

expected from such a childhood, received the... after having finished his course of theological studies, was ordained priest, and sent forth on the apostolic missions natural to the sons of St. Dominic. Grace fell from his lips; the unction of his discourses touched all hearts; his fame spread through Italy; and the Holy Father gave him the title and extraordinary faculties of General Apostolic Preacher. But while Italy hung on the words, that burst from his impassioned breast, and admired the humble monk panted for other lands, where, amid danger and bloodshed, not amid honors and applause, he might work for his Lord, and seal with his blood the faith of Christ. Was it, perhaps, the sight of the urn in the quiet church of his novitiate at Venice, the church of San Giovanni Paolo, where the skin of the noble Bragadino (stolen by a Christian slave when stuffed with straw, for it had been exposed on the walls of Constantinople by his savage foes) was religiously preserved, that raised his ardor? Or was it the words of the saintly Father Angelo Calepus (who, spared from the storm of Nicoria, and condemned over and over again to death for his work among the wavering Christian slaves of Constantinople, always escaped as if by miracles, and at last returned to work for them by begging alms from their richer brethren in Europe) that fired the heart of the young Carga? Or was it that mysterious pre-presentation God imparts to His Saints that made him look towards the East as the goal of all his hopes, and hail as the hour of his first triumph, the day when the voice of his Superior sent him forth to join the Mission at Galata, in Constantinople? There still the faithful sons of St. Dominic labor on, on the spot where he was Superior for years, till the hour comes for so much blood and toil to bear its fruit, and the East returns once more to Catholic unity and truth. Soon he was appointed Prior of the Convent, and Delegate of the Holy See in all religious matters for the various missions and churches of the Levant. It was here that he saved with his own hands a child washed ashore from a Turkish vessel which had foundered, and all on board perished. He took the little Angela (for only so much of her name and pedigree could the child tell) under his protection, and placed her with a pious Christian lady for education. The tattered richness of the child's dress, her noble air and features, and the purity of her dishing Italian accents, all made him conjecture that she was the scion of some noble house; that she was either stolen from her parents by the Turkish pirates, or spared after the massacre of all her family for her infantine beauty, and on her way to Constantinople for the use of the harem, or to be sold as a slave, when rescued by Providence by the destruction of her captor's vessel. But no other clue could be obtained to her history; and the little Angela grew up carefully nurtured, according to her supposed rank, till the age of fifteen, caring for nothing but her saintly Father, as she always called him. She clung to him as one who always spoke to her in the language she ever cherished as the tongue of her own bright land, visions which haunted her childish memory; though not even the chance of finding her own kindred could persuade her to think of being sent there, and being parted from her kind and gentle protector. When, after ten or twelve years labor in Constantinople, the news spread among the Christians that the Apostolic Father Giovanni was appointed Bishop of the island of Syra, in the Archipelago of Greece, great was the cry of lamentation, loud the weeping, among those whom he had gained to the faith or strengthened in it, and even among the schismatic Greeks and infidels, who voluntarily respected and loved the gentle and fervent Father. But the little Angela pined like a fading flower; and at last, when the Bishop, after taking possession of his see, had provided a refuge for her with Sister Francesca, (the Superiress of the Franciscan Tertians, or Monache di Casa, who had been long established in the island, in connexion with the Church and Hospital of the Franciscan monks in the middle of the town), he allowed her to join him there, more especially as, with her youth and beauty, it was a safer place for her than Constantinople itself. But other labors awaited the new prelate. The decrees of the Council of Trent, published some forty years back, had never been enforced by his predecessors. Abuses were rife; secessions from the United Greeks to the schismatic ranks constant, especially on account of the mixed marriages, allowing half the children to be brought up in the rite of the father, half in that of the mother. Gigantic as was the enterprise, he girded himself to work first, of establishing in every church of his diocese the Latin rite, and then putting in force all the decrees of the Council of Trent, which had lain dormant till then. The example was followed in all the Islands of the Archipelago; and to this day not a single church of the United Greek rite exists in the whole of Greece, the Latin being universally followed. The change was facilitated by the fact of many among the inhabitants being of the Venetian and Neapolitan origin, and of course accustomed to and preferring the Western liturgy, as the liturgy of their birth-place. Although now almost all traces of the Italian language and manners are lost among the people of the Cyclades, the fact is fully borne out by many of their family names being completely Italian, and the remnant of Italian words still used among the islanders, both Catholics and schismatics. Indeed, at that time many of the discourses were made in Italian; though the Bishop, anxious to be understood by all his flock, caused his to be translated into Greek by a priest who stood beside him. The chief abuses carried on in the island besides the great one of mixed marriages were, the negligence of some parents in having their children baptized immediately after their birth, so that some had died without the regenerating stream; also the negligence of other relations in calling in the parish priest in case of illness, so that here again death had occurred without the Sacraments of the Church. Since the occupation of the island by the Turks, the Angelus had never been sung; but no sooner did the vener-

