

ing by the house of a man named Neill, whose father was murdered by the Orangemen some years ago, they stopped to play "Croppies lie down;" and Neill, who was, with some of the other quarrymen, resting on a wall by the road side, it being dinner hour, told them to go and not be irritating the people; that it was enough for them to murder his father. One of them took out a pistol, and swore that he would give him the same death if he said another word—another of the quarry-men give the drum a kick or a blow of a stone and broke in the head of it. The Orange party then marched in without any further injury being done to either party, and when they arrived in Dungannon they stated that they had been attacked and showed their brethren the broken drum. The whole body then amounting to about five thousand men, all marched out of the town for the ill-fated district of Carland—the terrified inhabitants fled at their approach, and none remained behind but old men and women who were unable to run. On arriving at the house of a wealthy Catholic named M'Gladrigan, they smashed all the windows and endeavoured to break in the door with an anvil, but the house which is slated and very strongly built resisted them, and, although they broke the door-work of the outer door, they were unable to force large crow-bars that ran across it inside. They then went to the quarry which is owned by a wealthy and respectable Catholic, and there they pulled down a working shed, smashed several cut pillars and entablatures for building which he was supplying by contract. They also broke a valuable crane used for lifting stones out of the quarry. The loss sustained by this man is estimated at about two hundred pounds. They next attacked a forge adjoining, which they early pulled down, cut the bellows, and carried away all the hammers, and sledges, crow-bars they could find there and in the quarry, and with these implements they smashed not only the doors of such houses as were shut against them, but all the furniture and property inside. They went next to the house of a man named Duff, and when I describe what occurred here and in another house owned by a man of the same name, the reader will have an accurate account of the wrecking and plundering of forty-six houses, which were comfortable abodes for three hundred and sixty-seven persons. The party that came to Duff's, were armed with pistols, a bayonet, a hatchet, and a sledge. With the sledge they smashed in the door, broke the window-stools and a large stone trough that was outside.—Here the family, which consisted of an old man and woman, their two sons, three daughters, and servant boy, did not retreat but had themselves shut up. When the Orangemen got in they said—"here we are, the Killyman wreckers; where are the medalmen and Repealers?" They then struck one of the sons with the hatchet, and actually cut a slice off the side of his head. They then stabbed the old man in the neck with a bayonet, and beat the old woman unmercifully with a bludgeon. The remainder of the family, boys and girls, took refuge on a loft, whither they were pursued, and every one of them beaten and maimed in the most cruel manner. They then came down, smashed a desk in pieces, which they rifled of three pounds in notes, a few shillings in silver, and some valuable articles of wearing apparel—they then smashed the bedsteads, chairs, tables, and every atom of furniture in the house—they cut the bed-clothes in pieces, and attempted with the hatchet to cut down the loft, upon which they left the boys and girls maimed and bleeding. They then went to the out-offices, swearing if they found the cattle they would stab them; they were out in the field, and the wretches pulled down a barn and stable, and attempted to put a coal to the back of the house, and would have succeeded in burning the whole concern but that the rain began to fall pretty heavily. This is a literally true description of their proceedings at every house they went to; but when at the house of a man named Neill Duff, where there was no one but an old woman, whose son they broke, they repeatedly cried out, "We are the boys that will assist Peel to put down the Repeal." Every place they found a temperance medal, they either cut it with a hatchet or threw it into the fire. Thus the villain proceeded until forty-six houses were totally wrecked, some of them partly burnt, and every atom of property within and without that they could lay their hands on totally destroyed. It was heart-rending to behold the poor people lying on the bare ground, and the torrents of rain pouring in upon them, without chair, stool,

table, pot, or any other article of property, except the clothes which they wore. I have never seen anything like it, nor read of anything, except Stephen's account of the condition of Missolonghi and its inhabitants, after it fell into the hands of the Turks.

