

Cleanings from late Papers.

THE MILITIA REVOLT.

On Monday last the streets of Nenagh were the scene of murderous conflict; ten corpses riddled with bullet wounds, and fifty wounded sufferers stretched groaning on the hospital boards, are evidence of the bloody fray. It was no popular outbreak, no collision between rival clans or factions; this time the Queen's soldiers were not shooting down harmless gazers at an election row. The Tipperary Militia have resented with disastrous violence the injustice and exasperation which it is admitted on all hands have been liberally dealt out by Government to the Irish militia. From end to end of the land, loud and long, have reclamations and protest arisen against the downright dishonesty which has been practised towards them. A bounty of six pounds sterling, and fair promises a store were offered to recruits. When those who, on the faith of such promises, had enlisted, came to claim the bounty, they received about a tithe of it: the rest being promised in quarterly instalments. A year passed away, and many poor fellows who had not drawn or called for their bounty balances, in the hope of having a few pounds saved, applied repeatedly for the amount due. They were, in true circumlocution style, bandied about from officer to colonel, from colonel to horse-guards—the disbandment of the militia being all the while on the tapis, until at length, when peace was certain, and their dismissal determined on, the men were coolly informed that they were not to receive any of the balance of bounty money due. Violent outcry naturally resulted, and matters stood thus—the men claiming their own—the government petting the foreign legionaries, and swindling the militia, meantime, trying various tricks to get the men to leave the force, as it were, of their own accord, so as to afford a pretext for denying them their rights. "Facilities for obtaining discharges" were the traps offered to the men; some of them were thus duped, and applying for their discharge were required to give up their clothing with their arms. Considering that the money justly due to them, which would have enabled them to buy clothing on their discharge, was withheld, it will be easily seen how peculiarly exasperating has been the treatment received by the men.

Several of the North Tipperary militia, now stationed at Nenagh, were amongst those who availed themselves of this permission to apply for discharge from a force on the very point of disbandment! It would appear that on Monday last a sergeant went round to collect the clothing issued to them in April last. Some few gave it, but one man said it was too bad that they should get neither their money nor clothes, and refused to give up his trousers. He was seized and put in confinement. Now, it is not mere power or brute force that compels observance of, or respect for discipline; it is in a very great measure, its being regarded as necessary for the purposes of order and justice as well as efficiency. The Tipperary men, when they saw their comrades dragged to prison, palpably the victim of wrong and injustice, lost all regard for the moral restraint of discipline. Company No. 4, to which the man belonged, assembled and proceeded to the guard-room, crying for his release. The guard received the word to fire; they did not; in the first place, because they were one spirit with the men, and in the second because the officer forgot, when giving the order, that the ammunition had been taken from the regiment. Soon after, five companies of the same regiment, quartered elsewhere, marched into the yard, having come from another barracks to be drilled here, as was the custom. On learning the facts narrated, they fixed bayonets and rushed to the guard-room. The guard was seized, the prisoner liberated, and the building sacked. They now marched through the town to the "Summer Hill Barracks," an attempt was made by the officers to have it defended; the gates were closed, but the military soon battered them to pieces. Having seized and rifled the magazine, they proceeded through the town, preceded by their band, playing marches and quicksteps, firing shots, cheering, &c. At twelve o'clock at night they retired to one of the barracks; and having reason to believe that troops had been sent for to arrest them, they resolved to hold their arms, prepare for the worst, and stand their ground as men more wronged than in the wrong. All that night was spent casting bullets, for which purpose they tore the lead off the roof of the barracks.

The officers all this time were safe in the bridewell, whether they had "retired," and locked themselves up carefully; though it was evident enough that the men intended no personal violence to any one, the revolt being, up to this, merely the impulsive outbreak of ill-used and excited men, who had no object or plan in their proceedings.

