

**THE IRISH IN AMERICA.**—A Catholic clergyman of the diocese of Cashel, has received a letter from an Irish priest, the Rev. Thomas Reardon, pastor of Eastern, Pennsylvania, in the course of which the writer, imploringly, entreats his correspondent to use all his influence to check what he designates the insane spirit of emigration to America, which seems to possess the people of Ireland.

**NOVELTY IN SHIPBUILDING.**—The *Cork Reporter* gives the following account of a ship on a new principle:—A large ship, with an auxiliary screw propeller, now lies in our harbour, built on a new and curious principle, on which, we believe, she is the first constructed. She is of wrought iron, being framed and put together in the same manner as the Britannia Tubular Bridge, without knees or timber-work of any kind in her hull. A plank deck is laid over the iron one, and on this are a couple of large deck houses. Instead of stowing ballast, in the usual way she is provided with water-tight compartments in her hull, into which water can be pumped, for ballast, to any extent required. Her heavy tackle is worked by steam machinery, superseding the necessity for a large amount of manual labor. Owing to the absence of timbers, beams, &c., she has storage for 800 tons of cargo, though measuring little over 400 tons—no inconsiderable advantage in itself. The name of the vessel is the *Labuan*, and she is bound for Singapore, being intended, we understand, for trade in the Chinese seas. Externally, her appearance is very singular, from the convexity of her sides; in nautical phrase, she "tumbles home" aloft in a most unusual manner.

The Lords of the Admiralty have been inspecting Cork harbor lately.

A destructive fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Manley Thacker, bootmaker, of Dame-street, Dublin, on Saturday night, and a large quantity of property was destroyed.

A short time ago a blacksmith in Maryborough, named Hugh Dunne, on some economical principle of his own, bought a coffin for his wife; whom he believed to be hopelessly ill. Mrs. Dunne, however, did not die, but is now in good health, while her husband was suddenly attacked with a fit of illness the other day, which ended in his decease. That the coffin which Dunne bought for his wife has been unexpectedly converted to his own use.—*Clare Journal*.

**A MARVELLOUS STORY.**—The reader must decide for himself how much he will believe of the following account of a "marvellous discovery" related in the *Cork Reporter*:—We have been informed, but what exact amount of credibility we should give to the statement we are not prepared to say, that in the progress of the formation of the Foyens Railway, some of the laborers discovered, at a small distance beneath the surface of the earth, within about two miles of Askeaton, a gigantic skeleton 11 feet in length. Beside the remains was found a vessel, with an inscription on it indicating that something would be found by digging deeper. Following this intimation, they uncovered another vessel, something resembling a bottle in shape, inscribed with a legend which directed that three drops of the contents should be poured into the mouth of the skeleton whereupon its owner would come to life again. Although much doubting, they followed the instructions; but on letting the second drop into the mouth, the skeleton began to stir, upon which the men became so frightened that they took to flight, expecting as they ran, to be pursued by the half-resuscitated giant. The report of this strange story caused such a sensation in the neighborhood that the police had to close up the grave, and thus the old Fenian giant has been once more consigned to his long slumber of many years.

**A CHILD ATTACKED BY DOGS.**—On Thursday last we witnessed one of the most harrowing spectacles in the workhouse of Morey that ever met our view. It was a fine boy about 7 years old, named Mat. Lelis who had been attacked on the previous Tuesday, at Ballinamona, near Ballycanew, by two dogs, one a small cur, and the other a large ferocious mastiff, both belonging to Mr. Terry Byrne, a farmer residing at Ballinamona. The poor little sufferer was proceeding, in company with his sister, who carried an infant in her arms, to her mother who was engaged binding on Byrne's farm, to have it suckled, when the dogs assailed them, and the large one fastened on the boy, threw him down, and actually ate the flesh from his face, leaving the bones of his cheeks and his two eyebrows exposed. His eyesight is entirely gone, the muscles of his eyes having been torn away, no description could convey an idea of the spectacle he presents. His constant cry is: "Oh, the dogs!" and but faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. The dogs have been hanged, but that is a poor consolation to the lacerated and wounded child and his afflicted mother. A most singular circumstance, connected with this melancholy case is that the total dilaceration of the poor boy was prevented by a blind man, who, hearing his terrific screams, hastened on and beat off the brute from his prostrate body with his stick.—*Wexford Independent*.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

The consecration of the new Bishop of Plymouth (the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan) will take place at Clifton (of which he was a Canon), on the third Sunday, in September.—*Tablet*.

**PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY.**—A correspondent of the *Glasgow Free Press* writes:—"We often read in your journal of the opening and consecrating of new churches and chapels in the south of Scotland; but although we in the cold north are not able in the meantime to furnish you with any such reports, Catholicity is not dying amongst us, for poor though we be as a body, through the indefatigable exertions of our worthy Prelate and Priests, no less than twenty-one new churches have been erected within the past thirty years or so, and almost all in districts where nothing of the kind existed since their demolition by the Ruffians of the Reformation, as Dr. Johnson happily called them. We hope very soon to be able to give a report of the opening of our grand cathedral at Buckie, in this country, which is now all but finished, and a more complete and elegant piece of modern architecture, erected for Divine Worship, is not in our country. Buckie has a numerous and highly respectable Catholic congregation, and stood very much in need of religious accommodation, having for a good many years been obliged to meet and celebrate the Divine Mysteries in a common hall, fitted up for their use, but certainly with neither comfort nor proper convenience. It must be matter of deep gratification to every Christian Catholic, thus to observe the steady progress of religion in this country."

**NEW ENGLISH COLLEGE AT ROME.**—On Sunday, the 2nd Sept., a letter from the Catholic bishops of England in Synod assembled, was read in the various Catholic places of worship in the metropolis. The document, after calling upon the faithful to assist in a movement now on foot for establishing Catholic industrial and reformatory institutions, and referring to the other topics which had been under the notice of their lordships, alluded to the scarcity of Catholic clergy in England at the present day, and stated that his Holiness the Pope had, in consequence, determined upon founding a new English college at Rome, bearing his own name, to supply this want. His Holiness, being desirous of affording an opportunity to Catholics in this country of showing their zeal for their faith and their attachment to him, had expressed his determination to send over a representative to collect the alms of the faithful in aid of the funds of this new college. The bishops have accordingly fixed next Sunday for a general collection in the churches and chapels of their respective dioceses for this purpose, and exhort the faithful to co-operate warmly in carrying out the object his Holiness has in view.

The *London Standard* of August 30, publishes the following letter:—"It is currently reported in Roman Catholic circles that Miss Nightingale has become a convert to the Church of Rome during her residence in the Crimea. I do not deny her perfect right to join the Church of Rome or any other church, but it should be known whether or not the proposed Hospital to be raised in her name by public subscription is to be a Roman Catholic institution." "A PROTESTANT."

**DEATH OF FEARGUS O'CONNOR.**—Mr. Feargus O' Connor, so well known to the public as the leader of the Chartist movement, died on Thursday evening, the 6th of September. In 1853, he was adjudged to be of unsound mind by a commission in lunacy, and entrusted to the care of Dr. Tukey, of Chiswick. Miss O'Connor, his sister, removed him from that establishment, about a week ago. Mr. O'Connor was suffering from a severe attack of paralysis, in addition to mental disease.

We (*North British Daily Mail*) have been informed on good authority that there will be further changes in the organisation of the Government, and that a coalition will be formed against Palmerston, by Lord John Russell, Gladstone, Graham, and the other few Peelites, along with Cobden, Bright, and that party.

Four hundred of the Foreign Legion have arrived at Portsmouth from Halifax, North America, on board the sailing transport William M. Rogers. They were raised in various parts of North America, and are expected to go to Shorncliffe.

**GUANO AND SLAVERY—FRIGHTFUL REVELATIONS.**—It appears, from a Parliamentary Paper presented to the House of Lords, entitled "Correspondence upon the subject of Emigration from China," that a new slave-trade is growing up in the world, and it must be confessed, under British auspices. The revelation is frightful. A memorial from certain shipmasters lately returned from the Chinese Islands, details the cruelties practised on the Chinese laborers employed in the export of guano, under the authority of persons responsible to the Government of Peru. These unfortunate men are represented to be carried from China to the Chincoas for the most part, if not exclusively, on board British vessels. "No sooner are they landed from the ships than they see tall African negroes placed over them as boatswains, armed with a lash of four plaits of cowhide, laid up, in the form of what seamen call 'round sennet,' five feet in length, an inch-and-a-half in diameter, tapering to a point. During the forenoons, except for regular offences (or such as the overseers please to term such), this instrument was not much used; but as, about four o'clock in the afternoon, many of the weakest had not performed their task work, the boatswains freely used it to start those behind, to bring the day's supervision to a close. The slightest resistance was punished by a flogging little short of murder, as on many melancholy occasions we witnessed, being nearer than we desired. The first 6 to 12 cuts stifled the most agonising cries that rang through the fleet—cries we heard day by day, but only then knew the full amount of suffering that called them forth. There was no tying up, the nearest Chinaman being compelled, by a cut of the lash, to lay hold of an arm or leg, and stretch the miserable sufferer on his stomach on the guano. The mere weight alone of the lash, made their bodies shake, blackening the flesh at every blow, besides cutting it like a sabre; and when a convulsive movement took place, a subordinate placed his boot on the shoulder to keep the quivering body down. Two dozen made them breathless; and when released after 39 lashes, they seemed slowly to stagger over, reeled and fell, and were carried off to the hospital—in most cases, if they recovered, committed suicide; for no human heart, unless elevated by Christian training, could, after undergoing so cruel an infliction, ever have more than two feelings, that is, death to those suffered from, or to himself. Accordingly, during our stay there, many sprang over the cliffs, many buried themselves alive in the guano, and many hid themselves in the caves of the island to starve to death; their dead bodies floating all round in numbers. In one instance, two, emboldened by pity shown them by a shipmaster, hid themselves on board his vessel, one of whom survives, and is now in this country."

