

From the N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Domestic Intelligence.

MARIA MONK.

It is said that great popular excitement prevailed at Montreal, in consequence of the awful disclosures of Maria Monk, recently published in New York...

It is mentioned in your paper of yesterday morning that the Bishop of Montreal has ordered the Hotel Dieu Nunnery (my late prison) to be opened to the inspection of certain individuals of that city...

I rejoice that my enemies, the Montreal Ecclesiastics, have at last consented to submit to the test I have proposed—an examination of the Nunnery...

Most earnestly I protest beforehand against the admission of Roman Priests, and the following citizens of Montreal. I have objections to make against receiving the evidence of the latter which would be perfectly satisfactory to the people of the United States...

If there is any report made, it will probably be a general one. Such, however, will not be satisfactory. If the people of this country are told that the visitors were not satisfied, I hope they will be told what they saw—as well as what they did not see...

Yours, with respect, M. Monk.

Gen. Scott. Public feeling is beginning to do justice to this brave and skilful officer. At a late dinner, Governor Schley of Georgia treated him in a most complimentary manner...

Gen. Winfield Scott. The accomplished gentleman, the gallant and energetic officer. Let the responsibility of the late Florida campaign rest where it is due; inefficient measures on the part of the Government...

On no former occasion have we had the melancholy task of recording so many tokens of respect for the memory of the deceased associates, by their surviving brother officers, as fall at our lot this day. By reference to our communication head it will be seen that in no less than three instances they have been called upon to mourn the loss of a companion in arms...

Death and resignations are fast thinning the ranks of our army, and at the present rate it will require but a few years to introduce an entire new generation into the service.

The remarkable apothegm of Mr Jefferson—'few die, none resign'—unfortunately does not hold good with the army of the present day.

It is stated that Col. Heileman has left a widow and six children the eldest only eight years of age, wholly dependent upon the charity of the world; as he did not die in battle, or of wounds or injuries sustained in battle, they are cut off from the benefits of the law granting pensions...

Lieut. Wheelock, who was in the same battle in which Col. Heileman distinguished himself, died by his own hand, as we learn from the St. Augustine Herald. His exposure brought on a fever, and in a moment of delirium he shot himself with a pistol.

Major Ransom was found dead in his bed, on the morning of the 31st inst. having been apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health the day previous.

Deliberate Suicide. A Miss Austin, residing at Woonsocket Falls, R. I. committed suicide on Saturday last, by taking arsenic. After she had swallowed an ounce in broken doses on a lemon, she informed the family what she had done and then resolutely refused all remedies.

A vein of rich copper ore has been discovered in Orange county, Va. 50 ft. wide and five miles long.

Texas War.

From the New Orleans Bulletin of July 5. ADDRESS OF GEN. LAMAR TO THE ARMY OF TEXAS.

The address of M. B. Lamar to the Texas troops upon his taking command as major General, is well calculated to infuse into them a spirit of zeal and patriotism. Such addresses should not be judged of by the cold eye of criticism—but looked at in the light only for which they are intended...

On assuming the glorious responsibility of leading you to the field of battle, I am deeply impressed with gratitude for the trust confided in me, and feel most vividly, that to command an army of heroes in the cause of freedom is the highest of all privileges, and to conduct it to victory is the most enduring and exalted honor.

The enemy who so recently retired, terrified from our borders, are about to counter-march upon us with reinforcements formidable in count, but feeble in spirit and puissance. They come for the hellish purpose of desolating the loveliest of a thousand lands, and staining our luxuriant fields with the blood of the cultivators.

Confident of numbers, they hope to gain by overwhelming force, that which they cannot achieve by valor. They boast that they will retrieve the late inglorious defeat of their arms, or perish in the attempt; that they will drive us beyond the Sabine, or give us a grave on this side. You, soldiers, know the futility of the vain glorious boasts, as well as the ferocious character of their warfare.

Their cruelty and perfidy were sufficiently exemplified in their horrid massacres at Bexar and La Bahia, while their ruse and discomfiture at the San Jacinto stand as a perpetual monument of their unexampled pusillanimity and dastardly conduct. Audacious monsters! That they have the willingness to murder its apparent—their ability to conquer they have never shown. Their numbers can avail them nothing; and their threats of extermination, instead of intimidating, only invigorate the nerves of the bold and free. Let them come. Their return is hailed with joy by every manly voice in Texas.

