

regiment given to physical training in the public schools of England, the emulation that is fostered by the great cricketing and rowing matches between the Universities, the athletic games that are organized by speculative trainers in the murky city and sporting squares in the bright country, have much to do in forming the character of the Englishman and inspiring him with that pluck and perseverance which have achieved such solid triumphs on sterner fields. Physical training strengthens the intellect as well as the bodily frame and is hardly less necessary to the student than the soldier. We would like to see that physical training fostered more and athletic feats practised in Ireland. Once they were, and few will deny that Ireland was more of a nation than she is now.

"We have the Pyrrhic dance as yet, Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? Of two such lessons why forget The noble and the manlier one?"

We have the dances at the cross-roads still, where has the fine old hurling departed? To be sure, heads were occasionally broken and tempers often ruffled at these contents, but as long as good humor and fair play were not outraged, we hold there never was a game more calculated to bring all the elements of manhood into action—quickness of eye, skill and courage, strength of arm and fleetness of foot. The old farmers say the hurling and the hospitality fell away when the potato failed. A sad day for Ireland that ushered in the blight. We believe the decay of much more serious things in a national point of view than even the time honored sport of hurling and usage of hospitality dated from it. But as Sir Robert Peel has proclaimed that recuperative Ireland has again recovered her prosperity, why not endeavor to give some force to his assertions in those days of "revivalism" by rallying for a revival of the national sport? In the county Cork an attempt has been made to restore it and with success. Why not in Tipperary and Clare? Why not in the King's County? Surely it is manlier than cock fighting. There was a scene in the County Limerick on Sunday that could not but gladden the hearts of all who witnessed it. In the demesne of the lord of the soil kindly given for the purpose, the inhabitants of Newcastle, headed by their pastors, assembled after Mass to contest for a number of prizes in hurling, jumping, vaulting, and stone throwing, wives, sisters, and sweethearts looking on the while. The example given by the clergyman who organized that little Olympic festival is one that we would fain see followed by every priest in Ireland. It is a step in the right direction, and the man who took it has exhibited a practical common sense and knowledge of human nature which does him credit. It is better to have our peasantry and artisans thus engaged in friendly emulation in the green fields than loitering on the road, or muddling in the tavern.—*Tipperary Advocate.*

FAMINE IN CONNAUGHT.—That the dread visitant has invaded the land is beyond the possibility of a doubt. In our last issue appeared several letters, containing palpable evidence of the sad fact. Let us take, for instance, the short statement of the Very Rev. Deán Waldron of Cong. What says he to the Ballinacorney Board of Guardians, "It is my painful duty to place before your board the urgent necessity of granting out-door relief to 249 families in this parish for two months from the date of this application. Prompt relief, or—deaths—deaths." Here is half the population in a frightful condition—and at just in the middle of the most trying part of even prosperous years. Whithersoever we look abroad, or make personal inspection, all is misery and increasing alarm, whilst the Waig ministry remain incorrigible. How differently did the late Sir Robert Peel act in former years. Throwing aside red-tape formulas, rising above party bias, disregarding ministerial diplomacy, he rushed to the relief of suffering humanity, and, like a man, he, on his own responsibility threw open the works. His conduct in 1847 made a lasting impression on our memory. In Clifden, the letter of the Very Rev. Patrick McManus, P. P., speaks an amount of distress which should be deemed sufficient to convince men of common sense of the existence of wide spread destitution. Connemara is, unquestionably, in a condition which should command the instant consideration of the Government—before it is too late. It is not in our power to express, in language, the state of want in Clifden, Bofin, and other maritime places in that sequestered district. The affairs of Anundown are truly alarming, as they appear from the able letter bearing the signatures of the zealous pastor—Rev. Peter Waldron, and his respected curate, Rev. Mr. Thomas. It must be remembered that this parish has never been remarkable for distress—or making an appeal to the public. But, places which hitherto had been looked on as independent in respect to its population, are now reluctantly obliged to have recourse to claim the sympathy of the charitable and humane. Newport repeats its wail of distress, and fortunately for the sufferers in that parish, the esteemed parish priest—the Rev. Richard Prendergast, and the humane Protestant rector—Rev. Mr. Roe, are, to their honor, banded together, seeking how best they can alleviate the weight of wretchedness which presses so heavily on the poor. Aughagower, through the learned pastor the Very Rev. John Fiacnelly, has not been backward in devising means to render the pang of hunger less harrowing. Ballycastle, county Mayo, is in deep distress, as can be gleaned from the excellent letter of the Rev. Mr. Malone.—*Id.*

