

which seem so remarkable to you that Pusey and his followers still remain in the English Church...

I can assure you there is an awakening by all Catholics who watch the signs of the times...

When we add to these facts the most powerful engine hitherto worked in England—namely, Mr. Miall's organized party for the severance of Church and State...

November 25. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUNIS ON THE COMING REFORM BILL.—The Freeman's Journal publishes a long letter from the Archbishop of Tunis to the Earl of Derby...

A correspondent of the Weekly Register writes:—"On the eve of the Festival of St. Charles Borromeo, I had the happiness of being present at the dedication of a beautiful Gothic church in his honour at Charlestown, in Mayo, by the Lord Bishop of Achery, of which you recently gave an account in your paper..."

THE BELFAST CATHOLIC INSTITUTE'S ASSOCIATION LIMITED.—This admirable undertaking progresses in the most satisfactory manner; and bids fair speedily to be in excellent working order.

SAFETY OF THE "INDIAN EMPIRE" STEAMSHIP.—The steamship Indian Empire arrived at Broadhaven at nine a.m. on Friday. The passengers landed in excellent health, expressing themselves highly satisfied with the ship, captain, officers, and crew.

The Cork Examiner says that Mr. George Grehan, of Clonmeane, Banteer, has been selected high Sheriff for the County of Cork for the year 1859.

On Friday, the extensive property of Colonel Powell Leslie, situate in the county of Meath, was sold in the Landed Estates Court.

It is said that the last Australian mail, which was delivered in Dublin on the 14th ult., contained the almost incredible number of 1,400 registered money letters, transmitted by emigrants to relatives and friends in the old country.

A gentleman has called at our office, says the Galway Vindicator, and stated that he saw a reverend gentleman and his assistant distributing Protestant tracts on board several vessels leaving the harbor.

The Earl of Courtown, while attending a meeting of poor-law guardians of Gorey, on Saturday, was attacked with apoplexy and died soon after.

The following liberal (?) rewards for saving life at sea were awarded by the Board of Trade to the undermentioned, viz.—To Richard Corcoran, Bartholomew Mahony, and James Penman, commissioned boatmen, const guard station, Wexford, 10s each, and to Thomas White, John Furlong, John Howlin, Thomas Delany, Patrick Kelly, constabulary and fishermen, 25s each for saving the crew of the schooner Sisters, Milford, and brigantine, Sir Donald Campbell, of Newry, wrecked on the coast of Wexford, October 19.

The "Secret Societies" in Ireland continue to be the subject of frequent mention in the press, and frequent warnings from the altar. In addition to the ribbon societies, a new society, for a different object, has been formed, and is said by some (with what truth we know not) to be propagated by emissaries from the Irish in America.—Tribune.

ROW BETWEEN THE POLICE AND MILITARY.—On Saturday evening the principal streets of our city were the scene of a very disgraceful row between the police and military. It seems that some soldiers of the 14th Regt, at present stationed in our barracks, were drinking at Mrs Maher's public house, in High street, and that a row took place amongst themselves during which they broke some glass in one of the windows. A little girl belonging to the house ran out and called a policeman Sub-constable Timms, who immediately proceeded to James's street police barrack, for a few men to assist him in the discharge of his duty. Two men promptly returned with him to Mrs Maher's and when they saw that the persons causing the uproar were soldiers, they were about to leave the public house, when one of the soldiers put his back to the door, and dared the police to arrest him or any of his party. The police were, however, not provoked by this challenge, and contrived to get out without further molestation, when they proceeded to the Tholsel. They had no sooner entered the little office, used as a lock-up, than an alarm was given by some one outside, that a person was being murdered. They immediately rushed out, when they were met by ten or twelve soldiers who struck at them with their belts, inflicting some severe wounds particularly on Sub-constable Timms, one of the most inoffensive men in the force, who received a blow of a belt-clasp in the right eye, injuring it to such an extent as renders it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of it. The few police who were present could make no defence against such odds, and beat a retreat into the office. His Worship the Mayor, was present on the spot, and stood at the door of the office, warning off the soldiers from further violence, when they desisted and proceeded on their way to the barracks. In Rose inn street they met Sub-constable Crean, and assaulted him without the least provocation. They struck at him with their belts, and he rushed for shelter as fast as he could, pursued by the yelling soldiers till he got into Mr Callaghan's Hotel, when the soldiers dashed in after him, breaking the glass-door, and perpetrating other acts of violence. Poor Crean fortunately escaped through the back door, and the military proceeded to John street barrack, and caused out Head-Constable M'Loughlin, saying that some civilians were fighting. When he made his appearance, a blow was struck at him which he fortunately escaped, by dashing the door in the ruffians' face. Disappointed of their vengeance on Mr M'Loughlin, they broke the windows of Mr Cole's office which they mistook for a portion of the barracks, and after satisfying their destructive propensities they retired to their barracks.—Kilkenny Journal.