**SIMONY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**—Lytchett-Matavers, in the county of Dorset, has a population of 878 persons, all with souls to be saved. The Church of England, which has the "cure," or care, of all the souls in England, has taken particular care of Lytchett-Matavers, inasmuch as it provides £607 per annum for the spiritual teaching of this village. There are districts in Bethnal-green where the Church can only afford to give £200 a year to the spiritual guide of 10,000 people. Thus the clergyman who desirith the office of pastor of the souls in Lytchett-Matavers, "desirith a good thing." Not a "good thing," certainly, in the sense in which St. Paul used the words, but a "good thing" in the sense in which the words are used in Capel-court and in Lombard-street, and in all places where the tables of the money-changers are placed, and where things are bought and sold. Lytchett-Matavers is situated near a large and populous port, and near two large towns. The holy man who takes charge of the souls of Lytchett-Matavers, will, therefore, be able easily to step from the "boorishness of the village" to the cultivation of civilised life. Furthermore the clergyman at Lytchett-Matavers may live, as the vulgar world calls it, in clover; for there is a capital residence, and the neighborhood is one of great respectability. The cure of these 878

souls being then a tolerably "good thing," is worth something in the market, and was on Wednesday put up for sale. Strictly speaking it was not the cure of the souls, but the right to present to it, that was the object of sale, on the occurrence of a certain contingency. The Church, which looks with holy horror upon John Thompson who wants to buy a living for himself, is perfectly careless about leaving open a hundred ways by which Mr. Thompson may effect his purpose indirectly. So the advowson and right of presentation to the rectory of Lytchett-Matavers was sold by auction, at Garraway's, after the same fashion as any salesman would sell dirty dead acres or live cattle. The auctioneer exhibited all the points of the object of sale, as at Tattersall's they exhibit the points of a horse. He considered it was worth £3,500. Exception was taken to this on the score of the incumbent's age, which was only thirty. Suppose the incumbent would not die soon—the exceptions may be imagined to have said—what time it will be before we get value for our money? But in answer to this it was mysteriously hinted that his health might be none of the best, that he might have the seeds of a mortal disease in him, and then consider how much better your bargain becomes. "Representations had been made," said the auctioneer, "as to the state of the incumbent's health. He (the auctioneer) would not say what those representations were, but intending purchasers might easily satisfy themselves on that point." It may be supposed from this that some person in the room was commissioned to satisfy inquirers (in confidence) as to the condition of the incumbent's health. Fancy the disappointment of an "intending purchaser," who had set his mind upon ossification of the heart, finding that the incumbent was afflicted with rheumatism only! Or imagine another, who was prepared to go the old hog if the Rector had reached the last stage of consumption, shutting up his pockets on hearing there was nothing the matter with the tenant of the living but a running at the nose! Before the bidding began, a gentleman present objected that the Rector must keep a curate, which would seriously diminish the value of the receipts. In plain English, the person who desired this "good thing" would not be likely to wish to do all the work, but would think it desirable to put the unpleasant half of the work upon some other person's shoulders, for which indulgence money must be paid, which was a hardship. This objection was not very satisfactorily answered by the auctioneer, who said that the Rector might do the work himself. Another malcontent objected that the parsonage house was too large, and would require a large portion of the income to keep it up. The auctioneer, fertile in expedients, replied that this might be remedied by the clergyman taking pupils. If he could secure five or six pupils at a hundred a year each, it would add very much to the value of the living. Of course it would; but would it add much to the value of the parson? What is to become of the 878 souls hungering for spiritual food, while the parson is slaving at tuition in order that he may dwell in a large house and fare sumptuously every day? The five or six pupils will have value for their money, or they will not pay. The 878 human beings will receive nothing worth receiving at the hands of one who is paid £607 a year for teaching them. And it is here that the glaring scandal of the sale of advowsons and presentations, as at present conducted, is seen in all its enormity. The welfare of the parishoners never once enters into the calculations of buyer and seller. The trees on an estate which is sold have as much voice in the transfer as the inhabitants of a parish whose spiritual interests are sold to the highest bidder. The rectory of Lytchett-Matavers was knocked down for £2,450.

