

THE THREATENED FAMINE IN THE WEST.—The Rev. Patrick Lyons, P.P. of Spiddal, Co. Galway, writes to the Connaught Patriot:—“The extent of this parish is fifteen miles, having a population of about 4,000 persons, and their whole and only food is the potato—the one-third of which only is safe. There were six hundred acres of potatoes planted in the parish, the produce of four hundred of which is lost to the poor, and on the produce the remainder for the support of the people, who essentially require the whole return of the six hundred acres for their sustenance during the year. The people here are very peculiarly circumstanced. They never consume any of their corn for food, as this is the only means specially set apart for the landlord's rent, which they are scrupulously desirous to meet. We are fortunately blessed with good, indulgent, and humble landlords, who will do what they can to alleviate the distress of their tenants. Among them is Mr. Comyn, of Woodstock, who is proprietor of a very large portion of the parish. The evil consequences arising from the failure of the potato crop ought not to be left to landlord benevolence. The Government of the country should take a very active part in saving the people from an inevitable famine. The following letter has been published in the Mayo Telegraph:—“Kilmeena, Westport. Sir—Scarcity of fuel, loss of potatoes, debts for guano, for meal and seed, and rapidly diminishing stock of all kinds will, before Christmas, make it impossible for a large portion of the small farmers of Mayo to support themselves. Unhappily, nothing can be more certain, and there is no time to be lost in ascertaining the probable extent of the coming evil, and in determining what steps should be taken to saddle the entire cost of such calamity upon the shoulders of those landlords whose tenants are about to become paupers. In England the poor-law is not called upon to make provision for multitudes of men and women brought to destitution by landlord injustice, neglect, or tyranny. The reverse is the case in Ireland. How long will Irish farmers submit to wholesale spoliation? If landlords will not fence and drain the lands of small tenants, and if they obstinately withhold legal security for such improvements as effected by the tenants themselves, it is absurd to suppose that the people of this country can ever be independent of the precarious crop on which they have hitherto relied. Turnips cannot be advantageously grown in lazy beds; nor can grass seeds (to recruit the soil) be sown in land which is sour with wet; neither can the green crops, when grown, be turned into beef, mutton, or bacon, unless suitable buildings are erected. The small tenants are not likely to be so mad as to effect improvements which (so great is the prevalent injustice towards them) might at any time bring about their own eviction or an increase of rent: consequently potatoes, oats—potatoes, oats—in endless repetition, are fast exhausting the soil, which will soon be barren, or cease to yield a crop worth tilling even if the land were rent free. The certain exhaustion of the soil is progressing at a rate fearful to contemplate, and the use of artificial manures on unimproved lands is only hastening the approach of the evil day. If landlord neglect has made men paupers, it is right that the exclusive cost of maintaining such pauperised tenants shall be borne by those who, up to the last hour of their tenants' solvency, derived benefit from them. Small farmers and large farmers are all interested in securing a speedy settlement of the land question, and should at once meet and determine upon action. They have a most just cause. If well directed they will certainly triumph in England. If they will not at once exert themselves manfully, the small tenants will soon perish out of the land.—Your obedient servant, “J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.”

The Daily Express publishes letters from gentlemen residing in the county of Mayo, denying the reports of famine in that district, and remarks:—“The oat crop in Mayo is in a fair condition, and there are no complaints of the yield. Wheat has suffered most, except the hay, which has been got up in the worst possible condition, owing to the heavy rains and the floods in many districts. On the whole, even in Mayo, from which the cry of famine has come, there is no room for despondency. The rents are being paid with the usual regularity. The haggards are pretty full of corn. There has been no undue sale of stock at reduced prices, as there would be if the owners were in want of food. In the local affairs the prices of stock has been rather advancing than declining. And—what is most important—the average number of paupers in the County Mayo workhouses last week was less than in the corresponding period last year.”

