

and send a resident magistrate here, who would do his duty without fear, favour, or affection. The Catholic party have no confidence in the present state of affairs. If it were considered desirable to have a shooting match in Belfast every 12th July, the surest plan would be to let matters continue as they now stand. We had a fine sample of justice on Friday last. Mr. John Daly was put on his trial for the murder of a girl at Portlengone; his house was attacked by an Orange mob, and some persons fired upon them; when the poor girl lost her life. The Crown objected to every Catholic that answered; four or five were put off the jury, and a most respectable man—Mr. Kirk, a Presbyterian—was also ordered to stand aside; but after all those proceedings, the prisoner had an honest judge and an honest jury to try his case. After his acquittal, Judge Moore addressed him in the handsomest manner I ever heard a judge address a prisoner.

The *Dublin Evening Post* remarks upon this letter: "It is impossible to deny that the Orange processions on the 12th July had led to the outrages, continued, day and night, for nearly a fortnight—that innocent people were shot to death during those riots—that the police did not check the riots, and the military were prevented from doing so—that not a single person belonging to the Orange mob was even arrested—that the only persons arrested were Catholics, whose innocence was so clearly established at the trial that they were acquitted by a mixed jury. Most truly has the *Northern Whig* remarked that 'the recent rioting in that town has done a good deal to reverse the British opinion in relation to 'law and order' of the South and North of Ireland.' One word more. We would earnestly impress upon the Government the necessity of at once attending to the very reasonable and excellent suggestion of our Correspondent, that a Resident Magistrate—a man of experience and tried impartiality—should be appointed in Belfast."

Lord Duncannon, the Grand Master of the Orangemen, brought before the House of Lords on Thursday 30th ult., a complaint against the constabulary of Dublin, for not protecting the street preachers who infest that city, and render themselves odious by their illiberal and uncharitable denunciations of the Catholic religion. The grounds of his complaint were clearly shown to be erroneous, and Lord Granville very truly "denied that the Government had at all favoured the Roman Catholics." The noble Earl might have added that the Catholics do not want favours. All they ask for is fair play. Attention was drawn to the language used by the Protestant Association, as by no means calculated to promote charity; and an instance was cited from their last public document, in which they with great modesty compared themselves to the Apostle Paul, and the Catholics to heathens worshipping an Unknown God. Such are the men who stir up hatred and ill-will, and who have occasioned the serious riots in Belfast, and who now bring forward unfounded charges against their fellow-subjects.—*Weekly Register*.

Pass Him Roush.—The London correspondent of the *Glasgow Free Press* writes last week a communication as follows:—"I am sorry that I cannot conclude without a brief reference to a personal topic. Catholic circles here have been much distressed to find that a gentleman of talent and respectability, who lately possessed the confidence and respect of almost every one, appears to have committed the offence of which those will be guilty who avail themselves of the provisions of the new Divorce Bill, and I feel compelled to allude to the subject as I have hitherto seemed to identify myself with him in my notices of his publications." We see no necessity for publishing offences which are likely to escape legal investigation, and should not have referred to this. But such a notice in a Catholic paper, will bring unjust discredit and scandal upon the Catholic Church. There are, no doubt, too many immoral Catholics, but the person in question is not one of them. It is only one proof more (if any additional proof was wanted by any man who knows the real working of Irish pecuniary proselytism) of the effect of that wicked system, in debauching the whole mind and defiling the moral sense. A Catholic by birth and education, he became for several years the notorious paid agent of the Irish Souters, edited their newspaper organ, the *Dublin Warder*, and published several foul and blasphemous attacks upon the Church and its sacred doctrines. In England he has no doubt represented himself to Catholics as a Catholic, but he has all along edited an anti-Catholic country newspaper, and within the last few weeks has solicited employment upon one of the most violent and abusive of the London daily anti-Catholic papers, representing himself as "a staunch and out-and-out Protestant, and a determined opponent of Cardinal Wiseman." However lamentable, it is no wise wonderful that a man who for money professed to be a member of two hostile Churches, should represent himself as the husband of two wives. It is impossible to tell whether in the United States he may profess himself a Catholic or Protestant, or, as is more probable, one to his persons and the other to others; but it may be useful for Catholics to know that he sailed for New York in the *Harvest Queen* on Wednesday, July 22, under the assumed name of Charles Edward Stuart. We have no means of knowing his real name. In London he passed under the name of "Bruce," at other times under that of "Sir Oscar Oliphant," and more generally under that of J. G. MacWalter, which he also bore at Dublin. Among many other false representations, he stated himself to hold a commission in the Anglo-Italian Legion. The reproach must fall not upon the Catholic Church, but upon those who originally bribed him to play the hypocrite. In the case of man and woman alike the seducer is responsible not only for his victim's first fall from virtue, but for all the crimes to which it leads. This unhappy man would in all probability have been no worse than his neighbors, if he had not been seduced by the profligate use of the money collected from well-meaning deluded Protestants in England, for converting the Irish Catholics. He knew what was in man, who denounced a vow upon those who "go round about sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, make him the child of hell twofold more than themselves."—*Weekly Register*.