Next day, Lord Dunally, without the slightest risk, went into their barracks and addressed them, and at his request they marched to hear their brave Colonel and officers harangue them from their safe behind the bridewell bars. While here, the alarm was given that the troops were coming. The militia ran to their barracks. Their proceedings now are hard to be understood, if it be not that they wished to give full opportunity for parley, in the hope that justice might be offered them. Instead of defending the barracks or preparing to resist the regulars, the moment they approached the gate was thrown open, and when they entered, the Tipperary Regiment were found drawn up inside, arms in hand. They were called upon to lay down their arms. Surrounded by an overpowering force, and appalled at the contemplation of the position they found themselves forced into, with death before their eyes, not a man quailed. The Riot Act was read, and the square cleared, as it were to show the Tipperary men that the place was swept for their execution. Again they were called upon to surrender, and again they said no. The militia who were outside saw what was occurring within, evidently, as they thought, the slaughter of their comrades about to commence; and forthwith they began to fire upon the soldiers with fatal precision. In a moment more every street had its conflict, its wounded, and its dead; the militia and regulars fought through the town, the latter, it is alleged, perpetrating a most wanton murder and innumerable outrages—probably because of the known sympathy of the people for the militia. All day, up to ten at night, this irregular warfare was waged; during the night the militia out of barracks deserted with their arms and clothing. As for the small party that confronted the regulars in the barrack yard, they were seized with their arms in their hands; resistance in their case was out of the question, but so with them was surrender; not a single Tipperary man craved mercy, and they were marched to prison to await their fate.

The regiment in question, unlike others of the force, was, we believe, distinguished by the most exemplary good conduct and national spirit. We are assured of this upon the best authority in a town where they were not long since stationed.

Father Scanlan harangued the men, exhorting them to submission before the fight began. He has since published a letter in the papers, declaring that not one-fifth of the regiment were engaged in the mutiny. The regulars assembled numbered in all about 1500.

In the case of Peter Gibbons, who was murdered by one of the 55th Regiment, without giving any provocation whatsoever, he being a most inoffensive man, and a pensioner, the jury returned the following verdict:—

"Deceased came by his death from the effects of a gun shot wound inflicted by a soldier of the 55th Regiment; that such firing was unjustifiable, and that the troops might have used more discretion in firing in the house of a respectable man, having fired ten rounds into deceased's house."—Irish paper.

THE MILITIA MUTINY AT NENAGH.—At the Nenagh assizes, on the 28th, private Burns, of the North Tipperary Militia, was tried for the murder of private Curley, of the 41st Regiment of Foot, during the mutiny at Nenagh on the 18th ult. Witnesses were examined who proved that while the soldiers were drawn up in Summer Hill Barracks, Burns, who stood outside the gate with other militiamen, called out—"I'll have a crack at the medal man" (Curley), and fired at the deceased through the wicket gate, which was partly open at the time. Curley stood near the gate, having been told off as a sentry. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," and coupled with it a recommendation to mercy. John Bannon, another of the Tipperary militia, was then put on his trial, charged in the first and second counts with firing at Lieut. Col. Hart and Lieut. Young, with intent to murder them, and in the third and fourth counts with firing at 200 of the Queen's troops, with intent to murder some of them. The prisoner was acquitted on the two former counts, and found guilty on the two latter. Sentence was not pronounced. On the 29th five militiamen who had been convicted on in-

dictments arising out of the mutiny of the North Tipperary Militia, were severally sentenced to fifteen years' transportation. The militia man Burns, who had been previously found guilty of the murder of private Curley, of the 41st Regiment of Foot, was sentenced to death; but some hopes of mercy were extended to him.

