

ANGELUS DOMINI

(Written one evening during the present month, when the Angelus bells were ringing just as the sun was setting.)

The setting sun, so lovingly The western clouds to gold hath kissed, And proud Mount Royal's spires are tinged...

There's richest music in their chiming, They breathe the devotions brightest spells, They charm all earthly cares away...

GEN. BUTLER'S GREAT LECTURE.

THE IRISH SOLDIER IN AMERICA.

(CONTINUED FROM 4TH JULY.)

STORY OF THE NINTH CONNECTICUT.

When the New England Division was being recruited, organized, and disciplined, at Camp Chase, near Lowell, Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, had recruited, but not to its full number...

But once in camp, where they were mustered into the United States service, and obedience, discipline, and regularity were the order of the day, there was no further trouble, and the force of policemen was at once disbanded.

AS THE BIGGEST EVIDENCE OF THEIR DISCIPLINE

and the character they had established for soldierly bearing and for propriety of conduct, when the order was promulgated for the removal of the Ninth to be replaced by another New England regiment...

THE IRISH SOLDIER IS A STRONG MAN.

Another quality possessed by the Irish soldier is the retaining of his health better, as a rule, than soldiers of many other nationalities. It has been sometimes supposed that this peculiarity arises from some constitutional hardihood which preserves them from the effects of fatigue and hardship...

THE SADDEST SIGHT THAT EVER GREETED THE EYE OF A COMMANDER

Is the inspection of a hospital filled with men dying and from no cause save homesickness. Experience in other service and in other nations demonstrates this fact.

The Swiss Guard of the French king were petted household troops, furnished with luxurious quarters most brilliant uniforms, and employed in the most pleasant duty; yet many died from homesickness, and when some wandering milkmaid sang the "Ran des Vaches," or evening milk-song of the Swiss mountaineers, soldiers, men, insane by homesickness, either deserted their colors or sickened and died.

HE HAS A LIGHT HEART.

Lightness of disposition in the Irish soldier, his fondness of merriment, his tendency to meet misdeeds, however severe, with mingled fun and ridicule,

lightened every march, drove away care, and prevented despondency even in the darkness and cold of a stormy night, nay, took away half the terrors of battle. An Irish soldier can even find some comfort to lighten his labors by turning into ridicule the incompetency of his officers. What could be finer as a jest than the reply of the sub-officer, when running a picket upon a general, not very popular with the army, who was struck down by a shell just grazing the top of his head and carrying away his cap? The officer finding his general unhurt, returned to his company and gravely informed his comrades, who had been excited spectators of the occurrence, that he would now resign. "Why?" cried they, "why resign now, on the eve of battle too?" "Oh! I am disgusted with the service; do you think I am going to serve any longer in an army where all the general's heads are bombproof?"

But the private was not speaking his own mind. When the Sixth Ninth Regiment, in 1861, after the two defeats of our army at Bull Run in '61 and '62, found themselves marching towards Fairfax Court-House, and apparently towards the celebrated, but to the Federal Forces unfortunate, field of disaster, "Where are we marching to?" said one Irish soldier to his comrade, as they trudged along in column. "Oh! begorra," was the instant reply, "don't you see we are going to Bull Run to get our annual bating." The shouts of laughter and merriment, as the witicism passed from rank to rank in that column, was better for its spirits its elation, and efficiency than an hour's rest with stacked arms.

THE RELIGION OF THE IRISH SOLDIER.

There is still another and perhaps more important than any sustaining power which the Irish soldier has—he believes in his religion. With him it is a faith and a reality. It is not a fashionable infidelity or a formal observance. His priest is always with him, ready to give him advice and religious comfort in life, and shroud him in death, and bear his last message to those near and dear to him far away. He sees and knows that the hand of his Church is around him and above him; that her intercessions with his Saviour, in whom he trusts, will plead for his sins as he passes through the dark valley and shadow of death, and in full faith he relies on her for his hereafter. He listens to her offices, and recognizes her ordinances, and partakes of her sacraments in the field, and commits his soul to her keeping before the humble and rude altar, raised perhaps with drums piled one on top of the other, and draped with the flag that he is about to follow in battle, as cheerfully, and implicitly, and reverently as he does in the arched cathedral, where the holy Mass is intoned with the accompaniment of the rich swelling music of the pealing organ, before an altar decorated and enriched by all that art and piety can bestow to make it worthy of the service of God, to which it is dedicated.

