

## THE FIRE KING.

THE Fire King has been raging furiously of late in every part of the civilised world, and without respect of persons or buildings, but none of his ravages commands a more immediate and instinctive compassion than the sad occurrence at Southall, near Oxbridge. Dr. Boyd had there a lunatic asylum for private patients, and the house was full of occupants, and amongst them were Dr. Boyd himself, his son, and another relative of his own name and profession, with three daughters. About two o'clock on Tuesday morning a fire broke out in the building, and before any of the inmates could be aroused the flames had gained an all but complete mastery of the premises. It is horrifying to relate that Dr. Boyd and his son perished in the conflagration, but it is in some sense consoling to add that they nobly sacrificed their lives in the heroic endeavour to rescue some of their helpless *protégés*. It is feared that altogether six persons have perished. The doctor himself was once seen to emerge from the burning pile—it was when he carried his daughter in his arms out of the flames and lowered her by a ladder to a place of safety. Then he faced back again to the heart of the burning, in the hope of saving others, and was never again seen alive. Alongside him bravely fell his son and Captain Williams. The other Dr. Boyd escaped at the last by jumping from a high window. He sustained some severe injuries from the effort. His daughters were rescued, we know not how, but are said to be lying in a critical condition. The hapless and unconscious inmates who were saved had wonderfully narrow escapes, and were rescued as if by miracle. The friendliness of the neighbours to the imbecile was most spontaneous and touching. All were on the spot provided for and comfortably housed—the females by Miss Rosser, of the Shrubbery, and the males by the landlord of the Red Lion Hotel. A fire in an inhabited building is appalling enough, even with every help of science and courage—and lunacy is harrowing enough with every aid that love and skill can bring to soften it. But a fire in a lunatic asylum is about the *ne plus ultra* of conceivable horrors. Possibly it is the most appalling, the most harrowing of all accidents, possessing every element demanding sympathy, succour, commiseration, and heroism. In yesterday's catastrophe all those noble qualities were present in abundance and exercised with a determination, an unselfishness, and a bravery deserving the highest commendation. The Southall people all round seem to have striven to do their utmost need of help in the sudden and dire emergency. The Southall railway station officials exerted themselves with a most commendable and well directed alacrity, and doubtless the comparatively small loss of life is owing to their active interposition. There were about twenty inmates in the house when the fire broke out.—*Dublin Freeman*.

## THE IRISH.

(Indo-European Correspondence.)

THERE is a phenomenon in connection with Irish history which is truly astonishing, and may at first sight appear unaccountable; it is the survivance of what is called the Irish race.

For more than three centuries there has been a feud in that unhappy island between the Saxon and the Celt, which, besides the animosity of race, was embittered also by religious fanaticism, and kept up by the rivalry of material interests. For three centuries it has seemed to be the policy of the English to eradicate the Irish, and to thrust them, root and branches, into or across the ocean.

Year after year, the war of extermination raged, and raged with such fury that it made those very hands shrink that had kindled it. Elizabeth, we know, was of an unrelenting nature, yet such was the barbarity of her agents in Ireland that she was heard to exclaim "that she had found she had sent wolves, not shepherds to govern Ireland, for they had left nothing but ashes and carcasses for her to reign over."

At the time of the Desmond's Rebellion, so stern was the repression, and so unsparring the retribution, that the poet Spencer draws the following appalling picture: "Out of every corner of the woods and ghyons, they (the Irish) come creeping forth on their hands; for their legs could not bear them; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat dead carriages, happy were they that could find them. In a short space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly void of man and beast."

Instead of showing pity, Elizabeth cut off from the Irish the only means of rising from their ruin by confiscating their lands. She then parcelled them out among her greedy favourites, on condition that they would colonise them with *English* tenants.

James continued the work of fire and blood, and if the "wild Irish" enjoyed a breathing interval at the beginning of the civil war, the roundheads of Cromwell soon made up for the respite. Supposing even the accounts that represent them wading with their horses breast-deep through streams of Catholic blood be exaggerated, they still lead to suppose carnage enough to make the survivors comparatively few; and yet Paddy survived!

The cruel policy of the sanctimonious Protector was continued under the Stuarts; it was continued under William and the Georges. Cromwell had relegated the poor down-trodden Celts into the wilds of Connaught; it was the constant endeavour of the rulers of the land after him to prevent them from rising, and by foreign colonisation, or by native apostasy, to un-Irish Ireland; and yet Ireland remained Irish!

When direct persecution was stopped by the Emancipation Act, famine took the place of the fire and sword, and the work of depopulation continued. We may safely assume that the stress of emigration told most heavily on the native Irish and Catholic element; yet, after years of emigration, the census of 1882 shows that the Catholics have maintained their proportion to the whole population, or, if any change took place, it was in their favour.