BARNFIELD, ENNIS, June 25, 1862.—My Lord Archbishop—I am put in receipt of your kind note, with £4, for the alleviation of distress, from the Rev. Mr. Kiwin and his flock, in Sarnia, Canada West. I hope and pray God may spare you long to be the recipient of the generous contributions of our countrymen in exile, and, like the pillar of fire in the desert, to illumine and guide us at home.—Ever sincerely,

JEREMIAH VAUGHAN, P. P.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacHale.

LANDLORDS IN SOUTH KERRY.—Whilst special commissions are dealing with the merits of punishment in neighboring counties on the doers of evil, whilst magistrates in Limerick are praying that their country should be proclaimed, our own county presents the picture of a peaceful people and a landlord class awakening to a sense of their duties and willing to perform them. Some there have been among them whose active benevolence never needed the stimulus of terror for their exertions, others there have been whose harsh and unmerciful treatment of the poor placed under them has often formed the theme of just and merited censure. We welcome with joy a change in their dealings with the poor afflicted people, and record with pleasure the acts of mercy which have been mentioned to us. The landlords of Iveragh and Dankorrah are giving employment on a large scale to the very impoverished population of that wild district. The Earl of Dunraven, with characteristic benevolence, has opened new roads and gives employment to a large number of his tenants. Mr. Harton has opened roads to remote glens and bog districts. He has at present 140 men employed at one shilling a day. These poor people have been employed since the first of May, and will if necessary be continued until August. This truly good man has authorized his kind-hearted agent, Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan, of Westcote, to lay out £1,000 for the employment of the people. Such conduct speaks for itself. On the extensive property of the Marquis of Lansdowne in this, as well as in the Tuosist district new works are in progress, and employment on a large scale is given on very fair terms. An unfinished road commenced by the Board of Works on the Upper Inny, in the parish of Droimid, is now in the course of completion, and gives employment to ninety men daily at 9d per day. Another from Waterville to Caberiveen will give employment to about eighty men. Such as cannot work receive gratuitous relief and the noble owner has issued orders that "no one shall die of starvation on his property." Other works

are also projected which will give ample and remunerative employment to the very poor population of the district and enable them to escape the horrors of a death by famine. Another act of the Marquis of Lansdowne deserves mention. He has given a site one English acre free, for a new Catholic Church, and 250 towards its erection. The Church was begun three years ago, but owing to the poverty of the district, the walls of the building are not yet finished. Lime is brought from Kenmare and given by Mr. Trench to the poor and to all public buildings at a very moderate rate. Mr. John Fitzgerald, of Kinagh, gives considerable employment also, and his name is mentioned with affectionate respect by many a humble household whom he has enabled to live. The tenants on Mr. Staughton's property are carefully provided for and no one is allowed to want. This is the way to win the love and gratitude of our people. As long as landlords treat their tenants in this manner they need not fear the bullet of the assassin, invoke Special Commissions, or invite the Government to proclaim the county.—*Kerry Star.*

