

will persist in ignoring facts, and in dealing with the people of Canada as if they were one, whilst in very fact they are two, and will remain two to the end of the chapter—so long must all Canadian legislation prove a failure.

Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Protestants daily violate this evangelical precept by their divorce legislation, and the dissolution of Christian society will be the consequence. Whom God in His infinite wisdom has put asunder, let not man attempt to join together. This, which is the converse of the other precept, is a law which cannot be violated without danger to the entire political fabric. No Union betwixt alien races have ever succeeded; they have resulted either in the chronic insubordination of the weaker race, oppressed by the stronger, or in the total extinction of the former. Scotland and England were successfully united, because, before the Union, the two races were one—one in blood, in language, and in Protestantism; the Union of Ireland with Great Britain has proved a failure, because it attempted to join together those whom God had made two. And so has it been with the Canadas, although the evil consequences have hitherto been mitigated, if not entirely averted, by that provision in the Union Act, which Upper Canada now seeks to abolish, and which gave to the Union more of the Federal than of the Legislative complexion.

And if that provision could be maintained, we should offer no objection to the Union, but should be content still to endure it as *un fait accompli*, and as an evil now too late to remedy. Repeal of the Union means, we know, the annexation of Upper Canada to the United States, to which, even now, the Western section of the Province naturally gravitates, and with which it has far stronger affinities than it can ever have to French and Catholic Lower Canada. For the sake therefore of our Catholic brethren of the West, to whom Repeal of the Union, and annexation to the United States, would but bring an increase of persecution, and additional restrictions upon their civil and religious liberties, we have no desire to see the Union repealed—so long as equality of representation can be maintained. But this last security taken away, we should be unable to defend our own; much less then should we be able to come to the aid of the Catholics of the West; and therefore if no alternative betwixt Representation by Population, and Repeal of the Union, *pur et simple*, be left to us, we without hesitation declare ourselves in favor of the latter.

We publish an article upon the subject from the *Toronto Mirror*, with whose sentiments we perfectly coincide.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.—We have now some details of this great battle, on which we may rely. It now appears to have been the most desperate conflict yet waged on this Continent, and for slaughter to be entitled to rank amongst the great battles of the world. As yet no very important consequences to either side, none commensurate with the terrible loss of life, have been drawn from it. It was a fierce duello, in which the South has reaped the laurels indeed, but from which it derives no substantial advantages. We publish below some extracts from a letter by an eye witness, a Northerner, with strong Northern proclivities, which appeared in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. It will be seen that the reports of the panic which fell upon the Northerners, and of the cowardice of many of their troops are fully confirmed. We must remember, however, that these troops were in great part composed of raw levies, of men who had never seen a shot fired in anger, and that panics are by no means rare amongst raw troops, no matter how brave the individuals of which they may be composed. From this reflection we should conclude how foolish it would be for us to attempt to oppose raw militia, to the disciplined troops which in case of a war our not over scrupulous neighbors might pour across our frontier:—

FIRST DAY'S FIGHT.

(From the *Cincinnati Gazette*.)

Field of Battle,

Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 9, 1862.

THE WARNING OF DAWN.

The sun never rose on a more beautiful morning than that of Sunday, April 6. Lulled by the general serenity, I had remained in pleasant quarters at Crump's below Pittsburg Landing, on the river. By sunrise I was roused by the cry, "They're fighting above." Volleys of musketry could soon enough be distinguished, and occasionally the sullen boom of artillery came echoing down the stream. Momentarily the volume of sound increased, till it became evident that it was no skirmish that was in progress, and that a considerable portion of the army was mustered in engaged. Hastily springing on the guards of a passing steamboat, I hurried up. The sweet spring sunshine danced over the rippling waters, and softly lit up the green of the banks. A few fleecy clouds alone broke the azure above. A light breeze murmured among the young leaves; the blue birds were singing their gentle treble to the stern music that still came louder and deeper to us from the bluffs above, and the frogs were croaking their feeble imitation from the marshy islands that dotted the channel. Even thus early the west bank of the river was lined with the usual fugitives from action hurriedly pushing onwards, they knew not where, except down stream, and away from the fight. An officer on board hailed numbers of them and demanded their reason for retreating in such disorder, but they all gave the same response: "We're clean cut to pieces, and every man must save himself." At the landing appearances become still more ominous. Our two Cincinnati wooden gunboats Tyler and Lexington, were edging uneasily up and down the banks, eager to put in their broadsides of heavy guns, but unable to find where they could do it. The roar of battle was startlingly close, and showed that the rebels were in earnest attempting to carry out their threat of driving us into the river. The

