

that, as somebody was going to preach, he had reason to apprehend a riot, and our affrighted magistrates might be tempted in their infatuation to prevent it. For a man not only to word a notice so ambiguously as to cheat the magistracy, but openly to state that his ambiguity is for that express object, is indeed an extraordinary act for a good subject and a Christian minister."

Belfast has been proclaimed under the Crime and Outrage, or Peace Preservation Act, the new name given to this remnant of the Whiteboy code on its renewal in 1856. It must be admitted that even this decided step was only too urgently called for, and we trust it will have the desired effect of putting a stop to the scenes of turbulence and outrage which had lasted uninterruptedly since the Orange anniversary on last July 12th. Much as has been said and written of these Belfast riots, we think the public will hardly have been prepared for the revelations elicited by the Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, which has been holding its sittings during the week. The principal evidence as yet adduced is that of Mr. Tracy, now and for many years past resident magistrate of Belfast, and he gives, on cross-examination, a graphic account of the ruffianly doings of the Belfast Orangemen, which, even on the showing of this Protestant magistrate, too evidently no favourer of the Catholics, exceeded anything we could have supposed. In fact, the old dream of Orange ascendancy has been revived, and the attempt to realise it carried out with characteristic audacity and ruffianism. The Protestants and Presbyterians are in a majority in the capital of Ulster, as well as in the rest of that province, and they believe themselves entitled to act in defiance of the feelings of the Catholic population. They have in their hands the municipal corporation of Belfast, which, it is important to remark, is the only corporation in Ireland, save that of Derry, another nest of Orangemen, which retains the control of the local police force. Now, it is strongly asserted, and Mr. Tracy's not over willing testimony fully supports the assertion that this municipal police, appointed and controlled by a Protestant corporation, is deeply tainted with Orangism; and without openly joining in the outrages committed on the Catholics, that their well-known sympathies and ready connivance have greatly encouraged and facilitated the commission of these outrages. Some of the men have admitted in the magisterial court that they were, or had been, members of Orange lodges—that is, that they belonged to a secret and criminal confederacy. Fancy any Catholic policeman in Limerick or Tipperary openly avowing in a court of justice that he was, or ever had been, a Ribbonman, and what a sensation would be created, not only in Ireland, but throughout the United Kingdom. Is there, then, to be one law for the Catholic and another for the Protestant? The Orange society is undoubtedly a secret and illegal confederacy, no matter what may be its professed or pretended objects, and a policeman acknowledging a connexion with it should be, in the eye of the law, in the same position as if he had admitted himself to belong to a gang of burglars or coiners. We trust the result of the inquiry will be to rid Belfast, and Derry also, of partisan policemen, and, as much as possible, of partisan magistrates, and we shall soon hear of the decline and fall of the vile and accursed Orange system.—*Tablet*.

The following "proclamation" has been issued:—"Whereas, of late, serious riots and disturbances have occurred in the town of Belfast, in consequence of large crowds collecting in the streets and public thoroughfares; and whereas placards of a most inflammatory character have been extensively circulated during the past weeks, and there is every reason to apprehend that, in case of any similar crowds being collected, similar scenes of violence and outrage may occur; now, I, as chief magistrate, acting upon the advice of the law officers of the crown, and with the unanimous concurrence of a large meeting of magistrates, earnestly call upon the well-disposed inhabitants to abstain in future from assembling in numbers in the public streets and thoroughfares, otherwise the police will be ordered to disperse them and prosecute them as the law directs."

**SAMUEL GIBSON GETTY, Mayor.**  
"Dated at Belfast, this 11th day of Sept. 1857."  
This action of the authorities at once produced its effect, and the Rev. Mr. Hanna, who, within the last 24 hours issued an inflammatory address, stating positively he would assert, at all risks, the great principle of open-air preaching, and calling on the Protestants to rally round him, has struck his colours, and published a second address of a sanctified character, stating he deems it prudent, for the present, not to go on, but that after a few weeks he will resume. He consoles the fanatics by assuring them they did come ten thousand strong last Sunday to defend the right, and that they triumphed. A meeting was held to night at the Wellington Hall, of the lower class of Orangemen, chiefly from Sandy Row district, and the speakers indulged in the most violent tirades against Pope and Popery. They denounced the "Papists" as a bloody-thirsty set of demons, who were seeking to destroy all Protestants, and called on the Protestants to be united and ready.

