

Guards, directing the presentation of the medal, was read by Captain R. Roney, the adjutant, after which it was handed to private Byrne by Lieutenant Colonel Phillips, who made an appropriate speech. Private Byrne, when in the ranks of the 18th Royal Irish, behaved with great gallantry in the attack on the Redoubt on the 18th of June, going out under a heavy fire and bringing in a wounded soldier, who, however, afterwards died. During the whole time he was in the Crimea Byrne was never absent from any of his duties for which he has a medal, and has now volunteered to proceed to India. (But John Byrne remains a private still.)—Nation.

The Limerick Chronicle says:—“A gentleman in the vicinity of Nenagh has saved £5,000 and upwards by the prudent foresight of his amiable wife, who, on hearing that her husband had purchased 20 shares in the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank some years ago, impudently hid so urgently to give them up, by appealing to the future interests of their family, that at the first available opportunity he disposed of them to the manager at a loss of £20.”

The Society for Irish Church Missions to Catholics is in its eighth year. Its anniversary meeting was presided over last week by the Earl of Cavan. The report stated that the society had received increased support during the past year from Irish subscriptions. The society was one of those which lost money by the failure of Strauss, Paul, and Bates. Its total income is declining since 1854. One of the speakers, the Rev. J. N. Griffin, asked his hearers to credit the following story:—“A Catholic farmer, who had been in the habit of attending controversial meetings, at length finding that his Priest could not remove the doubts which had arisen in his mind, declared that he would no longer go to chapel. The Priest said nothing. But what followed? A few months ago the farmer retired to bed and fell asleep. He was awoke suddenly by a sensation of pain and suffocation, and as soon as he recovered his consciousness he distinctly felt that he was held by the throat by a hand which was attempting to choke him. With the instinct of self-preservation he seized the hand, and found that the hand that was grasping his throat and the knee that was resting upon his breast were the hand and the knee of his own wife. (Sensation.) And he solemnly believes that the partner of his bosom, with whom he had lived for years on terms of love, and friendship, and affection, and with whom he had never had a single cause of quarrel—whom he believes that the mother of his children had urged on by the Priest to strangle him in his bed.” (Unprecedented sensation.)—Guardian. The above is a fair specimen of the lie “evangelical.”

The Tipperary papers have a correspondence, which has passed between John McMahon, Esq., and Lord Palmerston, in reference to the irritating proceedings of the Protestant Church Missions. In reference to the grossly insulting nature of the tracts distributed by the said firm to the public peace, Mr. McMahon says:—“I firmly believe neither the Queen nor any of her advisers would tolerate such conduct, and I think it is only necessary to call your lordship's attention to it, in order, if possible, to prevent a repetition of it, and by having orders issued to the reverend gentlemen engaged in Irish Church Missions, to confine their zeal and Church teachings inside the walls of their churches—to cease from giving circulation to such papers, tending as they do to excite discord, and likely to lead to most disastrous consequences.” The reply of the Premier is as follows:—“Lord Palmerston presents his compliments to Mr. McMahon, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his letter, dated the 27th ult. Lord Palmerston wishes to remind Mr. McMahon, that any representation as to acts done in Ireland, and conceived to be illegal, should be addressed to the Irish executive.—To J. McMahon, Esq.”

Ireland, to her eternal honour be it said, although she is the most redundant fountain of emigration in the world, has never yet sent a single member to the Mormon community. Whence, then, is this monstrous association, whose members already amount to more than three hundred thousand, exclusive of its Negro and Indian slave element, supplied? Partly from Germany, chiefly from England; fifteen thousand people principally women, are said to have emigrated to Utah, ten years since, from the port of Liverpool alone. Mormonism is recruited from the off-scouring of the most Protestant countries in Europe; nor is this to be wondered at, when the tendencies of a system are considered—a system which, by permitting the weakest and most uneducated minds to form their own conclusions upon the moral laws which constitute the ground work of religion, naturally tends to creating a chaotic state of life, in which the desire of gratifying the appetites becomes the most predominant force. Nothing is more certain than that thousands of individuals who have joined the degraded Mormonite community, received the elements of their religious education in the Protestant Sunday and day schools, which abound in the manufacturing districts of England. Catholicism, whether here, or in any part of Europe, has never added a single individual, male or female, to the Satyr herd of Brigham Young. From time to time the emissaries of this nefarious sect have appeared in this country: but so strong was the natural repugnance of the people against the monstrous doctrines ventilated by those apostles of sensuality, that they were glad to effect their retreat with a whole skin, and before the feelings they had outraged, had time to explode to their detriment. Truly, indeed, did Grant say “the genius of the Irish people is affliction.”—Nation.

