

The Athlone correspondent of the Irish Times, writing under date of July 13, says:—As the driver of the first train from Galway, due here at 8.30, was crossing at Summerhill, he observed some large stones placed on the rails, which he at once saw menaced certain destruction to the train and passengers. Instant application of the brake and reversing the steam lessened the speed, but did not prevent the engine guards being broken, and the train stopped with a terrific shock. Fortunately no one was hurt, and upon examination, it was found that large blocks of stone were placed in several places on the line. With some difficulty the train was taken on, and upon its arrival here Mr. O'Brien, the station-master, and some members of the constabulary force went to examine the place. It was found that to obtain the stones the coping of more than 40 feet of the boundary wall had been thrown down. Some of those blocks weighed from one to two hundred pounds, and upon inquiry it was stated by a man working in an adjoining field that he saw a laboring man, as he took him at the time to be one of the company's workmen, busily employed some hours before in knocking the wall over on the line, and that when he saw the train coming he ran across the fields in the direction of Athlone. This is the third attempt to upset a train within the last month. A few evenings since the points at the bridge were reversed, so as to throw the train into the river as it crossed. The attempt, however, we are glad to say, was unsuccessful.

We take the following with regard to the health of Dublin from the Freeman:—In the Dublin Registration District (which extends over an area of 9,745 statute acres, and had, by the census of 1861, a population of 314,409), the births registered during the week ending July 13 amounted to 160—80 boys and 80 girls. The number in the corresponding week of last year was 146. The deaths registered during the week were 124—62 males and 62 females. In the corresponding week of last year the number was 93. Only two deaths from fever were registered during the week, against an average of seven in the corresponding week of the previous three years. Measles was the cause of 20 deaths. Four deaths from scarlatina, and two from whooping-cough were registered during the week. One death was ascribed to diphtheria. Two deaths resulted from diarrhoea. A laborer, aged 37, died on the 6th inst., in Cork street Hospital of pleuro pneumonia (4 days), malignant purpura (5 hours). Four deaths resulted from apoplexy, and 12 from convulsions. Bronchitis caused 11 deaths, and phthisis, or pulmonary consumption, 16.

One of our exchanges has the following:—Two young lads, the one named Michael Barrett, the other Henry Riely, enlisted in the 16th Regiment of Foot, in Limerick over sixty years ago. They served abroad together, were in the Barmese war and in several other campaigns in India, in the Peninsula, and elsewhere. They were men of good character, and excellent lives. They were discharged from their regiment on the same day, with the highest marks of esteem from their officers; they returned to their native city on the same day, where they lived on the best terms and accumulated some property; they died on the same day—viz Saturday, July 13, and they were conveyed to the grave on the same day—on Tuesday, in the new cemetery of St. Laurence.

A passenger by the train leaving Newry for Portadown, at about five o'clock on Saturday evening, July 13, writes to us complaining of the conduct of a pack of Orangemen who entered a third class carriage at Scarva station, shouting 'To h—l with the Pope!' 'King William for ever!' and waving orange flags and banners. They had five or six drums, with a corresponding number of fifes, and on the train leaving the station they commenced playing party tunes, and continued the above mentioned amusement until the train arrived at Portadown station.—'Ulster Observer.'

The Galway Vindictor says:—Seldom have we had so much amusement in Galway as took place within the past three or four days. Two nights theatricals at Black's, a Ball and Supper at the Railway, and a Cricket Match between the officers of the Athlone Garrison and Galway gentlemen, made up a programme which attracted the elite of the county, and which must have been very advantageous to the traders and shopkeepers of Galway. The fact is, there is something very attractive about military officers, and wherever they are, they promote amusements, and throw life and energy into society. The readiness with which the officers of the Athlone Garrison came to give a benefit for the poor of all denominations in Galway, is most creditable to them. And it is not only the poor that will be assisted, but, as we already observed, the shopkeepers and traders must have been largely benefited.

On Tuesday, July 16, Mr. O'Cherry, J. P., New Ross, and his man, had a narrow escape from drowning in the New Ross river. It appears that having been at Anagh with his family, and that of his brother, upon a picnic excursion, and wishing to return in the evening by the New Ross and Waterford steamer, he put off in a small boat to get on board the steamer, as she was returning to New Ross. When the little boat reached the steamer, by some mischance, it got under the paddle, and was upset, both its occupants being cast into the water. They supported themselves in the water till assistance could be given them from the steamer. They were taken on board after a rather long struggle, under the circumstances, but not without having had a narrow escape of their lives.