What does this negative evidence weigh against the fact that the potato crop has failed, and against the positive evidence of the Archbishop of Tuam, that there is not food enough to feed the poor through the winter? ENGLISH VIEWS OF IRISH HISTORY.—The weakest and most inconclusive reasoning which presents itself to us in these days is that by which Englishmen endeavour to show the moral fitness of their dominion over Ireland. It is almost amusing to examine it, test it by English arguments on similar cases, and so explode it into fragments. It is exceedingly easy to hunt the Englishman through every twist and turn of his argument on Ireland, and confront him every now and then with a bar of own his logic, escape from which must be a very awkward and ungraceful operation. His discourses on Italy, on Hungary, on Poland, stand in his way; his lofty pronouncements in favour of nationality and popular rights stop him short, and compel him to creep and wriggle, turn back and go round about, and perform quite a number of extraordinary evolutions. These difficulties must arise to a nation which preaches what it does not practice—which is an advocate of the independence of people who claim to be freed from any yoke except its own, and a hater of every tyranny, excepting that which is imposed by itself. The endeavour of the Russian Government to “Russianise” Poland is exposed in the British press and eloquently condemned—but the English government endeavours to Anglicise Ireland; why is not that condemned also? The attempt of Austria to assimilate Hungary to her imperial system is reprobated—why is not the attempt of England to imperialise Ireland denounced in similar terms? England declares that every people have a right to choose their own rulers and form of Government—why, then, does she not allow the Irish people to establish the form of Government which they desire? It is the people of a country themselves, she says, and not those who rule them, who are to decide whether they are well governed or not, and if the people are of opinion that they are not well governed, they have a perfect right to throw off the yoke. These are principles, says the Times which have been too often admitted by Europe to be any longer questioned. Yet mark what the Times has said of Ireland when a clear majority of her people were pronouncing the existing form of English rule in this country an oppression, and demanding nothing more than a modification of it:—“Repeat must not be argued with. Here the Union gall it must be maintained. Ireland may have England as her sister, or her subjugator. This is our ultimatum.” Could O'Connell or Kaiser have spoken language more tyrannical? It was that of the British Government. To back up those words they got their soldiers under arms, and pointed their cannon on the scene of an intended repeal meeting in 1843. In that spirit, do they still repeat their conduct towards Ireland, even while—oh! gentle—of honour and consistency—oh! gentle—of Liberty—even while they are trumpeting in our ears and in the ears of all the world, the right of every people to choose their own rulers.—Dublin Nation.

- BATTALION OF ST. PATRICK.—Decorations, as undetermined, have been conferred on the soldiers whose names are appended, and brought from Rome by Lieut. D'Arcy. Applications for the decorations should be addressed to Major O'Reilly, or Lieut. D'Arcy, 20 Fownes street, Dame street, Dublin:—
- CROSS OF ST. GREGORY.
 - Lieutenant Michael Luther Perugia
 - CROSS OF ST. SYLVESTER.
 - Sergeant Thomas Lyons Perugia
 - Private James Doran do
 - “ James Ryan do
 - “ Philip Kirwan do
 - “ Thomas Kirwin do
 - “ Michael Smith do
 - “ Michael Sommers do
 - Sergeant Daniel Donovon Spoleto
 - “ James Coyne do
 - “ Richard Wall do
 - Corporal Patrick Lucy do
 - “ Michael Hyde do
 - Private Richard O'Hill do
 - “ Patrick O'Shea do
 - “ John Reardon do
 - “ James Connor do
 - “ Michael Stapleton do
 - “ Andrew Daly do
 - Sergeant-Major Thomas Parker Castlefardo
 - Sergeant John Kirwan do
 - Private Matthew Mackenna do
 - “ James Lynch do
 - Sergeant John White Ancona
 - Corporal Dolan do
 - Private—Nolan do
 - “ Murphy, Sixth Company do
 - “ Patrick Nevin do
 - “ Andrew O'Beirne do
 - “ Peter Murphy do
 - “ Michael Murphy do
 - “ John Byrne do
 - “ Ryan do