THE REV. TUOS. CARMODY, P. P., KILTALLAGE.—THE SUPPOSED FUGITIVE WALSH.—The Rev. Thomas Carmody, P. P., of Kiltallage, in whose parish the party who has been persecuting the assassin Walsh had been fitting about, delivered from the altar of his chapel at las Sunday's mass, an address, of which we subjoin an abstract. The address was delivered in Irish, and it is said to have been a most powerful and eloquent tracture. The Rev. gentleman took for his text the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of Genesis—"Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed: for man was made in the image of God." After dwelling for some time on the crime of murder, and pointing out the punishment to which it leads, as pronounced in Holy Writ, his reverence observed that a prowling vagabond had lately visited his parish, representing that he was the murderer of the late Mr. Fitzgerald, of Limerick, a statement which he (Mr. Carmody) did not believe; but the parishioners were not the less guilty of a gross dereliction of their solemn obligation towards God and the laws of the country, in allowing the ruffian to go at large without handing him over to the authorities. This he was bound as their pastor and friend to tell them. He would further tell them that, independent of their obligations as good Christians, it was also their duty, as far as in them lay, to aid in supporting the laws—laws which were made for the protection of their lives and properties. In no other country under the sun were such just laws in operation as those of England—not in France—not in the much boasted States of America. No such security for life, liberty, and property was to be had in any other land. In this country the laws were as much for the protection of the peasant as the peer. In every parish the people had magistrates and police, and instant retribution would be sure to follow the offender against the law, if the people would but perform their parts respectively in aiding those entrusted with the law. He (Mr. Carmody) implored of his parishioners to beware of entertaining or harboring those strollers who were at present busy amongst them for a certain purpose. The galleys or transportation was always the end of those systematic law breakers. He asked the oldest of his hearers if they ever knew it to be otherwise. If they did not honestly perform their parts and support order, no man would be sure of his own substance or of his life; neither would their wives and daughters be at liberty to walk the public roads without being exposed to the insults of bad men, and, it may be dishonored; he regretted that this last act of crime was becoming more and more frequent in the country. To the shame of Kiltallage, he said, that on this occasion they acted most improperly, in allowing this scheming blackguard to go at large and pass openly amongst them, though he boasted of his crime. He had, he thanked God, seldom occasion to reproach them for their impropriety of conduct, and he hoped this would be the last. He hoped more attention would be paid to their religious duties, and the instructions which he, from time to time, gave them from that altar, and if that was the case, he had no doubt but that God would shower down his grace upon them in abundance. In conclusion, he reminded them that secret societies of whatever denomination or character they might be, were contrary to the Divine and human law, and never brought forth any other fruit than the vengeance of God and man.—*True Catholic.*

Referring to the above, the *Kerry Post* says—"A correspondent writes to say that this was not the only occasion in which the respected clergyman used his influence in support of law and order. When faction fighting was about being revived in his parishes, he not only addressed his flock from the altar, but he gave every assistance to the authorities, for which he publicly received the thanks of the magistrates from the Milltown Petty Sessions Bench."

SURRENDER OF JAMES WALSH.—THE CONVICT BREKHAM.—After the most continuous, laborious and comprehensive pursuit ever yet instituted, in the memory of any one in this Province, James Walsh, who stands charged with participating in the murder of Mr. Fitzgerald, surrendered himself at the Elton Police Station, at 8 o'clock on the evening of Monday last. The men of the station, with the exception of the Constable in charge had, it is said, received intimation, in the earlier portion of the day, that Walsh was concealed somewhere in the neighborhood, and the party were in search of him when probably aware of the fact, resolved, since the trial of Beckham, to give in, he approached the Police Station for that special purpose. He was about to enter it when he saw the Constable standing at the door, and he held aloof for an hour or more until he observed the officer retire into the interior of the station-house. Then, crossing the fence at the road-side some distance down, he walked quietly up until he reached the station, when he rushed in, and confronting the Constable asked, "Do you know me? I am Walsh; you may spare yourself any further trouble; I surrender." He was of course at once arrested by the Constable (Digan), and the rest of the police soon after arriving, was conveyed that evening to Kiltallage, and the surrender communicated by telegram to the County Inspector, Mr. Crawford, in Limerick. That gentleman left Limerick yesterday morning, and accompanied by Mr. Grace, R.M., conveyed Walsh to the county gaol, where he now remains. When he reached the outer gate of the prison he bounded off the cell, exclaimed with great spirit, "Here's for Ballycarrill one more!" the place named being the locality in which it is surmised he formerly resided, or where, as well as in the district of Knocklong, he contrived for the most part to evade the efforts made to arrest him. Between Kiltallage, Kilmallock, Bruff, Elton, and Hospital his movements are supposed to have been made during the period of close pursuit. He declares, we are told, that in those quarters he had extremely narrow escapes, and that more than once, in his own word, "the Police were nearly a-top of him. He never passed out of this County into Tipperary, Kerry, or Clare, and probably no one else will ever know with certainty where he succeeded in concealing himself night or day, whilst hundreds of the Constabulary were engaged in the harassing task which they strove to accomplish with unsurpassed activity. Statements there are of caves and other recesses in which he is said to have lurked but these in all likelihood are only creations of popular conjecture, as Walsh passed an active life in the open air above ground. He is a well looking young man, of 23 years of age, about five feet nine inches in height, of robust frame, and in good fleshy condition. He is rather improved than deteriorated in appearance since the man-hunt was opened for his capture, and his face bears but slight marks, after all that was said, of the injury received by him from the hoof of a horse in his youthful days. Not a feature of his nor an expression of his face suggests an idea of wickedness of any kind, and judging alone from his caste of countenance the inference would be that he was a soft, harum-scarum young fellow. The opinion of many is that if he were Beckham's accomplice

