, has been lost through the failure of committee to comply with the terms of subscription, namely, its organization within a given time. The Rev. James Lillie, M. D., whose appointment as Professor was revoked, is to receive a retiring allowance of £150, for the payment of which sum, with other expenses, the subscribers are assessed. We cannot say where the fault lies, but either the basis has been defective, or those entrusted with its working have failed to carry out the original plans. From a notice in the Christian Messenger it would appear that the "acting parties" were regarded as deficient in "care, wisdom and proper discretion." Ministerial education obtained in a foreign country, or in a distant province of the same empire, in the majority of cases, fails to secure a native ministry. The Baptist denomination in Canada has suffered much from the necessity of sending her young men to the United States to be educated; the most promising young students are commonly retained in that country; leaving those whose foreign training and inferior mental powers lessen their adaptation to Canada, to return hither. Of course there are occasional exceptions, but we have good authority for asserting that this is the rule. It would be better to submit to the inconvenience of an inferior education at home, where constant effort is employed to increase its efficiency, than to send our young men abroad with the hope that they will return more thoroughly prepared from an older and more flourishing foreign institution. We invariably become assimilated to the people among whom we dwell, and foreign education cuts a man off, to a considerable extent, from the interest which actual contact supplies; while study at home, which combines considerable practical labour with literary and theological preparation, is invaluable in giving fitness for the work. Let the brethren in Nova Brunswick and Nova Scotia foster their own educational institutions, if they wish to be properly supplied with ministers.

The Primitive Methodists, whose Conference was held in Hamilton, report 36 ministers, 180 local preachers, 3036 members, 33 sabbath schools, with 1426 scholars, 71 chapels, and 150 other places of meeting, £1682 were raised for missionary purposes during the year. These brethren have done more than any other denomination in Canada to revive open air meetings.

There is a strange difficulty in the appointment of the Episcopal Bishop of Kingston. This diocese has been recently allocated, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies had agreed that if the sum required for its endowment were raised within the bishopric, the people should be allowed to elect the bishop. The Rev. Thomas Hincks, late of Belfast, was their choice, but he will accept the office only on condition that his appointment shall not proceed from the election of the clergy or laity. The Bishop of Toronto, in whose diocese the new bishopric continues till properly arranged, insists upon the election. Neither party will give way. The issue is uncertain.

The Rev. Peter Jones, a well-known Indian Chief and Wesleyan Missionary, whose original name was Kakewanaby, died at Brantford, June 29th. For upwards of thirty years Mr. Jones laboured to promote the best interests of his nation, and probably did more than any other man to awaken the sympathy of the Christian public on behalf of the Indian tribes of America.

We look in vain over the daily papers of the city for a fair representation of New Brunswick politics. The one-sided view continues to be presented; Governor Sutton is exalted to the skies; the Parliament which passed the Prohibitory act was despotic; and the law itself well nigh ruined the Province. Happily, we are told, the right man was in the right place, and the Governor boldly appealed to the people, who, with becoming spirit against fanatical tyranny, have spoken out. Good fortune henceforth awaits New Brunswick. The repeal of the Maine law is all that is wanted. Not so fast if you please. We doubt the correctness of this entire representation. But of course we are fanatics. We do most seriously desire to banish poison. Christians of New Brunswick what say you? What do you mean to do? What are you doing?

Fires are frequent in Montreal of late. We are in need of a radical change in the management of our water works. Everybody complains; but the evil continues. W. W.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, July 9, 1856.

As my previous letter foretold, Col. John Fremont has been nominated candidate for the Presidency by the Republican party. I wish I could as assuredly foretell his election, for upon that depends the welfare of this people.

At present the worst candidate in the field, the one most deeply dived in party slough, most abjectly sold to the slave power and slave propagandism, James Buchanan, has the best prospect of an election. The South will go for him, besides this, if he can gain his own State and one more electoral vote, he will be the next President. Then expect commotion. This will be the hottest and fiercest Presidential campaign ever fought in the United States. I mentioned in my last, the name of a man whose public deeds had bowed the nation's head with grief and shame. I will now mention the names of three American statesmen whose actions have filled the heart of at least every free State man with gratitude, admiration, and appreciation--Steward, Banks and Sumner. Mark them; the Union boasts not better nor greater.

