

Davis, was carried under the surface for a considerable distance. By a powerful effort he managed to escape from the boat, which sank under the cable, and is now doubtless buried in the sand. The three men were rescued from their dangerous position by another boat belonging to the ship. The part undertaken by Captain W. Beechy R. N., in laying down the submarine cable was one requiring the most accurate knowledge of the land marks at both sides, the soundings of the Channel, the course of the tides, &c. The least faulty steering from ignorance of the tides or other causes connected with the navigation of so wide a Channel would have ended in disappointment, and perhaps the loss of the wire. Captain Beechy gave directions for the pilotage of the Prospero, while Lieutenant Aldridge shared with him the labor of keeping the vessels' track constantly fixed by angles and bearings between points and peaks of mountains with which both officers were familiar, from their surveys of the Irish Sea, and without which, considering the very strong spring tides that were running, the vessels might have been swept away, so that the lines would not have reached the shore. It may be recollected that only five miles more of line was used than would cover the distance as the crow flies.—*Ibid.*

William O'Donnell, a private soldier of the 31st regiment in Limerick garrison, has purchased his discharge, and is about immediately to join the Redemptorist Fathers, to enter on his novitiate as a lay brother at Bishop Eaton.

DUBLIN, JULY 6.—On Monday evening a phenomenon was distinctly visible to a number of inhabitants of Upper and Lower Temple st. at a quarter past 8 o'clock, the sun then shining brilliantly and the sky cloudless. A large ship, about the size of a 74 gun vessel, in full sail, was seen suspended at a considerable height in the air, and moving at a very rapid pace from SSW to NNE. It passed directly over the spire of St. George's Church. The masts, cordage, and sails were as distinct in this phantom ship as if it were a real vessel. After remaining visible for 8 minutes, it began to grow indistinct until it vanished.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE STOCKPORT RIOTS.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

Dear Sir—I beg you will have the kindness to grant a space for the following lines in your honest and spirited advocate of the true Church, the Faith, and rights of the people.

The sad occurrence of the Stockport riots has, I presume, before this reached you, and, as reports were circulated falsely on other late occasions in England, the same stratagem has been resorted to on this occasion. Yesterday morning, June 30th, I came from my own house, eight miles, to Stockport, where I found confusion in every quarter. St. Michael's Catholic Church was the first place I visited, and there was a total—a universal destruction of everything—windows, seats, organ, and altar demolished; the consecrated altar taken away; the great iron safe, in which was kept the Most Adorable Sacrament in the pix and ciborium, was taken, and is now in the court-house, but the lock and strong bolts have been broken, and the pix and ciborium have been taken away, containing the Most Adorable Sacrament; all the vestments, and everything found in the church, destroyed—whatever was valuable or could be rendered useful was carried off as plunder, and the only thing I could find worthy of preservation in that church, was an empty purse.

But, Sir, this is only small compared with the ruin of SS. Philip and James, another Catholic Church in Stockport, situated in Edgeley. The first thing I observed when I reached there was the wall and railing before the Priest's house levelled and removed. It is impossible to give a description of the destruction of this place. The Priest, at the risk of his life, preserved the Most Adorable Sacrament. Nothing else was saved. The library, valued at £800, is now in ashes. The splendid organ, that cost nearly £400, lies now crumbled in inches; every seat in the church broken; the altar demolished, and, indeed, nothing left. The beds and bedding all taken from the Priest's house and burnt; neither chair, nor table, pot nor mug, nor any other article remains whole. The meat, food, &c., were carried off.

In Rock-row and Patty's Car above thirty-three Irish Catholic houses were broken in the most scandalous way; the inmates dragged out, some from their beds, and were beaten in a most cruel and barbarous manner; two were killed, and above 200 wounded, of whom there are several likely to die. Almost every countenance in Stockport yesterday exhibited woe and confusion, and on the faces of a large majority was the stamp of bitter malice.

You may now wish to get some explanation regarding this matter. The annual school procession took place on the Sunday previous, and, as usual, passed away quietly; but the late proclamation of our gracious (!) Queen and the Derby government has confirmed what the unprincipled Russell began; and the general feeling of the bigots, the McNeils, and the Stowells, and the other putrid scum of the country is, that Catholics enjoy great advantages when permitted to exist.

