

The Kilkenny Corporation have passed a resolution against the collection of Ministers' money.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE ARKLOW FISHERMEN.—Two lives saved.—The John Bright, bound from Liverpool to New York, with 400 passengers, got fast on the Arklow Bank, about eight miles from land, in the midst of a gale of wind. A boat was lowered and two men got into her, and while others were preparing to follow to heave a kedge anchor from the ship, the boat was capsized by the violence of the waves. The two men swam from under the boat, and one seized a life-buoy and the other an oar, but so violent was the wind that before any assistance could be given from the ship, and the poor fellows, beaten by a furious sea for the space of an hour, after drifting a mile from the vessel, were on the point of sinking from their frail supports through exhaustion, when an Arklow boat with 17 men on board, which had gone out in the storm to relieve the ship, picked up the two men and brought them in safely into the tow, where the owner of the boat, Mr. Lawrence Furlong, received them into his house, giving them food and clothing, and every comfort at his own expense, during the two days they remained. The Protestant and Catholic rectors, the Rev. Messrs. Omsby and Redmond, with some of the shopkeepers, supplied the men with clothes and funds sufficient to bring them to Liverpool, to which they expected their ship had put back for repairs. When the men were picked up they had nothing on them but their shirts and trousers, and the fishermen stripped themselves to cover and warm the sufferers, who were almost dead with cold.

VOLUNTEERS.—At a General parade, we have heard that 300 men belonging to the 87th the Royal South Cork, volunteered into the line.—*Cork Reporter.*

The whole of the 3d Dragoon Guards now in Dublin have received orders to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's notice to march to Newbridge.

We believe we can with certainty state, that the workhouse at present contains none but the sick, the aged, and the children, who usually form a large number in every workhouse. On Thursday last (August 30th) the number in the house was 588.—At the corresponding period of the past year it was 856, showing a decrease of 268. As the country advances in prosperity, this number will undergo a further reduction, as profitable labor will be in more than ordinary demand; and, we trust, the day is not far distant, as in other unions, when the inmates will be exclusively confined to the aged and the infirm.—*Carlton Sentinel.*

DESECRATION OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—At the request of a subscriber we (*Dublin Telegraph*) copy the following statement from a northern newspaper:—A correspondent writes:—"As you are ever ready, through the medium of your truly Catholic journal, to hold up to merited public reprobation and contempt the perpetration of any insult or disrespect to our holy religion, I take the liberty of submitting the following statements to your notice:—On Tuesday evening last, the 14th inst., as the Catholic Church of Portadown was open for divine worship at the time of a Novena, a head-constable of police, accompanied by two females, entered the sacred edifice; and, going forward to the holy water vase, he scattered its contents about with many contortions of countenance, and irreverent gestures, to the great delight of his fair (?) companions, who laughed merrily at his cleverness and dexterity. The ill-mannered and uncourteous intruders then sauntered through the church, and walked up to the altar, before which they passed, and reposed repeatedly—the constable keeping on his military cap all the time, while he and his female companions impudently stared around at the utensils and pictures, and indulged in flippant remarks, in a tone of the greatest levity. The few Catholics then present (it being before the congregation had assembled) exercised the greatest forbearance towards those ignorant intruders who came to mock the ceremonies of our holy and venerated religion, in not causing them to make a precipitate and unceremonious exit. They merely looked with pity and contempt on creatures who so prominently exhibited their own ignorance and want of common decency. Had a Catholic intruded into a sectarian place of worship, and behaved in so very unbecoming and unchristian a manner, instead of being treated with Christian forbearance, he would have been shown the outside of the sanctuary with all possible celerity.

ROBBING A CHAPEL.—An entrance was effected some few nights ago into a vestry attached to the Catholic Chapel at Croghan, in the barony of Lower Philipstown, by a party of persons unknown, who stole therefrom a pall and other articles used in the celebration of the mass, the property of the congregation. Government have authorized the police officer at Edenderry to give a reward of £10 for the detection of the guilty parties.

EVICIONS.—On Thursday the Sheriff the Galway, accompanied by an escort of police, proceeded to the Claddagh, and took possession of 21 houses, the property of Mr. Henry Grattan. The inmates were all put out, and six of the cabins levelled to the ground, but the parties evicted were admitted into the remaining 15 as caretakers.