landing and bluff were covered with cowards who had fled from the ranks to the rear for safety, and who were telling the most frightful stories of the rebel onset, and the sufferings of their own particular regiments. Momentarily fresh fugitives came back, often guns in hand, and all giving the same accounts of the thickening disasters in front.

OUR MEN SURPRISED.

Almost at dawn Sherman's pickets were driven in a very little later. Prentiss' were; and the enemy were into the camps almost as soon as were the pickets themselves. Here began scenes which, let us hope, will have no parallel in our remaining annals of the war. Many particularly among our officers, were not yet out of bed. Others were dressing, others washing, others cooking, a few eating their breakfast. Many guns were unloaded, accoutrements lying pell-mell, ammunition was ill supplied—in short the camps were completely surprised—disgraced might be added, unless some one can hereafter give some yet undiscovered reason to the contrary—and were taken at almost every possible disadvantage. The first wild cries from the pickets rushing in, and a few scattered shots that preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their peril; an instant afterwards rattling volleys of musketry poured through the tents, while, before there was time for thought or preparation, there came rushing through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole fronts of the division camps and bending down on either flank, the fine dashing compact columns of the enemy. Into the just aroused camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they came, and springing forward upon our legions with the bayonet, for a while their artillery, already in position, was tossing shells to the further side of the encampments, scores were shot down as they were, running without weapons, hatless, coatless, towards the river. The searching bullets found other poor unfortunates in their tents, and there, all unbedded now, they still slumbered, while the unseen foe rushed on. Others fell as they were disentangling themselves from the flaps that formed the doors to their tents; others as they were buckling on their accoutrements; others as they were vainly trying to impress on the cruelly reluctant enemy their readiness to surrender. Officers were bayoneted in their beds and left for dead, who through the whole two days' fearful struggle, lay there gazing in their agony, and on Monday evening were found in their gore inside their tents, and still able to tell the tale.

Such were the fearful disasters that opened the rebel onset on the lines of Buckland's brigade, in Sherman's division. Similar, though perhaps less terrible in some of the details, were the fates of Prentiss' entire front. Meantime, what they could our regiments did. Falling rapidly back through the heavy woods till they gained a protecting ridge, firing as they ran, and making what resistance men thus situated might, Sherman's men succeeded in partially checking the rush of the enemy long enough to form their hasty line of battle. Meantime, the other two brigades of the division (to the right) sprang hastily to their arms, and had barely done so when the enemy's lines came sweeping up against their fronts, too, and the battle thus opened fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right. Buckland's brigade had been compelled to abandon their camps without a struggle. Some of the regiments, it is even said ran without firing a gun. Colonel Apple's Fifty-third Ohio is loudly complained of on this score, and others are mentioned. It is certain that parts of regiments, both here and in other divisions, ran disgracefully. Yet they were not wholly without excuse. They were raw troops, just from the usual idleness of our 'camp of instruction'; hundreds of them had never heard a gun fired in anger; their officers, for the most part, were equally inexperienced they had been reposing in fancied security, and were awakened, perhaps from sweet dreams of home, and wives, and children, by the stunning roar of cannon in their very midst, and the bursting of a bombshell amongst their tents—to see only the serried columns of the magnificent rebel advance, and through the blinding stifling smoke, the hasty retreat of comrades and supports, right and left. Certainly, it is sad enough but hardly surprising, that under such circumstances some should run. Half as much caused the wild panic at Bull Run, for which the nation, as one man became a loud-mouthed apologist. But they ran—here as in Prentiss' division, of which last more in a moment—and the enemy did not fail to profit by the wild disorder. As Buckland's brigade fell back Mc Clelland threw forward his left to support it. Meanwhile Sherman was doing his best to rally his troops—dashing along the lines, encouraging them everywhere by his presence and exposing his own life with the same freedom with which he demanded their offer of theirs, he did much to save the division from utter destruction. Hildebrand and McDowell were compelled to retire their brigades from their camps across the little ravine behind; but here, for a time, they made a gallant defence, while what was left of Buckland's was falling back in such order as it might, and leaving Mc Clelland's left to take their place, and check the wave of rebel advance.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRENTISS.

