

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND.—It is cheering to the hearts of Catholics to witness the progress their religion is making quietly in many portions of this country. In the west, where many towns in the present century have arisen around the great cotton factories, or in the centre of mineral treasures, the faith of our fathers is extending from day to day, far beyond the proportion its numbers bear to the population. In the Eastern District of Scotland, so rich of old in religious establishments and magnificent abbey churches, the advancement of religion is very marked. Counties, that a few years since were without prior or place of worship, are now supplied with both.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

To Catholic journalists and their readers the progress of Catholicity is a matter of interest. It should be doubly interesting when it occurs in a country like Scotland, from which John Knox and his followers almost succeeded in rooting out every vestige of the ancient faith. The green ivy, it is true, crept round the walls, broken pillars, and arches of its many ruined cathedrals, abbey, and parish churches, to keep them from utter destruction by time and vandalism. If we except the few that lived around some three or four hundred and ancient Catholic families, little else, in the lowlands of Scotland towards the end of the last century, was to be seen of the one fold under the One Shepherd save the ivy-clad ruins of its ancient grandeur. Penal laws and the fanaticism of the crowd had done their work effectually. By comparing the state of the Catholic Church at three recent periods, we can form a correct notion of her increase in the Eastern Vicariate of Scotland. In the year 1833, when the late Bishop Carruthers became the spiritual ruler, he had thirteen Priests, and very few of them could boast of large congregations. At the death of the Bishop in 1853 the Priests numbered thirty-three, while many of their congregations had increased from hundreds to thousands. Since our present Bishop succeeded in 1853 to the sole charge of the district, seven have been added to the number of his Priests. Two of the divisions of this district where Catholicity has made the greatest progress may be mentioned. Forfarshire had in 1833 one Clergyman. It had nine at present. About Hawick, Galashiels, and Jedburgh, a Catholic was hardly known to exist at the former period; six Priests are now stationed in these localities.—*Tablet.*

RIOTS IN LIVERPOOL.—There the laws have been set at naught; infuriated and savage mobs of stalwart men, of boys, and of women, gather in the streets, menace the lives and property of the citizens, break off into gangs, and disperse themselves in every quarter of the city, rush into the bakers' shops, into the provision shops, and into every description of shops, breaking open the doors they had closed, carrying off not only bread and provisions, but money and property of every portable kind—intimidating, and pillaging, and spreading consternation wherever they went; and they went everywhere. It was in vain that the magistrates and officers of the executive took counsel together; in vain, or nearly so, that they distributed themselves over the town; they could not arrest, or, if in any degree, but very partially, the career of ruin, of plunder, and of terror. If we are to credit the accounts of well-informed eye-witnesses, the characters who figured most in this wild and tumultuous assault upon property, law, and order, were not among the needy and the indigent.—Whether this be correct or not, one thing is clear: they belonged to that class of men who are sure to take advantage of circumstances to gratify a lawless cupidity which lives within them, eating them up, and only awaits a fitting opportunity to seize its proper food, the possessions and the money of its neighbors. In our Irish cities and towns the number of poor, in proportion to the wealth of the community, is immeasurably greater than in Liverpool, and yet everything goes on here as peaceably—men lie down and rise with as strong sense of security to themselves and their property as though there were amongst us no wives complaining and no little children with tears in their eyes asking their fathers for bread. Whence comes this difference? Is it from a respect for the civil law? Is it known that the Irish poor owe but little to the civil law, and our rulers make it a subject of complaint that in their hearts they care but little for it. On the other hand, we hear it boasted that the English are devoted to the law and the constitution almost to idolatry; but it is a valuable maxim that laws avail little without morals. And the history of the Irish famine, indeed the history of the Irish people, which, for centuries, is no more and no less than the record of a perpetual famine—proves to the satisfaction of scepticism itself that morals—religious morals—can supply the place of law; nay, more, still operate to protect lives and property in spite of law, as any one acquainted with the land code may see at a glance. In Ireland, in a land of plenty, not less than a million of our species laid them down mutely during the famine, and almost without complaint, to die in the midst of property, and in the presence of wealth. This is one fact. Another is, that in a short season of a few weeks' distress, which, compared to what had subsisted in Ireland for years, was opulence itself—in that short season of mitigated trial there have been more crimes, more outrages on property, more civil confusion and convulsion in the one city of Liverpool, than in this poor country during the long years of the most dire calamity that ever desolated a portion of the earth. And yet is Liverpool the glory and the boast of Protestant England, the daughter of the Protestant creed, and the fruit of Protestant progress. It is a Protestant city. It was but the other day that its indignant holy zeal against Catholics it publicly threatened to fire the temples and spill the blood of the Catholic population. Verily the rulers and philosophers of our day would do well to ponder on the unmistakable symptoms of a rapid and terrible dissolution, of which, the late conduct of the masses in Liverpool afford a striking evidence. In the great cities of England there exists a mass of men, the most barbarous, demoralised, and degraded imaginable.—The offspring or the creation of a mere material civilisation, in their hearts there is no moral constitution whatsoever. They are capable of anything, and only give them one of those opportunities which are sure to occur, and you have no power of sufficient force to restrain or check them. That moment society will totter to its base, and probably bestrew the land with shapeless ruin. Of this our rulers are pretty well aware, and they seek a remedy where they cannot find it. Their schemes of education at one time with, and again without, a religious ingredient—their laboriously-devised reformatory schools—all tend, or are meant, to be a remedy for this evil of Titianio growth. It is in vain they have the Bible—they have a system of secular education spreading its schools over the

