

he sailed to the Northwest and the Southwest, keeping watch. Thick snow storms fell during this time, but when they cleared away there were no boats to be seen. They had compasses on board. They had more food than the ill-fated boat, from which Mr. Nye was rescued. But the weather was very stormy and cold during all those subsequent days, and their probable fate is one painful conjecture. We trust that we shall hear something of them. Some good ship may have picked them up. If they should never be heard of, then only one individual, young Nye, will have been rescued out of all the passengers and crew of the packet ship *John Rutledge*. And it is not even certain that he will recover. He remains in a very low state on board the *Germania* now in our bay.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

TRIBUTE FROM AN EMINENT FRENCH ASTRONOMER TO A PROFESSOR OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—“Since the time of Laplace, mathematicians, discouraged by the difficulties of the investigation, seem to have deserted the field of speculations relative to the form of the earth, the stability of the ocean, the general equilibrium, or, rather, the constancy of the motions of the earth about its axis. A young Irish mathematician, Mr. Hennessy, seems to me to have entered upon the good path of the French school, and to have laid the foundation for the solution of several new and important problems. The number of those who are capable of understanding labors of such an order is unfortunately very limited. Laplace, on dedicating to Napoleon his celebrated *Mécanique Céleste*, received a congratulatory letter expressing in noble and eloquent language views confirmatory of the remarks which I have made.” This paragraph is taken from an essay by M. Babinet, the eminent French astronomer, which appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Mr. Hennessy is quite a young man, a native of Cork, and the Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Catholic University of Ireland.

Mr. Luke Mullock, of Limerick, while walking along the banks of the river, at the point known as “the Pass,” found a cannon ball weighing 7lbs., which must have been deposited there at the time of the siege.

On Monday last a row took place in King-street, Ballina, which providentially did not issue as fatally as at one period was dreaded. A soldier of the Sligo Rifles had given a shilling to a recruit, but he being rejected on medical examination, the soldier demanded back the shilling. The man refused to return it, whereupon the soldier collared him, and was immediately assailed by a mob, who gave him very tough handling. He took refuge in a baker's shop and being hardly pressed by his assailants he seized a large knife which lay on the counter, and brandishing it in a most violent manner he made a rush on the mob. They dispersed immediately, and the man was disarmed of his formidable weapon ere any injury had been inflicted. The conduct of the people was very reprehensible in so furiously assaulting the soldier, while, at the same time he is not exempt from blame, as he was partially intoxicated at the time.—*Connaught Watchman*.

EFFECTS OF SADLER'S CRIME.—The Tipperary Leader, recounting the effects of the failure of the Joint Stock Bank consequent on Mr. Sadler's frauds, gives the following graphic picture:—“It would harrow the hardest heart were we to recount the tales of woe and sorrow of some of the poor depositors in the branch of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank of this town. One had a daughter's portion there, the savings and scrapings of many a year—it was gone. Another had the means of fortuneing off a younger brother, a charge on his holding—gone too. Another received a fortune with his wife last Shrove-tide and lodged it in the bank; his sister was to get it as a fortune next Shrove-tide—gone. How many years of toil, and misery, and starvation will replace these sums. But these men are farmers and can live. There are worse and more heart-rending cases still. A poor creature at Brittas was evicted and obliged to leave his little farm; he turned his all into money; the latter he lodged in the Joint Stock Bank, himself in the meanest hovel. May God help him to-night. One other case, and we are done with this part of the subject. On Thursday last we were with a friend, and saw a poor old man enfeebled with age and paralysed in his limbs. He touched his hat, and hobbled on his crutches over towards us. Our friend knew him, and God knows, as we watched the tears roll down that miserable man's wrinkled face, we never saw such a picture of misery. This was his case. Darby Ryan, of Laha, in the parish of Drom, was once a stout man, but has been disabled by paralysis; he is a tenant to five or six acres of poor bad land, but by the help of his hard-working industrious wife, and six or eight young children, Darby was able to live and keep out of the poor-house. By the help of some friends, poor Darby sent the eldest girl a short time ago to Australia, and with true Irish nature, she sent back to her father a bank order for £10, at the same time stating she would soon send for another of the family. This order Darby received in December last, and went into the Tipperary Bank with it, and paid it for cashing it. He was desired to call in a few days for the money, but the poor creature said, “Your honor, I was afraid of lavishing it, and left it there until the letter came for another of them to give it to her.” In our whole life, we never saw such a picture of misery as was mirrored in the agonized and writhing features of this poor man. Is there no member of the wealthy families connected with John Sadler who will relieve poor Darby, and send back his £10 to his Parish Priest? If not, may God in His mercy comfort and relieve him. Mr. Scully, M.P., is security for Mr. Sadler in the various properties he was connected with in Ireland. Mr. Sadler had overdrawn his account with the various Tipperary Stock Banks to the amount of £220,000. Great excitement and disappointment has been caused by the wholesale robbery of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank. Many have lost their lives as well as money from disappointment; and the sudden shock occasioned one farmer to beat his wife to death, because she dissuaded him from taking out his money (£300) when he heard of the alarm. A poor woman, who was gathering her little savings—near £100—to send her stepson to America, has lost it all.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

