

The Herald.

VOL. III.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1867.

NO. 24.

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD REILLY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.
TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
JOB PRINTING.
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch
and at moderate terms, at the HERALD OFFICE.

ALMANACK FOR MARCH.
MOON'S PHASES.
New Moon, 6th day, 5h. 26m. morning, E.
First Quarter, 13th day, 4h. 35m., morning, NNW
Full Moon, 20th day, 4h. 43m., morning, S.W.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 3h. 33m., morning, S.E.

DAY	DAY WEEK	MOON'S PHASES	High (Moon)	Day's length
1	Friday	6 43 5 43 7 8	3 24 10 59	
2	Saturday	41 45 8 7 4	7 11 2	
3	Sunday	39 46 9 0 4	7 5	
4	Monday	37 48 9 50 5 24	9	
5	Tuesday	36 49 10 36 5 59	12	
6	Wednesday	34 50 19 20 sets	15	
7	Thursday	32 51 11 59 7 34	18	
8	Friday	31 52 morn. 8 43	21	
9	Saturday	30 53 0 41 9 52	23	
10	Sunday	28 54 1 26 10 55	26	
11	Monday	26 55 2 10 12 0	29	
12	Tuesday	23 57 2 58 morn.	34	
13	Wednesday	19 58 3 52 1 7	39	
14	Thursday	17 59 4 54 2 7	42	
15	Friday	15 1 6 8 3 3	46	
16	Saturday	14 2 7 10 3 48	48	
17	Sunday	13 3 8 18 4 32	50	
18	Monday	11 5 9 17 rises	53	
19	Tuesday	9 5 10 10 5 40	56	
20	Wednesday	7 6 10 58 6 44	59	
21	Thursday	5 4 7 11 89 7 45	12 2	
22	Friday	3 8 even. 8 48	5	
23	Saturday	1 9 1 0 9 44	8	
24	Sunday	59 11 1 40 10 43	11	
25	Monday	58 12 2 21 11 35	14	
26	Tuesday	56 13 3 1 even	17	
27	Wednesday	54 15 3 47 0 29	21	
28	Thursday	52 16 4 38 1 15	24	
29	Friday	50 17 5 32 2 2	21	
30	Saturday	48 19 6 29 2 43	35	
31	Sunday	45 21 7 26 3 12	37	

PRICES CURRENT.
CHARLOTTETOWN, March 15, 1867.

Provisions.	Grain.	Vegetables.	Poultry.	Fish.	Lumber.	Sundries.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	3d to 7d	Peas, per quart.	2s 3d to 3s 6d	Codfish, per qt.	3s 6d to 4s	Hay, per ton.	6s to 7s
Do by the quarter.	3d to 5	Potatoes, per bushel.	1s 8d to 2s	Herrings, per barrel.	4s to 5s	Straw, per cent.	1s 9d to 2s
Pork, (carcase)	3d to 4d	Geese, each.	2s 3d to 3s 6d	Mackerel, per dozen.	7s to 9s	Timothy Seed.	none
Do (small)	5d to 7d	Turkeys, each.	4s to 8s		13s to 18s	Clover Seed, per lb.	none
Mutton, per lb.	4d to 6d	Ducks.	1s to 1s 8d			Homespun, per yard.	4s to 6s
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d		1s 3d to 1s 6d			Calfskins, per lb.	4d
Ham, per lb.	4d to 7d					Hides, per lb.	1s to 1s 3d
Butter, (fresh)	1s 1d to 1s 3d					Wool.	4s to 5s
Do by the tub.	1s to 1s 1d					Sheepskins, per doz.	2d to 4d
Cheese, per lb.	4d to 6d					Parridges.	
Tallow, per lb.	9d to 10d						
Lard, per lb.	9d to 11d						
Flour, per lb.	3d to 3d 1/2						
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	16 to 17s						
Eggs, per dozen.	1s 1d to 1s 3d						

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN
THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.
The Best of Liquors always on hand. Good stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.
JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Nov. 25, 1863.