THE PROSLYTIZING CRUSADE.—(From the Limerick Reporter.) History has no parallel to the demoralizing excesses perpetrated in the midst of a Catholic community of the Irish metropolis, by persons who arrogate to themselves the exclusive right of private judgment, and who make the welkin ring with their professions of admiration in sustenance of their perfect freedom of thought and action in religious matters. Neither under Nero, Dioclesian, Aurelian, Leo Isauricus, nor any other of the Pagan or Jewish persecutors of the early Christians do we find anything like the devilry demonstrated by certain crusaders in Dublin at this moment, who seem to buoy themselves up with the notion that they can, with perfect impunity, out-do all the irreligious iniquities perpetrated since the foundation of the Catholic church, and mock and trample down the feelings of Catholics all over the world, by a crime which the furious Iconoclasts of the 8th century would blush to identify themselves with, and which Dominian, with all his violence, rage and insatiable cruelty, would tremble to dream of, if he but possessed the opportunities which those men in Dublin possess, of ascertaining the truth and of being guided by its sacred and solemn dictates. The Roman Emperors delivered up the bodies of the Christian martyrs to the dens of wild beasts, or the torments of boiling oil, fire, or the rack. They did not presume to pollute the Christians' rites, or sacrilegiously to outrage the most cherished of their doctrines. In Dublin, however, men who have the means of becoming acquainted with the Catholic Faith—who cannot excuse themselves on the ground of mere ignorance, who profess to respect some of the doctrines of Christianity, however badly they may practice the noble principles of toleration—who proclaim they are friends to liberty, and who boast of their affection for tracts and for the Bible without note or comment—these men, according to the following extracts from the Freeman's Journal, have stirred up a storm of indignation throughout the metropolis which it will take some time to allay, and which, terrible as the causes in which it has its origin are, can scarcely be wondered at, when we reflect on the countenance and support the crusade receives at the hands of men in high station who ought to recoil in horror from hell-conceived malice such as this:—“The cause of the great excitement which has been disturbing the peace of the city for the last three weeks, has arisen out of the following wanton

and sacrilegious outrage!—On the 25th of March last—the Feast of the Annunciation—a disciple of the Oomoo, proselytizers went into the Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street, and approached the altar rails for the apparent purpose of receiving the Holy communion. Immediately after receiving it from the clergyman, he left the church, and taking the sacred elements out of his mouth, placed them in his handkerchief, but finding that they had become too moist and had adhered to the handkerchief, he went off to one of the Catholic Church of St. Audeon, High-street, and received the sacramental elements a second time. On this occasion he contrived to succeed in his diabolical purpose, and for eight or ten days he went about amongst his pious brethren showing the consecrated elements and boasting of his cleverness. He also exhibited them at a bible meeting which was held at the Wesleyan Chapel, Stephen's Green. After a great deal of trouble and anxiety, the Rev. Mr. McCabe succeeded in getting them back, and they are at present deposited in the Church of St. Nicholas. It was the remembrance of this terrible sacrilege that influenced the people on Tuesday night last, when they attacked the lunatic Rooney, as they saw him rush to the altar, believing at the time he was a Souper. Such is the state of feverish excitement under which the people are labouring, that it is feared the devotions ordained by the church must be suspended, as it requires nearly all the time, influence, and persuasion of the clergy of the parish to prevent the people taking the law and vengeance into their own hands, for the sacrilegious outrages and insults offered to their holy religion.” “No course of conduct (says the Freeman's Journal,) is better devised to cover all Protestantism—the charitable and the uncharitable—the liberal and the bigotted—the moderate and the aggressive with hatred and horror. What would the people of England think if a society of Catholic clergymen was organized in Ireland, and sent over to insult, abuse, and revile Protestantism and Protestants in their chief towns, not only at the doors, but in the very chancels of their cathedrals? And what better right has England to inundate this country with revilers of the national religion? If the outrageous conduct of Proselytism be not restrained though we see no hope except in the repressing influence of the Protestant Episcopacy, and very little in that—we are likely to have society again shaken to its foundations, and the very worst form of religious animosity and unneighbourly hatred revived in unfortunate Ireland.”