At Thurles and Nenagh the rush upon the Tipperary Joint Stock Banks was so great that the Constabulary were called out to keep order. Consequent upon the frauds of Mr. Sadler, a respectable firm in the iron trade has failed in Manchester for £25,000.

The High Sheriffs of both County and City of Cork have taken possession of the Cork and Bandon Railway Company, at its termini and stations along the entire line. The executions were issued at the suit of the Directors of the Company.

THE MERCIES OF BRITISH LAW.—There is at this moment a person named Sterne confined in the Four Courts Marshalsea, Dublin, for damages sustained in an action which was tried before the punning Lord Norbury, forty years ago! We believe that all the persons who had the least interest in that verdict have long since paid the debt of nature, and that there is not one individual alive who can legally discharge from prison this unfortunate old man, who almost began life by this calamity.

Telegraphic accounts at the War department, announce that Lieut. Dunham Massey, 19th Regt., was carried down from camp to Balaklava, and embarked for England on board the *Andes*, steamer, on the 25th ult. This chivalrous young officer went out fourteen months ago a Lieutenant, and returns with the same rank—a matter which strikes the whole public with astonishment and disappointment, and to the French officers in the Crimea appears almost incredible. However, we are sure his countrymen may look with confidence to Lord Hardinge's sense of justice for speedy promotion for the gallant but unfortunate “Redan” Massey.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

WHY IRISHMEN SHOULD BE ARMED.

“The right to bear arms is one of those fundamental rights upon which the liberties of a free people rest.—W. S. O'Brien.

To this we will add, that it is the bounden duty of every people—having the slightest pretensions to being a free people, or the slightest hope of even becoming a free people—to procure arms by all and every means, and be ready and resolved to use them; either in guarding the rights they possess, or (at the proper time) in achieving those to which they aspire. But independent of this general truth, there are peculiar and most cogent reasons why an Irishman is, just now, particularly bound to provide himself with a stout weapon of some sort.

We were proceeding by a regular and most logical train of reasoning, to prove the above assertion when a prudent friend, who acts in the capacity of member to us, tapped us upon the shoulder and pointed to certain words which we have hung, framed and glazed over our desk—for the purpose of keeping our love and loyalty for our free and happy constitution, always up to the boiling point. These words are—

“Packed juries—Perjured sheriffs—Partizan judges.” This interruption put us out of latitude a little; but we shortly recovered. We thanked our friend for his warning and, our stars, that we were writing for men who could tell “a hawk from a hand-saw” and day in the year, and in all weather, and who moreover, are profoundly impressed with the truth of the apothegm, “a nod as good as a wink.”

We are quite aware that there is in this free and happy country a law against “drilling and training.” A law against “having or carrying” arms of any sort. A law even against pitchforks of a certain sedition length or strength of prong.

All this, no doubt, is not very favorable to putting our theory to a practical test. Yet we do remember that Daniel O'Connell was wont to say that he could drive a coach and six through any British Act of Parliament that ever was framed; and we humbly submit, that the barrier, through which so unwieldily a vehicle could pass, ought to be no barrier at all to any number of men marching, say four deep. The devil's in it, at all events, if the gracefully tapering “queen of weapons”—we mean our Irish “queen of weapons”—could not be driven, through anything, through which a coach and six could. We leave it to the wit of our reader to come at our meaning.