LOLA MONTES.—This eccentric lady, who has won a notoriety as wide as the world, came from America in the Pacific, and arrived in this city on Wednesday night. It is understood that she will shortly commence a course of lectures in Dublin.

The Mercantile Advertiser states that rumours are prevalent to the effect that important changes in the Irish Government are in contemplation. Lord Naas is certainly to go to India as Governor of Madras, in place of Lord Harris. The Evening Post reports that Mr Seymour Fitzgerald is to be Lord Naas's successor in the Irish Secretaryship, and adds that Lord Naas has obtained a promise of a permanent office for his brother, Captain Bourke, to be created by a new Irish Lunacy Commission Bill, which is in preparation for next session. Captain Bourke is to be chief commissioner; and a sort of promise of two other commissions has, it is said, been given to other parties.

Judging from the Irish newspapers we regret that a most decidedly bad feeling appears to have set in between class and class in that part of the United Kingdom. It is in what hitherto has been called a respectable Dublin Journal where we find letters suggesting, for the protection of landlords, the most ruffian and brutal treatment of people who live in suspected localities. Eviction is only a mild and moderate form of the punishment proposed to be inflicted. The landlords and their agents are to employ blunderbusses in order that, by fair shots, they may save the trouble of trial by jury. Blood-hounds are also to be employed to scent out murrainers and enable the police to bring them to justice.—Worse than all, it is atrociously suggested that old and debasing forms of punishment should be revived against the organisers of Ribbonism, as if torture were needed to supplement the gallows.—Star.

In this county says the Clare Freeman, we are happy to say, nothing has occurred which would lead us to suppose that agrarian disturbances are likely to become general. As to two or three threatening notices about mock land which the police found posted up a few days ago in this town, we do not think the slightest importance is to be attached to them. They are, doubtless, the work of some idle vagabond, who has taken that mischievous way of amusing himself; and it is evident the police authorities did not look upon the matter in any serious light, or they would have brought it before the magistrates, of whom there was a meeting on Monday in the court house.

In consequence of a reduction of wages, about 500 labourers turned out on Saturday last on the Athlone and Tullamore Railway, and desperately assaulted five gangers, one of whom is not expected to recover. The mob also broke a large quantity of tools and implements. The police at Ballycumber and Clara pursued the rioters and dispersed them. This day further disturbances are apprehended, and two stipendiary magistrates and a very large force of police are stationed at different points along the line, to keep the rioters in check.—Standard.