General Prentiss was faring scarcely so well. Most of his troops stood their ground to be formed into line; but, strangely enough, the line was drawn up in open space, leaving to the enemy the cover of the dense scrub oak in front, from which they could pour in their volleys in comparative safety. The men held their position with an obstinacy that adds new laurels to the character of the American soldier; but it was too late. Down on either flank came the overwhelming enemy. Fiercely pushed in front, with a wall of bayonets closing in on either side like the contracting iron chamber of the incinerator, what could they do but what they did? Speedily their resistance became less obstinate, more and more rapidly they fell back, less and less frequent became their returning volleys. The enemy pushed their advantage. They were already within our lines; they had driven one division from all its camps, and nearly opened, as they supposed, the way to the river. Just here, between nine and ten o'clock, McArthur's brigade, of W. H. L. Wallace's division, came up to give some assistance to Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme left, now in imminent danger of being cut off by Prentiss' defection. McArthur mistook the way, marched too far to the right, and so, instead of reaching Stuart, came in on the other side of the rebels, now closely pushing Prentiss. His men at once opened vigorously on the enemy, and for a time they seemed likely still to save our imperilled division. But coming unawares, as they seem to have done, upon the enemy, their positions were not well chosen, and all had to fall back together. Brigadier General Prentiss and three regiments with him—the twenty-third Missouri, of his own division, and the twelfth and fourteenth Iowa, of whose loss he came to his assistance—delayed their retreat too long. Almost before they were aware of their danger the flanking forces rushed in from either side behind them and they stood, perhaps two thousand strong, in the midst of twice their number. They threw down their arms, and the rebels signalled their first attack by marching three Lincolnite regiments, with a division general, as prisoners, to the rear. Overwhelmed by this fresh disaster, without a general to organize them, with still hotter and hotter fire to their front and flanks, the remainder of the division, whole regiments at a time, gave way in disorder. For a short time a few maintained a confused defence, retreating, halting, firing, courting death by remaining in isolated squads or companies, to resist a little longer the overpowering advance; but before ten o'clock the whole division was in rapid retreat. Some regiments came off the field in a degree of order; the most in sad confusion. And thus, by ten o'clock, one entire division of our army was put hors de combat.

The Northerners were thoroughly routed, driven back upon the river, and no alternative save that of an unconditional surrender seemed to be

left to them. At this time, the field of battle presented the aspect described below by the Northern correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*:—

COWARDS.

On the bluffs above the river is a sight that may well make our cheeks tingle with shame for some of our soldiers. There are not less than three thousand skulkers lying the banks. Ask them why they don't go to their places in the line:—"Oh, our regiment is all cut to pieces." "Why don't you go to where it is forming again?" "I can't find it." "And bulk looks as if that would be the very last thing he would want to do. Officers are around among them trying to hunt up their men, storming, coaxing, commanding—cursing, I am afraid. One strange fellow—a major, if I remember aright—is making a sort of elevated, superfluous 4th of July speech to everybody that will listen to him. He means well, certainly:—"Men of Kentucky, of Illinois, of Ohio, of Iowa, of Indiana, I implore you, come up now. Help us through two hours more. By all that you hold dear, by the homes you hope to defend, by the flag you love, by the States you honor, by all your love of country, by all your hatred of treason, I conjure you come up and do your duty now." And so on for quantity. That fellow's a good speaker; he is the only response I heard, and the fellow who gave it nestled more snugly behind his tree as he spoke. I knew well enough the nature of the skulking animal in an army during a battle. I had seen their performances before, but never on so large a scale—never with such an utter sickness of heart as I looked, as now. Still, I do not believe there was very much more than the average per centage. It was a big army, and the runaways all sought the landing.