THE SOUP MOTS, DUBLIN. Dublin has been the scene of some tragi-comic disturbances, betwixt the “soupers” and the Romanists. Little boys have been arrested, charged with singing and selling ballads, wherein the “soupers” are contemptuously spoken of, and the Reverend men of the Irish Church Mission are held up to derision. For these offences the said little boys have been fined and imprisoned by the Dublin Dogberies. We copy from a Dublin paper, two or three of the cases therein reported: which are not only amusing but instructive, as showing that there is one law for the Romanist and another for the “Souper.” The latter may, and do hereby, insult Catholics with the grossest calumnies, and with perfect impunity—for who ever heard of a “Scandaler” being sent to jail for denouncing their church as the great Harlot and the Mother of abominations?

HEAD POLICE OFFICE, May 18.—James Molloy was charged with using abusive and insulting language to the Rev. H. R. Halahan, incumbent of St. Nicholas Without. Mr. Halahan stated that about nine o'clock on the previous morning he was proceeding to Luke's Church for the purpose of reading service at a funeral which was then just approaching, when the prisoner a lad about fourteen years of age, cried out ‘Souper,’ with the object of creating a disturbance. He then ran away, but was captured by Mr. Halahan and given into custody of Police Constable Crowthers, 147 A. Mr. Magee called attention to the 5th Victoria, which authorized imposing the penalty of 40s. or one month upon any person making use of abusive or insulting language, or behaving in a manner calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, and stated that in future he would give any person brought before him the full benefit of that sentence. As the prisoner, however, was young, and his conduct was to a certain extent, the result of ignorance, he would fine him 20s. or, in default, one month's imprisonment.

Anne Fagan was charged with shouting and using abusive language at Patrick street. It appeared from the evidence that shortly after two o'clock, as the congregation was coming out of church, the prisoner commenced to sing aloud the following elegant couplet:— ‘Soupers, soupers, ring the bell, Soupers, soupers, go to hell!’

She was taken into custody by Police Constable Luby 98 A, and was fined £1, or one month's imprisonment.

Peter Beiney was charged by Police Constable Treley, 103 A, with hawking and vending publications of an exciting and irritating character.

It appeared that between seven and eight o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 16th inst, the prisoner was attracting public attention by crying out what professed to be the contents of documents which he was selling headed—‘The Proselytizers—Public Excitement’—in which a narrative of the circumstances attendant on the disturbances of the Coombe, was put forward. The prisoner, however, did not confine himself to their actual contents, but heightened the attraction of his wares by such phrases as these—‘Attempt to burn Francis-street Chapel’—‘Conspiracy of the Proselytizers to assassinate the Rev. Canon McCabe, &c.’ He was followed by a large crowd, who were much excited by the exaggerated statements thus put forward.

The prisoner was ordered to find bail for his future good conduct, or in default to undergo seven days' imprisonment. Subsequently, however, he was allowed to stand out on his own recognizance, when it appeared that he was unable to read the papers which he was calling out. Police Constable George Doherty, 104 A, charged Martin Power with singing upon the public thoroughfare on the 16th instant, at Back-lane, between three and four o'clock, a song entitled, ‘The Devil amongst the Soupers,’ which was calculated to excite the passions of the multitude. He was taken into custody and brought to the station-house, but having been let out upon bail by the inspector, did not think it necessary to attend the following morning at the police office. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, but up to the time the court continued to sit he had not been taken into custody.

