

Let the police felly him, whispered Shaun. A hundred pounds for his capture I cried Snapper. Has he long gone? Not a quarter of an hour, exclaimed Snapper. What appearance? An able-looking vagabond—six feet high at least. No more than one. No more. No idea of the direction. Go towards the say, said Shaun a dherk. Hold your tongue, you old humbug, said the sergeant. Ouch! said the injured Shaun. A hundred pounds reward, repeated Mr. Snapper. On men, said the sergeant, on, in the direction of the hills, and with great noise and clatter, they departed.

At the entrance to Mr. Snapper's yard—that is, at Mr Snapper's gate—they met the man who had brought them the information—it was Mr. McCann, the showman. A very loyal man was Mr. MacCann; indeed, all showmen are loyal. Quite right, old fellow, said the sergeant, recognising him; there has been the devil to do at Snapper's. Who's here with you? 'Tis a partner of mine that him ower to look after me to Squire Snapper's, and met me here. But I say, sergeant, am I gon' to get nothin' for me trouble? I was in risk of me life so I was.

Why, you turf-souled pedlar, did you not run away; and what fear was there of you? Ah, very well, but had he na gan oop stairs, and had I na gan for ye? O, humbug, said the sergeant: to which saying all the men agreed. Then if I tell ye the road he's gan? Well? said the corporal. How do you know? asked the sergeant. I'll tell ye, I promise me ten pounds of the money. Done, answered the sergeant. Honorably, and for sartin, rejoined MacCann. Honorably, answered six voices.

Then my partner here seen him coming out taking off his white shirt, and going towards Biddy Brown, the beggarwoman's, where there's a woman dead. Gobs, said a tall black-looking fellow, with a fixed brow, and very black hair; Gobs, said he, Biddy Brown ought to be burned out of that den. I always suspected her, said a second. And I, said a third. Right about, cried the sergeant. March, said he.

And the police proceeded to the 'wake,' of Peggy Hydes—poor girl. For poor Peggy had died—and, as she said herself, had found a mother for her baby. Remember the ten pounds, were the last words which the police heard from Mr. McCann—to which they all answered by a shout of laughter. Three men were walking by the foot of Keeper-hill by the gray dawn of the following morning. They stood still for a moment, and raised their eyes to heaven—reverently taking off their hats. 'Twas well done,' remarked the eldest—'nothing could be done better. Give me your hand, avic,—that's an honest hand, and there's an honest heart behind it.'

He took a fine-looking young man by the right hand. Send by a sure man the money to the Shanahans, the same individual continued, 'and leave the old man die in his cabin, and the good son berry his father in peace. You'll make your fortune by the peelers,' he said, turning to the other, 'after all ye did last night.' But ain't the three guns I brought—ain't they angels tho'? asked the man last spoken to. And you'll go back for your lantern to the squire's, won't you? Oh aye, faith will I, was the reply; and for the reward to the police-office. What fru no? You're an honest man, said the other speaker solemnly, 'and a man of courage. Well, boys,' he concluded, 'I go on the business of our poor old country. She have only us—God help her. Ye know where we meet. The agnt have a bit of his reward—and the Shanahans a bit of justice—and I have THE BOND—thank God!'

They then separated. (To be Continued.)

these pleasures, quite heedless of the temperature, which naturally was the first thing that struck the European. A June day in the plains of Bengal is not a good time for going out to see sights. On this occasion the thermometer marked 125 degrees, and the ground beneath one's feet was like hot lava. Once fairly in the streaming crowd, the atmosphere was simply horrible, but the Hindus thoroughly enjoyed it. The great living stream was suddenly stopped by a procession, which turned out of a narrow lane. It was preceded by tall fellows carrying silver wands, headed by an old one-eyed devotee, who looked ready either to worship his deity or commit a murder, on the spur of the moment. Then came a horde of latewallahs—men carrying sticks to keep off the mob; then a few musicians, and after them the object to which every eye was turned, and to which every one was paying reverence by joining the hands and bringing them to the forehead in a supplicatory manner. This was the god Krishna, a little ugly, wooden figure, dressed in bright colors and gold, and playing on a pipe. He sat on a sort of throne, and had a canopy over his head to keep his blessed brains from adding in the sun. Behind him came a vast, tumultuous throng, ten times as numerous as that which ordinarily closes a London procession, but less boisterous and wild, for your Bengalee is a man of peace, and hates to get his head broken.

