

ring. Ali Zegri would have ravished from him the second; but he was prevented by Boabdil. Moved by his hatred of Aben-Hamet, he flies forward; misses the ring, breaks his lance in a fury, and retires to hide his shame among the Zegriss. Ali next presented himself, and carried away the second. Aben-Hamet, with the velocity of lightning, won the third. The fourth is on the lance of Ali. The squares resounded with applause. The Abencerrago darts forth again. But his spear touches the column, and drives the ring into the air; Aben-Hamet, with incredible dexterity, intercepts it on his spear, before it can fall to the ground. The spectators burst out into transports of applause.—Ali durst not again enter the lists. The Zegriss, the Gomeles, and the Alabez follow, but without success. Even the most fortunate gain not more than five rings. Aben-Hamet has carried off twenty. The noise of a thousand drums announces his victory. The judges declare, that he has won the prize.

The four companies next prepare for the canopy. Arming themselves with light and slender reeds, they run against one another, break them on their bucklers, toss them into the air, and take them again without alighting. Managing, with graceful dexterity, their steeds swifter than the eagle; they attack, fly, return, form, disperse, halt, rally on a sudden, and all with such rapidity, as to elude the astonished eyes of the spectators. But, dark treason was yet to pollute their festivities with blood. The treacherous Zegrie wore coats of mail under their gold-embroidered garments. Amid the gay confusion of the games, several of them changed their reeds for lances. Aben-Hamet was first wounded. Seeing his own blood flow, he uttered a cry of rage, and sprung, with his sabre in his hand, upon Zegri by whom he was hurt. Him he instantly slew among the warriors of his own tribe, who all drew their scimitars. The Abencerragoes flew to aid their chief. The Alabez declared for them: the Gomeles for the Zegriss. The four troops charged each other with equal fury. The names of the traitor and perfidious wretch were eagerly pronounced by all. Blood streamed over the square. The affrighted people fled. Hatred, death, and vengeance were satiated with carnage.

The king, the judges, and my brother strove, in vain, to pacify them. The voice of Almanzor was not recognized: and the authority of Muley was slighted. The judges were trampled under foot. The hapless Abencerragoes, whose swords could make no impression on the armor of their enemies, soon found that they were treacherously ensnared. They ran towards the barriers, to take their helmets; but the Zegriss pursued, pressed upon them, and slew numbers in the narrow passage. On that bloody day, the valiant family of the Abencerragoes might have been exterminated, if my brother, who was in complete armor, had not suddenly appeared in the square, and by meeting the assault of the conquerors, favored the escape of the Abencerragoes. The Zegriss, retiring by a different passage, spread through the several quarters of the city, crying—To arms! To arms! Long live our king Boabdil! Muley-Hassem's reign is expired. The people, bribed by them, soon augmented the numbers of the rebel band. All Grenada rose in instant insurrection. The doors of the houses were shut. An hundred thousand lances glared in the street; terrific screams resounded through the air. Boabdil, amidst the Zegriss, kindled up the flame of rebellion. He was proclaimed king by the factious insurgents, and proceeded instantly to the Alhambra, followed by an innumerable troop.

Almanzor commenced to prepare for the defence. He mustered up the guards, armed the slaves, shut the gates of the Alhambra, placed archers upon all the towers, and appeared himself upon the platform, leaning upon that lance at which the Zegriss trembled.

He soon saw his brave Abencerragoes approach, clad in bright steel, and transported with indignation. The Almorades, the Alabez, and the other tribes who remained true to their allegiance, came, at the same time, to die in defence of their king; and disdaining to await the enemy within the walls of the palace, placed themselves before the gates. Almanzor flew into the midst of them. A thousand shouts were raised at sight of the hero. Another peal replied to those: and the Zegriss, the Vauegas, and the Gomeles appeared, with Boabdil at their head, and followed by a furious, undisciplined throng.

