

ORANGEISM AT BIRKENHEAD.—Birkenhead has earned for itself a character for rowdiness and religious fanaticism all over the country. The Irish and Catholic residents of that borough have had to contend with unscrupulous opponents who were too evidently countenanced by those in authority. The Garibaldi riots of two years ago were lately attempted to be revived, but thanks to the prudence of the Catholics, have been prevented. There is a religious monomania residing in the borough named Abraham, John Dowling, an Irishman, and unless I am very much mistaken, one of the Pope's Weeds. This man has made himself obnoxious to all peaceable people of the town, and has had himself repeatedly brought before the magistrates for his obstreperous conduct. For the last few Sunday evenings no place would suit this frebrand to hold forth but at the gates of the Convent of the Infant Jesus, situated at Holt Hill, Tranmere. In this establishment there are young women from all parts of Great Britain undergoing their scholastic training, and of course such exciting disturbances, as attended upon the doings of this Dowling, when permitted to continue, act most injuriously to the interests of the establishment. Last Sunday week Dowling as usual appeared upon the scene accompanied by about twenty or thirty of the Liverpool Orangemen, and emboldened by the presence of these ruffians, he was more than usually vituperative of the lives and character of the good Religious who reside in the convent. He asserted that neither, to use his own Christianlike phraseology, man nor devil would prevent his preaching there as long as he liked. The local Catholic newspapers here felt that a crisis was at hand, and that if Dowling's conduct was allowed to go unchallenged the result would eventuate in perhaps the razing of the convent after some of his infuriating tirades. The Northern Press therefore on Saturday last called upon the Catholics of Birkenhead to meet Dowling, and whilst they were resolved to preserve the public peace to see that no insult should be offered to those ladies who had given up all the allurement of this life that they might be useful to the community and work out their salvation in retirement. On Sunday evening two thousand men responded to the call and when Dowling and his Orangemen visited the convent they found an unexpected congregation awaiting them. The cowardly ruffians who could offer insults to the unprotected ladies slunk away like whipped spaniels before the determined resolve of outraged men, and were glad to take shelter under the protection of a policeman's baton without daring to carry out their defiant threat of the previous Sunday. I make bold to say that Dowling will heroically choose some other and remote spot for his rostrum, from this forth, and that the timely interference of the Catholics on Sunday evening will save Birkenhead from another of these disgraceful scenes for which its annals are so damagingly remarkable. Poor Gavazzi was here last night, delivering a lecture on Garibaldi, and was accompanied by that prince of spooners Whalley. Anything so disgusting as the style of lecturing which this unfortunate Signor has made his own, it is impossible to conceive. Poor Whalley has fallen low indeed, when he could quietly sit in the chair place at such a lecture, and swallow all the vile trash which Gavazzi belched forth as he did on the occasion. Poor twins, they are to be pitied.—Drogieda Argus Cor.

Six Orangemen were brought before the magistrates in petty sessions at Dromore having been identified as part of a large mob who marched in procession along the road at Gransha, preceded by fife and drums playing party tunes. Having come opposite the house of John King, some one of them flung a stone at a window and broke it. They then fired several shots, and in going away the six men in custody were identified by King. The magistrates took his informations, and committed the whole party for trial at the next assizes.

THE FATHER MATHEW STATUE IN COBK.—The statue is worthy the reputation of the great artist. In resemblance to the original, in the character of its pose, in its dignity, and in the grace with which it has been invested, it is a masterpiece. It is of bronze, and stands eight feet high, including the plinth. Father Mathew is supposed to be in the act of blessing the multitude upon whom he has just conferred the Temperance pledge. One hand gathers up the folds of his large cloak, which it is no violation of literal truth to place upon his shoulders. The other, slightly extended, seems as if it were about to be raised in benediction. The long surtout and the close-fitting Hessian boots, while well suited for sculptural purposes, are, as many of our readers probably remember, mere transcripts of the well-known attire of Father Mathew. A temperance medal upon the breast is equally characteristic and significant. But the triumph of the artistic effort is in the face. Though Mr. Foley, never, we believe, saw Father Mathew, and has therefore been compelled to depend upon such helps as he could get in the way of portraits, he has not only produced a most striking likeness of the mere features, but he has contrived to throw into the lineaments that expression of sweet and teeming benevolence which made the charm of the countenance the people so loved to look upon.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—THE POPE.—We understand that very favorable accounts have arrived from Rome of the reception which this enterprise meets with in that great centre of fine arts. A number of the committee being lately there had a conference with Cardinal Antonelli and the Minister of Commerce, and was afterwards honored with an audience by the Pope, who received them very graciously, and assured him that his government would give the Exhibition its earnest support in every way that circumstances would permit. The Holy Father expressed his own warm sympathy with this national undertaking, and his affectionate hopes that it would be beneficial to Ireland. From the sculptors and painters, and other artists resident in the Imperial City, cordial assurances of support have been received, and there is every reason to expect from them the numerous contributions of great merit and interest.

