

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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## REV. DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, had been hearing evidence in regard to the alleged recruiting of the Irish army in the United States. One of the chief witnesses was a Mr. Strobel, whose evidence contains some extraordinary, if true, disclosures. This man Strobel, whose social standing appears to have been such that Sir Gaspard Le Marchant asked him to dinner, and the officers of the 70th regiment associated with him on terms of equality, swears positively that a plan for the enlistment of men in the United States for the British service was concocted by Mr. Crampton, the Governor of the British Provinces, and himself, and that a commencement of enlistments was made under it.

RATHFRINKHAM, Oct. 25, 1855.  
MY LORD.—The American papers of last Saturday week have brought to this country the astounding intelligence contained in the extract just quoted; and two mails have since arrived from New York, while the facts referred to remain up to this day uncontradicted. So, my lord, you have advised your ambassador, Mr. Crampton, to enlist the Irish in America. You want them now in order to recruit your wasted army in the Crimea, or to garrison the growing weakness of your distant colonies. Glory be to God! that the insatiable cruelty of English law, in exterminating and banishing the poor, faithful Irish, is now forced to acknowledge the national crime, by employing your ambassador to seek their return. Heaven be for ever praised!

That the peridy of Lord John Russell's administration (your former chief in the persecution of Ireland) is now exposed before the withering scorn of all the nations of the civilized world. So, you now offer a bounty, and pay, and the Queen's uniform, to the despised exiles, whom within the last seven years your administration starved, and jibbed, and banished. I thank eternal retributive justice in the present instance, in thus compelling the public executioner of my country to confess with his own mouth his cruelty to Ireland.

I am grateful to the unerring laws of the Supreme Arbiter of nations that the conspirator against the religion and the prosperity of Ireland stands at this moment jibbed by his own confession on the pillar of public scorn. But, Sir, besides the cruelty, there is an irretrievable indecency in your ordering the enlistment of the Irish in America. You held office under Lord John Russell, during the years of the cholera, the famine, the extermination, and the expulsion of the hated race. In those days of national woe, when a heart of steel would be melted in seeing waiting thousands swarm all the shores of your country in mournful or wild despair, you would not pay an inspector to examine the leasing ship, nor would you appoint a surgeon to stay the ravages of disease, and save the lives of these ill-fated and unhappy children of Ireland. No; you would not—you certainly would not. And now, when you want the aid of their faithful hearts and their invincible courage, you meanly flatter the warm bosoms which you lately despised; and you perfluctiously seek the service of the noble nature which you cruelly banished. Beyond all doubt you permitted the savage exterminator, the ruthless ship captain, the sinking vessel, and the terrors of the tempest, to banish, drown, and kill more than one million and a half of my friendless countrymen. The graves in Gross Island, where ten thousand abandoned victims lie—the abysses of the Atlantic, where many a broken-hearted father, mother, and child mingle their whitened bones, amid the foundations of the deep, bear melancholy testimony of the reckless hatred and the ferocious bigotry which depopulated Ireland during the years of your former subordinate office. You are decidedly an accomplice in this Irish calamity; and with such delinquency on your head, where can human tongue or pencil find language or coloring sufficiently descriptive of the shamelessness of the man who could now stand at the corner of the streets of New Orleans and Philadelphia offering a bribe to the survivors of your expulsion, pressing by perfidious promises into England's service the living remnant of misery and shipwreck, and arming with the sword of England the very men on whose necks, but a few years ago, your laws would prefer to tie the hangman's rope? Conceal, palliate, explain this conduct as you will, it places England and yourself in a position of political indecency which is discredit to the nation: it is a crime which your greatest enemy can never exaggerate by calumny, nor your most malignant libeller ever exceed in slander.