**SATURDAY.**—On Saturday night the rival factions resumed their firing, but no damage was done. Shots were exchanged without doing any mischief, except disturbing the stillness of night and exciting angry feelings among those who were paying any attention to the proceedings. This prevailed not only in Sandy Row and Pound street, but up till five o'clock on Sunday morning, in the vicinity of St. Malachy's.—On Sunday the proclamation of the mayor prevented the assembling of large crowds of people, the more especially when it is recollected that the Rev. Hugh Hanna announced that he would give way to the popular feeling. However, between four and five o'clock yesterday evening Mr. Mater preached in one of the sheds, and was listened to without molestation. The mayor and local magistracy generally requested that this individual should not preach, but he persisted, urging as an excuse for his conduct the example of our blessed Saviour. He was determined to die a martyr; if, happily, he should be interrupted, but his life has been preserved to the cause of good order and genuine goodness! This individual, who has no standing, it is stated, in any church, preached in spite of the remonstrance of the local magistracy; and his obstinacy caused three hundred constables to be under arms on the quay during the afternoon, who would otherwise have remained in their barracks. So large a body of police was sure of keeping order, and Mr. Mater was preserved from mischief. About fifty constables arrived in Belfast on Saturday night, and are engaged with the others in suppressing the riots. Nothing worthy of note has occurred, although there were frequent shots fired on both sides last night.

**SUNDAY.**—The earlier part of the day passed off quietly, owing to great military and constabulary displays. The Rev. Mr. Mater persisted in carrying out his declared intention of preaching at every risk, and addressed very limited audiences during the day. The conduct of the Catholics was admirable—all that could be desired by their true friends. The Orange party created a riot in Brown-street in the evening, and after having discharged several volleys of stones, were dispersed with fixed bayonets by Sub-Inspector Armstrong. The disorder and tumult, however, continued until large reinforcements arrived when the Resident Magistrate (Mr. Tracy) read the Riot Act, and told the mob that their conduct was disloyal and ruffianly, and that if they did not at once disperse he would order the men to fire. The lamps were all put out. More police have just arrived from Dublin.

**OPENING OF A TUMULUS, OR SEPULCHRAL MOUND AT DYSENT.**—A most interesting discovery of two kist vaens—each containing human remains, and one of them an urn of baked clay in addition—has been made by Mr. Richard Murray, of Mullingar, in a field close to the residence of his brother, Thomas Murray, Esq., of Dysernt. The greater portion of