Some care has been taken in persuading the public that the assault on this occasion was given by the Catholic party. This is positively false. The matter was previously concocted, and persons brought from distant parts to conduct the slaughter. Three of the ringleaders passed away yesterday from Victoria station, in Manchester, by a Bolton train, and lest these strangers should mistake in making the attack, on the doors of the Protestant houses was written in large letters with chalk, "England." In throwing stones at the Catholic houses St. Peter's Protestant Church was near, and by misguided missiles a few squares of glass, by the Protestants themselves, have been broken. Some of the authorities in my presence yesterday were charged with great tepidity, and a willing want of duty, and the reply in apology was, that the accusers knew little of the feeling of the town. It has been stated that the Mayor disappeared, and refused to act. How far these statements are correct I will not say, but they were stated in the presence of magistrates and other authorities, and were not contradicted.

The constables lately sworn in, were abettors of the mob, and hurried them on; and, it is said, assisted in this reckless destruction. I could only with difficulty and danger pass some streets. In the public court-house I heard from respectable persons (some of whom I know well) extracts from the well-known Hugh McNeil, glossed with immense oaths, that they would behead every Priest in England.

The happy reign of Elizabeth is returning under the mild rule of Victoria.

This bloody work and devastation began at St. Philip and James's Church, at about eight o'clock on Tuesday night, June 29th, and at St. Michael's between eleven and twelve o'clock, and was carried on successfully until three o'clock on Wednesday morning. The attack was attempted on the house of Mr. Waterhouse, but by the prompt interference of Peter Marsland, Esq., J.P., the rioters were scattered there.

I am, Sir, with very great respect, your very obedient servant, &c.,

J. J. COLLINS, Priest of New Mills.

F. Lucas, Esq.

Stockport, July 1st, 1852.

(From a Correspondent of the Tablet.)

Now that the hurried excitement of the moment has passed away, and that comparative calm reigns in this unfortunate town, I feel myself able to write you, briefly, in reference to the general features of the melancholy and brutal transaction of the previous night. I will observe, that in the hurry of forwarding my previous despatches, I merely touched on the actual occurrences, without entering into an examination of what might have produced such an inhuman exhibition of brutal and ferocious passion. And even this analysis I shall dismiss by a very concise remark, and that is, that all which happened was the consequence of the "Derby proclamation." The people of Stockport lived in peace until that unhalloved document made its appearance, but since then the Irish and Catholics were laughed at, and everywhere insulted.

The procession of Sunday was not within the provisions of the recent proclamation; it was an annual school procession of years' standing, and presented no emblem of "annoyance" save the wonted scholastic banners—the cross preceded it. Could any Christian object to that? The respected Clergyman of Stockport, the Rev. Mr. Frith, headed the procession, dressed, not in his canonicals, but in his ordinary garb of a private gentleman. The mayor and the authorities were informed by the Rev. Mr. Frith that the procession would be held, and they saw no objection. In a word, not the slightest cause of offence was given by the Catholics. The riot arose out of bigoted prejudice, fomented by a drunken brawl. It began among one or two, and I am now in a position to state—which I do on the gravest authority—that had the Mayor of Stockport only interposed his authority as he should have done, all would have been quiet in a few moments. The authorities of Stockport are seriously responsible for remissness in this unhappy affair. The Irish were attacked in their beds, their houses broken into, their families were dragged out naked, and the humanity to be found in the bosom of a savage was outraged by an English rabble in their gratification of their licentious bigotry. But, notwithstanding this, what was the conduct of the police? Instead of securing the rioters, they sought out the assailed, and bore them off to the "lock-ups." And it is remarkable that the prisoners made were not of the attacking party; nay, it is now openly asserted that the police rather aided the rabble in their onslaught on the Irish, just awoke from their sleep, and unexpectedly assailed. I have taken particular pains to ascertain the truth in reference to the breaking of the Protestant school windows, and from all I could gather from both parties I am led to believe that there was no stone thrown until the cry was heard, "Burn the Masshouse," "Down with the Popish chapel." But as the entire transaction will undergo a severe examination, I will not prejudge any matter involved in it. I have just now visited the Catholic Church.