IRELAND AND HER PROTESTANT PERSECUTIONS.—The connection of Ireland with this country is either a subjugation or a union. It cannot be both. Ostensibly it is a union, and Ireland, England, and Scotland are called "the United Kingdom." In right and law then Catholic Ireland stands on an equal footing with her Protestant sister kingdoms. A conquered country can never be deprived of the right of vindicating its violated liberty whenever an opportunity presents itself. The laws neither of God nor man compel either individuals or states to submit to bondage longer than they can help. A union, on the other hand, is absolutely voluntary; and either of the contracting parties is at full liberty to forsake it whenever it should be found prejudicial to its happiness or its interests. Nor is it possible for any union of countries to be of mutual benefit, where either attempts to usurp the smallest ascendancy over the other. These observations we hold to be incontrovertible and self-evident. Now, we ask any reasonable being to tell us whether there can be the remotest chance or possibility of—we will not say mutual charity and good-will, but peace, and consequently happiness and prosperity, being preserved in a union of kingdoms where the religion of the great bulk of the population of one of them occupies the position of a scarcely tolerated sect; and the religion, or no religion, or superstition, or congeries of religions, or whatever it may be called (for what can that be called which is a mere protest against a particular faith?) possesses an overwhelming legal ascendancy—is in fact established as the religion of the country by law? What peace, what prosperity, what of aught that constitutes the well-being of a nation can be expected where the religion of the

country is compelled to witness the constant spectacle of that protest against itself, which it regards as a noxious infidelity, going through certain forms of worship once in every seven days, in gorgeous edifices erected by and belonging to itself, and of which it has been forcibly despoiled? Does any man possessing the least claim to statesmanship believe Ireland to be so perplexing and enigmatical a difficulty, whilst such an anomalous, such an odious state of things is suffered to exist? Every one knows that the Romans, from motives of policy, were accustomed scrupulously to respect, and even to adopt into the religion of the State, the religions of the several nations they overran and subdued. The clumsiest politicians have recognised the impossibility of preserving the amity of a people and of pouring continually upon their religion at the same time. But to suppose that there can be any union between three kingdoms, in any acceptance of the term, except that of the most remorseless subjugation, the most iron tyranny, where a foreign sect is established over the religion of the country, is a folly so supreme as to be accounted for only by that in factuated blindness of credulous bigotry which seems to make all men fools. Could not the veriest infant in statecraft predict the heart-burnings, the really lacerated feelings, the pain, the disgust of an entire population, gazing day by day upon the injury and wrong done to that religion on which they hang all their hopes and happiness here and hereafter. We do not say that it is so with Protestants, because not having a faith, it is impossible they should be actuated by anything loftier than the bigotry of contradiction and the perverse recklessness of hatred; but to Catholics—to those who have clearly a defined faith, how deep, how tender, how intense are those feelings with which that faith is associated and bound up! No familiarity of experience will ever reconcile them to the systematic laceration of those feelings. They must first be torn from their bosoms with their lives. Any sciolist of a politician could anticipate them. He could predict the constant irritation and insults, and assertions of the superiority of the sect whose want of numbers was more than compensated by an overwhelming legal preference. He could easily foresee that the smothered embers of sectarian animosity would be ever at a white heat beneath the dark oppressions of physical force, ready to burst forth into a furious conflagration at the first vent. Long ago would this have happened in Ireland but for that holy charity which is the key-stone virtue, so to speak, of the Catholic faith, which inspires the priest to exert forbearance, and aids the people to obey the priest. We must say that the ceaseless insults and provocations of the dominant sect, ever and above that standing one of its being established by law, in that too patient country, seem at times to touch the limit of human forbearance. What monstrous spectacle is that which Ulster has just afforded in a so-called civilised age—in a civilised, if Protestantism were not there, country? We tell the Irish people that they are not called upon to submit to the chance of this constant repetition of those scenes of hideous riot, bloodshed, and deliberate murder. For the sake of peace, for the safety of themselves and their families, for the sake of religion, virtue, morality, everything which can make life tolerable, they share the dark political duty of removing that sect from its ascendancy, which is at the root of all the disasters, troubles, misfortunes, and misery of Ireland. We assert most positively that Ireland never will nor can cease to be a political difficulty so long as the union of the two countries and the Established sect exist together.—*Weekly Register*.