THE LAST CAUTION!!
As the season for Shipping has now far advanced, and those indebted to the Estate of the late PATRICK STEPHENS not having come forward to pay up their respective Accounts, the Subscriber hereby intimates to them that on the closing of the Navigation
Defaulters will be Sued indiscriminately.
R. J. CLARKE,
Agent for above Estate.
Orwell Street, Nov. 12, 1866.
Fresh Ground Rice,
FOR Sale by
W. R. WATSON,
Jan. 9, 1867.

McKinnon's Store,
SOURIS EAST.
FALL & WINTER STOCK.
THE SUBSCRIBER, thankful for the liberal share of patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, begs to announce that he has just
COMPLETED
HIS
FALL & WINTER STOCK OF
GOODS,
consisting in part of:
GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS,
DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS and MANTLES,
HATS, Ladies' & Gents'
Ready-Made Clothing,
FUR CAPS
HARDWARE,
LEATHER, etc., etc.
Which he offers for sale at unusually LOW PRICES, for present pay, and he respectfully requests a continuance of public favor.
MICHAEL McCORMACK,
Souris East, Nov. 6, '66.

STELLA COLAS.
Rimmel's Stella Colas Bouquet, dedicated by permission to this talented Artiste.
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night, As a rich jewel in Ethiopia's ear.
Perfumes for the Handkerchief.
Alexandra, Guards, Fragebane, Princess of Wales, Rimmel's, Lilly of the Valley, Jockey Club, Wood Violet, Milleleur, Essence Bouquet, Patchouly, Violet.
West End, New Mown Hay, Loves Myrtle.
The Bard of Avon's Perfume, in a neat Box; Sydenham Eau de Cologne, Treble Lavender Water, Extract of Lavender Flowers, Verbena Water, Tercentenary Sachet, Perfumery, Teatentary Souvenir, Shakespear Golden Scented Lozenge, Extract of Lime Juice and Glycerine, for making the Hair soft and glossy; Rose Leaf Powder, an improvement of Violet Powder; Bloom of Ninon, for the Complexion. Depilatory Powder for removing superfluous hairs without injury to the skin; Napoleon Pomade, for fixing the Hair and mustaches; Hair Dye, for giving the Hair and Whiskers a natural and permanent shade without trouble and danger.
Rimmel's Rose Water Cracker, a new and amusing device for evening parties.
W. B. WATSON,
Drug Store, Dec. 22, 1864.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.
Requires immediate attention, and should be checked, if allowed to continue. Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease, is often the result.
Brown's Bronchial Troches.
Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.
For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases.
Troches are used with always good success.
Singers and Public Speakers
will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have had testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.
Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Oct 6, 1866.

JOHN BELL,
MANUFACTURER OF CLOTHING
In all its branches, thankful to his Friends and the Patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at
OLD STAND,
Queen Street,
and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.
Terms Cash.
Entrance at side Door.
Queen Street, July 11, 1866.
DONALD M'RAE,
Merchant Tailor,
And Dealer in
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Queen Street,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Aug. 8, 1866.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON!
PER "UNDINE" and "L. C. OWEN" from LIVERPOOL, and "LOTUS" from LONDON, the Subscriber has received.
An Unusually Large Supply of Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines,
PERFUMERY, (English and French); SOAPS BRUSHES, PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD (in Kegs and Bottles); CURRIE POWDER, CITRON, LEMON and ORANGE PEELS, M. LADE, ESSENCE, SPICES, Malt and White Wine, VINEGAR, SARDINES, ANCHOVIES, MUSHROOMS, CAPERS, and United Service SAUCE, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DRYING JAPAN KNOTTING, DYE STUFFS, and Miscellaneous Articles, of the Best Quality, and at Moderate Prices.
WM. R. WATSON,
7, Nov. 1866.