Without intending to institute any comparison between the chaplains of the Catholic regiments and those of other denominations, I may be permitted to say that the Catholic clergy were fully equal to the duty imposed upon them, and in their ministrations seemed to show that they strove to do their whole duty to those whose souls were entrusted to their care rather in obedience to the ordinances of the Church of which they were members than with any regard to army regulations or the authority of temporal power.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS IN THE WAR.

There is no good soldier, no observing officer, no thoughtful man, who has seen the effect of the ministrations of the Irish Catholic priesthood in the armies of the United States who will not pay them high honor, and bear testimony that they were ministers of good, and never of evil.

Does not such self-sacrifice as this teach tolerance and a spirit of liberality towards all sects of religion, and of all beliefs? That each and all should receive fostering, but not discriminating, care at the hands of the State? The aid given in our Revolution and War of Independence by the Catholics of the country, and especially by the fact that in our darkest hours his most Catholic majesty, King Louis of France, became our ally, and sent his troops to our succor, caused General Washington, in 1790, to reply to the address of the Catholic Church and laity, presented to him by the Right Rev. Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, the first Catholic bishop of the United States, in the following memorable words, which are as opposite now as ever, to teach us our duties to our fellow-men in this regard:

"As mankind becomes more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of the civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their Government; or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic religion is professed."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

In this connection let me call to mind the services of another organization, largely Irish, that aided us during the war, but none of which were ever found against us; being soldiers of the cross, they were enrolled under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

Frequently, on the battle-field, they carried neither arms of offence nor defence.

Wherever the suffering, the wounded, or the dying lay, there was their duty, and there they endeavored to soothe the one, bind up and heal the other, and tenderly care for the last with love universal to humanity; with patience never faltering; with overflowing kindness of heart; with the single desire to do good to all men. They were found in every hospital doing battle against disease and misery, in obedience to the commands of their Master, who said: "As ye do unto the least of these, so also ye do unto me." Delicately-nurtured, holy women, they passed unharmed through every camp, scattering blessings in their path, looking for their reward in doing his work, and adding to his glory. Oh! it was wonderful to see strong men become as little children in their hands, and put off the rough manners, and throw aside the rougher and harsher language of the camp, when these women came near. They brought to the bedside of the wounded and dying soldier at once the thought of home, the ministrations of religion, and such consolation as would seem only could come from the hand of the great Saviour of mankind.

Many a mother, many a sister, many a wife owe to their assiduous care a son, a brother, a husband restored to them alive, who would otherwise have filled one of the unknown graves that dot the hills of Virginia, the plains of Georgia and Tennessee, and the swamps of Louisiana and Mississippi. These brave soldiers of the cross knew no creed, recognized no nationality. Their services were given, like those of their Master, to the human-kind. Was the sufferer before them a private soldier or a commanding general, to them there was no difference. Confederate or Federal, he was their brother.

NO BULLETIN HERALDED THEIR EXPLOITS.

no general order gave them honorable mention by name, no personal fame shall be to any one of them; but to the order, to the faith they profess, to the Church they honor they bring great honor and renown. And in every Southern prison, on many a battle field, and in every hospital they were hailed by all men without regard to creed, as well, by the infidel as the Christian, as well by the educated as the ignorant, all whose blessings followed these Catholic women with reverent and endearing names,

as "Sisters of Charity," "Angels of Mercy," "Daughters of God."

It is wonderful, then, that men of the same religious faith, with such examples of heroism and self-sacrifice before them, went to do battle for their country, regardless of perils and dangers of the battle-field, and met death as calmly as they would lay down to-night's repose, like flowers at set of sun.

If indeed, needs this review we have made of the distinctive peculiarities of the Irish soldier, the powerful auxiliaries of his Church and faith to sustain him in the hour of trial, to bring our minds to the full credence of the indomitable courage, the steady bravery with which he goes into battle.

THE NINTH MASS. IN ACTION.

Passing by all other of their well-fought fields, and omitting mention of gallant deeds of other battalions, let us recall a single battle field where the fate of the Army of the Potomac, the grand army of the Union, was held for hours in the hands, and dependent on the steadiness and valor, of a single Irish regiment—our own GALLANT NINTH, one of the companies of which was then commanded by our deceased hero, Colonel Finnan, whose early death alone of that gallant band we are not even permitted specially to mourn to-night.