#### UNITED STATES.

**OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CANADA.**—The recent splendid ovation to the Montgomery Guard of this city, at Montreal and Quebec, is a striking proof of a fact which we have long maintained, that socially and practically, Irishmen at the other side of the line enjoy more freedom of late years, than on this side. Twenty years ago it was different; the Irish in this Republic were still protected by the memories of the revolutionary war and the war of 1812; Andrew Jackson still lived; John C. Calhoun lived; the Democratic party was truly national, and the public works were still to be stretched out towards every frontier. At that time in Canada the Celtic Irish were fewer than any other nationality; many of them looked on the Province as a mere stepping stone towards the States; the present admirable Constitution had not yet been wrung from an unwilling Empire and a domestic "family compact" there was little in Canada to content the Celtic emigrant who could, in twenty-four hours, cross over to "the land of the free," where, in those days, the natives were not armed and sworn against the rights and lives of emigrants. "But times change, and men change with them," and he who will not look the facts of the present in the face, whether they offend his prejudices or his sympathies, is a fool for himself, and a blind guide for others.—*American Celt*.

In Alleghany county, N. Y., wheat is selling for \$1 38 per bushel, and adds:—"Every day only adds to the conviction which should rest on every sane mind that the price will range below \$1. Few have yet pushed their wheat in market, and purchases are only for temporary use by millers, to meet the immediate demands. When that demand is supplied, we shall expect to see the price fall to \$1. Dealers will then commence buying, and prices will slightly advance."

From reliable data it is estimated that there is now afloat upon Lake Michigan, bound to Buffalo, not less than 163,350 bushels of wheat, and about 430,000 bushels of Indian corn.

**ONE OF THE FRUITS.**—The *New York Weekly Critic* has the following paragraph, under the head of "Divorce?—Marriage is a civil contract. It is not indissoluble, for the law provides for divorce. But the provision is inadequate. It provides only for extreme cases, which generally provide for themselves. The marriage contract, like all others, should be dissoluble, by consent of the contracting parties. We go further, it should be dissoluble at the mere instance of either party, for the moment it is unsatisfactory to one party it is pernicious to both, and should instantly terminate by spontaneous annulment."

**CONFESSIONS.**—The *New York Mirror*, one of the most zealous organs of "Sam," confesses that the "Know-Nothing" movement has proved a miserable failure. It advises its late brethren to disband their secret conclaves, dismiss their hirelings, and official dignitaries, forewear their oaths, and grips, and thus resolve back into the great body of the people.

**THE LOUISVILLE MASSACRE ITS FRUITS.**—We are sorry to learn that our neighbor, Henry Bauer, has closed his house and intends leaving for Canada in a few days. Mr. B. has, within the last two or three years, invested several thousand dollars in the business in which he is engaged; that of a brewer. This he is determined to sacrifice, rather than stay in Louisville. He says that he feels that there is no protection for life or property here. Mr. Bauer has already purchased property in the city of Hamilton Canada. A German, a resident in this city for some years past, who was here at the time of the riots, and about investing \$20,000 in country property just above the city, has sold out, and a few days ago shipped by express, to New York, his money, amounting to \$57,000, and has started with his family to New York, thence to Germany, his own native land, where, as he declared before leaving Louisville, his children would not be insulted and looked upon as intruders and enemies to the country that he had vowed eternal allegiance to.—*Louisville Times*.