DISCOVERY AT THE BLACK ABBEY, KILKENNY.—One of the long buried and forgotten sepulchral monuments connected with the Dominican Abbey, in this city, was recently discovered. Mr. Tynte, the proprietor, having, through his agents, Mr. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Richard Preston, arranged for giving the Rev. Messrs Conolly and Skelly, O. S. D., possession of a house and garden adjoining the abbey, on the west, towards Blackmill street, and which are situated within the original Abbey precincts, in order to improve the approach to the western entrance under the lesser tower, workmen were engaged in removing the modern boundary wall.—In the progress of this work they found a tomb, right across which the wall had been built; and apparently in its original position, as it lay east and west, and the foot to the former point. It is a coffin shaped slab, ornamented with a cross in bold relief, gracefully designed, and flanked at the points.—Running along the right side of the shaft of the cross, in two lines, is an inscription in Norman French and incised Lombardic characters as follows:—"David Mercator: Git: Ioi: David: Sa: Alme: Rit: Mercic: Amen." That is—"David the Merchant lies here; God on his soul have mercy. Amen." This was, no doubt, an ancient burgh of Kilkenny. The character of the sculptures and inscription show the monument to date about the year 1250. The tomb had been broken across in more than one place; but we are glad to find that the Rev. Mr. Skelly at once undertook its careful preservation and restoration. It is the intention that all the old monuments of which there have now been several, and some of them very interesting in their character, discovered from time to time thus buried in various parts of the abbey precinct—shall be properly and effectually arranged near the western entrance, in the new piece of ground which has just been obtained from Mr. Tynte.

A Londonderry paper says:—A very complimentary address has been addressed by the Catholics to the Rev. Michael McKenna, of Moville, county Donegal. The object of this address was to congratulate the reverend gentleman on his return from America, where he had been, for a considerable period, engaged in collecting subscriptions in aid of the Catholic church now in course of erection in the city. Rev. Mr. McKenna was very successful in the object of his mission; and he was every where received with the utmost cordiality, and a practical desire to forward the end in view.

Recent Dublin papers have published the following interesting letter:

Dublin, Oct. 25, 1864.  
My Dear Smyth—I received by the last Australian mail a letter from our friend C. G. Duffy, informing me that the intelligence of the death of O'Brien had just reached him. It is a letter which, were I at liberty to publish it, would raise the writer still higher than he stands in the esteem and affection of his fellow-countrymen. 'O'Brien,' he says, 'has died, like every honest Irishman who has played a leading part in Ireland since the Union, of wounds that he had inwardly.' Anticipating the movement set on foot by you for a monument, he has authorized me to give his name for £10. He announces his intention to visit Ireland early next summer; and I trust that your enterprise may be so far advanced by that time that we may be in a position to lay the first stone of the monument during his stay.  
Yours, &c.,  
J. B. DILLON.

P. J. Smyth, Esq., Hon. Sec.  
Frequent complaints have been addressed to us (Ulster Observer), lately, relative to the misconduct of a rabble who nightly resort to Peter's-bill, Belfast, and crowd about the corners of the street. These disorderly parties keep the neighborhood in a constant ferment. They are perpetually shouting 'to hell with the Pope,' and indulging in abusive epithets of Catholics and their religion. Passers-by are both insulted and annoyed by these characteristic Orange displays, and the few Catholics resident in the locality have much to suffer from them.

