

Louis XIV., James II., or Wellington—though their services and sacrifices have been great, their recompense has been but little. Must it be said that Americans, recusants to the promises of their fathers, and to the pledged word of the great and good Washington, forgetful of the and of Irish treasures, the services of Irish arms, and the sacrifice of Irish blood in the darkest period of their country's history, band themselves with the persecutors of the land that gave them a Montgomery, a McDonogh, Wayne, Moylan, Butler, and Shields? Or have they Stars for their enemies and Stripes for their friends? We know not what the present spirit of opposition to everything Irish may lead to; but we deplore its existence as much as we condemn the ingratitude that supports it. It is no easy task to assuage the insatiable thirst for military renown that has never ceased to burn in the heart of an Irishman since the day that Strongbow landed in Wexford, until that memorable hour when the Palmetto Regiment exhausted its last shot against the bastions of Chapultepec. It is inherent, ineradicable as in their love of country, whether native or adopted—a costly inheritance which centuries of wars and misrule have only rendered the more sacred to them. Dormant at home, it is most actively exercised in foreign climes. Unsuccessful at Aughrim, it conquered at Cremona.—Worsted at the Boyne, it exacted a desperate and bloody revenge on the crimsoned plains of Fontenoy. During the American War of Independence, and the agitation preceding it, it was it that infused hope, and life, and activity into the desponding mind of South Carolina—that quelled and stifled insubordination in the ranks of the Connecticut Militia, when Washington's entreaties were drowned in the murmurs of the armed multitude. It was it that formed the celebrated "Pennsylvania Line"—that procured the neutrality of the French Canadians—that lent to the young orphan of Waxhaw energies and impulses beyond a parallel—that gave him, in after years, the victory of New Orleans, and a still greater triumph—a triumph over the malice of his enemies—a chaplet of undying fame, and the high and honorable title of President Jackson. In the field, the camp, and the senate it animated, conquered and inspired.

Charles Thompson, of Philadelphia, himself an Irishman, spoke the spirit militant of Ireland, when, ninety years ago, in reply to Franklin's advice to "Light the lamps of Industry" in America, he uttered the memorable words, "Be assured we shall light lamps of another sort; and that they did light torches of inextinguishable brilliancy, Chas. Thompson himself lived to witness. Irish hands first applied the matches. Irish blood fed the lamps. Geo. Read uttered the sentiments of his brother Irishmen when he said to the British agent who offered him a bribe, to betray his adopted country, "I am a poor man, but the King of England is not rich enough to buy me." John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, Captain of the first troop of Irish Horse raised in Philadelphia, exhibited the readiness with which Irishmen defended the liberty and protected the laws of America, in his remarkable reply to the question, "When he would be ready to march?" "When," he said, "the Laws and Government of this happy country require defence, the Philadelphia Cavalry need but one hour's notice." But the greatest testimony borne to the patriotic and military spirit of the Irish fell from the lips of the gallant Washington, at Valley Forge, in South Carolina—"Place me in Rockland County" (an Irish location), he said, "and I will get men enough to save the Revolution." Then, as now, the Irish colonies furnished the largest proportion to the ranks of the military—the zeal of Irishmen was paramount—their discipline was the work of chiefs taken from the ranks of the people, entertaining the same hatred to England, and the same love of Liberty that characterized their forefathers in the ages of Hugh O'Neill and of Grattan. We shall return to this subject next week, and, in a few articles, trace a little the rise and character of the military association that formed the Irish contingent in the army of Washington, and which, in a more extensive manner, is followed up in the present Irish-American Militia.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GREAT ABDUCTION CASE IN TIPPERARY.

The assizes for the south riding of Tipperary were opened at Clonmel on Thursday with an air of bustle and excitement to which that town has been wholly a stranger ever since the trial of Mr. S. O'Brien and the other actors in the lollies of 1848. For two days previously the gentry poured into the town. On Friday the grand jury found true bills against Mr. Carden and his four associates for abduction, and Mr. Carden was put upon his trial.

The Attorney-General addressed the Court at great length, and witnesses were then called.

Miss Eleanor Louisa Arbuthnot was the first witness examined, and stated the chief circumstances as they are already known to our readers—the stoppage of the car by Mr. Carden and his party—his dragging out three ladies, Mrs. Gough, and Miss Laura Arbuthnot (sisters of witness) and Miss Lyndon—and his violent but unsuccessful endeavor to drag the witness in like manner. The witness stated also the injury she had suffered in the bruising of her arms, and the tearing of her clothes from her person.