**FLEEING FROM PESTILENCE.**—The craven conduct manifested by the clergy and laity, in Norfolk and Portsmouth, is calling out the animadversions of the press and censures of the people, and deservedly so, if the shameful accounts of their reckless and inhuman flight are correct. *Save qui peult* seems to have been the exclaim of numbers, as in their hot haste, to free them from liability to disease, they precipitately hurried off. The cries of the sorely afflicted; the groans of the agonised in burning fever, left helpless and destitute, and without the means to aid them, or the ability to moisten their arid and parched lips; had not the effect of staying the hejira of an unfeeling clergy and a poltroon people. The former, the especial ministers of Jehovah, and the appointed of God, whose duty it was, if faithful to their divine mission, to remain by their congregations—to minister to the stricken, and to console the expiring—were it appears, according to the *Norfolk Argus*, among the first to flee—to abandon their trusts, and leave the sick and the dying to take care of themselves, or rather, to the ward of an all-wise Omnipotence, who is so infinitely superior to the vain creatures who undertake to elucidate His tenets and perform His functions; while neckerchief divines and holiday preachers, who like to display their eloquence and manifest their zeal before the fair, in quiet Sabbath time, when no dangers are to be apprehended, nor epidemic exist—men who in times of trial avoid the test, and turn their backs on those entrusted to their spiritual guidance. Good luck! In a marked manner has this been proven, in the localities where the saffron hued decimator has visited, has appalled and stricken down. From Portsmouth all the good shepherds, who watcheth over the safety of their flocks when there is nought to fear, have departed—leaving *Father Devlin* and the Sisters of Charity to carry out, alone, the last sad duties, and perform the final rights for Catholics and Protestants, and every other sect who require their services or desire that the path to the grave may be made smooth, by the whisperings of hope, the consolations of religion and truthful prayer. From Norfolk, four or five clergymen scampered off;—their names or creeds are not given, but we will venture to say, without the slightest doubt of being mistaken, that among them is not one of the faith which it is now the vogue to slander, and the members of which are proscribed and reviled. In the worst seasons of the epidemic in our own city, when the stoutest hearts failed—when in almost every tenement there were dying and dead, and the latter remained unburied, because the living were unable to enter the defunct, the priests of Catholicity shrank not from the severe tasks; nor thought for a moment, of securing safety by flight. "They fled not, but conquered and died; conquered in the cause of humanity and in the performance of a duty, for which they had pledged them at the altar at the moment of ordination. Of them it could not be said—"I was sick and ye visited me not;" for at all times, and night and day, they stood by the pillows of the stricken, and on the departing bestowed the last rites of the Church. Two of the devoted band alone exist to day: they are Archbishop Blanc, then a curate, and the abbe Meambaut. From New Orleans, at periods of plague and pestilence, all were wont to depart, save those on whom religion and their vows imposed the obligation of laying down their lives for their fellow man.—*New Orleans Orleanian*.

**A PROTESTANT NURSE.**—The terrible calamity which is at present visiting our sister cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth is of so dreadful a nature, that it seems almost a sacrilege to speak of any matter connected therewith in any other mood than that of sober seriousness; but a scene occurred during the past week of so extremely ludicrous a character, that we cannot refrain from giving it publicity. A certain and well known man-about-town conceived the philanthropic idea of going down for the purpose of aiding in nursing the sick. The Norfolk Steamboat Company, as a matter of course, gave him a free passage on his mission of mercy. On the evening of his advent into the city of Norfolk, his services having been accepted, he was appointed to nurse a patient then very low with the fever; the attending physician left him with his patient after nightfall plentifully supplied with instructions; and also a table well filled with the wherewithal to regale the inner man, including a bottle of brandy. On visiting the sick chamber the next morning the physician was astounded—he found his patient dead, the viands as well as the brandy demolished, and, shocking to relate, the volunteer nurse was coiled up under the table, dead—*drunk*. The man-about-town had a short but rather brilliant season of nursing a yellow fever patient, and returned to Baltimore in the next boat to rest on his laurels and blow at his pleasure. This is no fancy sketch, but is literally true, and we give it on the authority of those who vouch for its authenticity. A few more such nurses might make valuable food for the fever, as death diminishes the victims, were it not for the fact that it is generally supposed that the man who could act so callously with the dead and dying around him, is beyond the influence of yellow fever or any other malady.—*N. Y. Times*.

**A matter-of-fact friend of ours**, some five years a father, speaking of the return a child should make a parent, said he didn't think, as children behaved now-a-days, that they paid three cents on a dollar of what they owed of affection and gratitude.

The *N. Y. Herald* gives the following as the number of the killed and wounded by recent railroad accidents in the United States:—In 1853, 234 killed, 496 wounded; in 1854, 186 killed, 589 wounded; during first eight months of 1855, 62 killed, 315 wounded. Total for the 32 months, 482 killed, and 1400 wounded.