

In the old chamber in the Corbie, meanwhile, safe poor Grace Willoughby—a glass of water, of the table, from which she swallowed a little...

It was now nearly dusk, and still the poor girl gazed from the window; then starting, ran to the door, and held it open, listening in vain...

At last a stop was heard upon the stairs. She ran to the door; a servant, pale and haggard, hurried across the lobby; she strove to speak...

Garrett knew his companion's rough way, and in a moment of success like this he could not resist it.

'Look me in the face, man, and say how a cardinal's hat would sit upon me,' said Talbot, scornfully.

'They each filled, and Talbot resumed—'Come, Garrett, let us drink to the fair lady to whom you owe more than to all the sex besides; let's drink. I say, to Lady Willoughby.'

'Who is that?' asked Talbot drily, after treating Garrett to a stare of some seconds.

'Well, Garrett,' said Garrett, somewhat ungraciously, 'don't you see, sir, I'm engaged.'

'Well, I was not aware, Mr. Garrett; I beg pardon, sir—I crave your pardon, gentlemen, both.'

'As Garrett spoke thus, he stood a little behind Talbot, and unobserved, by him, he looked in Garrett's eye with a look of impatient significance, and beckoned over his shoulder, toward the door, with his thumb.'

'Well, Garrett,' said Garrett, looking with inquiring anxiety into the little man's face, which he knew not exactly how, boded something disastrous.

'No, well, I'm afraid, he rejoined, 'at least not so well as we thought, by half—by no means so smooth a business as we took it for; but who knows—who knows—and all's well that ends well.'

'Why—curse me, it's incredible!' ejaculated Garrett, more appalled and bewildered than ever.

'I never heard of this settlement, though his wife, to be sure, had a fortune, and true enough, there must have been some settlement in her favor; but, hell and death, man! how did you know this—how have you heard it—how do you know it's true?'

'Croke's confidential clerk has a sneaking regard for me, for one reason or another, no matter, replied Garrett, 'and he told me all about it; there is not a doubt of it; the fact is so—I thought it best, Mr. Garrett, not to mention it before your guest.'

'You were right—quite right,' said Garrett, hastily, and then he paused for two or three minutes.

'I won't do—I'm afraid it won't do,' he added, anxiously, 'but it shall be tried. Garrett, I'll see you in the morning, at my lodgings—I must back again to my friend.'

And so saying, with a changed mien, and a fallen countenance, he retraced his steps; he paused on the lobby for a minute, to recover his looks, which he felt were troubled and disconcerted.

'I've one shot left in the locker, at all events,' he muttered, 'and if it tells, why then, what care I. I have all I want, without their help; and as for Talbot—why, in that case I can whistle him off to the devil, who owns him, and dare his worst. Come, come, all is not lost yet.'

He placed his hand upon the latch, and in another moment he and Talbot were once more seated together as we found them.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

MY LORD.—It is now near seven years since the disasters of the Crimea, occasioned by incapacity, placed you in your present responsible position. Were the vigour of the head to furnish a sure augury of the longevity of Governments, your friends could predict for your Ministry a still longer duration.

Independently of the weakness brought on by the desertion of its old members, there is about your Ministry a constitutional debility which forbids the hope or the fear of its lasting much longer.

The evils of the Established Church, so often and so eloquently denounced in Parliament by some of your former colleagues, as incompatible with peace and justice, are not only unabated, but considerably aggravated by the attitude of gratuitous hostility assumed by several of its members towards the Catholic population.

Amongst all the evils to which such deflection has doomed our people, it is a cheering reflection that their attachment to the faith has never been more conspicuous. Not only have the malignant efforts of its enemies been baffled, and their predictions of its extinction been falsified, but the recent Census has set an authentic seal on the falsehood which Irish knaves and English fanatics so long succeeded in swindling their credulous dupes out of their money.

Now a state of things embracing so many social anomalies and so many and persecuting character, is not in any other country, save in Ireland, to be found; not even in Naples, nor in Rome, though held up by British statesmen as the worst Government on earth! Yet in the midst of such a deplorable social evil, in which there is no legal security whatever for the existence of the inhabitants, we are stunned with the hollow repetition of the prosperity of Ireland!

It is said to be the age of progress, and no doubt we have progressed so far as to alter the nature of things and change the meaning of language, by calling that a period of prosperity, which the future historian, more discriminating and impartial, will exhibit as an epoch so destructive to our people, as to rank it with periods of national desolation.

It is not alone its inattention to their grievous wrongs that has caused this alienation of the people. They are likewise much grieved at the systematic hostility which the foreign policy of your Cabinet exhibits towards the rights of the Pope, and surprised beyond measure, at the strange support which that policy has been sustained by a number of the Catholic representatives of Ireland.

In thus condemning the concurrence of Catholic members in measures so iniquitous, your Lordship is too sagacious to infer that I must on that account advocate the ascendancy of the Old Tory party.

