with asconlingers catch up a code to to water, and extinguish to and then she took the second close to him.

anxiety to get home, could not he state to comply so, taking the infant from the old woman's arms he led the ways, she with a firm step, and the two other grandchildren held each by the band, silently following.

It was known that Terence Delauy, had no home and and a state of the same and the two others.

home; and when they arrived at the barn, in straight up to his bier, only casting a few rapid lined her way; she stood erect for a moment over the silent teatures of her only son; then slowly stooped and kissed his lips; and at last bursting into an irregular and dismal song, utterthecaun.

I nursed you at my breast ; I baked your marriage cake; I sit at your head -Ullah! 'I gave you my milk; I fed you with my

heart's blood; I look upon yours. I Procked your cradle; I nursed your chil-

dren; I must follow in your funeral. Your children are about me; I see my child's

children, but I see not my child. * Liremember your face in youth; its brightness was manly like theosun's just made daylight

round about mean the diese test I remember your form in the dance; and strong was your arm when you wrestled with the young men; none was like my son to me.

And none was like him to his own Ailleen, the wife of his bosom; Ailleen, with the blue eyes, and yellow hair ; her children look at me with her eyes.

Many strove for Ailleen; but she left ber father's riches to share your cabin; she chose you above all ; she was your bride.

Alleen was beautiful and good; you loved one another; and my heart laughed to see you in your own house ; the old mother's heart sitting by your fire. Hereby, we a circum

And all your days were pleasant till the destroyer came; then your young cheeks grew pale, and the light left your eyes, and I laughed no more. of British

Ruin blackened your youth, and made your hearts; old too soon, and ended your days; Ailleen died first ; you see her now, where she is ; tell Ailleen your mother loves her.

Lam left alone; and the little children of Ailleen have no father me a grand in me

&But I weep not for you now; you fell revenging yourself, on your enemies; the blood of the traitors shall alone nourish the green grass on your grave discussion of the section b

All, nursed you at my breast; I baked your marriage cake; I sit at you bead-Ullab! BUT WHICH ST CHAPTER XII.

The blast fumed and blustered through the bare fence, and through the leafless orchard, and the pelting hallstones drove adown the gapingwide open and perfectly straight chimney of old Ned Shea's kitchen, and fizzed in the roaring turf fire before which our friend Andy Houlohan andja new acquaintance, whom we beg to introduce by the dangerous, name of Bridge Chree, or, Bridget Heart, were seated, enjoying their tete a-tete, in the sense for which that term was at first invented; for Andy and Bridge were, as a lapidary would say, lovers of the first water, or, in their own idiom, and, pretty much in the same words, jewels at the business.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, &c." in humble prose, is a most unconscionable lyrant; his ambition expanded as the earth; and from the monarch of many nations to the lowly proprietor, nay, to the drudge of the lowliest cot, making all bow before his empire. He fetters the free, and upon the slave casts additional bondage; he humanizes the savage, subdues the bravo, and, happily makes the coward valiant .-Now is he presiding deity of the gorgeous palace, where delicious music and balmy perfumes mingle in the flattered air; where costly viands and sparkling wines eke out the banquet; where downy couches tempt his languid limbs to or death, have died without being able to realize dalliance or repose; and where beauty, made awful by rank and dazzling attire, lavishes upon him her ambrosial sighs and goddess smiles to and the Goth died a brute. 2, 'Rome or death,' tempt his eternal sojourn; yet alon we trace him cried Constantius, the Greek Emperor. He imprito the smoky kitchen, clothed in a suit of cluinsy frieze, peeling the humble potato with divine little thumb-nail; and his witching little mouth surrounded by a white circle, that has remained on it since his last bearty draught of acid buttermilk : with the cricket's chirp, or the kitten's pur, his only music; with a rush for a chandelier, enlarge your kingdom I have only dug your tomb." or galaxy of argands; with a three legged stool (Manzone.) 5th, Rome or death, cried Otho II., for his only lounger, and the unpretending and he was slain by treason, 6th, Rome or death, Bridge Chree for his inspiration.

