

"Its true for you," observed a smith, taking a pipe from his mouth and knocking off the ashes with the tip of his little finger, "there's that Tobin, that turned to please Lacy, the magistrate, he's for turnin' again now, to please himself. He came to me, a couple o' days ago down to the forge, to get a nail dhruv in a loose shoe, an' I never heard but how he talked o' Lacy. Some argument they had about money, that Tobin said 'was owin' to him, an' Lacy wouldn't pay it."

"Shasthorne!" said the first speaker, "it's a good sign for the country to have 'em breakin'." "Indeed," ejaculated the smith, "that same Misther Lacy will be in a place yet where the tip of his finger will light his pipe for him, if he doesn't change his behaviour."

"He couldn't do worse, himself, than to judge you, Tom," said Lenigan, whose eye had just begun to twinkle in the corner, "not if he was a Turk."

"Why then, of all men, Davy, it doesn't become you to take his part that knows well the way he dealt with a gentleman that was good to you once, Masther Frank Riordan."

"Don't speak of it, don't speak of that, at all, Tom, I beg o' you."

"An' sure there's the poor Hares, that are lodged in the Bridewell this very day for night-walkin', an' that'll never get out of his hands again, until they are hung."

"The Hares in Bridewell!" exclaimed Davy, in strong surprise.

And Francis started, too, and listened in awakened interest, for in this name he recognised that of two poor fellows whom he had formerly rescued from the tyranny of Lacy. He felt a double interest in their fate, as he knew that it was his success in their cause which contributed to confirm the hatred that Lacy had conceived against him upon other grounds. That circumstance was now nearly five years past, and he wondered at the intractability of spite which could seize an opportunity of vengeance after the lapse of many years.

"They were taken this morning," continued the smith, "makin' an attack upon Tobin in his house. The whole world wondhers, for there wasn't quiete people goin' than the Hares, an' they tenants of Tobin an' wantin' an abatement of him this time back. They're to be examined to-morrow at the petty sessions before Mr. Damer an' Mr. Leonard, two gentlemen that'll show 'em fair play, for all bein' protestants."

"He's a terrible little man," said the flax-dresser, "They say he had a come to do with this new Vestry Bill act, that's come out lately." "Aye, an' the Sub lettin' Act," observed the old man already alluded to as the first speaker. "Them two acts," said Davy, "are nothing less than, as I may say, the two jaws of a demon that are to grind away the good of Ireland into nothing, between 'em."

This vigorous sentiment set on foot a stormy debate upon those two famous pieces of legislation, which proceeded to an extreme degree of violence. Davy, as he had struck the spear into the dwelling of the tempests, so he used every exertion now to pacify the tumult he had raised. He stood up, waved his hands, looked round him with an imploring eye, but all his gestures were unheeded amid the zeal of political discussion.—At length, finding that nothing in a colloquial way had the slightest chance of producing an impression, he threw himself on a sudden into an oratorical attitude, and shouted out an astounding—"Gentlemen!"

A dead silence immediately fell upon the circle, for the voice and the sight of an orator exercise upon such people an influence as powerful as that which the great Patron of the art was accustomed to use on the shores of the ancient Erebus. All eyes were turned on the speaker. All tongues were hushed, all passions quelled upon the instant; the uplifted pewter hung suspended in mid air; the landlord hobbled, smiling, from behind his counter; the pot-boy forgot his vocation; the very dogs and cats relinquished their altercations; the expectation of that treat so precious to Irish ears, an oration, lulled every heart to silence, and mute attention sunk suddenly upon the scene.

"Gentlemen!" continued Davy, preserving the lofty oratorical key, "will ye hear a word from me upon those bloody and inhuman statutes?"

Continued silence, only interrupted by a murmur of something like assent, seemed to inform the speaker that the company were willing he should be heard.