in the atrocious crime, he must have been led into it by a more resolute perpetrator. "No man of greater courage and self-control was ever sentenced to expiate murder than that wretched criminal. He makes no show of the determination with which he faces death. He is gradually giving way to the religious ministrations of the Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, the Parish Priest of St. John's, by whom as well as by the Sisters of Mercy he is daily attended, and who have a laborious duty—not in reconciling him to die, as he speaks of his doom without the slightest emotion, but in imparting the religious instructions which he greatly needs for the terrible trial which is before him. He is nearly deaf. He can hear nothing save what is shouted in his ear. He is entirely illiterate; he can neither read nor write; and yet, this poor wretch is pestered every post with letters or parcels conveying tracts from some heartless fanatic in Newmarket and elsewhere, attempting to thrust their trash on a creature who if he could read would content them. He hands these missives to the Minister of his religious profession, and to his words alone, if to any, would he pay respect. Connected as he has been with farmers of good fame, his only anxiety is, that his body should be interred in their burial-ground and aware of this longing some of the authorities are stated to have asked him whether he would make open confession of his crime, if he was assured of the posthumous favour for which he longs. But he is strongly influenced by a sort of principle of honour in his fearful way; for he indignantly answered that he would tell no lie, and if he made any confession it would be to his clergyman—not to any one personating the ministers of public justice. He was not so much excited since his incarceration as on yesterday when he heard Walsh was arrested, and this from the apprehension that the latter may be led to 'disgrace himself,' by making accusations against other persons, and playing the part in this way, of informer—a character to which the utmost discredit and detestation are attached in the country. It is further said that Walsh has declared he was amongst those who were present at the inquest on the body of Mr. Fitzgerald; that he never slept in a house from that day to the evening of his surrender; and that his favorite place of concealment was in the district of Padamore, where he used to rest covered up to the neck in a sand pit with rushes strewn over his head, resorting at intervals to the bog of Schulte, in which he had means of concealment in or between the heaps of turf, piled in various quantities over the moor. There are those who insist that Walsh has surrendered on the understanding that he is to be accepted as an informer, and dark hints are thrown out of future disclosure calculated to shock the civilized world, and make the hair of one's head become rigid with horror! These latter conjectures we, however, would class amongst the exaggerations which are expressly designated by the word 'bosh'; but, without doubt, the officials do expect that disclosures of consequence will follow Walsh's imprisonment.—*Monster News.*

The *London Tablet* says:—"The conviction and sentence of the convict Beckham for the murder of Mr. Fitzgerald, and the conviction and sentence of Punch for writing a threatening letter, have been followed by the trials of Bohan for shooting at Colonel Knox, and of Thomas Halloran for the murder of Mr. Tibbault. Both Bohan and Halloran have been acquitted by the verdicts of juries of intelligence and respectability. No suggestion has been made in any quarter, that after hearing the evidence for the prosecution and for the defence, the jurors in either case were not justified in refusing to convict the accused. The surrender of Walsh, the accomplice and companion of Beckham, has at last taken place. But, turning from these dreadful crimes, which have of late for the misfortune of Ireland, so deeply shocked the feelings and disappointed the hopes of men, let us beg the attention of our readers to the mournful condition of the innocent sufferers on the Western coast of Ireland, whose destitution and distress are at this moment so appalling. Of the urgency of the case there is no doubt whatever. Our public and private letters place it beyond all question. His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has just published the following appeal:—