There is something which at first sight appears remarkable in the fact that in a Catholic country, and in the face of the law, Orangism can not only exist but carry on its disgraceful orgies. It can insult and terrify. An Act of Parliament cannot prevent the demonstrations with which it outrages the feelings of a Catholic population; the tribunals cannot punish the ruffian whose hand is red with innocent blood. Yet, after all, the explanation of these anomalies is not only not difficult to find, but lies on the surface. “Packed juries” is a very simple and very comprehensive mode of solving the difficulty. Throughout Ulster Catholics are struggling steadily and manfully to overthrow the Protestant ascendancy which so long kept them in the dust. They have in a certain degree done so. They have fought their way to wealth and position; their numbers now exceed those of the Protestants and Presbyterians together. Why then should they be at a disadvantage, it may be asked? Because almost every office of power, every place of trust, is still in the hands of their enemies. When using the term “enemy” we do not mean to signify Protestant or Presbyterians, but just the Orange portion of these sects. It is not as religionists Catholics regard those sectaries as foes. It is only where they become imbued with the hateful and intolerant spirit of Orangism, whose avowed object is the downfall of Popery, and whose daily practice is insult and injury to its professors. This horrible organization is spread over the entire province of Ulster. Respectable Protestants have withdrawn from it, and blush at its association with their creed. They, however, we need not say, form but an insignificant minority. A large number have for the sake of exterior respectability ceased ostensibly to belong to it, but their sympathies are with it. And this is the class by whom perhaps the most mischief is done. It is from this class are drawn magistrates who see white in the plainest black; witnesses who have an ever ready alibi to prove; sheriffs who know the bent of mind of every man upon the jury list, and make judicious selection accordingly. This is the class which raises a defensive rampart around the guiltiest scoundrel that batters a Catholic chapel, or fire into an unarmed crowd. The recognized member of the body is after all only the open ruffian; the official whose name is not upon its lists, but who serves it in every foul project, is the most dangerous enemy to the safety of Catholics and to the peace of the community. It is by the existence of such a class, holding all the important positions, that the packing of benches and juries is explained. Every body knows the impossibility of convicting an Orangeman. Let his guilt be as palpable as it is mischievous, he can come to no harm. If by chance the influence of the Stipendiary Magistrate can so far shame or overcome the local bench as to induce them to go through the farce of returning informations, the good-natured Sub-Sheriff takes care that the accused shall be encouraged by the sight of a number of friendly faces amongst his jurors. While the Crown Counsel is solemnly setting forth the nature of his offence, a victorious wink from the box of his judges will prevent him from any feeling of uneasiness as to the consequences of his little escapade. Though his sins be as red as scarlet, a washing in Orangism will make them whiter than snow. For him there is no cord nor penal servitude—his brethren in the box take good care of that. So long as this state of things exists it is quite manifest that Orangism is impervious to attack. Parliament may pass laws as stringent as it likes, but the most embittered Catholic could desire, and they will be but as waste paper. Until this stronghold is destroyed, the impunity of Orangemen remains a curse to the country.—Cork Examiner.

Our readers may not possibly recollect, that at a period not remote, a Catholic Priest could not officiate in Ireland at the burial of the deceased members of his own flock, in the old parish church yard. To remedy this abomination to some extent, the late Lord Plunkett introduced what he called “The Easement of Burial Bill,” and its provisions show how heavily the loins of the Protestant Establishment had pressed upon the Irish Catholics, for it was absolutely treated as a great boon conferred upon them that a Parson might, if he thought proper, grant a written permission to the latter to perform the Burial Service at the grave of a deceased Catholic according to the Catholic Ritual. After 1829 this wonderful piece of liberal legislation became generally a dead letter, the Catholic Relief Act being supposed to have removed the disability which Easement of Burial Act was intended to modify. But it appears from the subjoined letter, that there are yet Irish Parsons foolish enough to remind the Irish people and their Clergy that an alien Establishment still flourishes among them, to insult while it fleeces them:—