A party of laborers in the employment of Captain Knox, J. P., Caherlesk, Callan, on Saturday, July 13, got under the shade of a large oak for protection from the pelting rain. A few moments had hardly elapsed when a stream of electric fluid descended on the tree, and split it to the roots. None of the party were hurt.

Mr. P. Moore, late contractor in Waterford for the Ford Works, has been appointed by the Dublin Corporation assistant city surveyor, with a view to a better care of the streets of the metropolis. There were nine candidates. Mr. Moore received 25 votes the next competitor 18. The Lord Mayor in putting the motion, paid a handsome tribute to Mr. Moore, whom, he said, he knew to be a gentleman of great energy, great experience, and great capacity.

On Thursday, July 18th, at eleven o'clock, the High Sheriff, Thomas Rothwell, Esq., entered the Crown Court, when the following gentlemen, having answered their names, were sworn on the grand jury for the county:—St. George Pepper, foreman; Sir John Dillon, Bart; R. C. Wade, J. N. Waller, Samuel Winter, H. O. Singleton, Richard Bolton, John Tisdall, H. B. Coddington, Richard Chaloner, C. A. Nicholson, Samuel Garnett, Mervyn Pratt, Patrick Kearney, N. Nicholson, M. Preston, J. Roheram, A. K. Haney, and H. Dyas Esqrs.

At a late meeting of Wexford Board of Guardians, the wife of a man named Smith came before the board and asked for some clothes for her children to go out. It appears that herself and husband and children were all living in the house since they came from America. Before the late war they were sent out to America by the Carrick board at an expense of £10. Smith joined the Federal army, and at the conclusion of the war he lost his health and was discharged, getting £80 from the American Government. They then set sail for Ireland. The ship in which they were took fire, by which they lost nearly everything they had. When they arrived in Carrick they were obliged again to enter the poor-house. Applicants were natives of Pittown. On motion of Mr. Wilson they were ordered 10s. as also some useless house clothes. Mrs. Smith withdrew, thanking the board.

The receipts of the Wexford Harbor Commissioners for the past year amounted to £2,500.

Died, on the 5th of July, at Ballyboy, Oulart, after a few days' illness, and retaining his faculties to the last Mr. Myles Sinnott, aged 89 years. He fought in the engagements of Oulart Hill and Bannockbury. The last of the North Cork Militia, to the number of 23, including Major Dombard and Hon. Captain De Courcy, were killed on his farm, and most of them interred there. Mr. Sinnott was descended from the Sinnots of Ballytrammont Castle, who fought so hard against Cromwell, and were ruthlessly scattered by that monster as soon as he occupied the town of Wexford. May his soul rest in peace!

A Dungarvan correspondent says:—A new scheme has been introduced into our market of late, the purchasing of 'meekane butter,' or butter in lump, that farmers' wives carry into market on Saturday. This has been bought up at a good price per pound, made over again, and put into tins and shipped. All marketable matters are immediately purchased, such as butter, eggs, straw, potatoes, clover, &c., and sold again by forestallers. I have heard commercial gentlemen and others state that through the towns in Ireland they travel, they do not meet so dear a town as Dungarvan.

One of our Irish exchanges, dated July 16th, says:—The good results of the Compulsory Vaccination Act are strikingly exhibited in the return of deaths registered in the Dublin district during the past quarter. The estimated population is 314,409, and the total number of deaths registered during the quarter was 2,173, yet not one of these was from smallpox.

At the close of the first meeting of the Irish Rifle Association, Mr. J. Rigby, of Dublin, was declared the winner of the 'Abercorn Cup,' a handsome piece of plate, value £50, presented to the association by the Lord Lieutenant. The second prize was won by Mr. Mahaffy, one of the Junior Fellows of Trinity College.

An enormous salmon 47lbs weight, was recently caught by a rod and line, by Mr. H. N. Seymour in the Shannon. It had to be borne on the shoulders of two men to be weighed! The fish baffled the exertions of several tried anglers before Mr. Seymour took it.