"I am glad, gentlemen," resumed the orator, "to see by the zale ye show in your discourse that ye are roused at last from that sleepin' liturgy in which ye were lulled so long. Although it is nearly impossible for me to add anything to what many other gentlemen have already said to-night, round the table, I, for all, cannot with silence pass over the late achievements of our countrymen, without making some remarks on observations of my own [here there was a murmur of something like approbation, in which all joined, except the smith and the other great man, the seneschal of the parish.] We surmounted the times, gentlemen, when the priest was hunted with more diligence than the ravenous wolf, an' as for the schoolmaster—[there was some tittering among the girls]—an' as for the school-master, he was searched for as a vigorous sportsman, on the banks of the Nore, would search for his game; an' they would be as happy, when those would have the misfortune to fall into their hands, as the dejected traveller on the deserts of Africa when ready to expire with thirst, and would just meet a pool o' water. [Some applause.] But, friends, for what purpose did they so diligently seek them? I will tell you! To wreak their vengeance on those necessary members of society. [Applause more decided.] The time is now past when the poor bewildered Catholic, in his state of starvation, would not be allowed to keep a horse worth more than five pounds, and when he would not be allowed to keep one foot of the land of his forefather under a lease, an' even spakin' the language of his country was a crime. [Applause.] Now, spakin' in truth, they repealed these dismal, unpolitical laws, not for any feelin' o' friendship or humanity towards us, but merely to se-

cure the pace o' the Empire, an' to remove the disgrace they resaved in all the polished Courts o' the known world they visited, as they looked upon them as base, savage, and unpolished people. [Energetic applause.] But, gentlemen, I have now a word or two to offer upon a subject in which every Irishman must feel an interest, I mane the state of our population. Our enemies lately enacted two statutes, just intended for our destruction, the one called the Vestry Bill Act, the other the Sub-lettin' Act, the former intended to impoverish us, the latter to stop our growing population. [Cheers.] But friends," continued the orator, warming with his success, "will ye hear to my opinion of this statute?—I consave it to be worse than that enacted by Pharaoh when he commanded that the male children of the Israelites would be destroyed, for this act, of which I speak, destroys them both male and female, [tremendous cheers] by preventing the honest husbandman from sharing his spot of ground with his industrious children, and that it is well known that the more the ground is cultivated, the more fertile it becomes. But let them remember, the more they decrease our population, their own empire becomes more defenceless, for let it be enquired of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, whether the Irish fought as brave as any English or Scotch troops ever under his command in all his expeditions?—[Cheers.] Let them, on that footing then, continue the Sub-lettin' Act, if they like to become a prey to some Napoleon, or some other hero of his kind. [Cheers.] Then they will feel the fruits of their own doin's, when we will be too old to wield the sword, an' they will have no youngsters to enter the service. [Great cheering.] It is, then, that the sovereign of England will have to say, as His Majesty George the Second once said, when he expressed, 'Cursed be the laws,' says he, 'that prevents my own subjects from fighting in my own service, an' secures victory to my enemies.' With this difference, that we will have no youngsters to fight in any service whatever. [Immense cheering.] As for the Vestry Bill Act, the people that made that statute did not consider that if the ministers o' the Church would be so base as to put it in execution, their own rents would be unpaid, an' they would in the end fall by their own doin's. But, friends, I have said enough upon your subject, as I am thresspassin' too much upon your time, [No! no! tremendous cheering] for to recite our wrongs would cost an author, let alone me, a long life. Therefore I will conclude by telling you that the surest and most expeditious way to break all those chains, is to live peaceable with those savages that daily want to raise us to rebellion, to observe the laws in the strictest manner, to avoid night-walkin' as the root of all our misfortunes, and, of all the world, to beware of any secret societies, for I can assure you, with truth, that all who belong to any such community are of little consequence in any concerns, unless in violating the laws, an' going headlong to the gallows."

And with this pointed peroration, Lenigan sat down amid loud and long continued applause.

Soon after, as the company became more mirthful, Apollo was invoked to give additional grace to an evening which had been already brightened by Mercury and Bacchus. In humbler phrase, several songs were sung, the greater number of which owed their principal fascination to a political or controversial meaning hidden beneath the apparent sense.

Among other harmonies, the company were favored with "the lamentation and gaol groans of Jeremiah Hayes, for the murder of Ann McLoughlin; "A new and much admired song on this present Parliament, and rising prosperity of Ireland; "Shane Grien's meeting with Graunia;" and other melodies equally significant in their apprehension.

"Come Misther Davy," said the young foe to all 'convarthurs,' "give us somethin' sportin' now." "Tis you that can sing a good song, you know, when you have a mind."

"Erra, how!"

"Faix you can."

"Do, Misther Davy," said the smith, "if it isn't makin' too bould to trouble you."

"No offence; oh, no offence in life, Tom; but I declare I'm smothered from a great cold in my throat this time back."

"Aye, that's the way always with the fine songsters."

"Faix, it isn't o' purpose I speak; but I'm sure I'll do my best, an' what can I do more?"

