

right morally or legally, to trust their boats to incompetent managers while they are used as common carriers, and offered to the public generally as a means of transportation. Travellers have a right to expect that every reasonable precaution will be taken by those to whom they entrust their lives, to secure their safe delivery at the port for which they are bound—and when they pay their money, a portion of it is in fact a premium of insurance against all danger, except such as human foresight cannot anticipate. The proprietors of a boat have no right to fill her with passengers, and then on the ground that she is their individual property, order the pilot to run her on a rock—and yet they have just as much right to do that, as they have to entrust her to incompetent managers, who from their habits or want of qualifications are unfitted to assume the great responsibility of answering for the safety of the lives and property of three or four hundred individuals. The truth of the matter is that the rights of travellers are too often overlooked, and individuals are too much inclined to put up with abuse rather than stop a while on a journey to obtain the redress which the law awards them—and in cases of accidents, in the fulness of their joy at saving their lives, they publish a card of thanks to the individuals in whose care they placed themselves, when in many instances, at least, an examination would prove them deserving the severest censure.

Soon after the destruction of the Royal Tar, her commander, Capt. Reed, addressed a letter to a gentleman in this city, in which he said:—"I have no blame to attach to any body as regards the fire—I think it was pure accident." We think Capt. Reed will find but very few people who will be willing to endorse his opinion. Let us look for a moment at the facts of the case. The Royal Tar, as we understand, had an elephant on deck, to support whose weight dry wooden wedges were driven in between the deck and the boiler—the fire by which the boat was destroyed, caught from the boiler being heated red hot, the water having been previously suffered to evaporate from it. In the first place, we should suppose that ordinary prudence would have suggested some other way of propping up the deck, or if it was not practicable to do it in any other way, that it would have been deemed due to the passengers on board, that a strict watch should be kept where the wood and iron came in contact. But waiving this point altogether, there is another, where it will be utterly impossible to convince any intelligent man that any thing like due attention was paid to the safety of the boat and her passengers. No man in his sober senses will say that it is customary to sail a boat without a responsible person to manage her engine and see that her boiler is kept duly supplied with water—and to a neglect of this duty, solely, is the destruction of the Royal Tar to be attributed. If she had no person on board, to whom this duty could be assigned, her equipment was incomplete—if she had such a person on board, it is as clear as noon-day that he neglected his duty, and upon his head must rest the lawful responsibility. With proper or even ordinary attention, we have no reason to believe that any calamity would have befallen the Royal Tar—and we do not hesitate to say that her destruction, so far from being the effect of "pure accident" was the result of gross carelessness. If her boiler had been kept properly supplied with water, it could not have been heated red hot—and if it had not been in contact with wooden wedges, it is not probable that it would have communicated fire to the boat.

We do not refer to this subject from a de-

sire to wound the feelings of any individual who may rest under suspicions of not having faithfully fulfilled his duty upon the occasion. We do it in the discharge of what we deem our duty to the public, in the hope that what we have said may serve to convince the reader that measures should be forthwith adopted for a thorough and satisfactory investigation of the whole transaction. We think there is blame somewhere—and it should be brought home to those on whom it should justly rest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

From Papers by the Packet.

IRELAND.—*Fatal collision between the Commissioners of Rebellion, and the People.*—Blood has at length been shed in the open day, the first victim fell in Tipperary. Six children were made fatherless, and one of the "Officers of Rebellion" left for dead. The affair occurred in the parish of Dunkerrin, in the diocese of Kilkaloe. With this preface, we shall now proceed to insert the letter of a trustworthy, and most estimable correspondent, dated yesterday, the day on which the catastrophe occurred:—

DUNKERRIN, Friday Evening, 7 o'clock.

We have had another Rathcormac massacre in this parish, about one o'clock to-day. Two victims, I fear, have been immolated to the demon of tithes. The scene was frightful beyond description. Amidst the horrors that surround, I can only call your attention to the leading facts.