ENGLISH HUMANITY.—At the police-office, on Monday, Captain White presiding, a young girl named Kate Kearney was charged with begging. In answer to the bench the prisoner stated that she had entered a workhouse in London for the purpose of having herself cured of a sore breast, but she had not been there a week when the authorities turned her out, and sent her over to Ireland. Captain White expressed his abhorrence at the heartlessness of such conduct, and on the girl requesting to be sent to Roscommon, her native place, kindly gave her five shilling towards the expenses of her passage.—*Examiner.*

An epidemic ophthalmia has become very prevalent amongst the lower classes in Dublin. It has exhibited very virulent symptoms in the Sheds auxiliary to the North Dublin Union.

A boy, six years old, the son of a farmer named Jas. Grant, of Slievine, in Waterford, was burnt to death while left alone with other children.

SURPLUS POPULATION.—It has come to pass at last that men are wanted in Ireland. There is no longer a surplus population to puzzle statesmen or legislators with their peremptory presence, or drive them distracted in the vain attempt to get rid of them. They are no longer the "mere Irish," scarcity has made them valuable; and they are now the "peasant population," "farm-labourers," "mowers," "reapers," "herdsmen," worth from two and six pence to five shillings a day, while harvest work is plenty, and £12 bounty, and thirteen pence a day afterwards if they

feel inclined "to serve her Majesty." The difficulty is that they are not to be had readily for the former occupations; the other they won't touch with a tong. Irishmen have "ris" in the home market as we find by every paper that comes to us across the Atlantic. The *Galway Vindicator* says:—

"Between the field of war and the fields of corn, men in Ireland are looking up in the market. An Irishman is at last of some value in his own country. The economists who talked of a surplus population are now dumb and out of all conceit with their miserable theories. We begin to understand that the wealth of a country lies in its population, and not in any amount of inert matter. The quickening spirit lies in the sweat of mowers and reapers. Who is to serve in the militia—who is to cut the corn and dig the potatoes? The spirit of our laws exiled the population; now we feel the reaction. We drove our labourers to the valleys of the Mississippi; they are worth any money now on the banks of the Shannon. A Limerick paper tells us that mowers in Pallasgreen are demanding 6s. 8d. a-day. This is really a revolution in the labor market. In Galway our terms have not gone up to so extravagant a length.—We have not heard of anything higher than 2s. a-day, with diet, but the want of men, even at this comparatively high rate, is perceptibly felt in all directions."

A few years back no one but a believer in the Millennium would have thought of such a state of things in Ireland; and even now it is looked upon as a sort of anomalous condition of affairs. In our mind the anomaly is that such prosperity should not be permanent, since there is no land better calculated to ensure it, either in the bountiful fertility of the soil, the geographical position of the country, or the untiring industry of its inhabitants.—*Irish American.*

THE EXODUS CHECKED, THANK GOD!—The Irish journals just received are full of indignation at the Louisville massacre. The emigration next year will probably fall off three fourths; this year it has decreased in seven months only 127,000 souls! In the meantime, we point attention to the letter of Rev. Mr. O'Reardon, of Easton, given in our Irish news, (and which has been favored with a critique by the *Times*.) We also clip the following sentences of an extract given in the *N. Y. Sun* of Saturday last:—

"A private letter (says the *Philadelphia North American*) from an intelligent source in the north of Ireland, conveys information that the prevalence of the Know Nothing excitement has done more to check the Irish exodus to America than anything which has happened for years. In some shape or other this idea has been diffused with singular rapidity all over Ireland; and as the wages of labor there have vastly improved within a few years, the disposition to emigrate has met with a sudden and general check."—*American Celt.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Saturday, a new Catholic church was consecrated in the neighborhood of Spitalfields, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