We could follow the mischief-doing urchin into many a stranger scene; we could unmask his various disguises, and the endless arts to slain by his own son, Manfredi. 8th, 'Rome or death,' cried his son, Manfredi, and he lost his kingwhich he has recourse to soread his universal sway; but having brought him to our present sphere (in which, for our lawful purposes, we have ourselves seen him, and here pledge our secutor of Pope Boniface VII. a mere chance occurveracity to the fact, but would not that our fair rence. Villani in his history, attributes his sudden and gentle readers should quarrel with him for death to his cruelty towards the great Pope, of whom his mean versatility; and we think we may add, in an "aside," of this there is no danger;) having shown, we say, that, in his thirst for universal dominion, he deigns to visit such humble folk as are of our acquaintance, we shall follow his he died, in disgrace." (Book, 12, 11.) The tragic vacaries no farther, lest, as the imp is spiteful, event. We (says Villani,) see by reason and expehe inight turn on "us in revenge for our expose, rience, that all who have risen against the Holy See and incapacitate us for our task of grave his have suffered in body and mind." The death of Astolphus was not governed by chance; of whom storians. with their grown was by deal of

No matter how homely their place of wel-

Among all compeers Andy went by the tile sketch of a big tellow; and his swarthy visage, entirely devoid of flesh, with the skin fitting tight to his high cheek-bones, and with its mixed which, as we before noticed, his body was laid expression of good humour, foolishness, fidget, out, they found that all the usual attentions had and subtlety, was in keeping with his figure. been bestowed upon it. The mother walked Even his clothes bung around him at odds and ends, as if they had been tossed on with a pitchglances, at each side, on the other corpses that fork; and his bat, that part of every man's costume, in its shape and adjustment most redolent of character, was sometimes pushed back to the very last holding-point of his skull, sometimes dragged into his eyes, and sometimes to be only ed, in many an unequal dbass, or verse, his keen- balf covering his head, just as the head happened to be humorously, gravely, or rakishly inclined; winter and summer be wore, in common with almost every man around him, a mighty outside blue coat, that fell from bis shoulders pinioned his arms, and trailed in the puddle or dust: the knees of his mexpressibles always swung wide open, as did his shirt collar, and, all but one or two buttons, his vest, so that the vision of a black bairy chest was seen in all weathers; and his stockings, festooning down to his brogues generally left his legs half naked.

But then we have seen that he was the most loving and faithful creature under the sun; to all (except when fighting at fairs or patterns) good natured; and, above all, possessed of a quality in high esteem with the weaker sex, of every degree, that is atter fearlessness of danger or death in mortal combat. It was Andy's courage and prowess, in fact, that first recommended him to Bridge Chree; and, in the manner following, we love to rehearse the story.

Paudge Dermody, whose name the reader will recollect was a little of the rustic petitmaitre, making advances, through sheer vanity, to every girl he met, and, to own the truth, and giving due honor to his mastership in the art of love, many were Paudge's conquests; but he boasted of the favours he received, nay equally vain of his wit, often amused his companions as well by his own folly as at the expense of those he set

Among the rest, Bridge Chree was distinguished by his flattering attentions; and one evening, while sitting with some friends over a cup of ale, Paudge heard the name mentioned, as the most recent of his conquests; but he seems only half willing to admit the honor of having vancuished poor Bridge; swore a raking oath that she was an ugly jade, by far too humble for his notice; and she had crooked legs, made after the ould Munsther fashion, wid the wrong ends down, he said, 'and she squinted worse nor a dog looking at the edge of a raping-hook.

(To be continued.)

(From the Correspondent of Metropolitan Record.) Bishop Dupauloup related the following anecdote his last great sermon in his own cathedral: "When the Queen of Sweden was in Paris last Spring, she invited M. Thiers, the Historian of the Consulate and Empire, to dinner. Rome being the engrossing topic of conversation, the Queen asked M Thiers his fatality of distinction. The Pagans called it the opinion on this important question. 'My opinion,' City of Destiny; the Christians, the Eternal City. said he - indeed, I have formed no opinion on this Is it, then, true that all who cry Rome or death! subject. The Queen insisted that he had, and in die in disgrace. Again I ask can all these facts treated him to give it. 'Well, Madam, the opinion that I entertain cannot be, I fear, decently expressed in your Royal presence. 'Speak, speak! cried the Queen— have no fear.' 'Well, then,' answered Thiers, in his own strong manner, 'since you so urge me to give you my conviction on this topic, I do so. You know, Madam, that I am but a bad Catholic, but I am a Papist and the supporter of his throne; for I

