

cloak also." "Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask him not again." "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren." These are a few, among hundred of other difficulties, which show that the Bible of itself is not clear, even with regard to our moral duties; and thus a great saint exclaims—"There are more things in Scripture that I am ignorant of than those I know."

I did what I have done with a full conviction that I was going astray. I, like the rest of the poor Soupers endeavored to palliate apostasy by saying that we were poor, that God would, on that account, pardon us, and that we would return soon again; but I ask God's and man's pardon for what I did, and their prayers that, during the remainder of my life, I would strive to atone for having denied, for a time, what I knew to be the truth.—I am, Sir, your obedient and humble servant,
PATRICK GRIFFIN,
Land Surveyor, and ex-Irish Teacher.

IRELAND'S CONVERSION, TENTHLY AND LASTLY.—Two or three isolated sentences from the Dublin papers, are giving great comfort to our evangelical friends. They paraded them with the heading "Ireland's Conversion," and from the length of time they have kept them in circulation, they evidently wish people to believe, that they believe, that Ireland is about to become Protestant. The evangelicals like other sons of Adam, are easily persuaded of what they wish to believe: one cannot say of them that they are of "little faith," in this matter, for ever since old Cranmer's time, they have been proclaiming Ireland's Conversion, and their own glory therefrom. Still it somehow happened that Ireland wouldn't stay converted. Whether from the natural filchiness of the people, or the variability of the climate, or the purgative qualities of the potatoes or from whatever cause, the willful Celts were constantly relapsing back to Rome. We fear this proclivity, (that's a good evangelical word), towards Babylon has become chronic and in confidence we declare that we would not give a jack-straw for the orthodoxy of any one of Dr. Plunkett's soup-saved souls. Let us see how often Ireland has been "converted" before. In 1600 she was converted by Archbishop Usher, in 1645 by the evangelical Oliver, surnamed Cromwell, assisted by Hugh Peters, and Stephen Jerome, in 1768 by Hetherington and the "Popish plot" men; in 1700 by the Priest-hunters; in 1632 by Primate Boulter, and the Charter schools; in 1750 by the Wesleyes and Whitefield; in '75 by Bishop Woodward of Cloyne; in 1826 by Lord Farnham, Captain Gordon, Pope, Gregg, &c., &c. For ten or twelve times has that most uncertain of countries been "converted," and all to no purpose. We surmise that the present experiment will turn out the same way. Dr. Plunkett may be a learned man, but so was Usher; he may have plenty of funds, but so had Cromwell; the people may be poor and needy, but they were as much so two or three times before, and after all they preferred Romanism and rags, to Protestant truth in the best broadcloth.—*American Celt.*

SHOOTING A DESERTER.—The following particulars are from the *Leinster Express* of Saturday morning:—"The quiet village of Rosenallis, in the Queen's Co., was on Wednesday evening last 'frightened from its propriety,' by a shocking display of drunken brutality on the part of a private soldier of the 1st Royals, named Patrick Connolly. At about half-past four o'clock, Sergeant Waterson, Privates Henry Portlocke, William Chamberlaine, James Keenan, and Patrick Connolly, of the 1st Royals, reached the village already named, having in their custody a deserter of the Royal Artillery named Joseph Fitzsimons. They turned into a public-house for some refreshments, and being already 'well enough,' they became in a condition which induced their prisoner to calculate on a fair chance of escaping. He accordingly made the experiment. He was pursued by the sergeant and two of the privates. Being handcuffed, Fitzsimons was unable to jump over the walls, and he bolted into one of the yards of the village, where he was captured by his pursuers who had him sprawling under them on a dunghill when Connolly arrived, whose delay was owing to his advanced state of intoxication. On coming up, without any orders or provocation, he deliberately discharged his gun at Fitzsimons, wounding him in the side. The ball would have passed through the body, and been attended with immediate fatality, were it not that, being repelled by one of the ribs, it traversed the region of the hip. The Rosenallis police were immediately at the scene of bloodshed, made prisoners of the five soldiers, and had the wounded man removed to their barrack, where he still remains, under the care of Dr. Thornhill, of Mountmellick, who entertains but poor hopes of his survival. The sub-inspector of the district, Mr. Loche, being apprised of the circumstance, had the prisoners removed to Mountmellick, and kept under a guard.—On Thursday Messrs. Franks, R.M., Sabatier, and Croasdale attended for the purpose of inquiring into the transaction, which resulted in the committal of Patrick Connolly for trial to the next assizes of the Queen's County. Connolly was forthwith transmitted to the Maryborough gaol. The other soldiers were marched in, prisoners, to Maryborough on Friday evening, and given up to the officer in command of a detachment of the 62nd, in that town. These soldiers had been sent from Birr, to escort Fitzsimons from Maryborough to Athlone. The wounded man had been for some time back following the business of a rag-man, collector of fearthers, and vendor of small wares through the Rathdowney district of the Queen's County, where he intermarried into a family following that pursuit of life. About two months ago he was sentenced with his brother-in-law and another man, to two months' imprisonment, for having fraudulent beams and scales. Having had a falling out on the occasion with his wife and her relatives, in order to get rid of them he declared himself to the magistrates a deserter from the Royal Artillery. A communication to that effect having been made to the Horse Guards, the escort was ordered from Birr, to convey him to Athlone, last Wednesday, when the period of his imprisonment had expired."