The Celtic Tongue.—The subjoined extract from the True Witness will be read by every Irishman with feelings of pleasure and pain, pleasure at the beauties of the writer, pain to think that the old Celtic tongue will be forgotten—

'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading like leaves upon the trees! In murmuring tones 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze! 'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore, Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar; Where the parting sunbeams kiss Loch Corrib in the west, And ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast. The language of old Erin, of her history and name—Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame, The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom, The spirit of her martyrs, as the bodies in the tomb, The time-wrought shell, where marmur'd, 'mid centuries of wrong, The sacred voice of freedom in song—is slowly, surely sinking into silent death at last, To live but in the memories of those who love the past.

It often strikes us how sternly applicable are the glowing words of the sweet and gifted poet who penned the above. When we look around this wonder-teeming land of ours and see the chilling cloud of apathy that has fastened itself like a curse on the children of our race, who look on passively and, without any apparent effort, allow the musical, soul-stirring tongue of their fathers to die out day after day, like a wail upon the breeze! Is this creditable to us as a people? Can this be a matter of congratulation to us, Irish, who boast of preserving ourselves a separate and distinct nationality even under seven centuries of the stranger's rule? Will we always look idly on and make no effort to save that beautiful tongue of the Gael, whose thrilling cadences so oft evoked the echoes of kingly halls, baronial towers, and tented fields, in those old days when Ireland was a nation. The Celtic tongue—the mellifluous language of ages, woe and courted, and cultivated by Breton and hard, by warrior and saint! Beautiful old tongue of our race, teeming with wit, and lore, and imagery when moulded by those competent to work the word-sparkling mine that it contains. Grand old language, whose fitting aptitude for lyric poetry has been so often observed, and which has been turned to such useful account by bards of our nation. Of what avail is all this? In another generation or two our O'Connors, and Petries, and O'Donovans will have entirely disappeared. Who will then be found competent to unravel the mysterious symbols of the Celtic characters? Who then, will be found to foster and keep alive the last faint spark of the Celtic tongue? Alas, alas!

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest, Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest; Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane, Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of slain; Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest tree and rock, And savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zernebeck; And for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael, Since our Celtic stress sang war songs round the sacred fires of Béal; The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead, And from their graves have risen those now spoken in their stead. The glories of old Erin, with her liberty bare gone, Yet their halo lingered round her while the Gaelic speech lived on; For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast Than all her pillar towers, it stood—that old Tongue of the Past!

'Tis indeed. The complete conquest of this rich and lovely land can never be said to be thoroughly effected, despite the merging of our nationality, so long as the olden tongue is not entirely eradicated. Such a man as the late lamented Smith O'Brien was aware of this. On this account that patriot encouraged the cultivation of the Irish language with much success in his own locality. Much credit, too, is due to such men as the immortal patriot-prince of Thom, Archbishop MacHale, who, with vast labor, translated the Holy Scriptures, Moore's Melodies, &c., into the olden language of our race. If such patriots were our examples were more widely imitated we would never have occasion to write our present little sketch. But so long as the matter is not taken up on a well developed, largely organized scale, we fear very much for its ultimate success. The national journals are doing much good service in preserving our yearning for freedom. Some of them are doing the utmost to make the study of the olden tongue as popular as possible. Any one who has ever observed the superiority of the Gaelic tongue over its Saxon rival in appealing to the feelings of the heart, and evoked therefrom a passionate response, must lament that it is, at last, doomed. We have often taken notice, for instance, that one sermon delivered in the Irish language to a congregation, who are equally conversant with the English tongue, moves them more readily, and draws forth more passionate sympathy, of words than one hundred eloquent discourses in the latter language. Clergymen are aware of this important fact; but if their business, then, to take

immediate action in implanting the Celtic tongue as firmly as possible on the soil of holy Ireland. We could spin out our sketch to a greater length, and address any amount of argument in favor of the more immediate portion of our subject, but we feel we have said enough. Wiser and older heads than ours can devise means of making the study of our Celtic language a popular success, if they are really interested in checking its utter decay. How long will the thunder-words of the poet be a reproach to us?—

'Tis leaving, and for ever, the soil that gave it birth, Soon—very soon, 'tis moving home shall ne'er be heard on earth, O'er the island dimly facing, as a circle o'er the wave, Receding as its people lay the language of the slave; And with it, too, seem fading, as sunset into night, The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light; For ah! though long, with filial love, it clung to mother land, And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart, and hand; To instill its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became, And Irishmen are Irishmen in nothing but in name. Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear; Ah! plaintive Tongue, whose murmurs were as music in the ear; Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthral; Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall! The Tongue that in the Senate was lightning flaming bright— Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might; That tongue which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay, As chieftain, seer, or minstrel old, is silent there to-day.