The other witnesses were Miss Laura Arbuthnot and Miss Lyndon, who were in the car, Dwyer, coachman to Mr. Gough; John McGrath, a person who was present; and John Smithwick, shepherd to Mr. Gough. The latter said—I hit Mr. Carden with his whip; I saw a pistol in Mr. Carden's side pocket; and a belt round his waist; I took up stones and used them; I did not strike Mr. Carden; saw McGrath struck by two men with skull-crackers; saw Mr. Carden on the step of the car; I made towards him; he retreated, and cried out, "Murder, boys, why don't you fire," to his own boys; I was cut severely on the head; I did not see Mr. Carden get into his carriage.

Mr. George McCullagh, sub-inspector of police, described the capture of Mr. Carden, after he had fled from the scene of his outrage. I took a double-barrelled pistol from Mr. Carden, which he had in his breast, or waistcoat pocket; it was capped and loaded. The pistol is loaded still. It is in court, and the ball is visible. I found in the carriage a single-barrelled pistol, and a five-barrelled revolver, loaded and capped; there was ammunition for the revolvers in the carriage. I found two skull-crackers or life-preservers, in the carriage; one of them was broken, and had some marks of blood upon it. I found a third skull-cracker on the person of Henry Atkinson, the man who was outside the carriage. On the person of James Atkinson I found a large clasp knife; it appeared perfectly new. On the person of Mr. Carden I found a belt, which he told me contained £315 in money, two bundles of papers, a penknife, and his watch; I found nothing else on his person; there were gold and English notes in the belt. I found a leather bag in the carriage; it was closed with a secret lock. I opened the bag on Monday; I found a bag also containing a small bottle of iodine. I found in the carriage a lady's crocheted jacket, a pair of satin slippers, a coil of rope, two balls of strong twine, a wig, air cushions, an opera glass, a coat very much torn, and saturated with blood. [A shirt worn by Mr. Carden, and which, when he was arrested, was covered with blood, was produced]. The bag remained in my possession until I saw it opened. Mr. Carden opened it on Wednesday and put his papers into it, and locked it. When the bag was opened in the jail I found the two bottles I now produce, marked "chloroform"—(sensation)—Goulard's mixture; a bottle of sal volatile, some smelling salts several other bottles, containing various fluids, and two gloves, marked with blood. The orderly found a memorandum book of Mr. Carden's. I also found a flask of water, and a prayer-book; there were two horses under the carriage.

Mr. Martley, the leading counsel for the prisoner, in addressing the jury admitted that a gross outrage had been committed by Carden, but it did not amount to a felony. He contended that the prisoner had only been guilty of an attempt to commit a felony.

Acting under this view of the case, counsel on both sides, with the consent of the judge and jury, agreed to a verdict that the prisoner was not guilty of felony, but guilty of an attempt to commit a felony.

The prisoner was then removed, and the trial of himself and his associates for a felonious assault was fixed for next morning.

At the opening of the court on Saturday morning, John Carden, Henry Atkinson, James Atkinson, and Patrick Kinnely were put to the bar, charged with a felonious assault on John Smithwick, the herd. On behalf of Carden, the learned counsel handed in a plea to the effect that the prisoner had been tried before for an offence of the same character, and been acquitted, and again, that he had been convicted in the same case.

The other prisoners pleaded not guilty. The jury were then sworn to try the issue raised on behalf of Carden. After a long hearing of several speeches from counsel on both sides, the issue handed up to the jury was settled, after some discussion, as follows:—Whether the acquittal of the charge of abduction was an acquittal of the felony or felonies in the present indictment, namely, the cutting and wounding of John Smithwick, with intent, &c.

The jury, after lengthened absence, came different times into Court to say they could not agree. On the judge intimating, however, that they would, in that case, have to be locked up till Monday, they requested his lordship to wait a few minutes longer. They retired, and in a short time returned with the following verdict:—"We find that the acquittal of the charge of abduction is not an acquittal of the felony or felonies in this indictment." The jury were then discharged, and the Court then adjourned at half-past eight o'clock till Monday, when the trial of Mr. Carden and his accomplices for the felonious assault was proceeded with.