"T would be hard to ax you."

"Were obleast to you, Misther Davy."

"I'll sing you a song, then," said Davy, suddenly throwing off his reluctance, "about a set o' people that's very deservin' for industry, an' that's the Peelters. For what would the country do at all, if it wasn't for 'em? 'Tis they that air their money well. There isn't a mouse can squeak; there isn't a calf can blate; there isn't a hen can clook a near 'em, but they must know what reason! I'll engage there's few pigs unring'd, or goats unspangled, since they come in the country; an' I'm sure there's nobody that saw the state o' the high roads but will allow that there was no ho with the pigs until the Peelters come into the barony."

And with this encomiastic prelude, Lenigan launched out into his song:

A Banshee Peeler went out one day on duty an' pathrollin', O, An' met a Goat upon the road, who seem'd to be a scrobbilin', O, Bayonet fixed, he sallied forth, an' caught him by the wezand, O, An' thundered out an oath that he would send him New Zealand, O.

Mersey, sir, exclaimed the Goat, pray let me tell my story, O, I'm not a thief, a ribbon-man, a croppy, whig or tory, O; Banshee is my dwelling place, where I was bred an' born, O, Descended from an honest race, its all the thrades I larned, O.

It is in vain for to complain, or give your tongue such a bridle, O, You're absent from your dwelling place, disorderly an' idle, O;

Your hoary locks will not prevail, nor your sublime oration, O; You'll be transported by Peel's Act, upon my information, O.

Let the consequence be what it will, a Peeler's power I'll let you know; I'll handouf you at all events, an' march you off to prison, O.

You villain, you cannot deny, before the judge or jury, O; On you I found two pointed spears a threatnin' me with fury, O.

I'm certain, if you were not drunk from whiskey, rum, or brandy, O, You would not have such gallant spunk, to be so bold an' manly, O.

Ah, says the Goat, you'd let me pass, if I had got the brandy, O; To thrate you to a sportin' glass, it's then I'd be the Dandy, O.

This satire, extravagant as it was, upon a hated race, was received by the hearers with a degree of enthusiasm which it is difficult to represent in language. Shouts of bitter laughter, and mutterings sent forth between the clenched teeth, showed plainly what a popular subject the satirist had chosen for his target, and how well the singer knew his audience.

Love-songs there were, the eternal burthen of which was inconstancy and woe. The gay and light-winged Cupid, who laughs, and waves his pinions with such a joyous levity around the lyre of the national lyricist, was here the very same in sentiment, but floating on a coarser plumage, and with the evil-spirit not so well concealed.

The rain, however, had now abated, and Francis had left the house, with the intention of adopting some mode of rescue for his ancient clients, though none as yet appeared consistent with his own safety. As he put his horse to a gentle trot, the bursts of wild applause came frequent after, and between, the voice of a young girl who had been prevailed upon, all bashful and unwilling as she was, to delight the ears of the company with the song of the Green Bushes:

I'll buy you fine beavers, a fine silken gowd, I'll buy you fine petticoats foun'd to the ground, If you will prove loyal and constant to me, An' forsake your own true-love an' marry with me.

I want none of your beavers, nor silken hose, For I ne'er was so poor as to marry for clothes, But if you'll prove loyal and constant to me I'll forsake my own true-love an' marry with thee.

Come, let us be going, kind Sir, if you please, Come, let us be going from under these threees, For yonder he's coming, my true-love I see, Down by the Green bushes, where he thinks to meet me.

When her true-love come there, an' he seen she was flown, Oh, he stood like some lambskin, that bleats all alone: She is flown with another, and forsaken me! Oh, adieu the Green bushes for ever! said he.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON STREET PREACHING IN THE NORTH.

The Irish Souper missionaries are endeavoring to produce, on a small scale, in the North, a civic collision on somewhat similar principles to the disastrous warfare which the same unholy class has excited in our empire in the East. The various past governments in Ireland have too long indulged a hostile faction to violate, by illegal societies, the laws of the country; and the wealth, the influence and the aristocratic connections of the Church Establishment have put in motion a swarm of Biblical emissaries, who, under the name of the Gospel, have spread universal discord through the land; and who, under pretext of preaching the truths of Christianity, have blocked up the highways, stood at the doors of the Catholics, entered their houses, insulted the memory of their fathers, slandering themselves, and maligning the ancient faith of their Church. The scenes at Belfast afford rather a correct illustration (so far as the preachers are concerned) of the melancholy results of their conduct in India; and prove beyond dispute that tyrannical social legislation, combined with religious intolerance, will, when the circumstances are favorable, drive into maddened resistance every people, from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific.