that part of the country is rich in raths or military forts, and tumuli or barrows, two of which, namely, the large one of Ousletown, and the smaller one of the estate of Sir F. Hopkins, are both visible from the site of the Dysernt sepulchral mound. Caves of Cyclopean construction also abound, some of which are open, and the sites of others sufficiently indicated by tradition, and the appearance of those immense rough, primitive flags cropping up above the surface, which invariably cover the apices of those chambers; and one is supposed to exist immediately close to the garden wall of the mansion house, only a field's distance from the tumulus, the exploration of which is determined on by the spirited proprietor at no very distant period. For a length of time, what might be the contents of its interior occupied the waking thoughts and nightly dreams of our esteemed antiquarian friend, Mr. Murray, who long since would have dived into it, could he have been lucky enough to obtain any peasant sufficiently hardy to assist him in his search. On Tuesday, however, the *experimentum crucis* was accomplished, Arthur Nugent, Esq., of Clonlost, who accompanied him, turning the "first sod," after which the work sped bravely on, the helps working like Trojans. The earthen portion of the southern end of the cairn and some cart loads of small limestone boulders being removed, two rough, irregular, primitive, or "surface" flags came into view, one on the eastern, the other on the western side of the tumulus, that on the western side being of limestone, and that on the eastern of sandstone. They are exceedingly rough and irregular in their outlines; from three feet four inches to three feet seven inches in their greatest lengths, which are diagonals, about two feet six inches in their greatest breadths, and from two inches at their edges to five or six inches in depth at their centres. Removing the western or limestone flag, it was found to have covered some remains of calcined bone, evidently human, a portion of a shin bone being distinguishable, a few small pieces of charcoal, and some ashes and clay, resting on a table or flag of Sandstone, which showed signs of having been subjected to the action of fire. The second, or sandstone flag being removed, a kist vaen—the sides of which were composed of irregular sandstone flags, placed on their sides or edges, and some two or three long, upright stones, of the same material, was exposed. It contained the remains of a human skeleton, evidently interred, or rather enkisted, in a sitting posture, with his face to the north-east, together with a beautifully shaped urn of baked clay, which must originally have been placed in the lap of the solitary inhabitant of the kist vaen. He was one of the long headed race, the form of whose skull and contour of whose features has been so graphically decided by Doctor Wilde, in his "Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater." Examples of both races, particularly the former, may still be found among some of the modern Irish. The greater portion of the lower jaw, sharp at the chin and wide at the angles, is in a state of very great preservation indeed, and contains teeth beautifully white and regular, and perfectly free from decay, and evidently belonging to an individual of no more than thirty years old at the utmost. The thigh and leg bones were lying in a north-easterly direction, and around and beneath them were the remains of hip bones, the shoulder blades, the vertebrae of the back and some of the finger bones, and a portion of the tusk of a wild boar. The eastern sepulchre contained another skeleton apparently similarly enkisted, but with the face to the south east, and strangely enough, too, belonged to quite a different family to that contained in the opposite chamber—namely, to the globular-headed race, and from the portions of the skull and bones of the face that remained, must have been the possessor of a most beautiful and symmetrical head, indeed. Like all skulls of the globular race, the supraciliary arches are rather full, orbits small and rather shallow, so that the eyes must have been slightly prominent, the nasal bones, or so much of them as remain, perfectly vertical, but as they correspond to the sulcus beneath the brows, there is nothing to militate against the idea of the nose being high and aquiline, the chin beautifully formed, square, and rather deep, but the mouth slightly projecting. The teeth of this skeleton shows it must have reached rather a mature age, nearly sixty most likely, if not more, as the crowns of the incisors are rather worn, and the tubercles of the molars absorbed, so that the molar crowns are rather concave, the enamel bevelled from within outwards and upwards, forming a raised margin around them. They are not so beautifully white as the teeth of the younger skeleton, and are coated down to their necks with tartar, but with that exception alone are all perfect and quite free from disease.—*Westmeath Guardian*.

The advantages of a direct communication between America and Ireland, and through Ireland with the rest of Europe, have long been proclaimed. But British mercantile interests stood in the way. The harbours of the western and south-western coast of Ireland, particularly Valencia, the most desirable of them all, have long been pointed out as the natural ports for the mail packet stations, as well as for the general shipping trade with America. It was in vain that reason and experience urged the numerous and heart-rending shipwrecks in the English channel, with loss of life and cargo, the long delays and consequent loss of time, loss of market and increased expense—the difficult navigation of a narrow channel, with the rough and dangerous coast of Wales to encounter, the chopping sea and strong tides, and adverse winds without sea room to tack. Even under the most favorable circumstances large steamers are delayed many hours for the tide in crossing the bar at Liverpool. Without such obstruction Valencia is one day nearer, and in these fast times that is of great importance. But sailing vessels are often kept for three weeks beating about in St. George's Channel, neither able to get out if they are outward bound, nor in, if they are destined to a British port. Whereas if they took their departure from Valencia they would be at sea immediately without any obstruction whatever, and in the same way if they were inward bound they could find at once a safe harbor there or on some other point of the western coast.—But British jealousy of Ireland, and the selfishness of Liverpool merchants would not consent to any movement that would be likely to divert any portion of their trade to the Irish coast. The same "intolerance of Irish prosperity," which led first to the deliberate and avowed destruction of the woollen trade of Ireland, and afterwards to the destruction of the Irish legislature, lest it should protect the rights and the trade of the country, has hitherto opposed every obstacle to direct communication between Irish and American ports. But nature will have its way at last. The merchants of Bristol; in England, were long successful by their influence in keeping the trade from Liverpool. But the natural tendency of commerce was westward, and modern Liverpool being westward of Bristol has gradually won its pre-eminence from the old famous mercantile port, renowned in British history. The same law of progress is destined to supersede Liverpool as the chief port of the American trade. Westward still the star of commerce takes its way. The private enterprise of Americans, and commercial necessity, will do for the western coast of Ireland what that country could not do for itself. The laying of the Atlantic cable is a grand step in the right direction; and we trust that no sinister influence will be able to purchase the projects of the enterprise, or divert it to any other destination. We confess we do not like the idea of selling the cable to the British government for a telegraph to India. But Mr. Field says there is nothing in that, as it is only on the condition of having another ready next summer that he agreed to negotiate at all; and we are content to believe him for the present, though we are naturally suspicious on the subject, seeing that every project to establish steam communication between Ireland and America has been hitherto baffled by British influence or Bri-