This part of the festival was a farce; that which followed on Wednesday last was a tragedy—a most sickening and revolting tragedy; which it was impossible to witness without horror and disgust. The crowd seemed infinitely more dense than it had ever been on the former occasion, and all along the road were booths filled with sweetmeats, hideous masks, trumpery Birmingham ware and images of Juggernaut, Krishna and other deities of the Hindoo mythology. It was a barbarous copy of a country fair. There were whistles and tom-toms, shell fish, smelling horribly in the sun, huge 'jack' fruit, some damaged pine-apples, and here and there a rudely contrived 'merry-go-round,' with stout boobies enjoying the sport which that machine is capable of furnishing. There nautch girls, hideously ugly, chanting their drawing, monotonous strains to the music of an old fiddle and a tom-tom. Then there were little acrobats, who made Catherine wheels, like the boys who run, or used to run, by the side of omnibuses in London streets. There was also a stereoscope, with views of the last Great Exhibition on show at one piece each person. The confusion was indescribable, and when a shower of rain came on, as happily it did once or twice, the throng seemed to get tied up in a knot; to be incapable of disentangling itself, or of doing anything but roll helplessly from one side of the road to the other.

The centres of attraction were the two Juggernaut cars. These are immense lumbering masses of wood, about 60 feet in height, carved into all sorts of angles, and decorated on every square inch with figures of the deities. Large idols were placed at each corner, and two ropes of great length were attached to the front of the car. They moved upon six heavy wheels, and the entire weight of the ponderous fabric must have been enormous. Hour after hour the multitude streamed past the cars, which were at some distance from each other, or they turned aside to a shed beneath which were placed a number of indecently painted idols, afterwards decorated with a little drapery and hoisted on to the car. It was not till nearly four in the afternoon that a big gong was beaten on the topmost division of the first car, and with a great shout Juggernaut himself swathed in red cloth, was brought to the spot. A rope was fastened to him, and with much exertion he was hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins—for by himself the god seemed rather helpless. They dragged him up and uncovered him, and the crowd salaamed to him in their usual fashion. Then another gong was brought, and hoisted up in the same way, but to a lower division, and so on till all were full. The crowd meanwhile kept throwing garlands and donations to the Brahmins—dirty, common-looking men, with nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common mass except the white Brahmin thread over their shoulders. When the gods were all in their places, two large wooden horses were brought out, one blue and the other white, each with a thick tail sticking up at an angle of 90 degrees. These gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a Brahmin stood upon the back of each, holding by a rope.

At this time the scene was extraordinary. Close by the side of the car was a large native house, broken and crumbling, like most native houses. Through iron bars in front of this house some women were peering, and on the roof there were more women of the zenana, with an old crane keeping watch and guard over them. On the other side of the road was a Juggernaut temple, crowded with women. The road itself was quite impassable for the crowds of people, whose oily bodies and dirty ways did not improve the favor of the heated atmosphere. Far as the eye could reach this throng extended, and when a thousand gongs were set beating, and the Brahmins called upon the people, a thrill of wild excitement ran through this enormous living mass. The ropes were fixed, and multitudes rushed to them eager for the honor of pulling their deity along. On the car itself there could scarcely have been less than 200 men. Perhaps there were 1,000 pulling at the ropes, but they pulled for a long time in vain. The car had been in one place for a whole year, and had made a deep hole for itself by its great weight. Again and again the Brahmins shouted and gesticulated laughing among themselves. At last the mob happened to pull together instead of one after the other, and the huge mass moved forward a few yards, groaning as if it had been a living creature. It stopped, and for a few minutes the crowd stood in almost perfect silence. Then the Brahmins again gave the signal, and this time it crushed out a life with every revolution of its hideous wheels, covered as they were with human flesh and gore.

