

son was thinkin' greatly, day an' night, about this. He thought better o' the father, 'a deal, than the mother, an' he wondered to say, 'she should have all the sunshine entirely, an' he to be drowned, wet an' his people after him, berrin'. Be this an' be that, says the boy, says he, stakin' the jamb o' the door, this way with the flat of his hand, I never'll stop nor stay, says he, 'till I find out the reason o' that, or why it should be at all,' says he. 'An' out he marched the door.'

He walked a sighth that day, an' it was just about the dusk o' the evenin' when he found himself in the middle o' a lonesome wood, an' the sun goin' down, an' not havin' a place to turn to where he'd get shelter for the night. He went in farther an' deeper into the wood, but the farther he went the more lonesome it grew, an' a queer sort o' appearance was in the air, an' on the trees, an' bushes, an' the sky, an' all about him. By an' by, there was no birds singin', nor a breath o' wind stirrin', nor a lafe movin' on the boughs, nor one thing showin' a sign o' life, an' still it being the finest country ever you seen, only quare an' silent that way. He walked on farther an' farther, an' at last he seen an' place among the trees that he thought was a church, only it had a little curl o' smoke comin' up through the boughs, as if somebody was livin' there.

He made towards the house, an' walked in the doore. Well, it was the finest place he ever seen in his life. There was a table laid out, an' a fine fire in the grate, an' all sorts o' cookery goin' on, an' a hale-looking old man, sittin' near the table, preparin' his dinner, an' lookin' very pleasant an' happy. Well, this boy, he up an' told him what he wanted, a night's lodgin', an' the old man made him come in, an' sit down and tell his story, what it was he was goin' lookin' for, an' after he heard it all: 'Well, do you know who it is you have there now?' says the old man. 'I don't,' says the boy, 'how should I know you when I never seen you before?' 'You did see me, many's the time,' says the old man, 'an' why wouldn't you? I'm your father,' says he. 'O murder!' says the boy, 'see this!' 'Well (not to make a long story of it), they sat down, an' ate their dinner. They past the evenin' talkin', an' when it was bed-time, the father got up an' walked out, biddin' the boy not to mind him, an' left him alone be the fire. The night past away, an' he didn't return, an' at last the boy got so sleepy, he said he'd try about the place for a bed to sleep on. He made towards a door, an' opened it, an' if he did, what did he see within, only a fine feathered an' curtains, and a terrible big dog sittin' down upon the floor, an' lookin' him straight in the face. Hardly he offered to go a foot into the room when the dog flew at him, an' was ready, I declare to you, Masher Francis, to tear him upon the spot. Well an' good, if he did, well became the boy, he moved backwards, an' left the place to the dog, an' took his seat again be the fire, as it might be this way, an' slep away till mornin'.

When the old man came in, in the mornin', 'Oh, then, father,' says the boy, 'wasn't it a droll thing o' you,' says he, 'to lay me in this way all night alone, without a bed to rest upon, or a ha'p'orth, an' I so tired.' 'Ah, my child,' says the old man, 'I could not give you what I hadn't myself! Why so' says the boy, 'I thought you were in glory, father, aren't you happy?' 'I am happy, my child,' says the old man, 'in all but the one thing, as you may see. I can never stretch my limbs upon a bed, nor sleep under a roof, for ever, during duration, an' the reason is, because I never once gave a night's lodgin' to a poor man in my days on earth, an' all on account of your mother,' says he. 'Oh, father, father,' says the boy, 'an' isn't that a poor case with you?' 'It is,' says the old man.

'An' I'll tell you now,' says he, 'what's the reason o' the different weather we had the time we were buried, the both of us. Your mother had a fine sunny day, for there was an awful judgment waiting for her, an' that was all the pleasure she was ever more to have, the light of the bright sun shinin' down upon her coffin until they put her in the earth. An' I, for my sins, had it rainin' heavy all that day, for that was all the ill usage I was ever to receive, besides the want of a bed.' 'An' is my mother here, father?' says the boy, 'put on your hat,' says the father, 'an' follow me.'