Its blackened ruins, its still smoking portal, its calced fixtures, its altar dashed into fragments, the tabernacle and sacred vessels burned to dust, the sacred vestments partly consumed, its fine library and schoolroom a mass of ruins, all bear evidence to the wild fury of the bigoted fanaticism which applied the torch to the consecrated edifice. Vengeance has been wreaked on a classic piece of architecture; the learned records of history were doomed to annihilation, and those silent but eloquent monuments of the taste, piety, and genius of Christianity, which would have ensured the forbearance of the Vandal and the Goth, fell before the ungovernable and profligate fury of a low English rabble. Thus the case stands. Nor would matters have ended here had it not been for the timely arrival of a local magistrate, whose name, though in my note-book, I can't decipher, but which I will take care to let you know. This gentleman suppressed the riot in a few minutes by his active and determined interference, and thus effected at the last hour what the other authorities could have done at the beginning if they only did their duty. This Protestant magistrate brought the Rev. Mr. Frith to his house, extended to him his hospitality and protection, and will not even now hear of the Rev. gentleman leaving it.

A large number of the Irish left Stockport yesterday for Manchester, and a heavy detachment of troops arrived here last evening per an express train.

The damage done is estimated at over £10,000. An investigation is going on to-day, at which Mr. Frith is present, together with his solicitor.

Great excitement still prevails, and much apprehension is felt lest Manchester or Liverpool should make a move.

Another correspondent of the Tablet writes:—"Happily the report in the Manchester Guardian, that the consecrated particles were scattered, &c., is untrue; they were secreted in time, and never discovered.—The Catholic soldiers in Stockport assisted in the procession; six walked in front, and the rest marched on either flank."

THE INQUEST.

On Thursday afternoon, at five o'clock, Mr. Charles Hudson held an inquest upon the body of Michael Moran, whose death arose out of the riots. The inquest was held in the Courthouse, and was attended by a large number of the inhabitants.

After the jury had viewed the body, the coroner addressed them.

The following witnesses were then called:—James Flannigan, a grinder in the cardroom—The body now lying at the county lock-up is that of Michael Moran, who was the brother of my wife. He had been living with me for the last three weeks, and was a single man about twenty-three years of age.—He was not working in this town, but had come on a visit to his friends at Stockport. I and Moran left home about half-past seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of visiting an uncle of Riley's,

one of the inhabitants of Rock-row. About eight o'clock, as we were coming down Lord-street, a great mob came down Sandybrow, throwing stones as hard as possible in all directions. I ran away, and as I did so I looked back and saw Moran stretched on the ground, opposite Barlow's beerhouse, and blood was coming from a wound on the right side of his head, and from a wound over his ear. With my assistance he walked down to Riley's. I then went for medical assistance, and brought back with me Dr. Steddon, who ordered plasters to be applied to him. A riot was then going on. I then took him up stairs, and left him upon the bed. The mob then came to Riley's, burst open the doors, and broke all the furniture in the street. They were then going to set fire to the houses, but the police came. We were then up stairs, whither we had fled to save our lives. On the arrival of the police and military, they told us to come down stairs, promising to protect us. After they had gone we brought Michael Moran down stairs, intending to take him to a doctor, but we could not find a doctor's shop open. When we got outside another man came up with a piece of wood, and saying, "Come, let us look at his head, to see if he is an Irishman," he struck him with his weapon on the left side of the head. All the doctors' shops being closed, we brought him to the Courthouse, and laid him down there. Mr. Walters, a surgeon, attended to him as soon as he could. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when we got to the Courthouse. I should not know the man again who struck him. When he was struck in Rock-row, he said, "Oh dear, I'm done!" and never spoke again. The people who were throwing stones in Lord street were throwing at an another party who were coming out of Rock-row. The deceased did nothing whatever in this disturbance.

Dr. Rayner—I was at the Courthouse when the deceased was brought in. I examined the wound. It was on the right side of the head, immediately above the ear. It was three inches in length, and had penetrated the scalp. There was another wound about two inches above the left eye, and about one inch in length. Those are all the external injuries that he had received. I was present when he died, about 2 o'clock in the morning. I made a post mortem examination, and ascertained that the cause of death was a wound on the right side of his head. The skull beneath was depressed 3-16ths of an inch, and a fracture extending from this 5-16ths externally and 6-16ths internally. The fracture passed through his right ear, from which blood oozed before and after his death.—There was another fracture, about one inch in length, from the lower end of the first. There were three or four ounces of clotted blood between the dura mater and the skull. Death arose from an effusion of blood on the brain, caused by a fracture of the skull. I think the fracture must have been caused by a hard and blunt-edged instrument.