able Bishop put his foot in the island, than the mystery of the Incarnation again received its threefold daily honor, and the "De Profundis" chimed out at night from the bells of the Cathedral of St. George, under whose protection the island is placed. And soon the fruit of his labors appeared. Numbers of schismatic Greeks were won back by the gentleness of his manner, and the persuasive eloquence of his holy life, to return to the bosom of the Church; and even some Turks, regardless of the capital punishment always attending their conversion; had been secretly got off to Christian lands by the dexterity of the good prelate, there to practice the faith they could not in their own. Another of his cares was the religious education of the little girls of the diocese; for he used to say, the morality of the man depends upon the training of the mother; and how can the mother give to her children what she has not first learnt herself. To provide for this, he formed a band of Tertians, of the third order of St. Dominic; under the invocation of St. Catherine of Siena, who took charge of the schools for the poor; each living in her own house, following a certain rule, and meeting twice a day in the cathedral-church of St. George for their devotions in public, as the Franciscans had done for years, under the direction of the Fathers who occupied the Hospital of St. John Baptist. These good Sisters severally took charge of the churches to which they belonged, washing and mending the sacred linen and vestments, sweeping and cleaning the church, keeping up the oil-lamps that burnt day and night before the altars, and setting an example to all of fervor and regularity, as they led all the devotions of the people. They gathered them by the sound of the bell for the Rosary at night, and the visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon, to which men, women, and children flocked with primitive devotion.

The Bishop's own household, according to the saying of St. Paul, was the pattern to his flock. It resembled a monastery. The poor hard pallet that stood in his sleeping chamber, was the same which he had used in his conventual days; women were only allowed access into a room near the entrance; every article of furniture was of apostolic simplicity; his food, according to the rule of St. Dominic, one perpetual abstinence; his nights were mostly spent in prayer; and he rose betimes in the morning for the celebration of Mass in his private oratory, and then to pass the whole day, perhaps, in the arduous duties of his see. No wonder Angela found a difference in her life here from the time when she was at Constantinople; when during his daily visits to the Christian slaves close to where she lived, she could almost every day get a sight of her benefactor. He had always a kind word for the child of his adoption; but the palace now was no place for her. Immersed in business, little time had the venerable Bishop for going out, save when called to administer (as is the custom in those parts) the Sacrament of Confirmation to some dying infant; but he often sent Dom Michele, his chaplain, to see after the health and happiness of his protegee, as we have seen on the evening when our story begins. Angela, who by her beauty and innocence was rather a sort of spoiled child with every one, always contrived to let the good priest know what was uppermost in her thoughts—which, if she had been checked at once, perhaps she would not have done. Good Dom Michele was himself quite as great an admirer of his saintly Bishop as Angela herself, and it must be said, rather enjoyed hearing her talk of him, and listening to her contrasting the Bishop's gentle, captivating manners and noble intellectual cast of countenance with poor Sister Francesca. The latter, simple and ignorant, knew nothing but how to keep her strict rule in its utmost rigor, to work unceasingly at her everlasting distaff or coarse wool in the silence she was accustomed to in her solitary chamber from her youth up, and thought nothing so perfect as her rocky island home. Little sympathy had she then for Angela's glowing rhapsodies over skies and sunsets, flowers and birds, or the high tales of romance and chivalry she had revelled in from childhood. Every secular was to her mind simply something to make the sign of the Cross very devoutly at on seeing, something to sigh over; but in her zeal and love for her vocation she did not see that she was driving back Angela's mind from what she most wished her to embrace. Yet she was so good, so charitable, so self-denying, so humble, that these faults were only like specks in the sun—errors of judgment, not of will; and Angela, in spite of it all, loved her sincerely, and often reproached herself with what she called her ingratitude, in not appreciating her more.