“Grim-visaged war” so far from having “smoothed his wrinkled front” is, we believe, preparing to roll his thunders over the world. If this should happen, England will be compelled to force her militia and police, day she may take it into her head to force us—to recruit her already decimated ranks. How in such an event, are our lives and properties, and the honor of our families, to be protected from the robber and the burglar—and the press gang? By the orange-men, perhaps; for Dublin Castle will be sure to provide them with arms. And are we to be like sheep to the mercy of the wolves? We ask every honest man—every real lover of not to say the liberty, but of the virtue and religion of his country, to weigh well what we have said, or rather what we have but hinted at. Suppose a permanent peace settled on—a not very probable supposition—and the necessity for arms is not the less imperative. It needs no ghost to tell us what a few years of high rents and low prices will make of Ireland. The crow bar in full swing—the peasantry unemployed—famine and pestilence sweeping over the land—a disbanded militia, composed of scamps and ruffians, prowling through the country, with their original vices nurtured into rankness; in that hot-bed of crime, an English barracks. May God preserve us from such a fate as this, worse—oh, how many thousand times worse—than the bloodiest war that ever reddened the soil of Ireland!

It may be said that if the people were allowed to have arms, lawless outrages would be of more frequent occurrence. This is not true. It is so ridiculously untrue, we will not stop to argue the point. Let us mention one fact, however. According to Sir J. Barrington, during the time of the volunteers, when eighty thousand muskets were distributed and kept in their own houses, such a thing as an outrage of any sort was scarcely ever heard of. And this at a time when there was no other force but the volunteers—that is, the people themselves—to preserve the peace and law and order of the country.

The law can disarm only the good citizen. The badly disposed man would be armed in spite of the law. And it is the consciousness of superiority over the well-disposed portion of the community that makes him the daring ruffian he often is. Place the honest man on equal footing with him, by putting arms in hands, and the ruffian will soon give up his trade. So that the possession of arms by a people instead of promoting, is the representative of crime.

The greatest criminal of society is the exterminator. If there was a gun in every house, how many a landlord would be prevented, by the mere knowledge of the fact, from exterminating his tenantry; and how many a tenant would be thus spared the guilt of dyeing his hands in blood?

We implore of all good men—in the name of peace and morality—in the name of the Church of our fathers and the liberty of our country, to ponder, upon what we have said, and what we have not said, and

advocate the duty of the people to procure arms for their protection. In our heart we believe that we are on the eve of fearful and most trying times. Let every Irishman who has a house, or a wife, or a sister to guard—be prepared.—*Tipperary Leader*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Admiral Napier has brought forward, in Parliament, his motion for enquiry into the management of the Baltic fleet while under his command. He contended that he was sacrificed to cover Sir James Graham's incapacity. Graham retorted by saying that the Admiral was physically unfit. Also, that his reputation was higher than his skill. Admiral Berkeley also attacked Napier, who retorted. The motion was, eventually, withdrawn.

LONDON DESCRIBED BY A CATHOLIC.—Our impression of London is, that it is a vast and vicious city. Mammon is its king, Venus its queen, and Bacchus its clown. These are the gods which the people of London worship. The buildings, in many parts of the city, are stores, brothels, and shops. The Sunday, indeed, is observed as rigidly as in New England, though not in consequence of any religious principle in the people. The laws are rigid, and the police, effective and numerous. But the laws cannot compel people to go to Church, nor can the police check in-door enjoyment. Therefore all the churches are thinly attended, and are useful only as sounding boards. They yield an echo to the voice of the preacher. The Catholic “chapels,” however, are crowded with worshippers. They (Catholic worshippers) are forced to church by the gods of conscience. They believe it to be a sin to be absent from chapel on Sunday. So they go. Protestants believe no such thing; therefore they go, or stay, as they please. And most of them please to stay. There is another thing that would be likely to strike an observant traveller. Among the thousands tripping gaily to “chapel” were persons of every rank,—from the lord to the beggar,—in every sort of costume, from the costliest to the wretchedest—some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns. But among the “church” goes the velvet gown had it by a unanimous vote. The fact is, that in London, and in Boston, and every where else, Protestants go to church because it is fashionable. But to be fashionable one must dress in fashion. But if one cannot, then one will stay at home, or go a frolicking. This is all the more remarkable in that the “churches,” for the most part, are never open except on the Sunday. These Christians, taking the Bible as their “rule,” maintain that it is commanded unto all men to work six days, and to rest upon the Sabbath day. Therefore, to serve God on either of these days, by prayers and religious exercises, would be a manifest infringement of the divine law. The Catholic “chapels,” on the contrary are open for the divine service every in the year; and every day, “from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same,” is offered the incense of true devotion, and the “clean oblation.” And every day the rich and the poor kneel together at the same altar. “One thing I will say of London—and the same is true also of Liverpool, Manchester, and all the cities and towns which I visited in England,—and that is, that one hears scarcely any profane swearing or cursing, either among men or boys. Had it been a common practice I certainly should have known it, for I took special pains to listen and detect it. Whenever I encountered a group of boys, by day or night, I made it a point to linger near them, to watch their games, to observe their conduct, and to overhear their conversation. These groups consist of from a dozen boys to several hundred. Yet never did I hear a single oath or blasphemous expression. I suppose they do swear sometimes, but I did not hear it. How different in this land of the Puritans, freedom, and schools, and of religion! We can hardly walk through a street in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, where boys do congregate, that our ears are not assailed with the most horrid and blood-curdling blasphemies. All the genius of the devil himself is taxed to invent oaths and curses. Little boys who can hardly walk are heard to utter the sacred names of God and his Son with prefixes that the most impious of men dare not transcribe.—*Haskins' Travels*.