At this crisis, General Buell arrived with his reinforcements. The writer from whom we have already quoted, thus describes the night after the battle:—

THE WORK OF SUNDAY NIGHT.

With the exception of the gunshot bombardment the night seemed to have passed in entire quiet. A heavy thunder storm had come up about midnight, and, though we were all shivering over the ducking, the surgeons assured us that a better thing could not have happened. The ground, they said, was covered with wounded not yet found of whom we were unable to bring from the field. The moisture would to some extent cool the burning, parching thirst, which is one of the chief horrors of lying wounded and helpless on the battle field, and the falling water was the best dressing for the wounds. The regiments of Buell's divisions were still disembarking at the landing. Many had taken their places; the rest hurried on out as fast as they landed, and fell in to the rear of their brigade lines for reserves. I stood for a few moments at the Landing, curious to see how these fine fellows would march out to the field where they knew reverse had crowded so thickly upon us the day before, and where many of them must be down to sleep his last sleep ere the sun, then rising, should sink again. There was little of the vulgar vanity of valor which was so conspicuous in all the movements of our rawer troops some eight or nine months ago. There was no noisy and senseless yelling, no shouting of boasts, no calling on lookers-on to follow as where the cowardly seaship is well clean "cut out double quick." These men understood the work before them. They went to it as brave men should, determinedly, hopefully, calmly. It soon became evident that the gunshot bombardment through the night had not been without a most important effect in changing the very conditions under which we renewed the struggle. The sun had gone down with the enemy's lines clasping us tight as the centre and left, pushing us to the river, and leaving us little over half a mile out of all the broad space we held in the morning. The gunboats had cut the coils, and loosened the construction. As we soon learned, their shells had made the old position of our extreme left, which the rebels had been pleasantly occupying, utterly untenable. Instead of being able to slip up on us through the night as they had probably intended, they were compelled to fall back from point to point; each time as they had found places they thought out of range, a shell would come dropping in; nowhere a hiding place could they lie, but the troublesome visitors would find them out, and to end the matter they fell back beyond our inner camps, and thus lost more than half the ground they had gained by our four o'clock retreat the afternoon before. Less easily accounted for was a movement of theirs on our right. They had held here a steep bluff, covered with underbrush, as their advanced line. Through the night they abandoned this, which gave them the best possible position for opposing Lew. Wallace, and had fallen back across some open fields to the scrub oak woods beyond. The advantage of compelling our advance over unprotected openings, while they maintained a sheltered position, was obvious, but certainly not so great as that of holding a height which artillery and infantry would make as difficult to take as many a fort. Nevertheless they fell back.

WANT OF SYSTEM ON OUR SIDE.

Sunday night there was, as has been said a council of war, but the Major General commanding developed any plans there beyond the simple arrangement of our line of battle, I am very certain that some of the division commanders didn't find it out. Stubborn fighting alone delayed our losses on Sunday; stubborn fighting alone saved us when we had reached the point beyond which came the child's jumping off place; and stubborn fighting, with such generalship as individual division commanders displayed, regained on Monday what we had lost before. To those who had looked despairingly at the prospects Sunday evening, it seemed strange that the rebels did not open out on us by daybreak again. Their retreat before the bombshells of the gunboats, however, explained the delay. Our own divisions were not numerous almost simultaneously. By seven o'clock Lew Wallace opened the ball by shelling the rebel battery, of which mention has been made—a brisk artillery duel, a rapid movement of infantry across shallow ravines as if to storm, and the rebels, enfiladed and surrounded in front, lumbered up and made the opening of their Monday's retreating.