(To be Continued.)

THE FRUITS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

(From the Weekly Register.)

The New Zealand news which we published last week was truly hideous. If we may believe the concurrent testimony of all the correspondents, whether of the English or Australian papers, a new and fanatical superstition has sprung up, and has spread extensively among the natives, especially absorbing those who were reckoned upon as converts to Anglicanism. The Times, the Star, and Sydney Morning Herald agree so far. What the exact nature of this superstition is we are not told, but it includes a fanatical hatred of Christians, with a special tenderness towards Jews—for 'Hautaus' or Pio Maristias, as the followers of the new sect are variously called, believe themselves, it is said to be in some way connected with the ancient people of God. We are compelled, of course, to trust to very imperfect accounts in judging of these affairs, and should greatly wish to have the testimony of some one on whom we could fully rely—for instance, Bishop Pompallier. The most horrible fact is that a missionary of the Established Church (though of German origin), Mr. Volkner, has been seized, hanged, but (after the approved custom in England under Elizabeth with regard to Catholic Priests) cut down before he was dead, when 'his brains were extracted, his eyes torn out and eaten, and the blood licked by an eager crowd of men, women, and children. Having been otherwise mutilated, the body was first thrown to the dogs, and then, to quiet their fighting, thrown into a cesspool. Hideous as this too certainly is, there is much which one would fain learn on good authority. The horrible thing is (and this is a point on which all accounts agree) that the professed converts to Anglicanism, of whom there have long been so many in New Zealand, have almost, if not quite, univer-

sally joined this new superstition. It had been hoped that that one corner of the world was an exception to the otherwise universal rule that Protestant Missionaries make no converts. There they boasted to have converted whole tribes. Sad as it was that they should be converted merely to an heretical form of Christian profession, no one could fail to rejoice in the change if from heathenism the poor Maoris had really become sincere Anglicans. Unhappily, however, it seems now to be admitted the so-called converts themselves have joined in the formation of this new fanatical superstition, and in the crimes to which it has led. In poor Mr. Volkner's murder we are told that his converts did not take an active part, but they at least stood by and consented to his death, and, it seems, shared in the cannibalism which followed it. This is a new thing. Many a Catholic Missionary has received the crown of martyrdom from the savages whom he came to convert. But no one ever heard of one who was either murdered or eaten by his own baptised converts, or with their connivance. This is the precise point; because it shows to how slight a depth Christianity penetrated into these supposed converts. And yet New Zealand, we had been assured, has for many years been Anglican in religion. The correspondent of the Sydney Herald now says:—'It is evident, and confessed by the most godly of the Missionary body, if indeed such testimony were necessary, that Christianity has but little hold on Maori society.' Some Missionaries, indeed, say that they have never met with a case of true conversion amongst the Maoris. Upon one question we are left quite in the dark, i.e., it is never stated whether or not any Catholic natives, who are considerably more numerous than the Protestants, have joined this new superstition or been implicated in its crimes. This, of course, does not prove the negative; but when we remember the fondness of Protestants to bring charges against Catholic Missionaries, it goes near it. We heartily and sanguinely hope that our inference on this point will hereafter be confirmed by direct evidence.

