THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. X. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Tuesday, October 2, 1860. New Series.---No. 38.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

SITUATED IN

QUEEN STREET, ... CHARLOTTETOWN,

Now complete and open for the accommodation of

TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS.

PETER MACGOWAN, Proprietor.

Aug. 7, 1860.

ALEXANDER McKINNON,

AUCTIONEER

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

☞ Office in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

McMURRAY & DAMMARELL,

Ship Chandlers & Grocers,

No. 69 SOUTH STREET, cor. Pine,

NEW YORK.

Capt. Joseph McMurray, James Dammarell.

N. B.—Provisions constantly on hand at the lowest market rates.

Sept. 4, 1860. 3m—pd.

J. S. CARVELL,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,

(Bank Buildings,)

HEAD OF QUEEN'S WHARF,

CHARLOTTETOWN, - - - P. E. ISLAND.

Highest CASH price paid for WOOL, GRAIN, &c.

June 5 1860. 3m.

ST. JOHN HOTEL,

BY

WHITNEY & ADAMS,

CORNER OF

King and Charlotte Streets,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

John Q. Adams. P. T. Whitney

Fairbanks's Patent Scales,

of all sizes and descriptions, for Sale by

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 4, 1860. 3m.

PISCATAQUA FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE Co., OF MAINE.

CAPITAL . . . . . $500,000.

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I Sept. 4 1860. 3m

SALE BY AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, Charlottetown, on SATURDAY, the First day of DECEMBER next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, under a Power of Sale, contained in a certain Deed of Release in Mortgage, dated the 20th day of March last, made between John Ball, of Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, Merchant, and his wife, of the one part, and Stephen Swabey and Daniel Jackson Roberts, of the same place, Merchants, of the other part: All that Tract of Land situate in STRATFORD, on Lot or Township No. 48, in Prince Edward Island, described in the said Mortgage as bounded as follows: that is to say, commencing at the North-west angle of John street, on the East edge of Hillsborough street, or the Main Post Road leading from Charlottetown Ferry to Georgetown, thence (according to the magnetic North of the year 1764), North 51 degrees, East 200 feet, or until it meets the South-west boundary of a Farm in possession of the Heirs of the late James Welsh, thence following the course of said South-west boundary North 39 degrees, West 66 feet, or until it meets the South-east boundary of a Plot of Land in possession of John Stewart, thence following the course of said South-east boundary, South, 51 degrees West to said Hillsborough street, thence following the course of the same South-easterly 66 feet, to the place of commencement. For particulars and terms of sale, apply to Messrs. SWABEY & ROBERTS, Charlottetown.

Dated this 31st day of August, A. D., 1860.

J. Hensley, Solicitor.

The Intest Discovery for Saving Money to the Farmers who Purchase.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

New Patent Potatoe Digger,

Of GEORGE JENKINS, Patentee, Lot 49.

THE above named DIGGER has been tried and proved to be the best invention of the kind ever seen on this Island, and for which Letters Patent have been granted by the Government of this Island. Any one infringing on the same will be prosecuted as the law directs.

The following Agents will take orders for these celebrated Machines, which are warranted to dig from 2½ to 3 acres each day, with proper attendance and care:—

W. W. Irving and J. Romans, Charlottetown, where one of the machines can be seen.

Henry Farquharson, Southport.

Donald Farquharson, West River.

George Adams, Vernon River.

Daniel Carroll, Contractor, St. Andrew's.

Benjamin Acorn, Grand River East, and at

Patrick Stephens's Cheap Store, Orwell, where one of the above can now be seen at work, and one of McKenzie's patent also.

Price and Terms same as those of the Patentee.

September 11, 1860.

Varnish Knotting, &c.

THE Subscriber has received per *Helena*, from New York, the following VARNISHES, which he will sell at greatly reduced prices:—

1 Barrel No. 1 FURNITURE VARISH,
1 do. No. 2 do. do.,
1 do. Coach Body do.,
1 do. Drying Japan do.,
1 do. Black do. do.,
1 do. Knotting do.

Best English VARNISHES and PAINTS on sale at former prices.

