

flight of stone steps to their primitive garden; (and what in the world used to grow in that garden?) or, mysteriously vanishing into the large, black chambers, to be found to the right of the third archway.

And the imps his fancy has just seen!— Their progress from childhood, or boyhood, into manhood! But Ned Fennell will insist upon this topic more at length in another place. For the passing instant, he can do little else than boast of all his old haunts of play and frolic.

(To be Continued.)

(Written for the True Witness.)

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIERNAN NOGE."

WICKLOW—HER ANCIENT CLANS.

"Still, still for thee, my Fatherland! The pulse of my heart beats fast; While many a vision, soft and bland, Bears me back to thy shores, my Fatherland!"

Years ago when our hearts was gay and free from all apprehensions for the future; when life appeared as a sunny dream; when every path seemed bright with roses, and the cold, hard realities of mere existence were unknown, we were wont to ramble over hill and dale, gathering as we went along an increased store of love for the dear old land. Oh, Ireland! how fondly we loved thee then. The study of your past was but a labor of love. Your oiden glories, your ever-present suffering, alike threw a spell upon our soul; the one of exaltation, the other of sorrow. We saw thee in the sunshine, and we worshipped thee; we saw thee in the shadow, and we clung to thee.— Long years ago in all the innocence of boyhood, we played by your sea-shore, and as we wonderingly looked upon the spray-crested waters, we listened with awe to the eternal monotone of the ocean and its solemn echo in the fluted shells which we gathered on our way.— Full often and again have we climbed the mountain's breast, and with straining, eager looks we gazed enraptured on the dimpling vales and heather-decked slopes, while our busy fancy started a Galloglass from behind each hilly crag, or sent a light-footed Kerne across the valley to arouse the slumbering clansmen. Thy legends, dear Ireland, filled us with wierd fantasies; your plaintive songs and inspiring war-chants thrilled our inmost soul, and thus we grew apace, and each day the spell became stronger and thoughts of aught else gave thee we had none. In every form in which our fancy placed thee we loved thee. Whether we saw thee in the queenly splendor, the Emerald pride of the Western vale, or in faded, tattered garments, with tear-stained cheeks, thy lustre dimmed, and nought but a phosphorescent glimmer to indicate thy existence as Erin of the Streams. And now, when all the cares of manhood are upon us, we think of thee still fondly, and exercising our will, we annihilate time and space, and again, as of yore, we are speeding towards our annual excursion from the capital, and our incursion to storied Wicklow, where every stone is fraught with memories, and every twig has its tale of romance. Wicklow! How the very name calls us back to the time when we stood in the Devil's Glen admiring the waterfall as it tore its way over and through masses of rock, the summits of which loomed in a solemn stillness strangely contrasting with the wierd melody of the winds, sighing through the adjoining trees, and the deep bass of the waters below. And Bray, with its magnificent headland fronting upon a sea of beauty covered from its base to its height with variegated ferns; and well do we remember when we partook of the hospitality of the great old priest of Enniskerry, Father Dwyer, whose life has been one long effort to protect his people and to elevate them. Well indeed we remember his innocent pride as drawing up his stalwart form, one worthy of his native Tipperary, he showed to us his new church standing upon a hill overlooking verdant vales, where the cozy cottages, nestled amid flowers, appeared to our youthful fancy as tributaries to the Cross above. Good old priest! In your span of years, your Ireland passed through many vicissitudes. Often have you offered the Holy Sacrifice in by-ways where the rich were not, but like unto your Divine Master, you called in the poor, and with the poor you, as an Irish Priest, were always at home. Little we thought as we listened to thee and thy tales of olden times when the Faith was proscribed that by the mighty St. Lawrence we would be enabled to offer our feeble testimony to thy public virtue and private worth; and when we listened, our soul was all a-glow, and as upon every side nature, too, spoke, we wondered not at the daring deeds of chief and clansman, and in a mental panorama we saw Fiach MacHugh routing De Grey, Carew and Audley; we saw Clan Raulagh striking terror into the hearts of Elizabeth's legions, or Michael Dwyer careering through Glenmalur, defying as he despised the oppressors of his native land. Looking back at the time and its memories; thinking of the pride with which we were filled as we remembered that among these grand old hills our mother first breathed; knowing that in every vein of ours was coursing Irish blood, not kindly Irish of the Irish, but in truth and in deed Irish of the Irish; feeling that we were of the children of those who for ages had fought the good fight, and though baffled, were not beaten, we thought how the stamping-out process had failed; how the Faith was ours although broad lands were lost, and the old hearth was desolate, and thinking of all these truths then and realizing them now we say with Haulpine:—

