

IRISH CATHOLIC CHARITY.—Every Catholic country is a puzzle and mystery to a Protestant. He has no principles to account for its phenomena; he sees results for which he neither knows or suspects any adequate cause, and in his perplexity he invents explanations which a moment's consideration would show to be absurd. But of all Catholic countries Ireland is to the Englishman the greatest puzzle. That it is so near him and in many respects so like England, only makes the puzzle greater, and the theories which he puts out as facts are startling in their absurdity. Take a statement of the *Saturday Review*, a paper of considerable ability, and which seems unprejudiced in favor of any particular system. It shows prejudice enough against, if not for. Here is an account of the religious munificence of the Irish people:—"It is true that in countries like Ireland, a very large annual amount is raised for objects which, in the view of a Roman Catholic, are among the first conditions of spiritual life; but the process by which it is levied does not so much resemble a subscription as a tax imposed under penalty of losing the most essential consolations of religion." Our readers may imagine that this is intentional falsehood; we believe it to be. The writer knows about Ireland as much as an average Englishman does—that is, nothing; and therefore believes about it the lies which float quietly, from one generation to another, down the turbid stream of Protestant Tradition. The Irish Catholics are taught, says that Tradition, that the Sacraments and benedictions of their Church are necessary to salvation, and no one of them can they get except for money. Baptism, Confirmation, absolutions, pardons for sins past and permissions to sin in future are sold, and the cleverest and most successful Priest is he who can sell them at the highest price. The laity are taught that they must buy or be damned. Fully to meet this nonsense is as impossible as to prove that there are not negroes in the moon, for who shall prove a negative. But there is probably no one thing which so much strikes any fair-minded Englishman who has become really acquainted with Ireland, as the wonderful and enormous liberality of the people in matters wholly voluntary. Almost the whole property of the Island is Protestant. The Catholics are almost exclusively poor; and within a few years the laws prohibited their buying property, and made it almost impossible they should inherit it. Now see what they have done. The *Saturday Review* says that they have maintained their own Clergy, not willingly, but of necessity. It has been done it seems by a sort of Church-rate, paid reluctantly under the compulsion, not of the Courts of Law and the Bailiff, but of the threat of damnation in case of refusal. Such a statement clearly ought not to have been made except by one who knows the hearts and motives of men. But let that pass. At least no one thinks they were compelled to build churches, or monasteries, or convents. And yet Ireland is full of them, from one end to the other. Take a single instance—one of many. In Dublin only, besides the Archbishop and Clergy, 331 in number, there are, in last year's Directory, 14 Religious Houses of men, 36 of women; 12 schools of Christian Brothers, educating 1,720 boys, and 5,460 girls in nuns schools; 6 asylums, 7 houses for penitents, 4 houses of refuge, and many other Diocesan charities which we have no room to enumerate. Many of these churches, schools, colleges, &c., are magnificent and costly buildings; and, be it observed, they have not been inherited, like the cathedrals and churches of England, by a generation to which they cost nothing.—They have been built by the existing generation, Middle-aged men now living can remember the time when no Catholic Church in Dublin met the eye. A few were already existing; for after a fatal accident, by which a number of Catholics were killed by the falling of a private house in which they had met for Mass, and which gave way under the multitude which thronged it, they had been allowed to build places of worship in back yards where they escaped observation; but not one was allowed to offend the sight of the triumphant Orangeman who stalked the streets of that Catholic city. All have been built by the existing generation, and all by the poor, and by the poor who meanwhile were supporting their own Archbishop and Clergy, and those of the Protestants as well, and were building and repairing by Church-rates the Protestant Churches. Nor is the spirit extinct. A new convent and new churches are now rising. One of these, the Church of St. Saviour, in Dominic-street, would be an ornament to any capital in Europe; and to show that the spirit is not confined to Dublin, it is only a fortnight ago that the Catholic inhabitants of Newmarket-on-Fergus, a small country town in Clare, raised in one day six hundred and fifty pounds for the erection of a new Catholic Church. Such are the people who, if we may believe the writer before us, are chiefly distinguished by niggardliness from their Catholic ancestors.—*Weekly Register*.