“Inchicough House, Bantry, Oct. 7, 1861.
“Rev. Sir,—I received a note from you on the 5th instant, in reference to a recent act of my ministry, performed at the funeral of the late Mr. Edward White. Your information upon the subject is quite correct. I did read the burial service upon that occasion; I read it, as you know, without any application to you, in writing or otherwise, for permission so to do; and, worst of all, I read it, having at the time a full knowledge of the law to which you call my attention, and of which you furnish a copy, no doubt, for my future guidance. Now, as you have obligingly undertaken to enlighten me on a point of law, permit me to inform you of a plain matter of fact, of which you do not appear to be cognisant—Protestant ascendancy is dead and gone! It is a thing of the past; all the penal provisions for its maintenance shared its fate, although some still deform the Statute Book by their presence in the letter. In the year 1829, Sir Robert Peel, then Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, conspired in an unhonoured grave. Bigots may mourn over it, may seek to call back its spirit to a noxious vitality; but they

fall always. The common sense of all right thinking men is against them; and their task is hopeless, and it is without profit. It will, therefore, be quite time for you to volunteer a readiness to afford me every facility for the exercise of my ministry, when I solicit the favour at your hands. If I want, at any time, power beyond these which I already possess I apply to my lawful ecclesiastical superiors, to whom I have promised and will ever pay obedience and reverence. You will not be surprised to learn that the newly-appointed, and consequently inexperienced if not indiscreet, Vicar of Bantry, is not of their number. It is, of course, open to you to watch my next violation of this notable statute, and then to take proceedings against me, for the infliction of such penalty as the law awards. Or, perhaps a calmer judgment will induce you to imitate the example of your estimable and respected predecessor, the Rev. John Murphy. You may yet be convinced, as he was, that it is wiser and more Christian-like to conciliate those who differ from you in religion, than to exasperate them by asserting technical and worthless claims.—I have the honor to be, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant.
“GEORGE SHREHAN, P.P., V.F., Canon.
“The Rev. R. B. Faulkner.”

EXPLOSION AT BALLINCOLLIG POWDER MILLS.—Cork, Oct. 23.—One of the powder mills at Ballincollig blew up at 11.30 this morning and five men were killed. The explosion was distinctly heard in this city.—Cork Herald.—The building that blew up was a small wooden house in the western part of the works, and was situated on the same site as that which blew up in August, in 1859, though used for a different purpose—that of a pressing mill. Three of the bodies were found, fearfully mutilated; but the other two had not been found, and it is supposed they were in the canal, which was being searched. The quantity of powder in the house at the time was but small.—Cork Examiner.

APPREHENDED FAMINE IN IRELAND.—ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY.—Public opinion has, we believe, at last very nearly arrived at the conclusion that whatever increases the welfare of Ireland must add to that of England. The time has nearly gone by when it was deemed to be an evil done to this country to expend public money at the other side of the other side of Irish Channel. Still, we have recently seen the strange anomaly of a refusal to grant means to perfect the harbour of Galway—one amongst the finest in the United Kingdom—whilst more than a million has been already spent, very doubtfully indeed, in trying to make a perfect harbour at Holyhead. The latter enormous outlay is unquestioned, although it may be said it is solely for effecting facile communication with Ireland, while a harbour in Ireland, to facilitate the transit of the mails across the Atlantic for the benefit of the whole community, is deemed to be unworthy of public outlay. And its but a few months since the Times led, and the majority of the press followed, in crying down the grant of a postal subsidy, because the packets to be subsidised sailed from a port in Ireland. Still, notwithstanding, we are happy to say that public opinion vanquished the general press on the latter occasion; therefore the proof that the change we speak of has to a great extent already taken place, and there could scarcely be better evidence of sound judgment. England and Ireland should be either totally separated, or one in all things. In our judgment the worst policy that could be pursued is to speak or think of her otherwise than as part and parcel of ourselves. She should be bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Perhaps there could scarcely be presented to this country a more desirable opportunity than the present for proving its sound sense, and rendering what O'Connell would call “justice to Ireland” but what we shall call “justice to England.”—From the (London) Limited Liability Company's Journal.