THE MOUNTBANK'S AVATAR.—Gavazzi is come—and gone; and never did public notoriety make less sensation. Were it not for the flaming placards of a local Orange newspaper, which thrifly turned a few shillings by the sale of the Mountbank's contemptible discourses, persons not reading the public journals might not have been aware of the man's existence in the town at all. Nevertheless he has made a handsome thing of it, doubtless, and will be able to flaunt it more bravely than he could have done when his proud stomach was forced to submit to the meagre fare of a poor friar in Romagna. There has been some of the apprehended disturbance, after all—to the elation and disappointment of a tolerably numerous class of anti-Popish fanatics here. We happen to know that the foolish paragraph which appeared in a well-meaning Dublin weekly newspaper about the then approaching exhibition of the strolling gang of Orange rowdies, lay and clerical, in Belfast. They really did hope that the humbler Catholics in this town would get up an angry demonstration against Gavazzi; and out of the consequence they hoped to be able to make great capital in the exposure of "Popish bigotry and intolerance." All their arrangements were made for that end. Accordingly, when we, on behalf of the Belfast Catholics, declared that there was no danger whatever of riot—that our people would in no way interfere with the Italian scamp and his Protestant dupes—the Orange fanatics were sadly wrath and vexed; and the very papers which, in any other circumstances, would have copied our article eagerly as evidence of peace, passed it by without any notice whatever, and still kept ringing the changes upon that sorry paragraph of our Dublin contemporary, which, to the last, they hoped, would excite a row. But all went by as merely as marriage bells. There is not a Catholic of any intelligence in Belfast, however humble his position, who did not know right well that the aim and object of a considerable Orange rabble rout here was to get up a disturbance of some sort as would be made, in clever handling, to bring the character of the Catholic community into disrepute—that what was wanted was something which would give a kind of martyr celebrity to this miserable mountbank, who makes Judas's livelihood in filthy coins, by abusing the holy Church which has flung him out from its sacred bosom; and that Catholics, knowing all this, were wise enough to disapprove their foe. The peripatetic slanderer of God's Church—than whom in Catholic eyes there is no object more miserable and degraded on God's earth—was allowed to go as he came, unnoted and despised.

Now that he is gone, we would ask the speculators in religious fanaticism who brought the fellow here (could they appreciate the feelings of good citizens and honest Christian men), whether they have not made a poor bargain? When Gavazzi was here before, he was a novelty that men might go to see as they would to behold tigers and hyenas devouring raw flesh in a strolling menagerie: the fellow himself, his tricks, his lies, his buffonery and mountbankery, were all new, and had a quaint attraction in them. This time the buffoon and slanderer overdid his filthy function; he lied so extravagantly that the foremost leaders of the anti-Catholic factions in Belfast became alarmed and disgusted at his audacity and recklessness; and though the howling Orange rabble stuck to him to the last, the leaders so utterly deserted him that in the end he was obliged, in lack of a more respectable figure for a chairman—to fall back upon "Roaring Hanna."—This is the fate of all the miserable apostates, who, hurried away by their pride, their passion, or their vice, falls from the purity of the Catholic Church, and particularly strike at the mother that nurtured them: first the objects of sympathy and admiration to select gatherings of feeble Protestant old ladies and gentlemen with full purses and empty heads; then the coarse and foul religious buffoons of howling Protestant mobs; and at last miserable outcasts sinking to the lowest point of self-humiliation, misery and poverty. We know what has been the end of Achilli in these countries; and we may guess what will be the end of Gavazzi. And now as to the quack's pretensions to be accounted an orator. Are the cheers a test? Why, the howling Orange mob that filled the meeting-house would have cheered him as loudly if he had talked the nonsense chorus of a comic song and told them it was Sanscrit. When he came here before, we went to hear one of his discourses. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour in Italian; and not one of the screaming audience understood a word he uttered; nevertheless they cheered him as loudly as if he had been declaiming in the purest English with all the eloquence of Gratian or Curran. They cheered his acting—which was outrageously extravagant—that was all. As for his last visit, read the faithful report of his speeches given in the local Orange organ, and judging them by any ordinary canons of criticism and common sense, say did you ever waste through sadder stuff? We do not speak of their blasphemy, their horrible profanity: we allude merely to the style of talk, the broken slip-slop sentences—the capillary nonsense of the mount-bank—did you ever read paltrier rubbish than that? Why Spurgeon, the buffoon of the pulpit, is a Cicero to this contemptible apostate friar.—Glaston.

The following announcement appears in the Evening Star.—Mr. Bright's organ and the journal which generally indicates most correctly the measures of the Government:—"We are enabled to state, upon sufficient authority, that it is the intention of the Crown in Ireland to introduce a bill next session reforming the law and of landlord and tenant in that part of the kingdom. The measure will probably be modelled on the bill brought in by Mr Napier in 1852, with the omission, of course, of the tenant's compensation clauses. In other respects, the bill was an excellent one." According to this demi-official statement, the Government Compensation Bill is to be Mr. Napier's old bill, with the compensation clauses left out. This we must admit, is a very amusing piece of audacity. The farce to be got up by the Dorbysites, as a sequel to the comedy of "The Reform Bill," is the "Irish Tenant Bill," with the chief part omitted, "of course," by special arrangement between the Government players and their assistants of the "Irish Independent Opposition." And thus it is, according to the Star, the self-appointed advocates of the Irish tenantry are about to fulfil their trust and discharge their solemn obligations.—Dublin Evening Post.