McClellan had been driven from before Richmond. His army was in retreat to Harrison's Landing, pursued by Jackson's Corps, who were trying to wedge themselves in between the Union forces and the James River, and to deprive them of the support of their gunboats. If Jackson's object had been attained there would have been nothing left to McClellan but rout and capture; driven from the base of his supplies, he must either surrender or his army perish. As it was, in that retreat the men were some days without food. A day or two after the bloody conflict we are about to describe, we fought the terrible engagement of Malvern Hill, where Meagher's Brigade won for themselves imperishable honor in repulsing another effort of Jackson to attain this desired end. In the retreat of a broken army,

THE REAR GUARD IS THE POST OF HONOR.

His rear is now trusted by McClellan to Porter's Corps, of which the Ninth formed a part. It became necessary to hold a point near Gaines's Mill against the advancing enemy until the retreating Union forces could debouch from the defiles and swamps that separated them from the plateau lying at the base of Malvern Hill, and extending thence down the James to Harrison's Landing, the point of safety to be reached by the overtaxed and dispirited Union troops.

The Ninth, with two supporting regiments, are ordered to take position to hold in check the advancing enemy, and gain time for the rest of the army. The Ninth advance to their position as ordered. By some mistake or misconception of the orders, the other two regiments do not go forward. It is now midday. The advance of Jackson's Corps seem winding out of the wood which had concealed his brigades. He turns the head of his column to "sweep away," as he says, that green flag which meets his eye as the noonday sun glides the sunburst.

Looking around them, the soldiers of the Ninth see the whole of our army in retreat, and they are left alone, their support not having come up, to stand the shock of the fighting corps of Lee's army. Not long time have they to wait. A volley pours into them from the advancing lines of the foe. That terrific yell we know so well follows. To retreat is capture to ourselves, with destruction to our army. To stand, as we are, under this plunging fire, will indeed sweep us from the earth. They charge! Let us meet the enemy half way! Forward, now! Charge! with such a cheer as only Irishmen can give. The foe gives back.

THAT GLEISTERING LINE OF STEEL, OVER WHICH PROUDLY FLOATS THE GREEN FLAG OF BRIN,

is too much for him. He seeks shelter in the wood from which he came. Back, now, the Ninth! Give ground slowly, as if on parade. We must get a position where they cannot flank us, and where, if it is possible, our support may come up. Again the rebels charge. They think we are retreating, do they? They'll find out! About face, the Ninth! At them again! Another sight of the sunburst advancing, and take to the woods again; but our loss of officers and men is fearful. Again and again was this repeated from noon till four o'clock in the afternoon. Our commander now knows that he can rely on no support, and that the safety of the army depends upon his regiment alone.

It is now four o'clock. The Confederate General Cobb takes the field, with his own legion at the head of Jackson's column, and with him the Nineteenth North Carolina and the Fourteenth Virginia; in the language of Count Estvan, a Prussian officer serving on his staff, "foaming at the mouth," to see the best troops of the Confederate Army foiled by a single regiment. Cobb drives his brigade forward to crush that small line of blue over which waves in defiance, though torn with shot and shell, the green flag and the stars and stripes together. He comes out of the wood with his brigade deployed in two lines.

COLONEL GUINEY AND HIS MEN.

One would think the very appearance of those charging lines of gray would cause the blue to vanish from the field. Our lieutenant-colonel, the cool but daring Guiney makes his disposition to meet them by a counter-charge. "Steady now, boys!" he shouts. "Color-bearers, forward! Men follow your colors!"

Now the cheer, and our blue lines cuts through the ranks of that churning column as if it were a Damascus blade of shining steel. The tide of battle is stayed—nay, is turned back. But what a loss of our officers and men! Our blue line is shorter now as we close up our ranks. The flag of the golden harp is saved, but bathed in the blood of its heroic defenders. O God! the green is red now, as it will be again and again before dear old Ireland gets her place once more among the nations of the earth.

A PRUSSIAN OFFICER'S ACCOUNT.