At sight of Almanzor, they stopped. The tumultuous noise was succeeded by a deep silence. They durst not instantly presume to raise their hands against the hero of Grenada, the object of their high admiration. But, at the renewed instigation of Boabdil, they closed their ranks, and lowered their lances. The trumpets were beginning to sound, on both sides, the dreadful signal, when the gates of the Alhambra were suddenly opened; and Muley-Hassem, with the crown and sceptre in his hands, advanced between the two armies.

"Stay your hands," cried he. "Spare those lives which will be more wisely exposed against the Spaniards. Abencerragoes, Zegriss, beware of forging chains to bind your own hands; forget your fatal discords; reserve your valor to be displayed against the common enemy. You are offended, you say; am not I also offended?—Learn from me, what sort of revenge you ought to pursue."

The venerable old man, when he said these words, presented the crown and sceptre to his son. Boabdil, struck with confusion, stood motionless, and with downcast eyes. He durst not look his father in the face, nor advance a step towards him. Muley preventing him, placed on his blushing brow, that diadem which was the object of his guilty wishes. Then, turning to the two parties who remained in speechless amazement: "Abencerragoes," said he, "salute the king of Grenada; and you, Zegriss, swear to a peace with your generous enemies."

My father, attended by Almanzor, Moraima, and me, retired to the Albayzin, the ancient abode of the first Moorish kings of Grenada.

A good action is never thrown away, and perhaps that is the reason why we find so few of them.

REVENUE AND FINANCE. ON FRANCE.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.) The political and military power of France cannot be better expressed than in the well-known and often repeated phrase of Frederick King of Prussia—namely, "If I were the King of France I would not allow a shot to be fired in Europe without my permission." The idea, which the Prussian monarch had then formed of the natural predominance of France in Europe, is now being literally realized in the acknowledged and unrivalled sway of Napoleon III. Since the melancholy Revolution of '98, disastrous as it was in a multiform catastrophe, it was followed by one popular advantage—namely, the distribution of the soil in fee simple amongst the people. This revolutionary transfer of the land from the aristocracy to the people, from rent to fee simple, had of course the effect of securing a permanent moderate independence amongst the peasantry; but at the same time it entirely abolished the riches of individuals; a fact which in turn operated against the accumulated wealth of public bodies; and thus inflicted a deep wound on the formation of mercantile companies, and almost totally annihilated the national commerce. It is debated even to this day, whether the people have been benefited by their small fee simple estates, in the view of what they lost by the destruction of commerce; and it is a problem which, perhaps, can never be conclusively solved, whether the peasantry would not be much better if they were left in the old regime of landlords, rent and commerce, rather than to have been changed into the new revolutionary scheme of small fee simple estates, but the total loss of national trade.

Whatever may have been the effect of these changes during the last sixty-nine years in a social, political and commercial point of view. Whatever advantages France may have forfeited from the premises referred to, it is certain that at this moment she is advancing by rapid strides to a pre-eminence in every department of national power, perhaps more exalted than she has heretofore attained from Charlemagne to Louis the Fourteenth. And, however great and dazzling, and illustrious the French modern historian may describe the career, the conquest and power of the first Napoleon in the palmiest days of his military glory and imperial fame, it will be found in the strict comparison of statistical inquiry that the France of 1858, under the prudent rule of the present monarch, wise in council, is by far more powerful under every aspect than the France of the first Revolution ever had been under the victorious sway of the hero of Marengo or the conqueror of Austerlitz.

