

TO THE CATHOLIC PUBLIC OF ENGLAND.

At the present moment the universal exclamations are, 'What is to be done with Ireland—and how is Ireland to be relieved from her present misery?' In reply to these questions I most respectfully beg leave to say that the remedy for Ireland's present misery lies in the subjugation of landlord injustice, and the means of giving to Ireland permanent future prosperity rests in a restoration to her of the possession of her ancient and long-tried Institute—the Monastic Orders. These two propositions it is necessary to explain. The landlords of Ireland, with a few noble exceptions, have, during this last half century, acted as so many bloodsuckers of the country's vitality. They have recklessly squandered the poor man's food in either reveling in wanton luxury at home, or in attempting to rival the splendor of foreigners whose means as far surpassed their own as abundance exceeds penury. The Irish landlords have neglected to educate their people in any form save in that of wanton waste of the bounty of Providence, and hence it is that now a-days both landlord and tenant are either flying from Ireland, or contending with each other for the remnant of subsistence. A "rate in aid" is now the law of the land, but that is only an additional help to final ruin.

During the days of Ireland's former prosperity, her landlord system was that of paternal care of those who tilled the land. Poverty was not known in Ireland whilst the Monastic Institution flourished there. Her people were fed, clothed, and educated, her fields, naturally so luxuriant, were producing food for man, and not lying as they now are barren, wastes, her name was known over the earth as a benefactress, and not as she now is an alms-beggar in every country of the world. Let Ireland then again have her Monastic Institute, and she begs no more. Let her have that, and her children are no longer stamped with the character of laziness and ignorance. To make a beginning of this grand work, the writer of this has come to England to seek the aid of all who love to do good; and he trusts that this appeal will not be made in vain. He is the Superior of an establishment that during the last eight years has done more to cultivate a spirit of honest enterprise in the agricultural line, than have all the landlords of the country around Knocktopher. The system adopted was this. Fourteen years ago a thatched cabin at Knocktopher, county Kilkenny, formed the whole establishment of the Carmelite Order there. The Rev. E. Cullen having been appointed as Prior of this place, at once set to work with energy and zeal to build a church and a convent. His pious labours were crowned with success, and in the year 1843 a solemn consecration of the Carmelite Church, Knocktopher, was celebrated. The next effort of this excellent man was to obtain a tract of land upon which he might exercise his early-acquired knowledge of agricultural science, and give to the people around a turn and taste for industrious, frugal and improving habits. A tract of land, almost waste for want of cultivation, and on which the rush and the flagge had fed and flourished for years, became by lease the property of the Carmelite Convent, Knocktopher. The Rev. Mr. Cullen at once commenced the work of reclamation, and after he had proved what could be done by industry and perseverance upon apparently waste bog, every man who held a farm in the district began to improve his holding. The result has been that where, before, the wretched hovel obtruded its ugliness, and the badly-tilled land its crop of weeds, even at the present day of universal misery a comfortable class of farmers reside. The Community of Knocktopher Convent not having funds to bear up against the necessary costs of improvement on the scale adopted, but yet trusting that a kind and benevolent public would not see their exertions become a final failure,—hoping, also, for a continuous course of prosperous harvests,—they went in debt rather than discourage by a stoppage of improvement their thriving neighbours. The general poverty of the country has caused a failure in their first and principal source of support—the alms of the Faithful, and the incessant calls of the famishing poor of every district around them has so lessened their funds that it has become a matter of absolute necessity for the present Superior to leave his loved home of peace and retirement and seek amongst the people of wealthy England the requisite funds to preserve from ruin the convent, and, as he hopes, the future school of industry, frugality, and improvement, founded at Knocktopher. The

Rev. M. Scally, O. C. C., will feel deeply grateful to every person who will assist him on this occasion; and he trusts that the result of his mission to England will be that he may be able to give permanency to the foundation now laid of one of the surest auxiliaries to Ireland's happiness—the Carmelite Convent, Knocktopher

MATTHEW SCALLY, O. C. C.

Letters addressed to Mr. C. Dolman, 61, New Bond-street, or to the Tablet Office, 3, Burlington-street, Strand, will be thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. Mr. Scally.

LONDON.