Another opportunity is afforded to vindicate our rights and avenge our wrongs. The greater the harvest, the richer the harvest! Though every blade of grass on the banks of the Bravo bristle into a bayonet, it shall not save them. The very glance of a freeman's eye, is a blazing shield to Perseus to the monsters of tyranny. They have to fly or fall, before the wrath of an injured people, nursed in the cause of liberty and of vengeance.

Your country calls you to her defence. Your homes, your families, the scenes of your former joys, and future anticipations; all the endearments of domestic happiness, and all the hopes of future competence and peace, summon you to the field. You are summoned to be the spirits of Travis and Fanning, and their gallant companions, whose blood has cemented the foundations of our freedom. Their flesh has been food for ravens, and their bones have been whitening on the prairie, until your pious patriot gathered these scattered relics, with decent sepulchral honors, to a soldier's grave. But their glorified spirits still hovering around the home of their patriotic devotion, call upon you to sustain the independence which they have consecrated by their martyrdom, and to recompense, with merited vengeance, that they have endured from a perfidious and dastard enemy. Shall the call be made in vain? Shall we turn a deaf ear to the voice of our country, and the beaming cries of our murdered brethren? Surely, there can be no one so insensible to guilt and shame as to look with indifference upon the desolation of his own country. If there be so foul a blot upon humanity—if there be one in the whole limits of our land who is mean enough, when his home is invaded by an insolent foe, to seek safety in dishonorable flight, I would say to him, detested recreant! retire to the shades of infamy, and sully no more a beautiful land, whose blessings belong to the brave and virtuous.

Let, then, every patriot and soldier, every worthy citizen, who abhors the name of traitor, and contemns the vile epithet of coward rally to the camp, prostrate around the unfurled banner of freedom—let him repair with impatient zeal to the theatre of his nation's glory, and there snatch upon the brink of danger, fame for himself and safety for his country. The dastard who lingers behind may live to fatten upon the fruits of his recreancy, but when he dies he rots in infamy, to the joy of all—while the noble hero who makes his bosom the bulwark of a people's liberty, will find a rich reward for toil and valor, in the thanks of a grateful land, and the smiles of his high-toned beauty. If he fall in the holy cause, he will survive in the affections of his comrades, and his name will gather glory with the flight of ages.

Each little rill, each mountain river, Rolls mingled with his fame forever.

Citizens of the Red Lands! You are looked to for aid in this second struggle for independence. Your contributions, heretofore, have not been proportionate to your population. Few of you have participated in the toils and glory of the strife. Your homes have been exempt from the calamities of war. Whatever circumstances may have restrained you before, there can remain no reasons to withhold you now. We know your courage. Your skill in arms is familiar to us all. Your country requires the immediate exhibition of both—let both be displayed when the great and decisive battle which is pending shall be fought—and Texas is free, sovereign and independent! Hold not back I adjure you, by every principle of honor, of gratitude, and of patriotism. If any man among you prove recreant now, let him be stigmatized; treat him as an outcast; and let a nation's contempt rest like a black cloud upon his name. The call is issued, let all obey, and all will be well.

MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Major Gen. Com. the Army of Texas, Velasco, June 27, 1836.

Volunteers are constantly emigrating to Texas.

equipped and marched in the same style as the two old veterans, except they had no music, and instead of waltzes were furnished with large wooden dishes. They were bareheaded and barefooted, ragged, filthy, and half covered with a certain species of vermin, well known among some of the poorer classes of people of this country. On overtaking them and listening to what they were saying, for they were chattering at a great rate and in excellent humor, I found they were bound to the neighborhood of the foreign factories. They were nine years old, and were sent out on their expedition by their parents.

Cricket fights.—The people of the celestial empire, who have never been in the Coliseo de los Toros at Madrid, or in any other similar places of the west, have no conception of the splendid exhibitions of European bull fights. Nay, should sons of Ham have the audacity to cut off a bull's head, or tie up one of those animals and then let loose upon him a pack of blood-hounds to tear him in pieces, they would immediately be placed under the ban of empire, and the priests of Buddha would (could they get possession of them) forthwith send them down to the ninth region of hades, there to be torn in pieces by the monsters of the nether world. Moreover, I doubt whether the Chinese have much knowledge of the more homely sports of the cock-pit. To show the 'chieftain of the poultry yard' to take the field, would not only expose him to imminent danger, but would occasion a loss of flesh, and render him no less valuable in the market—facts which have great force with those who understand the true principles of economy. But the fighting of crickets, the letting loose of one of these belligerents against another, is really very fine sport, and every way worthy the dignity of a nation which has no equal. Midsummer, when the cricket is well up, is the time for the battle of the crickets. During this season they are taken in great numbers on the neighboring hills, and brought to the city, where they are sold for from one cash to several tens of dollars, per head.—Hundreds and thousands of dollars are annually staked on the prowess of these warriors. A first rate cricket, like a fine courser, will sometimes have several wagers pending upon a single trial of his strength. All classes of persons, coolies servants, shopmen, gentlemen of town and country, officers, civil and military, old men and boys, engage in this species of gambling. The cricket most commonly employed in this service seems to be the male of the common Gryllus campestris; it has a nobler martial appearance, and is every way well harnessed for the fight. I saw several hundreds of them for sale to-day in one of the streets of the western suburbs. The best crickets need no excitement to induce them to meet an antagonist, which they always do in single combat, cricket against cricket; and it is said that like men of honor they never quit the field until one or the other has received full satisfaction.