APPALLING ACCIDENT AT CORK—SIX PERSONS KILLED.—After a protracted and dangerous passage, accomplished in the teeth of the gale of yesterday morning, the 18th May, the *Nimrod*, Liverpool boat, commanded by Captain Hynes, arrived at Passage last night about eleven o'clock. The cabin passengers were landed at Passage, and the ship remained at Steam Packet quay until a quarter past four o'clock this morning, when she steamed up to Cork as usual. The crew were preparing to swing the vessel, when an explosion of a dull, heavy character was heard on deck; and immediately after a dense cloud of steam arose from the engine-room, spreading along the deck, and enveloping all on board in vapor. It was, of course, conjectured, that some accident of a serious character must have occurred, but nothing could be done towards ascertaining what the nature of that accident was, until the steam, which continued to ascend from the engine-room in dense volumes, had in some degree cleared away. After the lapse of about five minutes, and at imminent peril to their own lives, a number of the crew rushed into the engine-room, where a shocking spectacle was presented. The bodies of those employed in the engineering department of the vessel, were found lying about in all directions, the sufferers evidently enduring the most excruciating torture. The men were quickly removed on deck, and when a better light enabled the persons assisting to examine the injured men more closely, even their shipmates could scarcely recognise them. The bodies were almost literally flayed, the skin hung in tatters over the face, and in some instances the eyes were completely burned out. A message was immediately despatched to the North Infirmary, and, with a promptitude that was highly creditable, Dr. Loughhead, the resident surgeon, accompanied by his resident pupil, Mr. Rice, was in attendance.

Every means that medical skill could suggest were immediately applied to lessen the tortures of the unhappy sufferers; after which stretchers were obtained, and the bodies of two were removed to the Bridewell, while four were conveyed to the North Infirmary. In about three quarters of an hour after admission into the hospital, two of these men had died, while of the remaining two, one remained conscious for some time after his admission, but a few hours after terminated their sufferings. The names of those killed are—Hugh Connolly, chief engineer, single man, a native of the north of Ireland; Archibald Smith, engineer, married, leaving a wife and two children, John Driscoll, stoker, married; Francis Kavanagh, stoker, a native of Dublin, leaving a wife and six children; Timothy Meany, stoker, a married man, leaving a wife and family; Charles Logan, stoker. It is a somewhat curious fact that the man who appeared the most severely injured was the only one who retained anything like consciousness after the bodies were removed from the room. On searching the engine-room, it was discovered that the boiler had exploded somewhat near what may be described as one of the angles, and singularly enough the rent runs along the part that is firmly rivetted, and generally considered the strongest portion of the boiler. The cause which immediately led to this melancholy accident cannot be at present exactly ascertained, as those who perhaps might be able to afford some information on the subject have been its victims. It has been arranged that an inquest will be held at three o'clock at the Bridewell, before Mr. Jones.—*Cork Examiner*.

THE MURDERERS OF MISS HINDS.—The execution of Dunne and Murphy took place on Friday and, although there was a large assemblage of persons to witness it, there was not anything like the crowds that usually congregate on such occasions. Shortly before 12 o'clock the troops and constabulary took up the different positions allotted to them, and a very formidable appearance they presented. One o'clock was the hour appointed for the execution, and immediately after that time James Murphy was brought out, attended by two clergymen. He appeared fervent in prayer; and, on his being announced that all was ready, the fatal bolt was drawn and he was launched into eternity. He died almost without a struggle, the only thing observable being a quivering of the limbs. After hanging for about half an hour his body was lowered and placed in a coffin, to be interred within the precincts of the goal. Cavan scaffold admits of only one execution taking place at a time; therefore, shortly after Murphy's body was removed, Dunne was brought from his cell, attended by four priests, and he too was earnest in prayer and most attentive to his religious duties. When it was intimated that he was ready he walked out on the drop with a firm step, and the bolt being drawn he too went into the presence of his Maker with scarcely any appearance of bodily suffering. When he had been suspended the usual time his remains were put in a coffin, and shortly afterwards delivered to his sister, immediately upon which the crowd dispersed in the most peaceable and orderly manner. Thus ended the earthly career of these two wretched men, cut off in the prime of life for one of the most diabolical murders ever committed in this country. It is a well known fact that until Murphy was induced to join the Ribbon lodge in this locality no better conducted or more industrious young man could be found.

ARREST OF ONE OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERERS OF MISS HINDS.—DROGHEDA, MAY 20.—On yesterday sub-inspector Corry, of the constabulary stationed in this town, arrested, at a lodging-house in the suburbs, a man answering in every particular the description given in the *Hue-and-Cry* of the notorious "Red Pat Bannon." His left leg was bared, and a mark found there corresponding with the peculiar one mentioned in the *Hue-and-Cry*. The supposed criminal was committed by the magistrates here to the Drogheda goal, where he now lies awaiting the arrival of a passport from Ballyconnell, capable of identifying "Red Pat."—*Saunders*.