On Monday, Mr. Carden was found not guilty of the assault on Mr. Smithwick. He was sentenced, however, to two years imprisonment, with hard labor for the attempt at abduction, of which he was found guilty on Friday last. Before the Judge passed sentence, the Clerk of the Crown informed Mr. Carden that he was about to be sentenced for the attempt at abduction, of which he had been convicted on Friday, and he requested to make a few observations.

Judge Ball.—Certainly; I am prepared to listen to anything you wish to say.

Mr. John Carden then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said—I wish to make a few observations, my lord, but I wish I have to say I do not by any means attempt to disclaim or palliate the heinous crime I have committed, nor do I wish for a moment to attempt, by any language of mine to influence the Court in the amount of punishment, which it may be thought fit to visit upon me. I have a very strong feeling that the judges of the land are just and impartial, and therefore prior to your lordship commencing loose strictures which must be of a grave character—I do wish to impress upon you, under the most solemn asseveration, that three of the positions which were made by the Attorney-General in his opening speech against me, and which no doubt were briefed to him, are absolutely and positively untrue. The first is, that I was influenced in this attempt by any degree of malice either towards the young lady herself, or any member of her family; secondly, that I had the slightest idea or knowledge in the world of the delicate state of health of Mrs. Gough; and the third is that which I would disclaim with the deepest indignation, that I had the remotest intention of using any of those drugs whatsoever for the production of stupefying effects, or the production of any effect inconsistent with the dictates of common Humanity. My lord, as to the first, the malice and hatred towards Miss E. Arbuthnot, or any member of her family—every person who is acquainted with me, is aware of the feeling which I have, for some time, held towards that young lady, and it is hardly necessary for me now to observe upon it. Not only towards her, but with respect to every member of her family, I solemnly avow that I was not influenced by any such feeling; and at this moment no such feeling has possession of my mind. It is perfectly true that at one time, when angry with Mr. Gough, I expressed myself towards him in that manner; but I now say that the attempt—the criminal attempt—which I have made and failed in, arose out of no such motive; and even now I do not blame Mr. Gough in the slightest degree; and had I been convicted of the crime of which, thank God, I have been acquitted, I would not enter-

tain acrimonious feeling towards him or his family. I now lay down all anger at once and forever. Mr. Gough ought to know that malice or hatred is not congenial to my mind; for it is well known that my career has been a terrible one. And I do attribute it to that circumstance, that I never bear malice towards any person opposed to me. I do believe it is attributable to that. And now that that career is brought to a close, standing, as I do, in this disgraceful position, I do feel there is not a single person in this great county will exult in my downfall. (Sensation.) With respect to Mrs. Gough, I have made a solemn asseveration, and it is true that I had not the slightest idea that anything of the kind was the case. Had I providentially known it, it certainly would have forbidden me to make any such criminal attempt. Now, as to the chloroform. There were various other medicines in the carriage, which I had collected from time to time, according as they suggested themselves to my mind. One of them was iodine, which I intended for a local application I need not mention what that was. The sal volatile and valerium I bought before the chloroform was purchased, and therefore they could not have been got as antidotes, but I labored under this disadvantage. There was brought up, apparently in my favor, but in reality against me, one of the worst witnesses that ever appeared in a court of justice. The character of Dr. Forsyth is well known in this county. He is a clever man, a bookworm, and is even in private life badly able to express himself; therefore you may judge of his confusion in this court. I must tell you the real facts. Almost immediately before I made the attempt it suggested itself to my mind that such extraordinary excitement might produce hysterical affections, and as I did not know how to treat them—fainting or that sort of thing, I might have managed; and, as I was afraid I would, under the circumstances, be unable to give up the young lady to the first doctor, I thought it better to get some advice on the subject. Accordingly, I waited on Dr. Forsyth. He described to you the conversation in the garden, in the course of which I said, "By the way, a lady, a friend of mine, is subject to hysterics; are they dangerous?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Could they kill a person?" He replied, "Something near it." "What is the best thing for them?" I inquired. "Chloroform," said he. I asked him the quantities. "Twenty drops in water," was the reply, or, what he forgot to tell you, "Thirty drops applied externally." He took his pocket handkerchief out, rolled it up deliberately, and showed me how to hold it, and remarked that it should be kept at a distance, if insensibility was not to be produced, for the purpose of admitting atmospheric air. He told me he was in the habit of using a sponge for the purpose, I procured the second bottle, fearing the first might be broken: so particular was I about the quantity, that I placed a gutta serena band round a glass so as to mark precisely the necessary quantity, fearing that the rolling of the carriage would prevent my dropping it accurately. I applied it to myself, and found that its effects was certainly sedative, but as it gave me a headache and made me sick, I determined it should be the last remedy on earth I would be tempted to employ. Perhaps, under the circumstances, I had better not detain your lordship with any further observations.