The blood relation of Spain with Ireland has always, in that country, been not merely an affinity of sentiment, but a fact of law. An Irish Celt of pure blood, had, in the palmiest days of the Peninsula, his claim of nobility admitted on the proof of his descent. A very large proportion, not less than a fifth or a sixth of the present nobility of Spain and Portugal, bear names that are Irish very slightly Hispanized. The great emigration of the Irish chieftains, who were broken by Mountjoy, Strafford and Cromwell, was, in fact, towards Spain. They were men who naturally became Hidalgos—very Catholic, very chivalrous, haughty, gallant, splendid in all their tastes and habits. In the latter Penial period, there was a most intimate intercourse still preserved between the two countries. Several houses ruined by confiscations retrieved their fortunes by a Spanish marriage, or a happy speculation in Spanish trade—indeed Irish names are still common on the "Changes of Oporto, Lisbon and Barcelona." So, we believe, the lands of Moore of Moore Hall were won back from the spoiler. Since the time of Hugh Roe, the O'Donnells have had colonies in Spain and Austria. An O'Donnell saved the life of the Emperor of Austria a few years ago, and is his most familiar courtier. The O'Donnells have always been high grandees at Vienna, since the days of *le beau Irlandais*, whom Maria Theresa thought the handsomest man at her court. In Spain, this reputation has been more essentially military. They have given at least half a dozen eminent Generals to the Spanish army. The present Marshal seems to belong to that class of soldier-statesmen, of whom Napoleon and Caesar are the highest types, whom Nature appears to call upon to govern with deadly vigilant rigour a country recently disorganised through intellectual revolutions. For the last two years he has been by far the most eminent man in Madrid. His contest with the Queen's Ministers, two years ago, was a veritable *coup d'etat*. Since, in alliance with Espartero, an unwilling Coalition, which circumstances seem to have made necessary, he has been the real strength of a Cabinet the most powerful that Spain has known for the last twenty years. At the head of affairs, and separated from Espartero, he will either fall on the Red Republican barricades, or found the most powerful authority that any man can attain in his country. If he be able to fulfil his career, he will probably prove to Spain a modern military Ximenes, the man that to such a country is of more use than all the lands that Charles the Fifth swayed. May this glorious labour, the regeneration of the old country of our forefathers, be the mission of an Irishman!

A thorough Irishman he is! The last Australian emigrant does not retain a livelier affection for his native land than it is said O'Donnell does for that country between him and which so many generations intervene. It is said that, from faithful family tradition, he speaks the old Celtic tongue, in which his fathers used to harangue the hosts of Tyrconnell, and prides himself far more upon the high, unblemished and patriotic blood which he carries from his Irish descent, than upon all the rank, dignity, and power which Spain has conferred upon him. Such is the man who is at present struggling for Power or Death with the Spanish factions, and who stands at the head of a faithful army in defence of his authority, while the barricades are up in Madrid.—Nation.

A New York Editor, in a "melting mood"—thermometer, in the shade of his sanctum, indicating 96°,—communicates thus:—

ALL HOT.—Drop an iceberg into the crater of Popocatepetl, fill up with claret, add one of the West India islands to sweeten and flavor; then hand us the tower at Pisa to suck the liquid through, and you will oblige us considerably. Nothing less than this can cool our cracking throat, we do assure you.

There is a thermometer hanging over the door. We have taken the trouble of suspending it opposite to a picture of the Arctic regions, and keep a boy continually holding an umbrella over its head,—still it stands several thousand degrees above white heat. The thin red column of colored alcohol glows like the essence of fire; rays of flame seem to burst from the little globe at the bottom, and burn into our brain. Whatever the heat may be, that thermometer is always hotter. It is a demon thermometer, and is doubtless filled with some charmed blood gathered from the veins of an attorney at the Witches' Sabbath.

Nothing was ever known like it, as an Irishman would say, before or since. The paving-stones are calcined, and the ghost of the Lime-Kiln man is to be seen dimly making them into mortar. Everybody who dares to venture out obtains an excellent idea of the ordeal of walking over red hot ploughshares.

There is an apricot tree outside our window. It is covered with amber-fruit, that look, as they cling to the ends of the branches, like the lovely but expensive pipe mouth-pieces which Mr. Oscanyan used to have for sale in the palmy days of the Turkish Kahve. The apricots are not as yet ripe, and they seem to enjoy the heat. Why are we not an unripe apricot?

There is an infamous dog, with long hair, lying down over the way, on the very hottest flagstone in the whole street. He sleeps calmly, while the relentless sun beats full upon him. He absolutely basks—basks in a heat that is reducing the intelligent population of this city into syrup! He is not obliged to put on five shirts a day. His hair does not resemble the dripping well of Knaresborough. He is not reduced to the state of those hydraulic statues of gods at Versailles, who discharge streams of water from the tips of their fingers, and some of the other extremities. We recognise for the first time the superiority of fur, and begin to regret that the *Quadrumanus* ever thought it worth while to improve their offing.