The Inspectors-General of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland (Drs. Nugent and Hatchell) have just published their annual report, which gives a very satisfactory account of the results of the improved methods of treating the insane. It appears that the number of persons more or less afflicted with mental disease still at large in Ireland is 7,120. Of these 5,469 are idiotic, and 1,651 are insane. Idiocy prevails more among males than females, the number of the former being 3,148, and of the latter 2,321. Among lunatics the difference is not so great, the numbers being 866 males and 785 females. There are 2,534 lunatics and epileptics in workhouses. During the years 1860 and 1861 the number admitted into the district asylums is 2,575, of whom the large proportion of 1,201 have been completely restored to health. The average number under treatment has been 8,411. The proportion of recoveries on the whole number admitted is about 47 per cent.; on the whole number under treatment it is 14.27. The reason of the difference is that those patients who are really curable are restored, under judicious treatment, in the course of the first three or four months, if they are admitted in time. If not, these cases are almost hopeless. Where the origin of the disease is known, it is traced to hereditary transmission in 37 per cent. of the cases. The hereditary mental taint gradually wears out by intermixture of blood. Among married lunatics wives are more numerous than husbands. More than half the insane—56 per cent.—are uneducated. The report states that more cases of insanity occurred in Ulster in two months during the late Revival movement, than had taken place in the year. “Religious excitement” is assigned as the cause of insanity in 97 males and 86 females, but it is observable that, though religious excitement was the cause of the breaking down of the mind, the mania is not generally religious. The patient does not rave about religious subjects, but about matters totally different. The religious excitement, like any other violent epidemic excitement, caused the mind to give way in its weakest point; whatever that might have been. “Intemperance and irregularity of life” were the causes of the disease in 241 males and 82 females.—Times.

ANDREW THE WARRIOR.—One of the stokers, a grim-faced man, who paced about moodily, and with an air of suffering under not being permitted to set the ship going, rubbed spitefully at furnace door handles, and here came forward and volunteered information in a pained and hurt sort of way. The engine represented, he said, a force little short of 6,000 horses. A big man could pass, not only up and down the main steam pipe and its branches into the cylinders, but also through the passages of the side valves into the condensers. The Warrior had ten boilers, and each boiler was fed by four furnaces. Every boiler had 440 tubes. The piston weighed no less than 13 tons, and the stroke was four feet, the number of revolutions being 50 a minute. The steam shaft was one great piece of malleable iron, 30 feet long and 20 inches in diameter, and weighed about 20 tons. The ship consumed 125 tons of coal every 24 hours. After this second heavy dose of scientific facts, Master Gunner started me again on a fresh tour, up all sorts of shiny iron stairs, and along all sorts of iron-gated passages. Now I found myself in a sort of small ballroom, traversed by a great shaft of iron—now in a dark hall, studded on either side with 20 furnaces. Sailors were working up and down the stairs, mechanics were fitting up tables in the officers' cabins, marines were tagging at gun-carriages; every one was busy, for the vessel was soon to be off to Portsmouth, and thence to start in search of a storm, in order to test her sea-going powers. Going to look for a tempest! What a young Titan it must be, whose infant amusement it is to go looking for a tempest!—Dickens' All the Year Round.

HOW THEY STAND WESTWARDS.—The number of emigrants going off in the American-bound vessels was an interesting matter to us Irish, till very lately. If you read the papers now the item that will interest you is the number of Irish coming home. Every vessel lands an average of some two hundred on the Irish shores. If this goes on our consuls will present large returns this time ten years.—Irishman.