The rest of that glorious day's history you shall have in the words of Major Estvan, the Prussian Confederate staff officer before quoted: "Broken to pieces and disorganized, the fragment of the one legion of Cobb's came rolling back from the line. The Nineteenth North Carolina lost eight standard-bearers and most of their staff officers were either killed or wounded."

And again says Estvan: "Generis Hill and Andrews led their troops to the attack, but the enemy nevertheless quietly and coolly held out against every attack we made one after the other, notwithstanding this solitary brigade had to stand their ground from four until eight o'clock in the evening."

No wonder the rebel officer mistook the Ninth for a brigade, for we did the duty that ought to have been done by a whole army corps. Nine times were we charged by brigade after brigade, and nine times were the enemy driven back.

A CONFEDERATE'S TRIBUTES.

Quoting the Confederate historian's language again. "They performed deeds of incredible valor, and it was only when the news came that Jackson was upon them in the rear, about eight, that they retired before our advance. Despite the dreadful carnage in their ranks they marched off with streaming banners and rolling drums, and carried with them all their slightly wounded and all their luggage, and when the cavalry of Davis and Wickham went in pursuit of them, repelled its assault with perfect coolness."

They thus given you, if indeed the language of eulogy yet it comes from an enemy praise of the valor of Irishmen from the lips of a German! Words of characterization cannot be added to, and phrases of description are powerless, to make to appear in more vivid colors, the gallantry of conduct of the Ninth Massachusetts Irish Regiment.

LET US PAUSE HERE.

Who was the commander who led his battalion to do these acts of "incomparable valor"? Was he some trained veteran enrolled as soldier in his cradle, like the son of a king, familiar with arms from his youth up? Was he a graduate of the schools Polytechnique or St. Cyr, where Napoleon was taught the art of war? Was he educated at Woolwich, where, with the youths of the British aristocracy, the present Napoleon was sent to be instructed how to wield arms? Was he even a graduate of our own West Point, which has turned out so many good soldiers, and so many bad ones?

Where got he this inspiration of military genius which led him to comprehend the necessities of the situation, and how to maintain his position? From what lions' line of nobles and generals did he inherit the daring intrepidity with which he sustained his men to meet the nine times repeated shocks of a truly outnumbering enemy? He had neither one of all these advantages save the last. He was a young Irishman.

SKETCH OF GEN. P. R. GUINEY.

Born in Tipperary in 1835, he came to this country with his father when nine years of age. Not blessed with fortune, receiving whatever education he might in a New England common school, he wrought with his hands as machinist until he fitted himself for admission to the College of the Holy Cross, where he graduated, with honor, studied his profession, and soon after he reached his majority was admitted to the bar. When the regiment that he afterwards commanded was being raised, in the spring of 1861, he took part in its recruitment and organization, and was commissioned as one of its subalterns; thence promoted to be captain, thence major, thence lieutenant-colonel.

He was publicly complimented for bravery at the battle, a portion of which we have faintly described, in special orders by Gen. Porter; and so just and merited were those orders, both to the lieutenant-colonel commanding and regiment, but they were, by the direction of Governor Andrew, read to every Massachusetts regiment in the field. July, 1862, he was made colonel. At the Battle of the Wilderness, he lost his left eye by a gunshot wound, which disabled him, and he soon returned home, and was mustered out of service with his regiment, having been brigadier-general.

When he returned to civil life, he entered the practice of his profession, after having fought with his regiment in thirty-six battles in the space of three years.

The short and simple story of his services in the field cannot be added to by words of eulogy; and no man can be found who could, if he desired, take anything by a word of detraction.

When this meeting at which we are assembled was announced, in a spirit of generous appreciation Colonel Guiney wrote for my friend, Colonel Finnan. From the ultimate effects of wounds received in battle, and exposure on the field, the patriot, hero, soldier, lawyer, Patrick R. Guiney, in the past month fell dead in the city of his adoption.

Developing this extraordinary genius for military affairs at so early an age, he had compressed into a few years of a short life, more of heroic deeds and valuable services to his country than falls to the lot of but few men in many generations.

We, therefore, as fellow citizens of America, grateful for all he has done, have only to drop our tears to his memory, and embalm his name and fame as honored recollections in our history and hearts.

THE OLD CAUSE OF THE IRISH SOLDIER.