land like network—they have Protestantism sitting powerless on its gorgeous throne—they have mechanical institutes—they have not religion. They cannot, one or all, infuse it. Paganism is growing apace; they have no religion in their schools or churches, any more than they have charity among their hirelings in the workhouses. In England gold and pleasure are the idols of the great, and the people are, after all, the principal machines employed for the acquisition of wealth, but the masses, the immense multitude left without religious instruction of any efficacious kind, whatever else they may be ignorant of, however trampled down and brutified, will still be capable of understanding the use of money, and will feel only too strong the vulgar passion for pleasure. It is impossible to ward off the catastrophe. Wealth accumulates, but it is in the hands of a few. Commerce spreads her sails on every sea and ocean in the world, bringing the produce and the riches of the earth to this monster emporium—the quays look like an endless forest of masts—the streets groan under heavily laden waggons; it is all bustle, business accumulation, but it is all for the few. The physical development is almost perfect; the secrets of every substance, the hidden mysteries of nature have been searched, intimately scrutinised; the two mysterious and powerful agents of steam and electricity have been eked out and pressed into the service of a few thousand capitalists. Meantime little or nothing has been done to better the physical condition of the common herd—to better their moral condition, nothing. There religion neither opens or expands the heart of men whose riches seem incredible and fabulous. With them in their dealings with the poor about them there is no principle at work but one of calculation of profit or loss. Religion knocks not at their hearts. Among the poor religion is never heard of except when the tocsin of fanaticism is rung, calling out all the evil passions of the crowd, and hounding them on against the only body of religious men in the community.—And yet how can these dark masses—who are counted by hundreds of thousands—how can they subsist without something to whisper resignation to them—to console them for the misfortunes of the present by inspiring bright hopes of the future—to cherish gratitude—to lessen envy, to destroy hatred—to lift up their minds above the tempting things and the sensual pleasures that surround them? It is charity that must teach the poor—it is charity that must stretch its loving hand to give the poor man. Love relieves without insulting. Oh, if Liverpool were now but a Catholic city, what glorious creations of beneficence would not Catholic charity raise up in every quarter to relieve, to instruct, to console. What schools, churches, asylums, hospitals, and religious houses would she not call into existence as with a magic wand; and the wealth that now stagnates in one portion of the body corporate, leaving the rest dry, and sapless, and withering, she would know how, by setting the heart in healthful and living motion, to make flow and circulate through all the veins and arteries of the social frame.—*Tablet.*

