

Social Upheavals.

NOVEL PHASES OF THE TYNDALLIAN THEORIES IN ENGLAND.

(M. D. Conway's London Letter in Cincinnati Commercial.)

You will learn that the London corporation has declined to depart from its political neutrality by formally offering the "freedom of the city" to Dierriani, but not one item in any journal will inform you that eminent ministers of many denominations, orthodox and unorthodox, have appeared on a common platform to give a parting blessing to a Hindu, a pagan Brahmo preacher, a main part of whose business in India is to resist the spread of Christianity in that country. Indeed, I could make quite a catalogue of those "indications of upheaval" which the Times sees, but thinks best not to report, and not the least would be the fact that every club, every drawing-room, is turned into a controversial council. Ladies hup atheism over their heads, as Dierriani said, and it is in order to ask your partner in the intervals of a walk whether she is an animist, or helioist, or what we are molecular automata. Nay, we have had an instance lately of a lady in high society appearing in public as an advocate of Tyndallian theories. This lady—Mrs. Anne Beant—after receiving the best education that Germany, Paris and London combined could give, was married to the gentleman whose name she bears, but who was amazed to find that she was a determined skeptic. Being himself a devout churchman, he desired her at least to conform outwardly to religious customs—that is, go to church and take the sacrament. This the wife refused to do. The papers of separation being signed, the lady gave a lecture in a public hall, and caused considerable sensation by her eloquence. Moreover, she is young and very pretty—with oval face, delicate complexion and soft black eyes. The advanced Unitarian Chapel at Clerkenwell, in London, hearing that a fair heretic had appeared, invited her to give a Sunday evening discourse there; but they must have been misinformed of the extent of the young lady's heresy, and the commotion was great. The minister, though a reputed Radical, had to utter public disclaimer of any affinity with the philosophy of Mrs. Beant, who now has about as good a chance to become the Joan d'Arc of our religious conflict, as any lady in England. The taste of the gentleman who turned such a lady as this out of house and home because of her evolutionary theories has undergone some severe criticism, but it shows that some saving faith is still left in the world. Her case is not very bad, for the court has allowed her the control of her little daughter. A much worse one has recently come to light in the case of Mrs. Louisa Lowe, who, however, when she became a heretic happened to be the wife of a clergyman, from whom, of course, more zeal was only to be expected. She resided with her reverend husband at Upottery Vicarage, near Honiton, and the year confused her symptoms of heresy with symptoms of insanity. She was suddenly seized and without any preliminaries incarcerated in a private lunatic asylum, near Bristol, in September, 1870. It is now conceded by all parties that Mrs. Lowe was at no time in the least insane, yet all her letters to her friends were suppressed, and all her appeals to be brought before a jury were unheard. Certain pecuniary complications at length rendered it necessary that she should be looked after, and she was discovered in the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum—to which she was transferred in 1871, undergoing indescribable agonies. In reply to her application for redress at the Home Office, Mrs. Lowe was advised that she must seek her remedy at law. But, as under the present disabilities of married women, only her husband could plead on this subject, and, as he seems perfectly satisfied that a heretic is necessarily a lunatic, Mrs. Lowe can only appeal to the public. She has brought to light a number of cases, that she found in the private asylums, of persons not at all insane, who were held by interested parties, without the means of communicating with the world, and one gentleman has been liberated who was illegally detained for fourteen years. The result is that a Lunacy Law Reform Association has been formed. Lords Roseberry, Morley, Napier, and Ettrick, Sir Charles Dilke, and others, have become interested, and Mrs. Lowe will probably have the satisfaction of seeing all private lunatic asylums abolished as the result of her severe sufferings.

Mr. Charles Teller has forwarded to the secretary of the French Academy a communication in which he endeavors to prove that nearly all infectious diseases result from the action of different genera of parasites, increasing in proportion to the decreasing vitality of the patient. He maintains that, when patients so afflicted are subjected to the direct action of heat gradually rising until a high degree of temperature is attained, the parasites are paralyzed, and finally completely destroyed. The human body being capable of supporting a high degree of temperature without danger, provided that it inhales a sufficient quantity of oxygen, Mr. Teller has invented a mechanism which will enable medical men to administer oxygen to their patients with safety, and to subject them to the proper degree of heat. The French Academy has appointed a committee to superintend the public experiments about to be made by Mr. Charles Teller.