Surely when this scheme of bigotry has failed in Rome, has been scouted from Naples, has fled from Vienna, has been banished from Italy, has disappeared from Madrid and has reddened the Jumna with innocent blood in India—surely there can be no hope of renewing in faithful Ireland a system already expelled from all the neighboring nations and pursued by the execrations of Catholic Europe. When England beholds at this moment the disasters heaped on her armies in the East; her women murdered in helpless abandonment, her sucking infants cut in pieces, her garrisons slaughtered to a man, her creed officers flying naked before the savage, and perishing of hunger on the highways; and when senators in the Houses of Lords and Commons, and when generals and tourists all agree in charging these awful calamities on the biblical English missionaries of India—surely it is more than madness to snatch the brands of these fatal fanatics from the conflagration of Bengal, and throw them into the streets of Belfast. When England wants at this moment all the arms and the hearts of her entire people to unite in repairing the mischiefs caused by long mislegislation and unendurable fanaticism: when the militia of the Queen must be recruited: "her line" maintained; the gaps from cholera, fatigue and the sword in her Eastern battalions, filled up—surely there is no time to inflame the Irish people by public ribald insult by the Queen's ministers in the Queen's thoroughfare. When the Irish peasant recollects the past years of famine, extermination, and cruelty, which has killed or banished his kindred; when the wounds inflicted on his race and his creed are still bleeding and raw; and when he is convinced that the green recruits who may now leave Ireland for the East, without training, seasoning, climatizing, must, (independently of the casualties of war,) die natural deaths in the ratio of seven in ten from the sickness of sea, and land, and sun; when the dullest of these poor persecuted victims is aware that not even one man of these recruits may never again in all probability see

their country, or their homes—surely this is not the time for intolerance to excite hatred to the laws and renege to the constitution. Better would it be if a millstone were tied round the neck of (what they call) the Establishment, and that it were cast into the Red Sea, than to produce at this particular crisis a feeling hostile to the respect due to the law, or awaken a universal sentiment charging with impartiality or injustice the constituted authorities of the public order.

Of all other parts the North of Ireland is about the most unfavorable province in the kingdom where the Catholics can be insulted into Christian patience, kicked into mental prayer, and beaten with clubs into the divine virtue of charity. Catholic North sets an example of fidelity to the rest of Ireland: from the Catholic magistrate, the Catholic merchant, down to the well instructed, blunt, honest, true-hearted, invincible poor fellows, the daily laborers, all, all would bear poverty, starvation and death, sooner than give up one tittle of the creed of their Northern fathers. A pervert souper is not known in the North: the Northern knows the history of the province well: it is written on his very heart: and like his own skies, his intellect is too clear ever to forget it: his manner to the stranger too cold ever to be warmed by an antagonist, except in conflict.

And, indeed, again, the town of Belfast is the last town where, from a variety of circumstances, bigotry should disturb the peace of the people. Dr. Knox the Protestant Bishop, is an ecclesiastic of distinguished learning and acknowledged liberality; and hence it is quite certain that clergymen subject to his control would not be permitted to wage war on the people in the name of Bible, or to enforce the law of God by brickbats and rifles. Neither can it be conceived that the merchants of Belfast, so proverbial for their honor, wealth, and successful preeminence, would lend their unstained names to any movement having for its object the disruption of all the social and religious ties of the community. And when one turns to the Catholic Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, his character presents the very aggregate of all the causes which encourage public peace, foster public charity, and disarm sectarian animosity. One of our very first scientific men in Ireland, in the very foremost of mathematical eminence, with literary predilections and tastes far and away beyond even his vast practical knowledge, he has of course the admiration of refined education or profound learning, while his social and ecclesiastical, private and public intercourse with all classes of his diocese, have ever merited and have ever received from all his dissenting brethren, the just and willing tribute of their universal approval. Without losing an inch of his own ground he has never trespassed on the boundaries of his neighbors; and after a long, temperate, and wise jurisdiction of, I believe, thirty years (and in trying, troublesome times, too), he has surpassingly earned the respect and the veneration of both Presbyterians and Protestants, for the known toleration of his principles, and for the practical good will, which, like his own shadow, is inseparable from every movement of his official existence. Having once had the honor, and indeed the pleasure, of hearing his brilliant expositions, and, if I may so speak, looking into his heart at his lectures, the freedom of these remarks in his name (which in others might seem presumption, perhaps impertinence) is in my case a hereditary privilege; and it is in the present a duty due to the public, in order to arrive at the fatal source of the unhappy disturbances of a town which from its ecclesiastical superiors, mercantile celebrity, and high educational standard, should rank amongst the first communities in Ireland for religious toleration and public tranquillity. The origin, therefore, of these conflicts cannot be traced to the upper grades of society, either lay or ecclesiastical; it is, therefore, to be found in the lowest class of clerical and secular bigots and combinators; and hence the suppression of the evil will be received with joy by all the good of all the sections of the community, and can inflict pain only on the factious and turbulent.