The reign of the elder Napoleon was brilliant, but disastrous. From the year '93 to 1813, France lost ninety line-of-battle ships, together with several valuable possessions in the East and West Indies.—She earned too, and felt the enmity of all surrounding nations. Napoleon seemed to wear his own crown with uneasiness as long as one of the ancient dynasties was in existence. He swindled Spain out of her old time-honored throne; he imposed a god-natural fool, his brother, on Holland; he bestowed Naples on a cashing cavalry officer; he seized and confined the Pope; he made his own child in the cradle King of Rome, on the throne of Peter; he dared England to battle; he scourged Prussia; he conquered Austria; he spilled the blood of one million French soldiers on his various fields of fame; he wasted the treasure of the nation in ambitious wars; he made enemies of the whole world; he subdued the East, the West, the South; the North alone remained free from the terrors of his sword; but here, as in the last point of endurance, the angel of death stood, in final resistance; and with one blow ended a career which began in spoliation, slaughter and sacrilege, proceeded in ambition and blood, and terminated in a stroke of vengeance inflicted by the exhausted patience and the angry justice of an all-ruling Providence. Between the career of the General, the Consul, the King and the Emperor, the reign lasted from 1796 to 1814; and it has spilled more blood, and has inflicted more injury on social order and on religion than mankind has ever suffered in a whole age from any other Christian ruler from the fourth to the nineteenth century.

The reign of Napoleon the younger appears before men as marked with a character the very opposite to the rule of his uncle. And his military and naval power, though not so brilliant in strategic achievements, are far more solid and effective than, perhaps, France had ever heretofore experienced either in the long history of her Bourbon monarchs, or during the late Napoleon dynasty. The national armies are placed on a more extended scale than at any former period of her military organization; the navy has risen, and is daily still advancing to a point of pre-eminence power heretofore unknown in that country; and the national debt is comparatively small. There are at present in France ten million fee simple parcels of land, that is, ten million estates, amongst a population of forty-two million souls; agricultural produce is now encouraged there beyond all former precedent; and the progress of commercial speculation is likely at no distant period to assume a rivalry with England. The whole people are happy; peace is respected; revolution is condemned, and the out-throats who were once the terror of the capital have been softened into order by the rewards which labor has found in the employments of the city. Besides, the perfidy which some English statesmen have heretofore practised towards the leaders of several late revolutionary combinations, has changed the confidence in England into openly expressed hatred and contempt; and has given a check to Continental disorder which has tended more than any other, or all other causes, to awaken in the French capital a horror of foreign deceit and a respect for their own national laws.

Again, Napoleon the Third is not the enemy but the friend of the surrounding monarchs; he is the hope of Portugal, and the security of Spain against the oppressive intrigues of England. He is the prop of the Pope against the conspirators—the English conspirators—against his life and against the Gospel he preaches; and although he and the Emperor of Austria may be discordant in some intricate points of international policy, they are both of them ready to unite for mutual protection and support whenever revolution and irreligion will dare to lift their heads against the social order or the Catholic Church.—Napoleon the Third has, beyond doubt, in the few years since assumed the Imperial power of France, made all the citizens happy, has disarmed rebellion, has trebled his military and national power, has raised tenfold the national resources, has cemented the firm friendship of the neighboring states, has added to the national glory; and has at once quietly ousted England from her persecuting protectorship of Spain and Portugal, and introduced the Catholic sword of France as their natural safeguard. The saying of Frederick is now quite true—"Napoleon will not allow a shot to be fired in Europe without his permission."

But the characteristics which decide his kingly eminence in the various points under consideration, all fade into insignificance when we study him in his personal relation to religion. It is here that Napoleon the Third cannot be degraded into a comparison with his uncle: it is in this respect that he stands even in pre-eminence superiority with all his Catholic crowned coemperors. Napoleon is an excellent private character, is a good, steady, practical Catholic; is seen at several times within the year receiving the Holy Communion, and giving by his demeanor of profound devotion, and edification which is the hallmark of Catholicity in France, and is the secret of his political power and success. In this sacred work he is aided by the Empress, who has won all hearts by the natural fascination of her manner, and by the true Spanish piety which make all France worship her name, and again love the Emperor for her sake. As Kings rule by the power of God, this character of Napoleon and of his beloved