A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.—Police Court, Limerick.—Constable Nash introduced to the justices at their morning sitting a young girl of something over sixteen years of age, dressed in a figured muslin robe, an unbleached linen petticoat, and wearing a straw bonnet of the present curtailed dimensions—in personal appearance she seems to be prepossessing of good figure, and apparently of an active mind, as well as of very active habits. The constable said that having received information that a young girl had victimised some respectable persons in the city, and was victimising more in its suburbs and vicinity, by pretending at one time to be related to respectable families, and at another time to be a convert from Romanism! and to be suffering martyrdom for her Christian heroism, in taking a jump from what she was pleased to call in a conversation with one of her victims, "the darkness of error into the light of truth"—then to be engaged in the work of charity by collecting money in aid of the funds of the Orphan Society, and finally to relieve the sick and bury the dead: and thus, working out her salvation and the cause together, she was going on pretty well until the constable who is continually prying after matters which a certain class of people think he ought to let alone, arrested her on Sunday last as she was leaving St. John's Protestant Church, where she had been to prayers. The constable said that he received but a very imperfect description of the "young lady," and had great difficulty in tracing her through all her devious ways—one time he was sure of her under the style and name of Miss Mary Dixon—another time by that of Miss Mary Fitzgerald—then again by the appellation of Jones—then under that of Miss Mary Mortimer; but finally he found her, notwithstanding her *incognito*, bearing the respectable cognomen of Elmes, and he now introduced her to the justices as his ward, *pro tem*, and as Miss Mary Elmes. He also handed a letter, of which the following is a copy, and which was read in open court by Mr. Beanchamp, the Clerk of the Sessions: Clonlara, July 22nd, 1857.

My Dear Elmes.—A young girl about 16 years old, dressed with a bonnet and an unbleached linen jacket, has been victimising some of the people here, representing herself as *Allegory Elmes*, from Glannire, and a niece of yours, and delivering messages as if from me, stating that she came out here to see a poor woman who was matron to some orphans and had come to Clonlara for her health, but died last Sunday.—She was collecting for a coffin, &c., and got 5s from Mrs. Hayes O'Grady, besides refreshments of biscuits, wine, and water, &c. She was in a great hurry back as there was to be a large party and *beautiful singing* that evening (Monday) at her Uncle John's, and Mr. Allen was to be there. There was also to be a great party same evening at Mr. Johnson's, but of course Mr. Allen could not go there, being pre-engaged.—She had called on Mr. B. Vincent, whom she described as a gentleman with a great deal of hair on his face, and said he gave her bread and butter, and Mrs. V. gave her ninepence. In short, she seems an accomplished young lady, and spoke of coming out to church on Sunday to Clonlara with Mrs. Kierney, who is her godmother. Now, as she evidently knew something of you and your brothers, and of the Orphan Society, &c., it may be you know something of her, and could trace her out if it would not be a pity to nip so promising a bud.