SPAIN AND IRELAND.—A telegram states that “a deputy of the Spanish Cortes, who has been travelling in Ireland with two ex-ministers, writes to Madrid to say that, owing to the distress in Ireland, it would be easy to obtain 100,000 laborers for railway works in Spain, and that, as they would be all Catholics, they might be employed without any danger of religious perturbation.” If Irishmen must still emigrate, and that occupation could be found for them in Spain, there is no part of the world in which they should be more willing to make their home. We hope the Deputy of the Cortes will develop his scheme for the employment of Irish labourers, and acquaint us of this country with its details.—Nation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

RIFLED ORDINANCE.—The competitive trials at Shoeburyness of the rifled 32-pounder service guns have been brought to a close by the Ordnance Select Committee without any very satisfactory results. At the final trial Lancaster's (oval bore), which had previously fired about 90 rounds, stood the 57 competitive rounds without serious wear, but every shell had to be rammed down with a heavy metal rammer by two or three men, and several were cracked or broke up in firing. Scott's (three groove conical bore) had already stood 300 rounds, but this gun burst at the 10th round from a flaw in the bore. Hadden's (elliptical three groove), which had fired 130 rounds, was cracked at the next after 50 rounds. Jeffrey's (five groove segmental bore) had fired 50 rounds, and stood the 57 rounds without apparent injury. Britten's (seven square groove) had fired 300 rounds, and stood the final trial, but all the grooves show considerable wear. Armstrong's improved shunt gun burst at the 45 round. The gun rifled upon the French plan (three groove) was rendered unserviceable after 42 rounds.—The Lancaster and Armstrong shells fit tight; Scott's centres against the groove, but allows a windage of about 1/12th of an inch; the others have more or less windage, Britten's as much as 1/7th which greatly reduces the strain on the gun. With two degrees of elevation Scott's and Lancaster's and Jeffrey's ranged 1,100 yards, Hadden's 900, Armstrong's 1,000, and Britten's varied from 750 to 1,050 yards. The simple iron shells of Lancaster, Scott, and Hadden have less wearing effect on the bore, require no covering such as the others necessitate, and the velocities at effective breeching distance appear to be decidedly in favour of the simple iron projectile. The trials have been conducted under the superintendence of the Select Committee, whose report will be looked for with much anxiety, as the Whitworth and Armstrong heavy guns, as well as the service guns tested at Shoeburyness, have all failed to answer the expectations of the inventors, and none of them appear to be calculated to meet the requirement of the navy.

We may thank God that English bigots and Irish Orangemen cannot make laws, and are forced to content themselves with fraud and trickery, or with secret acts of individual intimidation; for, beyond a doubt, they want nothing but the power to exercise towards us all the severity of the Russian law towards the Catholics of Poland. They must at this moment be filled with envy at seeing the ease with which Persigny has overthrown the organisation of the Societies of St. Vincent of Paul. All this we owe, under God, to our political freedom. If England were under the political system which now exists either in France or in Russia, a legal persecution of the Catholic Church would infallibly follow in a fortnight.—Weekly Register.

CRIME IN LONDON.—Dr. Croly asserts, on good authority, that there are in the metropolis 16,000 children trained to crime, 15,000 men living by low gambling, 50,000 by constant thieving, 5,000 receivers of stolen goods, and 150,000 men and women subsisting by other disgraceful means. There are not fewer than 25,000 beggars. So that there are more than 250,000 persons in the London district, of all ages and sexes, who prey up the honest and industrious part of the community.

CRIBLINE IN EXETER-HALL.—I have applied for some reserved seats for the oratorio of “Elijah” both at Mr. Mitchell's and at Mr. Sam's libraries, and was told there are none to be had. On inquiry I ascertained the somewhat amusing fact that nearly 400 seats have been sacrificed to—cribline! The hall holds 3,000 seats, of sixteen inches each; but the present fashion requires eighteen, and reduces the number of sittings by 370 or 375. When Handel produced his “Messiah” for the benefit of a charity in Dublin, the managers are reported to have requested the ladies to dispense with hoops for the occasion. Might not the precedent be followed on the 22d, to enable a greater number of persons to witness the wondrous performance, and to add nearly £400 to the charities in aid of which Madame Lind Goldschmidt has consented once more to leave her retirement.—“Musical” in Times.