GREAT BRITAIN. REPLY OF POPE PIUS THE NINTH TO THE ADDRESS SENT TO HIS HOLINESS BY THE CATHOLIC LAITY OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Subjoined is the Holy Father's reply to the address recently sent him by the Catholic laity of Great Britain. As an answer from the Successor of St. Peter to all true and loyal Catholics—to all men who are Catholics in heart and in deed, and not in name only—this document will prove a source of joy, as being a fresh indication of the place we hold in the heart of one who, even by his enemies, is looked upon as a living Saint in addition to the office he holds of Christ's Vicar on Earth. To other men other thoughts. The Protestant, will, no doubt, see in the Garibaldian infidel blasphemy; the Rationalistic reasoner that there is nothing in it; the Anglican Ritualist endeavor to make out that it comes not from what in his idea is the head of the Universal Church; and carping, misinformed Catholics will, no doubt, try to find fault with this answer. But to those whose glory it is to pay that unquestioning obedience to the Holy See which has always been the truest of a real son of the Church, to those whose Catholic instincts are not obliterated nor even tarnished by their daily contact with men of other creeds—this document will be what that was which has called it forth, a fresh tie between those who profess the old faith in this land and the head of the Church on Earth.

Beloved sons, health and apostolic benediction. We congratulate you, beloved sons, that you show yourselves true offspring of saints. Proof of this is that grateful remembrance with which you foster the blessing of the faith once carried from this Roman Chair to your island, and of late restored and increased; proof, too, of that holy transport with which you commemorate the constancy of your fathers and their sufferings for the Catholic faith; proof, again, of that unquestioning obedience to this Holy See, whose primacy of honor and jurisdiction you assert, whose doctrine you declare that you revere and embrace with your whole heart, whose civil rights you hold sacred and necessary unto the free government of the Church, to which, in fine, you acknowledge yourselves most devoted, and promise a perfect and perpetual adherence. And, indeed, you could put forth nothing more excellent than these duties, which are the signal approval of your faith, and nothing to us more agreeable, to whom they give the greatest delight, because we desire nothing more than that all should have one soul, and one heart, all being one thing in Christ. United with this Holy See your fathers fought and suffered with fortitude the loss of goods, imprisonment, tortures and death, handed down to you the faith which they had received whole and entire and sealed with their blood. And you, closely trading in these noble footsteps up to this time have sustained together with us a more perilous, though it may not be so ferocious, form of conflict. But it was with the assurance that so long as you were fixed on this Rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, victory must be with you. Proceed together with us to contend by the arms of justice against the haters of religion and truth; endeavor to more studiously to propitiate God by your zeal and works of mercy, in which He takes most delight; persevere in prayer, and acquitting yourselves as men, wait for the Lord, who, at length prevailed upon by entreaty, will scatter the darkness of errors, still disturbances, and without doubt restore the reign of justice and of peace. We augur for you the joy of this result, and to the abundance of all heavenly graces, in token whereof, and in witness, likewise of our paternal good will and kindly affection, We most lovingly impart to all of you and to the whole of England our apostolical benediction. Given at Rome at St. Peter's, on the 10th day of July, 1867, of Our Pontificate the 22nd year.

THE TABOOS OF LOYALTY TO HIS HOLINESS.—The amount of this subscription was on Wednesday last made over to the Archbishop by the proprietor of the WEEKLY REGISTER for transmission to Rome. His Grace expressed himself very much gratified at the result of this appeal, and promised to send the amount at once to the Holy Father. The net proceeds of the contributions amount to £503 17, and, as we said on a former occasion, considering the great number of calls upon the Catholics of England just now, together with the fact of other subscriptions for the same purpose being set on foot at the same time this amount must be considered very satisfactory. Nor is this the less so when we reflect that hardly any assistance whatever has been afforded us, either clerical or lay, and that the money has been altogether collected by the staff of the Weekly Register and the personal friends of the gentleman connected with the office. Those who know the unremitting with which he has labored upon all such as are connected with either the literary or the business departments of a newspaper, will understand how difficult it is to carry out extra work of this nature.—Weekly Register.