THE NEW CABINET.—Lord Palmerston has succeeded in patching up a new Ministry out of a heap of political rubbish, which even he would scarcely have resorted to except as a *derrière resort*. For Sir James Graham as First Lord of the Admiralty, he has selected Sir Charles Wood: Mr. Gladstone is replaced by Sir Cornwall Lewis as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir George Grey takes Mr. Sidney Herbert's place in the Home Department; and to Lord John Russell—the Great Plenipotentiary!—has been confided the Portfolio of Colonial Affairs. "Lord John Russell," observes the *Times*, "is the harlequin of this pantomime, passing with astonishing alacrity through his postures and transformations—now up, now down, at one moment everything, at another nothing—until he ends his grotesque combination of a Minister Plenipotentiary at a European Congress and the Colonial Secretary at home." But let us glance at the Irish appointments of Lord Palmerston. First we are to have a new Viceroy, as Lord St. Germans considered himself bound to retire along with his Peelite friends, and the Earl of Carlisle has been appointed Lord Lieutenant in his stead. Lord Carlisle made rather a popular Irish reputation as Lord Morpeth, when Chief Secretary. He is one of the balmyest, and, indeed, the best of the Whigs—but still a mere Whig, with the sympathies and tendencies of his cold-blooded party, and he was also a member of the Durham Letter Cabinet. Sir John Young has promoted himself to the High Commissionership of the Ionian Islands; and in his stead Mr. Horsman has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. As Mr. Horsman voted for the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, at one time, and against the Irish Established Church at another, we predict he will be a universal favorite in Ireland!—Mr. Brewster also thought it necessary to resign, from his connection with the Peelite party; and who is it we find appointed as his successor? Surely not Mr. William Keogh, the Defender of the Faith, *par excellence*, he who swore (so help him God!) he would never take office under any government which would not concede perfect Religious Equality, and make the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill a Cabinet Question? It is even so. Mr. William Keogh and Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, the vehement Catholic soles, are now Attorney and Solicitor-General under a Government, the chief members of which actually originated the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. "And yet," observes the *Freeman*, "to such a state of base demoralisation has the electoral body in some parts of Ireland been reduced, that Mr. Keogh will go to Athlone—sweet, pure Athlone—and offer himself again for re-election by that discriminating and virtuous constituency as the law officer of Lord John Russell—aye, and probably be elected as such."—*Nation.*

COURT GOSSIP—CURIOUS IF TRUE.—Our far north contemporary, the *John O'Grat Journal*, has got hold of a curious piece of court gossip, which he says he has not received at second hand, but direct from the highest quarters. It is as follows:—Her Majesty is much offended at the *Times*. She has reason to believe, its statements regarding her troops in the Crimea, are exaggerated, and, even if not, the tone in which the subscription is given, partaking in about equal parts of a Mornus-like facetiousness and a ranting, demagoguism, is offensive to her. As *rasle*, Prince Albert says that the whole newspaper press has forgotten its due bounds, and fallen into a licentiousness of discussion of which disaster can be the only result. So convinced is his Royal Highness of this, that he is represented to have said to some of those having the honor of his friendship that he believes the monarchy will come to an end, with the reign of his wife. We are rapidly drifting, he thinks, to republicanism.

PROBABLE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.—The *Daily News* says:—"Mr. Coppock's visits to the Treasury have of late been suspiciously frequent; and his appearance there is as ominous of election storms, as the appearance of the petrel at sea is of physical storms. A dissolution in the midst of a war, which has been so mismanaged, that every nerve must be strained to set the nation right again in the eyes of the world, appears indeed sufficiently incredible. Yet the temper of the old parliament has become so moody and wayward that Lord Palmerston may find it necessary to try his chance with a new one. Besides, Lord Palmerston can scarcely be said to have a personal following in the existing House of Commons, and a general election while he is Premier will be pretty sure to give him one."

REPRESENTATION OF LONDON.—A requisition is in course of signature to Admiral Sir C. Napier, calling upon him to offer himself as a Candidate for the City of London, in opposition to Lord John Russell; and there seems to be every probability that he will at once accede to the request.

PROSPECTS OF ENGLAND.—When the war began the English nation had no misgivings as to the result. People talked, like Mr. Cobden, of crumpling up Russia, and boasted of their "sheer determination to win," as if it was a game at cricket. Since then a change has come over the spirit of the nation. We have not won, and the final issues are beyond the reach of conjecture. The "public instructors" are beginning a civil war, and it is just possible that we may be not only defeated by Russia, but further revolutionised at home. A madman is terrible, but a mad nation is something infinitely worse. Publicmen seem more like drunkards or fools than wise statesmen, and the Government of the country drifting away to the breakers before it. Truth is always unpalatable, and never more so than in times of distress; but it is still truth. Two views are current on the condition of England, and both agree in prophesying evil. They are fundamentally at variance, but still the conclusion is one. The fanatical Protestant announces calamities because the nation has tolerated the public worship of God. On the other hand, all Catholics throughout the world, expect to see a signal punishment fall on proud England for its apostasy, its blasphemies, and open derision of the Christian faith. The heretic and the Christian agree together in this, and this very coincidence is in itself ominous of evil. All great evils and calamities descend as it were naturally; they are the effects of men's actions, and the issues of their deeds. Let them do what they may—short of sharp penance—the fatal goal is reached. Wise men become fools, and the strong paralytic, and the brave coward. All remedies come too late, and all sagacity seems folly, because the day of visitation has dawned upon the guilty. Even now, in the beginning of this war, our rulers have shown themselves incapable, their orders are too late, or are never executed by their subordinates in time. One department of the public service accuses another, and the other lays the blame elsewhere. At one time the system is in fault, at another the men who carry it on; but one thing only is clear, that a great army has perished, yet not by the changes of war. Nothing is in its right place, and the wrong man is everywhere. People murmur, but their rulers laugh, and Lord Palmerston, upon whom the nation counts, is as light-hearted and as flippant as he used to be when he took Don Pacifico under his protecting hand. The miserable drunken fit of the Reform Club, at the beginning of the war, he has not been slept off, and serious men despair of the public weal.—*Tablet.*