FANATICISM AND CREDULITY.—The fanaticism of certain classes in England against “Popery and Popery” is equalled only by the astounding credulity with which they allow themselves to be duped by every knave and adventurer who comes to tell them that he is a “convert from Popery,” or an exile banished by Popish king or pontiff. Scoundrels of this kind have been as thick as blackberries in England, and they have made a fine harvest on the folly of the dull-witted Anglo-Saxon. Exposures of their successful rascality are made every day; but the clever and plausible rogues find English dupes as plentiful as ever. They are especially successful amongst the women. The latest case of this kind was that of a fellow named Colucci, a “distinguished political exile of course”—latest but not the worst. He captivated the heart of an elderly lady, named Johnstone, very rich and foolish. She wrote the most outrageous love-letters to him, and he got cleverly at her purse-strings. At last, discovering him to be the blackguard he was, she broke with him, and demanded back her love-letters. He said he would return them if she gave him two thousand pounds, and intimated that, if she would not, he would expose her. She gave the money; and he sent her what purported to be a packet of letters. When the packet was opened it was found to contain nothing but scraps of waste paper. The silly woman had the courage, at last, to tell the police; and here is the issue:—“Vincent Colucci, described as an Italian artist, a man about 48 years of age, was indicted in London, for fraudulently, and by means of false pretences, obtaining £1,900 from Miss Frederika Johnstone, under promise of returning certain love-letters which he had in his possession belonging to that lady. The prisoner pleaded “Not guilty.” Miss Johnstone, who appears to be nearly 50 years of age, was examined at great length. She was allowed to be seated. Miss Johnstone underwent a lengthened cross-examination. Mr. Montague Chambers, with Mr. Sergeant Parry, prosecuted, and Mr. Keane is counsel for the accused. The Lord Chief Baron having summed up, the jury retired, and, after an absence of less than five minutes, returned with a verdict of “Guilty.” The Lord Chief Baron then sentenced the prisoner to three years' penal servitude. Those who remember the infamous doings of Achilli and other scoundrels, will, probably, suspect that there are plenty of other “distinguished converts and exiles” of that school, in London, who deserve worse than what this fellow Colucci has got.—Irishman.

UNITED STATES.

Col. Montgomery, a clergyman, commanding a Federal regiment now serving under Sturgis in Missouri, recently said to a New York journalist, “If our boys thought that this war had any other object than to give freedom to the slave, they would every one go home to-morrow.”

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND MR. THORLOW WEED.—We cut the following from the New York Advertiser:—“Mr. Thorlow Weed announces that his intended visit to Europe is entirely of a private character. With respect to Archbishop Hughes, we incline, for good and sufficient reasons, to the belief that he has gone out with diplomatic powers, and that his mission is mainly to the governments of France and Spain; and that the object of his mission is far more intimately connected with the position, present or prospective, of Mexico than with our own domestic affairs.”

A Kentucky Confederate recently boasted that he had killed forty Union men with his own hands. He was caught a short time since, says the Oswego Times (without one word of reproach), by a party of Union men, who deliberately proceeded to bayonet him in different parts of his body not likely to result mortally, until he had a bayonet stab for each victim he had slain. When he had thirty-nine wounds on his person, and still living, a bayonet was plunged into his heart, and he died. He was left tied to the tree until the body was removed by his own friends.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY BY A CATHOLIC OLDSKYMAN.—The precession of the equinoxes was discovered by Hipparchus, about 2,000 years ago. Since then, and particularly in modern times, the greatest astronomers and mathematicians have endeavored to account for this strange phenomenon; but with little satisfaction to themselves or to others. Sir Isaac Newton started the hypothesis, that the precession arises from the attraction of sun and moon on the accumulating matter at the equator of the earth. A learned astronomer says of this hypothesis as follows: “To determine the quantity of precession from the action of the sun, has been a problem much agitated among modern mathematicians. There is no doubt of Newton's mistake in the solution of it, nor of the disagreement of other mathematicians generally in this point. In short, Newton's hypothesis has not only deluded himself, but has been the cause of keeping up the delusion in others.” The Rev. Jas. McNaughten has discovered, after three months hard study, that the precession can be satisfactorily accounted for by the correct knowledge of the earth's motion on axis and in orbit, without any hypothesis whatever. Further, that the correct knowledge of the precession will be of vital influence in all calculations, of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, of the diurnal motion of the earth, of the motion in orbit, of the motion of the earth's poles and equator in the sidereal heavens, and of the earth's motion in what was called the great or Platonic year, but what he calls the great day. The result of his studies will no doubt be a boon of incalculable value to astronomers, as they will apply to all the planets. He intends, we are assured, to lay the whole, as soon as properly arranged, before a learned and discerning public. Pikesville, Feast of St. Luke, Oct. 18, 1861.