A ring at our door-bell, and an announcement by our dissolving servant that Professor Merian wishes to see us. What! a human thermometer in the same room with us! A man who, if he put his finger down our throat, would register our temperature somewhere on his waistcoat! A being whose talk is of thunder and electric matter, and dreadful red-hot comets. Why, his presence would complete our dissolution. Say we are out, and get a sponge; there is our left leg trickling over the carpet. There, bring us *Little Dorrit*, in order that we may pour over its pages!

THE COST OF DOVE'S TRIAL.—The cost of the trial, as may be supposed, has been very great. For the prosecution the counsel's fees would exceed 300 guineas. Mr. Overend had 100 guineas, with refreshers of 10 guineas per day, and 35 guineas on the day of reply. Mr. Hardy had 70 guineas, with refreshers, and Mr. Bayley 45 guineas. The cost of getting up the case and of witness was about £866 16s., making a total of £1176 16s. For the defence the counsel's fees were 200 guineas. Mr. Bliss received 70 guineas, exclusive of refreshers and consultation fees. Sergeant Wilkins had 50 guineas, with refreshers, and Mr. Hall 40 guineas. The other expenses will not be less than £1000, making a total of £1300, or a grand total of the cost of the trial of £2476 16s. This is exclusive of the cost of the inquiry before the coroner.

The coronation of the Emperor Alexander at Moscow, which is impending, will be rich in all that can please the eye, the ear, and the palate. The English aristocracy are docking to the scene in great numbers. Sir Robert Peel and his wife are already on the wing, the Marchioness of Stafford and other beauties.—Earl Granville, our ambassador extraordinary, will be very imposing in his new state carriage, built for the occasion, together with five extra carriages and twenty horses—all of which have preceded him.

The King of Sardinia has ordered additional works of defence to be erected on the eastern frontier of his territory.

COLONIAL MILITARY FORCE.

Mr. Ball moved last night, in the Commons, for copies of any despatches that have been sent by our Colonial Secretaries, since 1851 to the Governor-General of Canada, and the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, on the military establishments to be maintained in these Colonies; and for a copy of the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Canadian government in 1854 to inquire into the best means of re-organising the militia of Canada, and providing an efficient system of public defence. As the honourable member who moved for these returns is one of the Under-Secretaries of State for the Colonies, it is to be assumed that his motion originates with the Government, and that immediate steps are to be taken to improve the defences of our Colonies, and establish in them a more effective military or militia force than at present exists. Should this be the intention of the Government, we feel assured that the Colonies will co-operate with the home authorities to carry it into effect; and if the movement be properly worked, as fine a body of soldiers can be raised as any this country can boast of. The neglect of the resources which our Colonies afford us in this respect was, in fact, the leading error which our Government committed in raising recruits for the late war. We never wanted a *Foreign Legion*, since in three months we might have had a Canadian auxiliary force of a far more effective character. With Canada in the van, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island would have followed; the consequence would have been—certainly not a year's dispute with the United States, and a band of mercenaries of whom their best friends are ashamed—but an effective army of loyal men, who, if called upon, would have been both able and willing to have done the State some service.

But we have at present, happily, no need to entrench upon the resources of our Colonies, and turn their labourers into soldiers. Why, then, it may be asked, in a time of peace, make those exertions which we failed to do during the war? The answer is obvious. The late war taught us a lesson which we ought not easily to forget, and of which this movement with respect to our Colonies is one of the consequences. It taught us to know how little we can depend on the professions of friendly States, and how much, in the hour of need, we must rely on our own resources. It taught us to know that the best plan of avoiding treachery was to be prepared for it, and the surest chance of being betrayed was to be defenceless. Our North American Colonies, in case of aggression, are, to all intents and purposes, defenceless now; and it is our duty to place them in a more satisfactory position. A good and efficient military force in our Colonies is but another name for an increase to the standing army of the country. We have, on many occasions, contended that our Colonies ought not, in time of peace, to depend on the mother country for the sustentation of a military force; and in any plan for improving their military process this must not be lost sight of. By a well-organised system of militia, Canada, New Brunswick, &c., might soon raise a body of men which would render the presence of our troops altogether unnecessary, save the mother country a large annual outlay with which it ought not to be burdened, and give our Colonies the best earnest of our confidence in their good faith and loyalty.

