

**THE BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.**—The Right Rev. Dr. Pompallier has arrived at Ford's Hotel, from Ireland. We understand that his Lordship has succeeded in obtaining several Priests from that country to accompany him to New Zealand, and that he intends to return to his diocese in the course of the next month, attended by at least twenty European Priests, should he be able to procure funds sufficient to defray the expenses of their passage. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has made him a considerable grant, and some private individuals have also contributed towards the expenses of his Mission, which, notwithstanding, are heavier than he can at present discharge. His Lordship has baptised with his own hands more than 10,000 persons in his extensive diocese.

**MISSION IN LAMB'S BUILDINGS, BUNHILL ROW.**—Father Hodgson has for several weeks been giving a mission in the immense school room attached to these buildings, and has been instrumental in reconciling hundreds to the Church, who had not been in the habit of complying with their religious obligations for many years. But last Sunday there was a scene worthy of the most religious Catholic countries, and which even reminded us of the Apostolic times, when the devout Christians followed St. Peter and St. Paul, and pressed them in on every side in order to touch the hem of their garments or merely to apply their handkerchiefs to their bodies, believing that virtue emanated from the very touch of the Church in her rulers and holy members. It had been announced to the people that the Bishop would preach to them on that evening; therefore, for some time before his arrival, the streets for a considerable distance were lined by the poor Catholics, anxious to receive him with due honour. When at last his carriage made its appearance they all advanced to meet him with lighted torches, and scattering laurels before him. With the greatest difficulty the Bishop made his way up to the altar, owing to the crowd in the school room, which holds at least twelve hundred persons. At last he mounted the platform, and addressed the people for about half-an-hour, with an exhortation encouraging them to persevere. The people responded to him as they do at Naples. Whenever he urged them on any particular point they gave their assent by making their promises aloud. The crowd, however, was so great outside as well as within, that the Bishop was not satisfied with merely addressing them from the platform in the schoolroom, but with great difficulty he got into the court, and then ascended a table and spoke to them again in the open air in about the same terms, receiving from the people the same answers. The sermon, or rather exhortation, was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the schoolroom, and never was a more imposing or touching Benediction given. A multitude of 1,500 people, many holding burning torches in their hands, many joining the service with their voices, and all entering heart and soul into the solemnity of the great act, and testifying their real devotion by their tears and characteristic exclamations, was a scene never to be forgotten. After Benediction, the Bishop made his way through the crowd as best he could, many laying hold of his hands, some seizing his feet to kiss them, others almost tearing his cassock off his back. This really consoling spectacle concluded by the people lighting him again to his carriage, and singing a hymn in chorus as he left them.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

**FATHER MATHEW.**—During the whole of yesterday the house of Father Mathew, on Charlotte Quay, was surrounded by crowds of postulants, who flocked thither to receive a parting benediction from their beloved Apostle. Also numbers of his friends and admirers visited to take leave of him on the eve of his voyage to America. This morning, at a very early hour, the quay opposite his residence began to fill with troops of his disciples from the different Temperance rooms of Cork. Although the weather was not as propitious as could be wished, the banners and bands of the respective societies were in requisition, and each one vied with another in paying homage to their long-cherished patron and father. At ten o'clock Father Mathew proceeded to the coach office and started for Dublin, via Malinbeg, where he purposes to remain for a few days, previous to his departure for Liverpool. After a short sojourn with Mr. Rathbone, of that city, he starts per Ashburton liner for America. May Heaven prosper his voyage! —*Cork Examiner.*—An act of remarkable munificence has been performed by one of the

merchant princes of Liverpool. Father Mathew's life was insured some years since for several thousand pounds as security for his Temperance movement. He received notice from the insurance company that in going to America he would have to pay a fine of 300*l.* for the increased risk. But where was the worthy Friar to get such a sum, when his pension is consumed by the premium of insurance on his life? That veteran reformer and practical philanthropist, Mr. W. Rathbone, of Liverpool, heard of Mr. Mathew's difficulty, and, unsolicited, sent the good Friar the sum of 500*l.*, saying that "the friends of temperance should be responsible for the debts which its Apostle had contracted." The wealthy Irish Catholics might blush at such an instance of protestant munificence towards the greatest living ornament of the Irish Catholic Church.—*Dublin Correspondent of the Daily News.*