A private letter from Rome states that the Holy Father has consented to re-establish the hierarchy in Scotland, and that our co-religionists in the north will, therefore, cease to belong to a missionary Church. The same communication states that there will be one archbishop and six suffragan bishops named, the former to Glasgow, the latter to Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, Stirling, and Kilmarlock. If this report is true we shall soon be able to congratulate our Scotch friends upon regaining what they have lost for the last three hundred years.—Weekly Register.

We announced last week the decision of the Middlesex magistrates, who by a majority of 69 to 51 have rescinded their resolution of last May, which was carried by 31 to 20 votes, and have adopted the recommendation of the Visiting Justices that the Catholic priest should be allowed to assemble and to celebrate Mass within the prison. So ends a long and obstinate conflict. We congratulate the Middlesex magistrates on having at length redeemed their character from the stigma which the bigotry of a minority had brought upon it. We thank the noblemen and gentlemen who attended to see justice done, and we invite our Catholic readers to recognize their obligations to Mr. Swift, who was exerted himself for years against opposition and discouragement—first, to bring the law into harmony with justice and secondly to prevail upon his colleagues to put the law into execution.—Tablet.

THE INCONSOLABLE WIDOWED QUEEN AND HER GUESTS.—The London Review condemns the conduct of the Ministry, in permitting the Queen to lower her dignity, by entertaining the most uncatholic Prince in Europe; and it draws a parallel between the Sultan and Brigham Young, the Mormon Head-centre, not by any means, so disparaging to the latter.

THE SULTAN'S VISIT.—LETTER TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A telegram was received at Marlborough House from his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, on Tuesday afternoon, acknowledging in graceful terms the cordial reception he met with in this country. Translated from the French, it is as follows:—Oxford, July 23, 1867.—To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales London. At the moment of quitting the Royal yacht, and in parting from the British flag, I feel a desire to thank once more her Majesty the Queen for the kindness which she has shown to me; and her people, for the reception which they have accorded me. I am equally grateful to your Royal Highness for all your attentions. I pray you to be so good as to transmit the expression of my sentiments to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and to make known at the same time to the valiant army of the Queen, by the voice of illustrious chief, how much I am touched by the sympathies which they have shown to me, and how much I am its admirer. I beg your Royal Highness also to convey my thanks to the brave and brilliant royal navy, which has given me so noble a spectacle of its power and of its magnificence.—ABDUL AZIZ KHAN, (on board the Royal yacht Osborne.)

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—The French Imperial steam yacht Reine Hortense, with her Majesty the Empress of the French on board, arrived off Portsmouth early on Monday morning, the 22nd ult., from Havre after a pleasant passage of eight hours, and anchored until the afternoon in the vicinity of the Spit Head. A party of ladies and gentlemen from the yacht, including it was supposed the Empress, landed at South sea in the morning, and spent some time on the Esplanade and Common, and partook of luncheon at the Pier Hotel. Shortly before two p.m. the Reine Hortense again weighed her anchor, and steamed slowly past the fleet at Spithead for Osborne, where the Empress arrived on a visit to her Majesty the Queen soon after 3 p.m. As the Empress travelled incognito the yacht hoisted no colors. After spending two days at Osborne, the Empress returned to France.

GUARDS INSTITUTE.—An institute or club for the resort and recreation of soldiers when out of barracks, has been opened in London with great éclat by his Royal Highness the commander-in-chief. The subscription is within the means of the soldiers, a sergeant paying 6s., a corporal 5s., and a private 4d. per month, for which they obtain all kinds of indoor amusements, refreshments at low rates, the use of a library and news-room, accommodation for writing, &c. No fewer than 920 subscribers have already entered, and the scheme bids fair to be a successful attempt to improve the social condition of our brave defenders.

MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY OF GUNPOWDER.—On Tuesday week, three parcels of gunpowder, weighing one and a-half pound, were found in the Post Office headcart, which was standing in the Arcade Newcastle. The parcels were wrapped in brown paper, and there were appearances about them which led to the belief that an attempt had been made to set them on fire. On the previous evening, two packets of the same explosive material were dropped into the Broad Chare.—Newcastle Chronicle.