Empress will call down a blessing from heaven to secure his long and happy reign, and will lift on high a sword in his defence against his enemies stronger than the French host in order of battle. Most of our readers have seen within the last month the truculent malice of the Times, in reference to the visit and triumph of Cardinal Wiseman to Ireland, where the triump says "that it would be easy, under given circumstances, to raise such a storm in England as would sweep off the land every vestige of Popery." This is the exponent of a certain section of the English people; but the Times would have spoken more accurately if it had said "that it would be easy under coming givng circumstances, to raise such a storm against England on the European Continent, as would tame her unendurable arrogance, humble her atrocious bigotry, and subdue her dominant name." Let the Times be assured that the latter supposition is, in spite of its insane rancor, by far a more plausible and tenable hypothesis.

This bile of the Times may possibly be excited by the steps now taken in France to check the insidious revolutionary movements of the old rancorous Bible Societies. They have been long endeavouring to hire houses and rooms in the various cities, towns and villages of France; under the pretext of prayer, worship and bible reading; but the French Government will not permit this covert conspiracy against religion and the throne, and have strictly forbidden any meeting of the Bible Society to be held in more than nineteen persons will assemble. And orders have been also issued not to permit houses and rooms to be hired in obscure lanes for such purposes in places where there is ample accommodation for Protestant worship in the known schools and public churches of the district. The following quotation will show the mortified feeling of these revolutionary bigots, Palmerston, Minto, Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Howard, together with Kossuth, Mazzini, Petrazzi, &c., can no longer aid in these devoted and righteous out-throats, dressed in the biblical frauds of the ten years that are passed:—

"Each one," says the 6th Article of this Charter, "professes his religion with equal liberty, and obtains for his worship the same protection." This declaration of the Charter, which is repeated in subsequent Constitutions, means at first sight that the free exercise of all forms of worship is henceforth authorized, that their professors may meet to celebrate their rites, and extend them without being harassed by any preventive measure, without any control except that of the common law and the tribunals. But while that provision of the Charter was hailed by all as the promulgation of religious liberty, it was forgotten that in a corner of the Penal Code was inscribed by the hand of a master, and in durable characters, the Constitutions law relating to the regime of worship. The 21st clause of the Penal Code declares every periodical meeting of more than twenty persons subject to the previous authorization of the Government, and to the conditions which the local authority may think proper to impose on it.—Moreover the 29th clause interdicts the citizen from allowing periodical meetings in his dwelling without having previously obtained the permission of the municipal authority. The existence and the place of holding are, therefore, equally placed in the hands of the administrative authority, who may at his pleasure refuse both. Is this refusal without appeal? Do not fear. From the refusal of the Mayor you appeal to the Prefect of the department; from the Prefect to the Minister of the Interior; from the Minister of the Interior to the Council of State, when a solemn decision is pronounced in the last instance on the right and validity of the acts of the local authority. But has not justice, has not the tribunals, a part in all that? and what is that part? They have a part in this conflict, and an important one, from which they cannot withdraw even if they were disposed. That part is to interfere when called upon and assist the local authorities, and to sanction, by means of penalties, the respect which is due to the decisions of those authorities. If in point of fact you dispense with the previous authorization, and assemble; or if you make no account of the refusal or withdrawal of the authorization, you commit an offence, and the strict duty of the tribunals is to punish you. You must pay the penalty, and meditate in prison on the best mode of reconciling the 5th Article of the Charter, which accords you the liberty of exercising your worship and of spreading your doctrines, with the 21st clause of the Penal Code, which adds, "provided that previously the local authority shall judge proper to consent to it."

To reconcile these provisions is, in truth, a difficult task. For more than forty years they have been in conflict with each other, and no one who knows our country is ignorant on what side the advantage is. The general and vague character of the Charter's declaration must always give way before the precise text of the preventive law. On the one hand is the Charter, which, according to French usage, proclaims in magnificent terms the liberty of all; but, on the other, stands the Code, which in a spirit still more French affirms in express terms that in reality it only relates to nineteen persons, and that more than this number must not pray or preach without the previous consent of the local authority. D. W. C.