The apologists of the government and your friends may assert that the lands of Ireland are held by lease, as in some other countries, and hence that the extermination complained of is the legitimate result of property and land tenure. I deny the parallel between Ireland and any other country on the face of the globe; because the landlords of Ireland, in a majority of instances, are Orange men or bigots, sworn to exterminate the Catholic population, if they can; while the landlords of other nations sustain, aid, and protect their tenants; therefore the comparison of the tenure of land in other countries cannot be applied to Ireland till you make the landlords

in both cases resemble each other, or till you give to the Irish Catholic tenant a legal and equitable protection against the ferocity of the Orange aristocracy—till then they have the clear power of depopulating Ireland and killing the Queen's subjects. As a proof of the logical accuracy of these statements, I appeal to the history of modern nations, and fearlessly challenge even one instance, where two millions of human beings have been unhoused, banished, and killed, in any one country, within the period of seven years: and all this massacre planned, carried on, and executed by a steady machinery, which has reduced to powder the obnoxious race with the same mechanical and unerring result as a mill grinds corn. The tenancy of other countries, under their landlords, as compared with this country, bear the same resemblance to each other as a flock of sheep under the care of the shepherd, and in the slaughter house of the wolf. Oh, Sir, it is idle to talk of the duties of property towards a Catholic population, while a persecuting aristocracy own the land; and therefore any minister of the crown who quietly looks on, while the people are decimated, is a willing accomplice in this legal massacre.

But wait awhile, my Lord China cocks, Durban pigs, Kent rams, and short-horned bulls, are now the fashion in all our towns: special trains, courteous directors, *déjeuners à la fourchette*, viceregal rhetoric, balls, and *manglewörzel*, have with a skillful variety taken the place of the poor honest population, the old piper, and the merry dance. But wait awhile, and England and Lord Lieutenants, and noble graziers may soon learn the approaching paralyzing fact—that pigs cannot handle a rifle, that rams cannot discharge the cannon, that bullocks cannot man a rampart, and that the modern scheme of herds and flocks, and no men, is a mistake which, in the just ways of divine vengeance, may yet humble England to the dust, and make her lick the ground in slavery under the oppressive sway of a foreign master. Wait awhile, *nous verrons*.

At each annual reunion of those agricultural spectacles, it means, *Ireland*, that the scheme of extermination is successfully advancing—that large grazing farms are progressing—that the people are disappearing. It is now the rage to convert the soil of Ireland into immense bullock and sheep parks, and as a proof of her steady advance of the system, we must recollect the facts—viz., that one hundred and ninety-six thousand Irish left Ireland in '52—one hundred and fifty thousand in '53—and one hundred and eleven thousand in '54! And, therefore, where the population of pigs and bullocks is recorded by the secretaries of these societies as an imposing and triumphant proof of the rapidly improving condition of Ireland, it stands precisely as an evidence of equal value to demonstrate the frightful depopulation of the country. The entire and sole aim of these societies in *Ireland* is to advance the landlords and to expel the tenantry—it is to encourage the growth of black cattle and live stock, and to diminish in the same ratio the census of the people. There is no aristocratic annual meeting to work the mines of Ireland, to encourage labor, to advance commerce, or to foster trade; everything which could even remotely make the people happy is cruelly omitted, and a plan which has the appearance of national advantage adroitly and perseveringly introduced, in order to cover the withering depopulation of the whole Irish population.

Ancient history furnishes one instance of national insane recklessness, which can be compared with the sanguinary English frolic of first exterminating and then attempting to enlist the expelled Irish. Previously to the subjugation of Greece to the Roman power, the Greek legislature (so like England) fearing that their numerous slaves would join the Romans, put all their farm slaves to death, and never recovered the famine, which resulted from their massacre. And, without urging the facts of history beyond the legitimate deductions of logic, there can be no doubt that England already feels, and shall soon, very soon, feel in her very heart's core that the expulsion of one million and a half of the Irish peasantry is a freak of Protestant policy which denudes her empire of the necessary military force, which reduces her to a mere auxiliary force in the Crimea, and which humbles her to a state of acknowledged and slavish dependence and subserviency, to the supreme and arbitrary will of France. Oh, God! what an army lies on the bottom of the Atlantic, and in the Irish graveyards, where the most infamous persecution has buried at least three hundred thousand of the finest men that ever the world saw. If there be justice in Heaven, and if there be revenge for incredible crime, there must be a fate reserved for England commensurate with the multitudinousness of her national crimes, and which the full chalice of her iniquities to Ireland, must soon call forth in the palpable catastrophe of national chastisement.