ARRIVAL OF LORD RAGLAN.—On Thursday morning Lord Raglan landed from the Crimea, and arrived in London the same evening. He has the appearance of hard toil and thought. A letter has been addressed by him to Lord Raglan, complaining of the expression used in Lord Raglan's despatch describing the charge at Balaklava:—"That from some misconception of the instruction to advance, the Lieutenant-General considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Lord Cardigan to move forward with the Light Brigade."

VIRTUAL RECALL OF LORD RAGLAN.—We can state, with the utmost confidence, that not only is the sending out of General Simpson to the Crimea to inquire into the state of matters in the army there, and with power to make and enforce suggestions, expected to have the effect of inducing Lord Raglan to resign his command, but that is one of the objects—perhaps, we may say, the chief object—why General Simpson has been sent to the Crimea. The resignations of Quartermaster General Airey and of Adjutant-General Elscourt, are expected to follow the resignation of Lord Raglan, as a matter of course.—*Morning Advertiser.*

Night and day, and even Sunday, the work of refitting and outfitting ships for the fleet (the Baltic generally) goes on at Portsmouth, where there are the following ready or in hand.—The *Neptune*, 120; the *James Watt*, 91; the *Hastings*, the *Pembroke*, the *Blenheim*, the *Adjax*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Hogue*, all 60; the *Impetuous*, 51; the *Nakin*, 50; the *Arrogant*, 47; the *Penelope*, 18; the *Retribution*, 28; the *Tartar*, 20; the *Himalaya*, the *Falcon*, 17; the *Ariel*, 8; and the *Oberon*, 3 guns. The above are all on the war establishment.

An order is daily expected at Sheerness for a number of gunboats to proceed to Copenhagen at the earliest opportunity on the breaking up of the ice, as a squadron of observation, to cut off communication and traffic with Russian ports in the Baltic.

INQUIRY INTO THE MISMANAGEMENT OF THE WAR.—On Monday the committee nominated by the House of Commons met for the first time, to choose a chairman and consider the course of their proceeding. Mr. Roebuck, was unanimously chosen chairman, the other members being Mr. Drummond, Sir J. Pakington, Colonel Lindsay, Mr. Layard, Mr. Elcho, Lord Seymour, Sir George Lewis, General Peel, Mr. Bramston, and Mr. J. Ball. The question as to whether the proceedings of the committee were to be open through the instrumentality of the press to the public, as is now customary in all our courts and other tribunals, was to engage the attention of the committee at their next sitting.

A curious point of law came before Vice-Chancellor Sturt in the case of *Riton v. Harrison*. An estate in England had been left to the "heir-at-law" of one Thomas Harrison. But Harrison's only son—naturally the heir-at-law—was born in the United States in 1773; ten years before England recognised the independence of the United States. The next of kin now claims the estate on the ground that this son is an alien. The Vice-Chancellor, seemed to coincide with this view, but reserved his judgment.