The vast multitude seemed suddenly possessed with a fit of delirium. They fought and struggled with each other to get near the car, which had stopped as if by magic. They stooped down and peered beneath its wheels, and rose with scared faces to tell their friends of the sight. I made my way to the back of the car, and there saw upon the ground a very old woman, all wrinkled and puckered up, with scarcely a lineament of her face recognizable for blood and dust. Her right foot was hanging by a thread, the wheels had passed over the centre of her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver of anguish ran through her frame as she seemed to struggle to rise. No one in the crowd offered to move her, or raise her miserable gray head from the ground, but they stood looking on with vacant stares, while the Brahmins from the car gazed down with as much unconcern as could be well written upon a human countenance. The mob cried out that there were more under the car, and when I looked beneath it seemed as if the wheels were choked with dusky bodies. Two or three chokery-dars here made their appearance, and compelled the crowd to move back. Upon getting closer to the wheels I saw that one of them was half over the body of a man, and that it had crushed out his bowels, and fastened itself like some insatiable monster in his blood. Close by him there lay another man crushed to death—he was but a heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still looked down from the car upon these poor wretches with perfect unconcern, and were even signalling for the crowd to pull again; but the few policemen present made them drag the car back, so that the bodies could be got out from between the wheels. The mob cried out, 'Aye, aye!'—that they did it of their own accord;—and, indeed, there was no appearance of an accident. Their bodies were far under the car where they could scarcely have got unless they had laid themselves down in front. I saw two other men lying there when the car first stopped, but they got up and walked away. The three bodies were

placed together, and the car was dragged on by the people once more. I did not stay to see whether its track was made in fresh blood. This horrible affair surprised the authorities when they heard of it, and they are now making a great stir to prove that the police were not to blame, and that the whole thing was an accident. One's own eyesight, however, is better testimony than the statements of local policemen who were not on the spot; and the mere fact of other men lying under the car, waiting for it to move, until they were forced to get up, gives a coloring to the cry of the crowd that it was a voluntary sacrifice. If two or three Europeans had not been at the scene, nothing would have been heard of all this. I will tell you why. In the Mofussil it is not customary to hold an inquest on the bodies of persons found dead. The police make a report in a loose way of so many persons being accidentally killed, but the manner of their death or the cause of it no one ever inquires. It is, therefore, impossible to say how many persons are really killed at this festival every year. I saw three killed, and I do not believe it was an accident. The police here, as everywhere else, are ingenious in explaining away circumstances which prove that they have been remiss in their duty. The Bengal Government is not likely to be so easily satisfied on the present occasion.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE O'CONNELL DEMONSTRATION.—There is to our mind something almost impressive in the accounts of the Dublin procession in honor of O'Connell.—Englishmen always turn with a sensation of disgust from accounts of Irish ceremonial, and very often they are as right as they are disconcerted. Incompleteness is the characteristic of the Celt as completeness is of the Saxon, and the mixture of lawfulness and squalor, bright colour and wretched rags, magnates in uniform and paupers in frieze, brilliant eloquence and rubbishy declamation which make up an Irish demonstration will never be tolerable to a people who, least of all nations, understand the Orientalism with which the true Milesian is so deeply tinged. On this occasion, however, the imagination, which in Ireland, as in Asia so often does duty for the heart, was honestly touched; the people gave themselves up to their own ideas, and every incident was marked by a genius utterly alien indeed from our own, perhaps inferior in type, certainly inferior in results, but none the less real and worthy of respect. The middle class Englishman despises also the poet who can only sing songs which stir millions for generations, but who has no capacity for making a fortune or even perhaps earning his daily bread. The banners were so dare say tawdry enough, Irishmen are pretty sure to concentrate themselves on the device and leave the streamer ragged, just as Englishmen are sure to have their silk all perfect and their devices grotesque; but imagine an English crowd adhering in that way to a central idea, and that idea a memory of the past. In the long procession which took