Ever sincerely yours,  
James Hastings Allen.

The Mayor asked the youthful *incognito*, who held down her head, and was breaking her sides with suppressed laughter, where she came from? when she said that she was from Glannire road, in the city of Cork.

The Mayor then wished to know if there was any one to prosecute her?  
The Constable replied in the negative, but added that he was almost sure there would, when her numerous victims heard that she was in custody.  
She was then remanded, and tripped off the t-bell, with the agility and lightness of a tight-rope dancer.  
—*Limerick Reporter*.

We copy from a contemporary a brief abstract of the statistics of crime in Ireland, as furnished in the report just published by the Inspector-General of Prisons. Seven years ago the prisoners in gaols amounted to 11,000. At present there is only 3,400, being a decrease of nearly 8,000 within that period. Whilst the British Legislature is trying in vain to

devise a means of diminishing the ever-increasing number of her criminals, and seeking for a place to which they may be sent for penal servitude, the prisons in Ireland are gradually losing two-thirds of their former occupants. In every village and hamlet throughout Ireland a new chapel or convent is springing up as if by magic. Religious houses, with their well-filled schools, may be seen in every direction; and there is throughout Ireland a general progression to virtue. Judges of assize instead of solemn charges to juries on the crime of criminals whose misdeeds they were to decide, congratulate the same juries on the almost total disappearance of crime. The following is the abstract of the Inspector's report:—"The decrease in crime was so great in 1855, that we scarcely expected to be able to report a continuance of such progressive improvement in 1856, especially since the embodiment of the militia was believed to have largely contributed to thin the gaol, and consequently its disbandment was naturally considered likely to produce a contrary effect. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we are again enabled to report that the reduction in crime steadily progresses, and that, on the whole, the criminal statistics for the past year may be taken as indicating great moral improvement. An examination of the subjoined tables will show that felony and vagrancy, the result of pauperism, have wonderfully declined. Numbers of prisoners in Gaols.—On the 1st of January, 1850, 10,967; ditto ditto, 1851, 10,044; ditto ditto, 1852, 8,803; ditto ditto, 1853, 7,604; ditto ditto, 1854, 5,755; ditto ditto, 1855, 5,080; ditto ditto, 1856, 3,561; ditto ditto, 1857, 3,419."

The *Cork Examiner* calls attention to the mode of constituting juries in Ireland. On the city jury at Cork it appears, there are but 23 Catholics as compared with 108 Protestants. Our contemporary remarks:—"Some unauthorised agency has certainly found means to tamper with the impartial administration of the law. In such a city as Cork, containing so large a Catholic population, such a disposition should never be the result of accident. We think, therefore, a most stringent scrutiny ought to be made into the matter. We cannot, of course, impute to the High Sheriff or Under Sheriff any cognizance of such a proceeding, but some one's hand has been in the business, and no pains ought to be spared to find out whose. We cannot conceive any possible explanation of the fact, except that of tampering with the jury list, in order to prevent the administration of justice. Our High Sheriff, upon whom, as we have said, no imputation can rest personally, ought to acquit himself of all responsibility by instituting the strictest investigation into the affair. A thing of this kind is too flagrant an insult to a Catholic community to be allowed to pass without the closest inquiry. For if the jury panel can be composed in this way with impunity, no Catholic can be safe in his liberty or rights."

THE SAILOR'S SWINDLES.—A *Tipperary paper* says:—"There is no doubt of the adverse operation of the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of 'O'Flaherty v. M'Dowell,' upon the interests of the creditors of the Tipperary Bank, since now their only means of recovering their debts from the properties of the shareholders are either by entering judgments against individual shareholders, and registering those as mortgages upon the properties (a law peculiar to Ireland), or by awaiting the proceeds of calls of the official manager after his enforcing them. From the latter the creditors entertain little expectation. The Winding-up Act was put into operation at the instance of the Saddleirs, and the official manager's services have as yet effected little for the creditors beyond dividing the assets of the bank found in its coffers when it stopped."