This strange fact has become the more striking, these last few years, by the downfall of the Irish Church, which was given up by England in despair, and by the breakdown of the Irish Missions, whose exposure we have but lately heard of. Ireland is as Catholic as she ever was since Elizabeth, and if anything she is more intensely Irish. Religious animosity may have softened down; but natural aspirations have buoyed up, and national antagonism has been intensified. It is no longer the "Papiets" alone that club together against the English ascendancy: it is everyone; and the trouble given by the Land Leaguers to the sister isle is none the less trying because their head, Mr. Parnell, is a Protestant.

## THE ORANGE RIOTS.

Glasgow, Wednesday, August 22.

SERIOUS disturbances took place in Coatbridge again last night. About 11 o'clock party bands assembled in the outlying districts, and to disperse them the police had to charge them repeatedly, being all the time under showers of stones, bricks, etc. Order was restored about midnight. The extra police are still remaining in the town in expectation of renewed rioting.

Coatbridge, Wednesday Night.

At the Cross the appearance is that of a town about to be attacked. About 100 police, 20 of whom are mounted, are on duty. The party quarters are being scoured at intervals. The police are divided into two divisions—one with ten mounted men in front make an inspecting parade through a quarter, and all being quiet return to the Cross, where the division halts; while another sets out in the direction of another quarter. This mode of preventing crowds to gather was commenced at dark, and will be continued till morning. Captain M'Hardy is in command, assisted by Superintendent M'Gilbary and Inspector Cruickshank. About half-past ten while one of the divisions was proceeding up Sunnyside the Orange party stoned the officers, who then made a vigorous charge after them, and succeeded in capturing fifteen of their number, whom they conveyed to the police office. Intelligence has just arrived here from Bellshill to the effect that a riot is going on there. Captain M'Hardy and thirty men have set off in a special train for Bellshill, which is only two miles from here.

Coatbridge, Thursday Morning, 1 o'clock.

Since last telegraphing I have been informed that a number of Catholics living in the Orange localities of Sunnyside and Gartsherrie have during the past few days been compelled, by fear of bodily injury from their Orange neighbours, to quit their houses. The Orangemen openly intimidate Catholics. Yesterday morning (Wednesday) a Catholic family named Tinney, residing in Railway street, had to quit their house in fear. Later on a party of Orangemen arrived at the empty house, and deliberately wrecked it. They smashed the glass and sashes of the windows with stones. No arrests have been made. It was said that Orangemen living in Catholic districts have had their houses also attacked in revenge, but of this I can find no confirmation. One of the officers in command states that the Orange party are intimidating many of the respectable Catholic householders by setting afloat rumours of intended attacks on their homes. In the house of one of the prominent Catholics of the town the dwellers are now sitting in momentary expectation of their house being attacked. The police, however, are keeping a close eye on the place. Last night two shops occupied by Catholics were attacked, the windows being broken. Several Catholic young men employed in iron and engine works have been intimidated from attending their work. On Tuesday morning, while a man was on the point of passing in at the gate, two Orangemen stopped him. They had in their possession two heavily-buckled belts. They swung these before him, and threatened that if he would dare to enter they would "knock the life out of him." They also threatened to put a bullet into him, at the same time showing a revolver. The Catholic clergymen are being insulted in the streets. Yesterday two ladies wearing orange lilies insulted one of the curates as he was going into the chapel house. Word has arrived here that a riot at Bellshill has been suppressed. A large number of prisoners were arrested during the *melee*.

Last night (Wednesday) at Coatbridge about three hundred of the Orangemen marched by a back road to the Catholic district and renewed the fighting. Considerable damage was done, and twenty-two arrests were made. A telegram from Bellshill was received by Chief Constable M'Hardy stating that the fighting has commenced at that place. A large *posse* of policemen were despatched by a special train for Bellshill, and further details are anxiously awaited.—*Dublin Freeman*.

The recent overflowing of the Mulcair and Dead Rivers has rendered thousands of acres in the vicinity of Pallasgreen almost valueless. One farmer has had over eighty acres of hay, oats, potatoes, and pasture completely covered with water, so much so that his large dairy of fifty cows have not even standing ground. It is extraordinary that though the riparian tenants are obliged to pay the Board of Works from £1 to £1 10s per acre in addition to their former rents for the benefits which were supposed to accrue to them from the Mulcair drainage, the floods break in and cover the land much more frequently since than before the Mulcair drainage was effected.

The London City and Provincial Penny Benefit Bank near Oxford-street was utterly wrecked lately by a crowd of depositors, drawn together though a malicious report of the bank's insecurity. All the attendants fled, the books were thrown about, the counter was smashed, and the drawers, boxes, and tills forced open. The police were outside, but would not enter private property. The directors have issued a statement that they have about £300 surplus, and they offer to pay all the depositors by weekly instalments. There were applications by depositors in the police courts to day, and Mr. Bridge, the Southwark magistrate, said the Post Office was the only secure savings bank for working men.