PUBLIC EXCITEMENT IN THE METROPOLIS.—Anything like the state of excitement which existed in the metropolis on the arrival of the news of the decisive success of the allied armies at Sebastopol, has rarely been witnessed. At 8 o'clock a large crowd had assembled in front of the Mansion-house and Royal Exchange, in the expectation that the Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, would make an official proclamation of the victory, but the crowd, after waiting patiently for some gradually dispersed. The bells at many of the principal churches rang out their joyous peals; while in most of the main thoroughfares groups of people might be seen standing around one reading the despatches by the light of street lamps or shop windows. At the Haymarket Theatres Mr. Buckstone came on the stage, between the acts, paper in hand, and read the despatches which had been received. The audience rose en masse, cheering the intelligence in the echo, and when the orchestra performed "God save the Queen" and "see the conquering Hero comes," demanded an encore. The same announcement was also made at most of the other theatres and places of amusement in the metropolis, meeting in every instance with a most enthusiastic reception, fully expressing the joy of the people upon the reception of news long expected, long deferred, but come at last. A salute of 40 guns was fired on Tuesday, in St. James's Park, by order of the Commander in Chief, in honour of the fall of Sebastopol. The tower guns also fired, in celebration of the event, at half-past seven o'clock a.m. The bells at nearly all the parish churches in London and the suburbs rang out merry peals in honour of victory. From many houses flags were seen flying. The mansion of the French Ambassador was brilliantly illuminated on Monday night in honour of the victory. The three sides of the house, situate at Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, were brilliantly lighted, and around each of the windows in the front was fixed a large design, 30 feet square, with the French and English crowns, the flags of each nation, and the letters N and E, V and A, surrounded by immense laurels. There were also the letters composing the word "Sebastopol" in red, white, and blue, the illumination consisting altogether of 10,000 lamps. Nothing for some years past exceeded the gay appearance of the vast number of vessels in the River, and the various ship-building and dock-yards. Every vessel had her colours hoisted mast high; and some of the foreign vessels (neutral) were gaily decorated. From all parts of the country we have received intelligence of the greatest enthusiasm and excitement in consequences of the fall of Sebastopol.

The *Times* suggests the celebration of a day of national thanksgiving, on account of the fall of Sebastopol.

It is rumored in the Clubs to-day that the allies found 1,200 guns within the lines of Sebastopol, and also that the Russians are falling back upon Baktschiserai; but rumors from Paris are to the effect that Prince Gortschakoff will certainly hold the north side of Sebastopol to the last extremity. From the same source we learn that the allied admirals have sent a despatch stating that it is not expedient to enter the harbor of Sebastopol until Fort Constantine shall have been silenced. It is conjectured that the allies will attack Fort Constantine from Fort Alexander and Artillery Bay.

SUPPLY OF GUNPOWDER.—It would appear that the mills in the United Kingdom cannot produce a sufficient supply of gunpowder, as no less than five cargoes, manufactured in Belgium and Holland on the account of the British Government, have recently been imported and housed at Purfleet.

The *Times* has a remarkable article on the startling revelations of the Income Tax Returns. It appears that—*if these returns are faithful*—there are only 800 persons in Great Britain who have incomes between £500 and £1000; and only about £5,000 who have incomes of between £1,000 and £2,000! Truly enough the *Times* argues that this is absolutely incredible. It is positively and astoundingly absurd. Yet, if so, what are we to think of the morality of the classes who ought to return such incomes? especially when it is remembered that the affirmations under which returns are made, involve the obligations of an oath, and the penalties of perjury. The *Times* asks some telling questions upon this: Do all who talk against Russia pay their Income tax honestly? If they do not where is the religion of the country, where are our preachers? After all the hazy roundabout stuff one so often hears in our churches, it would be quite a comfort to see duty brought to so tangible and unquestionable a point as the payment of a lawful tax, for which, we believe, a good many texts may be adduced. So let our preachers just lend a hand for once and back up the tax-collector. Let them preach every Michaelmas and Lady-day on the text, "Render to all their dues, custom to whom custom," &c., with a special view to Schedule D and the Russian war. The easy off-hand way in which the Clergy of the established churches are here appealed to as State functionaries, to "back up the tax-collectors," is as curious and characteristic as the sneering tone adopted towards the "religion" of the country. It reminds us forcibly of the remark of HUBERT, about religion being "made a state function," as in Paganism. A Pagan writer could hardly have spoken, however, so contemptuously of his priests. It is plain these people do not believe in their religion; no wonder they do not respect their clergy.—*Weekly Register.*