The first senator from, and formerly governor of, this State, has ever been noted alike for his ability and uncompromising hostility to slavery. It was under the second, now chairman of the House of Representatives, that the Republican party won its first national victory in that terrible struggle last winter. The last, Sumner, is the first of American orators, the purest of American patriots, the greatest of American martyrs and familiar to your readers as the victim of the late infamous assault of South Carolina Brooks. Each of these three men withdrew his name and absolutely refused to be a candidate for the Presidency, thus rejecting an opportunity for receiving the highest honours in the gift of the American people, giving up all, and all labouring for Fremont.

They did well, let them be honoured; for purity in politics, here, as among you, is like a rose in the desert. The columns of our daily papers are burdened with Kansas affairs, yet I cannot see that it amounts to much. The Border Ruffians will bully and fight, the Northern Dough-faces will run. Nay, that is only the appearance of things on the surface. In the South, flows the hot blood of meridian and more corrupt Europe. In the North, the Saxon, cool slow, patient, enduring, but roused; we betide what doth oppose it. The free State men in Kansas have had a most unfair game of it; their position is peculiarly embarrassing. The report of the committee appointed by the House of Representatives, to enquire into the frauds perpetrated on the Kansas settlers by the Missourian Border Ruffians have just been made. In order that your readers may form an idea of some of the reports presented to Congress, I will state that this one occupies only 5,000 foolscap pages, and the testimony connected with it, twice as much more. Nevertheless, the whole report was read in the House for the special good of the Southern members and the Pierce democracy. They struggled, they squirmed, but had to bear it. The Report charges all the stupendous wrongs and infamous crimes that have been brought against the Border Ruffians. If Nova Scotia should send over a sufficiently armed force into New Brunswick on election days, drive from the polls, and murder your citizens, elect from their own ranks all the officers of Government; and their Legislatures, thus elected, pass laws requiring the most horrid oaths at election, in short, absolutely disfranchising your citizens; and making any opposition to these laws, or even an opinion expressed on some of them, (Laws establishing slavery) a capital offence; and add another fact to this, and you have an exact picture of Kansas--the fact is, that you have no laws of your own, so any action on your part is against all the laws of your province; this with a black scroll of crimes against the property, life, and honour of your citizens by the invaders, will give you the heart of the whole history of the Kansas troubles.

Douglas & Co., fearing the revelations this report would make, and the political effect it would have on the country against his Pierce Democracy has faced about, and got a Bill passed the Senate to annul these barbarous laws. Thus becoming his own accuser and convict. Pierce the most cringing slave of the slave-driving

South, since he has been despised and repudiated by her and his own party, is less zealous in the extension of this "peculiar institution."

Thus the drama is still being played on, it will not end yet; scenes of intense excitement and immense importance are forming themselves for, and being played out on the stage, world-wide watched. May it end well; but nature never mocks, never plays in farces, it will be tragic! No war with England is expected by the public; indeed the great mass of the people would look upon it as the most fearful evil that could befall the nation. The cool, dignified, and consoling spirit with which England received the dismissal of Cranpton is greatly admired. However, if Buchanan is elected, war is not impossible.

In the religious world, we have lately had a course of lectures by Professor Seyffarth, an eminent German scholar on Egyptian Archaeology. He is considered to have discovered the only true reading of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By his able translations of numerous inscriptions, he proved conclusively the historical and chronological accuracy of the Bible, and also explained the nature and fulfilment of many of its prophecies. He is, doubtless, the best authority on the subject, and has fully refuted the sneers and criticisms circulated by unchristian writers against the Bible. We have had a few days of very hot weather, but it is now agreeably cool, public health is very good. The crops in the West are forward and remarkably good, in the North and east they are not so forward, but considered very good. The crop of grass will be unusually large, corn is backward, but has the prospect of an abundant harvest. An uncommon large number of Americans are visiting Europe this summer. L.