two hours in passing each point, and must have numbered therefore two hundred thousand persons, thousands of disconnected minds had been at work, yet there was not a device, or a banner, or a scarf, which did not strive to recall a lost nationality. Always that green colour, always that Hibernian figure which runs through all Irish sculpture, and poetry, and caricature, as if the very soul of the whitest race in Europe had been steeped in melancholy—always the harp, and the crown, and the emblems telling of a time which never existed, but which lives in the popular imagination as if it had but just passed away. The symbols were present on the trades' banners, on the flags of the societies, even on the grotesque ensign the Adam and Eve with which the Dublin tailors, by a bull only Irish men could have devised, indicate their trade. Imagine an appeal to the traditions of Essex or Suffolk ploughmen or artisans. Only in Ireland of the three kingdoms would a procession so full of symbols have been appreciated, only in Ireland would men have found measure to march to like 'Let Erin remember the days of old.' It is all very unpractical, and visionary, and disheartening to men who think that life ought to be a struggle rather than a regret, but if it had occurred anywhere else, in Switzerland or Italy, Englishmen would have recognised that there was poetry in the scene, quick sympathy, warm imagination, capacity for realising abstract ideas among the people who devised it.—Those qualities are not so useful perhaps as calmness, and judgment, and industry, but after all Attica is an ideal as well as Manchester. The object of English Liberals should be to give the Irish free scope for the qualities they do possess, to use the great addition they make to the intellectual resources of the Empire, not to exclaim hopelessly that such qualities are sought only because they are not their own. The hearty conciliation of Ireland, the absorption of the island into the Empire as Scotland has been absorbed, the creation of a unity so cordial that there should be but one Britain, north, west, and south, would be worth all our conquests, and it can never be achieved, never be hoped for, till Englishmen understand not this or that Irish demonstration, but the nature which makes such demonstrations possible. The expectation which now retards all liberal action for Ireland, that of the emptying and re-peopleing the island, we believe, mere delusion. We cannot forget that we once reduced her native population to less than a million and a half only to see it advance again unchanged and unchangeable. Even if it were not, it is conceivable that Ireland should one day be filled up with Scotchmen, we should have gained in temporary political sense, only to lose infinitely in all that variety which makes up political strength. On the object of the demonstration English opinions will of course differ very widely. O'Connell has, however now been dead long enough for a fair estimate to be formed of his merits and his life, and Englishmen are after their wont slowly beginning to shed bit by bit their old opinion of his career. Unscrupulous he certainly was, for the Orientalism of his countrymen the inability to perceive as well as to speak the exact truth, from which the Saxon is, often from sheer dullness, unable to depart, was of course most conspicuous in their representative man. Agitator he certainly was, but it hardly lies in the mouth of the man who carried the Reform Bill and the repeal of corn laws to pronounce agitation in a good cause a crime. Hostile to the empire he certainly was, but he was a Roman Catholic man of genius bred under the old penal laws, and we who believe that the French Opposition have a right not only of agitation but of revolt for freedom, cannot honestly condemn the man who hated a power which placed every native Irishman under disabilities, which barred up every career, doomed every man with ambition to insignificance, refused even the one right Napoleon concedes—a right to a voice in deciding the amount of property to be surrendered to the State. O'Connell faced us fairly, by action carefully restrained within the limits of the law, carried a legislative measure by a use of the right of meeting granted to every opponent of the corn laws, by an organisation not so dangerous as that which in 1831 made every open space in Birmingham a nightly drilling ground. Possessed of almost royal authority over six millions of his countrymen, taunted and assailed every week by the dominant two millions, refused a voice in Parliament, refused the career open to every Irishman who happened also to be a Protestant, he carried Catholic emancipation without revolt and without bloodshed, and in so doing added all the potentialities of usefulness existing in six million brains to the Imperial strength. It was a grand service done to England as well as Ireland, a heavy crime removed from the conscience not of Ireland but of Great Britain, and if we have not the self-restraint to perceive the truth, so much the more credit to the Irish that after the man who secured them