But there is another country, the land of his birth; which may well mourn him with more anguish and regret for his loss, as that country may grieve over the early loss of many another young soldier trained to war in the best of all possible schools, that of camp and field in our armies. I have believed, nay, I have learned from more than one gallant young Irish soldier, when I have asked him, "What special inducement had you to enlist to fight our battles?" from the reply, given with glowing and proud eye, "Ah! generals, there should be some young Irishmen somewhere trained up as soldiers to take part in the redemption of dear old Ireland, and to restore her to what she once was. We will yet bring her back to what she once was." We will yet bring her back to self-government, liberty under the law, freedom from oppression, liberality and tolerance in religion, industry and prosperity in her labor, culture in her schools, progress in science and art, until the dear old land shall be what she once was, the home of princes and kings; but they shall be princes and kings by the choice of her people.

These were the aspirations, I doubt not, which filled the minds and nerve the arms of many a brave young Irishman, who, like our deceased friends, fought for the Union.

Many of them are still alive, and now approaching middle age, with each of whom the fervent prayer will daily be that the time when he may may strike for Ireland as he has done for America may come before his arm is palsied by age.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP FABRE.

At his Pastoral visit at St. Jean Chrysostom, on the 13th July, a large number of people assembled at the church for the reception of Bishop Fabre. Wherever his Lordship was to pass, the streets were decorated with trees and evergreens; a beautiful arch was erected in front of the church, every body participated in rendering the ceremony as imposing as possible.

The parishioners animated with the same spirit presented his Lordship with the following address, which was read in both French and English by J. L. Dorcum, Esq., Notary; His Lordship replied in both languages, in very appropriate terms: To His Lordship, E. C. Fabre, Bishop of Montreal, on his Pastoral visit to St. Jean Chrysostom:

My Lord, — In the name of the parishioners of St. Jean Chrysostom, your children I have the honor to wish you the most cordial welcome.

The order and enthusiasm of the multitude assembled to receive you, the decorations made in the streets where you passed, the joy which radiates upon every face are proofs of the respect and attachment which we all have for you.

We would feel happy to receive your Lordship in a more worthy manner, but the circumstances in which we are this year, on account of work being done to the interior of our church and the building of a new presbytery as to do as much as we would like to do; we all know your visit amongst us is not made with the intention of obtaining worldly honors and exterior demonstrations.

Therefore we come to offer you submitted hearts and to testify our love and attachment to the Holy Catholic Church, the religion which she teaches us and specially for our Holy Father the Pope, the Glorious Six IX.

Your mission amongst us is a mission of power, we shall accept with submission and respect your advice and wise counsels and will do all in our power to practice them; we will have but one aim, that of being always agreeable and submitted to you. Please, my Lord, accept with the most sincere gratitude, our thanks for your visit, for what you have already done for us and for the diocese.

THE 12TH JULY RIOT IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

(From the Charlottetown, P.E.I., New Era, 14 July.)

The Orangemen of this city marched in procession from their Lodge Room to the Steamer Southport, at Ferry Wharf, on the 12th to attend a Tea Party at West River. They numbered seventy-two, and were chiefly young men. At the lower end of Water street a horse in a truck, was startled by the sounds of the music of Galbraith's Band which headed the procession, and which we must do the justice of recording they did not play offensive party tunes. The horse ran through but did not break up the procession which moved along unmolested. The Tea Party we hear passed off quietly, and returned home about 7 o'clock p.m., landing at the Steam Navigation Wharf. At the lower end of Great George Street there was a large crowd of spectators, many of whom accompanied the procession along Water street, and up Queen Street. It is reported that one of the processionists fired a shot from a revolver before the procession entered the Orange Lodge Room, in Offer's Brick building upper Queen Street. This however is denied by those in the procession; but as we did not reach the ground until after the procession had entered the Lodge Room, we can not speak on this point of our own knowledge. We learn, however, from reliable witnesses that the procession passed in without being either molested or disturbed. After the procession had passed in, three Orangemen men came out through one of the windows, and stood on the moulding over the Store of Messrs. Miller Bros.