It has been asked where were the magistrates and the police whilst this work of wholesale destruction and plunder was going on? Upon this subject I have made the most minute inquiries, and was informed by a woman named Margaret M'Grade, and by M'Ladrigan, both of whom have been sufferers—that Mr. Wray, the magistrate, and agent of Lord Ranfurley and a party of police, arrived sometime before the work of devastation was complete—that they stood at a distance, and were as my informants believed, afraid to interfere.—Others have made the same statements to me.

When all the houses of the district, and the property in them, were totally demolished, the wreckers returned again to the town, where they drew up in military order, and were told off in companies, who marched off in different directions of the town, where their brethren had refreshments prepared for them. The evening then came on wet, and the wreckers marched off in different directions, with fires playing "Croppies lie down" and the "Boyne water." The drums were rendered unfit for service by the heavy rain, so that they did not make as much noise at their exit as their entrance, and, notwithstanding that the great bulk of them had thus returned to town after the outrage was committed, not a man of them was arrested. It is, however, asserted that a large party, to whom the care of the plunder was entrusted, did not enter the town again, but proceeded to some place of rendezvous by another direction.

Notwithstanding this unparalleled calamity and outrage, the Repealers of Dungannon are none deterred from proceeding in the peaceable and constitutional path pointed out to them by the Liberator. They held a meeting to-day, at which spirited but Christian resolutions were passed; which will be found in another part of our paper.

Counsellor Clements addressed the assembly in eloquent and forcible terms, impressing upon them the necessity of peace and forbearance notwithstanding the unmerited calamities they had suffered.

Mr. Farrell, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Fullan, Mr. Armstrong, a Protestant gentleman, and the Rev. Mr. Lowry, a Protestant gentleman, and the Rev. Mr. Lowry, a Presbyterian clergyman, spoke to the same effect.

One hundred Repealers were enrolled on the spot, and 5l. given to Mr. Clements to hand in at the association.

IRELAND AND LIBERTY.

Virtue is necessary to happiness, and must precede liberty. Men that are slaves to their passions and appetites, are soon enslaved bodily, and must remain in a degraded state until first they break the chains of ignorance and of those depraved and debased appetites, which bind the soul, after which, the power of man is naught. When the reformation extends individually and simultaneously over a whole people, as in Ireland, and a spirit of justice is blended with and made the foundation of all their movements, such a people are conquerable and must succeed in throwing off the yoke of man. The last advices from the "Emerald Isle,"—the Gem of the Ocean—show that a crisis is at hand. The foul fiend, Intemperance has been exorcised by the great apostle, Father Mathew, and three millions of Irishmen have signed the pledge. Having thus given freedom internally, they are prepared to shake the shackles from their hands, and—backward they cannot go—forward they may be forced. The editor of the N. Y. Morning Chronicle, who is himself of Milesian descent, and who is able to speak by the Book says: The British ministry it would seem, have determined to suppress the

mass meetings of Irish repealers by force. Large bodies of troops have been ordered to the country, and, from the speeches in Parliament, it is evident that the government is about to move energetically in the work of crushing forever the last hope of liberty for that long oppressed people. He knows but little of the character of the Irish, who cannot see that this attempt will lead to bloodshed, and perhaps awful and protracted war. O'Connell, and the other great leaders of the repeal movement, have over and over again declared their intentions to be peaceful; they believed that justice to Ireland could be obtained, without violence or bloodshed, and so far as we have read, there has been no attempt at their great meetings to arouse a vindictive feeling against England. They have moved with great caution; their public addresses evince a spirit of forbearance, and a generous confidence in the justice of England, which should excite any other emotions than those of hatred and hostility.