Though fully aware that the destitution was daily becoming more alarming, as it spread among those who were hitherto deemed comfortable, he (the Archbishop) was not prepared for the utter prostration of that class which he witnessed. The habitual sufferers of charity to the poor until now, they have suddenly fallen from their estate, and are become the silent, but still the resarred and modest suitors of public bounty. The condition of such—and they are now counted by thousands—is pitiable beyond expression. Exhausted by the purchase of fuel in the winter—an expense that was comparatively new to them—they laid out the remnant of their means on cropping the land. That crop they can never taste—into that land they can never re-enter, if they once cross the threshold of the workhouse. It, therefore, requires no stretch of fancy to imagine how direful must be the sufferings of those people until the time—as yet a distant interval—when they may be enabled to live on the fruits of the coming harvest.

THE BOHANS—REJOICING IN TEMPLEMORE.—On Saturday evening large crowds awaited near the telegraph office anxiously expecting news of the verdict. At length when it was announced, a tremendous cheer rang through the crowd, great excitement prevailed in town, pichbarrels were set fire to, and several houses illuminated. From an early hour on Sunday morning hosts of men, women, and boys might be seen coming from the far-distant to welcome them home, for it was telegraphed on Saturday night they might be expected about three o'clock. As the hour approached the excitement became intense, the respectable shopkeepers all turned out, and vehicle after vehicle passed on to join the procession which was composed of all classes and of every creed—Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian, and not the least numerous were the military, who have shown the greatest anxiety in this case from the commencement, and now turned out in large bodies to welcome the triumphant victims home. A loud cheer announced the approach of the cortege; cheer after cheer rang on; the drums became audible; now the bands; and as the head of the procession, with green boughs in their hands, entered every street, the cheering became tremendous. The brothers Bohan, mounted on first-rate horses, surrounded by ten thousand pedestrians, rode in front between rows of horses, crowded with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and which these young men acknowledged by repeatedly taking off their hats. A long line of cars followed. Mr. Carden, of Barnane, who happened to be in town at the time, was then assailed with a perfect storm of hisses and groans; and struggling over King's Bridge through the crowd, wheeled to the right along the Mall, not encountering the remainder of the procession, and drove rather briskly on. At the residence of the various Protestants, all of whom, with the exception of two, contributed to the "Defence Fund," denouncing their were given, the Messrs. Bohan taking off their hats; and at the residence of honest John Langan, M.P., at Richmond, where the hon. member and the Rev. Mr. Mullany, P. P., Drum, arrived from Clonmel a short time before the procession halted, the bands struck up "Bold Tipperary," and the cheering was loud and long. The whole cortege then moved on to Barnane, the residence of the Bohans.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The last subject which we propose noticing, is that of Missions to the Roman Catholics. On this subject there is a considerable difference of opinion.—Some are afraid of exciting hostility. That, we know, from the experience of others, may never arise at all; or, if it does, may be laid down. Others, there are, who think such a mission useless; and others again, we grieve to say, think it to be wrong. It was well asked, "where should we have been, had proselytizing efforts not been carried on in England in the 16th century? And what right have we to be a Reformed Church, if such efforts are wrong?" It is a simple historical fact, that the English Reform-

