

standing 'on the track.' Thousands have stood there and perished. Don't wait to hear the rattling of the rushing wheels, but fly from the track. At a safe distance, stand and view the wrecks which yon ponderous train will spread before you. Look well to the ground on which you plant your feet, and forget not for these many days our parting words, "Don't stand on the track."

[From the London Times.]

### THE STOCKPORT RIOTS.

The series of riots at Stockport is about one of the most awkward incidents that could possibly occur just at this juncture. The ill blood which has been gradually nourished in that town is only a sample of the feeling which recent events have produced between the two races and the two religions that chiefly divide these islands; and on the eve of a general election, a sudden ebullition of this sort might easily have spread to every city and borough in the kingdom. In this island, at least, the imported race and the imported religion would every where have come off the worse, as indeed they appear to have done in the present instance, but that result could not be regarded with satisfaction by any liberal or generous mind. Truth and charity alike would have suffered from a triumph in which bigotry was the motive and brutality the means, and when all was over our only consolation would have been that we had got back to the days of Lord George Gordon, if not yet further in the atrocities of history. Yet how easily might we find ourselves in this miserable state! The Mayor of Stockport was obliged to call in the troops, and that, it appears, not a minute too soon. Had they charged the mob, and had some half-dozen Protestants, or the like number of Papists, fallen under their fire, every Protestant or every Papist, as it might be, in this empire, would have felt his heart burn until there was at least a balance of casualties. But Stockport does not muster more than a dozen policemen, and as the Mayor's only resource in time of need is to swear in what are called "special constables," it is evident that all must depend on the military; and unhappy experience informs us that the worst may be expected when there is no intermediate check between the mob and the soldiery, and when the first appeal to the good sense of a furious, and most probably, intoxicated rabble, is the Riot Act mumbled by an old gentleman under cover of fixed bayonets or drawn swords.

But, before we go further into the religious aspect of this unhappy affair, we will at once call attention—though it is hardly necessary to do so—to some peculiar and very disagreeable features in the report. Our readers must have observed that the man who was killed was an Irishman; the 50 wounded, many of them very severely, were Irishmen; the 114 prisoners were all Irishmen; the Chapels that were gutted were all of them Roman Catholic; the houses that were ransacked and half destroyed were all those of Irishmen. In fact, so far as appears on the record, there was hardly an English pane of glass or an English head broken. The Protestant English were as superior in the result as they were in their cause; and for once truth was great and prevailed, without any of the qualifications or delays which usually mar that blessed consummation. What increases the mystery is that, as far as the riot came under the cognizance of the Mayor, the Irish were always the active party. Wherever his worship moved the English had gone quietly to their beds, and the Irish were kicking up a row. How shall we solve this enigma? Were the Irish gutting their own chapels, breaking one-another's heads, and turning their own houses inside out? At this moment we are not going to push these questions further, though we think them a very proper subject for official investigation. We will confine ourselves to two remarks—two simple matters of fact, very important to all whom they may happen to concern. The first of these is that in Stockport, where the Irish are said to exceed 14,000, they were thoroughly thrashed: they were insulted in their religion, maltreated in their persons, and hunted down in their habitations.

a tardy sentiment of mercy, or the still tardier appearance of his worship with his special constables and his soldiers, that left them even their lives. We call this an important and significant fact, for there is nothing a man is more concerned to remember than that, in case of his provoking hostilities, he is certain to be beaten. We make this remark in the sincerest kindness, for we really have no wish to see the Irish massacred in our streets.