Amongst the string of ballads found in his possession at the station-house was one from which we take the following extracts:—

Four loaves in the week and two shillings Is given to them the'll eat, But who'd sell his soul to the devil, Even though he's in hunger and want? When a shopkeeper's goods are ill gotten He sells them off cheap I'll be bound— So the Church of the Soupers being rotten, They pay for believing its sound. The ballad was headed with a carefully executed portrait of a soupy kitchen, and the chorus chimed in appropriately as follows:— With your canting, and ranting, and scheming, Ye hypocrites!—ain't ye afraid? O give up your lies and your souping, And take to some honest trade. William Young was charged with creating an obstruction at Castle street. Police Constable 160 A, deposed that he saw the

prisoner carrying a large placard through the street calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, upon which was printed in large letters—‘This Day, Part II, Protestantism in a galloping Consumption, by the Rev. Father Marshall.’ When the prisoner saw him approaching he walked on and turned down the head of the placard. He did not refuse to move on, but did so of his own accord. Mr. Magee said as he did not refuse to move on the warrant had been issued upon the day before, in consequence of a charge preferred against him of singing songs of an irritating nature at the Coombe, he was brought up on Tuesday, and the constable deposed to having heard him sing the famous composition entitled ‘The Devil amongst the Soupers.’ This remarkable effusion opens with the following strain:— Sometime ago, in the regions below: There was fear and consternation: For heresy fast was losing its grasp On the holy Irish nation. So the imps of sin were all gathered in. A meeting most hideous and hateful: To try and devise, by scheming and lies, Some way to seduce the faithful. chorus.

(Good people all, both great and small. Smiths, carpenters, and coopers, Did you ever hear tell of the council in hell, And the Devil amongst the soupers. The ballad went on to say that it was determined by the devil to open a shop on the Coombe, with a view of ‘seducing the faithful,’ and proceeded:— When the imps heard this, they began to hiss, For that is their cheer down their sir; And they cried—here below, our friends we'll know, When they take in that shop a share, sir. The prisoner being only fourteen years of age was fined 5s, or in default of payment fourteen days' imprisonment.—Saunders.

GREAT BRITAIN. Another large bank defaulter is reported. Mr. Henry Salmon, agent to the Commercial Bank of Scotland, in Falkirk, has absconded, after making free with the funds of the establishment to the extent of £30,000. SINGULAR RAILWAY INCIDENT.—On the arrival of the two o'clock train from Liverpool at Rugby, on Wednesday morning, it was discovered that a lad, about nine years old, was secreted under one of the first class carriages. The lad, who appeared much exhausted, stated that he had escaped from the parish authorities at Manchester, who were about to send him to his native country (Ireland), and managed to hide himself above the beam of one of the axles of the carriage. The carriage went, in due course, to Liverpool, and after the passengers had all alighted, was shunted into a tunnel, where it remained some hours. At this time the boy states that he endeavored to make his escape, but found the tunnel so dark that he returned to his old hiding place. The same carriage was again required for the mid-night train to London, and on his arrival at Rugby, the lad was discovered to be unhurt, but suffering very much from exhaustion and cold. On Wednesday, as Prince Albert passed through Rugby, the above circumstances were related to Sir George Grey who, at the wish of his Royal Highness, made the boy a pecuniary present.—Chester Courier.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—The May Meetings seem to be below the average in dullness this year. They share in the flatness of the parliamentary season. The reports of their proceedings are never very interesting; but it would be difficult to find anything in the newspapers so hopelessly dreary as a string of anniversary gatherings, as they are given at length in this May's Record. Numerous as they are, and various as are the professed objects of their supporters, you can get no variety out of their speakers. Go where you will, the same ubiquitous chairman meets you; the same roll of well-worked platform orators; the same set form of speech, with its unctuousness and slovenliness, its bit of flattery and its bit of jocoseness, its pointless anecdote and its cut-and-dried simile, all stale, and dead, and wearisome to an intolerable degree, and giving you a feeling of painful humiliation when you read it, to see to what nonsense and absurdity men can accustom their lips and ears. It is wonderful how audiences can go on, on May after May, listening in hot and crowded rooms to the repetition of all this formality and affectation, and even think it excitement. And it is wonderful that men of sense and self-respect can find themselves, time after time, getting up with absolutely nothing to their hearers, and beating their jaded and exhausted brains to produce a half-hour of rapid and sickly declamation, and not at last lose patience, and burst out into a good healthy laugh at the solemn absurdity in which they are acting a part.—Guardian.