Meanwhile it is a most remarkable fact that this bastard seed of a new delusion should have sprung up so rank in the field where well meaning and respectable men have so long been sowing Protestantism—the more remarkable, because unfortunately it is not solitary. The fact most certain with regard to the rebels in China is, that it was out of the teaching and the books of Protestant Missionaries that they framed their new superstition. It will not be forgotten that the murder of Catholics has always been the work to which these rebels have most zealously devoted themselves, and also that at first several of the Protestant Missionaries actually recognised them (chiefly it would seem on that ground) as their spiritual children, and one at least for a time actually joined them, though he soon found it necessary to seek his safety by flight. It would seem that the means employed by the Protestant Missionaries, though not availing to convert the heathen to Protestantism, have sufficed to produce a new delusion, a Tertium quid, neither Anglican nor yet heathen, but more horrible than heathenism itself; and both in China and New Zealand. Nor does this seem to be a mere accidental coincidence. The chief, we had almost said the only means employed to work upon the heathen by most Protestant missionaries is, the circulation of very wretched translations of the Holy Scriptures. If this produces any effect at all (which we should beforehand have felt inclined to doubt) that effect could hardly fail to be the invention of some new and hideous form of superstition engendered in the minds of ignorant heathens by mixing fragments of truth utterly misunderstood with their original errors. It is very remarkable that a strange mixture of Judaism has characterized the new superstition both of China and of New Zealand. This is what we might reasonably have expected. When the Old and New Testament are put together into the hands of an uneducated heathen he has no means of guessing that a very large part of the former has already been fulfilled and has no authority in the present day. It is very remarkable that the New Zealand followers of the new superstition have so high an idea of the exclusive privilege of the natural seed of Abraham that while murdering all Christians they feared Divine judgment because a Jew had for a while been bound by them. This has evidently resulted from an ignorant misinterpretation of the Old Testament by men who do not understand, because they have not been taught, that 'if ye are Christ's then are you Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promises.' This single fact proves that the new superstition is the direct result of the teaching of the Protestant missionaries.

That these well meaning men have failed to obtain any strong personal influence which might counteract the delusions which the wretched heathen had derived from their abuse of Scripture is most natural. They have been we doubt not in general very respectable, in many cases very good men. But they have evidently been very much like other European settlers. They have fixed themselves and their families in the best situations. They have made themselves as comfortable as they could. They have taken huge grants of land. They have named wives and begotten sons and daughters, and taken wives to their sons and given their daughters in marriage. What wonder that the natives have been sharp-sighted enough to see that, however sincere the Missionaries are in their desire for their conversion, their predominant desire has been for something else—that (reversing the word of St. Paul) they seek 'not them but theirs?' It does not appear that in any Missionary country, the natives regard the best Protestant Missionaries as anything more than highly respectable and very prosperous adventurers. Are they in plain truth much mistaken? If they had thought anything else must they not have shut their eyes to notorious facts? The New Zealand correspondent of the Sydney Morning Herald says:—'The natives give two reasons for Mr. Volkner's murder. One of these is a special reason, and one is general. The special reason is, that the Opoliki natives had been told that Mr. Volkner reported to the Governor that they were carrying on a secret correspondence with the rebels through an agency which for the present we refrain from mentioning. The general reason is this, that they attribute the war to the Missionaries. They say; they came first to the country and bought land, that the Government came next, and the Missionaries used their influence to buy land for the Government; and that from this cause the present war sprang. The fanatics declare, therefore, that they will murder all Missionaries.' We may note here a special difference between the case of poor Mr. Volkner and that of the Catholic martyr Missionaries. Heathen peoples have often murdered and still more often attempted to murder these last; before they had experience of their way of living, and the effects of their mission. But we never heard of their doing so afterwards. But in New Zealand the Protestant Missionaries were welcomed when they first came as unknown Europeans, and it was only after full experience of their manner of life, and of its effects upon the country, that the natives (including their own converts) have been inflamed against them. The well-known fact of their purchasing lands more extensive than an English country, for a Birmingham hatbox or a few beads, may account for this 'general reason.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The community of the Sacred Heart at Glasnevin have purchased Mountview, the property of Wm. Dargan, Esq., D.L., situated near Dundrum, county Dublin. This well-known residence was, in the year 1853, honored by the visit of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who went through the house, gardens and demesne, and expressed her admiration of them, and of the beautiful views of the surrounding country visible from the tower attached to the house. The educational establishment at Glasnevin will be removed there as soon as possible.

On Sunday, July 23rd, the Lord Bishop of Limerick administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 122 children of both sexes, in the parish church of Monaleen. The congregation assembled to witness this extremely interesting and impressive ceremony was one of the most numerous, considering the size of the parish, that has been witnessed for many years.

To the deep regret of all who knew his many amiable qualities, his rare virtues, and ardent piety, the Rev. J. F. Schneider, O.S.S.R., has left Mount St. Alphonsus, for New York, by order of the Superior General in Rome.—Limerick Reporter.