But England looks on this mighty movement—for though peaceable, it is a mighty one—with fear. She had seen, within the last six years, six millions of her subjects abandon the use of intoxicating drinks—she has witnessed among them the gradual extinction of those religious prejudices, which she herself enkindled, and beheld them falling harmoniously into one great and glorious plan, which had for its purpose the independence of their country. If, as in '98, there was no union, no settled purpose no general mingling of all classes and creeds, she would give herself but little uneasiness. It was but a party here and there, raising and despoiling, to be in turn destroyed, her mercenaries would quickly stop their career. But the case is far different. There are no preparations on the part of the Irish for war, no threats of violence, but a calm yet earnest petition, not from a part, but the whole, for justice. It is a nation presenting its wrongs and asking for redress. At this day, when free opinions are making rapid progress over the world, there is something terrible to tyranny in a demand like this, and hence the attempt of England to choke ere it is half uttered.

Now, though Ireland has disclaimed all design of fighting for repeal, she will most assuredly fight, and to the death, for the rights of petition for repeal—she will tell about her wrongs and clamor for justice; she will not be gagged, and if her oppressor endeavours to stop her mouth, there will be war—and war, too, that will astonish the world. The Irish are now what they never were before—united. This temperance reform, the enrolment of two thirds of her population on Father Mathew's pledge, has consolidated an army that will hold in check, mighty as she is, the power of England. It may be that the first blow against this overgrown, corrupt, and insolent power, whose foot is now on the necks of millions, is to come from Ireland. It may be that the nation she has most foully wronged, is to be the first to strike her down. It would not be strange if the first victim of her rapacity, should be the first smiter.

Dreadful as would be the contrast, in the end, right will prevail. There is, we believe, a day of reckoning rapidly approaching for England; if we thought otherwise, we would renounce all belief in a God of Justice. It is blasphemy to heaven to suppose that this remorseless enslaver can longer pursue her course of desolation and blood. For two centuries she has been extending her sway; professing to be controlled by the religion of the Saviour, she has presented the pagan with the bible at the point of the bayonet, and taught him to read it by the light of his burning dwelling. In the name of the God of mercy, her armies have murdered defenceless men and violated innocent women and fresh from the smoking field of carnage, she has dared to return thanks to that God, because in his wise providence, he has permitted her to cast reproach on His name, by these black atrocities. But the measure of her crime is full—those who look for the storm that shall overwhelm her, may even now see in Ireland the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand.—Daily Times.

SPREAD OF INSURRECTION IN WALES.—Let

Peel look at home.—The offences committed by "Rebecca and her daughters" are daily growing more frightful and not a single depredator has as yet been discovered. Each week we have to publish one or more instances of aggression against the law by the destruction of turnpike gates and toll-houses, but it is with regret we learn that the depredations have unfortunately not been confined to the destruction of the gates—fire has been brought to them in their destructive and reckless course. Last Friday, Llanharry gate, near St. Clears was demolished by a mob of men distinguished as usual in women's clothes who were, however disturbed in their operations by the passing of the Pembroke mail. They placed sentinels on each side of the road, and immediately the mail had passed they finished their work of destruction. On Monday afternoon the plantations of T. Powell, Esq., of Penycroft, were discovered to have been set on fire, and the wind blowing freshly, before assistance could be obtained to extinguish the fire, four acres of valuable young trees were burned. It fortunately happened that a great deal of furze had been cut from the plantation during the winter, otherwise nothing could have saved the whole twenty two acres of plantation from being destroyed. On Monday night the gate in the town of St. Clears shared the fate of the others. Although a reward of £150 and a free pardon have been offered by government, not a single accomplice has been taken and the riotous conduct of "Rebecca and her daughters" has grown daily more alarming. Something must speedily be done to stop these baneful proceedings, or the consequences may be more dreadful than can now be imagined.—Welchman

THE FIRST ROYALS.—In our last number we spoke of the conduct of certain privates of the 1st. Royals attending the Orange procession of the 12th of July. We now feel great pleasure in stating that on Saturday last Major BURNETT, at present in command, caused to be publicly read the General Order of the Horse Guards on the subject. We cannot sufficiently commend the conduct of Major BURNETT, and we could wish that other commands would take a similar course to prevent such displays of partyism by our 'protectors,' and we would soon see an end of Orangism in the army at least.