M. Jean Leon le Prevost, founder and first Superior General of the Congregation of Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, died at Chaville, France, on October 30. M. le Prevost was one of the most active and zealous organizers of charities of our time. He was one of the original founders of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and presided for a long time over the Conferences of St. Salpêtré. He created the Society of the Holy Family, and directed it for many years with great ability. He was an exceedingly modest and retiring man. Although very rich, he lived in extreme poverty, giving all his wealth to the poor. The members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul bear the prayers of the faithful for the repose of the soul of their deeply-regretted father. M. le Prevost was seventy-two years of age.

"Land and water" says that the shrubs which supply the nobles of Japan with tea are reported to be five hundred years old, the tea grown on old plants being the best.

The O'Connell Centenary.

(Dublin Nation, Nov. 14.)

The proposal to celebrate the centenary of the birth of O'Connell by a great public demonstration in the capital of Ireland, is one which will meet with a hearty acceptance from the Irish race. O'Connell was worthy of the honor, and gratitude to those who loved and saved their country is a characteristic of the Irish people. The summons, therefore, to a national demonstration in Dublin to honor the memory of O'Connell will not fall on heedless ears; it will be heard and heeded by the children of Ireland in all parts of the world; beneath the sun of India, in the crowded cities and in the backwoods of America, in the clearings of the New Zealand jungle, and amid the flourishing settlements of Australia, Irish hearts will thrill in sympathy with that appeal; and when the glorious month of August is next glowing upon "the fair hills of holy Ireland," may a loving son of this old land be spreading over the sea from many regions of the world, "home-ward bound."

As the emancipator of the Irish Catholics from the bondage of the penal laws, O'Connell earned the eternal gratitude not only of Irish Catholics, but of the Catholics of all countries. But in the forthcoming movement, so far as the Irish race are concerned, there will be much more than an expression of a grateful remembrance of favors conferred. To honor success comes easy to most people; it is a higher thing to honor noble efforts which deserved success but did not achieve it. O'Connell repealed the penal laws which fettered his co-religionists; he strove to repeal another law which destroyed the independence of his country. To this good service he devoted the greater portion of his public life, and Irishmen cannot think the merit of his patriotic labors lessened by the facts that a combination of unfavorable circumstances put a temporary check to the progress of his cause, and that while it was still in gloom and shadow his eyes were closed forever. That cause is still dear to the Irish race; for its advancement they are not marshaled in a great organization; in furtherance of it they are making noble efforts, which, they have reason to hope, will ere long be crowned with victory. What can be more fitting than that while engaged in acting upon his principles and following out his great designs they should, on so fitting an occasion as that which is now approaching, assemble to pay a public tribute of love, respect, and veneration to the undying memory of O'Connell?

A fitting deed it will assuredly be to celebrate this approaching anniversary with all the pomp, and splendor, and dignity the Irish race can confer upon it. In no narrow spirit should any part of the ceremonial be conceived. The invitation of the committee is rightly addressed to the Irish race and the friends of freedom throughout the world. Let, then, the scope of the proceedings be such as every friend of freedom can approve—let there be room within their range for every man who desires to see Ireland that which O'Connell strove to make her—"great, glorious, and free." Of course the honors of the day will commence with religious services on the altars which he emancipated, but when those holy rites are done the popular portion of the celebration should be open to the participation of Irishmen of all creeds and classes. No clique or party should attempt to make it square with their own narrow views or timid notions—it should be broad, strong, and bold as the Irish race. We have no fear indeed that any endeavor will be made to give a less noble aspect to what we feel confident will be one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever made by the Irish people. The address which gives the summons to the great reunion of the sons of Ireland, if not all that could be wished from a merely literary point of view, is, however, in a right spirit, and being so, will touch the hearts of the faithful people for whom, in all parts of the globe, it is intended. At home and abroad the call will be obeyed; from the very "ends of the earth" it will be answered; and the 6th of August, 1875, will become a memorable date in the annals of the Irish nation.

Mr. Sauvand, director of the Zoological Garden of Gherizech, in Egypt, has discovered a simple method for distinguishing impregnated from unimpregnated eggs. On the fourth day of incubation he examines the eggs in rotation through an India-rubber tube ten inches long, wide enough to admit the egg, which he holds up to the sun. On the fifth day of incubation the chicken's fibres become perfectly visible, and all the phases of incubation may be followed afterward day by day. All eggs in which no fibres are visible on the fifth day should at once be taken out of the nest and replaced by others. There has recently been patented in this country, a simple device designed for the same purpose. It consists merely of a tin cup with perforated cover, and a small tube at the side. The egg rests in the hole at the top, and is viewed through the lateral opening. The amount of light admitted by the egg is the gauge of its freshness.