The trial of William O'Dell, for the murder of the bailiff, Richard Fox, was resumed on Saturday in the Court house. Mr. Dowse, Q.C. addressed the jury for the prisoner on the rebutting case, and Mr. Walsh, Q.C., replied generally for the Crown on the entire case. The Chief Baron then proceeded to charge the jury. In the course of his charge, his lordship pointed out to the jury that if they believed the prisoner to have been insane at the moment he fired the shot, so as not to be able to distinguish between right and wrong, he was responsible to the law, even though he was of unsound mind. The jury, after some deliberation, acquitted the prisoner on the ground of insanity, and the Chief Baron directed that he should be kept in strict custody until the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant could be ascertained.

BAD END OF THE HEIR TO AN EARLDOM.—The London Daily Telegraph says:—The heir to the Barony of Wicklow lately died in Ireland, at 24, Dolphin's Barn Lane, Portobello. Dolphin's Barn Lane is a slum, and No. 24 in that region is of an order better understood than designated, kept by one Mary Lloyd, whose account of the demise of Capt. W. H. Howard is all the epitaph his noble name is likely to receive. Mary Lloyd tells her little tale simply. From New Abbey, Kilkullen, where he had a wife and family, the captain came to her establishment sick to death. His stomach was burnt with drink, this 'noble scion's' and his body worn to pieces with debauchery, and so, by the instinct of the life he had led, he came to the old haunt to die. The treatment his disease received was simple also; when he called for whiskey he had it, and when he called for brandy he had that too, and then more whiskey; the inmates of the place had a professional regard for 'Billy,' and showed it in this fashion. After a day or two of such regimen and society his voice got weaker, and his face changed so that the women were for sending to fetch a doctor. Billy objected, and then they bribed him to take a little food with more whiskey. Even with such inducement, his wretched stomach 'scattered' at it, as Christopher North describes a similar case; and more whiskey was administered, till the aristocrat began to ramble in his speech—not babbling of green fields; nothing so innocent even as Sir John's ending—but giving recklessly bibulous orders. By-and-by came the struggle and the rattle in the throat; and Mary Lloyd, who had never seen a man die before, could not tell what it meant. But it meant the loathsome end of a bad life; it meant a gentleman by birth and breeding pulled down by his own miserable choice of a career to die upon the couch of a courtesan, leaving the doctors and the coroner's jury to inform us that the carcass lying there was rotten with drink and debauchery, and ready for death without the assistance of unlimited whiskey.

If the crime of murder be a test of poverty and riches, Ireland ought to be the richest and England the poorest countries in the United Kingdom, at least, if not in the world, for we have it on the authority of a parliamentary paper, issued in the last session, that in the last five years 208 persons have been capitally convicted in England and Wales: 72 were executed, and one committed suicide on the morning of his intended execution. In Scotland 11 persons were capitally convicted in the five years, only two were executed. In Ireland 21 persons were capitally convicted, and 11 of them executed. Thus we have it authoritatively that capital convictions were fewer in Ireland than in either England, Scotland, or Wales, whilst the crime of child murder, of almost daily occurrence in those countries, and punished only by slight imprisonment, is scarcely known in Ireland. The capital convictions were to the population of each country in the following ratio:—  
England and Wales, one in..... 36,474  
Ireland, one in..... 276,106  
Scotland, one in..... 278,381

Mr. Senior, an Englishman, who holds the office of Irish Poor Law Commissioner, declared before the Taxation Committee of the House of Commons in the last session that 'the people of Ireland are worse fed, worse lodged, worse clothed, and worse paid, than those of any other country in Europe with which he was acquainted,' and explaining the difference between the Irish and English laborer, he said:—'The Lincolnshire laborer gets about 12s a week in winter, and 15s a week in summer, and he is employed fifty-two weeks of the year; the Irish laborer is unemployed during a considerable period of the year; the Lincolnshire laborer has animal food every day, and he is well clothed and well housed, and in his old age he receives outdoor relief; the county of Down laborer receives 9s a week, and that for only a portion of the year; he lives in a mud house of one storey; seldom or never has animal food; he is badly clothed, and in his old age he cannot have outdoor relief.' Poverty is a parent of crime, undoubtedly, and in the face of that deplorable state of wretchedness which Mr. Senior pictured, it is beyond contradiction that, in proportion to the population, no country is more free from crime than Ireland.—Waterford News.

