

The following announcement appears in the *Limerick Chronicle*:—"When harvest labor will have concluded next month. Mr. Dargan intends to double the number of working hands on the Limerick and Foynes Railway, now in rapid progress, and which this month of Irish Railway enterprise engages to have completed by the summer of next year, and then for a trial of steam power across the Atlantic—the Shannon against the Mersey. The Royal Mail steamship Europa, off Holyhead at noon on Saturday, was lying at the bar of the Mersey at 8 o'clock that evening, waiting for water to proceed to Liverpool."

THE NEWTOWNLIMAVADY RIOTS.—At the Petty Sessions in reference to the religious riots at Newtownlimavady, the magistrates, on the evidence of the constabulary, decided on taking informations against fifteen persons, eleven of whom are Protestants, and four Catholics. The parties were severally bound over by their own recognizances of £20, and two sureties of £10 each, to stand their trial at the next assizes.

Tresham Gregg is alarmed lest too much honor should redound to Catholicity from the heroism and devotion now exhibited, by our Priests, Sisters of Charity, soldiers, and sailors in the East.

CHOLERA IN BELFAST.—Cholera is still on the decrease in town, though its disappearance is likely to be tardy.

Ireland at last has come to have a bright side. In this year of grace, 1854, we see more unmistakably than ever, indications of the beginning of a new chapter in the social history of that country, which promises to unfold its riches with each unfolding year. The harvest, which we are thanking Heaven for, in England, has not been less fruitful in Ireland; and the only fear has been, lest there should not be a sufficiency of hands to reap and to gather it. New capital has poured like a fertilizing stream through the deserts of the south and west; and, assured of a market, the enterprising farmer has sought to do but study how he may use the vast resources at his command to the best advantage; how he may grow that which pays best, and how he may grow it well. The best commentary on the state of Ireland is the fact that what was called the English army of occupation, in the old days of internecine party strife, is now so diminished that it scarcely forms an ordinary corps de garde.

England is claiming credit amongst the nations of the earth on account of its generosity (!) to Russian prisoners of war—for the abundance of food it gives them, and the luxuries with which it provides them. The boast would be a vain one if England sent her Russian prisoners into an Irish Workhouse as their destined goal, and then gave them no better treatment and no richer food than are allowed to the poor Irish Catholic reduced by misery, and compelled from want of employment to seek relief under the Irish Poor Law, as that Law is administered by home-bred Quakers and foreign-bred officials. The food in the Irish workhouses was so atrocious that it produced diseases previously unknown in Ireland—general blindness, and the *Plica Polonica*. And now that Cholera is hovering over homesteads, Waterford Quakers and Waterford Political Economists seek to reduce the quality of the food! whilst the Poor Law Commissioners, in their last general directions for the prevention of cholera, never once suggest the greatest, best, and surest of all strengtheners—an abundant supply of animal food—good beef, good mutton, and good bread. These are not ordered for Irish paupers. Such things are reserved for Russian prisoners. Newspapers are silent as to Irish paupers—newspapers puff "generous England" for its conduct to Russian prisoners. Hypocrisy and cruelty play into each other's hands, and the gullible public are unconscious of the trickery. "And so wags the world, *Horatio!*"

ANCIENT RELIC IN THE HOLY ISLAND.—An antiquarian friend of ours whilst exploring within the last few days the monuments of antiquity in the *Insula Sanctorum*, as it is called in the annals of the Augustinians, or the Holy Island, on Lough Derg, above Killaloe, met a cross, the base of which is carved most elaborately and beautifully. On closer examination he discovered that it contains an Irish inscription, which he copied, and with a translation of which, as with other matters appertaining to this sacred and lonely spot, he promises to furnish the readers of the *Reporter and Vindicator* as soon as possible.—*Limerick Reporter*.