The directors of the Cork Athenaeum have very properly refused to endanger the safety of their building by letting it as a lecture room to Gavazzi, the apostate.

HEALTHLESS TREATMENT OF A LUNATIC.—The following facts have been communicated to us by a gentleman of the most undoubted honor and veracity:—"On the last fair day of Clonmel, the memorable 6th of November—(gunpowder plot day) our informant, noticing a very respectable young person, or, as he describes her, a young lady 25 years of age, and good looking, moving unsteadily on the platform as if under the influence of drink. A man, who seemed to be an under-servant, groom, or stable-helper or something of that sort, appeared to have charge of her, and two policemen, armed, and with bayonets fixed, guarded her, one on each side. On inquiry, our informant ascertained that she was a lunatic. He was surprised to see no female attendant with her, but as his observation was only casual, the matter passed. A few days afterwards, however, the affair was brought forcibly to his recollection by an account which reached his ears that a young lady, about twenty-five years of age, a Swiss by birth, who had scarcely speak a word of English, was brought by a man, who had the appearance of a groom or other under-servant, to the county Lunatic Asylum here, that she was guarded by two policemen, with fixed bayonets, that the warrant under which she was brought for commitment was signed by a magistrate residing near Templemore, and that the unhappy young lady was described as having exhibited symptoms of aberration of intellect whilst residing as a governess in the family of a clergyman of the Established Church, a Protestant Rector. There being no room for her in the county asylum, which is, unhappily, inadequate to the wants of the fearfully increasing number of lunatics, the resident physician could not take her in, and he merely made an inquiry, horrified, as he was, at the appearance of only men with her, "was there no female to attend her on her long journey from Templemore to Clonmel?" He was answered in the negative. Admission to the overcrowded asylum being impossible the man and the sub-constables next took the poor young lady to a county magistrate to get her committed to the county jail! The magistrate having examined the warrant for commitment to the lunatic asylum, found in it no formal allegation that she was a dangerous lunatic which was the only pretence under which she could be lawfully committed to jail. He, therefore, in the absence of a formal warrant and having no evidence whatsoever that she was "dangerous"—a personal examination leading him rather to the opinion that she was perfectly harmless, refused to commit her, and she was taken away by her custodians from Clonmel by the 4 p.m. train on the same day. So that assuming that she was taken back to Templemore, we have the disgusting fact placed prominently before us that a poor helpless lunatic lady made a journey of above eighty miles! in the close custody of men, unprovided with a female assistant to look after her natural wants! And that horrifying fact aggravated by the additional allegation that she came, so escorted, from the house of a Protestant clergyman who must have a wife and daughters, or he would not have a Swiss governess residing with him. What has become of her since we know not.—We only know that she has not been brought back to Clonmel. Our readers may recollect the sensation which was occasioned in England, and throughout Europe, some months ago when the Times proclaimed the brutal conduct of a high functionary in England which shipped off a poor French governess who had taken fever, by rail to Folkestone, and by stean to Boulogne. She died the day after landing at Boulogne, never having spoken, and being only identified by a ticket which was duly stitched on her stays!—We shall offer no commentary at present upon the treatment of the lunatic, nor shall we at present name the Rector, in order that his explanation, if he can give any, may accompany his name to the public, and that no unfair prejudice may be prematurely excited against him. But this much we will say, that the facts as we have stated them, rest upon the most unquestionable authority, and that we have been furnished with the name of the Rector, upon whom rests the imputation, we hope unfounded, of having sent a poor afflicted destitute helpless foreign young lady, to whom he stood in loco parentis on a journey of more than forty miles, without the attendance or care of a female.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Catholic children are just now the main objects of injustice and oppression in Scotland, as well as Ireland and England. The details of a case have just reached us, in which the child of a starving Catholic widow arrested by the Edinburgh police for begging, and sent to a Catholic Reformatory School for education as a Catholic, has been removed from it by the Edinburgh Parochial Board, which was contributing nothing to her maintenance, on the pretence that she might eventually become chargeable to it, and now receiving a compulsory Protestant education, has been intentionally sent to a place many miles from any Catholic Church. Public attention has been called to this case. The mother has earnestly reclaimed her, and has been visited by charitable Catholics, one of whom offered to be bound under a penalty for the child's good conduct, or to undertake the care of it at one-half the lowest sum paid by the Board. All these offers, however, have been refused, and the poor child is still under Protestant education. Nor has any feeling of sympathy been expressed by any of those who have been so loud in their demonstrations in favor of the Jew Mortara. It is hardly a week since a similar injustice was perpetrated by the Governor of Chelsea Workhouse, and here too all is quiet. The English, certainly, are not to boast on the subject of consistency.—Weekly Register.