ers preached to the people on the errors of Rome, and proved them to be wrong by scripture; that by their order, visitors, "in other words, Missionaries—were sent throughout the land for this purpose; and by these proselytizing, or rather evangelizing efforts, the people of England became Protestant and enlightened. It was not done by every man being left alone, and by his own light finding his way to a Reformed faith; but by the Reformers bringing the light to bear upon the masses yet unconvinced. We may turn to any candid historian and we shall find the truth of the statement that 'the people at hand had received but little benefit from the measures adopted in the reign of Edward VI., and were rather disposed to be content with their old attractive superstition.' [Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont.] But the renewed efforts made in Queen Elizabeth's time, at length reached their hearts and consciences. We therefore follow in the steps of those noble men, when we give ourselves up for evangelizing efforts amongst our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen.—We have no faith in leaving them to themselves, to see their way out of the darkness that has settled upon them. Nor do we believe that it is with them to break the chains of superstition which bind them about. It is, we believe, given to us, to do this work and we must go forth with the Bible in our hands, and in the strength of God. A close visitation of the French population, from house to house, for three days, will convince the most determined skeptic that the Bible is closed to the people by their priests, under the direction of the Church. No other proof is necessary to show that we have a work to accomplish in circulating the word of God throughout the land. The proper means and agency have to be found—men endowed with the gifts of wisdom, judgment, faith, courage and love. And we are morally convinced that the results will show themselves in a surprising manner, in answer to the prayers of God's servants.

MANSLAUGHTER IN THE COUNTY ANTRIM.—BELFAST, June 23.—Our generally quiet and peaceable county has just had another stain dropped on its character by an occurrence which unfortunately has turned out fatally—the manslaughter of an old man by his own brother; and it also adds another melancholy evidence of the awful effects of drink. On Thursday evening last, two men, of the name of Hill, residing near Ballynure in the county of Antrim, about nine miles from Belfast, when returning home quarrelled on the road about some trifling matter, and fought for a considerable time. At length one of the brothers, named Alexander Hill, struck the other, named John Hill, so severe a blow on the head that it caused the death of the latter on the following night about ten o'clock, in the house of a relative, where he had taken refuge after the quarrel. The brothers were seen in company leaving Ballynure on Thursday evening, and no doubt exists but that they were both under the influence of drink. The circumstances of this unhappy quarrel have cast a gloom over the whole country surrounding the residences of the families of the principal parties in the transaction. Information of the death of John Hill having been forwarded to the constabulary, the sergeant of the Ballycarril station proceeded to the house of Alexander Hill, whom they arrested in his bed, being unable to move about in consequence of the injuries he had received at the hands of his murdered brother. However, a guard was placed over him until he was in a fit state to be removed. Both brothers were married men, and what makes the matter more atrocious is the fact that a son of the deceased, a little boy about 12 years of age, was present when his father received the blow which caused his death, and had watched the fight from the commencement. One of the men resided in the townland of Skilgashan, and the other (the prisoner) in Ballygowan, both near Ballynure; and it is said that the origin of the dispute was some angry words that had passed between them about the division of their properties. The deceased was 52 years of age, and his brother is only 36, but were both married men, and had families depending on them for support.—*Irish Times.*

A dreadful suicide occurred on Sunday morning at Green Castle Station on the railroad near Belfast. A well-dressed young man, tall, handsome, gentlemanly, in view of a crowd of people waiting for the train to Belfast, deliberately laid his head on the rail and was instantly killed by the "life guard," which almost severed his head from his body. An unfinished copy of a letter, dated "Liverpool," and addressed to the chairman and directors of the Belfast Steam Shipping Company, was found on his person, also a slip of paper with the name "D. Robinson." Mrs. David Robinson, wife of a carpenter in Belfast, suspecting that the unfortunate youth might be her eldest son, proceeded with her daughter to the spot. The sight of the corpse realized their worst fears, and their cries are described as heart-rending. No cause has been assigned for the suicide.

SAD DOGS.—A curious return, compiled by the constabulary, and moved for in Parliament by Mr. Bagwell, states that in the year 1861 it is supposed that no less than 8,397 sheep were killed by dogs in Ireland; 2,390 in Donegal alone.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DR. NEWMAN AND HIS DEFAMERS.—We (*Weekly Register*) have just received the following letter and correspondence from Dr. Newman, to make room for which we have great pleasure in displacing other, but certainly far less interesting and important matter. This, we should think, though we are by no means sure of it, will set at rest, for a time at least, the wretched calumnies about the religious opinions of the eminent Oratorian, which spiteful heresy has been circulating for many months past. In English Catholic society the categorical contradiction of unhappy W. G. Noel Hoare's false, scandalous, and malicious libels upon Dr. Newman by the best authority on this subject, is, of course, utterly unnecessary, but it is as well that heresy should be rebuked and confuted on the point by Dr. Newman himself, for the sake of truth and of those who are still wavering on the boundary line between truth and error,—and to prevent whose conversion these odious lies are invented and circulated, by such unscrupulous persons as Mr. G. Noel Hoare, of Balthaywycke-park.