My Lord, will you kindly inform the fathers and mothers of Ireland how many of their banished children you have recruited for England in America?—do, Lord Palmerston, do, tell us, the success of your officer, Mr. Crampton? Do, Sir, tell us, how many men from Clare, from Mayo, from Meath, from Skibbereen, have joined your ambassador? But if the ambassador fail in his scheme; why do you not employ your former friends and companions, Gavazzi, Achilli, Astrazzi, Mazzini, Kossuth, and Ciceronechio? You cannot fail, my lord, in your scheme; as you can be, by your former associates in European and English policy. Why not enlist a refreshing battalion from your quondam correspondents, the "free corps" of Switzerland—who sacked the convents, robbed Mount St. Bernard, banished priests, and killed nuns. Verily, my lord, you are the man to recruit for England, from amongst your virtuous and moral bands of the Continent.

But you have the foreign German Legion, and you have the Sardinian contingent; most

dear to England, since they have confiscated church property, expelled bishops, closed convents, and imitate your own Henry and Somerset. But these legions and these contingents, besides losing at present three millions sterling by them, demonstrate that England has no army of her own to defend her empire; and, again, they prove, that having no military capital at home or abroad as a first rate power, she is henceforward doomed to be the tool of France, the slave of a predominant nation, an old diseased skeleton, having nothing left of her former vigor, except the inherent and inseparable marrow of Protestant bigotry and persecuting intolerance.

Pray, tell me, my lord, whether Mr. Crampton intends coming to Ireland to recruit for the Crimea? I can refer him to certain districts in Ireland where men of his kidney may be likely to find recruits for the honor and safety of England. Perhaps you would think of sending him to Dingle, where the Souters have purchased some Catholic souls at ten shillings apiece. The contingent, with a corrupt Bible in one hand, a sword in the other, and perjury in their mouths, would charge the enemy with more courage than the Connaught Rangers? He might try Kells, in the country Meath; examine the soup kitchens in Connemara, look in on the Island of Achill, and learn as he passes along how much the Queen's name has been exalted in Ireland by her clergy publishing tracts of blasphemy, fomenting rebellion, and collecting tens of thousands of pounds from the gullible English to turn the Gospel into revenge and to worship God by a lie.

Ah! my lord, the bigotry, the insolence, the infidelity, and the hypocrisy of England, are detected at last: and your servant, Mr. Crampton, under your command, is merely a local tool in your hands, endeavoring to remedy the results of a system in this country which shall soon, very soon, end in the just and final degradation of England. Oh, Lord! how long? Yes, there is truly an indecency in this enlistment in America: it is a reckless defiance of all the honorable feelings of society. What would be thought of the man who, having murdered a parent, would then employ his orphan child to polish the sword with which his father was assassinated? Yes, I repeat again and again, it is most indecent of you to originate this unfeeling outrage on the broken heart of Ireland; and how this cruel freak has been received in America will best appear from the following extract from the *New York Herald*, a high Republican journal:—"Mr. Crampton owe it to himself and to the character he has borne during his long residence at Washington to explain this matter, if he can, in such a manner that will satisfy the public. Some such explanation is not less due to the country he represents. Nothing would be more likely to embitter the feeling on this side of the water than an impression that the Queen's government is so contemptuously reckless of our laws as to authorize their systematic infringement by the highest British functionaries in America."