Perhaps there is no term in the English language that is so much abused as the word 'accident.' By this word society habitually characterises all the results of carelessness, stupidity, or recklessness. If a careless servant let a valuable piece of glass or porcelain drop on the ground and be broken, it is an accident. If a reckless fellow present a loaded gun at his friend and by awkwardly handling it causes an explosion and a fatal wound, it is an accident. If a selfish booby in his hurry to get into a supper-room and regardless of propriety, will trample a lady's feet and tear her valuable dress it is an accident. We have seen a French military Captain tear of and

break to pieces a lady's chain by one of these 'accidents' without his having the politeness even to apologise for it. One of these 'accidents' has just happened on the Irish Midland Railway; by which two lives have been sacrificed and twenty poor Cornish harvest-men have been more or less injured. According to the evidence the down train from Dublin to Galway was behind time when it reached Athlone. There—no unprecedented thing as we can ourselves avouch—there was a long delay, so that when the train left for Ballinacree it was at least a quarter of an hour behind time. For four miles the irregularity was increased by the extreme slowness of the rate of travelling, when all of a sudden the engine-driver put on all possible steam power until the pace became alarming. This was done to pull up the time improperly lost previously, and soon the excessive rapidity of motion began to create that oscillation which, especially on a narrow gauge, makes travellers nervous and apprehensive of an upset. It was not long until the swaying and bumping of the carriages gave notice to experienced passengers that a crash was inevitable and near at hand. It came with the effect we have stated, and this is called an 'accident.' We are glad to see that the Coroner's Jury have decided otherwise.—Weekly Register.

We are constantly, on this side of the Channel, told of Irish passion and Irish violence; and so long has this been made to ring in our ears that we assume as a fact, that the Irish, one and all, are a choleric race, ready to seize the first man by the throat who crosses their purpose. If they were not the very contrary to this description, Ireland would be the veriest hotbed of strife in the whole world. The simple fact that they submit to be taxed for a religion which in its articles vilifies, and its members and ministers condemns and insults its own, is a proof of endurance on the part of a nation which the whole world cannot show, except in Ireland alone. About five millions of people live, more than the whole population of England in the time of Edward VI. (so computes Macaulay), and about four times the whole population of Scotland when the Presbyterian religion became the established religion of that country, are in Ireland bound by law to give their loyalty to a Sovereign whose way reaches their men, accompanied by a mixture which must, while they are men, keep alive discontent and nauseousness. Where in the world but in Ireland does the civil power—especially where that power is the representative power of the people—dare to say to the nation, (for 4,000,000 Catholics, against 1,300,000 must, we maintain, make Ireland a Catholic nation, if a majority of Protestants in England and of Presbyterians in Scotland make the former a Protestant and the latter a Presbyterian nation) you may have the religion your forefathers had, and which all Europe had, and which most of it still has, but you shall have it with our ban upon it. The crops which you raise by the labor of your hands shall contribute to the support of a Church which you believe to be no Church at all, and which only a ninth of the population are benefited by. We tolerate you as we tolerate Plymouth Brethren, or Mormonites, or Jews, but we compel you to pray for our toleration of your religion, by respecting and maintaining the religion of a small minority whose business is to tell you, the Catholics of Ireland, that your own religion is laid in corruptions of the Gospel, and in gross superstitions. What would Scotland have done 250 years ago, if the same course had been taken with the followers of John Knox, which has been taken in Ireland with the followers of St. Patrick? What would England have done had James II. or Charles II., even at periods when Protestantism had but a shaky ascendancy, if either of these Sovereigns had set up by law the Catholic religion against the will of the majority of Englishmen? They would have done what Ireland has not done—they would have scattered the four winds of heaven, as the English and Scotch, as far as was possible, did every vestige of that religion which was opposed to their own belief. Yet, notwithstanding all this unparalleled endurance under a system of spiritual oppression and temporal wrong, the Irish nation, name and race, because they will not, and because they dare not, alter the religion of their Lord and Saviour, as others have done, are still to be branded as if no law could bind them, no government control them.—Weekly Register.