justice has been absent 17 years they can still meet by scores of thousands to keep his memory green.—London Spectator.

THE RIOTS IN BELFAST.—The Orangemen have succeeded in their designs. The peace of Belfast is again broken, and for the last two nights the town has been in the hands, and almost completely at the mercy, of a vile mob as ever did injury to, or brought disgrace upon, a community. This unhappy result was foreseen for some time. The Tory newspapers made the laying of the foundation stone of the O'Connell Monument a pretext for bewailing the unhappy condition of Orangemen, who were deprived of their usual pastimes, and prevented from indulging in their old professional displays and July outrages. They were represented as the victims of tyrannical laws, as persecuted brethren, as men sacrificed to the Moloch of Ultramontanism, and they were all but advised to arise in their might and show the Government that, in the words of one of their leaders, laws might be made, but they would not obey them. Accordingly, as we reported in our last number, they commenced on the 8th of August by burning the effigy of O'Connell on the public streets. The revel of this performance continued uninterruptedly for many hours and passed with perfect impunity. On the following night the scandalous display was carried to a still greater and grosser extent. The debris of the effigy were deposited in a large coffin of rude construction, and carried in procession along the streets, and for a distance of a mile to the Catholic burying-ground, where it was intended to deposit them. The sexton, however, had the gates of the cemetery opportunely closed, and baffled in their profane object, the ruffians wreaked their vengeance on the sexton's house, demolishing every pane of glass in it. They then turned their attention to the graveyard, and flung hundreds of stones at the crosses and tombstones in it. It should be remarked that these blackguards carried in their hands, in derision of the sacred emblem of Christianity, rude crosses which they waved and shrieked at, and used for the vilest purposes. After disboning the graves of the dead, they marched back in triumph to their quarters, cheering and howling and beating drums, and making the night hideous with their clamor. The local police were spectators of these scenes, and, of course, in no way interfered with them. Rendered doubly daring by this tacit encouragement given to their misconduct, the Orangemen prepared for more valorous deeds, and on Wednesday evening made frequent sallies into the Pound-loaning, throwing stones, firing shots, and producing general terror and alarm in the neighbourhood. The Catholics thus roused, sallied forth to defend themselves, and, as a matter of course, their cowardly assailants fled. The local police, however, were speedily on the ground. Several arrests were made of the Catholic rioters; some few of the others were captured, and the night wore on in slight skirmishes, produced by the assaults of the one party and the defensive and retaliatory measures of the other. Meantime a large body of police had arrived in town from the country districts, and were disposed of on Thursday in the different disturbed localities. The force, however, was wholly inadequate for the duty that devolved on it. The 'locals' are, as a matter of course, useless, and in some instances worse than useless. The brunt of the night's duty fell on the constabulary, who are a most efficient body of men; but the arrangement made for their disposition nullified the good their presence was likely to accomplish. Instead of being told off in small parties and ordered to clear the streets, they were mustered at corners, and the mobs were thus allowed to congregate in remote quarters, in entries and by-lanes prepared to sally forth whenever an opportunity offered. On the bridge, which has been indelicately named the Boyne-bridge, all the riff-raff of the Orange party assembled, and kept an unceasing war-cry. The Catholic party were on the alert in the Pound, and each side made ineffectual efforts to come to a collision. On these occasions several of the constabulary clothed in plain clothes did good work, and arrested a large number of the rioters. Two-thirds of these, at least, were Protestants, and some of them were tradesmen in the general of the constabulary. Foiled in their efforts to get out of the circle in which they were hemmed by the police, the rioters at last retired, and at about twelve o'clock a seeming lull took place, and the police were marched to barracks. The calm, however, was only a ruse; for after the police retired the Orange party were on the qui vive, and with the first glimpse of day commenced in earnest the work of disorder. They attacked about three o'clock in the morning the Bankmore Penitentiary, which is under the care of the nuns. They assailed the building from the rear, and for a good half-hour literally rained upon it large stones and bricks, which left that portion of the building a total wreck. We may well imagine the surprise and terror of the inmates. Some of the penitents fled from the convent in alarm for their lives. The saintly nuns with heroic courage walked through the different wards, and pacified and consoled the inmates. We have heard, and on authority which we cannot doubt, that two girls were sent from the convent on the previous night to ask protection from the magistrate on duty in the neighborhood, as a rumor had reached the nuns that the penitentiary was to be attacked. The magistrate declined to send any men to protect the premises, stating that he had none to spare, and it was with the greatest difficulty the girls succeeded in obtaining an escort of two of the police back to their convent. But to return to the rioters. In the early morning they had it all to themselves, and they were determined to make the most of their time. The workers in two or three of the mills beyond Linfield road had to pass over the 'Boyne' bridge, and here they were set upon and horribly beaten. Sad to say, they were nearly all young girls who were thus cruelly maltreated. The poor creatures were proceeding to their work, unsuspecting of danger; they were seized and knocked down—dragged by the hair along the road—their shawls and gowns torn off their backs, and, in some instances, their ears split open, as the monsters who attacked them pulled their ear-rings through the flesh. One poor girl was carried home with her eye hanging out of her head; another was insensible; several others were hardly able to walk back to their homes, and hundred of them were prevented from going to work during the day. In fact, some of the mills were closed in consequence of the inability of the workers, either from wounds or terror, to reach them. A respectable girl named Mary Anne Furphy was cruelly set on and beaten by a mob of about 100. She is horribly bruised and battered. A remarkable feature in her case, and one that shows how deep-seated and widespread is the enmity which Orangemen bear to Catholics is that this poor girl, after being mercilessly kicked and dragged by the hair along the ground, ran to a respectable looking man for protection. The sulky savage thrust her back into the crowd where she was all but torn to pieces. Another girl, a companion of Furphy's, named Anne Woods, was similarly attacked, but fortunately succeeded, though not without receiving some hard blows, in making her escape into a neighboring house where she was rescued from her infuriated pursuers. It is but fair to say that both Furphy and Woods were finally rescued by kind Protestants who commiserated their condition, and paid them every attention. Several other persons, male and female were most cruelly beaten. A navy who was proceeding to his work was stabbed in the back of the neck, and he is seriously ill. The morning advanced, and no stop was put to these revolting outrages. The Orange party, as if infuriated by their onslaught on helpless women, proceeded again to Bankmore Convent, and attacked it in front. The nuns were engaged at their morning devotions when this second attack was made on them; and the rioters, after demolishing the windows, and torturing the inmates with their savage 'curses' and 'yells,' left