Miscellaneous and General News.
MR. JOHN BRIGHT'S SERVICES AND HIS ORIGIN.
[London correspondence of New York Herald.]
Our journals are much occupied again with speeches of Mr. Horsman and Mr. Bright, and other reformers and reformers, and with comments on what they say of each other and of reform. There is little of novelty and less of utility in all this, for it does more to irritate partisans than to elucidate the question at issue, or to promote the peaceful solution of a vexatious problem. Mr. Bright's latest oration was so far an exception to the general remark, that it contained some little information about himself, which your readers may be glad to have. His townsman, of Rochdale, presented him on the day before yesterday with a complimentary address, in reply to which he gave a short history of his political life. He traced the sympathy he has always felt for the multitude to the education he received as a member of the Society of Friends. He told how, when he was overwhelmed by a private grief, twenty-five years ago, Mr. Cobden had summoned him to surmount it and engage with him in that crusade against the Corn Laws, which ended in the greatest victory yet obtained over monopoly and what is called protection. He spoke of his exertions to relieve the press from trammels, including duties on paper and advertisements; and of the view he had taken of Indian affairs, having always objected to the dominion of the East India Company, and claimed for the Government the entire responsibility of our Indian Empire. In all his exertions, a warm sympathy for the multitude stands in the place of what is called political wisdom, and better answers all its nominal purposes. As a succinct history of a popular leader, the whole address might be worthy of a place in your columns. I must content myself with transcribing from a previous oration his account of the origin of his family.
My father was a working man. About the time that the cotton trade was, as it were, in its infancy in this country, he was apprenticed to a most worthy man, who had a few acres of ground, a very small farm, and three or four looms in his house engaged in the cotton manufacture. My father was apprenticed to him, and learned to weave, at a village near New Mill, in Derbyshire. About the year 1796, he was free of his apprenticeship, and he sallied forth to seek his living, or, as the story book says, to "seek his fortune" along with a fellow apprentice. And I have heard him say that their joint pursuit did not amount to more than about 40s. He found employment at his business as a weaver, and he was able to earn six shillings a week. At that time the Government of England was engaged in a tremendous war with the French Republic—the Government of England was shedding the blood of the people as though it was but water, and squandering its treasure as though it had not been accumulated by the painful labor and the sweat of the population of this kingdom; and trade was very bad and wages were very low, and six shillings a week was that which a hand-loom weaver at that time could earn. In the year 1802 my mother came to this country. Her old master's sons came here, and in conjunction with two or three gentlemen in this neighborhood, they built the mill which you all know quite well as the "Hanging Road Factory." It was, I believe, the second factory in this town and neighborhood which was set to work in cotton spinning. He remained there for seven years, and in 1809 he took that old mill, which is even yet in our occupation, and with the outward and somewhat dismal aspect of which you are all perfectly familiar. Some friends of his in Manchester, who were in business as commission agents, seeing his aptitude for business, and believing in his honorable character, found the capital which was necessary to begin business in that mill, and about the end of the year 1809, that old steam engine which was put down there by Boulton and Watt, of Birmingham, nobody knows hardly how long since, first turned round to spin cotton in that old mill. Well, now, from 1809 to 1867 is at least fifty-seven years, and I venture to say that, with one single exception, and not of long duration, there has been, during that fifty-seven years, an uninterrupted harmony and confidence between my family connected with that business and those who have assisted us and been employed in it. Now, I shall not go into any details of business; nor will I speak more than in a word of the twenty-five years of continuous service which I have given to the public, nor of the results of the service. Whatever that service may be worth, it is before you and before the country, and it is not for me to speak of it more than what I have now said. I said that I believe that all those from whom he bought anything, or to whom he sold anything, as well as those who were employed by him, would give him that character. The principle which he adopted in his commercial career is the principle which has been adopted by his sons; and I venture here to express the hope and belief hereafter it will be adopted and scrupulously adhered to by his sons' sons who may come after us.