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Sept. 11, 1860.

CHEAP GROCERIES!

North Side Queen Square, opposite the Market House.

IMPORTATION from Halifax and United States:—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Wooden and Earthenware, Fancy Goods, Upper and Sole Leather, Buckets, Brooms, Washboards, Clothes-pins, &c.; Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Cigars, MOLASSES, SUGAR, TEA, Rice, Figs, Raisins, Currants, Confectionary, Apples, Onions, Nuts, Biscuits, Crackers, Lozenges, Pepper, Mustard, Coffee, Ginger, Starch, Blacking, Candle-wick, Shoe-finding, &c, Upper and Sole Leather cut to order; and other articles too numerous to mention.

Fresh Fruit Oranges, Apples, Nuts, &c., just arrived from Boston, a stock of which will be kept up during the Summer.

Ch. Town, April 24, 1860. STEPHEN O'MARA.

Tea, Gin, Soap.

ON SALE by the subscriber, at his Sale Room, Water-street—

Chests superior Congou TEA,
Half-chests do.
Casks Holland GIN,
Boxes English SOAP.

ALEX. McKINNON.

July 24, 1860.

NEW ZEALAND.

FREE GRANTS OF GOVERNMENT LAND to all eligible persons, who emigrate at their own cost—for the purpose of settling in the Province of Auckland. Every information given upon application to

CHARLES BELL
Emigrant Agent.

City June 12 1860. tf

HAYING AND HARVESTING

Machines and Implements.

RECENTLY received from England and the United States, and for Sale at the Charlottetown

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE,

Manny's combined MOWER and REAPER, for one and two horses,
Griffin & Son's best SCYTHES, in variety
Patridges best quality Steel HAY FORKS
Horse and Hand HAY RAKES, (large assortment)
CRADLES for Grain, various sizes,
SCYTHE SNEATHS and STONES, in variety.

N. B.—Manny's two horse Machines have been in use in the Island during the last two Summers, and have given every satisfaction, proving themselves to be *the best combined Mowers and Reapers extant*. As the number of Machines on hand is limited Farmers had better make early application to the Subscriber. Terms liberal.

W. W. IRVING.

Charlottetown, June 26, 1860. tf.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber, in tendering his sincere thanks to his friends and numerous customers, who have so liberally patronized him since his commencement in Business in 1827, to the present time begs to inform them, that owing to ill health he is obliged to make an alteration in his Business. His patrons will therefore, please take notice, that in future he will confine his business exclusively to the sale of Stock on hand, or Stock which he may import or manufacture for sale, but will receive no orders after Thursday, the 13th inst, for work of any kind; but would beg to recommend to their notice Mr. A. Murray, as a person in whom they may place confidence, and who will gratefully receive all orders for making and repairing, he having served in the Subscriber's Establishment, as foreman, for a period of seven years.

In conclusion, the Subscriber requests all those who are indebted to him to settle their respective accounts without delay; and those to whom he is indebted are also requested to send in their accounts for adjustment.

W. SMARDON, Saddler.

Charlottetown, Sept. 18, 1860.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of the late William Craig, Farmer, of Middleton, Lot 27, deceased, are requested to furnish the same duly attested within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to Mr. Jesse Wright, at Bedeque.

JESSE WRIGHT,
HUGH MONTGOMERY, } Executors.
ALEX. CRAIG.

Bedeque, Sept. 11, 1860. RG. 3ins.

CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER.

THE world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed by the **Cramp and Pain Killer** prepared by CURTIS & PERKINS. Its equal has never been known for removing pain in all cases; for the cure of Spinal Complaints, Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Chills and Fever, Burns, Sore Throats and Gravel, it is decidedly the best remedy in the world. Evidence of the most wonderful cures ever performed by any medicine, are on circulars in the hands of Agents.

W. R. WATSON, General Wholesale Agent for the Island and so'd by Merchants everywhere.

August 21, 1860.

Notice.

ALL Book Debts, Notes of Hand and other securities, due to the subscriber in this Island, having been duly assigned by me to Messrs. Alex. McLeod & Co., of Halifax, Merchants, by Assignment dated 14th August inst., the several debtors are respectfully requested to pay their several amounts to the said firm, without further notice.