have read history, and it teaches me that all those who have caten of the Pope have been killed by that food '" Come let us read history together for a few moments, and examine if the saying of this great statesman is true. I state this proposition, then, and I hope to prove it to the satisfaction especially of your roung readers, to whom these facts are not known or accessible. I beg them to read the following historic facts, which may be relied on as the testimony of the best historians of modern times. Catholic or Protestant I lay down this proposition that all who, for the last tweive centuries, cried out 'Rome their desire. 1st, 'Rome or death,' cried Theodoric, the great king of the Ostrogoths. He tormented Pope John for years; but Papal Rome conquered, soned Pope Martin, and plotted his ruin, but Rome and its Pope mourned over the untimely death of her enemy as be lay assassinated in his own bath. 3d, Rome or death, was the watchword of Astolphus, and he was found one day with his neck broken by a fall from his horse. 4th, 'Rome or death,' cries out Desiderius, King of the Lombards. He lost his throne, and on his death-bed told his son " wishing to cried Henry IV., the relentless enemy of the immortal Pope St. Gregory VII. Betrayed by his own family, he died broken hearted, unbonored and unsung. 7th, Rome or death, cried Frederick II, and he was. dom and life in the battle of Bonaventum. Now, no one can, with reason, say that these were chance cases. Was the mysterious death of Phillip le Bel, the per-Cardinal Wiseman says, "He reached the Papacy an honest man, reigned a good Pope, and died a good Christian." The death of Louis of Bavaria was not a chance accident. He cried out 'Rome or death," and Villani tells us in his chronicles " That the great historian Cosar Ballus writes that be was the first example of what has often been since in come. the wide world "did not supply him with a Italy, "that all who revolt against the Pope are near

hand, and motioned the other togle paragraph and with the youngest still held on one ame and with the youngest still held on one ame and with the youngest still held on one ame and with the youngest still held on one ame and with the youngest still held on one ame and with the youngest still held on one ame of Andy Awling, or airy Andrew's ded, and tone for surname of Andy Awling, or airy Andrew's distinguished and speech, he stretched and was ched, and buried, and those he has left behind him must sit at his head.

Thus, admonshed, and under such afficting to which he was distinguished and splicable, he was left behind him must sit at his head.

Thus, admonshed, and under such afficting or as well to his outward as to his inward circumstances. Pierce, notwithstanding his own and as well to his outward as to his inward and Pius VII. The as well as soon as he was elected. Pope reanxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not heatate to common agreeably than in the form and face of anxiety to get home, could not consent to do so. Tell your master, the Smperor said Pius VII. That he your master, the Smperor said Pius VII. That he has put clothes into his wardrobe which he can never use, because they belong to the church. These will spread moths among those he lawfully inherits and destroy them." Napoleon, in a few months after, cowed and beat down into the earth the pride and glory of the House of Hapsburg on the plains of Marengo and realized, the prediction of the great Pontiff. Let us read a few interesting facts from the life of Napoleon I., to illustrate and confirm sil :ve have thus far studied or recorded. Napo'son III. has just celebrated the 15th of August as the feast day of the Empire. The feast day was established by Napoleon I: to commemorate two anniversaries, the one of his birth on August 15 1769, the other on the Concordat agreed on between him and Pius VII. and signed in Rome on the 15th of August, 1801. As a statesman he knew well that he could never unite the French people in a joyous festival without the aid of religion. He, therefore, united his birthday celebration with the re-establishment of the Church in France. He conquered at Marengo, and four days after the battle he wrote to the two consuls the following : "To day, in spite of what the Atheists of Paris say, I go in state to sing the Te Deum at the tomb of St. Ambrose" From Milan be wrote to Pius VII. requesting his sid to restore to France "its dethroned God and his divine worship." On the 15th of August, 1801, the old bells of Notre Dame once more called the Children of Mary to Divine worship, and to the love and praise of the Immaculate Virgin. "Paris awoke as from a dream -the old with the young wept as they entered that venerable temple. The city was brilliantly illuminated; there was little sleep that night in Paris, for very joy they kept awake." The past of the 15th of August in France is rich in historic interest. On the 15th of August, 1802, Napoleon was the First Consul and the acknowledged head of France; on 15th of August 1804, he celebrates his birthday as Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, and commenced the great harbor of Cherbourg. On the 15th of August, 1806, he is the idol of the nation, and lays the corner stone of the Arch of Triumph, one of the grandest in Europe. On the 15th of August, 1809, he has conquered Austria, and hold Pius VII. a pri soner in Savonia; he celebrates his own feast, and decrees an obelisk to France, 'Napoleon au peuples Francais." On the 15th of August, 1810, he enters Paris in triumph, and commences the columns dedicated to the grand army. On the 15th of August, 1810, the Pope is still in prison, and Napoleon invades Russia and hastens to his end. On his feast day in 1813 he is at Bautzen, and on the 18th of Aug., 1814, he is in exile in Elba ! Paris celebrates the festival of the Virgin Mother, and no one dare breathe his name amid the general rejoicings! He escapes, restores the Empire, and falls, never, never to rise again. He spends the 15th of August, 1815, on the broad Atlantic on his way to his barren rock where he died by inches." On the 15th of August 1816, he is insulted by that vile wretch, Hudson Lowe; on the 15th August, 1820, he is on his sick bed, and his next feast of 15th of August, 1821, was his last ! He died broken-hearted, far away from his la belle France. While in his exile Pius VII. quietly reigned in the Vatican, and on each 15th of August went in state to Santa Maria Maggiore to celebrate the Assumption of Heaven's Queen, and pray for that ungrateful son, who was finally reconciled to that Rome he had robbed and sacrilegiously annexed to his Empire! He, too, in the heyday o his glory, cried out. 'Rome or death !' He never saw Rome in all his life. He called his son the King