TWO THOUSAND CONVICTS are at present confined at Spike Island Convict Depot, and Camden and Carlisle Forts. The convicts are not employed at usefull but at profitable labor, consisting of matmaking, tailoring, shoemaking, tinwork, carpentry, masonry, &c. Many of them are remarkably good artisans, who could have earned a profitable livelihood, if they had been honest outside the walls of a prison.

At the Cork police office on Wednesday last, a passenger agent (Mr. Mossell) was ordered to pay Catherine Murray the sum of £3 16s., besides her passage money, £5 12s., for having failed in his contract of procuring her passage to America.

At Malrow Petty Sessions, on Tuesday last, William Foley and Edmund Wall were held to bail, to answer a charge of conspiracy to rob George John Shinner, a retired sergeant major of the 88th Foot, or Connaught Rangers, by making him drink, and inducing him while in that state to sign certain documents by which Wm. Foley possessed himself of the lands of Cloughlucas, which had lately come into Shinner's possession.

The Cloughroe Mills are busily at work grinding wheat for the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

SPREAD OF CORRUPTION.

We select the following suggestive paragraphs from two provincial contemporaries of good authority:—

The *Limerick Chronicle* announces that "Thomas Doherty, son of Mr. Henry Doherty, Sligo, has been appointed through Mr. J. Sadlier, M.P., to a clerkship in the Long Room, Custom House, London."

The *Galway Vindicator* informs us that "The Income Tax Commissioners have taken a house in D'Olier street, Dublin, for their place of business. They commence with a staff of fourteen clerks, who will receive liberal remuneration for their services. Many appointments will be made through the country, of course, as tax gatherers. Amongst those who have already been appointed are several of Mr. O'Flaherty's friends in Galway."

We presume the recess will afford us innumerable similar occasions of observing the spread of corruption in the rotten districts of the country. Mr. Sadlier and his accomplices have expended the session in feathering their own nests. Now, however, and now the hour for their friends, allies, and supporters. Let applications therefore be urgent, and instant, and persevering—flood the post with correspondence, waylay their hall-doors—exhaust every margin of influence. There are certain influences whose sign manual is worth a tide-waitership certain. *Vigilum sup.*

And it is well understood that the honorable gentlemen have obtained unlimited facilities for rewarding their supporters. There is not a corrupt elector's friend in Athlone, or Sligo, or any other of their lairs, that they cannot provide for, if they please; so worry the honorable gentlemen, ye independent electors—worry them; because it is not out of gratitude, or for merit, that places are given—on the contrary—even Mr. Keogh ignores the classic apophthegm, *palam qui meruit ferat*, and only greases the palm that is never off the knocker of his lodging. Does it not stand to reason? Was it not by begging, and boring, and crawling of all kinds that they got their own places? And how else should they discover the proper qualities in their friends?—*Nation.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

DIOCESE OF LIVERPOOL.—A correspondent has favored us with the following interesting information respecting the progress of Catholicity in this diocese:—"When the present Bishop was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Lancashire District in 1840, there were in Liverpool five chapels and eleven Priests; but no convent or school. Now there are twelve churches, nearly forty priests, and five convents, all of which are more or less devoted to the great work of education.—*Cath. Standard.*

CHOLERA IN LIVERPOOL.—Three more deaths have occurred in this town. In all the cases the sufferers were poor German emigrants, recently arrived from the Continent, who, no doubt, brought the malady with them. The crowded state of the lodging-houses where they stay during their brief sojourn in Liverpool is engaging the serious attention of the authorities, and not before required.