THE "KINGDOM OF CANADA."—In the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 27th ult.—
Mr. Raymond, (rep.) of N. Y., asked leave to offer a resolution declaring that the establishment in the immediate proximity of the United States of a powerful monarchy under the support of a foreign nation cannot be regarded otherwise than as being hostile to the peace and menacing the safety of this Republic, and requesting the President to inform the House whether any remonstrance has been made by this Government against the proposed consolidation of all the British North American provinces into a single confederacy under the Imperial rule of an English Prince, and whether the consent of this government has been given in any way to the consummation of that project.
Mr. Conklin, (rep.) of New York, objected.
Mr. Raymond moved to suspend the rules.
On the vote being taken there was no quorum, and then the House, this resolution remaining as the unfinished business to come up to-morrow morning, adjourned at twenty minutes past ten o'clock.
KINGDOMS AND DOMINIONS ON OUR FRONTIER.—The British American Confederation Bill, which has passed the House of Lords, and now awaits the action of the Commons, is to be amended, if a Montreal telegram be credible, so that the new Government shall not be called a "Kingdom," but "Dominion!" Well, that is all right in its way. We took the liberty, the other day, of saying that a "Kingdom" on this continent, without a "King," would be a queer sort of arrangement. And it occurred to us, at the same time, that a Royal Court, with an allowance of only ten thousand a year, would be rather a shabby affair. A "Dominion," however, can probably be kept in repair at less cost, and, therefore, we await particulars before calling in question the propriety of the latter title. It has occurred to some folks here that the colonists might have quietly formed a partnership under the style of the "United Provinces of Canada." But private reports say that every delegate expects to become a Baronet the title descending to future generations, if it should go ever so low. That sort of thing is not likely to last. Meanwhile, we quietly accept "Dominion" as the only thing between us and the North Pole.—New York World.

HORRIBLE MURDER AT NEWMARKET N. J.—A SERVANT GIRL MURDERS HER MISTRESS.
[From the New York Herald.]
On Monday night last a most atrocious murder was perpetrated in the little town of Newmarket, N. J., about three miles westward of Plainfield, on the line of the Central railroad, the victim being the wife of Dr. Lester Wallace Coriell, a resident of the former place. It appears that about 12 o'clock on the night in question a gentleman by the name of Coriell, a distant relation of the Doctor, was awakened by a loud rapping at his door, and on raising the window to ascertain the cause, he beheld the doctor's servant girl standing at the door with the doctor's child, a boy two years old, in her arms, clamoring for admittance. He asked her what she wanted, and she replied that there was trouble at the physician's house. He told her to run across the way to the minister's, the Rev. Wm. C. Little's while he got ready to come down. The girl did as she was told, and in a few moments the clergyman and a friend proceeded to the doctor's, followed by the girl, while the gentleman who had been first awakened went out into the main street and rang a large bell as a signal of general alarm. In a short time the whole village was aroused. Meanwhile the minister and his companions had proceeded to the doctor's house, where they found everything in total darkness. The door was shut, but unlocked. Entering on his hands and knees, and feeling his way carefully as he went, Mr. Little succeeded in crawling across the sitting room floor and reaching the door of the bedroom adjoining which he found shut. On opening it a dense volume of smoke burst forth, almost suffocating those who were in the outer room, and flickering flames, burning dimly under the black cloud of smoke that hung about the place, were seen to be creeping along the bedposts and the floor strewn with bedclothes. Amid the whole, with the habiliments torn to shreds and besmeared with blood, lay the body of Mrs. Coriell. With the assistance of the neighbors Mr. Little had the body carried out and the flames in the room extinguished. So soon as a light had been procured and the smoke dispelled, a scene presented itself to the eyes of the horror-stricken spectators that made the blood freeze in the veins of the most sturdy. On every side were evidences of a fearful struggle. The bed, with its posts blackened and charred; the bedclothes, which had been dragged to the floor in the scuffle, and lay huddled here and there in ragged heaps, stained with blood and gore; matted feathers torn from the pillows; the kerosene lamp broken in fragments under the half-consumed crib in which the little child had that night been put to sleep by its mother, together with the broken chair, with the splinters seared with coagulated blood; all these signs betokened a strife that must have been one in which the victim contended for life as fiercely as did the murderer to do her hellish work completely. But the saddest sight of all, the one that harrowed the hearts of all those who crowded round the corpse and gazed, with pallid cheek and trembling lip, upon the upturned, mangled face of the dead, was the body of the unfortunate victim. There was not an inch of flesh from the forehead to the breast that was not covered with hideous gashes. The jugular vein was torn out, not cut, and the deep imprint of four teeth was visible on the left cheek. Twenty-three stabs in all had the murderer made, any one of which would have in all probability been the cause of the death of the victim.
So soon as the excitement occasioned by the terrible occurrence had somewhat subsided, the servant girl, Bridget Dargan, was questioned as to what she knew of the matter. She said that about half-past 8 o'clock that evening two men called at the house and asked to see Dr. Coriell, but were told that he had gone out to visit a patient. At half-past 10 o'clock they called again, while she was in the kitchen and her mistress lying on the lounge in the sitting room. Shortly after they had entered she heard Mrs. Coriell scream and call out to her to take the child away and go for the doctor. Without stopping to see what was the matter, she says she ran out and alarmed the neighbors, and on returning with them found the bedroom on fire and her mistress dead.
These facts were immediately telegraphed to this city, and detectives put on the look-out for the murderers, while detectives Wilson, Morris, and other officers on the Jersey side were sent to the place of the tragedy to see what they could do towards ferreting out the whereabouts of the perpetrators of the bloody deed. During the day a jury was empaneled by Squire Baars, and the results which are given below, to the amazement of but few of the townspeople showed beyond all shadow of doubt that not only was the murder not committed by two men, but that no less a person than the doctor's own servant girl was the actual perpetrator of the deed, and that she concocted the story of the robbers, hoping by its plausibility to shield herself from all consequences of her fiendish act.
A number of witnesses testified at the Coroner's Inquest to the horrible sight that met their view when they entered the scene of the struggle, and of the apathetic conduct of the servant girl, who to every enquiry told the story of two men calling at the house and whom she believed were the murderers. Isaac D. Fitzwath testified that he saw Bridget Dargan after the murder, before whom he made the remark that it was a woman who had committed the deed, as witness the teeth marks. Shortly afterwards the girl asked a neighbor woman who was present "what will they do with me if I know who did the murder, and won't tell who did it?"
After this witness had given his testimony two men, Doyle and Hunt, were brought in, and Bridget pointed them out as the men who had done the murder. They brought several witnesses, who proved satisfactory alibis for them. The servant girl then said she was acquainted with a girl named Anne Lindeu, who had perpetrated the deed, she being present when Anne took the butcher's knife, and went into the sitting room where Mrs. Coriell was lying asleep, remarking, "An American woman's life ain't worth anything anyhow." She also swore that Anne had proposed robbing the house, and that she herself had not done anything to prevent her from doing whatever she had a mind to. The woman thus accused was put on the stand, when her employers and others showed clearly that she was home the night the murder was committed. Seeing herself