There was not much notice taken of them, and they went in. There were then no stones thrown at them, nor were any thrown before the pistol shots were fired. When some of the Orangemen came out of the Hall they got into a quarrel with a few of the young Irishmen in the crowd, and some blows were struck, and a little scuffling took place which could have been easily controlled by the police only that some Orangemen came down the hall with revolvers in their hands, and which they unfortunately fired into the crowd amongst friend and foes. From what we saw we are inclined to think that the shots were at first fired for the purpose of intimidating the crowd, or through a love of mischief by some young ruffians who had the same curiosity to hear a pistol snap, that mischievous urchins have to set off fire crackers. Upon the firing of the revolvers there was the wildest excitement—many of the people of both sexes flying toward the Apothecaries Hall. A young lad named Luke Higgins, aged 14, was shot in the arm, P. Laferty, P. Brennan and John Moore, were severely wounded in the head. When it was reported that there were children and men killed by the Orangemen; the excitement was at a fever heat. The crowd were exasperated to a state of frenzy. They picked up stones which laid in large quantities on the streets, and fired a volley into the Orange Hall, some of which broke the glass in the windows above Mr. S. W. Crabbe's store and the windows of the Odd Fellow's Hall in the same building. At the beginning of the row Messrs. Miller and Crabbe prudently pulled down the shutters of their stores else the damage would have been much greater than it was. The Orangemen fired repeatedly from the windows of their room into the crowd forgetting, probably, in doing so that, in the eyes of the law, they incurred the penalty of the gravest of crimes. The crowd answered the pistol firing with volleys of stones. The Orangemen were driven from the windows, and a large number of the crowd, chiefly young lads, evidently now became determined to pull down the flag. Several attempts were made in this direction, but they were unable to reach it from the front or rear of the premises. After this had gone on for a considerable time the Stipendiary Magistrate rode up, the crowd gathered about him, and he asked them if there were any men who would speak and say what they were there for. Several answered they wanted the flag down, and would go home if that were done. He said he would ask to have it taken down. He went up to the Lodge Room and shortly after a man came out and tried to pull it down. The crowd cheered and were dispersing when it was run up again. They returned and fired another volley of stones. The flag was then taken down, and at the request of the Stipendiary Magistrate the crowd dispersed, and no further rioting took place.

The above are the facts of the case as we saw them, given without prejudice, and divesting ourselves of prejudice, as much as is possible for a public writer to do.

We have not space for the comments which suggest themselves; but we must say that under the circumstances the Stipendiary Magistrate showed a tact, and good sense that would have done credit to an older head. The scene was dreadful and disgraceful and might have been disastrous to life and property. It was one that we thought impossible ever to have happened on the streets of Charlottetown. It was one that must have filled every lover of this new land with sorrowful forebodings for its future because it showed that the smouldering elements of hate, rancor, and discord may blow at any moment into a flame that may destroy the bright prospects of this Dominion. Would that the same willing consent to allay excitement, and restore the peace which induced the Orangemen to pull down their flag on Thursday would induce them to disband altogether. Why should the bitterness and strife of the old world be brought here to curse also this fair Dominion. But it is too much to expect good counsels to prevail in an hour or a day. Orangism should be "severely let alone." Time will create, we trust, a national Canadian spirit of our own which will swallow up the factious elements which should never have a foothold here. In the meantime there should be a rigid investigation into the cause of this riot; and the man who murderously fired the first shot or wickedly threw the first stone should be dealt with according to the utmost rigor of the law. There is a heavy penalty against carrying concealed weapons. Evidently many in the procession were guilty of violating this law, and perhaps none are now more than themselves that their folly and crime of firing rejoiced into a crowd did not end more disastrously than it did.

THE STRIKE.

The railway strike has culminated in bloodshed and severe loss of life. As the sixth volunteer regiment was marching through the streets of Baltimore on last Friday they were fired into by the mob and they retaliated by firing in return and killing and wounding over thirty persons. A good many soldiers were also injured. A division of volunteers has been ordered out. The strikers put torpedoes on the track but no damage was done.

CUMBERLAND, Md., July 21.—The rioters here and at Keyser have fallen away. No trains are allowed to leave, but no personal violence is used. The police are powerless. The strikers number 1,600. Some rioters were released from arrest last night because the Mayor feared the threats of the mob who surrounded the jail. A number of freight cars were rifled by the mob this morning, children with bags and baskets assisting.

The Gazette says thirty members of the Fifth Regiment were severely wounded last night, and not a shot was fired by a member of the regiment during the trying ordeal. The bodies of the dead were removed from the station house this morning amid an impressive silence.