HUGH FRASER.

IN pursuance of the Assignment above referred to, all persons whosoever indebted to Mr Hugh Fraser, are requested to make immediate payment of their respective amounts to Charles Palmer, Esq., Charlottetown, our Attorney, who is authorised to receive the same.

ALEX. McLEOD & CO.

Charlottetown, 21st August, 1860.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

THE subscriber will sell, at the lowest prices, the following GOODS, which he warrants to be of the very best quality:—

500 bundles COTTON WARP, TEA, TOBACCO, MOLASSES, LIQUORS of all sorts, SOLE LEATHER; together with a lot of DRY GOODS.

HUGH MONAGHAN.

Opposite the store of J. McCraith, Esq.,
Queen-street, Ch. Town, Aug. 28.

SALT AFLOAT.

10,000 BUSHELS SALT, ex "*Gazelle*," (now on her passage from Liverpool), for SALE from ship at 1s 4d per bushel.

Purchasers will please make arrangements to receive it immediately on arrival, as the ship will be despatched without delay for Liverpool, returning again for Fall voyage.

W. W. LORD & Co.

Charlottetown, July 17, 1860

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

RUNNING OF TRAINS.

ON and after 9th AUGUST, Trains will run as follows:—

—UP TRAINS—

Leave St. John at 8 a.m., 12 noon. 5.45 p.m.
" Sussex 10 30 a.m, 3 15 p.m.

—DOWN TRAINS—

Leave Point Du Chene 8 a.m., 11 30 a.m.
" Sussex 6.45 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 4.17, p.m.

The Evening Train from St. John will not pass Sussex, but return at 6.45 next morning.

The 8 o'clock up Train on Monday, 3d September, and every alternate Monday thereafter, will connect with Steamer Arabian for Quebec and intermediate ports.

The 8 o'clock up Trains on Wednesdays and Saturdays will connect with the steamer Westmorland for P. E. Island and Pictou.

All Freight will be sent by the Mid-day Trains.

By Order,

R JARDINE, Chairman.

Railway Commissioner's Office, Aug. 10, 1860.

For further information, apply to

J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 4, 1860. 1m.

Lands! Lands! Lands!

WANTED TO PURCHASE,

FREEHOLD or LEASEHOLD, WILD or CLEARED.

Those in the vicinity of Bedeque preferred.

J. S. CARVELL, Gen. Commission Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., September 4, 1860. 1m.

Iron, Salt, Earthenware, &c.

JUST RECEIVED per BARK "GAZELLE," from Liverpool—

15 Crates assorted EARTHENWARE,
25 Tons do IRON,
10,000 Bushels SALT, in bulk and bags,
OAKUM, Cordage, Canvass and Nails,
SPIKES, Glass, &c. &c.

Wholesale and Retail, by

August 28. 6w W. W. LORD & CO.

FOR SALE,

ONE of Morrice & Sons' best CARDING MACHINES Apply to G. COLES.

July 4, 1859. *tf.*

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE SUBSCRIBER, having their Accounts furnished, will please settle them by the FIRST of OCTOBER, without fail.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Furniture Warehouse, Sept 24, 1860. 2i

Board and Lodging.

ONE or two single Gentlemen can be accommodated with Board and Lodging in a private family, in a pleasantly situated part of the City, near King's Square.

Terms moderate, please apply at the Examiner office.

Charlottetown, Sept. 11, 1860.

Literature.

THE NIGHT.

O' the Summer Night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the buds of the roses o'erblown.

But the Autumn Night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the Winter Night
Is cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain.

O' the Night the Night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time;
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—REST.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

A STORY OF ENGLISH LAW.

(*Concluded.*)

His story was soon told; he made but a simple statement of a few sad facts, leaving his hearers' imagination to fill up the outline. Even so let me tell what he told; few words will suffice. *He had loved unwisely, married rashly*; had trusted first, to doubt afterwards; had wondered, feared, suspected. Alas for the suspicion which cannot be allayed, except as his had been? Not long had he to endure suspense. Conviction forced itself upon him, and the sunshine of his life was ended.