sh gold. The late Duke of Wellington, and the highest naval authorities of England, long since recommended that Valencia be made a naval station, as the most convenient and advantageous for purposes of war, and for the embarkation of troops and stores for a western destination. But the voice of British merchants was sufficiently powerful to drown the voice of truth, even at the expense of the general interests of the empire. But truth like murder will out at last, and there is now a prospect of justice being done to the great harbors of the West of Ireland. The county of Kerry in particular, with its noble headlands and beautiful bays, its sublime and picturesque scenery, the Lakes of Killarney and the McGillicuddy Reeks, seems destined to attract equally the attention of the trader and the tourist—the man of pleasure and the man of business. The Island of Valencia, with its splendid land-locked harbor, lying opposite to, and only separated by a narrow strait from, Cahereveen, a place so identified with the name of O'Connell, is owned by Peter Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry, one of the few hereditary ancient Irish titles still preserved in Ireland. His venerable father, Hon. Maurice Fitzgerald, is only dead seven or eight years, and was as fine an old Irish gentleman as we ever saw—one of the old school—a generation now passed away. Protestant as he was, he was always a most earnest advocate for Catholic emancipation, and was most liberal in his political opinions. As a landlord he was kind and indulgent, and beloved by all his tenants. His hospitality was noble, and his manners those of the most polished gentleman. The present Knight has the reputation of being "a chip of the old block," and we think the entertainment he gave on the occasion of laying the Atlantic telegraph cable and the sentiments he uttered in relation thereto prove that he is worthy of his father. With the completion of the enterprise which led to this banquet, with Valencia established as the great transatlantic telegraph and packet station, with a network of railways spread over the south and west of Ireland including one projected to Valencia itself; with the kindly influences at work of so generous a landlord and so enlightened a liberal a gentleman as the Knight of Kerry, we may hope that that beautiful spot is to be the focus whence will radiate throughout the land the genial light of a new-born day of prosperity.—*N. Y. Citizen*.

#### BARBARITIES OF THE ORANGE SEPOYS.

(From the Dublin Nation.)

The English journals in England and Ireland seem to abandon all attempt to justify British filibusterism in India, and fall back on appeals to us to be horrified at the barbarities of the Sepoys. But have not we, too, a right to call out "Avenge, oh, Lord! thy slaughtered," and demand vengeance upon the ruffians who perpetrated such crimes as these:

"The burgesses and inhabitants of the town of Newry, meeting the English army on their march to besiege the castle of the said town, were received in protection; and, after quarter given to the garrison of the said castle, the said inhabitants, and the soldiers of the said garrison, to the number of 500 and upwards, men, women, and children were brought on the bridge of Newry, and thrown into the river, and such of them as endeavored to escape by swimming were murdered."

"About the same time Captain Fleming and other officers of Sir William Steward's Regiment, commanding a party, smothered to death 220 women and children, in two caves. And about the same time also, the said Captain Cunningham murdered about 60 women and children in the isles of Ross."

"In November, one Reading murdered the wife and three children of Shane O'Moighy, in a place called Ballykenney of Ramalton, and after her death cut off her breasts with his sword."