Among the properties offered for sale in the Incorporated Court in the month of next November is the fee simple estate, situate in the barony of Bland and Olla West, belonging to J. W. Bumsister, J. F. Law, J. Sadler, and C. Sadler, and comprising an area of 1,124.10.20, and a usual rent of £2,518 15s. 7d. The estate was formerly held by the Earl of Glengall, and is not liable to any quit or crown rents.

The Depot at Charenton Fort has been broken up, and all the stores, arms, ammunition, &c., &c., have been deposited in the Enniskillen stores.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

A stately church was solemnly dedicated at Leeds on Wednesday. The proceedings were dignified by the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster one foreign and two English Prelates, besides a concourse of distinguished persons, lay and clerical. Those who assisted at the opening of another church in London about this time two years, will not need to be reminded that this is not the first of our noblest Catholic temples that we owe to the charity and the Religion of Catholic France.—*Weekly Register*.

Baron Rothschild was re-elected for the City of London on Tuesday 28th ult., without opposition. The official notification of his return appeared in the *Gazette* of the same day, and in the evening he was present in the house, but did not offer to be sworn. From some remarks which fell from Lord John Russell, who postponed the second reading of his Oaths Bill to Monday next, it seems that after all some steps will be taken to enable the Baron to take his seat without the necessity of proceeding with the Bill, and thus avoid any further collision with the House of Peers. It is said that some Act of Parliament, previously overlooked by all parties, has now been discovered, and that it will enable Baron Rothschild to take his seat after being sworn in the manner most binding on his own conscience. But if no such opportunity is afforded, it would certainly be the wisest course, before the session is much further advanced, to seat the Baron by a resolution of the House, and as originally proposed by Mr. Dillwyn.—*Weekly Register*.

The authorities at the Horse Guards intend raising immediately twelve second battalions, for the purpose of taking the place of the corps now at home who are ordered to embark for India.

Seven hundred men belonging to the cavalry and infantry regiments serving in India have arrived at Chatham within the past few days, the whole of whom have applied for their free discharge according to the regulations of the service. Owing, however, to the aspect of affairs in India, the authorities at the War Office are anxious to retain the troops in the service, and with this view the Deputy-Adjutant-General on Saturday assembled the men claiming their discharge, informing them that the government was desirous of retaining them, and that each non-commissioned officer and private who would withdraw his application to be discharged could remain in the service, and would be allowed three months' furlough before he would be required for duty. It is expected that a very few of the men will recall their applications for discharge. Among those claiming to be discharged are some of the finest troops lately in the Indian army.

CAMBRIDGE DEGREE CONFERRED ON A JEW.—The *Clerical Journal* announces that the late commencement witnessed the first admission of a Jew to a degree in the University of Cambridge in the person of Mr. Arthur Cohen, nephew of Mr. Baron Rothschild.

PROTESTANT vs. PROTESTANT.—Another phase of modern society has been witnessed at Birmingham. Some Mormons or Latter-day Saints, as they call themselves, have been in the habit of meeting in their chapel in Birmingham, to worship after their own manner. Another Protestant Dissenting preacher has been lately preaching a "crusade," as the Birmingham journalist says, against these "saints," and his hearers have tumultuously invaded the Mormon chapel, and violently interrupted the service, mobbing the congregation, and wrecking the building.