The nuns of the Presentation Convent, Dungarvan, return their sincere thanks to Charles R. Barry, Esq., M.P., who, after his return for this borough, kindly visited their community, and handed them £25 for clothing and assisting the poor children educated in their schools.—Waterford News.

On Thursday, July 6th, a deputation representing the united parishes of Togher, Dysart, and Drumcar, waited on their worthy and respected curate, the Rev. Wm. McKeone, and presented him with a valuable horse, flag and harness, together with a handsome well filled purse. The gift was one worthy indeed of the generous hearts of the 'sea side men,' and is an honorable testimony to the love and respect in which the Rev. Mr. McKeone is held by his good and kind parishioners. The occasion was well selected and shows a great deal of kindly feeling and thoughtful consideration on their part. Father McKeone has only lately returned from the South of France, where he was obliged to reside for some time for the benefit of his health, and no doubt but this spontaneous offering of joy at his return, will do a great deal in restoring him to his former health and spirits. After reading the address and reply, the members of the deputation, and a number of clergy were most hospitably entertained by Father McKeone, and after spending a few pleasant hours, all returned home wishing him many happy years to enjoy his present.

On Sunday the 16, instant, a mission was opened in the beautiful new Gothic Church of the parish of Balladragan, County Wexford. It is conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Cooke, assisted by three of the missionaries of his order—Rev. Fathers Redmond, Nolan, and Chevallier. At the opening of the mission the venerated and saintly prelate of the diocese, Most Rev. Dr. Furlong, was to be seen, as on every similar occasion, encouraging by his ever welcome presence both his priests and his people. Over that noble priesthood and ever faithful people, by whom his lordship is so affectionately loved and revered, may be long continue to reign in the enjoyment of his present excellent health. A numerous staff of the clergy of the diocese are in constant attendance, to aid by their zealous co-operation in the work of the confessional. The first week of the mission has not yet ended, and already the confessors are surrounded by immense crowds of eager penitents, and the altar rails thronged morning after morning by at least three hundred devout communicants. The zeal of the good pastor, Rev. Father Roche, is beyond all praise.

The Rev. Nicholas Furlong, O.S.A., Prior of Callan Convent, left Ireland some weeks ago for Rome, to vote at a General Chapter, held in Rome, on Saturday, the 19th of Pentecost, for a new General of the Order, instead of the late Most Rev. F. Mezaliff, who visited this country two years ago, but who on his return was appointed to one of the vacant Italian sees by Pius IX. At the chapter referred to, Dr. Furlong was raised to the exalted dignity of Assistant-General for Germany and the other provinces outside Italy. This is the first time in the history of the Order of St. Augustine that an Irishman was appointed to be assistant, and at the same time to have a residence in Ireland. Indeed but one or two of our countrymen have been appointed to the office at all, viz., the late Father Rice, brother to the founder of the Christian Brothers, and Dr. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, the world-famed champion of Irish freedom—but their residence during the period of office was near to head quarters, in Malta or Rome. Wexford, then, may feel proud of her children, for Nicholas Furlong is one of them.—He was born at Carrigyrone, studied in Rome, was first appointed to the Convent of Grantstown, Banow, then to Callan, where he has remained ever since (over 20 years). To his zealous labours and preaching and teaching the people of Callan can give undeniable testimony. He established a college there for lay students and novices, in which he taught to both the different branches of education adapted to their callings viz., English, French, Greek, Italian, mathematics, philosophy, and theology. His labours were truly herculean, for besides the attention he should principally give to the college and novitiate, he was seldom without some high position in the order. In consideration of his great abilities he received the title of D.D. from Rome, and his Order in Ireland twice appointed him to the highest dignity it was in their power to confer, namely, the Provinciate.—Wexford People.

The following letter from the Protestant physician of the Limerick Union is an important testimony to the inestimable value of the self-sacrificing labours of the Sisters of Mercy in the Irish work houses and hospitals. The letter is a reply to a Cork gentleman, who wrote to Limerick for information on the subject:—

'Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of this morning's date, asking my opinion as to the practical working, in the hospitals of the Limerick Union, of the Sisters of Mercy, as nurses in charge of our sick poor, stating at the same time your intention of proposing the introduction of these good ladies into the Cork Union for like purpose, as already adopted here.