He had loved, I said, unwisely, for the living object of his love was not like the ideal. With the enthusiasm of boyhood, he had attributed to her all the virtues he wished her to possess, and believed that her love for the noble and the good was as ardent as his own. Oh, how many *heart-rung tears, how many* hours of unknown anguish, do these crushed hopes and deadened aspirations cost us!

In low tones, with eyes bent on the ground, Stuart and his friend conversed.

'Where is she now?' asked Mr. Morgan.

Stuart told him.

'And how does she subsist?'

Stuart explained that he had made arrangements for her receiving a small annuity, on condition that she never in any manner intruded herself upon him. The letter he had lately received was a breach of that agreement.

'Does she write as a penitent, George?'

'Simply as a person transacting business.'

He gave the letter to Mr. Morgan, who perused it carefully, and on laying it down muttered half aloud: 'And almost seeming to think herself the injured party! You never sued?' he asked a moment afterwards; 'you never sought a divorce?'

'No.'

'Why did you not?'

'There were several reasons,' said Stuart, evasively.

'The exposure?'

'Ay, who likes to see himself and his wrongs in the hands of every newspaper editor?—at the mercy of every idler who amuses himself with the contemplation of misery and guilt?'

'And yet, George, I should have thought that your proud *high spirit would have borne all this rather than*—.' He paused.

'You are right, Mr. Morgan. I would have encountered any amount of present pain, if by so doing I could have redeemed the future from its abiding shame. I would have braved publicity, ridicule, everything, to have rescued my name from dishonor—to have regained the proud freedom I had lost. You are right in judging me so; but I was hindered.'

'What could hinder you! In such a case your own judgment only should have been followed. You only had suffered, and no one had a right to restrain you.'

A smile—but now a *bitter smile*—curled the lip of Stuart, and his proud nostril expanded with a look of wearied scorn.

'My friend,' he said, 'you are a lawyer—you should know something of the English law of divorce. Do you not understand?' he added, as Mr. Morgan looked up inquiringly. 'Doubtless my cause was good—doubtless I should have gained a decision in my favor;' but his lips and hand closed quickly—'I could not pay for it!'

The letter Stuart had opened in Mrs. Herbert's presence was speedily followed by several others, to none of which he thought it expedient to make any reply. But after a short interval, came one to which he felt disposed to pay attention. It was an offer from a wretched woman who had worked him so much wo, to the effect that she would, on the receipt of a certain sum of money, at once emigrate to America, whither some of her friends were shortly to sail. Stuart was more than willing to acquiesce in this arrangement, and speedily signified his assent. With the Atlantic between them, *his spirit might feel lightened* of some part of its burden; he could walk freely through the world without fearing at every step that the cause and evidence of *his infamy*—so he called it—would start up and shame him. Her departure made no change in his position; yet when the vessel which contained her quitted the shores of England, George Stuart felt himself a happier man.

Six weeks afterwards he was startled by the intelligence that the ship was lost. It is not in human nature not to rejoice at deliverance, no matter how effected, and Stuart may be forgiven if his strongest feeling for that disaster was one of thankfulness. In the list of passengers lost was *that one name*. Mr. Morgan made no scruple of expressing his satisfaction, and noted with excessive pleasure, that though as quiet in his manner as ever, the relaxed lip and softened eye of Stuart betrayed far more than his words confessed.

Both, however, knew that a possibility of mistake existed. The list of persons saved might have been incomplete, others of the missing passengers might turn up elsewhere. For some months Stuart waited, if not in expectation, yet in readiness, for evidence contradictory of the report; and, not content with waiting only, he caused careful inquiries to be made in every accessible quarter, nor till these proved fruitless did he venture to believe himself free. Is he to be blamed, if in those months his thoughts sometimes reverted to, and dwelt upon her whom he loved, and who, he well knew, loved him? His love now was very different from the impetuous, ungovernable feelings of his boyhood. Experience, sharp and bitter, had taught him how to curb the torrent, and in the furnace of affliction many passions had been sorely tried. But neither experience nor affliction can annihilate those passions in a noble mind; and though strangely altered and subdued, the gushings of his heart were stronger now than ever. He was no longer a boy, but he had found that of which his boyhood had been disappointed—a pure and gentle spirit to sympathize with.