He did; he went aither him into a sort o' a back yard, an' there he saw his mother, sittin' down on the bare stones, an' gnawin' sheep's trotters, with nothin' on her, to shelter her old bones from the cold, but a little skeed o' flannel, the image o' the one she gave the poor woman. 'There's her fate for ever,' says the old man, 'an' the fate of all that has no charity on earth. But don't cry, my child, until you have more reason; come along, an' profit by what you see.'

'They walked on a piece, an' it wasn't long until they came to a gate, where the old man knocked a while before it was opened. The past in, an' there the boy seen a great field, with a fog restin' low upon the ground, an' the place all still an' quiet, except that, now an' then, they could hear the cry of young children comin' through the fog. They went on, an' came to a well that was in the middle o' the field, an' there they saw, through the fog, a great multitude o' children pressin' about the well, an' drinkin', an' sprinkin' themselves with the water, out o' little mugs they carried in their hands.

'Those,' says the old man, 'are the souls of the children that died without baptism,' says he, 'an' here they spend their time, without sufferin' pain or havin' any pleasure.'

'They passed on through the field, an' came into another, where they saw a sight of fine ladies an' gentlemen, walkin' arm in arm, under the shade of trees, an' the sun shinin', an' the place adorned with flowers an' shrubs of all sorts, and streams, an' every whole ha'p'orth, in grand houses in groves, an' music, an' laughin', an' dancin', an' the best of a'tin' an' drinkin'.'

'Who are these, father,' says the boy, 'that

seems to agree so well, an' to live so happy? They are married people,' says the father, 'that lived up to their duty in the world, that was constant an' throve to one another in their troubles, that never changed their mind, nor looked aither other people, nor misbehaved in any one way.' 'O vo!' says the boy.

'Well an' good, they passed through that place, an' as they were comin' near it, they heard the greatest wrangin' an' racketin' in the world, callin' of names, an' poll-talkin' an' cursin' and swearin'. In they come, into a great field, an' there they seen a power o' people, men an' women, haggin' at one another, an' pullin' caps, an' quarrellin' most disgraceful. 'Alliu!' says the boy, 'father, who in the world are these?' 'They are the married people,' says the father, 'that couldn't agree upon earth, an' as they were so fond o' bein' in hot wather in the world, they'll have plenty of it here for evermore.'

'Well became em, they hurried through that field, an' came to another gate where—'

† Slandering, back-biting.
‡ Scolding like old women.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF KILKENNY CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—The consecration of this magnificent cathedral is announced for the 4th of next month. We, in concert with many of our readers, feel the utmost anxiety, as the time approaches for its consecration, to witness a ceremony which will shed so much additional lustre and pride on our Catholic city. A view of the beauty of its architectural grandeur will amply repay a visit, and we shall with joy the fervor we shall feel in witnessing the first ceremony of our Church performed within its walls. A preacher of the highest celebrity, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Church, will preach at the opening to a congregation which will be composed not merely of our citizens, but of numbers of persons collected from far and wide, and anxious to see and hear a ceremony of so imposing a kind. The rumor with respect to the arrival of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman in Kilkenny has, we find, after the most careful inquiry, as yet no foundation of truth in it; but we are given to understand that the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Cullen, will be present, if his grace returns in time from a duty that calls him about the same time to France.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

The splendid Catholic Chapel of the Redeemptorist Fathers in this city is advancing to completion. It is an elegant structure, and will accommodate four thousand persons.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

