

mentioned. It was doubtless no thought desirable to subject an Irish gentleman and magistrate 'a man of good friends,' to transportation or penal servitude. It was thought better to charge him with more than he was guilty of, and so to punish him short of his true deserts. And let our readers mark our words when we assure them, that this man will never undergo the awarded punishment, inadequate as it is to his offence. It will soon be found, that confinement does not agree with his health, his life will be said to be in danger, and he will be liberated like the Mayor of Kye. All that we are witnessing is merely to save appearances. The time will come, when the public has ceased to concern itself about the matter, when all will be set aside. Yet, short of actual murder, and crime next to it in atrocity, was there ever a worse case? The man and his gang were armed with deadly weapons, so that he clearly contemplated the extremity of murder for the execution of his plot; and, indeed, he had given the word to fire, which, fortunately, was not obeyed by his less unscrupulous followers; but the very worst preparation in this wicked affair was the provision of drugs to procure insensibility, the purpose of which cannot be mistaken. From a certain Dr. Forsyth, who, it appears, does not pry into the intentions with which gentlemen in Mr. Carden's station in life procure drugs for ladies, or who, like the fellows who conduct a trade under the sign of the black doll, do not trouble their customers with questions, Mr. Carden obtained two bottles of chloroform, containing several large doses sufficient to effect insensibility. The avowed purpose of the chloroform was to cure a lady of hysterics; but it is quite certain that Miss Arbuthnot is not a hysterical subject, but one of those women who command all their powers and resources for an occasion demanding them. Indeed, it was a party of heroines, commencing with Miss Lyndon, who met Mr. Carden's first advances with a lusty thump on the nose which set him bleeding. Miss Louisa Arbuthnot came next. She struck Carden on the head when he seized her sister. She then had a struggle with him, was torn out of the car, and fell with Carden. He got up and returned to the attack of Miss Eleanor. Miss Louisa, nothing daunted, pursued and fastened on him to pull him back, improving the occasion by striking him a blow on the back of the head. In proof of Miss Louisa's prowess, Smithwick pithily states, 'Miss Arbuthnot faced Carden again. Carden got in dread of her.' But Miss Eleanor also performed her part bravely. At one time the ruffian had nearly overpowered her, and was all but dragged from the car, but by a vigorous effort she recovered her balance, and got one of her feet against the side of the car. But she had happily more than one foot, and knew how to make it useful and auxiliary to the other, so she employed it in bestowing an energetic kick on the breast of her would-be ravisher—a kick which must surely have made the flame in that breast flicker with a most unlover-like agitation. All manhood seems to have been beaten-out of Carden by the womanhood he encountered, for when Smithwick came against him he bellowed murder, and fairly took to his heels. 'On m'assassine!' cried the French thief under the whip. Nothing indeed has so much resembled Mr. Smith O'Brien crouching amongst the widow Cormack's cabbages in the memorable rebellion of Rathcormack, as this Tipperary Lovelace's behaviour, roaring murder and living from the first man who faced him, after having been defeated by the women.

The favors he had at that time received at the fair hands of the ladies were a bloody nose from Miss Lyndon, a blow on the head from Miss Louisa Arbuthnot and another on the back, a vigorous kick on the chest from Miss Eleanor; added to these handsome contributions, he had a whipping administered with his own whip by Smithwick, and also a thump on the head with a stone. So ignominiously mauled was this Tipperary hero of romance. It was Lovelace burlesqued egregiously; but the public of that enlightened and civilized part of the kingdom have no perception of the character of the performance, and recognize neither the villainy of the design nor the absurdity of the execution. A correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* states;—

"I have myself heard several gentlemen, many of whose names were on the county panel, palliating the crime of Mr. Carden, and speaking in strong terms of indignation of what they call 'the persecution' on the part of the Government. A general expression, too, in use among this class of persons, is 'that he was too good for her,'—that is to say, that the personal advantages, high birth, and good fortune of Mr. Carden made it rather a condescension on the part of that gentleman to run away with a lady possessed of thirty thousand pounds' fortune, but who was only the daughter of an army clothier; and they appear to be rather indignant at her presumption in having an opinion of her own upon the subject. Among the humbler classes, more particularly the female portion, this feeling exists to a far greater extent even."