As months wore on, and Stuart grew satisfied of his own safety, it is no wonder that he relaxed somewhat in his strict self-government, and every man knows, or ought to know, that when this is the case a crisis is not far off. The crisis came, and Catherine Herbert listed to the strange story of his life ere he would permit her to answer the avowal by which it had been prefaced. But it was soon answered afterwards; and Catherine felt that, if possible, she loved him better now for that very silence which had previously so much distressed her.

My tale is not ended, but I must hasten towards its close. This will bring me to a period more than a year after the loss of the emigrant ship Ashbourne, and a very few weeks after Catherine Herbert had given her hand to Stuart.

It was morning, and Stuart was preparing to go out, when he was informed that some person wished to see him immediately. Ordering the applicant to be shown into his study, he repaired thither himself.

How little do we know what lies before us! Stuart walked into the room carelessly drawing on his gloves, and thinking so little of his visitor that he had closed the door and taken two steps forward ere he perceived who was there. Then he stood still. Speechless, motionless, while his heart leaped with a terrible agony, he gazed upon her whom he a moment before had believed the waters had engulfed! He asked no questions—he wished for no explanations—it was enough that she was there. No explanation could do away with the fact of her existence—the living, moving presence on that earth which held him and—his wife!

His wife! Whom was she? To whom did the title belong? To her who long ago had forfeited her right to bear it, and had covered herself and him with dishonour? Yes; in the eye of the law that creature was still his wife. And she, the pure and irreproachable being, the very impersonation of true, confiding wifehood, who had lately cast in her lot with his—what was she?

'Good morning,' said the visitor, perceiving that Stuart did not seem likely to break the silence. 'I don't wonder that you are surprised to see me, for I dare say you heard of the wreck?'

Stuart said 'Yes,' calmly,—it was the calmness of desperation; the 'cup of trembling' seemed full for him.

'The fact is I was picked up by an American vessel the morning after the wreck. I had taken a "life preserving cape" with me, and it kept me afloat beautifully. Capital things those life-preservers, are they not?'

The easy nonchalance of the speaker was not without its effect upon Stuart. Something like indignation empowered him to ask, 'Why have you been so long in discovering the truth to me?'

'About my being alive you mean? Oh, how could I? The ship that took me up was not coming to England. We went to some place in South America, and then, after a while to New York.'

'You might have written.'

'Well, I never thought of that; or if I did, you know you made me promise not to write you again.'

'You promised also that I should never see you again.'

'Yes,' the reply was accompanied by a spiteful laugh—'but then I wasn't expecting to be wrecked. Shipwrecks are sad things for upsetting arrangements.'

'Why did you not stay in America?'

'The idea! When every one of my friends was drowned!—Good morning, ma'am—how do you do?'

Catherine, believing that Stuart was gone to the office, had come in search of some trifle which had been mislaid, and opened the study-door before she was aware of the room being occupied. The word shipwreck caught her ear, and a horrible suspicion darted through her mind. It was speedily confirmed, for, as Stuart hastily turning, when the stranger greeted her, would have hurried from the place, his torment exclaimed, with the same levity as before: '*So then this is the mistress of my husband's house?*'

Stuart tried to lead Catherine away, but she was fainting on his shoulder. He lifted her up, and carried her to her room. Presently he returned. 'Why are you here?—what do you seek?' he asked in a voice husky though unbroken.

It was money that was wanted, and obtained.

'Go now,' said Stuart, 'and come to this house no more. At the office you may see or hear from me, but here it is not safe for you to come.