I intend, at my convenience, to write a series of letters on your past and present career—not that I consider you an able statesman—you are an arduous debater rather than a consummate politician—but I address myself to you because I look on your lordship as the exponent of a policy which, sooner or later, will bring ruin on your country. Louis Philippe once said of you, that "such was your obstinacy of temper, that you would recklessly expend the last shilling in the British treasury, and fire the last shot in her locker, sooner than yield even to reason." But, if he had added that you were a Christian without any defined creed, and a politician without a fixed principle, he would have most justly defined your lordship's public character. I have taken it into my head that I know you better than any living man; and I dare say I should surprise yourself were I to produce the documents I could sustain the definition already given of your lordship's inherent and essential official characteristics. I look upon you to be the most disastrous minister that England has ever selected in her policy, and consider you, beyond all comparison, to be the greatest and the most perfidious enemy the Catholic Church has ever had either in ancient or modern times. You sometimes throw a bone adroitly, to be picked by a hungry aspirant of Catholic fame—you occasionally fling a sprat on the political current, by which you succeed in catching some silly fools, who are ignorant of your crafty skill; but with this occasional semblance of petty concessions, you are of all living men, if you dared, the most willing accomplice to forge the chains and rivet the fetters on the Catholics of the whole world. Who can forget the speeches which were uttered by you and Lord John Russell at the close of the last session of parliament? The mean and cowardly attack on the Pope pronounced by you both can never be forgotten; and the motive which prompted these combined orations is as transparent as your known hatred of Catholicity. Of Lord John Russell it may be said, that it is a pity he has survived the year '50. Like an old actor, once the Jupiter of the stage, but falling by degrees till at length he fills the office of snuffing the candles at the theatre, he has sunk below himself and below notice, and now stands, by the public decision, for the Zero of political consistency and national honor.

In your speech at the close of parliament in last August, you attack "the weakness and the tyranny (as you called it) of the Papal government, and of the King of Naples." Aye, you saw that the King of Sardinia had confiscated church property, and imprisoned and banished bishops, had closed convents, and had blasphemously laid hands upon the consecrated rights of ages; you, therefore, concluded that the wicked King would be consigned to the just reprobation of the church of which he is a member for this public sacrilege; and hence, as the true exponent of the principles of English ecclesiastical spoliation, Your lordship, taking up the expiring echoes

of Russell's bigotry, closes the session of the last Parliament by palliating the robbery, by praising the plunderer, and by launching at the head of the church and the Catholic King of Naples the stereotyped abuse and historical lies, of which no one can command a more opulent capital than the present premier of England. What a study of incongruities do you present in your official personalities! You appoint a Catholic chaplain in Ireland, and at the same time you try to unpoise Pío the Ninth in Italy! You give liberty of Catholic worship in a gaol in Ireland, and you denounce Catholic doctrine on the continent! You protect a Catholic convent at home, and you demolish all conventual life abroad! You lick the ground after a Catholic Emperor in France, and you spit in the face of a Catholic King in Naples! Your words are all peace, but your actions are all discord! You are the advocate of all constitutional law at home, and you are the personal friend of all the revolutionists abroad! You advise a universal calm, and you always appear as a storm. Your lordship resembles "Mother Carey's Chickens" on sea; you are the harbinger of bad weather; your appearance foretells disaster; you delight in shipwrecks; you live amid deserted rocks, and you grow fat on the dead bodies cast upon shore—*nil tam dispar sibi*.

In my conscience I look on your conduct during the Russell administration as the principal cause of the continuation of the present war. You encouraged the Revolution of Hungary by perfidious promises of English co-operation—you drove Sardinia into a war of usurpation—you kissed the hand of Kossuth, the most unprincipled political wretch in existence—your spies maligned the religion, the laws, the customs of Austria—your press slandered the court and the Emperor, and you have, by a policy peculiar to yourself, as the Captain Rock of Europe, driven the emuity of that Catholic Empire into unmitigated revenge against England; and, as if to add mockery to your republican policy, Lord John Russell is sent to negotiate a peace, and to induce Austria—this most insulted and outraged kingdom—to enter into a coalition with England! While it is notorious to every diplomatist in Europe that Austria would prefer a coalition with Russia, or with any nation on the earth, sooner than form a national alliance, and trust the known perfidy of England. I say you have incurred the irradicable enmity of Austria—you have prevented an alliance with her—you have lost her assistance in the present struggle—you have given strength to Russia, and in my soul I look upon you, from your revolutionary conduct, as the principal accomplice in the destruction of the allied armies of the Crimea.