The Bishop of London has called a meeting at Willa's Rooms for the first of next month, when an appeal is to be made to the public for funds to "carry the Bible into Japan and China." Next-time the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is endeavouring to raise the mind by piteous appeals in favour of the "idolotrous nations" whom Providence has lately so "wonderfully and mysteriously placed within our reach," while our own subjects are flinging themselves off the bridges in the desperation of want and the madness of despair! Surely Lord Derby, who enunciated at the civic banquet, the other day, such sound and statesmanlike principles with regard to our foreign policy, will not sanction these proceedings. Let us show the people of China and Japan that we ourselves are Christians before we call upon them to adopt our religion and discard their own.—Freeman.

For the first time since its erection, an evening service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday last. Dr. Traill preached. The bishop's discourse, which was extempore, occupied fifty-five minutes, making the entire service of more than two hours' duration. There were 500 well trained voices in the choir, and they were directed by Mr. Martin with great ability. The Star says:—"There was a crowd outside the cathedral unable to obtain admission, far more numerous than the congregation within. Indeed St. Paul's was encompassed by a dense mass of persons of both sexes, who in some places became so wedged in, that they were scarcely able to move in either direction. Ludgate-hill was no less thronged than St. Paul's-churchyard itself; and the whole neighbourhood exhibited an amount of animation, perhaps, never before witnessed in London on a Sunday. We regret to say that some persons who were unable to obtain admission behaved themselves in a very disorderly manner. They signified their disapprobation by groans and yells, while others manifested irreverent mirth by singing snatches of songs, and making every conceivable noise that folly could suggest." A correspondent of the same paper says:—"Saturn's work was well performed. Hundreds were drawn from attending their own churches and chapels, and kept around St. Paul's until the last moment, expecting the announced admission-gates to be opened, and too late, found there was to be no admission, and also that they were too late for their own places of worship. The public houses and bad women prowling about St. Paul's seemed to be enjoying a rich harvest." The Record observes:—"Outside the cathedral the scene was still rather interesting for Sunday evening. A large number of those who had been unable to obtain admission to the service were lingering about the south door, and as the carriages of the Lord Mayor and other civic dignitaries were leaving with their occupants the assembled crowd gave vent to their feelings by unmistakable groans of disapprobation, as if they considered themselves to have been unfairly excluded. Several persons outside were much injured by being pressed against the iron railings of the church." The Post notices the almost entire absence of females, remarking that there was scarcely a bonnet to be seen. It appears from our fashionable contemporary's account that the arrival and departure of the Lord Mayor or any one indeed occupying a carriage, were greeted with hisses and groans. The Advertiser says the congregation were saluted on leaving with "obscene shouts of laughter."—Pattern London! The example for Christian nations!