But we would urge upon our North American Provinces that their strongest defence would be their union. A Federal union of these Provinces, as we stated in our columns of the 11th of June last, would be the best means that could be taken for establishing a power on the American Continent capable of restraining the aggressive disposition of the neighboring Republic. Canada alone can never maintain an independent national existence; but, aided by the adjoining British Provinces, she would be materially strengthened and improved. Such an union would be "strength," and such a means of defence effective.—*London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette, July 25.*

INTERESTING AGRICULTURAL DISCOVERY.—A distinguished Agriculturist and accomplished Chemist has discovered that "the water which flows from gas manufactories may be efficaciously used on wheat lands. He employed this water on a field of five acres, which produced three successive crops of wheat without the assistance of any other manure."

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., AUGUST 25, 1856.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS AND THEIR RESULTS.

EVER since the recent Civic Elections, the Tories, smarting under disappointment and defeat, have been labouring hard to convince themselves, since they failed to accomplish that feat with others, that there was no trial of party strength either in the election of Mayor or Common Councillors—and that political feeling or principle never entered into the contests. This is precisely the view which the editor of the *Islander* on Friday last endeavoured to afford the unknowing ones who take the trouble to read his lucubrations, but which the knowing ones well know to be utterly at variance with the facts. If the result of the elections had been different from what it is—if Mr. Binns had been returned to the Mayoralty, if Mr. J. W. Morrison had been sent in as Councillor for Ward No. 1—if Mr. Moore had been honoured with a seat for Ward No. 3, and Mr. Tremain for Ward No. 5, there would be no end to the crowing from Tory dunghills, which might be interpreted thus:—"Take warning, O Snatchers and Liberals, from your defeat. Mr. Mayor Hutchinson thought proper to change his political opinions, as of course he had a right to do, and threw himself into the arms of the Liberals, vainly hoping to be returned to the chief Civic Chair. See how sadly he has been disappointed, and how feeble his new supporters are! and in all the wards, in every one of which a Conservative candidate stood, the election has been made according to our choice." The fact is, we saw as much partisan feeling displayed at the City elections as ever entered into a contest for a seat in the House of Assembly. For several days previous to the election a most active canvass was carried on, by parties who usually canvass at elections, on behalf of the Tory candidates. All the customary falsehoods and stratagems were unsparingly applied, and nothing could surpass the zeal exhibited on the day of election by the Tory trotters, in tramping it from one polling place to another, wheedling and coaxing, and craving for votes. But it was all to no purpose. The Liberals knew they could do their work successfully, and they went about it calmly and quietly, as though certain of the result. They were not merely content to carry in the Mayor of their choice, but in every ward where they had set up their man they were determined he should go in likewise; and in every part of the City they were triumphant. At the last parliamentary election the strength of the liberal ticket in Charlottetown was clearly and unmistakably manifested. It is too well known to remind our readers of the fact, that Messrs. Palmer and Longworth could not have been elected without the aid of the Royalty; and as it was, with all that aid, they very narrowly escaped defeat. Since then the growth of Liberal principles, in the

Royalty as well as in the City, is vastly on the increase; while the Tory party is most woefully split up, and at sixes and sevens amongst themselves. There is no doubt, then, that the Liberals can carry a parliamentary election for this City and Royalty with the greatest possible ease, provided they secure good men and true for their candidates. As we can beat the enemy off-hand, and without the slightest preparation, in every ward of the City, it will be a caution how we will flail him, as Maclean would say, when we take a little trouble to go through the business scientifically, and perhaps awake for the nonce—(just say, a month or two before the election)—that political giant, which is not dead but sleepeth—THE LIBERAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

ANOTHER CIVIC ELECTION.

JOHN C. McDONALD, Esq., having resigned his seat as Councillor for Ward No. 2 in this City, the election of his successor took place on Thursday last. There were two candidates on the hustings, viz: Messrs. Watson Duchemin and James McCraith. As in the previous elections, a strong political feeling was manifested on both sides, the Conservative interest having been given on behalf of Mr. Duchemin, and the Liberal interest ranged on the side of Mr. McCraith. The latter won the election by a majority of nine, thus showing that the Liberal interest is now triumphant in nearly every Ward of the City.

ANOTHER OBSTRUCTIVE MOVEMENT.