PORTRAITS OF "OUR SCOTCH PROTESTANT CLERGY."—The *Paisley Journal* gives the following lively sketch of the arrival at Glasgow of the celebrated Protestant minister, the Rev. J. Or—known on this continent as the "Angel Gabriel."—"On the afternoon of Saturday last, we were unexpectedly favored by a glimpse of the 'Angel.' Going up to Glasgow by the train from Greenock, due here at 13 minutes past three, we had not proceeded far from the Paisley station when a few peculiar blasts from the trumpet startled us and our fellow passengers. The sounds proceeded from a carriage in advance of that in which we were seated. Having heard the same instrument blown in the same manner some years ago, and knowing that the advent of the 'Angel Gabriel' was duly expected in these parts, we somehow or other concluded at once that the celestial visitant was with us in the train. Nor were we mistaken. On reaching Glasgow and getting out, we beheld 'Gabriel,' with his trumpet and other angelic apparatus, allowing his way, like any obstructed mortal, through the crowd. He had landed at Greenock that forenoon, and was now taking a run up to Glasgow. Reader, have you ever seen an angel?—one of the masculine gender, we mean—for, no doubt, you have seen many of the other sex. We greatly fear that our description of 'Gabriel,' as he appeared on the streets of Glasgow, will do violence to all your preconceived notions of angelic existences. Before us, going down the stair, across the bridge, up Jamaica Street, and along Argyle Street, was the 'Angel Gabriel.' Daniel Weir—an other street preacher, but a comparative sane one—used to speak, in his gross way of 'an angel descending from heaven like a hundred-weight of pork;' but this description is by no means applicable to 'Gabriel,' who although undoubtedly 'of the earth earthy,' is too little and lean to suggest comparison with pork. His figure is slender, and in stature he appears to be only about 5 feet 4 inches. His beard and moustache cover a great part of his face, while the hair of his head is long, dark, and coarse, like burned heather. He was attired in a broad tailed short-coat of dark velvet; checked drab trousers, rather tight, and much too short, as if he had grown away from them, or they had shrunk in washing; a little, low crowned, black, glazed, straw hat, the body of which was almost covered by a band of paper, with 'Rule Britannia, Hail Columbia, and Down with the Mother of Abominations' printed thereon; and on his feet were boots much worn on one side, and evidently requiring to be half-heeled. Over his shoulder there passed a light colored belt, from which was suspended a large tin case, containing it was said, the roll of the faithful. In one hand he carried the trumpet and a curious looking banner, with long inscriptions about the healing of the nations; in the other hand he bore a well-filled carpet-bag. Thus attired and equipped, the 'Angel' trudged along the streets, with an irreverent crowd at his heels. Alas! that the respectability of even angels should be judged of by their outward habiliments. And yet, what human being could be expected to recognise a genuine angel in that figure, who, so far from being clothed in that perennial freshness and beauty which we naturally associate with angelic existence, was evidently a poor crazed creature of the earth, covered with seamy and perishable garments? At least the 'Angel Gabriel' is but a mixture of the street preacher and the showman. He walked rapidly along Argyle Street, till he came to the corner of Glassford Street, where he entered the office of our religious contemporary, the *Glasgow Examiner*, doubtless to order his 'portrait,' which we may hope to see sketched in the usual masterly style of art in the next series of 'Our Scottish Clergy.'

THE MORMONS.—The emissaries of the Mormons are most active in various parts of South Wales in spreading the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints, and among the laboring and ignorant population they are particularly zealous in urging the advisability of polygamy. We regret that in too many cases they have succeeded in perverting poor people, and that a considerable number are preparing this spring to seek their fortunes at the Great Mormon settlement on the banks of the Salt Lake. Even wealthier people—persons in the middle class of life—have also been perverted, and are selling their all in order to emigrate to the land of promise.

OUR OF JOHN.—*Punch* and the British Bible Society are at loggerheads. The latter pious Association has offended the satirical scribbler by noting that the Czar of Russia was a friend of the Bible, because he remitted a duty of about £400 on a shipment of British Bibles. *Punch*, in a fit of patriotism, exclaims:—"Tattoo E. S. d. on the back of Satan and these men will drop down on their knees before him."

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—Considerable sensation has been caused in the towns of Topham, Lympstone, Exmouth, Teignmouth, and Dawlish, in the south of Devon, in consequence of the discovery of a vast number of foot-prints of a most strange and mysterious description. The superstitious go so far as to believe that they are the marks of Satan himself; and that great excitement has been produced among all classes may be judged of from the fact that the subject has been desecrated on from the pulpit. It appears that, on Thursday night last, there was a very heavy fall of snow in the neighbourhood of Exeter and south of Devon. On the following morning the inhabitants of the above towns were surprised at discovering the footmarks of some strange and mysterious animal, endowed with the power of ubiquity; as the footprints were to be seen in all kinds of unaccountable places—on the tops of houses and narrow walls, in gardens, and court-yards, enclosed by high walls and pailings, as well as in open fields. There was hardly a garden in Lympstone where these footprints were not observable. The track appeared more like that of a biped than a quadruped, and the steps were generally eight inches in advance of each other. The impression of the foot closely resembled that of a donkey's shoe, and measured from an inch and a half to (in some instances) two and a half inches across. Here and there it appeared as if cloven, but in the generality of the steps the shoe was continuous, and from the snow in the centre remaining entire, merely showing the outer crest of the foot, it must have been convex. The creature seems to have approached the doors of several houses, and then to have retreated, but no one has been able to discover the standing or resting point of this mysterious visitor. On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Musgrave alluded to the subject in his sermon, and suggested the possibility of the footprints being those of a kangaroo; but this could scarcely have been the case, as they were found on both sides of the estuary of the Exe. [A Protestant journal, from which we take the above, irreverently inquires:—"Has the Bishop been in 'this' neighbourhood?"]