The Coroner then said that this was all the evidence he proposed to go into, and he would now adjourn the further prosecution of the inquiry to Tuesday, July 20.

The jury accordingly entered into recognisances to attend again on that day, and the court adjourned.

The disgraceful outrages at Stockport have, as might naturally be expected, been productive of irritation amongst the Irish Catholic population of Manchester. On Wednesday evening a crowd, principally lads, assembled in Charles street, a portion of a district of Manchester, which is known by the name of Little Ireland. They were evidently a good deal excited by what had occurred, but the police being on the alert, they were dispersed without any damage having been done. A number of lads, however, proceeded to parade some of the neighboring streets. No expressions, however, were heard from them indicative of any intention or desire of violence or outrage, and they soon dispersed peacefully. Thursday passed off in perfect quietness. The Catholic Bishop of Salford, however, no doubt feeling that the near approach of a contested election must lead to some excitement, caused the following placard to be extensively posted about the streets on Thursday morning:—

"TO THE CATHOLICS OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD, AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

"We, your Bishop, have received the painful intelligence that a serious disturbance has occurred in a neighboring borough, involving the breach of the peace, the loss of lives, the ransacking of two places of worship, and the destruction of a considerable amount of property, and it has been represented to us that these disgraceful acts of violence and transgression of the laws of the realm have arisen out of, and been caused by, religious animosities.

"Let your conduct during these trying and anxious times be such as to save your religion from the scandal which will necessarily attach to any act of insubordination or breach of the law. Let it be your anxious endeavor to aid and assist the civil authorities whom Providence has placed over you in the preservation of the peace, so that whatever scandals may arise elsewhere you will occupy the proud position of proving to all your fellow-subjects, while you adhere with firmness and unabated sincerity to the doctrines and discipline of our Church, you forgive those who persecute you, and are loyal and faithful subjects to the crown and constitution of the country.

"In the discharge of the weighty duties devolved upon us, we earnestly entreat you not to join or take part in any procession or meeting having a tendency to disturb the public peace, not only at present, but particularly during the ensuing parliamentary elections.

"We further exhort you to discountenance all angry discussions on religion—to cultivate and practice charitable feelings towards all your fellow-subjects, and more especially towards those who differ from you in religion—to evince by your general conduct that our religion is the one which condemns all resentment and ill will, and which requires from all her members the practice of meekness, and the forgiveness of injuries, and the strict observance of the law of this realm.

(Signed)

"WILLIAM, BISHOP OF SALFORD.

"Dated this 1st day of July, 1852, Manchester."

INFAMOUS OUTRAGES AT NEW MILLS, NEAR STOCKPORT.

(From the Tablet.)

A correspondent sends us the particulars of further unmanly and brutal outrages committed by a ruffian Protestant mob at New Mills, near Stockport. He says:—

"It appears that the bloodstained chapel-wreckers

are not yet satisfied with their proceedings in Stockport. There was no procession here; no provocation of any kind. The Rev. Mr. Collins is admitted by all to be one of the kindest and best of men, but he is a Priest and an Irishman, and, therefore, doomed to be the victim of Lynch-law ruffianism.

"At half-past eight o'clock on Thursday evening last an armed mob assembled round his house and church. They first shouted out 'twenty pounds for old Collins's head, and if he'd ever appear again, that instant death is his reward.' And also that the bloody Popish Irish should meet the same fate if they would not quit the town on the following day. Hear this, Bible-reading England; this infamous and brutal mob simultaneously shouted 'they'd smash Jesus Christ's face in the church, and pull down the bloody Virgin Mary.' They then attacked the Priest's housekeeper, who was alone in the house as the Rev. Mr. Collins was absent in Stockport, from Wednesday morning till Saturday evening. They assailed her with a volley of stones, but she providentially succeeded in making her escape; she then ran for the town constables, and could find but one, Mr. Joseph Warren. He proceeded with her to the scene of action, and told the mob that he knew them, and would prosecute any man that would attempt to break the peace, which had the effect of dispersing them for the moment, but they soon returned by another route, and left word with the housekeeper that the church and Priest's house should be smashed to pieces on Friday evening. Such was the state of things till they returned at half-past nine o'clock on Friday morning, when they left a similar message, and threatened death on the Rev. Mr. Collins.