"Aye, stamp away! Can you stamp it out— This quenchless fire of a Nation's freedom? Your feet are brown and your legs are stout, But stouter for this you'll need 'em! You have stamped away for six hundred years, But again and again the old cause millics, 'Tilkes gleam in the hands of our mountaineers,

And with scythes come the men from the valleys. The steel-clad Norriam on his roams; Is faced by our naked Galloglass; We lost the plains and our pleasant homes; But we kept the hills and passes. And still the beltane fires at night— If not a man were left to feed 'em— By widows' hand piled high and bright, Flashed for the flame of Freedom!

(To be Continued.)

AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST ON HOME RULE.

We quote with some pleasure the following able and thoughtful article on the Irish national question from the London *Advertiser*. The publication of such an article in that journal is in itself a cheering evidence of the progress of our cause.—

The state of Ireland is indeed serious, and we think it is pretty plain that Mr. Gladstone's policy and concessions have not reconciled one party, whilst they have alienated another, and disgusted all. The hideous blunder, if not crime, of the Phoenix Park outrage has nullified the little good that might still be done by the appointment of Prince Arthur as Viceroy. We are quite certain that it might be, were that gracious act coupled with Home Rule. It is in vain to flout the Irish now with the tardy condescension of mere royal visits. The time for this has passed. The wrongs of Ireland cannot be patched. She has never yet been approached by England with sympathy, earnestness, and justice. When we bought her parliament, we saddled successive Ministries with the chronic obligation of acquiring the votes of the Irish members, who are the drawback and the bugbear of imperial legislation. There are men whose after existence has been poisoned by a single triumphant misdeed. But never was retribution for the evil accomplishment of a wicked act more thoroughly exemplified than by the absorption of Irish representation in the imperial parliament of Great Britain. The balance of party was thereby thoroughly destroyed. Whigs and Tories competed for the unholy aid of a party always purchasable and yet never purchased. Ireland has been said to be England's difficulty. It is not so. The difficulty has been the Irish members in the English House of Commons. Whigs and Tories have both bid for them. The Whigs have been the most unscrupulous, and Mr. Gladstone the most unscrupulous of the Whigs. He has purchased the bottle imp, and has to find it constant distraction and work. He is bound to find it occupation or be destroyed by it. It is like the exacting slave, yet master of the magician, always to be appeared and kept down. But few of the present men would represent Ireland, were her parliament once more in College-green. The want of Ireland, like that of England, is national representation, Protestant or Catholic, it matters not, so that it be national. Look at the return of Mr. Martin to parliament. Can any man doubt the stupid, senseless, cruel mismanagement of Ireland? What was her imperial legislation done for her? Has it developed her commerce, opened her mines, utilised her noble ports and harbours? Who destroyed the Galway line?—The "Liberals," the Whigs. Did Irish representation resent this injustice as one man? Did Irish votes support the government which gave Lord Eglinton to Ireland, and which sought in a legitimate way to foster her interests and develop her resources? Never was a great and promising enterprise so cruelly destroyed by "Liberal" persecution, local envy, and the malignant detraction of a small but powerful section of the English press. When the Curragh line was started, every indulgence was granted with a large subsidy. When a Conservative government had the sense of duty and justice to grant a subsidy to an Irish line, the Post-Office under the ensuing "Liberal" government destroyed it with penalties, and aided the unholy persecution of the degenerate Whigs. We remember how this promised boon was receive in Ireland. We remember the enthusiastic reception of its English pioneers by a justly irritated and embittered, but a generous people. We remember the glorious devotion of that patriotic priest, Father Daly, whose friendship we ourselves had the privilege to enjoy. Bitter and angry things have lately been enunciated in this journal about a section of the Irish people in America and in this country. It is but a section. We have denounced them, not in a national sense or spirit, but as we would trebly denounce Englishmen who have caused and are causing the alienation of the two peoples. We have fought for Irish rights and Irish independence in the Home Rule sense, as the only means to reconcile Ireland to imperial sway. Years ago we counselled a broad, a liberal, and a generous policy towards Ireland. We advocated a royal recognition of the nation that has fought by our side, and that should be bound to us by the ties of brotherhood, not coerced by police and martial law. We advocated in 1859 the institution of Irish Volunteers. We said—"Do not mistrust Ireland; it is a fatal cowardice to do so." And what has a contrary policy produced? When we counselled a grand imperial system of emigration to our own colonies—our own North American possessions—we foresaw the deadly crop of hate we should one day reap from the descendants of the sons of poverty and hate flung upon the quays of New York. It has come. Our anticipations have proved true. The Fenian movement is the anticipated result of narrow-minded, blind, selfish doctrinarism; of Whig treatment of Ireland, the neglect of her claims, the suppression of her commerce, the repression of her traffic. Her geographical position has been denied, and the very men who have said that it would be better for England were Ireland to be moored 1,000 leagues distant in the Atlantic, have been the men who would not allow Ireland to be the pathway of commerce between England and the United States, Ireland has found a pathway of hate instead. There is but one course left to conciliate and govern Ireland. It is to give her home legislative rule; and, for the rest, to do simple justice without thought of persons or care for immediate consequences. Let her