Last week the Rev. Mr. McParlan, the Rev. Mr. McMahon, and the Rev. Mr. McCullagh were entertained at a public dinner in Armagh, the ancient city of St. Patrick, as a testimony of the esteem in which their labours, in collecting funds in Ireland, the United States, and Canada, for the completion of the Armagh Cathedral, are held by the clergy and laity of the archdiocese. The compliment paid these respected clergymen was well deserved. The Rev. Mr. McParlan accomplished his task in Ireland with a zeal and ability which are beyond all praise, and brought to the coffers of the treasurer the sum of £2,000, together with a sum to be paid yearly by a large number of contributors. The Rev. Mr. McMahon, following the track of the Irish exile in the United States, went from State to State, from city to city, in that distant land, and after encountering weary journeys and great fatigue, returned to Ireland with £5,000, the offerings of generous Irish and American hearts who felt a pleasure in contributing to the erection of the Armagh Cathedral. The Rev. Mr. McCullagh's labours in Canada were also repaid by large offerings from the Irish population, who, though in a far-distant land from their native country, freely presented their mite to sustain the great undertaking in Ireland's primal city.—*Freetown*.

STREET PREACHING IN BELFAST.—SERIOUS RIOTING.—SEVERAL PERSONS WOUNDED.—Again has Belfast, so much boasted of for its love of order, so loudly talked of for its adhesion to the principles of progress and modern enlightenment, been the scene of the most ruffianly and brutal riots that it has been our misfortune to witness. The *Ulsterman* states that on Sunday, at three o'clock, the whole line of quay, extending from Clarendon-bridge to the Harbor-office was literally covered with people of all classes.—There certainly could not have been less than from 5,000 to 6,000 persons present. At this time all was peace. There was not the slightest disturbance; but at half-past three a stir was observed amongst the crowd near the Custom-house; this was occasioned by the movement of a body of local constables, numbering about 40, who marched in the direction of Corporation-square, where they were posted convenient to Sinclair's "Seamen's Church." It would seem that they wished to protect and countenance the preacher, who was to hold forth at this particular spot, as the entire length of the quay, from the corner of Corporation-square to Clarendon-bridge, was left without the protection of any of the local constables, while scenes the most diabolical and infamous, and which we are about to describe, were perpetrated with impunity by an Orange mob, armed with staves, bludgeons, and skull-crackers, which they used with the most fearful violence upon every one who did not agree with them in opinion. At four o'clock a person named Hanna, a Presbyterian preacher, mounted the rostrum already alluded to, and immediately after gave forth a text and psalm, in which he was joined by many of those present.—When the singing was over, he stated that he did not want to say a word contrary to charity; that he did not stand forward in opposition to any party, but in manifestation of the truth of the Gospel. He had scarcely uttered these words when a cheer was set up by little boys in the crowd. Some respectable Catholics checked the boys for cheering; a number of ship-carpenters had armed themselves with staves and bludgeons from the dry-dock close by; and we have heard that a harbor constable, whose number has been given to us, opened the gate for accommodation, and thus enabled them to go out with arms such as we have described, with which they rushed upon the defenceless Catholics, and beat them in a most furious and ruffianly manner. One man got on board the Laurel steamer, and placed himself behind one of the paddle-boxes. The mob entered the vessel as thick as harvest laborers, searching, with various threats, for their intended victim. Before this scene occurred on board the steamer, a young man was standing on the quay, when the Orange mob knocked him down, jumped on him, and beat him severely. Another young man, in order to escape from the violence of the Orange rabble, had to jump into the river and swim till he reached a boat. An old man with grey hairs, walking along the quay, was beaten by the Orange mob. At the Custom-house staves were flying in all directions. The constabulary force acted with leniency; at the same time, the Catholics complained that the magistrates, or some of them, were not allowing fair play in endeavoring to disperse and send them to their homes, while they had not made similar exertions to clear the thoroughfare of the immense mob of armed Orangemen.—From the neighborhood of the Custom-house seven or eight persons were removed badly wounded. A respectable Catholic had to fly for his life, and as he was getting into Gamble-street he was struck on the head by a ferocious Orangeman with a bludgeon and tumbled into the channel, amid the cheers and gesticulations of King William's admirers, who shouted for "Orange and blue," and said they would "knock