The list of subscriptions towards Lady Franklin's expedition now amounts to £1,500; but it is understood that, in order that she may be enabled to meet all the expense, Lady Franklin has sold the property in Australia which belonged to her late husband, and may thus be said to have put all her fortune into this last adventure of Arctic research. The Atlantician announces that the plan of Lady Franklin's Arctic Expedition is now arranged. A glance at any recent map of the Arctic regions shows that nearly the whole area east and west of the outlet of the Fish River has been swept by government searching expeditions. Apart, then, from the fact that Esquimaux reports point to a very limited locality where the great Arctic mystery lies concealed, we are warranted in hoping that a search within an area embracing not more than 370 miles of coast may be rewarded by the discovery of the Erebus and Terror:—“Captain McClintock proposes to make his way down Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence through Bello's Strait to the field of search; or, should the ice permit, to proceed direct to it, by going down Peel Sound, which he has good reasons for believing to be a strait. If prevented by the ice from passing through Bello's Strait or going down Peel Sound, he will abandon the idea of taking his ship through these channels, and leaving her in safety in Prince Regent's Inlet, will proceed to search for the Erebus and Terror by slugging parties, so successfully used in the late expedition, in conducting which Captain McClintock particularly distinguished himself. We regret to say that a strong memorial, recently transmitted from the United States, praying our Admiralty to send the Resolute out on a final searching expedition, has failed to arouse sufficient sympathy with a cause now stirring all England.”

OUTRAGES BY ‘TURN-OUTS.’—Some ‘turn-outs’ at Manchester, Sheffield, and other parts of the manufacturing districts, have recently thrown explosive bottles through the windows of their employers, or of fellow-workmen refusing to join them. ANOTHER POISONING CASE.—A little girl, four years old, has been poisoned at the village of Belah, in the parish of Allan, about five miles from Truro, the crime having been committed, as supposed, by the mother and grandfather of the child. Grace Beard, the mother, formerly lived as servant with Mr. Gridlock, an auctioneer, at Truro, but lately she has been residing with her father, John Beard, at Belah. The child died suddenly in April last, and at the inquest a verdict of natural death was returned. From circumstances which subsequently transpired, however, the body of the child was exhumed, and an analysis having been made by Mr. Herrepath, of Bristol, that gentleman discovered arsenic. The mother, on being taken into custody, said that her father sent her to Truro on the 1st of April to procure some poison, but that she did not know what she did with it, though

she believed that she had murdered her child with it, and had accused her father of having done so. The grandfather, who is described as a dissolute old man, denies having sent his daughter for poison. The supposed motive for the crime on the part of the mother is that she wished to get rid of this illegitimate child, as she was about to be married to a young man named Champion. Both prisoners have been remanded. Thomas Fuller Bacon having after the trial on Thursday, been removed to Stamford, was examined before the magistrates on Saturday on the charges of having poisoned his mother. The case was adjourned till Wednesday. Mrs. Bacon has made a full confession that she murdered her children with her own hands.

A SCOTCH SABOTEUR.—A thief who broke out of jail in Aberdeen the other day, on being recaptured, told the policeman that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.—Dundee Advertiser.

“NOSSETER A SOCIUS.”—It is believed that London thieves accompany the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon to the provinces. That gentleman preached to an immense congregation at Isleham, Cambridgeshire, on Friday last, on which occasion many robberies from the person were committed. One lady lost a handsome gold Geneva watch.