Early on this morning, Philip Ryan of Nenagh, the notorious officer of rebellion, accompanied by one of his satellites named Hogan, assisted by the party of police stationed in Dunkerrin, proceeded to Rathnavege, to serve exchequer processes. The people appeared in crowds on the hills, without making any attempt at resistance, save and except a few hearty shouts, which prevented him from effecting his object. On his return to Dunkerrin he met a large number of persons at the cross roads at the Turnpike gate. On his passing through a few stones were thrown, without any personal injury to him or any of his party. The instant he got through the crowd, he fired into the midst of the people. Two policemen fired instantly after. Melancholy to state, John Fogarty, a poor and honest man, having a family of six helpless children, was shot through the breast, the bullet entered within an inch of the nipple of his left breast, and passed out under his left shoulder blade. The medical gentleman, who has visited him from Roscrea, states his recovery as impossible. Ryan escaped unhurt. Hogan was not so fortunate; he was beaten so severely, but not until Fogarty was shot, that his case is nearly hopeless. Fortunately the Rev. A. Nolan, Parish Priest, came to the spot at this instant—Hogan left for dead on the side of the road, and the police surrounded by some hundreds of persons armed with stones. The Sergeant and Hogan, the Rev. Mr. Nolan had to protect in his house for some hours. The people were so excited, so infuriated, as to disregard their lives; they would have killed every one of the police at his very gate had he been one minute later. My conviction is, that no physical force could restrain them at the moment; and this is the use the calumniated Catholic clergy make of their influence, notwithstanding the many aspersions that are heaped on them! Allow me to remark that the order for the police to assist Ryan was given by Dean Hawkins, who fills the situations of magistrate for the king's County and Tipperary, Dean of Clonfert, Rector of Dunkerrin, and has returned to this parish only a few months ago, after

a residence at the fashionable lounging places in England for five or six years!

It cannot be alleged that Ryan or the police fired in their own defence, as he got through the entire of the crowd ere any shot was fired, moreover, the police were only in danger at the Parish Priest's gate, after Ryan's escape, a distance of fifty or sixty perches from where the slaughter took place.

Rathcormac.—A correspondent informs us that the Campaign is carried on in this district—the scene of the memorable tithe slaughter in 1834—with such an utter disregard of law, that in a recent instance, by order of the Rev. Joshua Brown Ryder, the tithe bailiffs and police arrested an entire family, and served law processes for tithes at midnight! The greatest alarm prevailed in the parish,—*Dublin Evening Post.*

LETTER FROM MR O'CONNELL.

To the Editor of the Scotsman.

Darrynane Abbey, 13th Oct. 1836.

Sir,—I pray you will spare me the space of a few lines in your valuable paper, upon a subject to me of deep and natural interest.

The *Morning Chronicle*, which reached me this day, of the date of the 10th instant, contains an extract from a Scotch paper, giving a report of a speech of the person who styles himself the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan. In that speech there is the following passage:—

"Remember that this is Mr O'Connell's account—that it is essential to the Catholic faith to believe it right to murder, or to break faith with heretics."

There appears to me something exceedingly atrocious in the career which this man and his very worthless colleagues are pursuing in Scotland, instigating all the bad passions by the propagation of all manner of falsehoods. That these men should call themselves Christian divines, followers of the God of Charity, would be ludicrous, if it were not awfully melancholy.

The Catholics can afford to look upon their efforts with silent contempt—and of course so should I—if my name had not been referred to, and an opinion of the most horrible description attributed to me. I am so much calumniated, that the silence of my contempt would probably be soon alleged to be the silence of acquiescence, if I did not publicly contradict the entire passage.

That passage, then, I proclaim to be, in all its parts, totally false. It is false that I ever gave such an account—neither did I ever say or do any thing to justify or palliate the attributing it to me.

As to the opinion itself—"that it is essential to the Catholic faith to believe it right to murder or break faith with heretics"—I not only declare it, as every educated man already knows, to be totally false; but I go farther, and declare that if it were true I would not remain a Catholic one hour—no, nor one minute.

I am a Catholic in all the certitude and sincerity of faith, and I would not abandon or deny any one tenet of that religion for all the world could possibly bestow. But the opinion thus charged on me is directly the reverse of the doctrine and belief of the Catholics.

There is no one religious persuasion in the British Islands so numerous as the Catholics. We are over eight Millions of Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland; and it really is to the last degree indecent, as well as criminal, to form crusades of vituperation and calumny against so numerous a portion of the King's British subjects.

There is not one of these calumniators that may not readily inform himself what our real opinions are. He could easily learn what we maintain and teach in our catechism and books.