the bottom out of the b——y Papishes." There were several little riots in other parts of the town; in Barrack-street, in Bank-buildings, in Howard-street.—The Orangemen, thinking that the Catholics from the Upper end of the town were down at the quay, resolved to attack the houses of the latter, and on going up towards the Bound, the Orangemen were met with shots, and driven back towards the police in Durham-street. Several shots were fired. A girl, it is reported, was seen to fall, and it was thought she was shot. We understand that Orangemen came into Belfast from Lisburn and other towns on invitation conveyed through a printed circular, which set forth that they would be required to attend with weapons at the street-preaching. In the evening, several cars conveying Orangemen, it is thought from the neighborhood of Sandrow, passed up Barrack-street to reconnoitre as to the chance of an attack in that quarter. The Barrack-street people at once stopped the cars; the drivers were beaten. Messrs. Stephenson and Lyons, J.P.s, soon arrived at the scene of this row, as did also a body of constabulary who soon remonstrated with them, and advised them to go home peaceably. They did not do so. The crowd then attacked the police; stones were thrown one of which struck and cut Mr. Stephenson. The police, with the justices, had to retire into Hilland's Entry, off Barrack-street; here the constabulary got orders to load with ball, the crowd being warned that such was being done. In a place of going away the assemblage became more excited. Ultimately the Riot Act was read by Mr. Lyons, J.P. Orders were given to the police to fire upon the crowd, and they did so; and we have been informed that a boy named Walker was shot in the neck. A correspondent of the *Freeman* says that the order was humanely dictated, and the police were ordered to fire high. A person standing at the Lichen-hall, at ten o'clock, distinctly heard the whizz of a bullet, and another who was within a short distance from the scene of the riot at that hour heard the hiss of another missile on its flight. This would seem to show that the police "fired high," as, in the direction alluded to, a ball could not carry thither from the scene of the riot, except discharged at a tolerable elevation.—The magistrate deserves credit for his humanity in this respect. The object sought to be obtained—the dispersion of the mob—was thus effected with only one case of bloodshed, and that will, it is hoped, not be a fatal one. The conduct of the police has been much commented on here. They were stationed everywhere but where they were wanted; and, as usual in this town, they made no arrests except of those who were known to belong to the side called "Roman Catholic." On Monday the Police Court was greatly crowded, and there was a very unusual muster of magistrates. Mr. Stephenson exhibited over his left eye evidence of the effect of the stone-bow received by him yesterday, and Mr. W. Verner was also present. He had been assailed with stones while on a car, and protected himself by enveloping himself in a cloak and lying flat on the vehicle, so far as to have been hurt seriously by only one blow received on the back of the head. The other magistrates were the Mayor, Messrs. W. C. Allen, T. Verner, Charles Hunt, R.M.; John Clarke, and R. Thompson. Nine persons were arraigned for stone-throwing, &c. The evidence given in each case was that of members of the constabulary, except in one, when the summons-server of the court, named Campbell, a person who said he was twenty-one years of age, and volunteered evidence, stating that he had seen the party charged in one of the mobs, and that he had thrown two stones. This person also volunteered the statement which he made, he said, by virtue of his experience, that the Roman Catholics "had a decided hostility to the Gospel"—an assertion at which the magistrates laughed heartily. Mr. Rea, on behalf of the defendants, commented on the one-sided nature of the police vigilance, when, though a large party had been going about openly with staves in their hands, not one of them was arrested, nor was one of those of the Protestant side, who had thrown stones; and he called on the Bench, by a mild decision, to convince the prisoners and others that they were disposed to do even-handed justice.—The result of the investigation was, that one was discharged, and all the others were found guilty.—The magistrates having retired for fifteen minutes, the Mayor, on their return to court, pronounced the decision. He said that the Bench unanimously found the prisoners guilty of riot, and that they were determined to put an end to those proceedings. Though it happened that all the prisoners were of one party, it was the unanimous decision of the magistrates to know no party, and he could assure every one that all parties brought forward in this way would be dealt with in the severest manner. The sentence was that each of the prisoners be fined 40s., or, in default, two months imprisonment. The audience was somewhat surprised at the judgment, as a heavier sentence was anticipated. The riots have created the greatest excitement in this town, and there is no knowing what they will turn to if the street-preaching is not prevented in time. It may be mentioned that it is impossible to ascertain correctly the number of persons who have sustained injuries, but there is no doubt that it is large. The young man, named George Walker, who was shot, received a bullet through the jaw, which came out at the back of his neck. He is at present lying in a dangerous state. It is credibly stated that there is a person dead on the Shankill road, having been shot last night. The other general results of the riots are broken heads, broken arms, and broken noses; and among the slightly injured parties are Mr. William Verner, J.P., and Mr. Stephenson, J.P., who are both highly-respected magistrates. It is generally remarked as extraordinary, that no one of the Protestant party was arrested.