Has it ever occurred to your lordship, in reading the continental journals, in studying the speeches of ministers, and observing the conduct of cabinets, that you have never heard any abuse of the Queen of England—never observed any officer of any court advise the confiscation of what you call your church property—never knew any ministerial papers to be paid for unceasing calumny of the English court, of the English religion, of English manners? And, again, has the idea ever presented itself to you, that no Catholic country has ever employed lying Bible-readers, has ever nired clerical slanderers to visit the houses in England, or in any other Protestant country, and by tracts of blasphemy, by a forge of infamy, passing all credibility, promulgating lies against everything Protestant? One moment's reflection will teach you the contrast between England and Catholic Europe on this irritating subject; and if (as I can assure you) Catholicity feels deeply wounded by this lying practice of infidel Protestantism, will you tell me how has our gracious Queen been able, at her late visit, to look France in the face, or bow can you have the hardihood to raise your eyes in the presence of your master and England's present superior, the Emperor Napoleon? Be assured, my lord, these are questions of deeper import than strike the eye at first sight. You ridiculed France when you thought France was weak. You now flatter France when you see France is strong. Your press despised the Emperor when you fancied he was an outcast, and now you fawn on him when the canon of Boulogne is heard in Saint James's and the Champ de Mars, under a French sun and a French sky, reveals the glancing sheen of one hundred thousand lifted spears in the presence of your Queen. But, then, the royal *entente cordiale* is a guarantee for future peace!

aye—when England found it her interest to strike France, she did so, as an expiring voice from St. Helena has told; and, believe me, when France shall find it her interest to return the blow, that same voice will sound in the ears of France like the summons of resurrection, and arm millions of her children in coats of steel to avenge the national stain, or advance the imperial interest. Aye, *entente cordiale!* Pshaw! Wait, my lord, till the Crimea shall be evacuated—wait till France takes possession of Asia, and plant her eagle on Turkish soil firmly—and time will tell the tale—that your petty auxiliary battalions, with their stupid commanders in dreamy senility, shall be ordered home by your imperial master, giving to England, of course, some commercial advantages, but keeping for France the possession of the soil which she alone has won, and pushing her conquests and their real glories as far as the Indus. In fact, England deserves from France merely the freight of her ships in deporting the munitions of war. Her office has been that of carrier to the French army. She was late at the Alma—she was asleep at Inkermann—and she owes her life, beyond doubt, on that occasion, to the French—who was mad at Balaklava, and she was beaten at the Redan.

And how could it be otherwise? All her generals are all Swaddlers to a man—they are all old Bible-readers, tract-distributors, street preachers, and psalm singers. Between the gout and the Bible, they were late everywhere, and beaten everywhere. Old Raglan was in bed at Inkermann—old Simpson pray-

ing in a trench at the storming of the Redan—and old Burgoyne laid up in the gout, while the men walked up to the middle in mud, in last winter, as they staggered, laid down, and died on their way from the shore to the camp. And, as an illustration of the irradicable and incomprehensible disease of Swaddling inherent in the nature of these old jibbering generals, they have never, in one instance, borne testimony, or said one little kind word in their despatches of the invincible courage of the poor Irish who stood in the front rank of the raging battle—who flew with lightning flash against the red iron shower of death, and, with an Irish cheer from their faithful hearts, luried their victorious steel in the bosom of the enemy, and saved, and won, the day. Yet, not a word of praise from the English or Scotch generals—the old gouty chiefs—the hoary, senile, armed Swaddlers in the Lord.

But the time may not be far distant when the Irish people and Irish courage may receive more patronage—when England will recover from the gout—when the Protestant clergy will learn to preach sermons, and not orange orations—and when the mania of lies, and Swaddling, and Biblical bazaars, and Protestant lace, and Lutheran hosiery, and evangelical needle-work, shall cease to be a national necessity, and be succeeded by a compulsory voice of truth, shame and common sense.