P. S.—On inquiry, I have been told that "cock-fighting is common in China;" it may be so in regions beyond where I have travelled; but I have never seen, nor yet met with any person who has witnessed, such fighting in this country.

Buddhists engaged as tax-gatherers is a subject which is soon explained. By the usage of the country, Buddhists are not allowed to hold office and of course are not legal tax-gatherers. I will report what I saw, and the thing will be easily understood. The priests, who were all Buddhists, five or six in number, were going from house to house, and from shop to shop; some of them had purses and others were furnished with printed labels and brushes: the former went first and received money from the inmates of the house or shop; then came the latter and marked all those places where money was given them. The amount given, as well as the reason for which it was done, I could not ascertain; nor should it perhaps be called a tax, but surely it was something very much like a tax.

The last great wonder of the world. The most important invention that human ingenuity has ever achieved has just been triumphantly completed, by Capt. Edmund Bagder, late of the U. States Army but at present residing in North Adams, Berkshire county, Mass. This gentleman has discovered the grand mechanical principle, so much needed and so long sought for in rotary machinery—that is, how to gain power, and at the same time retain the motion. It has long been an established principle in mechanism, that where power is gained, there must necessarily be a diminution in motion. This principle Capt. B. has exploded entirely, and he now has a model of the most powerful machine on the earth. The force and motion are accelerating, and the machine is consequently capable of being propelled to any velocity that may be required, by the application of a very small degree of power. From a minute examination of the model, which is sufficiently large to propel a car with one or two persons on a railway, we do not hesitate to say, that in our candid opinion, the power of one man, applied to this wonderful machine, would be sufficient to propel the largest ship across the Atlantic, in an incredible short space of time.

The importance of this invention to the world at large cannot be estimated. To say nothing of surmounting the danger of loss of life by the explosion of steam boilers, the proprietors of all steam boats and railroad locomotives may now prepare to extinguish their fires, throw their boilers overboard, and disencumber their boats of their fuel and costly machinery, as they will all be superseded and rendered utterly useless by the application of this newly discovered rotary power. We hope the ingenious inventor will be prevailed upon to gratify our fellow citizens with an exhibition of the model, while on his way to Washington to secure his patent.—N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

Puzzle for the Postmasters. The following lucid and elegant superscription, is copied from a letter dropped into the post office at Buffalo, N. Y. "Matilde Gibson of georgo Steat of ellinoyce America." Who can wonder, says the Journal, at some postmasters being short in temper.

An invitation to America. The following has been furnished as part of a genuine letter from an emigrant son of the Emerald Isle now in this village, to his friend at home. It is probably a pretty fair sample of the nature of the inducements which operate on the mass of poor emigrants from that long misgoverned country.

My dear Jim—Come to sweate Ameriky, and come quickly. Here you can buy praties for two shillings a bushel and whiskey the same; a dollar a day for digging, and no hanging for stealing.—Och! come, &c.—Oxley's Repository.

small compensation, they being generally small volumes, and only a few in a set. The books thus circulated are chiefly novels, and sometimes those of a very bad character. The system however, is a good one, and worthy the attention of the friends of useful knowledge. The librarian, whom I met at the door of the hong this afternoon, loaning books to the servants and coolies of the factories said that his whole stock amounted to more than 2000 volumes. He had only with him however not more than 300 volumes; the others being in the hands of his numerous customers.