"It was commonly known to all sides how cruel the Governor of Manor-Hamilton was, in the county of Leitrim—how he usually invited gentlemen to dine with him, and hanged them after dinner and caused their thighs to be broken with hatchets before execution."

"About the beginning of November five poor men (whereof two were Protestants) coming from the market of Dublin, and lying that night at Santry, three miles from thence, were murdered in their beds by Captain Smith and a party of the garrison of Dublin, and their heads brought next day in triumph into the city."

"In the same week fifty six men, women, and children of the village of Bulloge (being frightened at what was done at Clontarf) took boats and went to sea, to shun the fury of a party of soldiers come out of Dublin, under the command of Colonel Crafford; but being pursued by the soldiers in other boats, were overtaken and thrown overboard."

"About the same time a party of the garrison of Swords, having brought in thirty laborers, forced them to dig their own graves and then killed them. Much about that time one Bennett, sheriff of the county, killed sixteen men and women, coming from the market of Dublin. A party, under the command of C. Crafford, murdered one hundred and forty women and children, in Newcastle and Coolmain, being under protection. Many thousands more of the poor innocent people of that county, shunning the fury of the soldiers, fled into thickets of fire, which the soldiers did usually set on fire, killing as many as endeavored to escape, or forced them back again to be burned, and the rest of the inhabitants, for the most part, died of famine."

"Sir Richard Grenville's troop killed forty two men, women, and children, and eighteen infants at Doramstown. A woman under protection was, by Captain Munroe's soldiers, put into the stocks of a tuckmill, and so tucked to death, in the town of Steadale."

"Three women, whereof one gentlewoman big with child, and a boy, were hanged on the Bridge of Neurga, by command of Sir Charles Coote, in his first march to the county Wicklow, and caused his guide to blow into his pistol, and so shot him dead. Mr. Den Connam, of Glanely, (aged and unable to bear arms) was roasted to death by Captain Gee, of Colonel Crafford's regiment."

"The English soldiers of the garrison of Ballenakill burned an old woman of ninety years in her own house in Lough. The said soldiers massacred 180 men, women and children, who were cutting their corn near the said garrison."

"Forty families in protection were murdered by the soldiers of the garrison of Inchicronan. Several residing near Dunratty were murdered by the soldiers of that garrison under the command of Lieutenant Adams."

"In Conden's country above 200 laborers, women and children were murdered by some of the now Earl of Orerrey's soldiers. In the said county, among others they gelded one Denis Downy, and pulled out one of his eyes, and sent him in that posture to his wife. Fifty-six persons, or thereabouts, were brought prisoners to Castle Lyons (most of them laborers, who did never bear arms) were put into a stable, and the women in that garrison, at night, fired their beads and the hair of their heads, which so disgraced them that their nearest friends could not know them next day when they were hanged."

"Ologhly, being garrisoned by the Irish, surrendered upon quarter of life, to Sir C. Vassar, were all inhumanly murdered, and the hearts of some of them pulled out, and put into their mouths; and many other massacres were committed the same time there on women and children. At Lislee, twenty-four men in protection were murdered by Colonel Mynn's soldiers. At Belluere, the same year, Teig O'Mungan and David Broge, blowing by command into pistols, were shot to death by some of Captain Bridge's men, and eight poor laborers were killed by them, being in protection, and then employed in saving some harvest of Englishmen."

"At Ologhly about 238 men, women, and children were murdered, of which number, seventeen children were taken by the legs by soldiers, who knocked out their brains against the walls. This was done by Phorbis' men and the garrison of Bandon Bridge. At Garraheen, near Ross, Connor Ken-

ney, who had protection for himself, and his tenants to save their harvest, were murdered by the said garrison of Ross as they were ditching about their corn."

"At Bandon Bridge, the garrison there tied eighty-eight Irishmen of the said town back to back, and threw them off the bridge into the river, where they were all drowned."

"The English party in the county Cork burned O'Sullivan Beare's house in Bantry, and all the rest of that country, killing man, woman, and child; turning many into their houses, then on fire, to be burned therein. And, among others, Thomas De-Bucke, a cooper, about eighty years, and his wife being little less; and all this was done without provocation, the said O'Sullivan being a known reliever of the English in that country."