**BALLINASLOE.**—The Rev. P. Conway, in a letter to the *Freeman*, says:—"Sir—Since my last communication with you a period has elapsed of awful import to the neighbourhood—a thousand years of life could not banish it from my memory—death in all its terrors has been and is rioting amongst us. There is nothing to meet the eye but evidences of starvation and death. Your readers may judge for themselves from the fact that much more than one-half (I might say with truth three-fourths) of the rural population of this once most populous parish has disappeared. Let it may be said, by way of Whig quibbling, that they have emigrated, I assert that ten families have not left this parish for America since 1845. Where, then, are the thousands? In the overflowing graveyards.—A few days since a person called on me in haste, to say there were persons dying in a deserted house near the police barrack. I went with him, and what was my horror to find streched on a wet floor two children dead of starvation, and their parents just dying. Having administered the last sacraments, I sent for the relieving officer and his assistant to remove them, they came, but neither would enter the hovel, much less take them out. I was then obliged myself to procure a cart to carry out the dead bodies, and to place them upon it in order to have them removed for interment. On the following day I found three persons in a sandpit dying of hunger—completely skeletons—two of them are since dead. But these solitary instances convey a very insufficient idea of our state, not alone that whole families of the humbler and pauper classes are carried away by famine, but now our respectable and comfortable parishioners are disappearing by disease, the attendant of famine. On Monday week last an English lady died here, she arrived from London on the Saturday previous, and let our rulers hearken to her last words: "Oh, Sir, you live in a horrid country, there is nothing to be seen but starved creatures and coffins. I am now dying, frightened to death at having seen two persons (dead) carried without coffins. Our people in England know nothing of the state of your country." Then, turning to her husband, she said—"Henry, Henry, give all I have to the poor." I shall never forget her death."

#### ROME.

The Eternal City is now garrisoned by some thousands of the *condottieri* of rebellion, recruited by the sweepings of Paris and Algeria. They are headed by men whose whole career has been one long conspiracy; two of whom have lately shown, in other scenes of bloodshed, how cheaply they hold their own lives and the lives of others—whilst the third is a personage enjoying an undisputed pre-eminence among the professional plotters of Europe. Such unclean spirits as these are not to be conjured away by a few soft words, or exercised by a sprinkling of holy water—they are in their element, and they will not, without a struggle, be driven from their refuge to go to and fro and walk up and down in countries which have already been made too hot to hold them.

**STATE OF ROME.**—The following is an extract of a private letter from Rome, dated the 5th—"Rome may now be said to be a city of ruins. The Villa Borgliese and Medicis has almost disappeared. The ruins still encumber the soil. These barbarians only wanted time for their work, and they have been interrupted by the arrival of the French. They are flocking to the barricades. It is awful to look at these barricades; each one of them is a regular fortress. Three Priests, Jesuits, were discovered yesterday in a villa where they were hiding. The mob dressed them up in rags, dragged them through the

city, and overwhelmed them with outrages of all kinds. They dragged them then to the bridge of the Castle of St. Angelo, where they cut them in pieces, and flung their palpitating remains into the Tiber. I have received these details from an eye-witness of this horrible scene. The convents are attacked night and day. The object is to find money, plate, and linen, and visits are hourly made in search of arms, even in the deepest caves and cellars. You may judge of the terror felt during these visits, which are accompanied with cries and the most terrible vociferations. Poor Rome! It is her beauty, her wealth, her ruins I deplore. The present war is a social one. It is no longer a question about the Pope, he is no longer thought of, it is for the complete destruction of society, and for the triumph of Communism.

In the streets of Rome heaps of stones are piled up and muskets for women. Women keep the most dangerous positions and carry muskets, knives, stilettos, &c. 50,000 men are armed in Rome.