Amongst all the evils to which such deflection has doomed our people, it is a cheering reflection that their attachment to the faith has never been more conspicuous. Not only have the malignant efforts of its enemies been baffled, and their predictions of its extinction been falsified, but the recent Census has set an authentic seal on the falsehood which Irish knaves and English fanatics so long succeeded in swindling their credulous dupes out of their money.

It is high time for the Government to discontinue such scandalous breaches of the public peace as were suffered these years past to disgrace Limerick, Belfast, Kilkenny, and other places, under the false pretence of converting the Catholic people!

As great a curiosity as a foreigner, and though this disease has been in particular manner deluged with a continuous flood of calumny, representing it as falling away from the faith, the two great counties of Mayo and Galway, of which it is composed, not only continue to be pre-eminently Catholic, but with the one exception of Omeath, stood forth in the relative number of Catholics and Sectaries as the most Catholic counties in Ireland.

I have the honor to be your Lordship's obedient servant, JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

EXTRACTS FROM RUSSELL'S LETTERS ON THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Washington, Sept. 10. It may be the influence of the climate, affecting the operations of reasoning; but I really do think that "something will turn up" very speedily. When a man lives in an atmosphere, into which a sort of myth-making gas has been pumped by a million horse-power press he must eventually succumb to the agency and lapse into a state very similar to that which a mesmeric patient experiences in the attempt to discriminate between reality and illusion.

Having thus cautioned my readers not to trust too much to me if I venture upon prophecy, I proceed to state the grounds of my belief that we are on the eve of witnessing a warlike operation of magnitude. It is obviously the interest of Beauregard to strike a great blow before the winter sets in, and thus strengthen the base for negotiations; but General McClellan, I am satisfied, will not move a man if he can help it until about the very end of this month or the beginning of October.

And what is the end to be? There is a notion in some men's minds that there will be a compromise—a strong democratic reaction and a great Peace party will arise which will out the present Administration, and carry some measures on which North and South will find a base to rest propositions for mutual agreement.

The American papers contain details of obscure skirmishes and purposeless marches and of the astonishing atrocity at the railway bridge in Missouri. I can add nothing to them. Although martial law has not been formally proclaimed in the city and district around it, it exists in full force, and for one, contrasting the perfect quietude and order in the streets by day, am not disposed to quarrel with the means by which the change has been produced.

deed Fortunopresided the Benicia Boy, and the others were generally provided also with priests and acolytes of remarkable humanness at the back of the head, and over the deltoids, some of whom must have had their faces set upon in early youth, been subjected to the gentler touches of a steam hammer. But Fortune had not only Mars in training by her side, but Venus in alliance with Venus and Bacchus, and America being a very young country, has as many sons who cannot resist such a combination of the mythology as any of the older portions of the globe.

The mass of the South are fighting for a Union of their own, to which they have sensibly transferred their loyalty, and their national feeling which unquestionably is great, in the old flag, and believe they are fighting against an alien enemy—no Abraham Lincoln, who is aided and abetted by the powers of darkness and their Yankee co-efficient. And yet I have reason to believe Mr. Lincoln is one of the most moderate men in the section of his own Cabinet which looks to internal politics, and that in the present distracting discussions he generally inclines to the view that the North is not making war against slavery, and that the result of her success need not be the liberation of the Negro.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ST. PATRICK'S BATTALION.—Major O'Reilly writes as follows:—'Your readers will be glad to learn that I have received a communication from Lieutenant D'Arcy, stating that he is now on his road and may be expected in Ireland in a few days, and that he brings with him the brevets and campaign medals for the soldiers who served in Italy last year.'

The Commissioners of Irish National Education have published their 27th annual report, from which it appears that on the 31st of December, 1859, there had 6,496 schools in operation, which had on the rolls for the year then ended 806,510 children, with an average daily attendance of 269,203. There was an increase of 136 schools for the year 1860 as compared with 1859. There was an average daily attendance of 46 children in each school, which was about 1 per cent. less than the attendance of the previous year, which may be accounted for by the severity of the weather. The children belonging to the Established Church are 563 per cent. on the total; Catholics, 83-11; and Presbyterians, 10-78.

The 'Prentice Boys of Derry,' 20 in number, were summoned by order of the Government, for violating the Party Emblems Act while celebrating the anniversary of the relief of Derry on the 12th of August last. Yesterday the case was heard at petty sessions when the magistrates unanimously decided that the evidence produced was insufficient to justify the bench in receiving information. The case was accordingly dismissed. The Rev. Mr. Scott, of this city, has issued a printed address to the 'Prentice Boys,' exhorting them to celebrate the anniversary henceforth by holding a quiet prayer meeting under Walker's pillar. He is quite serious, but the 'Prentice Boys will probably treat the advice as a good joke.—Times Correspondent.