> never seen her lost King !! To Rome has even been associated the idea of fatality of distinction. The Pagans called it the have occurred by chance? can this grand lesson, taught us by the history of 1200 years -viz . Respect the City of the Pope or you must die the death?—can this long chain of facts be the work of chance? A fact that repeats itself at all times, in all places, and in all persons, cannot be called a chance occurrence. You cannot call that chance which follows from the logic of facts. Now, it must logically follow that he who cries 'Rome or death,' must die. For the king who cries " Death to Papal Rome" excites his subjects to cry death to himself. The government that desires and fights to destroy the most ancient throne in Europe, logically abdicates its own power, and, by its own act, absolves its subjects from all allegiance, and destroys all claim to respect to obedience. It is, then, true that all who cry 'Rome or death' "He alone koows what he does," says Lacordaire, "who serves God in His. Church, and endeavors to comply with the grand designs of God." Of all the kings of Europe, Plo Nono alone knows what be does; he knows that he alone holds aloft the banner of right, of honor, and of justice. He knows that he keeps his oath of office, and he knows, too, they may cry 'Rome or, death,' but that Rome dies not. He knows that man passes away like the silvery baze of the morning, but that truth never perishes. He knows what the Gospel teaches, and the history of all times confirms his belief. His conscience tells him he has done his duty in defending Rome. St. Paul cries out "Thou has fought the good fight," and all history swears to him, "Thou shalt conquer." The Revolutionist cries out, "Death to his city and throne." I trust in God that the day is not far distaut when I can assure your many readers that he has signally conquered his enemies, who like the apostate Julian, will exclaim in their defeat, "Vicar of the Gallilean, thou hast conquered."

of Rome, and the poor child was driven from his na-

tive land, and sunk into an early grave! Rome has

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

The annual meeting of the Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institute held at Dublin on the 16th ult, was presided over by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, who, in the course of an eloquent speech made the following remarks upon education: -"I was greatly delighted to perceive that they (the children) manifested such knowledge of Irish history. (Applause.) They showed that they have been well trained in the tradition and the history of everything connected with our own country, but I was still more happy to see with what accuracy they answered all the questions connected with religion which were proposed to them. They showed that they were exceedingly well schooled in catechism, in sacred history, and in everything that a Christian and Catholic should know. ('Hear, hear,' and applause.) There are two points upon which I have to congratulate the institution most particularly. We are all aware that in the National schools every mention of Ireland, or of Irish history, and everything connectheartier one than did Andy and Bridge. It could their falls (Book 2, 28) 91h, Rome or death, —is most cautiously excluded. Were children to brated locality of Durbam street, adjoining to Sannot be said that the perishable thing called crief Spoleto, and he was expelled the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row, and about ten o'clock the greatest excited and the National dy-row.

Hr. Anthon de motion for the of Obarts (in (0)) 1897, or chiefe lier hour or religious instruction; was carried by a light majority at the meeting of the board rasterday.