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

The following are the names of the Clergymen who have nobly volunteered their services as Chaplains to the Catholic soldiers proceeding to India:—The Rev. Messrs. Kyne, Lescher, Stone, Morgan, John F. Browne, Fairhurst, and Crowther. The Rev. Messrs. Kyne, Lescher, and Stone were to sail on Sunday, the 20th, from Southampton.—*Weekly Register*.

The saving to the East India Company by the mutiny and desertion of each Bengal regiment of 1,200 sepoy strong, will be about £3,000 per month. Some fifty regiments have disbanded themselves, and the Company will have therefore saved, at the end of August, nearly half a million of money in the pay of sepoy, non-commissioned officers, &c.

Eight hundred recruits have been gained to the artillery during the last month.

The *United Service Gazette* does not credit the report that a Foreign Legion for India is in contemplation.

A clergyman writes to the *Daily News*:—"I have read in the *Times* that our possessions in India have been acquired in the order of God's providence. If this assertion means that all our possessions in India have been so acquired, I venture to say that a more pernicious falsehood was never published. The well-to-do man who has just carried off some unfortunate lady's purse at Paddington Station may just as well ascribe his success to God's providence as England her success as regards Oude and some other British possessions in the East. They have been acquired in the order of Satan's providence, a rather powerful element just now in our foreign policy."

The *Dispatch* takes a gloomy view of our present material prosperity. Wages are inordinately high, and a fair day's work is by no means supplied in the same proportion. Laborers are so "saucy" as farmers say, from the extreme demand of their services, the employers are to a great extent at their mercy. At the slightest word they leave their employment, quite certain that they can at once obtain a new engagement at not improbably higher wages. Let us go on, as we have begun to undertake to conquer and rule by the sword, daily increasing our territory and maintaining the armed attitude of conquerors, and feel assured that the enfranchised operatives and laborers of such a country, strengthening materially their political power, will go on to that point which has invariably been arrived at by every nation which pursues a policy of aggression, conquest, and military domination: that every citizen will discover he is a gentleman, that labor is disgraceful, and the life of a soldier, sailor, or colonist alone fitting the dignity of a freeman of an imperial state; that slaves alone ought to submit to servitude and the lower employments of life; and that Saxon blood is too precious for the drudgery of mechanical employment. At this moment our press is busily inculcating the doctrines that directly lead to this result. We are urged to swallow up China and annex it; we are told of the folly of leaving unabsorbed into our system a single rood or a single soil of the territory or population of the Indian peninsula; we are called upon to rule by the sword, what we have "won" by the sword; we are plainly told that, as the scimitar cut out the way for the Koran, the minie rifle and the park artillery are the only true propagandists of the cross; that the civilising maxims of Christianity are impracticable cant and speculative mysticism, totally unadapted to the real business of this world; that we must work out our "destiny" by the means which former conquerors of the world have alone found to be practicable; to treat patriotism as rebellion and self-respect as proud insolence, and the love of liberty as treachery, and the shame of the vanquished as ingratitude, and the devotion of others to their faith as ignorant superstition or priestly hypocrisy. Work out this—foster this spirit—accustom our people to the love of arms, and our nation to the lust of conquest; go on invading, intriguing, conquering, holding nations in subjection by large standing armies, and as there is a God in heaven to whom the oppressed are as precious as oppressors, who is the Father of the poorest parish as truly as of the proudest Englishman, and who has made the wretchedness of the vanquished as immortal as the mightiest victor, we shall share the fate which has in all ages overtaken that.

Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself. And falls on the other.

In the interest of the masses we give this warning.