CORPUS CHRISTI.—THE GOOD OF PROCESSIONS.—[The introductory part of this article did not reach us.—ED. TABLET.]—The more demonstrations we have of Catholic Faith in this mystery the better, and the more striking and consistently with prudence—which is a virtue—the more public the better, because it honours our Lord, diffuses grace, edifies the Faithful, and brings out and gives boldness, reality, and steadiness of footing to hesitating, faltering, human-respect kind of Catholics. As to this life, as it is, this mystery of Faith—the Adorable Sacrament—every one believes—every one has it in his heart, whether practical Catholics or not—the Faith is, but it wants producing, bringing out, and unmistakably showing forth. These public demonstrations afforded by the public processions of the Adorable Sacrament, are like the untold flags of opposing armies—there is no mistake, men range themselves on one side or the other—none of your half-and-half men, one party or the other, either of the Faith or not of the Faith. Often has the preparation for, and the procession on, Corpus Christi, struck sternness of purpose into the souls of many. May it be so on the coming Corpus Christi in St. George's Catholic Church. Sternness of purpose—for what? For good, on its surface and in its substance, of renewed faith and fidelity and innocence of life. Many—not of the Church—have been most movingly affected by the demonstration of a city's faith in this Adorable Mystery. Believing that the Lord of Life and death, the Redeemer and Judge and merciful God was not only invisibly, but, under the appearance He chose the night before His death, visibly amongst them—the whole city moves in one solemn, sacred, and magnificent act, demonstrative of its faith and feeling. Old and young, Prince and people, Clergy and laity, rich and poor, good and bad—all are out in the streets or at the windows of the houses. Bands are playing, banners flying, bouquets of flowers scattering, Priests are chanting, bells ringing, guns firing, and almost never-ending, moving lines of Religious Orders, Priests and Ecclesiastics of all grades and conditions bearing lights,—and, at last, the Adorable Sacrament itself, under a rich canopy, carried by the highest and noblest of the land, flanked by high Dignitaries of the Church and Officers of State, and all brought up by a long array of military. Such is the festive day of Corpus Christi in a Catholic city in time of peace. We cannot do anything like this at St. George's, but let us do our best, and that will suffice. Our means at St. George's are limited, and there is no purpose to be gained in assuming to be—what we are not—rich, except that of windy pride and vanity. Our means are limited—so very much so, that the lines come so close to each other that they form almost one—which means that we have no means, if means means money. Those who have the providing part of St. George's have no bed of moss—it is a restless, trying life, the evening sinks in cares and the morning rises in sadness, and the soul, oppressed, only revives with the hope of future things in the Kingdom of God. but as to this life, there cannot be ought but continued care and weariness of spirit. "Sursum corda!" Skim the surface, be ever on the wing, look up, the sky is beautiful, and so art Thou, its fair and perfect Lord! In that day all the harassing cares of St. George's shall have passed away like the dream of a summer's night, and the soft, silent moth of Eternity, I trust, may rise upon us, and even then St. George's flourish and flourish and flourish, though I shall be no more with you. Gaudete via! don't be in the dumps. The Bishop will preach on the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, and carry the Adorable Sacrament in the Procession. The terrible thirty years began, I believe, on the Festival of Corpus Christi at the town of Donorworth, on the Daube, by the pulling down of the canopy under which the Adorable Sacrament was carried, and then

the troubles commenced. What a day for such a calamity!

FATHER THOMAS.

THE STEAMER EMPIRE.

NARROW ESCAPE.—We (Boston Observer,) have been favored with the perusal of a letter, (written by a lady who was on board the steamer Empire, at the time of her disaster,) from which we make the following extract, which will be read with interest and edification.

"Being very much fatigued, I retired at an early hour, and slept pretty soundly. When I awoke I heard the most awful screams. I asked what was the matter, and was told that we were sinking. I got up without saying one word, took my packet, and went out. The crowd was very great, and I endeavored to get on the top of the wheel-house, but was pushed down, and in coming down I dropped my packet. I then went to the side of the steamer and saw a life boat, but it was crowded, and they were drawing away from the steamer. I made an effort to jump into the boat, but fell in the water. I heard a gentleman say, that was in the boat. 'Oh, do try and save that lady's life,' but they said, 'No, we cannot—it is impossible!' By the track of the boat, I was drawn out as much as a hundred feet from the wreck. I turned my mind not to man, for I saw that there was no use for me to do so, and that I must perish. They said that I must have touched the bottom, for my shoes and night dress had the blue mud on them. When I felt the water get into my mouth, I had the presence of mind to shut it, and keep my breath until I rose above the water. I thank God that during all the time He never deprived me of my senses. I told my Creator that in a few moments I would have to stand before his judgment seat, to render an account of all my life. I made a fervent act of contrition for the sins of my whole life. I think this was the most fervent act I ever made. I said to my Saviour, O Thou who didst save St. Peter, who was sinking, save my life, and do not let me perish, I know, my Saviour, that you can save me. O, do hear my fervent prayer, and do not let me perish. I said to Him, I know my God, that I do not merit any favor from you—but you have said, 'If you ask any thing in my name, it will be granted.' I begged the Blessed Virgin to intercede to her Divine Son for me, and that He might spare my life. I knew that she was most powerful with her Divine Son, and that He could not refuse her any thing, and she did so, for my head was kept above the water, and I stood erect in it. I was turned towards the wreck and floated on enough to catch hold of a rope, and pulled myself so near that a man caught hold of my arm and drew me up, whilst I helped myself with the other arm. I am all marked where I received so many bruises, and where they caught hold of me. I remained in my wet clothes until another steamer came up and took us on board. When the captain saw me, he told the chambermaid to wrap me in a blanket, and to give me some brandy, as he thought that I would die. As I had been in the water so long, I took one swallow of brandy, and told them that I could not take any more—for if I must die, I would rather die with my perfect senses. I was put in a berth until we came to Newburgh, where they landed some passengers. I was not able to walk, so they carried me on shore, with nothing in this world but a small blanket. A gentleman seeing me in this condition, threw his cloak around me. They took me to a hotel, and asked me if I had any friends in Newburgh. I told them I had a brother-in-law there, so the gentleman ordered his carriage, and took me to his house, where I stayed. I lost my watch, gold spectacles, and the best of my clothes,—as I was invited and intended calling on some of the first families in Quebec. I lost every thing I had, and over three hundred dollars in cash. Yet still I may say I lost nothing, as my life was granted me. I said, when I got on land again, 'If I had a hundred children, my last and dying request to them would be, always entertain a great devotion to the Holy Mother of God.'"