The second remark we have to make is, that this was evidently more a workman's than a theologian's quarrel. The Irish, it appears, flock into Stockport and other towns of that district, in excess of the demand, and, by their parsimonious habits, by their combination of employment and mendicancy, wages and rags, and by working more hours and at lower terms, keep down the wages for all descriptions of labor. The English laborer or artisan, from his more refined and comfortable habits of life, requires higher wages, and cannot bear to find himself beaten down by a continual invasion of strangers, who don't care much whether they are relieved from the workhouse or the mill, and who must do anything rather than go back to their own miserable country, their own unroofed hovels and unhedged fields. But their inexhaustible numbers, their utter destitution, their reguish mendicancy, and their honest thrift, are not the only manner and means by which they beat down the standard of wages. They act together. They are always ready to combine, which, even without express combinations, race, religion, language, and habits, renders them a virtual conspiracy. To a certain extent they cannot help this; and the uniformity of their unhappy circumstances is an appeal to the hospitality, rather than the jealousy of our countrymen. But the Irish, unfortunately, are too apt to conspire and combine; as they do in their own country, so do they here; and, as they do when they are the majority, so also when they constitute a comparatively feeble minority in the heart of an adverse population altogether their superiors. The union that gives them a certain strength in their own country, only provokes suspicion, dislike and persecution elsewhere. But for it, we have no hesitation in saying, they would stand as good a chance in England as any other class of working men. For the truth of this natural and most unhappy characteristic, we need only offer one patent proof: an individual Englishman or any few individuals of the race, are sure to be ill-treated, if not cast out, by an Irish population. On the contrary, Irish of all sorts are freely tolerated in this metropolis and every town in the Island, until they assume the form of a conspiracy, and seem to act together upon a law and understanding of their own.

The advice we mean to tender the Irish and the Roman Catholics under these circumstances is of a very homely and common-sense character—in fact, precisely that which we should give to an Englishman and a Protestant settled in Ireland. Let them be as quiet, peaceable and unobtrusive as their duties or their necessities will allow. There can be no absolute occasion for them to make a great parade of their numbers or their religion; they need not declare open war against the Royal supremacy, and pretend a spiritual conquest of the land; they need not fulminate pastorals, edicts, and all sorts of paper artillery against the English, their religion, their Constitution, their Parliament, and their Queen; they need not threaten excommunication to all who teach or are taught in the same schools as Protestant children; they need not burn Protestant bibles; they need not ring more bells than are necessary to announce their services; they need not get up pompous processions in our streets; it is not even quite necessary that they should walk about in fancy costumes: all these things are gratuitous and provocative in the midst of a population whose feelings are possibly rather too much in the other direction. Nor is it less necessary that they should eschew all acts and movements savoring of conspiracy. At all events, if they persist in doing these things they must stand the consequences, for no arm of power, no public opinion, and, as they see at Stockport, no mayor, no special constables, no

telling the lamb not to come to the stream, for that whether he drinks high or low, the wolf will still pick a quarrel with him. No such thing. The lamb must come to the stream, but there is no such necessity that Dr. Wiseman should be swollen into a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, or that the Church of Rome should maintain the principle and practice of hostile aggression. If it does this, who can wonder that reaction should be pushed even to excess? Who can complain of a Royal proclamation reminding Roman Catholics of the laws in force against any public parade of their religion, or that the Queen should be advised by her Ministry on the eve of a general election to appeal to the people to support the Protestant institutions of the country? Certain acts will always provoke retaliation. Common sense tells us what they are, and if people, with their eyes open, choose to invite persecution, they are beyond our pity, for they must be obtaining what they really desire. The only misfortune is that the weak too often suffer by the alliance of the strong. The Cardinals and Primates of the Roman Catholic Church are coming out with more magnificence than ever, while the priests at Stockport are escaping out of their back windows; Pontifical masses are being celebrated with the aid of voices from the Opera, while the chapel at Stockport is reduced to an empty barn—the organ, the vestments and the plate lying in fragments on the floor; aristocratic converts are revelling in soothing services and splendid hospitalities, while the poor Irish in Stockport are beaten at their own firesides, routed by Protestant special constables, dragged by scores to prison, turned out of their own houses, deprived of work, and even robbed—as far as mobs can rob them—of the consolations of their faith.

### LATER FROM CAPE GOOD HOPE.

The barque Ocean Wave arrived at Boston Wednesday from Cape Town, with dates to June 14, being sixteen days later than former advices by way of England.

From the frontier country there is nothing new. There is only a continuation of petty assaults, murders and robbery within the border, committed by small parties of marauders, whom the Governor is taking measures to suppress and punish—a work of no small difficulty in a country so thinly inhabited and so extensive. Neither Caffres nor rebel Hottentots evince the least disposition to submit or yield to the only terms offered to them, namely, unconditional surrender or retreat beyond the Kei.

Accounts from Cowie Forest, on the frontier, state that the Caffres will not be able to hold out much longer in Waterkloof. The rifle regiment makes an excursion among the natives twice a week, and great numbers of Caffres have been killed. The plan adopted seems to be extermination. The war is carried on by the natives by running off the cattle, and the English endeavor to recover their property, shooting all the Caffres they can find. One man, with ten servants, in the month of April, shot twenty-five Caffres in his garden.