The *Saturday Review* pronounces against open-air preaching. Considered in the abstract, it is certainly a thing which we have no right to condemn. Undoubtedly it may be an instrument of much spiritual good. It belongs to no particular system. It is as old as Christianity, and older,—it is in favour with Roman Catholics, and with dissenters, and with churchmen of all sorts. In short, merely as a mode of communicating truth, or announcing opinions, open-air preaching is not a speciality of religion at all. It belongs to politics as well as religion—so that, theoretically, there is not a word to say against it. But everybody of common sense feels that, when it comes to be used in religion, it is a very difficult tool to use. It looks as if it could not be misused, but it is very apt to play tricks in unskillful hands. Not one preacher in ten thousand is fit to preach to a mob; and, in fact, as those who have paid any attention to the matter know, not one street preacher in ten ever gets fifty people—at least in London—to listen to him. For our own part, we believe that, wherever tried—at least of late days—it fails egregiously in its object of converting the irreligious. But in default of what is called "reaching the masses," the experiment, it has been thought by good and worthy people, might safely be tried. And so it was tried in the parks, until the apostles of blasphemy and indecency got the largest audiences; and open-air preaching is now a mere question of police. Still the thing is, in a certain sense, popular in the religious world. A very mild form of the complaint appeared recently at Exeter Hall, where a course of sermons was delivered to a genteel audience, who, however, happened to be anything but the working and irreligious men for whom the discourses were intended. And now and then we see paragraphs that, on "fine Sundays," wind and weather permitting, an open-air sermon will be delivered. Of course this epidemic has spread to Ireland; and there it has taken a very characteristic form.

A correspondent sends us an account of a meeting held by the Proselytisers in Boston on Monday last:—"According to placard, a meeting was convened in aid of the Church Missions to the poor Irish. It consisted of about thirty women, five persons, three or four men, Protestants, and ten or twelve Catholics; together with the usual blasphemies against the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Most Blessed Sacrament, the Ever-Blessed Mother of God, the ribald abuse of the Irish Catholic Clergy, who were 'too ignorant to meet their antagonists in controversy.' (A voice, 'The Rev. chairman and others of the Boston Pro-

testant Clergy will be able to inform the meeting, whether the Rev. Mr. Rigby is too ignorant to meet them.') The outspread hands that concealed the countenance of the chairman prevented the audience from reading the emotions that agitated him at this moment. It was boldly asserted that 45,000 Irish had recently embraced Protestantism, and that the Protestant schools and churches of Ireland were well frequented; that there were good reasons to hope that many more converts would soon enter the bosom of Protestantism. The means of conversion were not obscurely hinted at; the converts were all so happy, had such comfortable homes, were so well clothed and fed. So horribly appalling were the lies and blasphemies uttered, that two of the Catholics could endure no more, and left the room. Others, however, of stronger nerve, remained, and attempted a reply, when the chairman (a Boston parson) said this was not a place for discussion, he must send for the police. 'The old scheme over again,' exclaimed a Catholic; 'you want to tell lies all in your own way, and want the police to prevent them from being contradicted.' Even the chairman was astonished at this bold reply; his courage seemed to ooze out at his finger's ends, he turned pale with rage or shame, and held his peace. A parson now arose who possessed rather more than usual of that Christian spirit which ordinarily prevails in such gatherings. He praised the Roman Catholics—had some friends and relatives Catholics, admired much of their doctrine and many of their prayers, and contradicted many of the assertions of the first speaker. He could not, however, leave the Blessed Virgin alone; he read the prayer before the Litany, and closed his book. A voice read on, 'Lord have mercy on us' (A voice, 'You see it is not O Mary, have mercy on us?') He closed the book, and was again commencing. (Another voice, 'Read further; you see it is Mary, pray for us!') This put an end to his remarks, and satisfactorily disposed of the blasphemous assertions of the first speaker, who declared that Catholics made the Blessed Virgin greater than God, greater than her Divine Son. This was too much for the chairman, who soon contrived to summon again on his legs an envenomed speaker, whose lips poured forth the gall of dragons and the venom of asps. The Catholics were aroused, they would be heard, and one with a loud voice demanded, 'In what did the essence of true religion consist? Was it not in the love of God above all things, and of our neighbors as ourselves? Did they wish to convert the Roman Catholics? Were lies, insults, calumnies, and blasphemies the proper weapons of conversion? were they any proofs of Christian charity? Had the speaker who boasted of the number of converts to Protestantism specified any places of such conversions, any persons so converted, or any one who was the immediate instrument of such conversion? Had he not given unmistakable tokens that pounds, shillings, and pence were his only object?—A scene now ensued which baffles description;—one person seeming ready to burst with laughter, another rushing out of the room; the women, with gaping mouths and staring eyes, looking unutterable astonishment; the chairman seeking to make his escape, and followed and tortured with the endless questions of the Catholics! He was heard to exclaim in most piteous accents, 'Oh this has spoiled the collection!' He was asked by a convert if he would accept a correspondence? 'No, no; you will tell your Priest everything; I will have no correspondence, there will be no end to it; I have had enough of correspondence; I have read every book of Catholic controversy—I have a library full of them,' &c. The chairman's wife, too, delivered herself of an oracle, 'that the Catholic religion was only just two hundred years old,—batted by the question as to the age of the church in which, as in stolen property, the persons held their Sunday meetings. The persons, however, thought it best at last to turn to good humor; one of them cordially shook hands with some of the Catholics. The chairman said he wished to be on friendly terms with them, and, wishing them good night, made as much haste as possible to extricate himself from their company. If a few Catholics, resolved not to get vexed, were to attend such meetings, and were to ply the speakers well with some questions as these—'who? where? when? name the place, the parties, &c.—an end would soon be put to such scandalous gatherings; the simple-minded would see that there are two sides to a question, and that the truth may be elsewhere than where it is boasted to be. Many of the more enlightened Protestants see that these Church Missionary Meetings are mere humbug and a trick to get money—that their reports of successes are lies and deceit. I believe the Rev. Mr. Rigby would have attended the meeting, had it not been that a Protestant gentleman strongly urged him not to be present at such low scenes of bigotry, which he detected from his heart, and that some of the Catholics urged him to have more respect for his sacerdotal character than to appear there.'—*Weekly Register*.