Judge Ball—I am really, sir, to hear from you every observation you may feel desirous of uttering.

Mr. Carden—It would have been gratifying to me to make you acquainted with the details of my plan; for this reason, that it would have convinced your lordship that no such allegations could with truth be brought forward against me; but it would be indecorous for me to relate my story which might by some be attributed to a wish on my part to put myself forward as the hero of a romantic tale, when I feel I stand here as a criminal for having outraged the laws of the country.

Mr. Carden's address was most attentively listened to, and seemed to impress every one present.

MR. CARDEN'S CASE.—The Dublin Evening Mail, contains the following, from his Clonmel correspondent:—"The prisoner, during his trial, looked self-possessed and quiet; and paid great attention to the proceedings. When Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot came upon the table, he covered his face with his hands, and showed some emotion. The demeanour and intelligence of both the Misses Arbuthnot excited universal applause. They gave their evidence in a quiet and collected manner, and the heroism displayed in repelling the attack made by Mr. Carden and his vile associates, on the 2d July, was the theme of unmingled admiration. So much gentleness, combined with such high courage, has seldom been witnessed."

COUNTY MAYO.—Upon opening the assizes, Mr. Justice Moore addressed the Grand Jury briefly. He congratulated them upon the state of the calendar of prisoners for trial at these assizes, which consisted of only twelve or fourteen cases, and contrasted this pleasing state of things with that which existed when he last had the honor to preside in this court, when there were upwards of 200 persons for trial. His lordship said he hoped a few hours would enable the Grand Jury to dispose of the criminal business.

The Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, administrator of the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell M'Swiney—who, with his lady, was killed at the calamitous collision at Straffan last year—has recovered £5,000 and costs at the Wexford Assizes against the Great Southern and Western Railway Company—three children, aged respectively five, three, and two years, having been left orphans by the catastrophe. Mr. M'Swiney was a nephew of the Liberator, and married to a sister of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell.

IRISH HEROISM.—Lieutenant James Burke, R.E., who fell on the 7th ult. in the attack upon the Russian camp, near Ruischuk, was the youngest son of the late James Hardman Burke, Esq., of St. Cleary's, in the county of Galway. Mr. Burke accompanied Sir John Burgoyne to the seat of war; previous to the embarkation of the British expedition to the East, and rendered efficient service as an engineer, in directing the preparations for the camping and quartering of the troops, and taking actual personal observations of several fortresses on the Black Sea and the Danube, which were likely to be the scenes of active operations. In the course of these occupations, it occurred to him to be thrown frequently into the midst of the contest, in which it was his invariable practice to take a share, being, as the correspondent of the Times truly states, "brave to a fault." He was no less remarkable for personal daring than for the skill and intelligence with which he performed the duties of his important and arduous profession.

The number of inmates in the Kilrush Union work-house is 1604.

Diocese of Dromore.—We understand that the Sovereign Pontiff has appointed Dr. Leahy—one of the regular clergy of Cork—Coadjutor to Bishop Blake at Dromore, cum jure successoris.—Catholic Standard.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, P.B.—The accomplished and exemplary clergyman—the Rev. Dr. Taylor—who had been acting as Secretary to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and—Papal Legate—has been recalled to his diocese, by the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, for the purpose of being appointed Parish Priest of Rathvilly.—Nation.

The new Catholic Church, at Newcastle, county Down, will be consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, on Sunday, the 20th of August.—Ulsterman.