PROJECTED RAILWAY FROM DERRY TO DUNGLANON.—Our recent article on the railway circumvallation, by which the city of Derry is as effectually cut off from the eastern and southern divisions of county Derry as if the latter were situated beyond the English channel, has proved suggestive, and an advertisement appears in our publication of this day from a firm of Belfast Solicitors, calling a meeting in the Commercial Hotel, Foye street, to take into consideration, not exactly our project, but a cognate enterprise in another direction. In order to open up the country to the city of Derry, it is necessary to have a railway touching at the principal towns in the country to the east and south of the Dunigven range, including, for example, Carragh, Maghera, Castledawson, Magherafelt, Moyemore, and onwards to Cookstown. The line proposed in the advertisement takes the opposite side of the Dunigven mountains, passing Ballynascreen, and onwards to Dungannon, by Cookstown and Stewartstown, and at Dungannon it will join the Belfast line to Portadown. This project, if carried out, will open up an additional communication between Derry and Belfast, and also with Cookstown and some of the towns above-mentioned, though it cannot effect the direct opening contemplated in our original article. The matter, however, is sufficiently important to deserve serious consideration, and we have no doubt that our capitalists and local gentry will be prepared to discuss the subject in a spirit of liberal enterprise.—Londonderry Standard.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the tremendous destructive storm which visited Edinburgh on Saturday evening, the massive stone cross of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Broughton street, together with the greater part of the ornamental stone work decorating the gable of the sacred edifice fronting the street, were blown off by the violence of the gale. The masonry fell upon the roof of the church and porch, which were damaged to a great extent. The church was partially filled with persons attending the confessionals, and it is matter of thankfulness that no one sustained any injury.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

Some idea of the enormous amount of smoking in the world may be formed from the facts that one of the Brazilian mail packets recently brought to England 6,000,000 cigars, and that the American mail steamer which left Southampton a few days ago landed before her departure 2,000 bales of unmanufactured leaf tobacco. She had brought it from New York, took it on to Bremen, and without landing it was sent to Southampton, from whence it was sent to London to be shipped for the Peninsula.—Home News.

The Bank Screw is steadily effecting its purpose of squeezing out of the commercial world of London all that is unsound. Every day ushers in the announcement of a fresh batch of failures, and we have reason to know that those which come before the public eye by no means constitute the whole of the houses that have given way. Several large firms have been allowed to arrange secretly upon payment of small dividends rather than run the risk of losing all, but the worst has not come yet. About January the great bubbles will begin to burst. It is lamentable that many families who, a few months ago, were enjoying all the luxuries of affluence are now beggars through the infatuation of their heads in rushing into cotton and still wilder speculations. For the cotton speculators we confess that we have no pity; and if they were all to go to the Union it would cause us no sorrow, for their cupidity and gambling have done immense mischief to a great national trade.—Weekly Register.

The Protestant papers announce that the governing body of Balliol College, Oxford, came on the 14th Oct. to the resolution to admit Catholic students to that College, which is reckoned, we believe, the best in Oxford. It is the same of which Canon Oakley and Mr. Ward were formerly Fellows. This is another indication that the question of 'University Education for Catholics' is, as the Dublin Review said a year ago, 'settling itself,' and that if something is not soon done by the authorities it will pass out of our hands altogether by the establishment of the custom of entering Catholic youths in Protestant Colleges—in our opinion the worst solution it can possibly receive.—Weekly Register.