thus baffled in her determined efforts to fix the crime upon somebody, Bridget sprang up, and, striking the table with her fist, cried out, "Who'll dare swear I did the murder? You've questioned me and think I did it—What else do you want? I know who did it but I won't tell you."
Dr. Coriell was then examined. He said—My wife notified Bridget some time ago that she did not want her any more, and that when her month was up, on the 22d, she would have to leave. Bridget did not seem to like the change, and talked about it to me and my wife; when the 22d came the girl was sick, and in consequence of that fact she was told to remain until she got well; on Sunday last she told my wife she was going to New York, but I told my wife not to let her go until she was completely re-established in health, and to wait until Monday, when she herself would be going to New York city.
Several other witnesses were then examined, one of whom testified that he had seen Bridget changing her clothes shortly after the murder in the yard.
A verdict of wilful murder against the girl was returned. Bridget Dargan, the alleged murderess is a stout built Irish girl of about twenty-three years of age. She has an evil look that strikes a person forcibly on beholding her. Her manner throughout the inquest yesterday betokened that she was either a cunning evil doer, hiding her moral ugliness under a simulated appearance of a half idiot, or was a half witted creature in the full sense of the word. The unfortunate victim of the murder, Mrs. Mary Ellen Coriell, was aged about twenty-five, a woman of uncommon beauty and suavity of manners. She was regarded by the citizens of Newmarket as a person whose gentle nature and goodness of heart were sufficient of themselves to make her loved and respected by all who knew her, and it thus may be naturally supposed that the excitement and horror occasioned by the frightful manner in which the murder was committed were not lessened by the fact that the victim was a general favorite in the neighborhood. What provocation the murderess had to commit the deed is as yet but matter for conjecture.