BUFFALO HOSPITAL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—We find the following honorable remarks in a late number of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, as a preface to a very bitter Presbyterian letter which has been published on that paper in reference to the Buffalo Hospital.

We were brought up in the Protestant faith, and we trust ever shall continue in it. [We trust not.] We have no sympathy with those

who are indifferent to forms of faith. A man's religious belief is, or ought to be, a substantial thing, that he should jealously watch and guard as he would his life, and never give up or change except in obedience to the clearest, most conscientious, and thoroughly guarded conviction that he has been wrong and that another is in the right. We like a good hearty religionist, even if he is in error, better than an indifferent Gallo, who careth for none of these things, and without sympathizing with the Catholics, in what we believe to be their erroneous doctrines, we can and do admire their zeal, and unrelaxing devotion to the principles they profess. If the Protestants would but manifest half the same zeal and devotion to the principles they profess, there would be no occasion to sound the alarm about the spread of Catholicism in this country. The United States, notwithstanding the immense immigration from Catholic Europe, are essentially Protestant, and, as we think can be easily shown, must from the nature of our institutions, the circumstances of the country, and the character of our people, continue so.

We do not therefore apprehend any evil result from the appropriation for a hospital in this city under charge of the Catholics, or which a correspondent comments so sharply in this paper, nor do we see what well-founded objection there can be to the Catholics establishing a seminary of learning of the highest class that would not equally apply against a similar enterprise on the part of the Presbyterians or any other Protestant denomination. If it be true, as our correspondent alleges, that the appropriation made by the Legislature for strictly charitable purposes of the broadest character, can be perverted and applied in whole or in part to promote private or sectarian views, then he has reason to complain. Nothing of that kind was contemplated, nor do we know that any such thing is intended. Inasmuch as the hospital is to be under the charge of the Sisters of Charity they must have some suitable accommodations, but a building for what purpose is not a nunnery nor anything approaching one.

CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.—Lord Ponsonby, in a letter published in the British journals, says, that to his own knowledge, dissolved camphor has proved a certain cure for cholera, both in Paris and Germany, and if taken in time, the cure is generally effected before it is possible to procure a physician. The following is the recipe.

RECIPE.—One and a half ounce of spirits of wine, one-quarter ounce of camphor, dissolved in wine. Get a small vial of spirits of hartshorn.

Directions.—First, give a teaspoonful of hartshorn, in a wine-glass of water. Begin immediately and give five drops of spirits of wine, (camphor,) filling the tea spoon with cold water, and a little sugar. Repeat this every five minutes, until you have given three doses. Then wait fifteen minutes, and commence again as before, and continue half an hour, unless there is returning heat. Should this be the case, give one dose more, and the cure is effected. Let patients perspire freely, as on this life depends, but add no additional clothing.

ROMANISM IN THE DIOCESE OF EXETER.—The following is a verbatim copy of a notice suspended, at this time, in St. John's chapel, Torquay, the place where the Bishop of Exeter ordinarily worships and preaches.

There is wanting for the Church—
A New Altar;
A Cover for the same,
A small Oak Eagle for the Bible.
An opportunity is now given to all persons desirous of making an acceptable offering for the House of God.

These offerings can be given, either as a—
Thank offering to God, for benefits already received;

Or to ask a favour from Him!!
Or to satisfy any one's private devotion,
Or for the honor of God only.—London Christian Times.

TORONTO.—A Correspondent writing from Toronto, says, "We are still without a Bishop, though no diocese in the world is in greater need of one. Our new Cathedral is approaching completion. It will be the finest building of the kind in the upper province."

HAMILTON WHO FIRED AT THE QUEEN.—This unfortunate man was, it now appears, reared in the Poor School of the Protestant Orphan Society of Cork, of which he is a native.—Limerick Reporter.