to pursue their work elsewhere.—The police were again on the scene. The 'locals,' however, seemed quite indifferent to what was going on. One of the girls whom we have alluded to as so badly beaten asked a constable for protection home, and was gallantly told to go to h—l. Other pleasing incidents of a similar nature are recorded, and from all we have heard, these worthy officials have done full justice to their employers, the Town Council. The excitement in the town during yesterday was intense. Groups of people, prevented by the Orangemen from going up to their work, were gathered round the corners. The day was also kept as a half-holiday by Sandy-row. The Twelfth of August has some Derry association connected with it, and the True Blues were too loyal to spend it in any way but idleness and drink. As soon as the evening set in the stone-throwing commenced. Shots were fired in Sandy-row, and at nine o'clock the greatest tumult and alarm prevailed. The Catholic party sallied out and, in retaliation for the attack on the Convent, smashed the windows in Dr. Cooke's meeting house. The Orange party were soon on their trail. They attacked the residence of the Right Rev. Dr. Dorrian, in Howard-street, and completely gutted it. Some of the clergymen, who were just entering the house as the mob approached, had a narrow escape: His Lordship, too, had only closed the shutters of his sitting-room when a shower of stones fell upon them. The measures taken by the magistrates had a salutary effect in so far that they kept the greater bulk of the mobs in their respective districts, and prevented them coming in contact. A large body of police arrived from Dublin by the nine o'clock train, and this force was of considerable assistance. Shots, however, continued to be fired throughout the evening, and as late as twelve o'clock yelling and shouting were distinctly heard in the disturbed districts. The Catholic clergymen and several Catholic gentlemen went in the early part of the evening through the Pound district, and besought the people to retire to their homes. Their invariable answer was they would do so if insured protection, as they had been attacked when in their beds, by the Orange party. The Rev. Messrs. Martin and Oonway appealed to the magistrates on duty to guarantee the district from the invasion of the Orange party, and after some hesitation the undertaking was given, and on their conveying it to the people, the greater portion of the Catholics dispersed to their homes.—Ulster Observer.

The Ulster Observer contains the following account of the attack of the Orange ship-carpenters upon the 'navvies':—