resources be developed and her commerce extended; give her the full benefit of her geographical position and her splendid harbours. At this moment there are various collieries opened in Ireland; but what is done to obtain the boon of railway communication and transit? There is not even an inspector of mines appointed in Ireland. We are about to do a little for the Irish fisheries at last. The restoration of the Irish Parliament is the sole means of putting an end to the curse of absenteeism, fatal to any country, and which has proved the source of such bitter exaction, cruelty and misery in Ireland. We are conscious of having given insertion to an article which might be subject to some misinterpretation by an Irish mind. The article in question commented strongly and bitterly on the attack made by the Irish Papists in New York upon an Orange procession, which caused a fearful massacre and the shedding of innocent blood. We felt it to be a subject on which indignation might be justly lavished, and in the strongest terms. Would a Catholic religious procession have been assaulted or treated with indignity by Protestants? On the contrary, we believe that here, or in America, it would be treated with every respect. Why are these malignant atrocities, to be transported beyond the seas to become the heritage of our descendants in a distant clime? But although we gave insertion to the words condemning this savage outrage, we meant the remarks to apply to a section of fanatics, and by no means to the generous Irish character at large, to which it has been our satisfaction to pay many a tribute, and for which we have the greatest sympathy and regard. This stands upon record, and it is due to ourselves and to the Irish people to mention it. We have known an Irish welcome in Ireland, and number many Irish friends, irrespective of religion or politics. And it is for that reason, and because we have been the champion of Irish wrongs, that we are anxious to be understood when we denounce those—whether Celts or Saxons—who would widen the breach between the two nationalities, either by outrage or by insult—by a wanton attack like that made upon a harmless and foolish anniversary procession in New York—a cruel blunder, to call it by the mildest term, like the recent raid of the police in the Phoenix Park—a sneer levelled against a whole nation such as that in which a powerful contemporary was wont occasionally to indulge—the bitter satire of a Thackeray, and finally, the assumption of an offensive superiority towards a people who, in proportion to their numbers, have contested the palm with us in every intellectual sphere, in the pursuits of peace and war; in literature, oratory, and each branch of learning, sciences, and art. We need not go farther back than to the Alma to remember how the Irish have fought by our side, and with the blessing of Providence we trust they will still be found, if ever need arise, to do as they have heretofore done. Nor will Home Rule and a Royal Court held in Dublin Castle—the only panacea against absenteeism—mitigate against the realisation of this wish, but they will contribute on the other hand to remove the heart-burnings and prejudices which now unhappily exist—and, to adopt an Irish mode of expression—for which we trust we shall be pardoned, make union more complete by a partial severance. That severance would be nothing in reality—we mean as a severance—but it would emancipate the English parliament, and content the Irish people.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Irish Education Bill, in which we now summon Mr. GLADSTONE to embody his idea of a settlement, is likely enough to meet with no better fate next session than was the fortune of the Ballot Bill during the last, but if his plan be well conceived, it will have traced the outlines and laid the foundation, broad and deep, of a settlement such as will have to be made sooner or later; and sooner rather than later, not possibly by himself in person, but the merit of which will nothing the less be his. Mr. GLADSTONE will at all events have redeemed his own engagements, and discharged his own conscience; while the responsibility for consequences will have shifted to those on whom it ought to be. The people of Ireland do not insist merely upon treating the education controversy as foreclosed, but they decline absolutely the competence of any tribunal save that of Irish opinion to concern itself about it. If the vast and increasing majority of Irishmen were as well disposed as they are the contrary to acquiesce in existing legislative arrangements, it would be upon the sole condition that the Imperial Parliament should register the decisions of Irish opinion in matters of purely Irish concern. The mind of Ireland is made up of that public instruction in Ireland shall be regulated not by the theories of Mr. FAWCETT, but by the firm and express will of the Irish people constitutionally interpreted in Parliament and in the country. The demand of national opinion—retreat from which must be regarded as impossible—the demand upon which there cannot be compromise, and in the satisfaction of which delay will not be tolerated—is that the conscience of no man shall be forced in the matter of public instruction, whether by bounties or by disabilities. As matter of fact, which the Irish people are not ashamed to put upon the record, the preference of the nation is that all her children shall be educated in the fear of God and in respect for the sanctions of the Christian law, whatever may be the form of Christianity commanding the adherence of individual Irishmen. If individual Irishmen desire their children to be un-Christianised, or have no fear that they may be un-Christianised by the working of a particular system, the Irish people as a body have no desire that the would-be atheist, or uncaring Christian shall have Christianity forced upon him after the greased cartridge fashion. Neither are persons of this class required to sulk in a corner, deprived of the social advan-