How profoundly debased must these people be, and here we find the gentry on the level with the very lowest in point of sentiment. Who can henceforth wonder at the crime of that part of Ireland when such is the state of opinion from high to low, if we can make that distinction where all seem to be equally low, vicious sympathy on the one hand, grovelling severity on the other, coming to conclusions in common? To the pervading perversion of sentiment the acquittal of Carden on the second indictment is referable. The judge did his duty, and no particle of blame rests with him. His sentence, too, is a grand example, for he does not spare the gentleman magistrate the addition of hard labour to his sentence of imprisonment. But we have our fears that what has been done so uprightly and justly by Judge Ball will be undone on convenient opportunity by another authority. Carden has been very anxious to deny the intention of using the chloroform for the purpose suspected, and has, strangely enough, talked of his humanity, as disproving the imputation. His humanity may be fairly estimated from his preparations for the worst and last extremes of violence.—The skull-crackers illustrate the tender humanity of this gentleman, as they were intended and employed to break the heads of any persons who should interfere to protect the objects of his attack. His humanity too, did not shrink from contemplating the use of deadly weapons for the same bad purpose.

**A BATTLE BETWEEN CROWS AND RABBITS.**—On Tuesday last, on the estate of D. A. DAVIES, Esq. M. P., a battle took place between an old and young rabbit on one side, and eight or nine young crows on the other,—the rabbits defending themselves gallantly for nearly two hours and a half, and not attempting to burrow. At length the crows succeeded in killing the young rabbit, and then took flight, leaving it dead on the ground, while the old rabbit returned to its hole, evidently in a very weak and exhausted condition.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

## The Black Sea Fleet.

Her Majesty's steamer—, Baltichik, July 18.

We returned from Varna on Sunday morning, and are once more anchored with the fleets, and are to remain here until the return of one of the ships from Redout Kaleh, when we again cross the Black Sea. Varna presents a most curious appearance at present; quite startled from the usual propriety of itself and its brother towns and cities of Sultan Abdul Medjid; indeed, its narrow streets and lanes are European as far as it is possible so to render a dusty and straggling collection of Eastern streets and bazars. But few Turks have remained in the place since the influx of English and French, and Maltese, Ionians, and natives of Gibraltar appear to occupy the trade of Varna, particularly in the articles of towels, eggs, milk, and ice. There are cafes and club-houses established, alike for English and French. The streets present a bustling mixture of uniforms—Chasseurs d'Afrique in their handsome light blue coats and scarlet trousers, Zouaves, and indigenes in their Eastern costume, and Cuirassiers, mixed with the less varying costumes of our own soldiers, and the white head dresses and red cloaks of the Kurds. English officers are seen wandering about with haversacks over their shoulders, evidently bent on foraging expeditions for their ruses, and, through the whole picturesque confusion, dashes a pretty little spirited vivandiere, her scarlet trousers astride her horse, and her epaulettes and spilt keg flashing in the sun. Such a metamorphosis from a quiet, old, sober, dirty, chibouque-smoking, yashmak and papoosehd, waddling population, beats Ovid hollow. The Royals, 38th, and 44th are encamped three miles from the town, near the Cuirassiers, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and a French cavalry regiment. English and French officers and men pull heartily together. The whole is a scene to be remembered.

We left the Circassian coast about ten days ago. Selim Pasha came on board, and we gave him a salute of 17 guns and a guard of honour. He is a very fine-looking, portly old fellow, as brave as a lion, but it is said that he sometimes forgets that he is the General of his army. He was the last man to leave Usurghet the other day. The Russian force on that occasion was overwhelming; they had also a great number of cavalry, an arm of which Selim Pasha is destitute. Selim says he "sold his guns well," as for every gun he received good payment in the shape of dead Russians. It is very difficult in this part of the world to obtain an accurate knowledge of numbers. The Turks always speak in thousands, and they are frequently multiplied. The adjutant of Selim Pasha is a Hungarian, and he told me that the Turkish loss was 454 men killed, and more wounded, who are at present lying in hospital at Chou-ruks; he imagined the Russian loss was four or five times that amount. I paid my respects to Selim Pasha in the evening, and he welcomed me in the following manner.—Selim (to the interpreter).—"Tell this Topeyco Bashm that I have been sick, very sick, almost sick unto death." Myself.—"Tell him I am exceedingly sorry to hear it." Selim, continuing.—"Yes, most sick was I but an hour ago, but now, God be praised, owing to the reviving presence of the Topeyco Bashm, I am cured, his visit has acted like a charm." He asked me to sketch for him a favourite Bashm-Bazouk. My sister was a fine-looking fellow, with an enormous black mustache extending seven or eight inches on either side of his face, and armed after the fashion of his brethren. I managed to hit him off much to the satisfaction of the General. On our return to Redout-Kaleh we found the Sampson had arrived during our absence, and had brought down Captain Staunton from Bardania, from which place not one of the expedition had moved, owing to the strolled state of the rivers. He is now about to join the army of Roumelia. Soon after we arrived Selim Pasha, accompanied by our captains, &c., went on shore to inspect the fortifications, and all approved highly of the work. On the departure of Selim Pasha we gave him a guard of honour, composed of marine artillery and matines. He looked closely at the men, and, then said to the interpreter,