Late events suggest to us gloomy anticipations for the future, both of France and of Europe. For several years both have been preserved mainly by the French Emperor. Strongly as we dissent from the Englishman's standard of national welfare, which makes the Three per Cent's the only thermometer of public good, and the only gauge of right and wrong, we cannot but admit it to be a striking proof of the effects of peace and order, that in France, property of every description is worth more, by several years purchase, than it was when the Emperor seized the reins. Moreover, his power, and the influence it has given him, have been employed not only on behalf of peace, order, and property, but of morals and religion. We see this last word with some reluctance, lest we should be suspected of an antiquated error, miserable enough at all times, and signally ignorant in ours, taught as we have been, by an experience which former ages had not, —the error of supposing that the Church is to be upon the arm of Kings or Governments. Still, there is one inestimable benefit that they may confer upon her. They may leave her unimpeded to do her own work; they may respect, and compel others to respect, her liberty and independence. This service the Emperor has rendered to the Church, not only within the French boundary, but beyond it. To these things he owes the general sympathy which he has notoriously received from Catholics on this side of the Channel. As Englishmen they highly prize Parliamentary institutions and the freedom of the Press; though without the narrow-minded bigotry with which so many of their countrymen assume that the panacea for the ills of every nation on earth is a King, Lords, and Commons and a "venerable Establishment." They naturally like to see institutions like their own succeed elsewhere. Facts have counterbalanced this natural feeling. It is a simple fact that any blow to the power of the Emperor would shake the whole fabric of European society.

ATTEMPTED SALE OF A WIFE.—On Monday forenoon a disgraceful exhibition, the attempted sale of a wife, took place in the front of a beerhouse at Shear Bridge, Little Horton, near Bradford. The fellow who offered his wife, Martha, for sale, is named Hartley Thompson. She was said to be a person of prepossessing appearance. The sale had been duly announced by the bellman. A large crowd had been assembled. The wife, it is said, appeared before the crowd, with a halter, adorned with ribbons, round her neck. The sale, however, was not completed; the reason for this being that some disturbance was created by a crowd from a neighboring factory, and that the person to whom it was intended to sell the wife, the Duncan, was detained at his work beyond the time. The couple, though not long wedded, had led a very unhappy life, and it is said they and their friends were so egregiously ignorant as to believe that they could secure their own legal separation by such an absurd course as this—a public sale.—Manchester Guardian.

THE SEXES OF CONSUMPTION.—The terrible mortality caused by bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption, which together kill—in England and Wales only—a hundred thousand people every year (being one-fourth of the entire mortality from more than a hundred other causes in addition to themselves), should make us think more seriously of many things, and not least seriously of the freaks of fashion which set climate at defiance. Why do we send children abroad in damp and cold weather with their legs bare, submitted, tender as their bodies are, to risks that even strong adults could not brave with impunity? Custom has made this matter appear familiar and trifling, but it is not out of place to say, at the beginning of another winter, that the denial to young children of proper skirts to their clothes and warm coverings to their legs has sown the seeds of consumption in thousands and thousands, and is, of many dangerous things done in obedience to laws of fashion, the one that is most thoughtless and most cruel. It is in the child that consumption can most readily be planted—in the child, that when the tendency exists, it can be conquered, if at all. It is to be fought against by protecting the body with sufficient clothing against chill and damp, by securing it plenty of wholesome sleep—not suffocating sleep among feathers and curtains—plenty of free abluition without prejudices on behalf of water, icy cold, plenty of cheerful exercise short of fatigue, plenty of meat, and bread, and wholesome pudding. These, indeed, are the things wanted by all children. Many a child pines in health upon a diet studded with the best intentions. But the truth is, that it is not possible to over-feed a child with simple wholesome eatables.—It can be stimulated to excess in the demolishing of sickly dainties; and, with a stomach once fairly depraved, may be made incompetent to say when it has had too little or too much. But a child fed only upon wholesome things knows better than any mamma can tell when it wants more; it can eat a great deal; has not only to maintain life, but to add height and breadth to stature. Fortify it, then, against variations of climate, by meeting freely the demands of its body; give it full animal vigour to resist unwholesome impressions. Especially let the good housewife, who has a young family to feed, learn to be utterly reckless as to the extent of her milk-score. Somebody has declared a pint of milk to contain as much nourishment as half a pound of meat. "Be that as it may, it is the right food for little ones to thrive upon, and may save much subsequent expenditure for cod-liver oil.—Dickens's Household Words.