On the subject of the riots lately "got up" by the evangelical ministers of that city, the *London Times* has the following remarks:—"The great charm of these open-air preachings in their eyes evidently is that they gall the Roman Catholics. So long as they do that the Belfast Evangelists will preach for ever: their zeal for the Gospel is insatiable, and nothing but the open air will satisfy it. It bursts open church and chapel doors. Is all this in order to win souls, to convert the careless and profane, and impart religious ideas to those who at present are without religion altogether? If these good Protestants will really examine their own motives, they will find that this is not the whole object. They have no objection, probably, to convert a sinner by the way—if a controversial sermon ever did convert one.—but the great charm of this movement is that it makes their rivals angry. This is the distinction between religion and fanaticism. Religion is simply bent on doing good; fanaticism is bent on hitting blows. Your genuine fanatic is never so satisfied with himself as when he has put his religious rival in a rage. If he is in earnest, as he often is, he very likely neglects other duties besides this, but this he considers the fulfilling of the law. It is wonderful how the wish to insult grows with a certain kind of religion: You may visit the widow and the fatherless, may say your prayers and give alms, and only remain a neophyte; but insult some great community, or some very important person, say, the Queen or the Archbishop of Canterbury, and you are one of the perfect—you belong to the inner circle or sanctuary. Charity is a duty, but arrogance is a counsel of perfection. Your sect immediately enthrones you and puts you in the calendar. The Belfast Protestants are now engaged in this truly Christian work. They have succeeded in lashing the Roman Catholics to fury, and, having excited these riots by preaching, they will now make these same riots the material of more sermons. They will dwell on the meekness of Protestantism and the ferocity of Romanism. They will describe themselves as undergoing the persecutions which the Prophets of old had to endure, as going about in sheepskins and goatskins, and living in dens and caves of the earth. They will speak of the last times having come in which the man of sin is to triumph and the faithful to suffer. But if they will think seriously for one