Henry Rogers, captain of the ship *Martha Jane*, was executed at Liverpool on Saturday, for the murder of the seaman Andrew Rose; the two mates have been reprieved. The decision of the Home Secretary was communicated to the prisoners as delicately as possible. The effect upon the mates was remarkable—they fairly wept from excitement and joy. The captain manifested but little emotion. Subsequently all the prisoners passed some time in prayer together; after which they were finally separated. Outside the goal on the morning of the execution, about 50,000 people were assembled.

At the Worship-street Police Court on Tuesday, a wretched-looking woman, named Maria Clarke, was committed for trial for the murder of her child, eight years old, and also charged with attempting to destroy her own life. A hymn and two letters were found on the prisoner. One of the letters ran thus:

"Dear Friend,—Me and my child have suffered much in the Hackney Union. The child, to save her from doing wrong, as I have done, I thought it would be better to go to Jesus while young. I myself have thrown her into the Regent's canal. I committed perjury about six years ago. (These sentences were repeated.) I thought walking into the water would be easier for myself than hanging. Christ save me!"

The second letter ran:—  
"Dear Friend!—All is well, for Christ calls me home. I have broken all the commandments, and am without one plea, but that His blood was shed for me. I am coming, Jesus. I myself threw my child into the water, and watched her. I drowned my child in the canal."

The notes were endorsed, "Maria Clarke, an inmate of Hackney Union. I have known the Union eight years, and am thirty-four years of age."

At Lambeth Police-court, on Monday, a stone-mason named Joseph Thew was brought up by a police constable, charged with disturbing a disturbance in Blackfriars-road. The prisoner's statement was: "Well, sir, I went to the Obelisk to hear the preachers, and in the course of the discourse the name of Christ came up, and a man that was there said he was an impostor. I told him that he was no impostor, and that he deserved to be kicked for saying so, and I don't know of anything else I did." The blasphemer had made off, and the only man in the crowd who had a word to say for the honor of the Saviour was locked up all night in a police cell, and next day held to bail for his good behavior for one month. On the same occasion, strong representations were made by several of the inhabitants as to the nuisance of street-preaching with which that locality is infested. A deputation to Sir R. Moynan on the subject was suggested by the sitting magistrate.

On the 23d ult., a man named Francis Reed was apprehended in a house in Oak-street, Birkenhead, on a charge of having murdered William Morgan, an old man, at Crossgar, county Down, on the 1st of July last, during a faction fight between Orangemen and Roman Catholics. He has been removed to Ireland.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.