MURDER OF MRS. KELLY.—MOATE, MAY 21.—There was an investigation to-day before Messrs. Croin and Singleton, R.M. Mr. Julian was in attendance on the part of the crown. Campbell and Maguire, the two tenants who had been in custody for some time past, were discharged, there being no evidence to connect them with the murder. There was also in custody a man named Kelly, from Ballymore (about four miles off). He was brought here to-day from Mullingar jail, and was also discharged. The only person now remaining in custody is Bannon, who, it will be remembered, was committed with Mr. Strevens. Campbell and Maguire are married to two sisters, and are both tenants on the Ballinerry property; one holds about twenty acres and the other about nine. There are but nine tenants in all on this property, and altogether they do not hold more than eighty acres of it.—*Freeman*.

MORE DEPORTATION OF PAUPERS FROM SCOTLAND.—On Sunday morning, about six o'clock, the superintendents of the harbour police force, when passing the shed of the Glasgow steamer upon their rounds, discovered a female sleeping in a corner of the shed, with a young child aged eight months at her breast. Four other children, the eldest aged ten years, were in the shed, some sleeping and others running about. On raising her up, she stated that her husband had left her in Scotland, having been out of employment for some time, and she did not know where he was. She belonged to Ireland, some of her oldest children having been born there. She lived recently at Saltkirk on the Clyde, and was sent over to Belfast by the Glasgow authorities, who paid her fare. She arrived here without a farthing in her pocket.—*Belfast News Letter*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MUNIFICENCE.—May is the holy season of Protestant England and brings round its annual synods. Exeter Hall is occupied every day for six weeks, and often twice a day. St. Martin's Hall, Willis's and the Hanover Square Rooms, and many dissenting meetings are used as subsidiary. A vast amount of nonsense is talked, and not much less blasphemy. In the words of a Protestant cotemporary:—"The style of speaking which prevails at a religious meeting has no sort of counterpart elsewhere—the applause is wholly unlike the cheering of ordinary assemblies—the metaphors differ—so do the jokes—so do the claptrops. Where a speech of the outer world would be seasoned by a fling at the Russians, a May Meeting address is spiced with an allusion to Cardinal Wiseman. Where a profane assembly would cheer to the echo the state-

ment that 'the man who lifts his hand against a woman,' &c., Exeter Hall bursts into frantic applause at the mention of justification by Faith, as taught by Luther. Witless jests and pointless anecdotes may be heard at every gathering of Englishmen; but it is only in Exeter Hall that orators venture to be funny about the Bible, and to tell long stories of spiritual experience which nothing short of the thumb-screw would elicit from people who do not happen to have accustomed themselves to self-revelation in public."—*Weekly Register*.

THE PRICE OF A CHURCH LIVING.—On Tuesday, at the auction mart, Mr. Winstanley offered to public auction, the Advowson of the Rectory of Guestling, Sussex, of the net annual value of £678 8s., after deducting parochial rates and taxes to the amount of £133 12s., and charged with a mortgage of £900 under Queen Anne's bounty, repayable by thirty annual instalments of £30 each. The patron and incumbent is the Rev. John M. Sukin, in the 36th year of his age. Knocked down at £1,750.

A DRAMATIST TURNED PREACHER.—We find the following in the *Daily Express*:—"On Sunday Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, preached two eloquent sermons on behalf of the day and Sunday schools about to be built in Cross-street, Islington, London. His sermons were brilliant specimens of composition. His arguments were most ably sustained, and his Christian appeals most touching." Almost as touching probably as his anti-Popery lectures in Belfast. It has been often said that when a man is good for nothing he is sufficiently fitted for the Established Church, and hence a bad player may become a good parson.