Residence of the Siamese Ambassador.—Wishing to see "something of eastern splendor," for which the Siamese are "said to be" celebrated, I determined this afternoon to visit the residence of the ambassador of the king of Siam. Having made my way up into "Phyric street," I turned westward, and passing on about ten rods from the market at the corner of "Shoe street," where I came to another street lead to due north. This led me to the ambassador's residence, over the door of which is written in large Chinese characters, "Szeela kun kwang kwon," "residence of the Siamese tribute bearers." The whole establishment is in ruins. One of the overseers, a Chinese, conducted me to the apartment of the chief ambassador, whom we found smoking opium, and so stupefied as to be almost incapable of conversation.

Flogging with the rattan is the most common punishment in China. It is adjudged and inflicted by the lowest officers or servants of the police, with the utmost despatch, and without the least regard to any formalities of time or place. A poor ignorant person led on by his vices becomes bankrupt; then driven by hunger he has recourse to theft or robbery to obtain food; the officers of the police seize him, and perhaps while his booty is still with him pinion him, strip off his jacket, if he chance to be so clad, then with a chain or cord about his neck, or his arms, and a soldier before him beating a gong, and another behind him with a rattan beating his bare back, he is marched through the streets and market-places to a terror to evil doers. Within the last few days I have seen several persons flogged in this way. One I saw to day so beaten that the blood ran down to his heels.

Puppet Shows.—Two of these have been exhibited in the street during the present week; and among all the 'dumb shows' and 'singsongs' of the celestial empire, none are more dull and stupid than these puppet shows. The managers select a place which is likely to be frequented, and there erect a temporary stage, and commence their exhibition for the amusement of boys and idle vagrants. The shows are a mere exhibition of children's toys.

House of Mourning.—We passed but a few doors after leaving the house of feasting, before we heard the voices of weeping and lamentation.—When we came opposite to the door, we unconsciously paused for a moment. The door of the house was open, but a screen before it prevented us from seeing the inmates. One of the neighbors who had also stopped at the door, told us that the funeral of the deceased was to take place at an early hour on the following morning. The cries and howlings of the mourners were dismal, and can only be conceived by those who have heard them.

Laborers Standing in the Market Place. Early this morning, while picking my way through the tubs, baskets, temporary stalls, etc., which almost blocked up the street, at a market place near one of the gates of the city, I suddenly found myself surrounded by a gang of coolies, forty or fifty in number. Some of them were standing up; others were sitting down. Their only implements were bamboo poles, with short ropes attached to them. Some of them were shod with sandals, made of plated grass; and others were barefooted. They were without hats, or caps, or any other kind of covering for their heads; and the only garments on their bodies were a light pair of trousers, and a short frock or jacket; indeed, only a few of them had any jacket. They were all idle, except that their tongues were busy in joking and making remarks on those who were at the market, or passing along the street. During the morning, and even till past midday, such gangs of men are often to be seen collected at the corner of the streets, market places and gates of the city. On inquiry, I find that they are job and day laborers, formed into companies, having each their respective districts. They take the place of beasts of burden; but claim the right of doing all of certain kinds of work which is to be done in the streets, or landing places, where they exercise the jurisdiction. Their muscular power is sometimes very great; and they are the most healthy and robust class of men that I have seen in China. The custom of "standing idle in the market places" is like that of the laborers mentioned in the gospel of Matthew; the coolies whom I saw this morning were all standing idle, "because no man had hired them."

A hornet's nest, of enormous size, hung up in an apothecary's shop, having for several days attracted the attention of travellers, induced me to inquire respecting the object of placing it in that position. According I entered the shop, and after the usual civilities, taking a cup of tea, wishing health, wealth, &c. began to inquire of the principal person in the shop concerning the properties of various medicines then before us; at length the hornet's nest came to be noticed; "it was brought from a great distance," said the old gentleman; "it grew on a very high tree, its cruel and poisonous inmates had all been driven out," &c. &c. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that his medicine would cure all kinds of diseases, and the hornet's nest was a proof of it!

Two Blind Fiddlers attracted my notice this afternoon. They were middle aged and stout looking men, but utterly unable to see. Each had a stringed instrument, somewhat like the guitar, though very much inferior to it; each had likewise a long bamboo cane in his hand, and a wallet hanging over his shoulder. They were going from shop to shop, begging for "cash," or whatever they could obtain. When they marched, one followed the other, taking hold of the skirt of his garment, or rather placing his right hand on the right shoulder of his fellow. On entering a shop, they immediately commenced playing and continued doing so till they obtained the "kuashaw"; they then instantly desisted and moved to another shop, and repeated the same operation. Women and children often appear begging in the same manner, and sometimes four or five, nay even a dozen in a company.

Two Little Girls, enough alike to be twins, passed along down in the same street where I saw the blind fiddlers. They too were both blind, and were