Oh for another Hercules, or St. George of Cappadocia, to hunt down and destroy our political nuisances? What is the use of all our K. G.'s if they cannot rid Parliament of the dragons and other monsters that devour its time and strength? They reappear as regular as the Sphinxes and Minotaurs that beset the gates of some unfortunate city, and would not depart without their complement of youths and maidens or well-to-do respectable travellers. There is always to be a Bill for the abolition of some ridiculous or useless oath, and the admission of a useful and honorable class of citizens; it is always to pass the Commons, whom it does a little concern, and always to be preached and prayed out of the Lords, who have nothing to do with it. The same force of alarmed patriotism and outraged piety is always to be acted over again with the same tones and the same grimace, and men who never did any good besides, and never will, annually quiet their conscience with this paltry persecution. When this dreary scene has been acted for the fiftieth time there stalks in another relic of the antediluvian world in the shape of a Maynooth debate. Gaunt and grim, the survivors of an extinct race crush their way through the common sense and humanity of these later days, trampling, rending, and rolling over the gentler feelings and the kinder influences of the modern creation. Is it impossible to nose this Leviathan, and send him back to his muddy deep? Can neither strength nor artifice now avail, at a time when we have two hypochondriacs in the Regent's Park, and whales, sea lions, and sea devils are ordinarily advertised for show or for sale? It can only be a question of hooks and nets, spears, and harpoons. Certainly, if these crusades had any hope of a successful and quiet termination, if there were fair reason to anticipate that in a few years the Papists or the Jews could be either exterminated or captured, or so humbled as not to lift up their heads or wag their tongues for the next 30 years, we could scarcely have a word to say against the crusade. Success is an argument that speaks for itself, and notwithstanding the old sneer about “making a solitude and calling it peace,” we should not be too curious to inquire into the means by which we had been delivered from the annual Maynooth debate and the annual Oaths debate. But our modern persecutors, not being allowed the use of dungeons, grills, fetters, pliers, cords, stretchers, iron boots, and other implements of orthodoxy, make very poor work of it. They only nibble and scrape, and, as they have neither teeth nor tails, their nibbling and scraping becomes muzzling and fumbling, disagreeable but harmless. They only take up time; they occupy, distract, molest, and generally annoy the Legislature, like some of the smaller animals which disgust rather than hurt, but are not the less nuisances. But nuisances of this sort, like the giants and monsters of the medieval epic, only require a little courage and momentum to put an end to them. One step in advance, or one touch of the spear, so as to be in earnest, is enough to kill. Now, here is the Oaths Bill. Unless something be done, it will be thrown out in the Lords, as heretofore. There will be as many ‘non-contents’ as before, and no more ‘contents.’ It is the latter figure that is to be treated. Lord Palmerston has a great majority in the Lower House, immense popularity, and generally a winning cause. Why, then, can he not deal with this as with the China question, and have the younger Lords, and even the newly-appointed bishops, laid under admonition? The opposition is nothing but a hollow flimsy, hypocritical prejudice, if it be indeed worthy of that name. There is not one single text in the Bible to favor the exclusion of Jews from a Christian Legislature, while there are many texts establishing the perfect lawfulness of Christians fighting in the same ranks with Jews, holding office together with them, paying their taxes, receiving their taxes in return, and finally sitting in the same councils with them. You might just as well expect to find a text in favor of extracting a Jew's teeth to get at his money, or making him wear a yellow garb, or spitting on him, or holding pork to his nose, or calling him a dog, as in favor of excluding him from any portion of a Christian Legislature. You may, indeed, find texts in the New Testament to color Transubstantiation, Purgatory, the Invocation of Saints, and so on, but not one even coloring the doctrine that a Christian must not deliberate and act with a Jew on a question of taxes, of peace and war, of arts and sciences, of sewerage and drainage, or such temporal matters. In point of fact, there happens to be no religious community with which the State has more dealings, in proportion to its numbers, than the Jews. England and all the Christian Powers of Europe have the most important transactions with the Hebrew capitalists, and these occasions we have no doubt of their honor or their patriotism—that is, their disposition to make sacrifices, if necessary, for the welfare of the country wherein they dwell. It is sufficient for the purpose, however, that we make them pay taxes like other men; and on every principle of justice and consistency we should allow them to be represented by their own people in the expenditure of those taxes—confessedly the chief business of Parliament.—Times.