moment on the matter they will see that these rows necessarily follow such demonstrations as they are making in a religiously-divided country. They will probably discover that the Protestant churches and chapels at Belfast will really accommodate all the Protestants of the place, and that they have sailed out into the open air more for a religious affray than for the serious object of the conversion of souls.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.—The conduct of the Presbyterian clergyman who undertook the duty of preaching in the open air on Sunday last is thus commented upon by the *Belfast Mercury*:—"This Mr. Hanna is a young Presbyterian Minister, who is a light unto the very street congregation—a part of the town in which light is much wanted in more senses than one. At the meeting of the Belfast Presbytery, the other day, the question of street-preaching was mooted, and the unmistakable feeling of the body was that without compromising any rights whatever it would be more advisable to refrain from their exercise under present circumstances. But Mr. Hanna had a call—he felt it binding on his conscience to assert his constitutional right—Protestant liberty was in danger, and he for one would not prove an unfaithful watch dog. He is one of those gentlemen who are obviously infinitely above receiving any advice. Even on Sunday, when about to commence his service, Mr. J. Clarke, one of the most respectable and most respected magistrates in the town, suggested to him that it would be better not to persist in preaching; but the friendly suggestion was repudiated, and we fancy because it was seen that a large number of Protestants had assembled to protect him. The ship carpenters, well armed, mustered in force and when the rioting commenced, they drove the Romanist mob before them. Mr. Hanna, infinitely to his own satisfaction, was thus enabled to close his discourse, which must have had an edifying effect, considering the Christian frame of mind that prevailed around him. When Mr. Clarke suggested that Mr. Hanna should not persist in preaching, the reply was, that 'he came there to assert his rights, and that he considered it the duty of the magistrates to protect him in the exercise of those rights.' Now, we say it is no part of magisterial duty to do any such thing; and the sooner Mr. Hanna and those who are prepared to act with as little discretion as he has displayed disabuse their minds of such a fallacy the better it will be, perhaps, for themselves. There is no law that imposes such a duty on a magistrate—that makes any difference between the protection to be afforded to a street-preacher and to a street-walker. We are all entitled to magisterial protection—that is, to the protection of the law when about our lawful business; and just so much protection, and not an iota more, is Mr. Hanna entitled to. If he imagines that the magistrates are bound to order out the police, the constabulary, and the military, horse and foot, to protect him he is very sadly mistaken. They have no right, whatever, to do so—it would be an excess of duty on their part to act in such a manner. When a riot occurs they have a right to quell it—that their duty imposes on them; but until a riot does take place they have no business whatever to interfere." Meanwhile, it would appear that matters are not likely to settle down in Belfast for some time to come. A correspondent of a Catholic journal supplies the following particulars with respect to the gun club movement in the "Irish Manchester":—"The Gun Club met on Thursday evening. It has been stated that some party who got a knowledge of the club, without intending to serve it, gave information to the police respecting the names of certain parties who had joined it, quite forgetting, as he must have done, that, as Belfast is not a proclaimed district, it is perfectly legal for every man to have a gun or guns for the defence of his life and the protection of his property, and that the mere taking down of names of gun club members by the police either on information obtained by themselves or through the agency of a spy is a work of supererogation as the law stands at present. A quick-witted member of the gun club, resolved upon 'doing' the spy, put down, it appears, in a book a number of the most extraordinary names, not one of which any member of the club knew, and the spy made the laughable mistake of copying out all these names and handing them over to the police, who no doubt will have great trouble in finding out men who do not exist.—The club have adopted an excellent plan of balloting for guns, specimens of which, and of the very best description, were exhibited. There was a very general feeling expressed throughout the meeting that they never would act in an aggressive spirit, nor wantonly attack any one who differed with them in religion. They strongly insisted that it was the duty—the bounden and solemn duty—of the Government to give them protection against Orange violence; that that would satisfy them; but, if they did not get that protection they would, if they were attacked look upon their houses as their castles, and defend them to the last with powder and ball. I hope the information which the Government may get on the forthcoming inquiry respecting Orangemen will induce them to crush it for ever, and thus render any arming of the Catholics quite unnecessary. However, till the danger is past the Catholics are resolved upon being united. They have seen the follies of division. They are determined not to be aggressors, but if they are attacked they will fight with desperation for the purpose of defending themselves, their wives, their lives, and their properties. This arming is the result of Orange violence. Let the Government see to the matter in time. If they do not put down Orangemen they allow the fountain from whence proceeds all the streams of disturbance in the north to flow on in an uninterrupted course." It is at such a time and with such a sketch of society as is here depicted that a Dublin Derbyite journal gives a decided opinion that the Church clergy and the Presbyterian ministers of Belfast should reconsider their recent decision, and resume the open-air preaching.—*Dublin Correspondent of the London Times*.