Next week Sir John Dean Paul and his colleagues are to be placed at the bar of the Old Bailey for trial. At that bar just thirty-one years ago, Fauntleroy was found guilty of an offence not one degree more heinous than that with which Paul and his colleagues are charged. As all the world knows, he was executed; and Sir John Paul may thank the humane spirit of our modern laws, that he, too, at this moment is not in imminent danger of an ignominious death. Fauntleroy's offence was that he had forged a power of attorney for the transfer of stock; Paul's, that he has abstracted securities deposited by a client in his hands, and applied them to his own purposes. Fauntleroy's crime entailed upon others a loss in the aggregate of 250,000l; that sum, we fear, would but very partially cover the deficiencies in Strathan and Paul's accounts. But Fauntleroy's offences, when weighed in the scale of morality, cannot be looked upon as equivalents for the heinous acts of the banking-house in the strand. He made no pretensions to be a prince in Israel, a saint among the saints; he was a man of pleasure, a jovial companion, and a forger—that was all. He suffered death upon the scaffold, and his fate was a warning to all. He did not, however, desecrate religion, and put arms in the hands of all persons who are wont to sneer at virtue and morality, and in so far he was much less guilty than his recent disciples. At his last moments as we read in the records of the time, he presented a melancholy spectacle of agony and despair; there was nothing certainly in his fate which could incite a falling man to disregard the wholesome restraints of morality and religion. There is one remarkable point connected with the proceedings which have been taken against these offenders. We remember few instances of atrocious crime in which a morbid sympathy has not been expressed for the criminals. Whether it was a woman who had strangled her mother, or a mother who had poisoned half a dozen of her children; for the sake of the burial club bonuses, there has invariably been somebody to come forward and declare the crime an amiable weakness—a mere backsliding at the worst. The only case which occurs to us in which we have not been absolutely persecuted with maudlin appeals for commutation of the sentence under such circumstances was that of Tawell, the Quaker, who murdered his mistress at Slough. In his case, too, we believe, it was the double-dyed hypocrisy and religious pretension of the man which added so much fire to the public indignation. We have noticed the same feature in this instance of the failure of the Strand bank, productive as it has been of such wide-spread misery. We attribute the absence of sympathy to the same circumstance, and, perhaps in a less degree, to the fact that, if convicted, the prisoners are not actually placed in danger of life. When the point of clemency was raised in their favor which has now, most fortunately, been disposed of by their own act, the ingenuity of England was on the stretch to contrive some solution for the clause in the act of parliament which should preclude the possibility of their escape. At this very moment, and although four months have elapsed since the declarations of bankruptcy, during which the subject has been canvassed on every side, we are unable to suggest any rational explanation of the immensity of this failure. The evidence given yesterday at Bow-street shows that Sir John Paul two years ago was passing from one spot to another and hawking about the securities of his customers. We apprehend that the deficiency and embarrassment have been of far earlier date, but, until the last ten years or so, such as could be fenced off from month to month without a public explosion. The railway panic must have shrewdly tried a falling concern, and from that time to the present the partners have had recourse to one series of experiments more desperate than another to avert for a brief space the crash which in the end was inevitable. Meanwhile they lived like men of large fortune—we speak particularly of Paul and Strahan; they had town-houses and country-houses, picture galleries and equipages; they gave costly entertainments, and maintained all the external appearance of wealthy men at the expense of their deluded customers. But extravagance alone would scarcely have produced such a result—folly might; but folly and extravagance combined were an infallible recipe for commercial failure. It is really sickening to hear of the straits to which families have been reduced by the frauds of these most unprincipled men. Widows have been ruined—orphans thrown helpless on the world—and old age left destitute, that Messrs. Strathan, Paul, and Co. might keep state a little longer against fortune and against hope.—*Times.* The investigation took place on 11th Sept. and the defendants were committed for trial.—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

A SHIP IN WANT OF A NAME.—We read in the *Sunderland Times* that a Sunderland ship-owner has sent a vessel afloat, bound to London, unchristened. He waits "for the next lapping the Rooshians get, and then he'll call the ship after the victory."

UNITED STATES.

CONVERSION.—It has found its way into some of the Western papers, and therefore we may announce without impropriety that on the 18th ult., Carlton R. Bayley, a brother of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark was received into the Catholic Church at his residence, Dixon, Ohio, by the Rev. J. FitzGerald.—*New York Freeman.*

CONVERSION TO THE FAITH OF GEORGE HOBART DOANE.—On Saturday the 22nd, the Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, at Newark, received into the Catholic Church George Hobart Doane, an Episcopalian clergyman, and son of the Protestant Bishop of New Jersey Mr. Doane is the fourth Protestant Episcopal clergyman in the United States that has become a Catholic within six months.—*New York Freeman.*

The *N. Y. Churchman*, writing we suppose under the inspiration of Bishop Doane, the father, asserts that the convert is mad, and that he inherits his madness from his mother the Bishopsess. This is a strange accusation for a father to allow to be made against his son—for a husband to tolerate against the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children. It is a proof however that Mr. Doane's moral conduct is blameless. Catholics can account for the perversion of men like Achilli and Leahy—and it is from these only that the ranks of Protestantism are recruited—without being obliged to fall back upon the hypothesis of hereditary insanity.—*Ed. T. W.*