SLANDERS ON CATHOLICITY UNDER THE GUISE OF TEETOTALISM.—PAISLEY, SEPT. 5.—We observed last week, by placards extensively posted throughout the town, that a Mr. S. B. Gough, a noted temperance advocate from America, was to deliver an oration on Monday night, the 29th ult., I, along with many other Catholics, attended, anxious to hear what he had to say in furtherance of the good cause, and, to our astonishment, instead of a teetotal lecture as we anticipated, it was a stupid tirade against the Catholics in general, not forgetting the Tuscan Government in reference to the Madriais. I think you have settled this question, and have proved to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced mind that their crime did not consist in merely reading the Bible, as our anti-Catholic orator averred. The lecturer went on to say—"I thank God that the Protestants of these countries are unanimous in their condemnation of such tyranny and persecution." Even France, and Louis Napoleon, did not escape his vituperation. The latter I suppose for the part he had taken against the robbers and infidels of Rome. He next complimented the sanctimonious gentlemen who surrounded him on the platform, for their piety and attachment to civil and religious liberty. Who are those trying to gain renown by impudently and fraudulently arrogating to themselves the title of being the sincere friends of civil and religious liberty? Not very long ago, one of these reverend gentlemen proposed a motion in the established Presbytery of Paisley, to petition the Government of the country to pass a law to banish the Catholics out of the British Island; but this motion appeared so monstrous, that notwithstanding the bigotry of his reverend friends, they voted against it. In conclusion, I beg to say that I understand Mr. Gough to have been invited to this country under the auspices of the London Temperance League; but in fact he should, in the service of the Protestant Evangelical Alliance, proceed as one of their itinerant preachers, to convert the "benighted Irish." The reason which induced me to write this letter was a hope that it will be a warning to the Catholic teetotalers of America (and I know that *The Telegraph* is appreciated in that country, as it is, and should be, by every Catholic who reads it,) and, at the same time, a caution to the Catholics of Ireland, and of the United Kingdom, not to attend such lectures as Mr. Gough's, to be insulted and slandered as we have been in Paisley.—*Correspondent of the Weekly Telegraph.*

THE "POOR MAN'S CHURCH"—APOSTOLIC BISHOPS AND SPORTING PARSONS.—At a meeting of the admirers of a Rev. Mr. Gladstone, who lately separated from the Church of England, and became minister of a free church, under the patronage of Sir Culling Eardley, at Torquay, the reverend gentleman is reported to have said—"The late Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Christmas Day before his death, gave to each of his forty-seven grand-children a thousand pounds each, and so this forty-seven thousand pounds paid no legacy duty to the country. (Hear, hear.) The late Archbishop of Canterbury died worth £120,000 in

personal property, besides his real estates, and yet he never left one sixpence to any charitable or benevolent purpose whatever, and that was how he cared for himself; the same of the archbishopal miser. (Hear, hear.) All this and hundreds more of such things he could tell them. He was not now speaking against the Church, but the corruption within her, which was most harrowing to the conscience. Out of the whole bench of bishops there was only one who gave a just return of his income. (Hear, hear.) Soon after the bishops got the majority in the Ecclesiastical Commission; £144,000 fell into their hands, which was intended to have been distributed for the benefit of the whole church. The question as to how it should be distributed was discussed, the first bishop, addressing the other, said—"My Lord, you want a new palace," and accordingly £24,000 was granted to build this new palace. Another said—"Brother, your stables are much dilapidated," and £8,000 was allowed for the new episcopal stables, and so it went on until £140,000 was distributed; then there was £4,000 left. "What shall we do with that?" was next asked; the bishops could not tell how to spend it; they had no use for it, and so it was handed over to the working clergy. (Hear, hear.)—*Western Times.*

At a dinner recently given to Mr. Gould, steward to Lord Poltimore—Mr. Gould proposed the health of the Rev. Mr. Russell, incumbent of Northampton, who had honored the company with his presence. The toast was cordially drunk, and the reverend gentleman, who is a celebrated fox hunter, was greeted on rising with loud cheers and "tally ho's." He returned thanks in a humorous speech; expatiated on the merits of Mr. Gould and his family; and tendered advice to young farmers, relative to matters of courtship, in sporting phraseology, which excited roars of laughter.—*Ibid.*

A ROW IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—A serious disturbance occurred on Sunday, at Smithwick, between a party of Methodists and several Mormonites. Preachers of both sects established themselves in the open air, close to each other, and mutually denounced their opponents' errors. From words they fell to blows, and after a contest in which the congregation joined, both parties took to flight.