The Orange scoundrels of the North of Ireland, headed by a Presbyterian preacher, have succeeded in plunging Belfast into a state of disorder, and have aroused feelings of bitterness which it will be difficult to quell. The *Irish Manchester*, as Belfast is called, long the stronghold of the intolerant Protestant Ascendancy party, has for several years been increasing his Catholic strength—the numerical addition to the Catholic population being very considerable, while the Protestant party has been rather weakened than otherwise. This is the real secret of the antagonism of the Orange leaders, and it is because they are witnesses of the natural decline of their strength that they intrude themselves before a mixed population in the public thoroughfares, railing against the National (not the Established) Religion, and seek to inflame the minds of their hearers against doctrines held most sacred by the mass of the people. The vacant seats in the Protestant churches are not likely to be filled by these means; but, if they cannot recruit their own forces, they imagine they can exasperate the Catholics, and, to an Orangeman, "Revenge is sweet." The details of the melancholy events of last Sunday prove that there is a degree of partisanship existing in Belfast quite inconsistent with justice. The *Northern Whig* naturally asks:—"Why it is that the rioters arrested and tried at the police-court were exclusively selected from the Roman Catholic mob. The Roman Catholic mob behaved as it always does in the North—meekly, it prepared itself to be beaten. The Orange scoundrels had their sticks, neat and effective. The Orangemen were the aggressors. Without excepting Roman Catholics, it was highly desirable to punish some Protestants, too. The particular attention paid by the police to the Roman Catholics serves to suggest the suspicion that a partisan police, sprung from a partisan magistrate, cannot be safely entrusted with the order of a town which is unfortunately enough to have to solve the Irish problem—whether Roman Catholics and Protestants can live together as Christians and sensible men." That the entire blame of the riots is to be laid at the door of Mr. Hanna and his fanatic fol-

lows is now admitted by all impartial persons; and we may add that, so far from the Catholic Clergy of Belfast encouraging the disturbance, thousands of Catholics abstained from taking any part in the fray, in obedience to an injunction from their Pastors that they should remain within their own homes.—*Weekly Register*.

You are aware that the Orangemen of Belfast, and other "loyal" districts in the North, on the Twelfth of July last, and for several succeeding days, celebrated the memorable anniversary by shooting at the persons and "rocking" the habitations of the "Popish" inhabitants; that the "authorities" were out at the head of the police, and that they succeeded in capturing some of the rioters—no, you are not aware of that, inasmuch as the only parties arrested were a few "Popish" children, who happened to be led by curiosity to witness the "row"—but you do know, for I apprised you of the fact, that notwithstanding the "activity" and "impartiality" of the police and the aforesaid "authorities," not one man amongst the Orange rioters was made amenable.—(Your readers will not wonder at this when I tell them that the police were employed and raised by an exclusively Tory Corporation, and that they were all "men of the right sort," who often tried their own hands at the same game in former times, and who could not be expected to see anything criminal in shooting down some of the Popish peasantry, inasmuch as it formed a portion of the "wild sports" of the North, time immemorial.) The impunity with which these outrages were committed not a little "rioted" the sufferers, and representations were made to the local "authorities" by individuals personally and through the press, to have justice meted out.—But these representations had no more effect than the speech or tufts of grass of the "old man." At length acting upon the classic adage, "*Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*" (heaven help those who help themselves), the "Papists" took it into their heads to try what virtue there was in "not stones"—but Gun Clubs, and they held several meetings at which subscriptions were handed in and hundreds of members were enrolled, for the "purpose of securing themselves and their families from being 'taken short' on the next Orange anniversary." So soon as it was found that the matter was taken up in this spirit, the authorities put on their "considering cap," and it was at length determined that something should be done, to "disarm" the belligerents, and accordingly it was announced on Tuesday last, that the "Lord Lieutenant has ordered an inquiry, to be conducted by the Government, into the circumstances of the rioting in Belfast on the 12th of July, and succeeding days." So much for the Gun Clubs, and for that species of "moral force" which will not "abhor the sword" when right and justice call it forth from the scabbard. How the inquiry will end remains to be seen, but it is very probable that Lord Carlisle, who twenty-three years ago, gave the first blow to the "Orange institution," will not allow the subject to be slurred over, as so many previous inquiries have been.—*Cor. of the Irish Vindicator*.