Ireland has fallen into a lethargy, within the last eight years, from the paralysis of famine and persecution; she has lost her speech from the terrible stroke, and she can never forget that while lying in her bed of sickness, the treacherous Protestant Church sent her emissaries to try and rob her of her faith in her last struggle of existence, and thus to add damnation to death. But I here counsel Ireland, now that her present living children have escaped the national gauge, to resume their former energies, to *meet every week in Dublin*, to raise the old shout of defiance against your English bigotry; and I undertake to say that within two years the Protestant Church established will begin to crumble before the indignant combination of all classes; and the tyranny of England will crouch to the voice of united Irishmen under the approaching pressure of European policy.

I have the honor to be your lordship's obedient servant,  
D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

KNOW-NOTHING CONVENTION AT LOUISVILLE.—There was a Mass Meeting of Know-Notthings at Louisville last Tuesday. The *Times* speaks thus of one of the speakers:

Gen. Williamson, of Pennsylvania, was announced for a speech, when a snobbish looking man, with an enormous wig, made his appearance and announced, to the great delight of his audience, that he was "all right on the goose." We never heard of Gen. Williamson before; but as he was introduced as a specimen of Pennsylvania Samism, we, with great patience, listened to his tiresome harangue in the hope that the opinion of Pennsylvania Samon the Nebraska bill would be revealed. But on that question the martial spirit of Pennsylvania was most prudently withheld. The nearest he came to an expression of opinion upon that subject was, that after the Know-Notthings have elected the President, and distributed the offices, they would enter upon a consideration of the slavery question, and so settle it as to preserve the Union.

Immense applause greeted this portion of the orator's speech, and he took his seat amidst the highest demonstrations of approbation on the part of Bartlett & Co.

It says further:—  
"Altogether, the Convention has been a failure. The number in attendance was small, and the speaking unsufferable. It has been a dull, heavy, stupid affair throughout; and the only thing accomplished by it has been the consumption of an intolerable quantity of bad whisky, and the expansion of a large amount of foul breath. It is the last kick of Sam in Kentucky. Peace to his ashes, and his soul to the devil who gave it."

A DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—We saw yesterday (says the Philadelphia Ledger of the 23d) a \$5 bank bill of the Philadelphia Bank altered to \$20, and the alteration so skillfully done, that persons unacquainted with the notes of that bank would be likely to be deceived. This note, which is a genuine \$5 altered, may be detected by holding it to the light and observing the difference of shading in the figures \$20, which is lighter than the general shades of the note. A more certain mark of detection, however, is in the difference of the vignette. On the fives, in the upper left corner, there is a vignette of two reclining female figures, with the Goddess of Liberty between them, and on the right hand of the note, a female figure, seated, with a bird and globe in her right hand and a spear in the left. In the twenties there are two heads of Washington above, two female figures, sail vessel on right, houses on left, spread eagle below; a likeness of Franklin on the right end of the note, and a bust of William Penn on the left end. As this altered note has the pictorial representations belonging to the five dollar bills, persons may easily see that it is not a twenty, as it purports to be.

VALUE OF THE GRASS CROP.—Governor Wright, of Indiana, says our grass crop is not properly appreciated. No crop, he says, approaches so near a spontaneous yield, and none yields so large a profit. The hay crop of the United States in 1850 was over 13,000,000 tons; that for 1855 he estimates at 15,000,000, which is worth \$150,000,000, while the whole cotton crop is valued at \$128,000,000. Of this crop more than half is produced by the four States, New York, (which yields one-fourth of the whole,) Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The grass crop which is used for pasturage is at least as valuable; so that this single herb is worth annually more than three hundred millions of dollars.