ages which a public certificate of literary proficiency carries with it. They may be godless all to themselves, with no further restriction than that they shall not force other people to be godless as well. Heaven knows that the State, treated as the purest abstraction, with modern examples before it, has no interest in the un-Christianising of the people. The Irish people will not be un-Christianised if they can help it, and there need be no fear that they can be un-Christianised against their will.—*Dublin Freeman*.

It is an error in judgment on the part of men whose sincerity we do not doubt, to preach up a fusion between Orange and Green, in which all concession, all forgetfulness of the evil past, must emanate from one side. Such a fusion would be a hollow sham. By-gones can be made by-gones only by the hearty co-operation of all parties: there is no such thing as a one-sided reciprocity. Regarding the matter from the highest point—in the light most favourable to the opinions advanced by Messrs. MARTIN and GALBRAITH—the *Weekly Register* observes it is true that in the Scriptures we are counselled when struck on the one cheek to offer the other to the striker, but we question very much whether even Professor GALBRAITH would accept the literal interpretation of the text in any case in which he himself was intimately concerned. How then can he expect others to be more Christian-like than himself in their bearing towards those whose sole delight it is to scoff at all that Catholics hold as dearer than life itself? How can he imagine that they can endure to stand and look on whilst their churches are being desecrated, their priests insulted and stoned, their wives and children beaten, and their own lives endangered by a set of lawless ruffians? None can know better than the reverend Professor what Orangemen really are, nor can any one be more thoroughly acquainted than himself with that diabolical spirit which inflames them to commit the grossest outrages against all who bear the name of Catholic. It is idle to talk of forbearance when such characters are let loose to indulge themselves in the exercise of every evil passion, and worse than idle to suppose that it is the duty of those who are attacked and injured, without any defence from the Executive to maintain a quiet and unresisting attitude in the face of such iniquity. To do so would be an act of folly and worse. If there is no help in the law—and how the Government will act is always more or less a matter of speculation—then it is the duty of every man to help himself, and, by showing a bold front to the enemy, to overawe him and prevent him from proceeding to extremes. If that would prove sufficient, none would be more delighted than Catholics themselves. Their minds are deeply imbued with the principles of the Christian Religion, and they are prepared to go to the greatest lengths and to suffer much, before they will wilfully break the Great Commandment of Charity. But there are times when such endurance would be a sin, when calmly to allow the enemies of Christ to ride roughshod over the Faithful would be to encourage them in their wickedness and to cooperate in their crimes. As well preach the doctrine that the SOVEREIGN PONTIFF would have been justified in suffering himself to be stripped of His Temporal Power, and His City to be sacrilegiously violated by the Piedmontese usurers without striking a blow, as that foes as bitter should be permitted to rage against Catholics without any attempt being made to check them. As long as Orangemen continue to be what they are, so long will they be inspired with an implacable hostility to the Catholic Church. And never whilst Catholics are true to their Religion can they possibly assume even the appearance of friendship and alliance with men the first article of whose creed is "Down with the POPE."—*Catholic Opinion*.

A serious party affray has been narrowly escaped in Portadown. A number of persons in "drags" set out for Tynan Abbey on an excursion, dressed symbolically in green and white, carrying a drum lettered "Erin-go-bragh," and having banners indicating their sympathies. The Orangemen attacked them on their way home, and the drum was broken and the other instruments smashed. Much excitement prevails, but no personal injuries of consequence resulted.