The Irish government in appointing a commission to inquire into the causes of these distressing riots, have arrested the progress of a conflict which threatened the very safety of the public buildings and the material property; a searching investigation will develop a system of social disorganization which must be met by a stern justice, and remedied by a prompt application of the laws. The Times, the London Examiner, and several other English journals, have already pronounced their verdict on the Belfast street preaching; and have appealed to the Irish authorities to put down this singularly offensive nuisance. This street degradation of the law of God has brought the Gospel into contempt, and has reduced the preachers to the rank and character of low, unprincipled jugglers and mountebanks: the result is, that the London churches are empty, the working classes look on religion as a trick, a cheat; and the result of this feeling is the undisguised profession through all the towns of England of naked infidelity. The following extract from the Lambeth Police-office will show that while millions and tens of millions of pounds sterling have been expended in an attempt to uproot Catholicity, palpable blasphemy is preached publicly in London: with the cognizance of the law, it lifts its voice before street crowds and goes away unpunished. More strange still, as will appear from the forthcoming extract, a preacher, who calls Christ "an impostor," is not even reprimanded by a London magistrate; while one of the crowd of listeners who dared to retaliate, and who called the preacher "an impostor," is ordered to find bail for his future good conduct.—[The extract appeared in the third page of our last issue.]

The Irish Government have it now in their power, from the evidence which will be laid before them in Belfast, to confine clerical fanatics to their pulpits, to relieve the gospel from being made the signal of revenge to be the record of universal good will: to extricate the holy name of God from being shouted in a street brawl, to be uttered in solemn reverence before a silent adoring congregation: to disarm men thirsting for blood while reading the Bible; and to convince all street preachers that allegiance, to the

Queen, as well as the progress of industry, and the cause of morality, are deeply damaged by the fiendish exhibition of furious ferocity under this mock show of a sham Christianity. Sept. 17, 1857. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ORANGISM.—A Commission has been sitting in Belfast during the past fortnight, taking down a mass of evidence relative to the Orange riots of last July. Three or four days at the utmost are as many as the commission ought to have expended on the class of evidence now coming before them; the immediate causes of the late riots come out clearly in the evidence of every witness, and it is needless to repeat them a hundred times over. One half dozen witnesses on the part of the Catholics would state the facts. They are few, simple, and well known.—We would give the Orangemen twenty witnesses for the defence, and then leave that portion of the case to the decision of the commissioners, or to any two unprejudiced gentlemen in the land. But after we should have shown that the Orange riots of last July, and every preceding July, were provoked by the ostentatious displays, the party music, the insolence and the assaults of Orange bullies, and after we should have admitted, what we grant from the first, that the Catholics strike when they are struck, and fire when they are fired at, the comparative fewness of their shots being caused by their want of guns; having settled all this, we should set to work again, and probe the evil deeper, much deeper,—to the very root. We should trace the Orange virus on from the little boys and girls who play about the streets, but know how to form into a hostile faction in July—we should trace it beyond the mill workers and the ship carpenters, until we should arrive at the reverend gentlemen in whom it vitiate and poisons the principles of Christianity, and at the magistracy and police, in whom it frustrates the ends of justice. What boots it to learn the exact number of panes of glass broken in the town on any one of these occasions, or to discover the street or corner where the hostile parties first came into collision. The work of the commission should be to rake out the glowing embers of Orangism from the places where they are kept hot the whole year round, ready to the hand of any incendiary, to be used at any moment. They should inquire into the proceedings of the Orange lodges, require the names of the members, with their ridiculous appellations; take specimens or exact descriptions of their gew gaws, sashes, ribbons, belts, breast-plates and so forth, and thus let the noontide light on the wicked system which is continually producing such disgraceful and demoralizing effects. It would then be for the legislature to consider whether the existence of such a system should be tolerated in any country. In no other part of the world is there to be found anything to compare with this plague of our island and of our race. The wild tribes of North America used to war on one another for some better reason than the Orange savages of Ulster can show for their periodical fury and ever-burning hate. It follows our countrymen like a curse to the ends of the earth—it glares before us in Canada—it startles us in Australia—everywhere its evil influence depresses and degrades us, and earns for Irishmen of all parties the contempt of the world.—Nation.