The dark, almost fierce glitter of his eyes seemed to startle his auditor. She took the money silently and departed at once. George wrote a couple of lines to Mr. Morgan, begging him to come immediately, and then returned to the room where Catherine still lay helpless. The sudden shock had completely unsettled her nervous system; and the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, said gravely that she must be kept quiet. Quiet she certainly might be, so far as the body was concerned, but it would perhaps have been better for her if in the fainting fits which continually returned upon her had been more profound or of longer duration. As it was, the intervals of consciousness served to remind her that some dreadful event, she scarcely knew what, had occurred, and that its consequences were still impending. It is well known that this kind of consciousness is very dangerous to persons of delicate organization; before the night closed in, Mrs. Stuart was pronounced to be in brain fever.

Who can describe the agony of him who bent over her couch listening to her wanderings, and feeling that this was his work! Oh, how deeply he regretted the weakness which had permitted him to accept the love she gave—how he reproached the frenzied madness of his youth—now, in the bitterness of his spirit he cursed the iniquitous law which, while offering deliverance to the wealthy, condemned him to this everlasting bondage of shame! In vain, in vain! She for whom he would have gladly given his own life, was dying before his eyes, the victim of *his errors*. Yet, was it so? Was he indeed to blame? Partly—not all. Again, with the fierce wrath of a revengeful, deeply injured man, he execrated that mockery of justice, that solemn puppetry which only gold can set in motion—the English law of divorce.

Mr. Morgan had been with Stuart more than once or twice, but could do little to quiet the tumult of his feelings. Several days had passed ere he began to speak decisively of what he thought advisable.

'Everything must be risked now, George,' said the kind old man; 'money *must* be had, and I will undertake to say that it shall be.'

'My kind good friend,' said Stuart, sadly; 'but it is too late.'

'I confess we shall be under several disadvantages; but I do not despair, nor must you.'

Again the other murmured, 'It is too late,' and Mr. Morgan took his leave.

George slowly sought the chamber, from which he could scarcely bear to be absent, though it agonized him to be there.

'The fever has abated,' whispered the doctor, whom he met on the stairs.

'Will she recover?'

The doctor paused. '*Unless she is too weak to rally*,' and he passed on.

With a noiseless step Stuart approached the bed where Catherine lay quite still with her eyes partly open. Presently her lips moved, and it was his own name they formed, but scarcely uttered. As he bent down, and slightly kissed her forehead, a faint smile played over her lips. 'George, dearest,' again she murmured, and with a sudden effort she threw her *right arm around his neck*.

The effort was the last; in another moment the arm relaxed its hold, and the last faint breath escaped the lips pressed with his were those of a corpse.

There is no stone by Catherine's grave, but Stuart knows it well; and sometimes when the streets are quite still, when the moon is down, and only the stars glimmer faintly on the tombstones, he wanders among the graves and perhaps pauses a minute beside one undistinguished hillock—sometimes, but not often; for to nourish and indulge such grief as his would be madness, *and he is no repining, melancholic man*. The proud spirit is wrung, the strong heart nearly broken, but his burden of bitter memories is borne calmly—the duties of the dull present are performed unmurmuringly, and what he suffers he suffers in silence.

Gleanings from British & Foreign Papers.

SYRIA.

FEARFUL EXECUTION OF THE MURDERERS.

One hundred and sixty-seven persons implicated in the late massacres at Damascus, and on whom sentence had been passed, were publicly executed on the 29th ult. Fifty-seven of the condemned were hanged in the most populous parts of the city, and 110 of the local police were shot in the square Djenk Meidan. These executions have struck terror into the inhabitants of the city, which remained tranquil. The next day those condemned to hard labor and detention were sent, under a strong escort, to Beyrout, where they will be immediately embarked for Constantinople. Among the persons hanged were brothers, sons, and parents of the first men of the country. No attention was paid to their rank or dignity. The next day all principal parties compromised were arrested, tried, and punished. The trial of the ex-Governor, Ahmed Agha, and other officers, is proceeding before a council of war. The sentences will be enforced immediately after they are pronounced. The guilty persons who escaped after the massacres will be tried as outlaws. They will undergo their penalties as soon as they are seized. The army of the Sultan acts with the most rigorous discipline and in perfect loyalty. The arm of justice is absolutely triumphant. Perfect tranquility reigns on all the borders of Syria. Order is re-established at Saida and its environs.

SHOCKING DISCLOSURES.