The trial of William Palmer absorbs all interest now in England. Medical evidence has been given at such a length that strychnine, arsenic, and other poisons will be better understood than Epsom salts before the trial is ended. "Great is analysis," we are told, but it appears strychnine is still greater; analysis fails to detect it, and it is only by external symptoms the working of that deadly poison can be discovered. On this point the prisoner and his friends hoped to be able to confuse or throw some doubt on the medical testimony. It is said that Palmer actually made a large bet that he would attend the next Derby races. Up to the present time, however, nothing has occurred to raise his hopes, and that he will be convicted seems to be the general opinion. It is fearful to contemplate the picture in that chamber at "The Raven," where the victim suffered and his slayer composedly looked on. The scene was thus sketched in the opening address of the Attorney-General:—"When Palmer entered the room, Cook asked him for the same remedy that had relieved him the night before. 'I will run back and fetch it,' said Palmer, and he darted out of the room. In the passage he met two female servants, who remarked that Cook was as bad as he had been last night. 'He is not within fifty times as bad as he was last night; and what a game is this to be at every night!' was Palmer's reply. In a few minutes he returned with two pills, which he told Jones were ammonia, though I am assured that it is a drug that requires much time in the preparation, and can with difficulty be made into pills. The sick man swallowed these pills, but brought them up again immediately. And now ensued a terrible scene. He was instantly seized with violent convulsions—by degrees his body began to stiffen out—then suffocation commenced. Agonised with pain, he repeatedly entreated to be raised. They tried to raise him, but it was not possible. The body had become rigid as iron, and it could not be done. He then said, 'Pray, turn me over.' They did turn him over on the right side. He gasped for breath, but could utter no more. In a few moments all was tranquil—the tide of life was ebbing fast. Jones leant over him to listen to the action of the heart. Gradually the pulse ceased—all was over—he was dead." On Wednesday Sergeant Shee addressed the jury for the defence. He went on to show that Palmer could have no interest in the death of Cook, though the fact of his having been found searching his pockets, and the disappearance of the betting book, show that he felt considerable interest in that event. On the medical evidence Sergeant Shee made these remarks:—"Whatever they might think of the ability of Dr. Taylor, or of Dr. Rees, by whom he was assisted, they did not do all that chemical science enabled them to do to detect the poison. They undertook the analysis of the stomach, not in an unfavorable condition for the purpose, and commenced with a firm conviction that it was there to be found, and yet they said they did not find opium, strychnine, or arsenic in the body of Cook, and that he might have died from the effects of antimony or some other cause. The gentlemen who have come to the conclusion that strychnine might have been there, have arrived at that conclusion from very partial experiments; and they said that when strychnine had done its work it became decomposed, and was no longer capable of responding to the tests for discovering the component parts of decomposed strychnine. It was on that hypothesis that they said that it destroyed Cook, but that was not the opinion of any of the toxicologists or any other authority but themselves. The evidence of Dr. Taylor rested on the experience of having poisoned five rabbits twenty years ago, and five rabbits a few weeks since; but he would call before them Mr. Nunquely, who attended the case of strychnine in Leeds. He would call before them Dr. Williams, of Dublin, who would tell them he totally renounced the theory set up by Dr. Taylor. He would also call before them Dr. Letheby, of the London Hospital, who renounced and repudiated that medical heresy. He would call Mr. Rogers, of St. George's School; and lastly, he would call the most eminent analytical chemist in this country, Mr. Herepath, who agreed that if the twentieth part of a grain entered into the human frame it would and must be detected."

THE PROTESTANT "BISHOPS."—In half-a-dozen, if not more, of our dioceses, there is at present either, to all practical purposes, no Bishop, or worse than none. We shall not, and we need not give names, for the unfortunate sufferers are but too well known. But, what with old age, paralysis, painful disorders, mere imbecility, or some more active and ridiculous form of dotage, six or seven of the Episcopal bench, or about a fourth of the whole number, are manifestly incapable. They can do nothing at all, or, if they do, ought not. Yet, strange to say, the dioceses go on without them. We hear of no complaints or arrears of episcopal duty. The system is not dark, though its sun be set; the vessel has not fallen to pieces, though the keel be rotten; the arch has not collapsed, though the key-stone has crumbled to dust.