THE DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOUPERS IN KILKENNY.—On Monday last, as the boys of the workhouse were out, they were addressed by two or three of these worthless, who, in most pathetic language, commenced to entreat the poor children to listen to their hypocritical discourse, and continued to inform them that they were sending their souls to eternal flames by repeating the "Hail, Mary." No notice was taken of them by the children, who at length, we understand, had to run in order to avoid any further of their disgusting conversation. On Friday last, also, the head of the Soupsters in this district, Mr. Meyers, commenced a discourse in Maudlin-street, near the police barracks, holding an umbrella in his hand, to protect his most venerable and woe-begone face from the usurpation of the rain, which, in defiance of the laws of etiquette, poured a most agreeable shower while the discourse went on. The whole of the doors belonging to the various houses in the street were closed during the entire period he wasted his surpassing eloquence.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN IRELAND.—A PHILANTHROPIST "DONS BROWN."—Some time ago, a negro calling himself William Love, and professing to be an escaped slave, visited Derry and its neighborhood, delivering lectures, taking up subscriptions, and otherwise aiding his own "sustentation fund." He is married to a white woman, who says she is a native of Dublin, and their family consists of a single mulatto child. This man brought with him testimonials purporting to have been written by gentlemen of high respectability, and he accordingly delivered lectures in Strabane, Donaghedy, Stranorlar, Ramleton, Moville, and other places. He had taken lodgings at the house of Mr. Edward Hurst, in Derry, and, before going to lecture at Moville, he borrowed Mrs. Hurst's gold watch in order that he might time his appointment punctually, but next morning he disappeared without restoring the watch or paying for his rooms, leaving his wife and child in occupation of the latter, and he has not been seen since. On Tuesday week last, Mrs. Hurst, in consequence of information, went over to Glasgow in search of the fugitive, and traced him to several localities, though without finding him, and from a paragraph in one of the English papers, it would appear that a person answering his description had got into the hands of the Sunderland police. On Mrs. Hurst's return home, Love's wife, who still occupies the rooms, gave up to her a pawnbroker's ticket, showing that the missing watch had been pawned before the lecturer left Derry.

IRISH WIVES FOR THE GERMAN LEGION.—Of all the insult which British Government of late years have cast at the Catholic poor of Ireland, decidedly the most shameful and audacious is that of attempting to draught off a number of females from the Cork and Limerick Workhouses, as wives for the German Legion now stationed at the Cape. It appears that those few fellows, the proteges of the Prince Consort, though comfortable in other respects are unable to bear the loneliness of Southern Africa without helpmates—so strong are their domestic instincts; and their case being stated at the proper quarter, the Prince (naturally sympathising with their condition) dispatches a commissioner, or procurer, to look up some hundred and fifty of the best looking girls in the Irish poorhouses, and despatch them to Cape Town, the destined theatre of this new *Marriage Force*. This is quite in the style of the American planter, who, when desirous of mixing a breed, sends a cargo of fresh female importations, from Quillimane to his slave-breeding depot in Carolina or Massachusetts. It may be asked why English and Scotch poorhouses were not visited for this purpose, and it may be answered, because Prince Albert and Pamure were afraid to outrage the feelings of the Scot and Briton by such an insolent experiment as that attempted here. But even although here, the attempt has ended in failure; it proves the ostination in which the Irish are still hold in certain high quarters at the other side of the channel. If the female poor of Ireland were not regarded by the high and mighty British authorities, Princes and other, as on a level with the inmates of the English jails, would such a proposition as that of sending them out as mistresses for the ruffians of the German Legion have entered their heads?

OUTLAWRY OF JAMES SALTER.—The fourth citation, under the writ of *exigi facias*, took place in the Courthouse, Clonmel, on Tuesday last, before the Sub-Sheriff, Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., and James John Shea, Esq., coroner for this district. As usual, but an empty court re-echoed the "three calls," and James Sadler did not appear. "The fifth, and last court will be held on Tuesday, the 29th inst. If then the notorious banker be equally regardless of her Majesty's writ, the Sheriff shall return it to the coroner, who will declare him an outlaw.—*Clonmel Chronicle*.

Probably from some superstition, having the same origin, as this portion of the curious, and in many instances beautiful, legend above given, the peasantry sometimes place a small vessel in the coffin with the body of an infant.