We understand that the Obstructives in Town and Country, have, during the past week or two, been giving themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble, in endeavouring to get names to a Petition to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to disallow the Representation Bill passed last Session. We saw a notice in some of the papers about a month ago, to the effect, that Mr. R. Bruce Stewart of this Island had an interview with the Colonial Minister in Downing Street. The Obstructives no doubt hope, from this auspicious event, that Mr. Bruce will have sufficient influence to delay the decision of the Imperial authorities regarding the Representation Bill, until such time as their silly remonstrance shall reach England. But we have no doubt that Mr. Stewart's influence at the Colonial Office will be found to be about as potential as it is in the country wherein he claims to be a land proprietor. A more shallow, conceited and unpopular man never came to Prince Edward Island or ever left it, and this character of the Proprietary Ambassador is, by this time, pretty well known at the Colonial Office. As for the opposition to the Representation Bill, our appreciation of that measure increases just in proportion to the attempts made to obstruct it. We are convinced the Tories now look upon it in the light we did at first, and that is, as the instrument of their political annihilation, as well as the promoter of popular liberty—always obnoxious to their taste and inimical to their ascendancy. With regard to the Petition against the operation of the Bill, it must be accepted as a proof of the excessive dullness of the times with Obstructive people, when they can find no better employment for their leisure hours than hawking about such a document. They can scarcely be so very foolish as to expect that it will have the smallest weight with the Imperial Government, even should it reach Downing Street, which is very doubtful, before the Bill receives the Royal allowance. Last year the Tories amused themselves by getting up a petition praying for a dissolution of the present House of Assembly,—what became of the thing we never heard, but we presume the promoters had an interesting time of it, in going about for signatures. Providence is kind to us: it never sends us an epidemic like the cholera, to cut off all the fools, and since it is a law of their nature that their superfluous energy must find employment in one way or other, let us be thankful that they turn their hands to nothing more mischievous than the harmless pastime of getting up petitions.

THE CROPS.

REPORTS as to the almost total failure of the wheat crop, through the ravages of the midge or weevil, continue to reach us from all parts of the country. This insect, we fear, will be found to be far more destructive than it has been in any previous year. Turnips are also very much injured in many localities by a little yellow worm or maggot, which lodges in the stem of the plant, and totally destroys it. We noticed at Cardigan a few days ago a large field of this root, in apparently healthy condition; but on examining it closely, and going over the field with the owner of it, who was deceived as well as ourselves by the appearance of the tops, there was not one sound plant to be found.—Potatoes, we regret to say, are also beginning to exhibit indications of the old disease, in several places, but whether this will prove general, remains yet to be seen.

Two or three Colonial and American Mails were received here during the past week, but the papers brought by them furnish little or no important intelligence. In our present No., however, will be found many things worthy of notice.

UNITED STATES.

A correspondent of the *Traveller*, writing from Wentworth, N. H., on the 8th, says:—"During a freshet caused by a large amount of rain, which commenced falling on the 5th, a dam at the outlet of the 'Orford Ponds,' so called, gave way and the ponds, once at liberty, came rushing upon us, overran the dam near the village, and, undermining, carried away the grist mill belonging to Mr. David Harris; dwelling house and barn of Mr. Harris, dwelling house and barn of Mr. Jonathan Judkins, shop and dwelling house of Mr. Enoch Clark. Goods and furniture were saved. Fortunately no lives were lost.

"The mad torrent cut down to the depth of from 15 to 20 feet, and washed away over an acre of land. A mill-stone which was taken from the mill and placed in a barn, which afterwards went, is to be seen about two miles below where it went in. Such a scene the people of this section never before witnessed, and pray that they may never be called to witness the like again. Damage to roads, bridges and all, estimated at from \$15,000 to \$20,000."

STEAMBOAT DISASTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—The propeller *Brushwick*, bound from Chicago to Buffalo, foundered on Friday, the 8th, in a gale, five miles from Manitow Island, Lake Michigan, and sunk in 300 feet of water. Her cargo consists of 15,000 bushels of corn, 130 packages, barrels, and tierces of lard, and 40 tons scrap iron. She was to call at Racine for 10 tons of wool, but it was not known that she got it.