Stranger still, there is now no cry of "the Church in danger." It was in danger when Whig Ministers were equalising incomes, curtailing patronage, extending toleration, commuting tithes, and so forth; it is not in danger when Bishop after Bishop is retiring to the bed-chamber or the seaside lodging, where he may live for many years, drawing princely revenues and doing nothing. The metropolis itself is threatened with an Episcopal eclipse that may last five or ten years, but no champion of the Church starts up to proclaim the perils of an interregnum. Nay, there is no appearance of an interregnum. When a Sovereign becomes incapable a regency is appointed, and it is thought a matter of importance who shall be invested. No such regency is thought necessary in the absence of Episcopal authority. Nobody asks who is regent, who appoints him, what his powers are, or even whether there is a regent at all. It does not seem to occur to people that we have no Bishop among us, or that we want one. There is some mystery about it that passes our comprehension, for Bishops, we have been repeatedly assured, have a great deal to do; and when a Bishop lately returned from a foreign tour he found many hundred letters, which he had to read and answer. It is to be presumed that in this case the letters are no longer sent, for if they are the Bishop is unable to answer them; and yet, for aught that appears, things go on as usual. No deputations of devoted Churchmen, led by dignitaries and the superior clergy, besiege the residence of the Premier, asking for some one to replace their lost shepherd. The presumption is that the dignitaries and superior clergy do not miss their Bishop. Indeed, it has long been said that the persons who might be supposed most distressed and incommoded by the absence or incapacity of their Bishop are just those who will never complain. Long ago—thirty, forty years ago—it was said that when a prelate became bedridden, or childish, or otherwise incapable of administering the affairs of his diocese, his wife, perhaps, or his examining chaplain, or his sons, or some such snug coterie, kindly undertook his patronage and such other episcopal duties as could be discharged by seal and sign manual. In those days it was commonly said that Mrs. So-and-So had governed a diocese and distributed the Bishop's patronage for as much as seven years. With such instances, it was asserted that a Bishop never would be declared incapable; that there always would be found some one or other obliging enough to do his duties for him in his name and authority. As for other duties—such as confirmation and ordination, requiring the personal appearance and action of the Bishop, in those earlier days a lax and an infrequent discharge of them excited little scandal. In these times there seems to be a never-ending supply of Colonial Bishops, who, of course, are no more missed in their own dioceses than our incapable Bishops at home.—*Times*.

PROTESTANT STATISTICS.—The *Westminster Review* gives the following as reliable statistics of the Mormon denomination of Protestants:—"The numbers of the Mormons do not as yet appear to be very considerable. According to the latest data, they are thus distributed:—America contains 68,700, of whom 38,000 in Utah, 5000 in New York, 4000 in California, 5000 in Nova Scotia and Canada; South America and the Islands, 2000. In Europe, 39,000 saints are thus found: in Great Britain and Ireland 32,000 Scandinavia 5000 Germany and Switzerland 1000, France 500, the rest of Europe 500. In Asia there are supposed to be 1000, in Africa 100, in Australia and Polynesia 2,400, on travel 1800. There are besides, 3500 Schismatics, Strangites, Rigdonites, and Wightlites. These numbers amount to 116,500 and the total cannot well exceed 120,000. Thus it appears that Protestant England has been the great feeder of the Mormon Church. Very few Romanists become Mormons, few Irish, Italians, Spaniards, French, or even Germans. More proselytes are made among Hindoos and Chinese, than among the American Indians or the Jews, although the saints have a special mission in Palestine. This is the natural and necessary consequence of the ignorant condition of the English peasantry, taught to read out of nothing but the Bible, and to believe in the Bible as so much supernatural letter-press, with no information beyond it or explanation of it. So when a Mormon elder makes his appearance in a country village in England, with his miraculous salve, rustics think this must be the true Church at last, for they read of miracles, and anointing with oil in the Bible, and Elders praying over the sick in the name of the Lord. When they are told of Joe Smith as the Prophet, they find likewise in their Bibles that the Prophet shall be sent before the coming of the Lord, and that the Lord is coming, both the Evangelical Clergyman and the Methodist Minister are always warning them. It does not startle them, that the Mormon should preach that there is no salvation out of his own Church, for that is the doctrine of all the sects which do battle for the soul of the Englishman. Having been baptized two or three times already, in the Church, by the Baptist, by the Ranter, there is no difficulty in being baptized again, and as there is no salvation without true baptism, they must be baptized for their dead friends now in purgatorial hell, as the Mormon expounds to them, 'Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead.' And as little do we think that the Mormon polygamy would have offended the moral sense of the Bible-without-note-or-comment-worshipping English countrymen, had the law of the land permitted that question to be opened. Herr Olshausen intimates, that the Mormon hierarchy have instituted another form of the spiritual wife system, entitled the "Order of the Cloistered Saints," an institution about which there exists at present the same kind of doubt and uncertainty, as that which once enveloped the practice of polygamy, now openly acknowledged. It is represented as being a spiritual union between a Mormon and the Mormonite wife of one unconverted. Now we do not think that Mormonism will ever be put down out of the Bible, but we think that, in spite of the authority it finds in the Bible, it will decay, or drag on only a feeble existence, by reason of its immorality, by reason of its contradicting the natural laws of the Creator. Unless further persecution should instil new life into it, a society enfeebled by polygamy will do like an inferior race before other people who will not contradict the divine law manifested in the numerical equality of the sexes. No special or exceptional case is made out for the Mormon polygamy on natural grounds. For in Utah in 1851 there were not so many females as males by 700, and yet the principal Mormons have from eight to ten, or even a much larger number of wives. The children of polygamist marriages are weaker, and the rate of increase is necessarily diminished.