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF IRELAND.—THE GROWL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

(From the Belfast Irishman.) Good soldiers, good scholars, good workers, this old Celtic Irish race of ours have a bright destiny before them yet, when, as a brave and gallant compact little island-nation, they shall lead the van of Europe by and bye.

No vain and empty boasting this. England puts the words into our mouths; and grows her jealousy at the picture she contemplates. The recent opening of government offices, in India and elsewhere, to public competition, has proved the superiority of the Irish in scholarly aptitudes, in a degree eminently painful to the self-esteem of the Anglo-Saxon. In all the examinations, the Irish candidates have carried off the highest honours, and won the largest share of places. Whereupon the Saturday Review hurls a fierce invective at the system; and warns the British public that the results of its operation will be the transfer of the government of India to the hands of the Irish.

Now, take note of this; the Saturday Review is a very clever high-class London journal. It is especially the organ of the hereditary and intellectual aristocracy of England. Its coarse and angry abuse of the Irish may therefore be accepted as an expression of the feelings of what are called the "governing classes" of England. It sneers at the folly of the ministry in allowing these abhorred Celts to compete and carry off the prizes, and rails at our nation, as a herd of bigots and bogtrotters, who carry their vices and their intolerable habits with them everywhere over the world! Which proves that the influential classes in England hate and detest us Irish with as profound a hatred as they did when they legally valued our heads more cheaply than the head of a wolf.

Now we are not vexed or disappointed at this exhibition of rancorous hatred. Not a jot; we laugh at it defiantly and contemptuously. We can afford to laugh at it: for it is the ludicrous anger of a baffled foe, who spits out in impotent fury that black bile which rankles in his heart. We have beaten the rude and insolent Anglo-Saxon on his own ground, and they who win can afford to laugh. We care not if this competitive system be broken up. We care not if our young scholars and braves are driven back by the intolerant jealousy of England from the career of India. It will only serve to show how fiercely and brutally still the Sassanagh hates our race; and sting the rising generation to battle with sterner resolution against the oppressive power whose cold shadow blights the fresh life of their country. Verily we shall rejoice in it. And there will be little loss. England's hold on

India's loose and feeble. Her power there is but a fleeting picture. By and by that broad eastern empire will pass away from her nervous grasp, and her detested name be blotted from its records for evermore. Be sure of it; that day of doom is coming fast.

But with what scorn and contempt we regard the sneering Saxon boor who, in his anger and vexation at the proud triumphs of Irish intellect, utters such a foul unmanly attack upon a people whose cosmopolitan ease and high-bred adaptability have made them favourites in every court and country of the world. George of England himself, no mean judge—libertine though he was—declared that the Irishmen who had resided any time at the French Court were the most polished gentlemen in Europe. Travel on the continent. Meet the Irish in France or Italy: Catholic Irish gentlemen specially. Note how popular they are everywhere: how they gracefully adapt themselves to the manners of the people with whom they mix. And then look at the grim and insolent English; so awkward, so grotesque, so ludicrous: why they are the laughing-stock of every continental town and watering-place, and the subjects of the caricatures of every satirical print in Europe.

The Saxon churl! How we laugh at his ill-tempered impertinence. Does the crest-fallen libeller know aught of the history of Europe? Are not the names of Irishmen amongst the most brilliant on the roll of the soldiers and statesmen of every continental kingdom: of Irishmen whom the accursed laws of England drove exiles from their native land, to enrich the stranger with their genius and their valor? Does not Russian history wed the name of an Irish De Lacy for ever with the original conquest of that Crimea, where a McMahon planted the imperial flag of France in triumph? Did not a Lally Tollendal (at home in Ireland his race was O'Mulnally) uphold the glory of France in India? Have not Irish O'Donnells been famed as soldiers of chivalrous bearing and gentlemen of polished courtesy in Austria and Spain? Did not the valour of Irish exiled heroes crush, as with the lightning stroke, the pride of Britain on the bloody field of Benenoy?