To the Editor of the *Weekly Register.*  
Sir,—I enclose two letters, which I should be very much obliged by your publishing in your number of the day after to-morrow. You will see their importance. Your obedient servant,  
JOHN H. NEWMAN  
The Oratory, Birmingham, June 10, 1862.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

To the Editor of the *Lincolnshire Express.*

Sir,—In admitting controversial letters to the columns of your rising journal, you have acted impartially by inserting those of both sides. In reference, however, to a list of clerical perverts you allude to in your last number, let me suggest to any of your readers that may wish to ascertain the fact more particularly than "Catholicus," perhaps, will care to explain to enquire elsewhere, what has become of his great "giant" of intellect and sanctity—John Henry Newman. I have the authority of a clergyman of high church caste, resident at Paris (where the unhappy individual has been lately residing), for saying he has become utterly sceptical; and as for believing, like "Catholicus" in the creed of Pope Pius IV. (that Shibboleth of Romanism concocted in the 16th century), he absolutely ridicules it and the Romish persuasion altogether. I fear, Mr. Editor, the present phase of Mr. Newman's mind is as notorious as hopeless, and if "Catholicus" has no greater "giant" to produce, his list, after all, will prove but a *catena* of pigmies.—Your obedient servant,  
G. NOEL HOARE.

Balthaywycke Park, June 9.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

To the Editor of the *Lincolnshire Express.*

Sir,—A friend has sent me, by this morning's post, an advertisement cut from a recent number of your paper, and signed "G. Noel Hoare," of Balthaywycke Park.

It contains shocking untruths. It asks, "What has become of John Henry Newman?" Any Catholic could have answered the question. I will enlighten the writer myself on this abstruse, mysterious point.

1. I am John Henry Newman, sometimes called Dr. Newman, sometimes Father Newman, but John Henry Newman still. *Ego met sum proximus mihi.*
2. I have been Superior of a Community of Priests in Birmingham, ever since February 2nd, 1849.
3. Also, during the whole of that time I have had the spiritual charge of various large districts, called missions, in Birmingham and its neighborhood.
4. Also, I have the charge of a school of seven boys, sons of Catholic gentlemen up and down England and Ireland.
5. Also, I have been in these islands, and on this side of the British Channel, ever since February, 1836; and have only slept one night in Paris since September, 1846.
6. Also, I believe with all my heart and soul all that the Holy Roman Church teaches, and never have had one single doubt about any portion of her teaching whatever, ever since I became a Catholic.
7. Also, in the words of the Creed of Pope Pius IV., I freely profess and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, without which no one can be saved.

Such is my account of myself; now for Mr. Hoare's account of me.

1. I am "an unhappy individual."
2. I have "been lately residing in Paris."
3. I have "become utterly sceptical."
4. "I absolutely ridicule the Creed of Pope Pius IV. and the Romish persuasion altogether."
5. "The present phase of my mind" i.e. scepticism, "is as notorious as it is hopeless."