FAMINE AND REBELLION—HOW TO CURE THEM.

[From the New York Tablet.]
In view of these Fenian outbreaks—ridiculous and futile in themselves, but worthy of attention as indicating a radical disease in the body corporate—we would ask the British Government, and the Statesmen of Great Britain, why is Ireland always in rebellion? Why is every succeeding generation of British subjects disturbed by insurrection in Ireland? Why are the lords and ladies of the Court of St. James' periodically disturbed by the far-off cry of "Rebellion in Ireland!" breaking like very distant thunder on their aristocratic ears? It may be all very well for high and mighty personages to say, on hearing of fresh troubles in Ireland, "Those horrible Irish!—what a bore they are!—when they are not rulers of famine they are plotting rebellion!" But the dying of England and Ireland, the Statesmen of Great Britain, should view the matter in a different light; they should ask themselves why these things are; why the people of Ireland are evermore either dying of famine or plotting rebellion. It is for them to examine how it comes to pass that the people of Ireland, of all European populations the most grateful and affectionate, and also the most devotedly loyal to lawful authority,—a people inhabiting one of the most fertile islands that the Old World can boast, are still afflicted with the chronic diseases of famine and rebellion.
These noblemen and gentlemen may say—"Oh! it is their own fault; they are a thriftless, indolent race, who would sooner die of hunger than till the land whereon they live; they expect us to support them, a nation of paupers as they are, and when we refuse to do so they get up a rebellion. That is the secret of Irish discontent."
Pardon us, lords and gentlemen of England! that is not the secret of Irish discontent, nor are the Irish a nation of paupers. The Irish are a hard-working people, a nation of toilers; they are able and willing to work, if work be only given them, with any prospect of remuneration, a fact which is easily ascertained by referring to their condition in this or any other country to which they have emigrated.
"They say there's bread and work for all," is the poor Irishman's inducement for going to America, but even whilst crossing the stormy ocean, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, and picturing to himself in the warm tints of his glowing fancy the charms of the "land he's going to," he wails in his own sorrowful heart
"I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as far."
Now, how is it that the rulers of Ireland cannot provide "bread and work for all," in a land so teeming with fertility, so rich in natural resources as Her Britannic Majesty's "Kingdom of Ireland?" Let them give Irish capital and Irish enterprise fair play and reasonable protection, and see that the relations between landlord and tenant are placed on a proper basis; let them try the effect of encouraging Irish manufactures, and developing Irish resources, and they will find it to answer the purpose of tranquillizing Ireland better than all the restrictive measures they can enact, or all the military strength they can bring to bear against that unhappy country. Add to this the abolition of that monstrous anomaly, the Irish Church Establishment. Let them, in fine, treat Ireland as a child rather than a step-child, and they will see whether her chronic diseases of famine and rebellion will resist such a course of wise and beneficent legislation.
Or if Englishmen and Scotchmen cannot and will not be induced to legislate for Ireland on these broad principles of equity and equality, let the British Government, if it would retain its hold on Ireland, try the experiment once more of letting Irishmen legislate for themselves, and according to their wants as a people.—For three score and seven years have the Irish people been subjected to a course of treatment inaugurated by Pitt and Castlereagh. The experiment has utterly, miserably, disgracefully failed, so that Ireland has become the standing reproach of England before all the nations of the earth. It cannot be expected that Ireland will ever rest contented in such a state of abject misery, and there is no doubt but that she will have the whole world's sympathy in any bona fide effort she might make to throw off a yoke which is crushing her people out of existence. In the present unsettled state of European affairs, no man or woman in England can tell but what she herself very badly in need of the oft-tried remedy of those neglected and misgoverned sons of Ireland who are now so often left to die unpitied and forgotten of the "chronic diseases,"—gaunt-eyed famine. It is not so long since a British bard sang of those Irish soldiers in the service of England:
"Hark, from yon stately ranks where laughter rings,
Mingling ill mirth with war's stern ministrings,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him dings,

thus baffled in her determined efforts to fix the crime upon somebody, Bridget sprang up, and, striking the table with her fist, cried out, "Who'll dare swear I did the murder? You've questioned me and think I did it—What else do you want? I know who did it but I won't tell you."
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FAMINE AND REBELLION—HOW TO CURE THEM.