We copy the following from the pastoral of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, on the occasion of the Feast of the Assumption:—"We recommend you also to pray for the conversion of all those who are sitting in darkness and the shades of death, and, especially of our countrymen who have the misfortune to be wandering in error, without faith, tossed about by every wind of doctrine. Every effort is made by the emissaries of the enemy of mankind to poison them with prejudices against everything Catholic. And to depict our doctrines in the most revolting colors. It is only by a special grace of God and the intercession of the Holy Virgin, that they can obtain sufficient courage to embrace the truth, and to become a member of that One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, out of whose pail there is no salvation. Let us also pray that God may continue to leave us free from the ravages of disease, so dreadful in other countries, and that He may preserve all the fruits of the earth from those fatal blights which in latter years have brought famine and pestilence in their train. Let us also humbly pray that the wars now raging and spreading desolation in many unhappy countries, may soon be brought to a happy issue, and that peace and concord may be restored to all Christian nations. To conclude, let us pray for all our necessities, which are innumerable, and let us place all our petitions with the greatest confidence in the hands of the Immaculate Mother of God. O Holy Virgin, let us say, come to our assistance, rescue us from the evils by which we are menaced. Repress the fell spirit of bigotry and fanaticism now so active against us, protect the children of our poor from the snares laid for their destruction: thou, who art the seat of wisdom, preserve all the youth of our country from the evils of a bad education, promote piety and the practices of religion among all classes, obtain for us the happiness to be all of one mind and to be united in the bonds of charity among ourselves, so that our dissensions may not leave us an easy prey to our enemies, restore peace and plenty, obtain for us patience and resignation in our afflictions, strength to glory in the persecutions we have to suffer for conscience sake; and in fine, through thy intercession, may we all, being delivered from the hands of our enemies, serve the Lord our God, without fear, in holiness and justice, all our days. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

THE ANGLICAN SEE OF KILMORE, &c.—Can it be possible that the present Government have conferred the title, rank, and large emoluments of the Bishopric of Kilmore upon Mr. Marcus George Beresford? We remember that one to be one of the most ferocious bigots even in the North of Ireland. We remember him as a leader of the Brunswick Clubs, when O'Connell was laboring to win that Catholic Emancipation which some of the Irish Catholic leaders of the present day would seem disposed to relinquish, for sheer love of a swingeing persecution. We recollect his exhibition at Morrison's at the Rotundo, and at Tyrone House, when the plaster statue of the Orange demigod, bedizened with purple, was waved over his head, and thousands of young bigots, armed with deadly weapons, vociferated their applause for the "heart's blood of a Beresford." When Mr. Sergeant Lefroy—who has grown wiser since—told George the Fourth, that by conceding the freedom of the Catholics he would forfeit the allegiance of his subjects and his right to the throne, the Rev. Marcus Beresford, was among the warmest of his eulogists. And this is the man, unchanged in his principle—however time and circumstances may have obliged him to suppress his feelings—whom the present Government have raised to the Episcopal Bench, and to a seat, periodically, in the House of Lords! It is a most monstrous appointment—a most disgraceful dispensation of the patronage of a Liberal Administration.—Catholic Standard.

Owing to the unparalleled paucity of troops in Dublin garrison, by reason of the war, the military guards have been reduced in number to the minimum point. At the Castle, Bank of Ireland, and other stations, not half the former complement of men are called upon to do duty; but even with this marked reduction the life of a soldier in the Irish metropolis is not an idle one, and, unless some relief is afforded by the more general aid of the constabulary, or by the employment of the militia, a still further diminution must be effected in the various guards of Dublin.

THE NEW MILITIA.—It is really true that we have just had the Sionghonian invasion of the 12th century re-enacted on an extremely insignificant scale in the metropolis of Ireland. Without striking a single blow in the European War, England has been obliged to exhaust herself of nearly every regular regiment; and Ireland was on the eve of entering a period similar to that which originated the volunteers of '82.—But it would be obviously indiscreet to entrust the Irish people with the preservation of their own country—so the Militia will not be raised until after the harvest is over, and it will not be regularly embodied until the spring of next year. A division of the West Yorkshire Militia, however, consisting of 350 men, arrived on yesterday to do duty in Richmond Barracks, and a similar force is expected this morning. Another English Militia Regiment will take possession of the Royal Barracks next week, and another as soon as possible after—so that we need not quite despair of being left without protection. These are the first English Militia Regiments which have found their way to Ireland since the last Continental War.—Nation.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—The accounts received from several parts of the country by this morning's mail speak of the spread of the disease more or less in the potato fields. In our own immediate districts we have heard of the existence of the disease in several localities; but nothing to cause alarm. The impression on our mind still is that we may have the average amount of loss, that is, say, one-fourth, but from the large breadth of ground planted this year, there would still be left abundance.—Galway Vindicator.