And oh! Englishman, what does not your ungrateful country owe to Irish valour in the spread of your power over the world. When Gough saved India at the Sabraon, what would you have done but for these Irish then? When the second brigade met the shock of the Russian phalanx on that deadly day at Inkermann, where would your power have been if two thousand Irish hearts had not stood there like a wall of steel to fling back the surging billows of war that dashed against it through the darkling mist? Pity, dear Heaven, most grievous pity it is that so much precious Irish blood and valour, that might build up and cement a nation, should be wasted in the mercenary service of insolent churlish England.

Sassanagh churl! your country did not reject Irish scholarship and genius long years ago; when Celtic monks and priests built up her schools and colleges, gave her an alphabet and learned lore, and preached to her pagan hoors Christianity and civilisation. The times may be changed. English parsons may now advertise for curates (as in the Record, the other day) and append the proviso, "no Irish need apply." English journalists, started by the brilliancy of the young scholarship of Ireland, may call on the government to exclude the Irish youth from the competition for honours and offices. But we laugh at this insolence and arrogance. England's best days are gone. The hour of her fall is approaching. By and by, when the measure is full, she will raise her stricken frame, and call to Ireland to help—and our answer shall be a louder laugh of triumphant scorn.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE BELFAST CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.—The rapid progress of the Belfast Catholic Institute Association is one of the most gratifying evidences which we could wish for of the healthy public spirit existing (though so long, from various disadvantages, unable to manifest its vitality) among the Catholic community of this town. The association has been in existence only a term of time which may be measured by weeks and already its labours have been crowned with remarkable results. A vast number of shares has been disposed of; and, what is eminently gratifying, as a testimony of the character of our working men, these shares have been principally taken by the humble working-people for whose benefit, moral, religious, and educational, the Association has been called into existence. This is proof most encouraging that the Catholic working-classes of Belfast are ready and anxious to avail themselves of any means offered to them of self-elevation and improvement.—But we have another piece of intelligence to communicate which, we know, will give much public satisfaction. The capacious town residence, and adjoining premises, of Robert James Tennent, Esq., situated at the corner of Hercules place, and looking out upon Castle place, has been purchased in trust for the Association. When it was found that this property was in the market, it struck the Directors that, from its central situation, its commodiousness, and its adaptability for library, reading rooms, and similar purposes incidental to the establishment of the Institute, it would be eminently suitable for the Association; and the Directors immediately closed an agreement with Mr. Tennent for its purchase.—Ulsterman.

A private letter from Ireland mentions the decision come to by the Roman Propaganda in the matter of the Irish College in Paris, and its new government. It has been resolved, my informant says, that the rectorship shall be given to one of the Irish Vicentians, who, though living in community, are secular priests. The Vicentians, named after St. Vincent de Paul, are the same as the Lazarists in France. A community exists at Castleknock, near Dublin, and one of that body is to be named in place of Dr. Miley, the late Rector, or *Superior*, as the Roman letter designates him. Dr. Miley will, it seems, remain temporarily (*pro nunc*) as Administrator. The Administrator's functions are confined simply to the receipt and disbursement of the College funds, but have no concern with the discipline or government of the College, which devolves on the Rector. The Vicentians submit three names from their brotherhood to the Archbishops of Ireland, who will choose from among them the new Rector. These have already met for the purpose, but the Vicentians were not yet prepared with the candidates. The Archbishops are to draw up a new body of rules for the government of the College, and one of the Irish Bishops will in future visit it as delegate from the whole of the prelates. Of the Professor who have left the College and returned to Ireland, one has received an appointment to a cure in one of the most considerable parishes in the south of Ireland, and another has been promoted to be Dean of St. Patrick's, in the Catholic University of Dublin. The College, which has been closed since the unpleasant occurrences of June last, is to be open next month, when the new Rector will probably enter in his office.—Times Cor.