'In reply, permit me to say that having had a lengthened experience of the operation of our medical charities, and having devoted no small share of attention to the subject, especially since the passing of 'The New Poor-Law Amendment Act' of 7th Aug., 1862, I feel more convinced than ever of the propriety of the course adopted by the Limerick Board of Guardians in having appointed the Sisters to take charge of the extensive hospitals of the Union.—Differing, as I do, in religious belief with those ladies, I would be wanting in candour if I did not express my admiration at the zeal, ability, and efficiency, as well as strict regard to economy, with which the Sisters of Mercy discharge the onerous duties that devolve upon them, and to which in a great measure may be attributed the growing public confidence here in our Union Hospital system, which I proudly view as a model institution.

'I do not wish to draw invidious distinctions, but it may not be out of place to mention that during the past year we have had epidemic fever very prevalent in this city, and whilst our Union Fever Hospital was freely and to a large extent made use of by the labouring poor, as well as the tradesmen of Limerick, yet the average mortality there was on a much smaller scale than that of certain other establishments not under poor-law management.—This is a stubborn fact, and must, I apprehend, be attributed to the superior nursing which the sick receive here under our present most admirable system; for be assured that the skill of the physician can avail but little unless supplemented by the hand of the faithful nurse.

'Wishing you success in this undertaking, believe me, dear sir, your faithful servant,
JOSEPH PARKER, MD., T.O.'

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin has presented the committee of the Waterford River Regatta with a very handsome and valuable cup, to be disposed of as it may think fit. His lordship has acted with the greatest liberality towards many of our local institutions during his visit to this city.—Waterford Mail.

'AN IRISH COUNTY ASSIZES.
To the Editor of the London Times.
Sir,—At the assizes now supposed to be holding for the county of Donegal, in which there are about 240,000 inhabitants, there is not one case of either criminal or civil nature to be tried. The Sheriff presented the Judge with a pair of white gloves yesterday evening on his opening the commission, and today the Judges borrowed fishing-rods and are enjoying *otium cum digno* on the banks of the river of Foyle.

The Judge, on receiving the gloves and congratulating the county, remarked that, though such things might occur in places of small population, he believed it to be totally unprecedented in anything approaching so large a number as 240,000.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A DONEGAL GRAND JUROR.

Baron Hughes, in his address to the grand jury as the opening of the assizes for the county of Tyrone, thus alluded to the state of the county as regarded crime.—Having referred to the fact that there were only six cases on the calendar, one of which was a homicide, he said:—

But, my Lord Claude Hamilton and gentlemen, I regret that the calendar is not a just criterion of the state of the county. It appears from the report of officer of constabulary in Dungannon that a large body of Orangemen, armed with large bludgeons, scythes, and pistols, on the 12th of July last attempted to enter the town, and came into collision with the police. It appears that this body were repulsed by the police, but afterwards being largely reinforced, succeeded in entering the town, broke a great number of windows, and kept all the peaceable-disposed persons in the town in great terror. Unfortunately, gentlemen, another collision then occurred between the Orangemen and the police, and the constabulary officer reports that three of his men were seriously injured, and that nine others were repeatedly hit by the stones thrown by the Orangemen. A similar outrage on the same day was committed by another body of Orangemen in Cookstown. I am happy to say that the remarks I have made with regard to the breaches of the peace at Dungannon and Cookstown do not apply to this or any other part of your county.'

After the above address, Thomas McOrory and William McCrossan were arraigned and found guilty of the manslaughter of George Elliot, a militiaman, at Omagh, on the 7th ult. There being a recommendation to mercy, his Lordship sentenced the prisoners to 6 months' imprisonment with hard labor.

At the opening of the county Down assizes, Mr. Justice Hayes congratulated the grand jury upon the state of the calendar, the crimes being, with only one or two exceptions, of a very ordinary character. Mr. Delacherois not being able to attend to prosecute Mr. Tonnent for the late assault in Donaghadee, it was ordered that the case stand over for next assizes.