The *Fermanagh Mail* has the following account of a melancholy accident which occurred in Lough Erne:—"On Saturday evening last, as Mr. Arthur D'Arcy, youngest son of William D'Arcy Esq., of Necarne Castle, was going down in a pleasure yacht to Castle Caldwell, the seat of his brother-in-law, J. C. Bloomfield, Esq., a small unfortunately capsized the boat, and we regret to state that three of those on board at the time met with watery graves. It would appear from what we have heard, that the party embarked at Roselare, and had little more than rounded a neighboring island, when, having too much sail up, a breeze bore down upon them, and upset the boat, which contained, besides Mr. D'Arcy, a man well known in this district as a building contractor, Mr. Samuel Moore, of Loutherstown, who was going down to pay some men he had at work at Castle Caldwell; also a young man who we have heard is greatly regretted in the neighborhood of Loutherstown, named Graham, aged 18, and a man in the employment of Mr. D'Arcy as a sailor, named Phil Oliver, along with a son of the latter. When the accident occurred, Mr. D'Arcy and young Oliver succeeded in getting into a punt which followed the large boat, and were thus saved. We have heard that the elder Oliver and Graham lost their lives in attempting to rescue Mr. Moore, who was of corpulent dimensions, and in his death struggle brought the other two down with him. Mr. Moore has left a wife and seven children to deplore his untimely end."

THE ENNISKILLEN RAILWAY MISAP.

On Saturday, we pointed out an array of important facts showing how likely the affair was to have resulted from negligence and accident, and none of our arguments have met with either affirmation or contradiction from contemporaries who know that silence is their cure. We noted then the fact, that though two or three enormous stones were found on the line (when some hours after the accident, the officials thought of looking for the cause), no mark could be seen on these stones to show that they had been struck by the engine, though competent authorities have asserted, as, indeed, anybody might guess, that the force of the collision should have either broken the stones in twain or knocked large pieces off them. We further pointed out how the rails had sprung, how the line was badly constructed, and had a very sharp curve at this part, and how the engine, instead of upsetting (as it would have done from collision) simply ran off the

line. Besides this, we dwell on the remarkable circumstance, that at first people seem to have looked upon the affair as a palpable accident, and that it was not till every one of the eight hundred passengers had been removed (a process of some hours), that late at night, the officials miraculously found on the line the stones which have given rise to the story of the "Popish plot." Facts like these are surely sufficient to make any man who was not blinded by the darkest prejudices or incited by the unworthiest motives, hesitate before he charged as a murderous plot against anybody, what may turn out to be purely accidental. Important as these facts are—and they have had strong influence on the minds of many honorable men—additional strength is given to them, by the very unlikelihood of persons being found so base and so brutal as to concoct a horrible conspiracy for the murder of hundreds of their fellow-creatures. For we assert, that if this thing should be shown to be not an accident, but a preconcerted attempt at wholesale slaughter (a thing we shall never believe till proved as clear as noon-day), no punishment, however subtle in torture, would be too great for the perpetrators of it. Aye, and if such monsters there be, no punishment would be too great for those who would shield them from the vengeance of the law.

But, in truth, every day brings us intelligence which confirms us in the impression that the affair was solely the result of accident, and every hour's calm reflection more strongly fastens that impression on our mind.

Since our last article on the subject was written, we have received information from more than one party of unquestionable professional competency, which shows more and more how easily explainable is this matter by accidental causes. One of these gentlemen declares himself very much struck with the fact, that, on examining the engine, he found the fire-box or tank uninjured. Now, this tank is generally made of malleable iron, about an eighth of an inch thick; and surely, if it came in contact with a stone a foot and a half high, it would have been completely jammed in. Therefore, from the absence of such a result, our informants are of opinion that no collision took place.—And so, with neither the stones marked nor the fire-box injured, the conspiracy looks very mythical, indeed. But they give an explanation of the accident which is well worth noting, as reconciling some statements made by the officials.

It will be remembered that the papers contained a statement from the man Armstrong, that his (the second) engine was not in good working order, and that this cause lessened the speed of the train. Our authorities, on inquiry, discover the following facts:—The train was drawn by two engines. The first was going at full speed; but for the seven miles next to the place of the accident, the second engine gave no assistance, owing to her "priming" or "fading," as it is called. When near the curve, however, the second engine ceased priming, and resumed her steam, which quickened her rate of going so suddenly, that she dashed in on the foremost engine, and forced it over the rails at this critical spot. And this sudden accession of speed and consequent rebound of one engine off the other will readily account for the slight shock which poor Griffin said he felt just before the train ran down the embankment. In all human probability, it was this (with the engine out of order and the men intoxicated) that produced the disaster; and some importance should be attached to the fact, that this engine ran off the line twice before.

We may add, that persons who had experience in railway engine management remarked, at the Derry station, when the train was about to leave, that the officials labored heavily under the effects of their day's jollification, and were utterly unfit to take charge of the engines. How the stones afterwards got on the line our readers may conjecture for themselves; but the natural fear of punishment for negligence will explain much.—*Ulsterman*.