It was expected that Gov. Cathcart would shortly join Col. Buller, for the purpose of making another attack on Waterkloof.

Another expedition across the Kei is anticipated, Kreili having failed to pay the fine levied on him by Sir Harry Smith.

The sentence of death is pronounced on all who shall sell the natives ammunition.

A very destructive epidemic was prevailing in the interior. A large number of the natives have died.

The trade in women and children among the Griquas, is loudly condemned by the press generally. The custom of trading children for cattle and horses appears to be common.

**MORE SEIZURES OF FISHING VESSELS!**—We learn from the *Newburyport Herald* that the schooner General Cushing, from the Bay of St. Lawrence, which arrived at Newburyport yesterday, makes the following report:—

"Left Gut of Canso Saturday, 24th inst. and spoke on that day schooner Freeman, of Weymouth, who reported that on the day previous they saw a Br. steam frigate, with two American fishing vessels in tow, taken off Gaspe Head, how far from the land not stated. There were 11 Br. vessels of war on the fishing grounds

[From the Boston Journal.]

### BURNING OF THE HENRY CLAY.

NEW YORK, July 28.

The steamboat Henry Clay, running on the Hudson river, took fire and was entirely destroyed, this afternoon. A gentleman who was on board gives us the following particulars:—

The boat, when the fire was discovered, was two miles this side of Yonkers, about five miles ahead of her time, with the Armenia three miles astern. The fire broke out amidships near the boilers, and the whole lower deck was in flames before the passengers on the promenade deck were aware of their peril. The vessel was run ashore instantly. Many, however, jumped overboard previously, some of whom were drowned, and others reached the shore alive. One child was burnt to death on board, and another so badly that it died in the cars on its way to the city.

Our informant saw a woman hanging over the side of the boat with a child in her teeth, until the flames compelled her to drop into the water. The child was drowned. The woman stated that the child was a stranger to her. She found it deserted on the promenade deck. The wife and two children of one of the Professors at West Point, were also drowned. Our informant did not learn their names. Two other women hung over the side of the boat until exhausted, when they dropped and were drowned. Many other women besides those enumerated are missing, and supposed to be either drowned or burnt. One gentleman who had two ladies under his charge had not been found when our informant left—ten are known to be lost, and it is feared many more.

The boat is a total wreck. Baggage mostly saved.

She left Albany at 7 o'clock this morning, and had on board about 150 passengers—10 taken in at Albany, and the remainder on the route down.

Another passenger states that the Henry Clay and Armenia were racing at the time of the accident—that the steam had been put at its highest point, and that when the passengers protested against it they were told by the officers there was no danger. The boats had been on a race all the way from Albany.

Among the missing is Stephen Allen, formerly Mayor of New York.

Among her passengers lost were Mrs. Bailey and her two children from West Point. One report makes the number on board 300, and the number lost 40 to 50.

1 P. M.—Thus far thirty-six bodies of those who perished by the burning of the Clay have been recovered:—Mrs. Robinson and child, Mrs. Colby of Vermont, Eliza Hillman of Troy, Mrs. Bancroft, Julia High of Newburg, Wm. M. Ray of Cincinnati, Mrs. Ray and child, J. S. Speed, Martha Wadsworth and Mr. Downing of Newburg. Mrs. Bartlett escaped unhurt. Miss Tucker lies in a dying condition at the Waverly hotel.

Let our British friends at the North make us unpleasantly sensible of their existence; let them stand one moment in the way of the national prosperity and obvious destiny, and there is no telling how soon we shall swallow them headland and inland, lake, river, and town.—We speak more in sorrow than in arrogance.—We shall have to do it; that is all.—*New York Times*.

It is really amusing to see brother Jonathan in a tantrum; but we have borne with his puffing tricks upon our waters quite as long as is proper, and he must be taught and will be taught that John Bull can keep his own whether in the sea girt Islands of Great Britain and Ireland or in North America, notwithstanding the vaporings of his noisy cousin. Aye we will keep our own and without fighting for it either.—*Toronto Patriot*.

The London papers of July 10, complain of the intense heat, and state that people fell down in the street, and some actually died from sun strokes. Yet the mercury only reached 82 degrees. Here the mercury runs up ten degrees higher before we even begin to complain. Such is the difference in the climate of the two