Baron Fitzgerald, in addressing the county Antrim, said as to the state of the calendar:—'I am happy to tell you that your Crown business is far from heavy at these assizes. The number of distinct cases in which bills are likely to be laid before you are about twelve, and they include three cases arising out of the last week's excitement. Indeed, I may say that the state of your county is satisfactory.'

At the Bandon Petty Sessions lately, a large number of persons were summoned for breaching windows and other disorderly conduct during the elections. The magistrates after an hour's deliberation determined on sending the parties for trial at the ensuing assizes.

It is gratifying to learn, on the authority of the Mayor, that the town of Belfast is 'at this moment in a state of perfect tranquillity.' When, however, the Mayor goes on to inform us, in the letter which we publish to-day, that the present contested election has passed over with less rioting or disturbance than was ever known in Belfast on any similar occasion, we have a standard by which to measure the value of his assurance. Anarchy being the normal condition of Belfast during an election, and by no means unusual in the intervals between elections, the Mayor regards with the utmost self-complacency any outbreak of disorder in which there is 'no loss of life or limb.' Now, we know from the testimony of an eye witness who actually took place in the Belfast Court-house on the day of the nomination. The town having been occupied on the previous night by a large force of constables and soldiers, there were no affrays in the streets, but the fact of there being no affray in the Court-house was solely due to the overwhelming strength of the Orangemen. It was understood that an equal number of each party was to be admitted, by tickets issued by the mayor, to the platform, but the Conservatives soon proved to be five to one. As for the body of the ball, it was so exclusively filled by Orange ruffians of the lowest order, flourishing bludgeons, that Lord John Kay, who polled 1,081 votes, had not a single ball held up in his favour. It was, no doubt, a fortunate circumstance for the public peace that no Liberals, whether Catholics or Protestants, were allowed to enter; but it could hardly have happened without the connivance of the police, who guarded all the approaches, and this connivance argued the grossest partiality. The Mayor does not attempt to deny the fact, but he throws the blame on 'Colonel Wood and Resident Magistrates.' He had withdrawn the local police force lest they should be suspected of partisanship, and had left the doors in the custody of the regular constabulary, with orders to admit one person at a time from each party. If this be so, he must be personally acquitted of packing the Court-house with Orange rowdies, and it will remain for them in command of the constabulary to rebut the charge. Whoever was responsible for it, it does little honour to the municipality of Belfast, and it is strange that the Mayor should take credit to himself for a 'tranquillity' apparently produced by sheer terrorism.

If any further proof were wanting of the power exercised by the Orange mob in Belfast, it is furnished by the report of the scene at the Declaration of the Poll which we published yesterday. 'The moment the Mayor withdrew to an anteroom for the purpose of counting up the votes, it was moved by one of the mob that a notorious Orangeman connected with Sandy-row should take the chair.' Having done so, amid the acclamations of his brethren, he proposed that a song should be struck up. Accordingly a number of violent party songs, such as 'Derry Walls, Boyne Water,' and 'No Surrender,' were sung in the Court-house and although a few gentlemen called Shame! men of intelligence and education, holding 'respectable positions in Belfast,' were not ashamed to join in the chorus. These proceedings were followed by the delivery of a ribald speech ridiculing with ebocking buffonery the most sacred doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith. We are not informed whether Sir Hugh Cairns countenanced this outrage on decency by his presence, or whether he afterwards felt it his duty to express disgust at the conduct of his supporters, but it does not appear that the Mayor thought it all incumbent on himself to return and enforce order. We can hardly suppose he would have permitted Catholic party songs to be sung in the Court-house of Belfast on a public occasion, or the feelings of Protestant citizens to be insulted by an offensive and scurrilous attack on their religion; but then the Roman Catholics are not the dominant faction in the loyal capital of Ulster.—Belfast Cor. London Times.

MURDER BY ORANGEMEN.—Three Orangemen, Edw. Gray, John Glen, and John Steeno, from Ballybay, County Monaghan, were found guilty by a coroner's jury at Castleblaney, on Tuesday, of the wilful murder of Peter Shevlin on Saturday last. Gray shot him through the back with a pistol within two yards, while the other two were brutally striking him on the head. This foul murder was quite unprovoked. One of the prisoners is a son of the celebrated Orange chief Sam Gray, of a Ballybay.