ROTFELL, THE FORGER.—Mr. Roupell, formerly M.P. for Lambeth, England, and better known by the extensive forgery he perpetrated, which at one time made such a stir in England, is said not likely to bear up much longer against the hardships and encroachments of prison life. He is said to have for years indulged in the hope of being liberated; but latterly his spirits have sunk, and an early death will probably terminate the punishment he so richly deserves.

TWO MEN BURIED ALIVE NEAR BOLTON.—A shocking accident occurred on Tuesday at Blackrod, near Bolton, by which two men named Thomas Darbishire and William Lee, lost their lives. The deceased were employed at the brickyard of Messrs. Smeethurst & Co. coal proprietors, and it seems they had erected a cabin on the ground in which to sleep. The roof was constructed of sods, covered with a thick layer of earth of between two and three tons weight, and on Thursday night, owing to the heavy rains, the material became loosened, and fell in upon the unfortunate men while they were asleep. Another man, named Ralph Peters was in the cabin at the time and escaped uninjured but he was unable to render assistance; and the deceased, when extricated, were found to be quite dead, having been literally buried alive. Darbishire was married, and leaves a widow and five children. Lee was single, and aged 20.

SINGULAR COLLISION ON THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.—LOSS OF LIFE.—A very fearful collision, involving loss of life, and a serious destruction of property, took place on the North London Railway near the new station of Old Ford, Bow. On the west side of the line, the contractors for the Midland Railway have very large works for brickmaking. There is a siding from the main line into the brickfield, where the trucks are loaded, and it appears that the points were not properly closed, for a heavy goods train from Haydon Square moving at about twenty miles an hour, left the main line and dashed into the siding, coming in fearful collision with some trucks which were loaded. The crash was awful. The trucks were hurled on one side and almost shivered to atoms or piled one upon the other. The goods engine left the rails, but kept an upright position. Several of the goods waggons were smashed, and there was a serious loss of property. A search was made, which resulted in the discovery of the mangled remains of a labourer named Thomas Meade, who had been engaged in loading one of the trucks. Another workman, named Frost, was also found to have sustained serious injuries, and was removed to London Hospital, where he lies in a precarious state.

THE OAK ROWING CLUB ON THE THAMES.—The crew of the Oak Rowing Club, which competed at the metropolitan regatta on the Thames on Friday and Saturday, have well and honourably maintained the reputation of the oarsmen of the Lee. On Friday, in a race for junior fours for a cup worth 100 guinees, they defeated with ease two London crews of considerable power; and on Saturday, in the deciding heat of the same race, they distanced the crew of the Ariel Club, whose opponents in the tie of the previous day had retired from the contest rather, than compete with such formidable antagonists. This victory was killed outright by the rail road accident at Brynhead on the 9th inst.

SHEFFIELD INDUSTRY.—At a meeting held in Sheffield on Monday evening, a resolution was passed in favour of establishing a Chamber of Industry for that town. The great object of the contemplated chamber is declared to be 'to look to the interests of both capital and labour, in order to bring them into closer union, to give advice in cases of dispute between the employers and employed, the study of the principles of political economy, and to examine the laws relating to capital and labour.

UNITED STATES. It has been estimated that the number of Catholics in the United States in 1830 was 450,000, in 1840 it was 960,000, and 4,400,000 in 1860. According to these estimates the Catholics double in number every ten years, and in nearly one-fifth of the whole population. Seventy-five years ago the United States did not have a single Catholic Bishop. The first Bishopric was established at Baltimore in 1789 and now they have 7 Archbishops 39 Bishops 61 Archpriests 2,833 Priests, 72 Seminaries, 4,400 Schools, 3,090 Churches, besides other institutions and property estimated at \$37,000,000.

The Rev. J. B. Hutchins, of Kentucky, Diocese of Louisville reached New York, on the morning of Sunday, the 21st instant, on his return from Rome. He is the first priest that has arrived on these shores after attending the festival at Rome. Father Hutchins left Rome on the morning of July 1st. His reminiscences of the grand celebration are very interesting. Acting as chaplain to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston his position on the great day was very near the Holy Father. Besides this, on one or two occasions, notwithstanding the crowds of ecclesiastics at Rome, Father Hutchins had the pleasure of being close by the person of the Pope.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Letters have been received from Rome in which it is stated that Bishop Roccerans, of Cincinnati is to be the successor of the late Bishop Timon, of Buffalo. Rochester with the counties of Livingston, Seneca, Ontario, and Monroe, will be created a separate diocese, with the Very Rev. William Gleason as the first Bishop.