A *Citizen of Derry* writing in the *Dublin Weekly Telegraph* gives the following account of the accident:—"What are the facts, and what the evidence to implicate the Catholics in the horrid deed? From facts collected I shall endeavor to give a tangible illustration of the accident. Simply a common occurrence, the train running off the line at the curve. The servants of the company know that one of the engines ran twice off the rails before, and said engine did not work for seven miles before the accident occurred.—It is also known that said engine is defective, and primes itself with exhausted steam, and when surcharged starts with fearful velocity. The other only working, the train passed over twenty-six miles in forty-five minutes. The excursionists excited with liquor, and some of the attendants drunk, the increased impetus given to the train at the curve by the sudden working of the surcharged engine drove both engines with a first class carriage, whose connecting links were broken, off the rail, and thus providentially prevented the immense loss of life which otherwise would have taken place. The disaster over and its results known, stones might have been placed on the rails by certain parties.

No malicious intention could have been carried out if even contemplated. Arrangements had been made to guard against it, and therefore it is a falsehood to state that the accident was the result of malice. Sentinels were every where placed along the line, each having only one mile and a half to guard. This fact, in conjunction with a train having passed the same spot about an hour before the accident occurred, precludes the supposition that any stones were maliciously placed on the rail. The strictest investigation of the case is required—the public demand it. The Catholics should insist upon it, and pray the Government to institute the most searching inquiry. The Catholics, conscious of the rectitude of their motives, and in possession of consciences free from guilt, can in the spirit of Christian charity pray for their enemies, and do good to those who thus malign them. Assisted by the divine protection they will pass through this ordeal unscathed—and add another fact to history, that although charged with guilt and diabolical intent to murder hundreds of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, they were wholly innocent."

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—It is stated, with certainty, that a man named Flanagan, a ganger on the Londonderry and Enniskillen Railway, at present in custody, has turned approver, but it is superfluous to say that his evidence will be received with great caution. Such fellows may have sinister objects in view in giving information. The *Derry Sentinel*, the local Orange organ, thus reports "progress":—"We understand that the Roman Catholic tenantry of Captain Archdall, residing near the scene of the outrage, have received notice to quit. It is right to rid the soil of such monsters in human shape."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Catholic Standard* reports favorably of the health of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Orders have been sent from the Home Office to the Lord Lieutenants of East Lothian and Berwickshire to raise their regiments of militia. They are principally to be disciplined for artillery service. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh has received a similar notice. A sufficient number of men is expected to be obtained by voluntary enrolment.

There have been very heavy failures in Liverpool this week. One firm, that of Oliver, have liabilities to the extent of £700,000, but their assets are said to exceed a million; if so, the house will be sustained by the local bankers to prevent the ruin in which the final closing of this house would involve several other firms. Mr. Oliver speculated in corn, and realised in spring about £90,000. His failure is attributed to losses through an agent in New York.—*English paper*.

Apprehension of further serious difficulties at Liverpool that have weighed upon the commercial public during the past week caused increased uneasiness to-day and in some degree affected the stock market, which was dull throughout at a decline of an eighth from the quotations of last evening.—*English paper*.

Cholera is now rapidly declining in London, and the deaths by it has fallen from 2,050 in the first week to 751 in the last week in September.

EMIGRANT "SURGEONS."—Great dissatisfaction is at present felt at the manner in which emigrant ships are supplied with medical men, and the coroner of Liverpool gave expression to his feeling in no very measured terms, at the close of business on Friday week:—"It is not long ago, at one of our principal hospitals—I will give name, the Northern Hospital—I missed, in one of my visits there, the door porter, and I said, 'Where has he gone? has he left you?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'he has gone out physician on board a ship' (laughter). 'What?' I said, 'gone as an M.D.!' Do you mean to say he has taken charge of a ship?' 'Yes.' That was what I was informed. The house porter had absolutely taken charge of the passengers on board a ship, and 'M.D.' was his qualification.

THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS.—Persons who have had charge of the Russian prisoners in this country state that the officers amongst them are a very different class of persons from military or naval officers who have been sent to this country by the Czar. The latter are highly educated, and make a favorable impression of the civilisation of Russia. The former are very inferior as respects education. Whenever, however, they have expressed a political opinion, that opinion has almost invariably been hostile to the Czar's present policy.

In return for the compliment lately paid by England to her ally, by christening a man of war France, it is intended to prefix the words *Grande de la Bretagne*, now building at Brest, a war steamer of 1200 horse power, which will, when finished, be the finest ship in the whole French navy.