A MODERN HERO.—We cut the following from a letter published in the New York Times:—“Those who have any sympathy for General Walker in his fall, unless they are lost to even the common sentiments of humanity, will have their sympathy somewhat modified on becoming acquainted with the following facts, which I have from a high official source—a gentleman who cannot be mistaken in what he relates:—On the 20th day of April, while Gen. Walker, without the knowledge of his men, was negotiating his capitulation, knowing that he was to surrender the next day, one of his soldiers, contrary to a general order, went outside of his lines. He shortly after returned, having only gone out to get a bottle of aquadente. Walker called him up, when he acknowledged his fault and prayed for forgiveness. “If you have any message to send to your friends,” said Walker, in his mild, but sarcastic way, “you had better prepare it, for at sundown you die.” Punctually at sunset a platoon of soldiers were drawn up for the execution, and just as the order was given to fire, the soldier appealed to his comrades, “Boys you wouldn't shoot a fellow soldier for such a thing as that, would you? They raised their rifles and fired over his head. The poor fellow broke and ran, when he was brought to his knees by Lieut. Col. Rogers, an Irishman, who figures in the list I send you, by a pistol shot. Stepping up to the man while in this position, Rogers placed his revolver at his forehead and blew out his brains! May be there isn't a hell.—There ought to be, if there is not.”

The Burdell case is more hotly fought on the question of the possession of the property than on the detection of the murderer. Mrs. Cunningham presents new and singular evidence in her behalf. The New York Herald says:—“Property to the amount of \$100,000, or to \$150,000 is dependent on the issue of this suit. If Mrs. Cunningham establishes her marriage, she becomes entitled to a third of it; and if, as rumor says, she is in the position in which ladies like to be who love their lords, and can squeeze up dates satisfactorily, she will get the whole. As is usual where money is concerned, the eagerness manifested to decide the right to this succession is much greater than that displayed in the effort to vindicate the justice of the country. An immense number of witnesses will be examined, both on behalf of the blood relations and of Mrs. Cunningham, whom the delicate scruples of the District Attorney did not allow to be produced on the murder trial.” The Board of Aldermen of New York, less prompt than just, have offered a reward of \$2000 for the discovery of the murderer of Dr. Burdell.

THE LOUISVILLE RIOT.—The Know Nothings of Louisville have had another feast of blood. They have dragged the negroes tried for the murder of the Joyce family, and acquitted of the charge, forth from the prison and hanged them. The Sheriff, after firing some blank cartridges at the mob, discovered that further resistance was useless, and opened the prison door to the mob. Mayor Filcher, the mob elected ruler of the city, tried to soothe his associates by a speech, but was struck in the face by a boulder and carried home severely wounded. Riot remained rampant for one day and night, as it had virtually ruled in that city ever since law was trampled under foot, in 1854, and left lying there stained with the blood of Irish poor. Through its ballot-box and its most influential newspaper, Louisville has assumed the responsibility of the murders of Bloody Monday. The blood is on a party of her citizens, and occurrences like the late riot demonstrate that its cry for vengeance is not unheard on high. Let them repent of the wrong, retract their culmen, discontinue the slanders in their midst, punish the murderers, and their otherwise inevitable doom may be averted. But even “Americans” cannot resist the rule of God.—Cincinnati Telegraph.