[From the New York Tablet.]
In view of these Fenian outbreaks—ridiculous and futile in themselves, but worthy of attention as indicating a radical disease in the body corporate—we would ask the British Government, and the Statesmen of Great Britain, why is Ireland always in rebellion? Why is every succeeding generation of British subjects disturbed by insurrection in Ireland? Why are the lords and ladies of the Court of St. James' periodically disturbed by the far-off cry of "Rebellion in Ireland!" breaking like very distant thunder on their aristocratic ears? It may be all very well for high and mighty personages to say, on hearing of fresh troubles in Ireland, "Those horrible Irish!—what a bore they are!—when they are not rulers of famine they are plotting rebellion!" But the dying of England and Ireland, the Statesmen of Great Britain, should view the matter in a different light; they should ask themselves why these things are; why the people of Ireland are evermore either dying of famine or plotting rebellion. It is for them to examine how it comes to pass that the people of Ireland, of all European populations the most grateful and affectionate, and also the most devotedly loyal to lawful authority,—a people inhabiting one of the most fertile islands that the Old World can boast, are still afflicted with the chronic diseases of famine and rebellion.
These noblemen and gentlemen may say—"Oh! it is their own fault; they are a thriftless, indolent race, who would sooner die of hunger than till the land whereon they live; they expect us to support them, a nation of paupers as they are, and when we refuse to do so they get up a rebellion. That is the secret of Irish discontent."
Pardon us, lords and gentlemen of England! that is not the secret of Irish discontent, nor are the Irish a nation of paupers. The Irish are a hard-working people, a nation of toilers; they are able and willing to work, if work be only given them, with any prospect of remuneration, a fact which is easily ascertained by referring to their condition in this or any other country to which they have emigrated.
"They say there's bread and work for all," is the poor Irishman's inducement for going to America, but even whilst crossing the stormy ocean, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, and picturing to himself in the warm tints of his glowing fancy the charms of the "land he's going to," he wails in his own sorrowful heart
"I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as far."
Now, how is it that the rulers of Ireland cannot provide "bread and work for all," in a land so teeming with fertility, so rich in natural resources as Her Britannic Majesty's "Kingdom of Ireland?" Let them give Irish capital and Irish enterprise fair play and reasonable protection, and see that the relations between landlord and tenant are placed on a proper basis; let them try the effect of encouraging Irish manufactures, and developing Irish resources, and they will find it to answer the purpose of tranquillizing Ireland better than all the restrictive measures they can enact, or all the military strength they can bring to bear against that unhappy country. Add to this the abolition of that monstrous anomaly, the Irish Church Establishment. Let them, in fine, treat Ireland as a child rather than a step-child, and they will see whether her chronic diseases of famine and rebellion will resist such a course of wise and beneficent legislation.
Or if Englishmen and Scotchmen cannot and will not be induced to legislate for Ireland on these broad principles of equity and equality, let the British Government, if it would retain its hold on Ireland, try the experiment once more of letting Irishmen legislate for themselves, and according to their wants as a people.—For three score and seven years have the Irish people been subjected to a course of treatment inaugurated by Pitt and Castlereagh. The experiment has utterly, miserably, disgracefully failed, so that Ireland has become the standing reproach of England before all the nations of the earth. It cannot be expected that Ireland will ever rest contented in such a state of abject misery, and there is no doubt but that she will have the whole world's sympathy in any bona fide effort she might make to throw off a yoke which is crushing her people out of existence. In the present unsettled state of European affairs, no man or woman in England can tell but what she herself very badly in need of the oft-tried remedy of those neglected and misgoverned sons of Ireland who are now so often left to die unpitied and forgotten of the "chronic diseases,"—gaunt-eyed famine. It is not so long since a British bard sang of those Irish soldiers in the service of England:
"Hark, from yon stately ranks where laughter rings,
Mingling ill mirth with war's stern ministrings,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him dings,