THE TWO GENERALS.—The special correspondent of the Times gives the following portraits of the two Generals—Beauregard and McClellan:—

“When I had the pleasure of conversing with General McClellan for the first time he asked me several questions, with evident interest and friendly curiosity—not unusual on the part of Generals in reference to their antagonists—respecting General Beauregard. In this case there was all the more reason for such inquiries in the fact that they were old fellow-students and class mates. To my mind there is something of resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. They are both squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. Beauregard, indeed, is lean and thin-ribbed; McClellan is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to embonpoint, subdued by incessant exercise. Beauregard sleeps little; McClellan's temper requires a full share of rest; both are spare and Spartan in diet, studious, quiet. Beauregard is rather saturnine, and, if not melancholic, is of a grim gaiety; McClellan is genial, even in his reserve. The density of the hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisiana Creole tint, while McClellan is fair-complexioned. Beauregard has a dull student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from its formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner—not hauteur, but a folding-armed, meditative sort of air, which seems to say, “Don't disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements.” McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, crafty, and astute; McClellan is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressionable. Beauregard is a thorough soldier; McClellan may prove he is a great general. The former only looks to military consequences and disregards popular manifestations; the latter respects the opinions of the outer world, and sees political as well military results in what he orders. They are both the creatures of accident, so far as their present positions are concerned. It remains to be seen if either can control the current of events, and if in either the artilleryman or the cavalry officer of the old United States' army there is the stuff around which history is moulded, such as that of which the artilleryman of Brienne, and the leader of the Ironsides was made. SPECIMENS OF YANKEE TELEGRAPH DESPATCHES NOW-A-DAYS!

Bunkumtown, Oct. 22.

A terrific battle was fought here to-day, between one million rebels, under Gen. Fire-eater, and one hundred national troops under General Go-in. The rebels were entrenched behind four miles of frowning masked batteries, mounting no less than two thousand rifled cannon, which had been s'olen by that arch fiend, Floyd. The battle commenced before breakfast and raged with unabated fury for nineteen hours. At least a million and a half of rebels were left dead on the field. Generals Beauregard, Jefferson Davis, and Ben. McCulloch were among the slain. Their bodies have been preserved in whiskey. It was an awful sight—a sight never equalled in the bloody annals of horrid war.—An enormous amount of plunder fell into our hands. We took all the enemy's arms and cannon. Only one man on our side was slightly wounded, and that was by a ten inch ball near the small of the back, a little lower than the region of the sphincter ani. The moral effect of this victory will endure for ages.

SECOND DESPATCH.

Bunkumtown, Oct. 23.

It is now believed that the strength of the rebels was slightly overrated in our first despatch concerning the great battle fought yesterday, 20 miles from this place. It is now ascertained that the whole force of the enemy consisted of three regiments, and the most of them only half full. On our side there were the Ninety-Ninth Regiment of New York Plugs, the One Hundred and Thirtieth and One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiments of Bull Runners, the First and last New Jersey Terribles, the Pennsylvania Scalliwags, besides artillery, cavalry and Zouaves. Our force slowly retreated for 15 miles, keeping up a terrible fire upon the rebels, who swore they never saw such fighting in all their lives. We did not lose more than a few hundred of our brave men.

October 24.

It is now ascertained that there was no fight at Bunkumtown on the 22nd, as some of your contemporaries say. But there will undoubtedly be a terrific battle either there or somewhere else, sometime between now and doomsday.