The Divorce Bill came on again in the Commons on Thursday, 30th ult. The debate was remarkable for the absence of argument in support of this ill-judged measure. The Attorney-General, in moving the second reading, evidently felt the difficulty of his task, and seemed afraid of the influential opposition which he had to encounter. Fearing too much importance might be attached to the Declaration of a large body of the Protestant Clergy against the Bill, Sir B. Bethell undertook to lecture the ministers of the State religion for expressing their conscientious opinions, and frankly told them humbly to submit to the Parliamentary decision upon this question. He could not conceive anything more dangerous, or anything that would be fraught with more unhappiness to the clergy and to the church than for the House to listen to those statements, which were called conscientious scruples and difficulties, about the obligation of the clergy to obey the law of the land. Let them discuss the law if they would; but when they had arrived at the conclusion that it ought to be the law of the land, let them require, without any hesitation on the part of the clergy, obedience to that law. (Hear.) That was the true notion of the supremacy of the Crown. This is strongly confirmatory of the opinion of the *Guardian* that the clergy of the Establishment are rapidly losing their influence. 7,000 of the Protestant clergy have protested against the Bill. "Were the declarants seven thousand country attorneys (says our contemporary) there would be an end of the Bill. But the clergy of the Establishment cannot pretend such influence." Truly their "occupation" may be said to be nearly "gone." It is worthy of note that every speaker in succession to the Attorney-General spoke more or less strongly against the measure. Mr. Bowyer's arguments were comprehensive and striking. Mr. Hatchell proudly referred to Ireland "Where the greater portion of the people were Roman Catholics and the celebration of marriage was considered as a Sacrament. They never heard of any outcry in Ireland against the indissolubility of marriage. They never heard of internal quarrels in families, of their suffering under a worse than Egyptian bondage, of cases in police offices of wives and husbands quarrelling. The people were convinced that, once married it was utterly impossible they could ever be divorced and to that cause was attributable the happiness of Irish homes (hear, hear.) When the Irish peasant came to the altar to pledge her troth to her husband she dismissed from her mind the reflection of the possibility of their ever being divorced, the same as when a novice, exchanging the white for the black veil, completely put aside all thoughts of returning to the busy and pleasure-loving world." Altogether the debate was most instructive to Protestants. Among Catholics it need not be repeated, there is no doubt as to the indissolubility of marriage. On the resumption of the adjourned debate, Mr. Gladstone's speech will be anxiously looked for.—*Weekly Register*.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—It is not yet decided in what mode the submarine cable shall be laid. It is now proposed to commence paying out at once from the coast of Ireland, and when one vessel has uncoiled its share of the cable, to join the end to that on board the other vessel, which will then proceed to pay out the remaining half of the cable. All the guns have been taken out of the Agamemnon with the exception of two small signal guns on the upper deck, and up to sunset on Friday, 1,000 miles of the rope had been stowed away. Those immense coils of tarred rope rising up below the surface of the water to the under side of the deck of the ship, is a curious sight. You stand or walk over 1,000 tons of this rope, for its weight is about one ton to the mile. There are more than two hundred flukes or bays of the coil, one above the other, the huge coil following the form of an oval or circle, as the shape of the ship's hold requires, and varying in its diameter from forty-four to fifty feet, is already about eleven feet thick, and at every end of a second pendulum an electric spark is flashed through every inch of that solid, compact mass. The huge thing lives, and every throb of its electric pulse is marked by the deflection of a tiny, delicate needle on a dial-plate. From the immense batteries of Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician of the company, an amount of electric fluid is every moment sent on its circling mission of 1,200 miles, which, if discharged at once, would under certain electric conditions of the atmosphere, and below a thunder cloud, form a lightning flash of the most terrific power. But trained by man, this concentrated essence of the thunderstorm passes instantaneously on its uneven path, does the bidding of its taskmaster in delivering the small needle which keeps watch for its arrival, and completing its mysterious circuit returns obediently to the cell whence it first issued forth. Some time since it was thought that the fluid would be so much retarded in its way through great lengths of wire, that it would be impracticable to apply electricity to the communication between England and America. This was a point most material to be decided, and a number of experiments were most carefully made to ascertain the speed of the electric current. Professor Wheatstone found that it travelled 258,000 miles in a second, or more than ten times the length of a girdle round the earth.—Other experiments fixed its speed at 12,851 miles per second. In the currents of electricity sent through the 1200 miles of rope now on board the Agamemnon, and partly on shore, Mr. Whitehouse has not been able to mark any appreciable speed of this mysterious agent. It might be thought that the electric messenger, having to run its round through the myriads of circling and concentrated coils of rope, might not be able to travel so quickly as along a straight road. But gradients and curves are unknown to this bright Ariel, who asks only the one favor, that he should be kept from coming in contact with the base earth while employed in the service of the Prosperos who direct his actions. All doubts with respect to the retardation of the electric current are set at rest, and an extensive series of experiments have shown that ten words may be whispered under the Atlantic, from Ireland, to Newfoundland, every minute, or 14,400 words per day.—The cable will be delivered in the first instance out of the hold of the ship through a trumpet mouth tube, elevated about thirty feet above the top of the cone around which the rope is coiled. It will then pass over and under a series of "sheaves" or grooved wheels, where the amount of adhesion or friction of the rope will be regulated so as to counterbalance the weight of the cable in suspension in the water, and will thus afford perfect control over its delivery. As in some parts the depths at which the rope is to be laid will be rather more than two miles and a half, there would be in the process of paying out probably twice that extent of cable held in suspension, and as this weight in water is 14 cwt. to the mile, the necessity of adopting due precaution against the cable running away too quickly will be evident, and the machinery for providing against this contingency is of the most powerful description. Arrangements are also made in the event of any accident, for cutting away the cable and securing one end of it to large buoys fixed with mirrors, and provided with several miles of ordinary rope, and an auxiliary steam engine is fitted up on board, to be employed in hauling in the buoy ropes when it is desired to take possession of the line again. The batteries to be taken on board for signaling through the cable while in progress of being submerged, are of most extraordinary power. The zinc plates employed weigh three tons, and with the boxes and the acid together, it is upwards of five tons. That a battery of very considerable power will be required for the purpose of signaling is clear from the nature of the duties required to be performed by the electric current. Starting from the deck of the Agamemnon, it would rush through the whole of the rope remaining uncoiled in that ship's hold, and then leaping overboard, it would dive down to the lowest depths of the Atlantic, skip along the mountains in the valleys of old ocean's bed, mount to the surface,