Water or William.

THIRD CD CAUSE.—Though we have been stripped of our own by the Sassenach; although we have not—chiefly on account of our own divisions alass—been ableito shake off our tyrants and their fiendish

Sisters of OBARITY - We are glad to find that tinued forseveral hours. This is as it has always

laws, notwithstanding that British role is still predominant—that, might conquers rightin, freland— still the people have for the fold land an undying attachment. They yet cling to poor old freland with their whole hearts, and they are ready at any moment to lay down their lives to shed their beart's blood - to rescue their country from the alien, and restore it to its former greatness, its ancient splendour, and its proper position among the first, the great the powerful nations of the earth. Yes, for centuries we have been kept in bondage; but never have we abandoned -nor never shall we waive our right-to hold and govern our own isle, free from, and independent of, every foreign power and alien gove:nment. Never have our people warmed to the Sagsenach. No; but, on the contrary, we have kept aloof from them as much as possible; we have shunned them; we have hated them; aye, and we'de hate them. Some say that the people of this. country are happy-content with their present degraded position; that they glory in being subject to and joined with England, our good, our kind, our loving sister. Why should we feel so? Are the wrongs and persecutions, the masults, the tortures and robberies of centuries forgotten? No, they are not; nor never will, as long as one drop of Irish blood flows in Irish veins—as long as Irish hearts throb for Ireland in Irish homes. We are not happy ; we desire the freedom of our country. We still hate the Sassenach. 'Ireland for the Irish' is still our cry, and our watchword. The many attempts made by the people to overthrow English rule in Ireland prove the truth of our assertions; nor need we go far back into the history of our country to show the feelings of our peasantry towards the 'stranger, and their love, respect, and veneration for their ever beautiful, but, alas ! down-trodden Erin. There are men still living - and not a few known to uswho have been croppies when the down of youth was on their now wrinkled and careworn cheeksmen who shouldered a musket in '98, crossed bayonets with the bleody yeomen of that eventful year, and were amongst the pikemen led on by the gallant, the faithful, the pious, the true soggarth aroon Father Murphy, whose love for Ireland was only surpassed by his duty to his Creator. To a man the peasantry of Ireland were against England in '98 and, were it not for her foreign auxiliaries, British historians would have a far different story to tell now of that stormy period - when, alas ! might conquered right.' Nor do we ourselves forget the 'sulphurous summer of '48.' Were the pessantry up and doing for Eris in that memorable year? Yes, as in '98, to a man they were ready to strike for Irish freedom, and at the cost of their lives. But what of the men of '62? It cannot be denied - and English statesmen know it well-English writers are well aware of it, though they state the contrary in their writings-the !rish peasants' batred of the Sassenach is to-day as strong as ever, and their love for Erm, with her grand rivers, her bold mountains, and ber green smiling valleys, is still as fresh, as healthy, and as green in their large, open, and loving hearts as the shamrock-' the chosen leaf of bard and chief -which they wear on St. Patrick's Day, to prove their love for their religion and their country. lately were amought a party of 'good men and true' that paid a visit to the 'cabbage garden' of '48, in Ballingary, where are to be found as true hearts as Ireland ever possessed. On our way thither we made it our business to converse with the peasants we met working in the fields through which we passed .-When we asked them to point out where O'Brien stood, they shouted till the neighbouring; hills echoed and re-echoed the wild Irish burral They spoke with joy of O'Brien, young Meagher, O'Mahoney, Doberty, M'Manus, &c. They showed by the tears that glistened in their fine grey eyes, and rolled down their handsome, manly cheeks, what were the emotions of their hearts-that they throbbed and beat for Ireland. And never shall we forget them, as they stood erect and handled their pitchforks and spades (which they were using), to show us how they used the pike in '48, and how they would use them in any uprising for Irish freedom. Joy, and pleasure, and delight filled our you departing, their 'wild burras' again resounded and reverberated among the hills, and as we joined them we thought and pondered upon 'Ireland a nation' once again, and her children free. - Extract of a letter in the Waterford Citizen . THE ORANGE MEETING IN BELFAST .- The Orange