On Monday morning the Northerners, strongly reinforced, assumed the aggressive. The Southerners retired to their old position, fighting to cover their retreat, but carrying off with them their prisoners, their guns, and trophies of victory. The result of the two days' fighting is thus summarized:—

The camps were regained; the rebels were repulsed; their attack had failed; we stood where we began; rebel cavalry were within half a mile of us; the retreating columns were within striking distance. But we had regained our camps. And so ended the battle of Pittsburg.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

I do not pretend to give more than an estimate, but I have made the estimate with some care, going to the Adjutants of different regiments that had been in as heavy fighting as any, getting statements of their losses—sure to be very nearly, if not quite accurate—and approximating thus from the loss of a dozen regiments to the probable loss of all. I have ridden over the grounds, too—have seen the dead and wounded lying over the field—have noted the number in the hospitals and on the boats. As the result of it all, I do not believe our loss is killed and wounded will number over thirty-five hundred to four thousand. The question of prisoners is another matter. Reports that certain regiments only have half the men answering roll call indicate nothing.

The regiments are all more or less disorganized and the soldiers scattered everywhere. Many go home with the sick many are nurses in the hospitals, many keep out of sight, seeing all they can.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Kingston, April 19, 1862.

SIR—Conscious as I am of the interest you take in everything Catholic, and of the zeal you display in promoting its welfare and advancement, I think you will not hesitate to give insertion to this communication, if the subject of which it treats should in any way tend to a similar purpose. The Catholic young men in the City of Kingston have for many years felt the necessity of an Association wherein they might cultivate science and literature; where, after the toil of the day, they might enjoy each other's society, and where morality and religion would not be scoffed at. That the young men and rising generation really wanted such a Society, is but too evident: for where are their places of enjoyment—where are their halls of entertainment? The sturdy, buoyant spirit of youth cannot be inactive; it must do something; and whether that something be good or evil, depends upon the direction its plant nature shall receive. That such an incentive to science and literature was desirable requires no assurance; for the many respectable young men who assembled to form the Society, and the happy results derived from like institutions in other parts of the Province, sufficiently attest it. For these reasons a Society was formed under the title of the "*Catholic Young Men's Literary Association*." It is intended to have a Library and Reading Room in connexion with it, together with a lecture and debating hall. After the Constitution was framed—which document reflects great praise on its composers—it was presented to his Lordship the Bishop for approval; who not only approved of it, but congratulated the Committee who waited upon him, on the happy prospects of the institution. His Lordship also kindly consented to be its Patron. I regret to say that this institution, in its infancy should so soon be deprived of its worthy and revered Patron, who is now leaving for the Eternal City, and whose absence will be regretted by none more sincerely than by the "*Young Men's*" Catholic Literary Association, of which I have the honor to be

A MEMBER.

KINGSTON CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

At a Meeting of the members, held on Tuesday evening, the 13th instant, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing term:—

Rev. J. Lonergan—Director.
Mr. John Rourke—President.
P. J. Buckley—1st Vice-President.
Dr. Branigan—2nd do. do.
Mr. Roderick O'Connor—Treasurer.
Luke J. Ely—Recording Secretary.
Francis Rourke—Corresponding do.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Messrs. O'Donnell, O'Neill, Casey, Curran, Leonard, Lema, Donoghue, Branigan, Rourke, Scudlin, Buckley, and Molloy.

We are well pleased to hail once more our old friend the *New York Freeman*, suspended some ten months ago by the free government of the United States, which also consigned the editor of the *Freeman*, Mr. M-Master, to the *bastille*, upon "a suspicion of being suspect" of Southern proclivities. The embargo has however been raised, and the *Freeman* is once more free to write what he pleases, so long as he writes nothing which may offend the susceptibilities of the authorities.

REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION.—This objectionable measure may now be considered the greatest before us. On its behalf every argument that political ingenuity or religious bigotry can devise, has been urged. Powerful appeals have been made to public opinion by its advocates, and the question has been continuously asked, "Is it just that Lower Canada, which has a much less numerous population than Upper Canada, should have the same number of representatives in Parliament?" This is the question, repeated in a hundred different shapes, which ever and anon meets us, and which we are expected to believe unanswerable, and which the organs of the party, by their refusal to quote contrary opinions, induce the deluded multitude to regard as really unanswerable. There never was a question before the people on which such unfairness of the kind has been exercised as this one.