THE HARVEST.—The cutting and saving of the cereal crops have progressed rapidly during the past fortnight, and we may state that the work was all but completed before the fall of rain this week. Wheat and oats are pronounced an average crop, but barley is not so good as it was last year. There will be a fair crop of turnips, the rain in July and the heat in August having improved them beyond expectation. There are conflicting accounts relative to the potato, but we are certain there will be an abundant crop, notwithstanding the partial blight.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

The *Mayo Telegraph* informs us that Archbishop MacHale, who said Mass in Castlebar on Sunday, looks as young and vigorous as ever.

THE FRANCO-IRISH.—It will be of interest to our Irish readers to learn the following concerning the ancestry of the members of the French Deputation, who are descendants of Irishmen.—François Henry O'Neill, Vicomte de Tyrone, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, was born on the 14th of September, 1812, at Martinique, in which island his family had been established in the time of James II. of England, by James O'Neill, a native of the county of Mayo, who is stated in the "Annuaire de la Noblesse" to have been grandson of Shane O'Neill, the youngest brother of the famous Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who died at Rome in 1609, and lies entombed at Montorio. Vicomte O'Neill married on the 8th June, 1847, Mademoiselle Perrine de la Ponce, daughter of Amede de la Ponce, member of the Royal Irish Academy, and has issue. The family of Clarke, associated with the glory of the First Napoleon, was of Irish origin. Colonel Thomas Clarke, a native of the county of Kilkenny, settled in France. He had married Miss Louisa Shee, and left a son, Henry James William Clarke, born 17th October, 1765, became Marshal of France, was created Duc de Felire, and held the portfolio of the Ministry of War during a very memorable period—from 1807 to 1814. He died October 28th, 1818, leaving two

sons, Edgar Clarke, Duc de Felire, Peer of France, who died March 29th, 1852, and Alphonse Clarke, Comte de Felire, who died December 5th, 1850, both without issue, and one daughter, Henriette Clarke, who married April 18th, 1808, Raimond Aimery Philip Joseph, Duc de Montequito Fezensac. Of this marriage there was issue, three children, 1. Roger Aimery, Comte de Fezensac; 2. Louise Mathilde, married in 1830 to Maurice, Comte de Flaugny; and 3. Ornone Henriette, married, 1836, to Auguste, Comte Goyon, A.D.C. of the Emperor. The son of the last named Ornone Henriette, Comtesse de Goyon—viz., Charles Marie Michel de Goyon, born 14th September, 1844 has had the title of Duc de Felire revived in his person by letters patent 1864 and 1865.

PROPOSITION OF HUGH O'NEIL, EARL OF TYRONE, TO QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GOVERNMENT—A.D. 1599.—

1. That the Catholic religion be openly preached.
2. That the churches be governed by the Pope.
3. That cathedral churches be restored.
4. That Irish priests, prisoners, be restored.
5. That they may pass and repass the seas.
6. That no Englishmen be churchmen in Ireland.
7. That a University be erected upon the Crown Lands.
8. That the governor be at least an Earl, and called Viceroy.
9. That the Lord Chancellor, Treasurer, Council of the State, Justices of Law, Queen's Attorney, Queen's Sergeant, &c., be Irishmen.
10. That all principal governors of Ireland, as Connaught, Munster, &c., be Irishmen.
11. That the master of ordnance be an Irishman, and half the soldiers.
12. That no Irishman shall lose his lands for the fault of their ancestors.
13. That no Irishman shall be in ward, but that the living, during the minority, shall be to the younger brothers and sisters.
14. That all statutes prejudicing the preferment of Irishmen in England or Ireland shall be repealed.
15. That neither the queen nor her successors shall enforce any Irishman to serve her.
16. That O'Neill, O'Donnell, Desmond, and their partakers shall have such lands as their ancestors enjoyed 200 years ago.
17. That all Irishmen shall freely traffic as Englishmen in England.
18. That all Irishmen shall trade freely.
19. That they may use all manner of merchandise wheresoever.
20. That they may use all manner of trades.
21. That they may use all manner of ships and furnish them with artillery.—*From "Winwood's Memorials."*