meeting in Balfast has been the great home event of the week. Orangemen of every class, from the Hon. Sir William Verner downwards, were assembled in the Botanic Gardens, on Wednesday last. There were bakers and tailors, shocmakers and nailors, and a host of others of the unemployed class, to swell the numbers of the great assemblage. The Protestant organs say that the demonstration was not only up to the mark, but that it gladdened the hearts of those who were engaged in getting up the demonstration. On the other hand, the daily organs of public opinion in the professingly liberal interests in some measure describes the meeting as a terrible failure. There was a tolerably fair mustering of "white-chokers" on the platform, who glory in the appellation of reverend; and if reverend they be, their mission is peace, and their object should be to promote harmony and good-will amongst all classes of Christians. There was a total absence of the big wigs' who were to attend on the occasion .-Lord Roden struck his colors and did not come, but left the honor to Sir William Yerner to be the lion of the meeting, who led off, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Burnside. Dr. Cooke next presented himself, and was received with most enthusiastic cheers, he hoped that from "that Botanic Garden would go forth a flower of public opinion which would not soon wither." We are half disposed to believe that it is little better than a sensitive plant, which will recoil at the touch. The doctor appears to come out in quite a new character as the ' headpacificator" amongst the different sections of Protestants, and to unite them against the common enemy, "Popery." The Rev. Daniel M'Afee, a Methodist minister, also addressed the meeting, and regretted "that Dr. Cooke did not explain to them why it was that Romanism aimed at universal monarchy, and he would endeavor in a few sentences to give a key to it. The aim at universal monarchy had its origin in the circumstance that the Papacy considered itself as the representative of Christ, and consequently had a right to rule the entire earth and grasp everything within its fell claws. That was the principle of their abbots and priests, and like the principle of gravitation, it was always operating." When such stupid nonsense as this was permitted, the common sense of the meeting must have been at a very low ebb. In every respect it would appear to have been a most decided failure, and would seem to be the last struggle and dying declaration of Orangeism in Ulster. As a matter of course, this party demonstration gave rise to Orango riots and if we are to credit's local contemporary " the peace of the town has been disturbed. The Orange mob in Belfast, not content with the creditable display in the Botanic Gardens, must needs, as a finale, smash some Popish skulls, and show their "spirit," native and imbibed, by other little pleasant sports on this grand occa-

Mon @ wilton A correspondent writes :-Hamight by iked are the respectable Catholic in-habitang of fillsburn to be thus tampered with? On Saturday night last about eight o'clock, a most in ritating idisorderly, and insubordinate party of drun. ken Orangemen came into the town of Lisburn from the Maxe direction, with fifes and drums, making the greatest noise in their power, by yelling and bawiing out at the top of their voices names too sacred to be mentioned, except with the greatest reverence. down the Longstone, Chapel-hill and up Bow street, round the Market-house, then homewards, all the time beliewing and yelling like so many hounds to the top of the Hillsborough road, when an interesting soufficenessed as to one of the drums changing hands. The would-be-noise maker was for a time routed by the one in possession proclaiming himself Young Henry ! The defeated rallied again and made another grand charge, by which he dispossessed 'Young Harry of one of the battering-rams, or thumpingsticks, I know not their proper appellation; but 'Harry,' nothing dismayed, drove gallantly up the rere with the remaining one. Such displays are cal-culated to cause discord and animosity between her Majesty's subjects, and cannot fail to be productive of the greatest evils, and perhaps, to cause other illegal associations to be formed, if not sooner or later suppressed by the authorities, who silently look on, seeming, in a manner, to sanction their proceedings." - Ulster Observer.

THREATENING LETTER FROM AN ORANGEMAN .- Day after day the Tory press has been denouncing as bloodhounds the concocters of those curious documents known as threatening letters. Here is a specimen of one which, we will venture to say, is unrivalled for simple rascality. It has not been penned to a man against whom the writer could have any conceivable cause of complaint. The person who received it has his life threatened solely because he, a Catholic, dares to live in a Protestant locality .-One is horrified at such an outrage on manly feeling, such a real cowardly display of impotent spleen, and even the Tipperary "warnings" have something to redeem them from this gross and wanton threat of wreck and assassination. We give the document below, merely adding that the original has been placed in the hands of the police, who will, we hope, succeed in discovering the miscreaut who wrote it. The letter is addressed to Mr. John M'Alister, Wesley street, and runs 'thus :- "Sir-I would advise you to rise and leeve our good protestant Neighborhood or if you dont we will be forced to make you we will not have any upsecting papishes amongst US .- A SANDY-ROW ORANGEMAN."- Ulster Observer.