board the Niagara, dash through the uncoiled rope on board that ship, and flinging the signal bell, tell that throughout its whole distance of two thousand five hundred miles, it has met with no flaw and no obstruction. When the little bell on board gives forth an accustomed sound, the engines of the steamship will be reversed; the cable hauled in and examined until the damaged part through which the electric messenger has escaped shall be discovered. When once laid in its ocean bed, there will be no disturbing current to endanger its safety, and the nature of the plateau on which it will be deposited leads to the opinion that in a very short time the soft sand of the ocean bed will form a perfect covering of the cable.—*London Observer*.

It will not be forgotten in London that some months ago an Italian vagabond, named Foschini, quarrelled in a coffee house, near the Haymarket with some of his fellow-countrymen, and stabbed three of the latter with a stiletto. Two of the three died, I believe, from the effects of their wounds. All the endeavors of the police to track the murderer failed, but a body taken from the Thames was recognised by some persons as being that of Foschini. This fact was subsequently called into doubt, and it was ascertained after a time that the murderer not only had not committed suicide, but had succeeded in escaping from England. Accounts from Naples now announce that Foschini is in the hands of the Neapolitan police, having been captured in the late insurrectionary attempt at Sapri, where he received a wound. It is to be presumed that the Neapolitan authorities will deliver up the assassin to the fate which awaits him at Newgate. It is rather singular that his presence in Genoa, previous to the revolutionary expedition, should not have been communicated to the English police, as the name of the criminal, and the nature of his misdeeds, must have been familiar to the authorities of that or any other town in Italy where he may have resided.

A BLACK CALENDAR OF CRIME.—The calendar of prisoners for trial at the Liverpool assizes, as made up to the 26th instant, is one of the blackest catalogues of crime that has been issued for some time. There are nineteen cases of murder in it (to which will have to be added another from Manchester, in which three prisoners are for trial), fourteen of stabbing, wounding, &c., one of shooting, one of attempting to blow up a house, five of rape, five of perjury, besides a long list of burglaries and other offences.

A correspondent of the *Union (Anglican)* writes as follows:—"St. Augustine says—'Divortium a diabolo fit.' In the new office, therefore, to be composed for the marriage of adulterers, we shall have—'Who giveth this woman to this man? Aus.—The Devil!'"