The Rev. L. A. Cambert, Catholic Pastor assisted by the Rev. Patrick Brady, have just commenced the erection of a new Catholic church at Cairo, Illinois. It will be brick, and built in the Gothic style of architecture. When erected it will be quite an imposing structure.

The corner-stone of a new Catholic Church was laid in Kent, Portage county Minnesota, last week.

Six new Catholic churches have dedicated in Wisconsin within the last two weeks.

A daughter of Horace Greeley is attending the convent at Fordham, N. Y., and is said to be very much attached to the Catholic faith.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—The Herald's special says:—The Secretary of War has refused the President's polite invitation to retire from office. The President's note is very brief, only four lines in length, and simply states that grave public considerations constrain him to request Mr. Stanton's resignation. Mr. Stanton's answer is also very brief, and intended to be severe and cutting.—The Secretary acknowledges the receipt of the President's note requesting his resignation, and answers that grave public considerations constrain him to concur in the position of Secretary of War until the next election.

A GROWING CASE OF INSANITY.—The superintendent of the Maclean Insane Asylum in Boston, makes the following deplorable statement:—'The excessive drinking of wines and ardent spirits has brought insanity upon many persons during the last year. This indulgence seems to be increasing very greatly, and its consequences are indeed alarming. More persons, and chiefly young men, either punitively insane or who have been seriously damaged mentally and physically by this cause, have come under our professional observation, or have applied here for advice and relief during the last year, than we can remember before in the same length of time.'

SUTTON, THE MURDERER.—It is supposed that Samuel Sutton, who murdered Cesar Zabriskie, at a picnic in Bergen County, N.J., on the 5th of July last, has taken to the mountains in the western part of the county, and so escaped through Orange County into New York or through to the Peninsula. He is a large, stout, yellow man, with round full face, like a Chinaman, and apparently of a dull, sluggish temperament. A reward of \$150 has been offered for his capture.

William Taylor, who was born in 1757, and is consequently 110 years of age, and resides near Spencerville, Allen county, Ohio, claims a place on the roll of the survivors of the revolution.

A witness in court at Lynn, given his testimony in a very quick and excited manner, was stopped by Judge Newhall, when he replied, 'It's the fault of my tongue. I should have made a better lawyer than shoemaker, I know.'

A Kentucky peach grower has sold his entire crop as it hangs on the trees to a louse in Cincinnati for \$14,000, or about \$2.75 per tree.

Twenty thousand Swiss women earn a comfortable living by watchmaking.

Many clergymen in this city addressed congregations of less than sixty persons yesterday morning.—N. Y. World, July 23.

Mr. Tilton, President of the Toledo Wabash, and Great Western railroad, is living at Springfield in the house of the late lamented Lincoln, which is infested with patriotic pilgrims.

A despondent editor remarks that if the country grows much woe he shall publish notices of births under the head of 'disasters.'

Julesburg, a town of three months growth on the Pacific Railroad, has elected a Mayor and City Government throughout. None of the members have been residents longer than ten days.

A 'boarding house bureau' is the latest institution in New York. It is not an institution with drawers that stick and a glass that is cracked, but a sort of bash intelligence office.

A traveller describes New England as the greatest watering place in the country. He couldn't get any thing but water.

They have patriots in Cincinnati. One gentleman offers to take the office of Mayor and not draw a cent of salary.

There are 50,000 working girls in New York and about twice as many who won't work for any consideration.

The late fair in New York for the Girls' Protectionary has already realized over \$100,000. Many of the accounts are still open.

The Atlantic cable is the only telegraph that charges for dates of despatches. Every date over that line costs forty dollars in gold.

John H. Reagen, formerly Confederate Postmaster General, spoke to 2,500 freedmen in Palestine, Texas, July 4th.

Several oil refineries have been seized in Brooklyn, N.Y., for violation of the internal revenue law.

Der Rice, the other evening in his circus, said that he was not going to defile the fair record of thirty-seven years as a respectable showman by becoming a member of Congress.

A \$50,000 libel suit is pending between the rival piano agents in Chicago.

Two cable telegrams in cipher were sent from New Orleans to Napoleon on Sunday morning, July 8, at a cost of \$18,000.

The centre of the United States has been fixed at Columbus, Nebraska, ninety-six miles west of Omaha.