The returns of the wife-beating cases in London alone, from June, 1850, to June, 1854, show no fewer than 2,850 aggravated assaults of this description.

Archbishop Whately has turned his thoughts upon light literature, and lately edited a trashy novel which is likely to have a run at Exeter Hall and in the conventicles, for it abounds in evangelical spite and calumny.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.—A curious incident took place at High Halden on Sunday week. The Rev. R. Sime, rector of Halden, and a minor canon of St. Paul's, London, having been absent from his clerical duties four Sabbaths out of the last five, during which time the church going people have had to return to their homes without their usual spiritual admonitions, the congregation assembled on the 17th Oct., proceeded to make the best arrangement in their power for public worship. The parish churchwarden and the churchwarden of the absent rector with common consent gave out the Old Hundredth Psalm, after which the parish churchwarden read a portion of scripture, selected from Jeremiah, chap. 23; an anthem followed, sung by an excellent sacred choir. The assembly being not quite satisfied with so small a portion of sacred writ, the churchwarden read another portion of scripture selected from St. John, chap. 3, succeeded by another anthem from the choir; and in conclusion 16 verses were read from the 10th chapter of St. John.—*South Eastern Gazette*.

Sunday the 1st instant was the Protestant day of thanksgiving for the abundant harvest, and I am told that the Most Rev. Doctor Sumner, complied with the wishes of the correspondent of the *Times* by issuing a much shorter prayer than usual for this occasion. "Spare us, good Archbishop, and we will bless thee," were the words with which a gentleman, signing himself "A Hedge Parson," concluded his epistle to the *Times*; and another Clerical correspondent observed that it was very well for Dr. Sumner to sit in his palace at Lambeth and compose long forms of prayer at her Majesty's command, by his Chaplain, whose duties, he added, were performed by a Curate; but that they were not quite so pleasant to read, to the "working Clergy" at least, in addition to their ordinary duties. But I hear that the prayer has not been universally admired, notwithstanding its brevity; and one of the High Church *Chronicle's* irreverent scribes it "unmitigated slip-slop!" I am told that in some of the churches (including the Protestant Cathedral) the National Anthem was played, and that some persons were evidently inclined to add the usual words, in honor of—Queen Victoria; but I am not aware that this was done. What the *Chronicle* calls the "Denison case," adding that it supplies a parallel to that of Mr. Gorham, commences to-day at Wells, when a commission of five Anglican Clergymen, acting under the authority of Dr. Sumner, will sit in judgment on their Archdeacon (Denison), for his alleged statement that what Catholics assert of the Holy Eucharist is true in a real, though a spiritual sense. The "Archbishop" and his party, it appears, utterly reject the idea of a Real Presence in any sense whatever; and it is anticipated that this "case" will prove as great, if not a greater, blow to the Puseyite party, even than the great Gorham case itself. It remains to be seen whether the actual, "Church of England," as it is called, will tacitly acquiesce in this repudiation; or whether Convocation, or the bench of bishops, or the Privy Council, will come to its rescue in its hour of peril. But whatever may be the result, that party (like Mr. Denison himself in the present case), can, at all events, fall back on that unfailing resource—a "protest" with a string of respectable names, or a

meeting at Froemason's Hall; for I am not aware that any one indulges the hope that "the bench" will display more valor on the present occasion than when the doctrines of Baptism and Ordination were publicly impugned. The *Chronicle* and Puseyites generally, evidently anticipate another "heavy blow."—*Correspondent of the Tablet*.