#### UNITED STATES.

The *New York Freeman's Journal* of last Saturday contains a letter from Archbishop Hughes in answer to the editorials lately published against him in the *New York Times*. We need not say that the Archbishop completely demolishes his adversary. Such dastardly attacks upon a prelate, venerable both on account of his official character and personal qualities, can injure only their authors. The Archbishop's reputation is too well established, and his services in the cause of religion have rendered his name too dear to every Catholic heart, for such calumnies to have any success. Those only with whom the wish is father to the thought will give them credence.—*Pittsburgh Courier*.

Mrs. CUSHEMAN.—This bad woman, who, with her real or imputed crimes, has filled, since last January, far too much of public attention in connection with the murdered profligate Harvey Burdell, has again served as carrion for the birds of the unclean newspaper press. In the investigations that had taken place she had presented probable evidence of the fact of her marriage with Burdell. She has damaged her case by the attempt to present a supposititious heir, born last week, as her own child. By this act she has revived the worst suspicions in many minds, as to her complicity with the murder. We habitually, and on principle, avoid giving the details of criminal trials. It is a pernicious habit to read them—except for those whose duty may lie in that direction. But there is something that interests public morals beyond the crimes of this abandoned woman. It is that a physician in "regular standing," Dr. Uhl, and a legal practitioner in "regular standing," District Attorney Hall, have been playing stool-pigeons in this case. Dr. Uhl was applied to by Mrs. Cunningham to assist her in finding a child that might be passed off by her as her own. He communicated with District Attorney Hall, and together they helped her to execute the attempt at fraud, for the purpose of entrapping her. It remains for the faculty of medicine to say whether such are the purposes for which men enter a profession that once was, and ever should be, one of the most honorable and most honored. If Dr. Uhl is not forthwith expelled for his odious and degrading conduct, we hope never again to hear the faculty talking of any kind of conduct as unprofessional. It remains also to see whether enough of self-respect is left in any of our courts of law to exclude from their, or its bar, District Attorney Hall. A lawyer, in theory, is a master, a minister and a champion of law—not a drummer for criminal cases, or a procurer of infamous acts. But the last few months have afforded exhibitions of the legal profession in this city that make us have no desire to see the bar purged of the contempt in which the public are coming justly to hold it. It has always had its unworthy members, its pettifoggers. But it put the stamp on its own brow in this city some half dozen years ago, at the dinner of "the bar" to Kossuth, where they bled the venerable and white-headed Judge Duer for remonstrating against the most miserable insults to our country, its great men, and its usages—and where the so-called "lawyers" sat and listened to the music answering the toast of "the bar" by the *rogue's march*.—*N. Y. Freeman*.

KNOW-NOTHINGS AND ORANGEMEN.—These men of blood are the same that they ever were—the same as their allies in Louisville and Cincinnati. When the Society was originated, resolutions were passed in all its lodges to exterminate the Catholics, and to "wade knee deep in Popish blood" (*Viduo Report No. 16*, in House of Lords, 1793). The system is admitted to be founded on the 68th Psalm, of which the 24th verse runs as follows: "That thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies; that the tongue of thy dogs may be red with the same." In Armagh they have, actually given the dogs the blood of the men they murdered. Their massacres are part of the melancholy history of the country. They wrecked and slaughtered with impunity, for they had the magistrates all on their side. The illustrious Grattan, himself a Protestant, described their deeds in his day as those of "ferocious barbarity." He called them a "banditti, who being of the religion of the State, had committed the most horrid murders, and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to extermination." "They call themselves Protestants," he continues, "that is a banditti of murderers committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty." The "Dolly's Bree" massacre, a few years ago, is in the recollection of most of our readers, aided and abetted as it was by a magistrate of the county of Down. And now, in 1857, Belfast is made the theatre of riots, which, commencing, as usual, on the 12th of July, continued for nine days, and in which the blood-thirsty Orange ruffians acted the most diabolical parts, shooting down on one occasion, with deliberate aim, two little boys who were playing marbles. The Catholics, of course, were compelled to defend themselves; and they did it most effectively. The result was, that the whole available military force was called out to suppress civil war raging over a populous city. The Orangemen were buffeted and arrested by the police, and ridden down by the troops.—*New York Citizen*.