Now, it is quite true, that some 287,000 of the people of Upper Canada are unrepresented in Parliament. That is the excess of our population over that of Lower Canada, and there can be no doubt that it about represents the number of unrepresented people in the Upper Province. But the question is, will the concession of ten or fifteen more members to the Western section of the Province, secure the representation of the unrepresented quarter of a million of the Upper Canadian people? Suppose we give Haron and Bruce three more members, Grey one more, and so on, will that satisfy the just requirements of the case, and can we then say that the excess of our population over Lower Canada is adequately represented, and that every hinge in the machinery of our constitution will, hereafter work harmoniously? Upper Canada contains a quarter of a million of people more than the sister Province. The advocates of Representation by Population claim that this excess entitles her to ten or fifteen more members on the present basis of electing them. The question for every man to consider, and especially for every Catholic to consider, is, will that arrangement be a real representation of the excess in our population, or will it be a mere increase of the power held by a dominant class, a simple addition to the enormous might which they exercise at present, to keep in political bondage 258,000 of the inhabitants of Western Canada?

To the mind of any Catholic, and it is to such we address ourselves now in a special manner, we think this question will be satisfactorily answered. The addition of fifteen more members to the House, would not add one Catholic. There would not be one member of that persuasion more returned to Parliament, nor a single one more directly under our influence on those peculiar questions which affect us alone of all the religious bodies in the Upper Province. The new members would be just another repetition of an old story. So far from being a reform, their presence in the House would be only a perpetuation of the old abuse under a new phase. There would remain the same grinding exclusion in the matter of official appointments. Catholics would be rejected at the polls, as they are now, without the slightest regard to their political opinions, merely on account of their religion. The fifteen additional members would be Protestants, every one—not in-

deed, in a religious sense: (in that form we should not object)—but in a political sense. Whenever a question arose producing a storm to try men's minds, we should find these fifteen bowing their heads with the rest. If any man professing the Catholic religion came forward as a candidate for the Lower House, we should find him succumbing before the bigotry of a tyrannical majority, after the same manner as we do at present. The addition of fifteen more members to Upper Canada in the way in which the advocates of Representation by Population demand them, would be merely to add fifteen more votes to a party who already possess more than they are entitled to when we take into consideration the large and influential minority over whom, at every election, they exercise the most disgusting tyranny. This Catholic minority they will not permit to advance, socially or politically, if they can help it. If opposed to them in political opinion, they raise a bitter sectarian cry against its members. If on their own side, they elbow its leading men, and try to reduce them to a mere position of degrading subservience.

Let us understand the question, then, and let us endeavor to make the advocates of Representation by Population *pur et simple*, understand it too. This excess of population over Lower Canada—this quarter of a million of unrepresented Upper Canadians—this excluded class of the population—this body of people "knocking at the door of Parliament for admission"—are none other than the 258,141 Catholics of Upper Canada, who are almost wholly unrepresented, and who have to depend on the generosity of Lower Canadian members for the advocacy of all that they hold dear and sacred. At the present moment they have no representatives of their own. No matter who presents himself from their body, and no matter where, his fate is defeat, through a combination of accused bigots. From Stormont to Rexey, the cry in elections is the same—

"Tark Jew, or Atheist."

The sentiment is inscribed on the pillars of the Representation from Upper Canada, as effectively as ever it was over the entrance of the Protestant Church at Brandon. Yet the advocates of the late Mr. Brown's representation scheme have the graceless impudence to ignore all this; and to claim, under the hypocritical guise of justice, that the representation due to us shall be handed over to them—that in fine, (astounding audacity!) these 258,141 unrepresented Catholics, shall be represented by a fresh batch of Mowatts, Macdonalds, Hillyard Camerons, or Tom Fergusons! We would certainly be, as far as the Catholics of Upper Canada are concerned, going from the frying pan into the fire; for little representation as we obtain from the Lower Canadian, we should obtain nothing but misrepresentation from the proposed fifteen accessions to Parliament from this section of the Province.—*Toronto Mirror*.