CANON McNEILS AND BROTHER IGNATIUS.—At the meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society at Liverpool last week, Canon McNeil spoke of the monastic system and of Brother Ignatius. He strongly advised that that gentleman should be let alone and not abused, and this is how he does it himself:—'There was one individual, whose name he did not wish to mention, who was at this moment presenting a sad picture of monomania. He (the canon) had looked at that individual's eye closely, and if ever he saw deep insanity burning in an eye he saw it in his. God forbid that he should speak with aught of levity and unkindness upon this subject.—He deeply sympathized with that young man in his affliction (hear, hear). The concentration of the intellect upon one thing alone produced monomania; and if this individual was a monomaniac he pined him, but they would not be such fools as to be led away by him (applause). They ought not to be so vulgar and vainly curious as to run after him because he had a shaven crown and an ugly, un-English, unnatural garb (applause). Let the man, if he was a sane man, come attired and robed as others (hear, hear). He might be a Deacon of the church, but he never had, and it was to be hoped never would, receive Prie's orders (hear.) Why, he seemed ashamed of his name already. He was rightly the Rev. Mr. Lyne, but instead of using his diacnal name, he designated himself Brother Ignatius. If he was not in sympathy with the Church of Rome, why did he wear her rags, and bear her titles and her names? (loud applause.) He (the canon) hoped those present would take the advice he had also given in the city of Manchester, and which he believed would be taken by the large body of Protestants worthy of the name of this country. Let the man alone—[renewed applause]—let them have nothing to do with him—don't abuse him, and insignificance would soon smother him. Let them treat him with entire indifference and contempt, and he would soon rid them of his presence' [prolonged applause.]

BROTHER IGNATIUS.—The proceedings in connection with Sir J. Walsburn's inquiry into the alleged identification of the Rev. E. A. Hillyard with Brother Ignatius and the 'English Order of St. Benedict,' have caused much discussion in Norfolk. The 'English Order of St. Benedict,' at any rate so far as it represented at head-quarters, has been reduced to a very low ebb, as until the return of Brother Ignatius and Brother Brannock, the 'monastery' has contained only three monks, and a child known as the 'Infant Samuel.' One of the monks quitted the house about six weeks since in consequence of a very extraordinary letter which he addressed to a lady named Hare; another left in consequence of the austere discipline practised proving too much for his failing health, and a third, Brother Martin, retired about a fortnight ago. It has been stated that Brother Martin was expelled for insubordination by the Prior—in other words, Brother Dunstan, a young man of about 18, who had been left in charge by Brother Ignatius; but the *citizen* brother now states that he left of his own accord, being irritated by penances imposed upon him by the prior for taking a book from the library without leave—penances which he regarded as fanciful and monstrous. One of these penances would have taken Brother Martin about 17 hours to carry out, and as it was to be performed during the scanty hours allowed for sleep, it is not a matter of astonishment that his patience broke down. The popular idea of a monk is, once a monk always a monk, but, excepting Brother Ignatius himself, the 'English Order of St. Benedict,' seems almost always in a course of dispersion and renewal. On the return of Brother Ignatius and Brother Brannock, the 'order' will comprise just five persons—none of them, it is understood, being 30 years of age—besides the 'Infant Samuel,' a child of two years, left with the monks by its mother, and solemnly dedicated to the service of God. One of the monks washes and attends to the child, and all of them are understood to be kind to him; but the poor little fellow is said to give way to sad occasional fits of grief and passion.—Post.

THE EXODUS FROM LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday the government emigration officials at Liverpool furnished our correspondent at Liverpool with the emigration returns for the month of October. Those figures show a large falling off in the number of passengers sailing from the Mersey in the month of October, when compared with the returns of the previous months. To the U. States there sailed 12 ships under the act, with 5,751 passengers, 1,576 of whom were English, 2,789 Irish, 241 Scotch, and 883 foreigners; to Canada there were 4 ships, with 448 passengers, of whom 203 were English, 87 Irish, 45 Scotch, and 28 foreigners; to Victoria there were 2 ships, with 664 passengers, of whom 238 were English, 348 Irish, 41 Scotch, and 20 foreigners. Of ships sailing free from government supervision, 8 were to the United States, with 507 passengers; 1 ship to Victoria, with 36 passengers; 2 ships to the West Indies, with 14 passengers; 4 ships to South America, with 85 passengers; 2 ships to East India, with 11 passengers; 1 steamer to Africa, with 36 passengers. In the corresponding month of last year there sailed 12,083 passengers.—Express.