The "Despatches from her Majesty's Consuls in the Levant respecting past or apprehended disturbances in Syria, 1858-1860," is a very important set of papers in the present crisis. Without reading them it is impossible to obtain an adequate idea of the state of things in Syria. To say that it is like the state of things in this country before the Heptarchy would be a very poor account of it. It is literally impossible to state within compass what these despatches disclose. It is simply page after page and page after page of this kind of intelligence:—"Meer Mahomed Harfoush has raised 1000 footmen and horsemen to attack Meer Suleiman." "The tribes of Wallahalla and Rouallah, under their respective chiefs, Mahomed Dukhi and Fysal Shahlan, have twice come into collision, and the loss of life on both sides is estimated at about 500." "Another engagement on a large scale between the two Arab chiefs is expected." "Aghail Agha is at the head of a mixed crowd of vagabonds of various tribes." "Such is the disordered state of the country the Government can no longer enforce its authority or collect its revenue." "The village of Tadif, about 15 miles from this town (Aleppo), was attacked on the 25th inst. by the nomadic tribes. The villagers mustered 400 armed men to defend their flocks and herds. No assistance was afforded by the troops, though the peasantry have the burden of supporting them." "Besides individual murders, a whole family was massacred at a village near Beyrout. The murderers are Druses, and the victims Christians. The occasion was revenge. I have little hope of the criminals being brought to justice." "The roads are insecure for travellers or traffic." "The troops having surrounded the house in which Meer Suleiman was lodged, the Emir was summoned to give himself up, which he refused to do, and began firing on the soldiers." "Five men broke into the house of Mr. Dickson, an American citizen, wounded him, and murdered his son-in-law. The villians remained on the premises four hours, violated the women, and plundered all the property. The local authorities are encouraging these frightful atrocities, in order to discourage the coming of more Christian settlers." "We have just heard tidings of the insurrection and murders of Jedda." "We have just heard tidings of the Christian insurrection in Crete." "A fanatic mob of Mahomedans have assaulted the Christian church in Gaza, assigning for a reason that they could not endure to see the building whitewashed or fresh painted. The Pasha has despatched the Cadi and Mufti to *reason* with the zealots." Imagine 80 folio pages of facts of this kind, and you have the history of Syria for the two years 1858 and 1859. When we ask what the Turkish Government was doing all this time, what its policy was, and what its motives were, the picture of impotence and corruption, venality and bigotry, transcends everything in history.

GARIBALDI FIXES THE DAY FOR HIS ARRIVAL IN NAPLES.

The Annexionist Committee at Naples assembled on Tuesday morning, and received communication of a letter from Garibaldi, stating that, as the state of the country requires a definitive solution, he will arrive at Naples about the 8th instant, and will, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, assume the Dictatorship of the Two Sicilies. The Committee is making preparations for the reception of the Dictator. The city will be illuminated for three nights.

Two Sardinian vessels, with troops, arrived at Naples on the morning of the 3d instant.

An insurrection has broken out at Sala, where the Government of King Victor Emmanuel has been proclaimed.

Four thousand men, under the command of General Torre, have disembarked at Sapri.

Garibaldi, who was last at Palmi, is now marching upon Salerno, being supported on the right wing by General Cosenz.

The Royal troops are concentrated near Naples. Placards having been posted up, bearing the words, "Long live Victor Emmanuel," several soldiers tore them down. The Lazzaroni became irritated, and a conflict with the soldiers ensued.

The *Gazzetta di Torino* says:—"A despatch from Naples states that the King of Naples had presided at a Council of Ministers, at which resistance was resolved upon." Other advices say, that as soon as the revolution takes place the Sardinian troops will occupy the States of the Church.

General Viglia has been appointed Commander of the Army of Naples, and General Desanjeto Commander of the National Guard.

Count Szechenyi, the Austrian Ambassador at Naples, has not returned to Vienna, as stated by the Austrian journals. His instructions are to remain at his post until King Francis II. should quit his States, and embark in an Austrian war steamer. Should the King of Naples retire to Trieste, Count Szechenyi would accompany him. In the event of his Majesty embarking on board a Spanish vessel, the Austrian squadron has orders to return to Trieste immediately.