There is another split in the Anglican church. A Society called "The Church Protestant Defence Association," headed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Marquis of Clanford, and other sublimated leaders of what is called "the Evangelical Party," have determined on sending forth an army of lay missionaries throughout England, not only to "pound texts," but to preach in the open air to all who will listen, and all who will not. This proceeding is "flat burglary" against the "Church," whose Bishops have made it a stringent rule, that all the preaching should be performed by the "regular hands"—the specially appointed parochial clergy. According to the plan of the evangelical bubble, merchants, tradesmen, clerks—in fact, men of any class who can snuffle a psalm, or misquote a text—are to "go forth" in the highways and bye-ways—a distinctive badge worn on their coats forming the credential to the people that they are the chosen of the society. This is the unkindest cut the "Church" has of late experienced—her disciples ignoring the apostolic authority of her fathers, the bishops, and, like a company of omnibus proprietors, sending out, "on their own hook," a cloud of proselytising cads, lettered and figured, to jostle the old stagers off the road. Parsondom, as an American might say, will surely require "no more barn" to make it "rise," after this.

A GHOST AT CHELSEA.—The neighborhood of the Fulham-road has been in a state of extraordinary excitement from the rumor that a supernatural apparition had thrown several persons into fits. The following is the story:—At No. 6, Pond-terrace, College-street, Chelsea, resides a family of the name of Ward. Ward's family consists of two sons, excavators, aged twenty-five and twenty-seven, and a daughter, aged seventeen. In the same house resides a family named Parsloe. On Thursday night, Emma Ward, upon going into her bed-room, saw the apparition and fainted away. Upon her brother James coming home he entered the same room, and was so terrified by the sight that he also fell into violent fits. The noise alarmed the lodgers, and Mrs. Parsloe, an elderly matron, opened the door, and she likewise went into fits, at the sight of the spectre. The eldest son, upon coming in and ascertaining how matters were, made up to the ghost and endeavored to clutch it; but, to his horror, although the spectre stood before him, he could feel nothing substantial, and he straightway followed the example of the preceding ghost-seers. His fits however, required several men to hold him down, and lasted hours. By this time hundreds of people were collected outside the house, and the policeman on the beat being informed that it was a ghost, most prudently deferred entering the house until he had a reinforcement. Having received the aid of three of his comrades in blue, an entry was made by bursting in the door. What they saw is not clearly known; but they audibly declared that they would not stay in the house for untold gold, and advised the inmates to leave the ghost in uninterrupted possession. Ward, sen., came in at this juncture, and stayed the emigration. By this time the streets were impassable, and hundreds of people were outside the house as late as five o'clock in the morning. This brought up another reinforcement of the blues, and although they remained and searched the premises in every direction, the most horrible moans and noises continued. The doors kept opening and slamming to without any visible agency. The noises still continue, and a nomadic preacher was on the premises yesterday to exorcise the spirit. The description of the spectre given by each of the witnesses is the same—a man with deathly features and snowy garments falling to the floor.—*Globe.* Mr. Robert Owen has received special intelligence respecting this apparition. He has written to the *Morning Post*:—"Sir—At four o'clock to-day I had, by appointment of the spirits of President Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, a seance of importance for an hour and a half, and afterwards at six o'clock, also by appointment, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, for an hour, after which I inquired if any other spirit was present, and Shelley, the poet, an old friend of mine, announced his presence and willingness to answer any questions, and the enclosed conversation occurred. I asked if it should be published, and he replied, 'Yes, and in the *Morning Post.*' He also wished myself and the two mediums who were present to accompany him to see this spirit to-morrow at five o'clock. It will, I think, interest the public.—Yours truly, Robert Owen." "I inquired of the spirit of Shelley if the ghost in Pond-terrace is a spirit from the spirit world, and he says that he is. I asked of what family? The spirit of

Shelley replied, 'Of the family of Ward.' I then asked, 'Do you know what the spirit wishes?' 'Yes; to make mediums.' 'In what way?' 'Because we want to convince them that spirits wish to communicate with their earthly friends.' 'From what sphere is this spirit?' 'From the fourth sphere.' All this was obtained by the alphabet.—R. O." A correspondent writing to a contemporary states the real facts of the case:—"In the house, 6, Pond-terrace, there lived a young man of the name of James Ward, who is subject to fits, which, when he is attacked, bring on certain delusions, and hence the report. This was the first fit he had for the last four years. The only constables who visited the room where the man in question was lying were Acting-sergeant Wright, 39 F., and Constable Rice, 248 B., who state that they never saw anything but the unfortunate sufferer." The landlord of the house confirms this statement.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND.

This important inquiry, which commenced on Tuesday week is still proceeding, and the disclosures of each day add some new phase of cruelty to this revelation of horrors. We shall abstain from any comment on the evidence, excepting where the facts are not disputed, and we resume our analysis by referring to the case of Andrews, whose suicide in April last gave rise to the inquiry.