## An Affecting Story—A Child Lost.

A child of Franklin Gray, of Preston county, Va., (two years of age) attempted to follow its father to a neighbor's, a mile distant. The mother, missing the child, became alarmed, and at once instituted search. She followed her husband, but heard no tidings of the lost one. Father and mother, spreading the alarm, joined by sympathizing neighbors, set out on a search, and all that day and night they continued the search, but morning came, and still the little wanderer was not found. Court was in session at Kingwood, (the county seat,) and on Saturday morning adjourned to allow all in attendance to aid in restoring the child to its anxious parents. The party numbering now about 200 persons, searched the woods all day, but not till the hunt had been well nigh abandoned, as evening was coming on again, could any information be had of the child's condition or whereabouts. Mr. B. Hawley, as he was returning home, and within half a mile of Mr. Gray's house, found the child, but it was dead! It had perished from exposure, having been without food, wandering in the cold dreary woods from Friday morning.

SHOCKING MURDER IN SAVANNAH.—A most shocking murder was perpetrated last night, about half-past nine o'clock, at the Arbor-Billard Saloon, on Bryan street, kept by Mr. J. M. Hayward. On repairing to the place some twenty minutes after the occurrence, we found a large concourse of persons assembled in the saloon, and the body of a young man by the name of Francis Hyatt, the bar-keeper, lying upon the floor dead, having received a pistol ball in his left temple.

The shot must have caused instant death, and the unfortunate young man lay upon the spot where he had fallen. Hyatt, who came from New York to this city, is said to have been a very quiet, inoffensive young man. From what we were able to learn, there appeared to have been no collision between him and the person who fired the fatal shot. The proprietor of the establishment was absent at the time, and only a few persons are known to have been present.

Three or four persons have been arrested, and a preliminary investigation of the matter, before Esquire Russell, was going on at the barracks, when we left there at 12 o'clock. We were, however, unable to learn any particulars of a character sufficiently authentic to justify our reporting them at this time.

Coroner Eden held an inquest on the body of the murdered man, which resulted in a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot fired by some persons unknown to the jury.—*Savannah News, Nov. 28th.*

RESOLUTIONS RETURNED.—Governor Adams of South Carolina, in his message to the Legislature, says that he has returned the resolutions sent him by Massachusetts to the proper officers of that State. In explanation he says:

"Had Massachusetts confined herself to resolutions expressive of her feelings and purposes in relation to slavery, impotent as I may have regarded them, I would have received them with indifference, and transmitted them without comment; but I consider the acts of her late Legislature as an insult and an outrage upon every member of the Confederacy, who has a right to demand the enforcement of the fugitive slave act. A State whose Legislature deliberately, unblushingly, impudently violates her constitutional obligations and whose people resist the execution of law, even to the shedding of blood, is not entitled to comity from us; and I feel that I would have betrayed the dignity of my trust had I hesitated to affix on such conduct the seal of official condemnation. The interchange of civilities with a people who feel it to be no dishonor to prevent the recovery of stolen property, will hardly reclaim the faithless, and is incompatible from the respect which honesty owes to itself."

MARKS ON NEWSPAPERS.—We learn from the *Washington Star* that it has been decided by the Post Office Department that a mere mark above or around an advertisement or other article in a newspaper does not subject the newspaper, to letter postage; as by such mark no additional information is either asked for or communicated. This, however, should not be understood as allowing any device to be used by which information is asked for or given.—Any device—a letter or figure, for instance—to indicate the period of subscription has expired, or is about to expire, is a clear violation of law, subjecting the paper to letter postage by weight; and if that is not paid, the Postmaster of the office of delivery is required to return the paper to the mailing office for prosecution. The penalty is five dollars.

A Boston correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* gives an insight into the workings of the Prohibitory Liquor Law in Massachusetts. He says: "The obstinacy of juries, in liquor cases is on the increase, and is extending over the State. Half-a-dozen cases have failed in Franklin county, though Judge Bishop told the jury that it was their duty to convict, if they were satisfied as to the facts. The law is the deadliest of dead letters."

Eastern Banks Tumbling.

Telegraphic dispatches state that the following banks were thrown out in Boston:  
Rhode Island Central Bank,  
Ellsworth Bank, Maine,  
Orno " " "  
Searesport " " "  
Royalton Bank, Vermont,  
People's Bank of Danby Line, Vermont.

A western editor cautions his tall readers against kissing short women, as the habit has rendered him round shouldered.