MADRID, SEPT. 5.—The Queen of Spain has offered the King of Naples a refuge in Spain, in the event of his leaving his States. This offer has been accepted by King Francis II.

THE FRENCH WILL DEFEND ROME.

It is asserted that General de Noue, the Commander of the French army at Rome, has announced to his officers that the orders of the Emperor were, to defend the provinces of Rome, Civita Vecchia, Comarca, and Viterbo.

ALARM AT VERONA.

On account of the rapid progress of Garibaldi's army in the Kingdom of Naples, four batteries sent from Vienna have been added to the great artillery depot at this place. It is asserted that the 7th and 8th Austrian *corps d'armee* have received orders to join the army of Venetia at the first summons.

KOSSUTH IN WAITING.

Kossuth is living in what is called "retirement" upon the Lake of Como; but in his retirement he receives frequent telegrams from Garibaldi, with whom he has promised to co-operate by raising the standard of revolt in Hungary. The French Government is in possession of abundant proof of what it terms the complicity of these great men, and M. de Moustier will necessarily be instructed to base his arguments thereon. The friends of progress are, however, strong in the hope that Kossuth's sanguine temperament will not lead him, or induce him to lead Garibaldi into any rash enterprise against Austria, where Garibaldi might lose all except his honour.

[Although the following article from the *London Saturday Review* makes some hits at our own countrymen, the great good humour and wit which pervade it more than excuse the jokes at the expense of the Irish Volunteers in the Pope's army; while the cutting sarcasms on Irish Orangeism are worthy of all praise.—Ed'r Ex'r.]

THE IRISH AT ROME AND AT HOME.

[*From the London Saturday Review.*]

The Pope's Own are on their way back again in as great poverty, but not in quite as cheerful spirits, as the troubadour of the song. They are dropping in as fast as their legs can carry them and the state of their pockets will permit. They bring very little home with them, except the priest's blessing, which they do not seem to have been able to change into eatables upon the way, and the proud satisfaction which every Irishman feels at not having done his duty. All is, no doubt, ordered for the best, but their arrival will perhaps be a slight trial to their families, who bade them good bye a month or two ago with feelings of chastened joy. These will view their reappearance with a holy resignation, not unmingled with awe. Rumor asserts that the crusaders are even hungrier than when they left. Their terrible appetites have not been anywhere appeased. In other respects they are much the same. Beyond a few broken heads, which is nothing out of the way in the case of men who go out a good deal into Irish society it does not appear that they are much the worse for their adventures. It is some disappointment, no doubt, that they have not all been made general officers; and the afflicting circumstance, it is said, weighs a good deal on their spirits. This ungentlemanly treatment is, indeed, one of the chief causes of their unlooked-for restoration to the bosoms of their friends. It is difficult to suggest any adequate consolation which may soothe their natural resentment. They must try to cheer up, and to bear it as men and as soldiers. Even English volunteers find to their cost that they cannot all be captains. The conduct of the authorities at Rome has been atrocious. We do not consider it the least excuse for the Pope that our Celtic brothers were so ugly. Military merit should not be judged of on such superficial grounds. Beauty is, after all, skin deep, and a half-hour in a Ballinasloe fair would reduce all of us to a level. We could pardon the ignorant Italians for such stupidity, but General Lamoriciere ought to have known that it is genius, and mental and moral beauty, that make the useful soldier. With long beards and plenty of hair upon their upper lips, we cannot help thinking that some of them might have passed muster in a crowd, or in a pitched battle, especially if there was an average amount of smoke and confusion. Ancient historians tell us that half of the success of the Saracens in war was due to their extraordinary personal appearance. Surely some of the most unkempt of our friends of the Sister Isle might have been put in the van of the fight, to strike a panic into Garibaldi and his followers. He would have been more than man if he could have stood his ground against the combined terrors of great irregularity of feature and an Irish war-cry. *Veni ad faciem* might have been given a second time in history as a military command, and, on this occasion, to the defenders of Rome. What might not have been done by a regiment of