**THE ROMAN STATES.**—The *Milan Gazette* of the 11th, gives the following proclamation from the Austrian General at Bologna:—

"Inhabitants of the Roman States—In execution of the supreme orders received from His Excellency Field-Marshal Count Radezky I have entered your territory with the imperial and royal troops under my command. I come to restore amongst you the legitimate Government of the Supreme Pontiff Pius IX, overthrown by a perverse faction; to reconduct to you the Extraordinary Commissary of his Holiness, and to establish public and private security, hitherto so seriously endangered. I hope that the great majority among you will second my efforts and those of my troops, which will maintain that severe discipline of which they have given striking proofs. Inhabitants of the Roman States—I trust that you will, by your peaceable behaviour, spare me the unpleasant task of recurring to measures of rigour, which I should adopt against any anarchical attempt.

"From my head-quarters, at Castlefranco, in May, 1849,

"Lieut. Marshal WIMPFFEN,  
Commanding the Imperial and Royal Troops."

#### CIVITA VECCHIA, May 15.

Events of an opposing nature succeed each other so rapidly here, that it is very difficult for one to keep you well and truly informed. I know not whether we are at peace or at war, or whether this martial array by which I am surrounded is destined to put down or to support the Roman Republic. At one hour we have the whole army called before Rome, and the ground taken up for a second attack. In an instant after a steamer appears, a courier lands, and despatches are sent off, *tenue a terre*, with orders to suspend operations. Then arrives intelligence that the Tiber has been crossed at Ponte Mole, and that the work of destruction has begun. Next appear two steamers from Marselles. Another courier disembarks from one, a salute in honour of the arrival of a Minister is fired for the other. A diplomatist lands: the whole town is in commotion, and as he flies along the road to Rome, the report is spread, "Lesseps has come! Oudinot is recalled! France has declared war against Austria! *liber la Repubblica!* Paris has fraternized with Rome." In the midst of all this confusion, I will not pretend to know what is truth and what is falsehood.

Mazzini, Avezano, and Garibaldi, know that they are playing their last stake, and that their dream of peace and power are at an end when Rome succumbs. They are determined to stand the hazard of the die, and if they are to be believed, to make their end as fatal to the Christian world as it is possible to make it. None of these heroes is a Roman—I believe they are all Piedmontese—still they speak as if they were children of the Eternal City, and assume a right to dictate to those who have the claim of birth-right to be heard, but whose voice is not listened to. In like manner the fighting part of the population are likewise strangers. Garibaldi's band contain refugees of every soil; and the rest are Lombards, Poles, Venetians, or Neapolitans. Rome alone is represented by the Battalion of Students, the Carabincers, and the bands of volunteers created by the dictator of the day. Supported by men compromised like himself, Mazzini holds out for even the remotest chance of success, or, what is still as probable, he is but the puppet of more violent heads than his own; and his brother Triumvirs know that they are closely watched, and that the first symptom of a transaction would be followed by their being massacred in open day. Still, I cannot give up the hope, or rather the opinion, that a transaction must take place, and that the Triumvirate, seeing that the town is about being attacked by an all-sufficient force, that the Neapolitans are at Albano and Anagnina, and that the Austrians are at Civita Vecchia, as their protectors from the violence of their declared enemies. Oudinot will promise everything, in order that he may have the exclusive honour of terminating the affair, and I have no doubt he will substitute to conditions reasonable or unreasonable to secure that end. Whether these conditions will be faithfully fulfilled is another question; but when the Triumvirate is dethroned and Pio Nono established in the Quirinal, under the safeguard of French bayonets, who is to drag the Commander-in-Chief to account, or in what court is the Republic to be sued for breach of

contract? One evil alone attends such a course of proceeding, but that does not concern the Provisional Government of Rome, but the Cabinets of Vienna and Naples. To them France will have to explain why she has departed from the plan laid down by Prince Schwartzburg, in his celebrated note, and converted a tripartite-made intervention into an isolated physical attack. You remember that the Prince proposed that France should occupy Civita Vecchia, Austria Bologna and Ferrara, and Naples remain close to the parties at the Roman side, and that then, without advancing further, the Triumvirate should be summoned to give way. In the opinion of the Prince, such a demonstration was quite sufficient to insure the restoration of the Pope, and the world would see that a Christian act was accomplished without the shedding of blood, or more than mere coercion. That prudent course has been set aside by the extraordinary conduct of the French Government, much to its dishonour as a Cabinet, still more so to its military fame, and I think one is therefore justified in saying, that in case of a transaction taking place, the exclusive occupation by the French will be a circumstance very immaterial to Europe so far as Mazzini and his comrades are concerned, but most serious with respect to its Austrian and Neapolitan allies, and to the various Catholic Powers represented in Congress at Gaeta.

**ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN.**—Another ruffian has attempted to obtain notoriety and a provision at the expense of the state, by firing a pistol at Queen Victoria. The attempt was made on Saturday evening last, shortly after six o'clock, almost at the threshold of the palace. The assassin was seen by the parties near him to present and discharge a pistol at the Queen as she drove rapidly past the Green Park to Buckingham Palace. He is about 22 years of age, 4 feet 6 or 7 inches high, fair complexion and hair, and was dressed in a flannel jacket, corduroy trousers, black waistcoat, and cap. For a long time he refused to give his name, but he at last said it was John Hamilton, that he was a bricklayer, that he was an Irishman, without father or mother, or any relation in England, and that he had left Ireland about a twelvemonth back. He said for the last two or three months he had no work, and lived for four months past at No. 3, Eccleston-place, Finsbury, and previous to that he had lived in the neighbourhood of the Newroad. Upon being searched only a few halfpence were found upon him. The scene along the public thoroughfares in the evening was of a very animated and pleasing description. Every person seemed delighted that her Majesty had escaped another attack upon her life. Along Regent-street, Pall-mall, and near St. James's Palace the crowd frequently gave vent to their expressions of loyalty, and cried out, "Long live the Queen!" and upon more than one occasion the National anthem was sung along the grand mall of St. James's-park; and in the various theatres the audiences rose en masse the moment the curtain fell, and demanded the performers to sing the National anthem, which was warmly responded to by the audiences. It appears that Prince Albert was not in the carriage with her Majesty when the attempt was made. Her Majesty had been taking an airing with the children. She was not the least alarmed. After arriving at the Palace she walked for some time on the garden walk with the prince. The prisoner states that the pistol was not loaded with either ball or shot, and that his object was to gain notoriety and some temporary relief, he being out of employment. On Sunday, at two o'clock, the prisoner was brought up to the home Office, and underwent an examination before Sir George Grey, Mr. Waddington, the under secretary of state, and Mr. Henry and Mr. Hall, the magistrates of Bow-street Police-office. The Attorney-General conducted the examination. The result was, that the prisoner, being unable to enter into recognizance, was committed to Newgate for "firing at Her Majesty with intent to alarm," &c. and will be tried at the Old Bailey Sessions in June.

#### FIRING AT THE QUEEN.

Lord J. RUSSELL.—Sir, before I move the postponement of two orders of the day that stand on the paper for to-night, I think it right, in order to allay public apprehension, to state that, a statement having been made in some of the newspapers of Saturday evening that a treasonable attempt had been made against the life of Her Majesty, I can state, that although it is unfortunately true that a pistol was discharged at the Queen when Her Majesty was passing on her return home to Buckingham Palace, it has been found that there is no reason to accuse the person who discharged the pistol of a treasonable attempt, and that it is a crime more remarkable for its baseness than its atrocity. (Hear, hear.) I have only further to state that I am sure if it had been an attempt of another kind I should have had the cordial assent of this house (great cheering) to an address to Her Majesty congratulating her on the preservation of a life so valuable. (Loud cheers.) I may add, that Her Majesty on this occasion, which might have been one of a most serious nature, acted with her usual intrepidity and self-possession. The noble lord then moved that the committee on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill be postponed till the 4th of June, and (as we understood) also the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill.

Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL hoped it would not be considered an intrusion if he said that, heavy as were the misfortunes of Ireland, it would be regarded as an aggravation of those misfortunes that the dastardly miscreant who had committed this outrage was an Irishman. He would say, however, that he believed amidst the greatest excitement that prevailed in Ireland last year there would not have been found one among the fiercest, the wildest, the most virulent that took part in those unhappy events, who would have harboured a feeling of personal insult towards Her Majesty. (Cheers.) And even now, although the misfortunes of Ireland were absorbing the attention of every one in that country, he might say that they would all be in a moment forgotten in one general burst of congratulation and fervent joy that our beloved Sovereign had escaped unhurt from this outrage upon her person. (Cheers.)