THE PROCLAIMED CITY.—The Rev. Mr. Hanna and his admiring disciples have had another field-day on Sunday 20th ult., but, without any thanks being due to them, the peace of the town was preserved, and a sufficient police force and a general disinclination on the part of the people for a Sunday brawl prevented a repetition of the disgraceful scene which necessitated the placing of Belfast under the supervision of some two 3,000 of Her Majesty's troops in addition to a large police force. The Belfast Mercury has the following sketch of Mr. Hanna's Sabbath recreations:—"Yesterday we were very nearly having a renewal of the disturbances which have taken place in this town for some time past, and we congratulate the public on the narrow escape we have had. It was stated that the Rev. Hugh Hanna would again preach in the open air in the vicinity of the quays, and this having reached the ears of the magistrates the necessary arrangements were made by them. At half-past 1 o'clock all the available police, constabulary and local, were marched to Donegall quay, where they took up their position. The constabulary were under the command of Mr. Williams, County Inspector; and the local force under Messrs. Lindsay and Green. An immense number of people, men, women, and boys, were on the spot, and as the hour wore on, the number increased until it amounted to, probably, 3,000 or 4,000 scattered about in groups. At 3 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Hanna attempted to preach in the waste field near Prince's Dock. His congregation was large. The Mayor, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Tracy, and Mr. W. Verrier, remonstrated with him, and warned him of the consequences that might arise if he persisted in preaching. He refused to comply with their request, and told them he would assert his constitutional right. He was encouraged by his congregation to go on, and while he was proceeding the magistrates directed the police to clear the ground. This the police effected without using any violence. Mr. Hanna then made his way to an enclosed yard, belonging to Mr. George Dunbar, and he was soon joined by another congregation, whom he at once commenced to address upon the rights of British subjects and the duties of the magistrates. He did not attempt to go on with any religious service, but chiefly directed his harangue to the subject of magisterial interference that day with his rights, and also to the propriety of the people around him separating and going quietly to their homes. While he was so proceeding the police were again ordered to disperse the people, who were at the time considerably excited, and they at once executed the order. There was no attempt on the part of the Roman Catholics to interrupt or at all interfere with Mr. Hanna; but if he had been allowed to go on without being stopped by the magistrates it is difficult to say what might not have happened, as the assemblage was at that time much larger than it has been on any preceding occasion. The police marched in bodies along the quays for upwards of an hour after, preventing the people from collecting in numbers at any particular place, after which they proceeded to their barracks. There was no rioting at all during the evening. We understand that the magistrates, were acting under the orders which they had recently received from Dublin Castle. At 10 o'clock a.m. Mr. Matier preached at Donegall quay to a small number of persons who had assembled to hear him. In the evening at 5 o'clock he again preached in Sandyrow."

Of the military preparations to preserve the peace in Belfast a local journal (the Whig) thus reports:—"More troops (of the 39th Regiment) poured in yesterday evening. Belfast is rapidly becoming a camp. The reinforcement of the constabulary is also considerable. In short, the steed being clearly away, the arrangements to lock the door are of the most unexceptionable character. Had all this vigor been displayed a fortnight ago there would have been no necessity for the degradation to which the proclamation has subjected Belfast. However, the Consolidated Fund is to pay, no doubt, and why should we object to these supererogatory but amusing precautions? Perhaps it is a pity such a mass of fine soldiery and constabulary should be lost to India, but when Delhi is taken and Bengal is pacified, it is very likely they will all be hurried off."

Under the head of "Blunder in the Proclamation," the Whig has the following statement:—"Government was under the impression that it had 'proclaimed' Belfast. This turns out to be a complete mistake. The proclamation mentions Shankhill and Ballymacreagh. The Lord Lieutenant declares that