"At eight o'clock the same evening the wreckers assembled 2,000 strong, burnt the Rev. Mr. Collins and the Blessed Virgin in effigy! They then repaired to the lonely housekeeper, and made use of language the most filthy and abominable that could be used by either man or demon. They were followed at this stage of the proceedings by four town constables, who told the housekeeper that they, the constables, should examine the church in order if possible to allay the ferocity of the mob, who pretended that 150 of the Irish from Stockport were lodged in the church, and after the constables diligently searching the church and not finding a human being concealed therein, the housekeeper tendered the keys of the church and the Priest's house to the constables with a view to the safety of the property, which was promptly refused; but as soon as the constables commenced taking down the names of the wreckers as they passed the Priest's gate, it had the effect of stopping the sacrilegious incendiaries. They shortly after retreated shouting for the death of Old Collins and also that of his 'bloody' housekeeper.

"I should have remarked that Miss Handly, the housekeeper above alluded to, proceeded to the church on Thursday night, and remained there, and also on Friday night—in fact, never deserted the tabernacle in which was deposited the Adorable Sacrament, but remained on guard there with all that courage and fortitude which never forsook her martyred forefathers, who suffered for the same Faith in that still persecuted land of her birth. An old man, approaching sixty years of age, volunteered to remain with her throughout the time she spent by the tabernacle. The two faithful sentinels were ultimately relieved by the doomed Priest, the Rev. Mr. Collins, at seven o'clock last night, who then heard, for the first time, the substance of the narrative which I have now detailed. At the hour at which I write the Rev. gentleman is standing almost alone in hourly expectation of meeting death in defence of his church and property in this civilised land of tolerance and perfect religious liberty."

The general election, after having been waited for so long, has come upon us at the last with unexpected and startling suddenness. We are informed by an eye-witness of the contest that nothing could surpass the brutality and ruffian violence of the drunken Orange mobs of Liverpool during and after the election. It is believed that a deliberate plan had been laid for the renewal in that town of the Stockport murders and sacrileges, and for carrying out, upon a scale sufficiently large to appease the Ministerial appetite for Catholic blood, the diabolical suggestions of the infamous penal proclamation. It is certain that hundreds, if not thousands, of weapons of the sort best suited to treacherous assassins had been manufactured expressly for the use of the Liverpool Orangemen at this election. A depot of these murderous weapons, which united the advantages of the pike and the dagger, were seized by the local authorities a few days before the election. A large force of dragoons and artillery were brought into the town on Wednesday evening, the authorities probably having come to the sagacious conclusion that the Irish Catholics of Liverpool were not the men to be robbed and murdered with impunity. It was still, however, far from certain that the excitement, stirred up by the infamous acts of the Queen's Government, would terminate without the effusion of blood, and, very possibly, some terrible conflagration in the heart of this great emporium of wealth and commerce.—*Tablet.*

GLORIOUS CATHOLIC TRIUMPH.—PRESTON, JULY 7.—We have had a glorious triumph in Preston this day. We have turned out Grenfell, who voted with Lord John Russell for the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, in all its stages, who has been boasting in his election speeches that he had never knuckled to the Catholics, and who insulted them by declaring that Papal sway and civil liberty cannot co-exist. Thank God we have humbled one of the worst enemies of His Church. Sir George Strickland, a staunch friend of civil and religious liberty, is again returned, but R. Townley Parker, a Tory, heads the poll. The "No-Popery" cry has been loud and violent, and the Parsons have been the first and foremost to raise it. Although much apprehension of disturbance in consequence existed, I am happy to say that, so far, all has passed off tranquilly. Grenfell, too, has taken his departure, little dreaming that Catholic opposition was so formidable.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

IMMENSE CONSIGNMENTS OF GOLD FROM AUSTRALIA.—The amount of gold consigned to and received in the port of London last week approaches £500,000, six vessels—viz., the Wellington, Thomas Hughes, and Syria, from Port Phillip, the Wandsworth and Regina from Sydney, and the Britannia from Portland Bay—having brought home 53,623 ounces of the precious metal; and the remittances received from the colony within the last three weeks exceed £1,250,000 in value.