According to Mr. Hoare, then, I am "living in Paris in the unhappy life of a hopeless sceptic and a notorious scolder at the Catholic Religion." I can only repeat, what shocking untruths! Why, there is not one truth in his whole letter. I am tempted to ask in my turn "Who is this Mr. G. Noel Hoare?" In an age of light, where in the world has the unfortunate man been living? Of what select circle is he oracle? What bad luck has seduced him into print? What has ailed him to take up a position so false, that the Law might come down upon him, and every Englishman must cry shame upon him?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, Birmingham, June 17, 1862.  
Dr. Lushington has pronounced his judgment on the impugned theology of the *Essays and Reviews*; and it is just such a judgment as we should have expected. In the case of the Bishop of Salisbury against Dr. Rowland Williams, the Judge knocked down the articles of impeachment one after another like so many nine-pins. Maintaining that it is against the Articles of the Established Church to hold that the Bible is not God's Word written, but is the work of man—but at the same time laying it down that it is not against the Articles to hold that particular verses or parts of verses in the Bible are human interpolations, and having ruled that "it is open for the Protestant clergy to maintain that any book in the Bible is the work of another author than him whose name it bears, provided they admit that the book is inspired and canonical." Dr. Lushington proceeded to review the inculcated doctrines of Dr. Williams, and having skimmed over the first six charges as merely formal, he held that the 7th Article of accusation was against the 6th and 7th of the 39 Articles, and must be reformed. The 8th charge, namely, that the defendant denied "the Messianic prophecy," he dismissed, "though the positions maintained by Dr. Williams were not consonant with the doctrine of the Church as usually promulgated"—the ninth charge, namely, that Dr. Williams denied that the Book of Daniel was written by Daniel, he shared the same fate, inasmuch as such denial was not contrary to law. The tenth article of accusation, which charged Dr. Williams with having asserted that the fourth Gospel was the last of all the genuine books (of the Bible); that the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews had been erroneously attributed to St. Paul; and that the Epistle of St. Peter had been erroneously ascribed to that Apostle; was also rejected. The other seven articles were either wholly rejected as involving charges which were not, according to the Judge's views, against law, or sent back for reformation. In the case of the Rev. J. Fendall, against the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Vicar of Great Staughton, in the Diocese of Ely,—the charge that the defendant had maintained "that the Old and New Testaments were not written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and that they were not necessarily at all, and certainly not in parts, the Word of God," was admitted subject to amendment. Another article, charging the defendant with denying everlasting condemnation and punishment, was also admitted. Liberty was given to both parties to appeal if they thought fit.—*Plon-Plon* has arrived in London, and goes abroad without either a crotchet shield or an escort of police to protect him against the apprehended onslaught of the Duc d'Aumale. There is an amusing story current about this affair, which may or may not be true, but which is certainly within the range of probability.—It is said that an illustrious personage has interfered in order to secure His Imperial Highness from all harm on the part of his Royal foe, and that it was not until the Oratorian Prince promised at Windsor that he would take no notice of Plon, that the latter resolved to visit London.—*Weekly Register.*

The cotton famine, as it is now the fashion to call the distress in our manufacturing districts, goes on, we lament to say, exhibiting on the whole a large progressive advance in the number of persons dependent on parish relief.

Lord Palmerston, in the British Parliament, repeated his declaration against the possibility of mediation in American affairs at present. He contends that what is wanted in order that war may come to an end, is that each party be brought to apprehend its real interest. When that is seen nothing will prevent the conclusion of the war; but every word spoken in high places tending to foreign intervention delays this consummation.

CATHOLIC PRISONERS.—Mr. Hennessey's Bill has now been printed. It proposes that a "creed register" shall be kept in every gaol, stating to what church, communion, or religious persuasion every prisoner belongs, and that a prisoner declaring himself a Catholic shall not be required to attend religious services, other than those of his own Church, nor any moral, doctrinal, or catechetical instruction in conformity with the usages of any other church, or conducted by a member of any other church, nor shall he be visited by religious instructors of any other church. For every gaol in which a certain average number of Catholic prisoners are confined a Catholic priest, nominated by a Catholic Bishop, is to be appointed by the magistrates or the Secretary of State; as the case may be, to officiate as Catholic chaplain of that gaol, and a convenient room is to be provided for the celebration of Divine service by him.

The American press tells us there are plenty of causes of quarrel with Great Britain when the time comes, and American engineers are fortifying Mackinaw, the key which shuts Lake Michigan to an enemy, and opens the lower Lakes to a friend, and American politicians are urging on the completion of the great project of a ship canal from Michigan, at Cairo, to the Upper Mississippi, by which a fleet could be sent in a short time from New Orleans to the Gulf into Lake Michigan. Our engineers are examining the Canadian frontier defenses.—*Times.*