A TOO JOGULAR BRIDEGROOM.—A wedding ceremony at Penryn came to an unexpected close on Thursday under peculiar circumstances. A well-to-do young man, named Andrews, recently returned from Australia, had wooed and won a damsel respectively connected, and having procured a marriage licence, the pair, attended, by more than a dozen friends in four or five carriages, arrived at about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning at the doors of St. Gluvias Church, Penryn. The appearance of the party indicated a more than ordinary desire to do honor to the occasion. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. C. D. Saunders, curate, conducted the service, which proceeded in due course until the question was asked of the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' To this, instead of the ordinary affirmative, he replied, 'Well, I don't mind taking her for a month or so on a trial.' This speech astounded the congregation and disgusted the clergyman, who instantly closed his book, went into the vestry, and disrobed. The parties followed him, begging him to proceed with the ceremony, but he resolutely refused, and left the building, and conferred with the archdeacon of the diocese, the Rev. Chancellor Phillips, who is residing at the vicarage. A demand was made for the return of the fee paid for the licence, but this also was declined; and the party, evidently much chagrined, returned to the church and re-entered the carriages, giving orders to be driven as quickly as possible to Falmouth. Amid the ironical cheers of the assembled crowds, the parties drove off, and just before twelve o'clock dashed up to the office of the superintendent registrar at Falmouth, and applied to have the marriage ceremony gone through instantly. For this, however, there was not then time, and the doubly disappointed party repaired to the Globe Hotel, where, for the remainder of the day, they endeavored, as best they could, to keep up the appearance of good spirits.—Post.

The boys in London, England, on the 5th of November, burned Abc Lincoln in effigy instead of Guy Fawkes.

UNITED STATES.  
The Rev. James Sheeran, of the congregation of the Redemptorists, formerly a priest of St. Alphonsus' Church in New Orleans, but, since 1861, a chaplain in the Confederate Army, is now a prisoner in Fort McHenry near Baltimore. We have known Father Sheeran for many years. We knew him while he was a layman, in Monroe, Michigan. He is not only a devoted and excellent man, but one in the correctness of whose statements of fact the utmost reliance can be placed. Two or three weeks ago we received from him a short note of friendship, based on our old-time acquaintance. It informed us that he was within the Federal lines, at the Hospital at Winchester, Va., where, he told us, he was diligently engaged in affording spiritual consolations, and administering the Sacraments, to the sick and wounded of both the Confederate and Federal Armies.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

On the day we are preparing this number of the Freeman for the press, we have been shocked and grieved at learning that Father Sheeran, notwithstanding his having a 'pass' from Gen. Wright, had been arrested, treated with gross indignity, thrown into a filthy guard-room among Federal soldiers who were confined there for drunkenness and bad conduct, and that, in this filthy prison, he was kept five days, obliged to listen to the obscenity and blasphemous of the abandoned characters around him. The following letter, written by him to us from that prison, tells in simple language, and with an indignation natural to one of his hot and gallant Irish blood, the occasion and manner of his imprisonment:—

Military Prison, Winchester, Va.  
My Dear Mr. McMaster.—The correspondents of the public press have given glowing, if not very accurate accounts of General Sheridan's victories in the Valley. They have detailed minutely the number of rebels killed or prisoners taken, and of artillery captured. They have hurled to the world, even without a blush of shame for disgraced humanity, the number of barns, and of wheat and hay stacks burned, of houses plundered, of families impoverished and left without shelter or food—but there is one brave and chivalrous act which I believe no correspondent has yet notified. On the 25th of Sept. as General Sheridan's army was advancing on Harrisonburg, I resolved to enter his lines, and ask for a pass to Winchester, in order to attend to our wounded here. I was brought by a scout to General Wright, who commanded the advance. The General treated me very kindly, and commanded his Adjutant to give me a pass through the lines. I next met General Sheridan and staff, and introduced myself to the Adjutant, asking him for a pass to Winchester. He replied 'General Wright's pass is sufficient.'