THE FLOOD AND THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—We learned on Saturday the following particulars of the flooding of the Grand Trunk Railway Track. The principal breaks caused by the flood on the Western line were at Matilda, Alleville, Lancaster, Cotton Landing, and between the Timmeria and Blue Bonnet, in the part known as the swamp. At all these places the waters had on Saturday covered the track the river and streams being quite insufficient to carry off the great quantity of surface water caused by the melting of the snow. The worst obstructions were at Lancaster and Cotton Landing, at each of which points one or two miles of the track have been entirely submerged. The damage, however, though causing much inconvenience, was not considered of a serious nature, as the bridges and culverts were all tight. The amount of injury to the surface of the track cannot be accurately ascertained till the waters have subsided. A large force of men were immediately employed, who repaired the breaks as far as Lancaster, and it was expected that the mails and passengers for the steamer at Portland would be able to reach Montreal on Sunday afternoon, when they would be dispatched by special train to Portland, the steamer to await their arrival. On the Eastern line, the only drainage was near Beloit, where the track was washed away, but this was speedily repaired.—*Montreal Herald*.

WEST TORONTO ELECTION.—The following is a special telegram which we received from Toronto, dated Saturday evening:—"Mr. Bowes retired at the close of the first day. Mr. Robinson's majority at the close of the poll to-day is 527." Mr. Bowes did, doubtless, well to retire. Doing so saved him trouble, but not, in the slightest, the ignominy of disgraceful defeat. It was a contest in which success could have brought no honor. He will probably think it better to remain in private life for the future. The *Globe* and the *Clear Grits* made gigantic efforts in his interest. The *Globe* has fairly reined with the matter every day since the contest began. The abuse daily heaped upon Mr. Robinson outraged decency. Probably, by this time, both its proprietors and conductors feel that they sold themselves rather cheaply in taking up Mr. Bowes on credit. If it cannot add to their comfort to feel that they have been disappointed in obtaining the poor price for which they stipulated, the experience, although perhaps, very bitter, ought to have the advantage of teaching them wisdom.—*Montreal Gazette*.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

April 23d, 1862.
Flour, Pollards \$2.50 to \$3; Middlings about \$3.60. Fine, \$4 to \$4.20; Super, No 2 \$4.50 to \$4.40. Superfine, \$4.50 to \$4.60; Fancy, \$5 to \$5.10; Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.50; Superior, Extra, \$5.60 to \$6. Bag Flour \$2.45 to \$2.55, per 112 lbs.

Super, was sold yesterday at \$4.50 to \$4.55. The news from Britain strengthens the market a little, and there is more inquiry for future delivery.

Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs, \$3.80 to \$4. Nominal.

What Buyers only offer 97c and what arrives is going into store.

Asbes, per 112 lbs—Pots, \$6.70 to \$6.72; Inferiors 5c to 10c more; Pearls \$6.60 to \$6.65.

Butter—Store-packed, 10c to 13c; choice Dairy in demand at 15c to 17c.

Pork—Mess, \$12 to \$12.50; Prime Mess, \$10 to \$11; Prime \$9.50 to \$10. All dull and nominal.

Seeds—Clover Seed, about \$1.50; Timothy, \$1.60 to \$2.

Freights—Flour by the first trip from Hamilton to Montreal is to be charged 40 cents; by subsequent trips, 35c.—*Montreal Witness*.

Died.

In this city, on the 20th instant, Mr. Anastasia Welsh, No. 6 Columbia Street, Point St. Charles. At Chamblé, C. E., on the 18th instant, Mr. John Morriarty, aged 39 years.

NOTICE

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.
Jan. 17, 1862.

A CARD.

Dr. LACHAINE—Graduate of Laval University, 23 St. Antoine Street.
April 10.

MR. CUSACK,

PROFESSOR OF FRENCH,

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