A number of men engaged at their peaceful work, and unsuspecting of danger, were suddenly set upon by an infuriated crowd of armed men. They had no means of defence—no opportunity of escape. At first they faced their assailants with determined, and it may be, despairing courage; but the repelled tide returned with greater force, and increased fury. Hardly had the navvies entered the trenches, in which they considered they had purchased security, when their assailants, reinforced, renewed the attack upon them. The ship-carpenters, some four hundred in number, had been recruited by the workers of several foundries, and thus strengthened and fortified they made a vigorous onslaught on about sixty unarmed men. The valiant ship-carpenters, determined to accomplish a deed that would render them celebrated by infamy for ever—surrounded their victims—they poured an unceasing fire of musketry upon them. They knelt down and took deliberate aim at the unfortunate wretches, who were ensnared in meshes from which there was no escape. Before these cowering creatures who sought a vain protection from the mud banks on which they were employed lay a weary waste of slough, beyond which rolled the advancing tide, coming nearer and nearer with its treacherous waves. Behind them stood, in countless numbers, a more cruel enemy. The Orangemen enjoyed the spectacle, and it lent them new energy for their bloody work. Volley after volley rolled from their ranks, while loud huzzas greeted every successful attempt at assassination. The report, and perhaps the rumour of the intended exploit, drew a large crowd to the scene. They were not roughs or rowdies; on the contrary, they were fine clothes, and were decked with gold rings and chains, and called themselves Christians, and would feel insulted if they were not termed gentlemen. They stood in a long and glittering line behind the inhuman mob who were pursuing a work of slaughter. They admired them—they encouraged them—they clapped hands and shouted in glee—and, as if grown fierce by the excitement of their ferocious passions, or the contamination of their companionship, they gloated over a scene from which the New Zealander would have turned in disgust. The unfortunate navvies, without any means of resistance, and overwhelmed by superior numbers, fled to the advancing tide as a less relentless enemy than the foes who were pressing them on the rear. Some of them made their way to a long dry bank far out in the muddy strand which appeared to place them beyond range of their assailants. Others made through slough and tide for the distant shore. Some gained the shelter of the Twin Islands, but none obtained security. Their assassins pursued them out into the slough of the sea, where they fired on them with renewed fury along the shore, where they baited and cut them off into the island, where they hacked them to pieces.—One or two of the fugitives sought the protection of the const guards' residence, and were thrust from it at the point of the bayonet; but in their desperation they flung themselves on the brutal officials, and forced their way into the house. Some invoked the assistance of the harbour constables, and were denied it. Some plunged into the waves and swam amid a shower of balls for the opposite shore. One young fellow, not more than seventeen years of age, took an old man who was unable to save himself, on his back, and brought him, exhausted as he was, through the tide, to a place of security. The great majority, however, remained embedded in the mud. The advancing waters had sapped the bank on which they stood, and every step they made only led them into pits and quagmires from which they vainly endeavored to extricate themselves. In this fearful condition they turned their eyes piteously to the shore, but nothing met their gaze but the howling mob that thirsted for their blood, and the jeering crowd that hounded on the assassins to their work of destruction. The latter seemed to be delighted at the slaughter of the navvies, and yet these were not navvies. They were men who had never left their work during the riots; many of them were Protestants, and nearly all of them were residents of Belfast. Neither innocence nor their religious protection. The wild animals were unaged; the sight of blood rendered them ferocious; and the work of slaughter went on. Some humane men rushed to the magistrates with an account of the occurrence. The report of what was going on spread through the town. Incredulity was pictured on every face; but as reliable reports were brought in, scepticism gave way to horror at a deed which may challenge the black pages of crime for a parallel.—At length, owing to the interference and peremptory demands of some of the Catholic gentlemen who had been acting as special constables, a number of police were obtained for the rescue of the sufferers. As they approached the scene, the ship-carpenters fled and the means of escape was thus afforded to such of the navvies as were not too badly wounded to avail themselves of it. But here a new difficulty arose. Some of them were so deeply embedded in the mud they could not make an effort for safety. In the meantime the waters were closing sullenly and insidiously around them, and many thought these unfortunate men had been saved from one element of destruction only to perish by another. However, several of the constabulary volunteered to rescue them, and laying down their guns and stripping to their work, these gallant fellows ploughed through the slough and brought the exhausted and wounded

THE GREAT JUGGERNAUT SATURNALIA—THE SACRIFICE OF HUMAN VICTIMS.

Correspondence of the London Times. Calcutta, Wednesday, June 8. The Swan Jatra and the Rath Jatra are still two of the greatest festivals of Hindoosism. They form the great Juggernaut saturnalia, so widely celebrated. Tens of thousands of persons, of all classes and ages flock to attend them; women will walk thirty or forty miles in a day, carrying their children astride on their hips, to be present, and on the nights preceding the principal days the roadsides are filled with men, women and children lying down asleep, wearied out with their long march. In former times many were in the habit of increasing the general happiness by throwing themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut car. That pleasure, as I thought, is now denied them. Government decided that it was better for them not to commit self-murder. I will tell you presently how far they heed the Government. The festival began on Sunday the 19th of June, by the priest bringing forth the god to be bathed. It ended on the 6th of the present month, when the cars were drawn back by thousands of people, and the god was replaced in his home. I went to see both these ceremonies, and you may, perhaps, have some curiosity to know how the Hindus, upon whose education we are spending so much time and thought, perform their religious rites at the present day within 20 miles of the capital of the empire. The enjoyment of a Bengalee out for a holiday consists in his eating pan till he is utterly stupefied, and making as much noise as the means which nature has given him will admit of. On the Sunday morning they swarmed along under the influence of