STILL ANOTHER MARTYR.—*Sister Mary Susannah Richards* died on the 21st inst., at the Catholic College, in Richmond, Va., of yellow fever. She came up on Friday, together with Sisters Ursula and Mary Lewis, in charge of the Pottsmouth orphans, and was taken sick on Saturday. Her attack was violent, and from the beginning foreboded a fatal termination. [Such is the simple obituary of another of those holy and heroic women, whose lives are now almost daily offered up for the good of poor weak humanity. From the slaughter sheds of Balaklava and Santari, to the plague haunted streets of Norfolk and New Orleans, their presence is a blessing, and their words an immeasurable consolation.]—*American Celt.*

THE PRESENCE OF DEATH AS A TEST OF THE TRUE RELIGION.—The conduct of those Protestant clergymen who ran away from Norfolk on the approach of the pestilence is nothing new, as our readers well know. It had passed into a common-places that such visitations afforded one of the occasions for Protestantism to betray its bogus character as a religion. But the facts authenticating this popular conviction are as old as Protestantism itself. It was one of the sore troubles that Luther had to explain among his disciples in his own days. His correspondence refers to it again and again. At first he took the ground that it was a special snare of the devil's to bring "the gospel," as he called his Protestantism, into disrepute. Afterwards he took the more comfortable doctrine that men under the influence of Popery, were as if drunk,—beside themselves, and unable to appreciate danger, or to distinguish death from life, but that when the light of his gospel had come, they were wakened up,—understood what dreadful sinners they were, and were, afraid to meet the judgments of God,—and that so they fled from the plague, that in those days repeatedly visited Germany, neglecting all natural ties, as well as their assumed duties of pastors of souls. George Wixel, one of the most celebrated of Luther's early companions in apostacy, of the same astonishing difference between Catholics and in the presence of the plague, and avowed this as one of the powerful arguments that aroused his mind to a reconsideration of his course, which ended in his return, later in life, to the Catholic Church. The same phenomena have appeared at every period since. Let us only allude to the case of the celebrated Elizabeth Pitt, the near relative of the British statesman, who, towards the close of the last century, was received into the Catholic Church on the Continent of Europe. On her return to England, the ship she was in was in imminent peril of destruction, and in the general terror so remarkable was her serenity that an English lord, when the storm was past, said to her, (recognising the proverbial fact we are illustrating): "Why, you were as resigned and fearless in face of death as if you were a Catholic!" "I have become a Catholic in fact," was her reply, "and believe in the Catholic faith with all my soul!"—*New York Freeman.*

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN TROUBLE.—An article in the *Washington Star*, supposed to be from the pen of the Secretary at War, hints at the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, for his disgraceful connection with the enlistment of foreign troops.—*American Celt.*

DISBANDING THE IRISH MILITARY COMPANIES IN CONNECTICUT.—Hartford, Sept. 25.—Governor Minor removed, to-day, Adjutant General Hodge, on the ground that he refused to obey the Governor's order disbanding the Irish companies. Capt. J. D. Williams of this city has received the appointment, and has issued the order disbanding the six Irish companies of the State.

By the last steamer for California about five hundred Irish emigrants started for that region; within a fortnight two ships full sailed from this port for Australia; each week during the season from four to six hundred have returned to Ireland. We daily hear of groups and families bound for the Western States—especially Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In view of these facts, and the necessity universally conceded for united action, we appeal to the friends of the emigrant everywhere on this continent, to revive the old, or to form new emigrant societies, so that a systematic direction may be given, next Spring and ever after, to the newly awakened enterprise of our people. In vain they fly to the West, to Canada, California, Australia, or home, if they do not know what to do when they get there; in vain they purchase a temporary escape from social proscription, if they cannot hereafter be their own employers and paymasters. Clear sighted cunning capital may sit upon his easy chair unconcerned, for servile, thoughtless labor, must again return to his feet, soliciting work, as if it were aims.—*American Celt.*

Crowds of people are still flying from Louisville! Whole rows of houses are "for rent." Those who go away scarcely stop to inquire where they are going, their chief anxiety being to leave behind them that city of violence and blood.—*Cincinnati Telegraph.*

AN INFAMOUS OUTRAGE.—An infamous outrage was perpetrated at the Catholic Church in this city, between 1 and 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. Valuable candlesticks, vases and other ornaments about the altar were rudely thrown down and broken. The windows in the rear of the building were also broken, and other damage done.—*Peoria (Ill.) Press.*