DERRYVEAGE AGAIN!-We have learned that letters have been received by their friends from several of the emigrants from Derry veagh, since their arrival at Sydney. It appears that they were all engaged as soon as the ship arrived, most of them on ship board at rates varying from £16 to £55 per annum, with board. This is gratifying intelligence, more especially to those who so generously seconded our suggestion to get up a subscription list on behalf of the tenantry evicted by Adair; but what follows, and which we have received from a respected correspondent in Letterkenny, is quite the opposite :- " The greater number of the evicted are still in this locality many of them as cottiers, on the property of Mr. Adair, adjoining Derryveagh. Having learned this, when he was down here lately shooting, Mr. Adair has left peremptory orders that they must clear off forthwith. The poor rate, struck for 1862 was ten shillings in the pound; that struck lately for 1863 was five shillings; but if those cottiers are forced into the workhouse, another rate will have to be struck .--The contributions which the Relief Committee received amounted to upwards of £500, which is now nearly all expended." We have received the com-munication of our correspondent at so short a time previous to our going to press that we have not time for a word of comment on this further illustration of the landlord system to which our people are so mercilessly subjected by our rulers .- Stigo Cham-

LIBELS ON THE INISH. - We published a few days

since, some remarks from the Galway Vindicator, in reprobation of a system of fabrication which has grown up among the Irish correspondents of the London journals. These correspondents seem to be conscious that their letters are worthless, unless they are spiced with narratives of murder, outrage, rages alleged to have taken place have been proved to be wholly imaginary; but refutation of libels upon this country never appears in the Trish correspon-dence of a London journal. Every idle whisper, every petty story is eagerly caught up, retailed, and exaggerated for the entertainment of English readers. These stories are taken up and repeated by the provincial press, and simple-minded Englishmen, who know personally nothing of this country, look upon the people as little short of cannibals. Pleasure tourists remain aloof from what they are taught to believe is an Aceldama, and once again the old formula, " No Irish need apply," appears as a warning to Irish candidates for vacant situations. If we were to direct our London correspondent to search out and transmit to us, not mere rumours of murders, outrages, and all the black catalogue of guilt, but actual crimes committed in England, no newspaper would be large enough to contain his terrible catalogue We are, with all our errors, just in this country, and we do not stigmatise all Englishmen as savages, or brand the whole country as murderers, hecause of isolated atrocities, numerous though they We know that in every country there are wretches ready to take life for a real or a fancied wrong, but who would call Liverpool "a den of

murderers," because a man, in the performance of a legal duty, was yesterday foully murdered in that town? We do not mean to palliate or excuse assassination in this country. We maintain that murder can only be avenged by the most ignominous death, and that all the powers of the law should be put in force to check a murderous spirit wherever it appears. Still, we must say, that crimes in Ireland have not the beastly and degrading character of English crime. Our London correspondent could furnish us with a fearful list of cold-blooded atrocities, committed with the most deliberate design, and from the most diabolical motives. Those correspondents who habitually blacken the character of this country ere the real supporters of the Ribbon system. That nefarious organisation is weak and isolated; it would die out of itself but for the continual publication of fabricated outrages, all attributed to imaginary Ribbonism. Peasants are thus taught to believe that the confederacy is really numerous and powerful, and they fear to refuse to participate in a conspiracy so formidable as the Irish correspondents of the London journals represent it to be. - Irish Times.

RAILWAY LITIGATION. - We understand that notices of action have been served upon the directors of one of our local railway companies, amounting to £1,500; £1,000 is claimed by a gentleman alleged to have been recently assaulted by an official; and the remainder by two persons injured while travelling. - Limerick Chronicle.

DEMAND FOR BELFAST OPERATIVES ON THE CONTI-NENT.—We learn that a number of operatives, welltrained in various branches of the flax manufacture, and in the power-loom: weaving of linen, as well as some mechanics accustomed to the fitting up of flaxspinning machinery and millwright work, have been engaged for mills on the Continent-Prussia and ed with religion—with the Catholic religion at least sion. They assembled in great numbers in the cele- Belgium, it is understood, in both of which countries is most cautiously excluded. Were children to brated locality of Durham street, adjoining to San- the "staple manufacture" of full steries rapidly ex-