EDINBURGH.—We believe that things are going on in this city, a description of which would bring dismay among the stanchest partizans of the new law. Clubs, unless we are misinformed, are already formed among the younger part of our population, and stores of liquor laid in at private rooms taken for the purpose, where scenes of profligacy occur such as could not take place in an open public-house. We expect to submit more information upon this subject to our readers before long. Be this, however, as it may, and we will hope the facts have been exaggerated, there is unfortunately, no doubt concerning another development of the law in some of our towns. We allude to the spy system, by which publicans or others are lured into the commission of offences by persons employed for that purpose by the police. For some time we totally refused to credit this return to one of the most revolting features of a bygone age. But facts have been too strong for our incredulity and we find the shocking abuse both avowed, and to our amazement, justified. Let what is done be distinctly seen. The proceedings are entirely different from those of the detective police. They are not to be compared with the practice, itself questionable, of suffering a crime, discovered to be in progress, to proceed to its consummation. They are worse in their petty meanness and demoralising effect, than the huge infamies of the *Olivers and Castles*. Women, we are told, are employed in this shameful traffic. Better, we say that the law should be violated a thousand times than that a single infringement should be detected by such debasing means. If the restrictions can only be enforced by agencies like these, the fact will go very far to convince us of their entire impolicy. No reform of our external manners, or cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter, can counterbalance so thoroughly corrupting a practice. We trust that public opinion will suffice to put down this scandalous abuse. It should no longer be said that the law first creates an offence, and then employs agents to procure its commission.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

WHO BROUGHT BUGS TO ENGLAND.—The more disgusting insects are, the more persevering seem their labors to fill the earth. The bed-bug, that most hated, and yet most faithful companion of man in all parts of the globe, was not even known in Europe before the eleventh century, when it first appeared in Strasburg; and then, with the beds of exiled Huguenots, was carried to London.—*De Ver's Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature*.

There are ponds which will bear drawing about once in five years, and the process is very exciting. That is about the interval at which the British public will bear a good brisk agitation. The crop is rather an exhausting one, but the soil is generous, and will bear it without utter desolation. Not to commit ourselves to the opinion that the object has always been in proportion to the zeal with which it has been prosecuted, we must confess that the old adage of “great cry and little wool” is fulfilled in the present instance. Here is nearly the whole population of this isle, the church of England, all the sects,—for they are many,—towns, parishes, chapelries, congregations, schools, presbyteries, stewartries, associations, vicars, church, wardens, office-bearers, teachers,—sending earnest petitions to Parliament not to allow the opening of the Crystal Palace, the National Gallery, or the British Museum on the Lord's-day. Sometimes, indeed, the prayer goes to silence the band in Hyde Park, and stop everything in the native of amusement on the Sabbath. The resolutions adopted and the speeches applauded at public meetings go very much further. Strong men, able to walk their five miles an hour, forbid invalid ladies an hour's airing in a carriage; and men with home, wife, and children, and warm friends besides, forbid the moping bachelor his newspaper and his club. There is no end to the burdens and prohibitions which a certain sort of zeal will lay upon those who are or may be the least able to bear them, and who are the objects for grace rather than law. No doubt it is very amusing to hunt down the poor creatures who try to find a little amusement somewhere between the necessity of labour and the obligation of “rest.” No doubt gentlemen who are prevented by the decencies of their profession, or by a regard to appearances, from hunting any other description of vermin, find some equivalent in the chase of a Sabbath-breaker through all his places of resort. It is great and noble sport to scent him as he is listening to a band in Hyde Park, to head him on his way to Pall-mall, and run him down as he is entering the Waterloo station. No doubt, too, that preachers find the amusement very cheap. Sunday is their working day, generally their only one, and they can afford to rest salvation in doing nothing else in it but what they are paid to do. As, too, they are preparing their sermons on Saturday evening, they can throw it into the bargain, and denounce Saturday evening parties without losing much by it. Nevertheless, there are people, not wholly destitute of religion, who are apt to suspect a cheap and noisy goodness. It wants the mark of sterling virtue, which, though bold and strenuous, is usually quiet. The greatest of preachers, in the presence of his largest congregation, began a long discourse with warning his particular friends to “be aware of hypocrisy.” So we cannot be very far wrong when we warn people in general to distrust a crusade of which they enjoy the excitement, leaving the difficulty, the cost, and the burden to others.