THE NATIONAL BOARD AND THE COUNTRY.—The Mayo Telegraph says—There has been a rapid change in the public mind lately respecting the National Board and the working of the National System of Education. For many years John of Tuam stood alone against the absurdity of placing the power of educating the Catholics of Ireland in the hands of a Board composed of parties opposed to the national creed. But does he stand alone now? Not so. Both Prelates and Priests, and what is equally as good, the hearts of the people, are with him.—The Nation has taken a conspicuous part in laying bare the deformities of the system; and we take leave to assure the Board, that however they may affect to despise the denunciations of that great popular organ, the people put the utmost confidence in what it tells them, simply because it is known to speak the truth.

ORANGE BANDS.—PROSECUTION.—Will our readers be so good as to give us a simple narrative of a late and sanguinary Orange outrage.—On Monday a woman named Murray died in Tandragee, after a short illness. She had neither friend nor relation here except an only son, a very fine and powerful young man, of about twenty-six years of age. On the night of Friday last, this young man, whose name is Daniel, went to the house of a neighbour, and, after partaking of some slight refreshment (bread and milk, proceeded homewards. This was about a quarter to twelve o'clock. A short time previously a party of low Orange ruffians, marched past, accompanied by music. They were coming from holding one of their nocturnal meetings at the house of a person named Hart, who resides a short distance from the town. Poor Murray was in the act of entering an entry leading to his house when he was most unexpectedly, and without the least provocation, or a word being spoken, assailed by the party, who, it would appear, were waiting for him, and stabbed, and cut, and mangled him in a most frightful and savage manner. His body is covered with gashes and stabs, eleven or twelve in number, and of the most dangerous nature. There is, for instance, one stab in the neck, and one ear is nearly cut off. Three doctors were in immediate attendance on him, and dressed his wounds. His cowardly assailants fled, exulting in the glorious achievement of shedding Papist blood. Several arrests were made next morning, and two of the assassins, being identified by Murray, were committed. Their names are Marks and Hutchinson, both ruffians of the worst character, but yet retained in the employment of the Duke of Manchester's gardener; and another of the party, although not identified, but admitted to have been at the lodge and in the company of others at the scene of the outrage, is a fellow named Richey, in the employment of the post office, as runner between the Tandragee and Loughbrickland Post-offices, but who, it appears, delegated his duty to another on that night. Poor Murray is not expected to survive; should he do so it will be almost a miracle. Such acts cannot be contemplated except with the utmost horror; but they are in keeping with the system of which such ruffians are the fitting supporters. If anything could aggravate the barbarity of the act, the circumstances under which it was committed would do so, the dead mother and sorrowing son; but pity is alien to the breasts of such Orange miscreants. This is the latest fruit of Orangeism in Ulster; and, certainly, so cowardly and blood-thirsty an attempt at assassination that any comment upon it is unnecessary. We need only say that it is worthy of that truculent and sanguinary association which a Downpatrick newspaper defies the English Government to put down.—Ulsterman.