THE KNOW-NOTHING RIOT AT WASHINGTON.—The “Plug Uglies” of Baltimore and other infamous gangs whose motto is, that Americans should rule America, have again been disgracing the capital and the country by a murderous attack upon the voters at the municipal election in Washington city. These demagogue ruffians did not, however, succeed in carrying in their candidates, but the democrats elected a majority of the city council, and the collector and registrar. A despatch dated on Monday states that the Plug Uglies, numbering fifty wretches, upon arriving from Baltimore, divided their forces, and part of them made a demonstration at the first precinct of the 4th ward, and another at the 2nd ward polls. At the latter place their interference soon caused a row, and fifteen or twenty shots were fired. A young man named John Ouseley was shot in the knee. The citizens of this ward then turned out with arms and drove the rioters off. At this time a desperate row had commenced at the first precinct of the 4th ward, the “Plugs,” being reinforced by the “Bip-Laps,” and “Chinkers” of Washington city. A terrible attack was made on the anti-know nothing voters, with pistols, howie knives and stones, and they were driven from the polls. R. B. Owen, one of the commissioners, had his hand shattered by a pistol shot. A Klotter received a spent ball in his forehead. An Irishman was dreadfully beaten, so that his features cannot be recognized; and several others received slight pistol shot wounds. Capt. Goddard, of the police, had a strong force on the ground, but was driven back. The mayor called on the President for a military force. The “Plug Uglies” then retired to the engine house of the Amocstia company, near the navy yard, procured a small cannon or swivel, and marched to the battle ground. They were passed by two companies of United States mariners, under Capt. Tyler, also marching to the scene of riot, who were hailed with hoots and yells. The Plugs drew up with their cannon in front of the market house on King street fronting Seventh street. The mariners formed and ordered it to disperse. Word was sent to him that if the marines didn't leave the ground, a difficulty would take place. An order was then given to “charge” and the marines took the cannon amid a volley of pistol shots from the Plug Uglies. The mariners returned the fire, principally directed to the westcoast corner of the market house. Five men were killed and seventeen wounded. Mr. Allston, a grocer was shot dead. The cannon was captured, and Twenty or thirty of the Plug Uglies escaped on the 3 p.m., train for Baltimore, and quiet was restored.

DOING BUSINESS.—The President of the recent exploded New-castle (Pa.) bank said, on his examination in court: “We were doing a fine business, but had not much to do it on. I suppose we were running on what we owed!” Cool enough!

MONS NOSSENER.—The Detroit papers relate that a young man, by the name of Rogers, was recently missing in that city, and that the tomfoolery of calling his spirit, by “the Spiritualists,” to reveal what had become of his body, was resorted to! The call was promptly answered, of course, and the ghost revealed that it had been ejected from its earthly tenement, in a certain building where there was just then being held an exhibition of wild animals. Its body, continued the accommodating ghost, could not be found, as it had been fed to the caged beasts in that building, and devoured by them; and that human evidence of this fact might not be wanting, said ghost avowed that the larger bones of his late body—such, we suppose as the beasts could not devour—had been hidden under the floor of the building, where they might be found. Armed with this bill of ghostly particulars, a party invaded the building in question, and searched in every part without success. The floor was taken up, and careful search made beneath it, but neither the promised bones, nor any other evidence that young Rogers had been there, either in whole or in part, was obtained; and so the chase had finally to be given up. The body of Rogers, the papers add, was subsequently found in Detroit River, and gave no indications of ever having been eaten by the wild beasts, as related by its ghost; while, to every appearance, all its original bones were still in their proper anatomical places.

WHY ANTOINETTE LEFT THE PULPIT.—It is said that the Rev. Miss Antoinette Brown has vacated the pulpit, the pews of course being vacated at the same time. An exchange explains:—Antoinette was not a woman's rights man through the sneering bitterness of Lucy Stone, but full of womanly tenderness, she longed for some object to lavish her affections upon, and thought it was a church and flock she needed.—She became at length Mrs. Blackwell, and in due time a little lambkin was put in her arms. She found in this all she had been longing for, and has given up the whole flock to take charge of this weak lambkin! Had she found this sooner, the useless experiment at South Butler might have been saved.

UNITED STATES.

SUBDEN DEATHS OF PRIESTS.—The Rev. Valentine Felder, a Priest of Newark, about 30 years of age, was almost instantly killed by being knocked down and run over by a car of the 2nd Avenue line, at the corner of Oliver street and the Bowery. The fatal accident happened on Thursday the 28th ult. Mr. Felder was a German by birth, and we learn, highly esteemed for his sacerdotal worth. We believe his remains were taken to Newark for interment.

The Rev. Michael O'Donovan, Pastor of the Catholic Church at Goshen, expired, after a very short illness, on Sunday, May 24th. Mr. O'Donovan was a native of Ireland, and about 40 years of age. We have learned no other particulars of the deceased.—N. Y. Freeman.

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