What is most to be feared from the sort of movement is the encouragement it gives to a dull, tyrannical, and prohibitory religion. It is the “touch not, taste not, handle not,” and we may also add, the “see not, hear not, know not, move not, do not,” old superstition still among us. It reminds one of the dull parent, or the heartless mercenary schoolmaster, who can only just screech or thunder out “Don't do this!” and “Don't do that!” till the mental condition of the child or the pupil is that of a wild beast in a cage. Our fanatical gaolers are setting up first one bar, then another; closing first this opening, then that; riveting chain after chain, and darkening light after light, till we, whom Nature has made to walk at large, are compelled to change the moral of the famous lines,—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

and confess ourselves prisoners, though outwardly free. Nothing is so easy, nothing so agreeable to despotic, harsh, and unsympathizing tempers, as to lay these heavy burdens. It is only saying “No!” with an implied anathema, and you may flatter yourself at once that you have done a noble deed and testified to a perverse generation. We cannot do this. We must have more sympathy with people especially the large mass that requires a little comfort, and even indulgence. We are bound to consider not just what they ought not to do on Sunday, but what they do, and what they may do. We are bound also to institute some sort of comparison. Is it better an artisan should spend the long hours of a summer Sabbath in a public-house, or simply basking in the sun, or dozing in the shade, torpid and sullen, than with his wife and children, in a beautiful garden, breathing sweet air, and gazing on a glorious landscape? Cannot a little charitable contrivance enable him to do this without robbing other men of all their Sunday rest? Thousands upon thousands spend their Sunday evenings in “tea-gardens,” where they buy scarcely standing-room, where they drink beer and spirits, breathe tobacco, and whatever other perfumes a great crowd brings with it. For our part, we don't think the custom so utterly vicious and the people so “accursed” as to interpose a conscientious scruple against so much as trying to improve it. Of course, it takes only a drop of ink and a stroke of the pen to pronounce any poor creature who gets into a boat or an omnibus on the Sunday afternoon “a child of perdition,” and have nothing more to do with him. This is not the way to make anybody better. It has made many a bad man, and many a hypocrite; but it tells nothing, teaches nothing, and comes to nothing but darkness and bondage of body and soul. No doubt all people could spend the Sunday much better than they do. In private society it is a high and precious gift to be able and ready to guide a Sunday evening's conversation to the holy purposes of the day. But this is only to be done by initiating, suggesting, and supplying the topics. It is not to be done by throwing a wet blanket on every spark of wit, or burst of feeling, or natural expression that may break through the tedium of the day. So we think these good people who are telling our legislators how to deal with the Sabbath had better direct their attention to some positive and practical way of enjoying God's rest, instead of merely banning us from this and from that. In fact, the people will not be dealt with in this way. They want instruction and elevation, and a great deal more; but it's of no use to lay down a number of justice-laws, and send below every man who does not observe them.—*Times*.

CHOLERA AND CANT.—Given: if Cant were as fatal to life as Cholera, what would have been the amount of mortality in the neighborhood of the House of Commons, on the late Division on the “Sunday Bill”? Will the Hon. Mr. F. H. Berkeley resolve the problem?