THE LATE THANKSGIVING.—Perhaps it is more easy to describe the English religion by negatives than by any form of affirmative words. At any rate it is found to be so in practice, for whenever anything is said or done outside that strange religion, we are told that it is no portion of it. Nobody ventures to say what it actually is—what its speculative dogmas, or its practical acts. By a long process of exhaustion our grandchildren may be able to ascertain the positive substance around which it has grown, but for the present we must be content, as opportunities arise, to pronounce that this or that quality, gift, or doctrine is not in the strange compound of that religion which has an act of Parliament for its role, and the depository of the civil power for its supreme pontiff. Thanksgiving is not a characteristic of it, and seems to be no portion of it whatever. The Christian notion of gratitude to God is utterly absent. It might have been expected that so rich a harvest, so well collected, would have drawn forth, even for a relieving officer, something like an act of thanksgiving. Nothing of the kind. The Queen, as the supreme pontiff, commanded her Chaplain to prepare a form of thanksgiving; the man obeyed, but the efforts of his head and heart have been more than meagre. The composition termed a prayer is a pretentious mockery, full of antithesis and sonorous phrases, without adequate meaning in the language and habits of the people. It unites the coldness of a diplomatic note to the turgid declamation of a tasteless schoolboy. Viewed religiously, it may be said to come from the pen of a well-fed Socinian, fresh from the perusal of Priestley and Belsham, and to whom hunger and want are mythical accidents of the human body. The very devout writer of the "Prayer of Thanksgiving" is not altogether satisfied with the treatment of his country at the hands of God. His gratitude is, therefore, cautiously conveyed, intermingled with a very clear hint that things might have been managed. He admits that an act of thanksgiving is due on the whole, but not very warmly; it is with him the result of reflection, not spontaneous. He seems to have consulted official returns, and watched the markets, imports and exports, and after due consideration, and a careful balancing of conflicting phenomena, he makes up his mind to say, well, on the whole, some sort of public acknowledgment is fitting on this occasion. Real gratitude—fresh, gushing, and warm is not his, however, and he even complains, amid his thanksgiving, that all is not as it should be with so religious a people as the English. He utters his thanks formally and deliberately, but it is with a very considerable qualification, as is clear when he says—"That the evils of want and scarceness are not added to the dangers of warfare abroad, and the terrors of pestilence at home." War and the cholera cool the warmth of his thanksgiving, and the writer has no notion of being grateful for the safety of his whole arm, should he have the misfortune to lose his little finger. War and pestilence are dreadful visitations, but famine has been always considered worse. Some regard ought to be had to the difficult circumstances under which the prayer was composed. The persons whose duty it is to read it to the people, for that is the view they take of prayers, have been disturbing the repose of the poor Superintendent by hints and suggestions. The chief advice given to him is identical with the Oxford formula, addressed to the Public Orator, when he is very eloquent with his unintelligible Latin—"Old boy, cut it short." Many persons declared that a long thanksgiving would be too much for them, and that it would lay them up for a day or two. It was certainly a hard matter to satisfy the public mind, and to produce a formula adapted to the precise degree of British gratitude. There was another danger involved in a thanksgiving against which it was necessary to guard. If the Superintendent expressed himself too warmly, foreign nations might take it into their heads that we were no better than they. This would have been a delusion improper for circulation at that moment. Accordingly the high estate of the Anglo-Saxon is what it always has been. He has received a great blessing, but, considering his superior merits, it is not much. The people of England are always on the column of moral excellence, and there is no Bishop in the world who could successfully bid them descend. Thus in the formula before us they pray "that a due sense of Thy goodness towards this land may awaken in us a more sincere repentance towards Thee, and a more earnest faith," &c. It is the material goodness, the agricultural produce, that is the motive here; none other need be specified, for the spiritual graces of the nation are incomparably grand. The "repentance" and "faith" of the Saxon are already good in their way, but, like all other qualities, may probably admit of improvement, so they pray not for repentance simply, but for a more sincere repentance. There is no misgiving about repentance itself; we have enough of it to serve our turn; but, as the crops have been unusually abundant, why, in that case, let us add a little to it. The ancient Pharisee, who despised the publican, must have been the model of this prayer, for it is quite clear that there is no sense of personal unworthiness in it; nothing but a cold recognition of a great blessing, in the presence of which even heathens would have been sublime in their thanksgiving. What a cold, miserable thing is a State religion; what a formal hypocrisy and what perverse ingratitude it involves. It is afraid of being natural lest it should break the fetters of the State, and of enthusiasm lest it should run away into truth.—*Tablet*.

THE PROTESTANT POOR.—George III., with the benevolence of a Protestant heart, earnestly desired "that every man in England should be able to read his Bible." In some measure this royal desideratum has been reached. In England the Bible is a school-book. Slowly spelling their way through its closely-printed columns, the children of Protestant Britain gradually approximate to the desideratum of the old Monarch—a knowledge of reading. Having religiously learned to read, they are rarely fastidious in their choice of authors. The course of reading of the Protestant poor of England has been lately elucidated. It has been stated (within the last week) that the number of absolutely vicious newspapers sold yearly is 11,702,000. Infidel and polluting publications are a yearly circulation of 10,400,000; periodicals of the worst class, 520,000. The circulation of innocuous publications is less extensively by several millions. Such is the reading of the Protestant poor.—*Tablet*.