TEMPERANCE BANDS.—PROSECUTION IN BANDON.—Turk, Jew, or Atheist may fiddle here—but not a Papist. To leave well alone has in all ages been considered so excellent a maxim, that men of prudence, sagacity, and moderation have generally acted upon it. Now, Ireland is at this moment precisely in that condition in which the application of this maxim to her would be most desirable. But the powers that be at Bandon have decreed it otherwise. We refer our readers to the report of the proceedings which took place at the Petty Sessions of that famous town on Saturday last, where the magistrates thought proper to send several members of a Temperance band for trial at the next assizes for having with others marched in a temperance procession through the streets of Bandon on the preceding Sunday after divine service. Now, when we cast a glance over the police records of England, Scotland and Wales we find that in England profanity of every kind, gambling, drunkenness, gatherings of reprobate and low characters, unseemly dances, with immoralities of every conceivable description are going on during the entire Sunday, and continued all night. In Scotland, where an unnatural and rigorous restraint is imposed upon the innocent recreations of the people on the Lord's Day, they indulge in bed, and within the precincts of their own habitations in strong drinks, making the Sunday what is amongst them called a boozing day, not, however, confining themselves to excess in drinking, but in impermissible excesses of various kinds besides. In Wales temperance and immorality take a still wider range, to say nothing of the Chartist meetings, the Mormon preachings, and other disedifying exhibitions and associations that are held on the seventh day, because on the other six the people are otherwise employed. Ireland is the only portion of the United Kingdom in which, though the people have no Forbes Mackenzie acts, no Puritan burcam or Methodist Mawwormism to restrain them, they deport themselves with decorum, and enjoy their day of rest with moderate and seemly *gaite de cœur*. Instead of revel, riot, and debauchery there are, in the larger cities especially, masses of young persons who form themselves into Young Men's Associations, Religious Societies, and lastly Temperance Bands, the latter of which occasionally take Sunday trips to neighbouring towns, and there play for their own and public amusement, the various musical pieces to the learning of which they have devoted their leisure hours. One would imagine impossible to devise a more harmless mode of recreation, or one less calculated either to offend the unco'-godly, to excite the imaginary apprehensions of Orange ascendancy cliques, or raise apprehensions of the disturbance of the public peace. Yet such has, it is alleged, been the effects resulting from a visit to Bandon of the Cork Temperance band. The constabulary affecting dreadful alarm, mustered in force to listen to the music, to watch the march of things, and to read—that is, those who could read—such inflammatory and treasonable devices, as the following wrought on motly colored flags—"No. 1, Barrack-street, Temperance Room." Here was a batching of treason with a vengeance, though as one of the witnesses justly remarked, it merely indicated that the whole procession consisted of teetotalers.—No party tunes were played, no offensive allusions or epithets, no political demonstrations made. Nevertheless the good Protestant denizens of Bandon, mindful of their ancient grudge against Pope and Popery, *Needum etiam causa irerum, serique dolores exciderant animis,*

were determined to put a stop to such melodious machinations. They sent a second gunpowder plot, the leader of the band was veritable Guy Fawkes, ready with his baton to set fire to every Protestant domicile in their good old town—and they were determined accordingly to nip the conspiracy in the bud. The crown prosecuted, the bench put their heads solemnly together, the true-blue police told their terrible tale, and the poor harmless hard-working and honest teetotalers are to be dragged like felons to the bar of justice at the next assizes to answer for the high crime and misdemeanour of playing some half dozen tunes indifferently well through the streets of that Mecca of the South, Bandon, after the pious nuritans of that famed spot had finished their devotions for the day. As Mr. O'Hea, who defended the misdemeanants, so appropriately said—If these innocent men were punished, it would be tantamount to saying to them, "Spend your Sunday and your money at the ale-house or the gin-shop; do so, and resemble your English brethren." This is, in truth, the only interpretation that can be given to the decision of the magistrates in sending these poor people for trial at the assizes. If, as in Scotland, they had remained in bed "boozing" from Sunday morning till Sunday night—if they had been guilty of the grossest improprieties where the eyes of the public could not penetrate to watch their orgies—they might have indulged in every species of wrongdoing with impunity; but the sounds of the labor and the lute, the gladness of soul and joy of heart, which are the concomitants and evidences of a guiltless conscience, are unwelcome to the "Cantrells" of Bandon, and must be discontinued, put down, and manacled, lest it throw sanctimoniousness into the horrors and put pietism in the blush. Such are the inestimable advantages Ireland derives from its Orange Magistracy.—Dublin Telegraph.