I called at the hospitals from Harrisonburg to Winchester, and administered the Sacraments to some wounded soldiers. I reached Winchester, September 25th, since which time to October 31st, I have been daily ministering to the spiritual wants of the wounded of both armies, and doing what I could to aid them in other respects. Being desirous to see General Sheridan on some business, and hearing he was in town, I called at the headquarters of Col. Edwards, commanding post at Winchester, where Gen. Sheridan was staying. To my great surprise, I was not only denied an admittance or audience, but was, by the order of Gen. Sheridan, cast into a dirty prison, the officer who executed his order, saying, 'I was a 'd—d old Catholic priest.' From my prison I sent the General the following hastily written letter, and as I have as yet received no answer, I am forced to conclude that he endorsed the conduct of his subordinate officers.

Let it be known, then, to the Catholics of the United States, that Gen. Sheridan has gained another victory, not over the defenceless women and children of the valley, but by throwing a Catholic priest into a dirty prison, to be the companion of drunken and disorderly soldiers, and this, too, when some of his own Catholic soldiers are dying without the sacraments.

JAMES SHEERAN,  
Chaplain 14th La. Regt., U. S. A.  
Nor has this been all. Father Sheeran, on the 8th instant, was transferred from Winchester to Baltimore, to be incarcerated in Fort McHenry. There notwithstanding his distinct statement of his being a Catholic Priest, a man of peace, not of war; a man of mercy, not of blood; he was thrust into a 'Slave-pen' and kept there two days and nights, among the most degraded of soldiers there imprisoned for various crimes. Father Sheeran remonstrated, in vain, that he was a priest, and that he had with him the consecrated oils, and other holy things of the Catholic religion, which ought not to be thus treated. All was in vain.

Among the killed at the battle of Jonesboro was a Catholic Priest—Father Blizemel—chaplain of the Tenth Tennessee. He was killed while ministering to a dying soldier. I must say of the Catholic chaplains that I have ever found them in the front succoring the dying and wounded. Even in Atlanta the Catholic ministers have remained, while others have fled, to share the fate of their flocks. I would say to other chaplains, 'Go and do likewise.'—New York Herald.

CHARLES UNDER SHELLE.—A correspondent of the S. O. Advocate writes:—These messengers of death have been passing thick and fast among the inhabitants of the city, tearing up the streets, cutting gas-pipes, and plunging us into darkness; thundering against churches and dwellings, and creating generally a great tumult; but how few of the citizens have been harmed in their persons. Yet what hair-breadth escapes have been made!

I saw, but a few days since, the interior of a gentleman's residence which a shell had entered. Cutting the tester, and passing through the pavilion of his bed, it penetrated the opposite wall and lodged in the adjoining room. Both himself and his wife were in the house at the time, and he remains there still. In another instance a similar missile entered a chamber, and passing between the slabs and bed clothes of a crib in which an infant was lying, left the little creature unharmed, but lost in the convulsions of its bed-ridden state.

Some months ago while our intrepid friend was making every exertion to subdue the fast spreading flames in one of the lower wards of the Yankess opened as usual upon the locality. A shell, in its parabolic descent, entered an engine which a number of firemen were working, and which was surrounded by a large concourse of others. The mate friend of our homes was blown to atoms, the man was dashed to the ground, and, with the exception of a negro who had just taken the place of a white man, and who lost an arm, resulting afterward in his death, and a very slight wound inflicted on one or two others, none were injured. Meeting our worthy Mayor some time subsequently, and in conversation with him in reference to the circumstance, and the general deliverance of our citizens from ghastly wounds and horrid deaths, he threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'It is the work of God! The history of Charleston for months past has most wonderfully illustrated Divine Providence. There never was anything like it!—and this, at that time, was a very general sentiment. It is hoped that it may yet be said to be the case.

Passing through the lower wards of the city, you would be particularly struck with two things: First, the sad desolation. The elegant mansions and familiar thoroughfares, once rejoicing in wealth and refinement, and the theatre of buying life—the well known and fondly cherished churches—some of them ancient landmarks—where large assemblies were wont to bow at holy altars, and spacious halls that once blazed with light and rung with festal songs, are all deserted, squalid and cheerless; and this is enhanced by the forbidding aspect of that vast district of the city which was laid in ashes three years ago, and which remains in unmoisted ruins as the monument of Charleston's long and dreary pause in the grand march of improvement.