DUBLIN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Just at this period, when the French visitors to Dublin have had to acknowledge the enthusiastic hospitality of the Irish people, it is interesting to revert to the testimony of a French author as to the state of society in Dublin over a century ago, when Ireland had still its "Home Rule." Jean Roque, in his preface to an Index to the Plan of Dublin, published in 1756, remarks:—"But what contributes yet more than either nature or art to the embellishment of Dublin is the temper of the inhabitants, obliging, gentle, and courteous. The Irish keep up the most amiable society, are frank, polite, affable, make it their pleasure to live much with each other, and their honour to treat strangers with politeness and civility. They are particularly remarkable for the lenity and mildness with which justice is executed, almost unknown except in this country and in England. They endeavour rather to discharge a prisoner and to soothe in his punishment than to condemn him. I am extremely surprised that the author of the System of Europe has given so different a character of this nation. He is ill-informed, not to say any more, and his articles on Dublin and the Irish are entirely false, and can make no other impression upon the mind of the reader than of the impertinence and boldness in venturing to forge a description without foundation and without probability. For my part, I have had the pleasure of being in Dublin above two years, and have had all that time to be acquainted with the genius and temper of the people, and in the picture I have drawn of them I have only expressed the sentiments of my heart, and paid to virtue the tribute that is her due."

GRATEFUL.—We copy as follows from the *Dublin Nation*:—"We speak with all the reverence which the theme demands of us when we say that the sermon preached on Sunday from the pulpit of the Jesuit church in Gardiner st., in the presence of the embassy from France, was a fact to be treasured up lovingly in the Irish heart with those other brilliant facts which constitute the latest generosity given by our nation of her faithful love for France. The text was of the cleansing of the lepers, and the ingratitude of all—save one—save only one, who returned with a thankful heart. Denouncing the vice of ingratitude in individual men, the preacher passed to speak of it in nation; then referring to France and Ireland, he dwelt upon the spectacle of noble mutual love and gratitude which these kindred peoples have presented and in his glowing story of the wrongs which drove Ireland to cling for help to France—of the faith which held her—of the gratitude which paid her back—the spirit of an Irishman was sublimely mingled with that of the true Christian priest. It was a glorious tale to tell; but there is a sadness in the glory, as there is in much of the history of our race, and the preacher deeply felt it. The tears fell from his eyes as he spoke of the far past, with its wild charm of heroism, with all its chivalrous faith; and who could hear the old tale so well retold without feeling it within his heart? Not one. The flight, the broken pledge, the sound of distant wars, the glory, and the throbbing hope, are as fresh to the Irish heart to-day as they were when Sansfield rode at Lander. Our memories are not short; our affections are not changeful. We stand by an "old friend" to the very last; but whilst there is no fear with us of a craven national defection, there is exquisite cheer in being encouraged from the Sacred Word, and by such eloquent lips as those of the preacher of last Sunday, to be glad of the performance of a national duty and strong to persevere in it."

The *Freeman's Journal* says:—"Unfortunately it is impossible to draw together a great concourse of human beings without having among them a few evil spirits capable of bringing disgrace on a good cause, and discredit on a peaceable assembly. It may be that further information may tend to alter the aspect of the melancholy occurrence; but if the facts that come to our knowledge be correct, there can be little doubt indeed that the persons who assailed the detachment of police at Arran Quay were guilty of conduct as atrocious and as infamous as ever disgraced the streets of Dublin. The most active inquiries have failed to even suggest an excuse for the unprovoked assault made on the handful of policemen who were standing quietly in the street when they were assailed with unfeeling ferocity."—At the same time it "cannot forget where the responsibility lies for the state of feeling out of which the riot sprung." "The riot," the *Freeman* contends, "is the lamentable but the natural outcome of the intense exasperation arising out of that unparalleled act of folly and stupidity which sent a force of police to bludgeon and assail a peaceable and orderly crowd."

The Reverend Samuel George Potter has been talking to the Orangemen of Belfast, and asking them "Shall the constitution die?"—to which, as yet, they have given no definite answer. We dare say it will hold on some how or other, even though Mr. Potter and his friends languish in despair. Mr. Potter, like a great many other grown-up people, seems very uneasy in his mind about Mr. Gladstone's religion. Of the Queen's faith he has no doubt whatever—she is not a Protestant. Mr. Potter is at present engaged in praying for the Prince of Wales' steadfastness—which, by all accounts, is not at all a work of supererogation. Another circumstance which causes Mr. Potter much affliction is his knowledge that there is at present in safe keeping a lineal descendant of the House of Stuart who has an eye to the throne. This person lives in the hearts of all