It appears from the evidence that this boy, who was 15 years of age, had been thrice in prison—once for garden robbing, once for throwing stones, and again for stealing a piece of beef. According to the admission of the governor, his manner was "not disrespectful;" the chaplain said he was a "mild, quiet, docile boy;" and Brown, the warden, admits that he was "quiet and respectful." This boy was put to labor upon the crank, having to make 10,000 turns a day, the weight of the crank being nominally 5lb., but in reality 15lb.—a weight too great for the strength of a robust laborer. This confessedly docile lad, not having performed his impossible task, was sentenced to bread and water, and for shouting and breaking his crank he was punished with the strait waistcoat, in addition to the deprivation of his regular food. As this jockey figures rather prominently in the inquiry, it may be well to say that it is a linen garment, into which the arms are thrust, and is fastened by a series of straps behind; a strong leather belt is passed over the arms, restraining them as if they were pinned, and fastened to the wall. Round the neck is buckled a leather collar, 3½ inches in depth, a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the edges unbound. Upon this the chin is supported. In this pillory, with the straps so tight that the chaplain could not insert his finger between the leather and the skin, this "docile" lad was placed time after time for several hours together, according to Brown's statement and Freer's confirmation, drenched with water to keep him from fainting, or "shamming," as it seems to be the fashion, from the justices downwards, to consider and designate every struggle of nature against the physical and mental tortures of the system. While in this condition, famished with hunger, and shouting with pain, and fainting, or affecting to faint (he could not drop, for his head was too secure for that), Freer affords him relief by dashing buckets of water over him, and allowing him to stand in the wet. When released from this torture he is again placed upon the crank, to do what Mr. Heaton calls "the work of a quarter of a horse." With a famished stomach, and enfeebled with the restraint and privation of preceding punishment, he is of course, unable to do the work, and is left in the cell in the dark, to labor at his dreary task. One punishment alternates with another, until the mind and body are prostrated, and at last he "carries the shank too far," and seeks escape in self-murder. And be his destiny what it may, it can scarcely be worse than that from which he so "inconsiderately" freed himself. But it appears that not only were those punishments administered, but some of them were wholly without cause, as the entries in the crank-book show that the lad sometimes performed more than his task. Nevertheless, the punishments go on, until, irritated by a sense of injustice, famished with hunger, pained and tortured by the jacket and Mr. Freer's universal restorative, cold water, his strength overtaxed by the crank labor, his bed and light taken from him, and over him the threat of further punishment hanging, he risks himself of life as the preferable alternative. Will anybody but the surgeon say that the lad's death was not the direct and necessary result of this aggregation of torture?

This is the last of the six cases upon which the home office was memorialised, but as the inquiry proceeds, a considerable number of others equally gross present themselves. We shall refer to one or two. A man named Hunt, who was not of very sound mind, so palpably insane that even the surgeon admits he had some doubt about his perfect sanity, is ordered by the governor to be put in the strait jacket for some offence not specified. The governor, the surgeon, and three warders are present. Naturally enough, the man did not relish the punishment, and he expressed his irritation of his sense of pain, by shouting. This gross insubordination in the presence of the governor could not be tolerated, and must be prevented. With an abstinence singularly remarkable, there was no gag in the gaol, so the governor or the surgeon, or both, ordered salt to be brought, and as the poor half-crazed man shouted, these two gentlemen amused themselves for ten minutes by stuffing his mouth with salt. We have assumed this to be true, for though the surgeon "does not remember it," and the governor is not very positive in his denial, three warders who were present, one of whom fetched the salt, another received some of the salt on his face as the prisoner spat it out, confidently assert that the fact is as we have stated. If this be true, it eclipses any scene in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, those in which Legree figures are not excepted.

The case of Webb, a lad 15 years of age, is a fitting pendant to the foregoing. It appears that he has committed the offence of saying "good by" to a fellow prisoner, and for this he was strapped to the wall—legs, arms, and head fastened in the infernal machine. He had eight ounces of bread a day; his humane gaoler fed him with this, bit by bit, as if he had been a beast, and he ate it the best way he could. Not a drop of water accompanied this meal. He was put upon the crank at 6 in the morning, and remained till 10 at night, and then, by way of relief, he was strapped in the jacket all night. It is due to the governor to say that this treatment was unknown to him, but how it was indited without his knowledge does not clearly appear. It is not surprising that the commissioners should depart from their abstinence from comment, and characterise the treatment of the lad as "monstrous and diabolical."—*Birmingham Journal.*