London Correspondence.

LONDON, June 1856.

Mr. Editor,--It will be remembered by many of your readers that during the sitting of the Conference at Paris, no mention was made of the position of Poland. An address has lately been presented to Count Walewski by a deputation of Poles protesting against this omission, and their non-recognition in the treaty of peace. Their chief request is that Poland may be reconstituted in accordance with what was guaranteed to her by the treaty of Vienna in 1815. That treaty declared Poland to be a separate kingdom, yet united to the Russian power, having its own representative constitution, army and laws. A demand was put in at that time for its entire independence, but this demand was not complied with. In 1831 Russian persecution drove the Poles into open rebellion, but they were put down by the overwhelming numbers of the Russian forces. In 1846 the last act of despotism and tyranny was perpetrated when the free republic of Cracow was handed over to the tender mercies of Austria.

Now the Poles come forward and ask that these wrongs may be redressed. They were able assistants to the Allies, why should they not receive some benefit? One of the chief incentives to Alexander to comply with the terms propounded by the Allies, was, fear lest Poland should arise and for ever be freed from her oppressor yoke; and become an insurmountable barrier to Russian influence in the central Courts of Europe. Besides if Poland is passed over now, it will be adding fresh wounds to her already bleeding body, it will be forging for her new chains, while she is now crushed to the earth by a tyrannous load of oppression. To pass over quietly the extinction of their nationality by Nicholas in 1831, is to participate in the crime. The Allies avowed their intentions to be--the upholding of the interests of Europe,--to reduce the preponderance of Russian power, and to secure the independence of European nations; they cannot therefore in justice to themselves allow this opportunity to pass, without expressing their disapprobation of the position of Poland, and loudly call for justice to be done to these children of oppression. Negotiations could easily be set on foot for obtaining these desirable ends. All Poland asks is to be recognised amongst the nations of Europe. These nations do not deny her right to a high position in the management of European affairs,--shall she receive her due?

Felix Orsini, an Austrian political prisoner, has published in the Daily News a long letter giving an account of his escape from the prison of the Castle of St. George, at Mantua. He says:--

"About the end of January I was put into cell No. 2, the worst in the castle, and I almost despair of ever being able to escape from it; the window was more than two yards from the ground, and to work at it was obliged to stand on the back of my chair. The rows of iron bars were a yard apart, the outside grating being one-third of the distance beyond. The bars were extremely thick, especially by the inside ones, and the height from the window to the level of the ditch was thirty yards. I myself measured it with a string. I could not work at night, because the noise of the saws, though very slight, would have been heard by the sentinel, who, after the half-past nine o'clock visit, came every five minutes to the door. I worked therefore in the day-time, and my seat had become so accustomed to the step of the sentinel, that before he opened the door I always contrived to get down and put my chair in its place, and sometimes I would be walking up and down humming. I covered over the marks of my work with brick-powder mixed with black wax and bread. By thus working in the daytime, in the intervals of the visits, in twenty-four days I had cut away seven of the outside bars and one of the inside ones, where they were fixed into the wall, and from the wall I had extracted eight bricks, which I had in the straw of a mattress. As for the cord, I had thought of that before. On the 1st of February I kept back, without their knowing, the sheets of the bed I ought to have sent away to the wash, and on the 1st of March I kept back the towels, which were as wide as the sheets and a little longer, and by cutting these into strips I was able, on the 27th of March, to make my cord, fastening it with sailors' knots. I let it down into the ditch to try its length, and found it even longer than necessary. The 28th and 29th I passed in great fear of discovery, being more than usually reserved by the attentions of the sentinel; so that I could not attempt my escape. I therefore pretended, during those two days, to be ill, and did not rise from my bed, for fear they might examine my straw mattress. At half-past nine on the evening of the 29th, at the usual visit, but the moment they were gone, and while they were going the round of the other visits, and so making some noise, I rapidly removed the iron bars, had cut--made up two little bundles of necessary clothing,--opened the cord to one of the remaining bars,--slid down all its length,--hid the bars I had removed in the saw, and then lay still again till the second visit, at half-past one. I again