Adelina Patti sings so finely because her tonsils are cut off. It is a queer fact, but it is so. What does the physician who attends her in New York say? Listen: "When Adelina Patti commenced her musical career she was unable to sing in opera. She had a fine voice, but it was incapable of enduring the tremendous strain which the leading role of an opera would subject it to. She sang in concert, but even after that she was sometimes hoarse, her throat was very much irritated. I examined her throat and saw that the tonsils were very large. The tonsils are of no use to the voice, except as modifiers, but they easily become inflamed, and the inflammation extends to the vocal organs, producing hoarseness and sore throat. This was Patti's difficulty. I proposed to remove the tonsils entirely. Maurice Strakosch and her uncle, Scoda, the tenor, objected strongly, saying that it would destroy her voice entirely. "Very well," said I, "I think differently. When you are ready come to me, and I will perform the operation." Patti's voice continued to trouble her, and at last she did come. I cut out the tonsils and sent her into the country for three months, at the end of which time she appeared in Italian opera with immense success. From that day her voice has been constantly improving.

The obituary notice of a much-respected lady concludes with: In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends!

Further Accounts of the Horrible Massacres of Christians at Tong King, China.

The Missions Catholiques publishes the following letter from Mgr. Eugénier, Vicar Apostolic to Eastern Tong King:

I hasten to thank you for the interest you have manifested in our cause by publishing several articles on the persecutions in Tong King. The readers of the Missions Catholiques must have been touched by the terrible misfortunes of our Christians, and will not have omitted to ask the Divine Master to restore peace and prosperity to His church in China. We count much upon the prayers of the Catholic world. I will not conceal from you that I consider that the present fearful crisis in Tong King will prove eventually very favorable to the Catholic religion. God will hear the prayers of our martyrs. The massacre of Christians and the pillaging and burning of their villages commenced in my mission, and thence spread into that of Mgr. Gauthier. How can I ever describe to you the horrors we have witnessed, and which we were utterly unable to prevent. The literati, freed from all restraint, excited by love of pillage, and drunk with blood, abandoned all restraint, and their wrath knew no bounds. Armed with lances, guns, and even cannon, they threw themselves, followed by numerous bands of lawless men, upon the Christian villages, none of which were strong enough to defend themselves. They killed men, women and children without distinction, sparing neither those who asked for pity nor those who refused to do so.

A schoolmaster seeing the literati coming, took refuge in the church, and there prostrated before the altar, implored the mercy of God. The murderers arrived, they seized him in the sanctuary, and scalped him. He still continued to pray, and they at last cut his head off. Among them were several old women, girls and even children. Three priests, twenty missionary students, and ten catechists or scholars of Mgr. Gauthier met with the same fate. About 70,000 Christians in both missions, were totally ruined and dispersed. The majority were killed in the sack of the villages; many were ordered to apostatize, and on refusing to do so, were condemned to death. A great many are still hidden in the mountains, living there on roots and herbs. Others have taken refuge with pagan friends.

Over thirty presbyteries, 200 churches, 300 villages, containing 14,000 families and ten convents of Anamite Nuns, have been pillaged and burnt. The material loss to the missions is over 400,000 francs, and that of the Christians exceeds 15,000,000 francs. The labor before us is immense. We have, first of all, to bring the despised Christians back to their villages, and they are nearly naked and without money. Moreover their homes being burnt, we shall have to help them to rebuild them. I estimate that each mission will require at least 300,000 francs to put it to rights, and where are we to get the money? We trust in Providence, and entreat the aid of God through the intercession of His latest martyrs.

Our Priests.

[From the Catholic.] There is a startling fact that many of our younger and middle aged priests are dying. One last week, and three sick this week unto death, and another in a very dangerous state. This is an assertion which is worthy of our deepest consideration. Our readers love their priests, and would be sorry to hear of their troubles and sickness, and yet the fact is apparent, that they are overworked. Take from any class that you please, the laborer on the railroad, the clerk in the bank, the editor of our papers, and you will find the Catholic priest is the most overworked, the worst paid, the worst fed, and the most forsaken of all classes. He gives up all father and mother, brother and sister, and all friends, devotes himself entirely to his congregation, and when sickness comes is the most God-forsaken, apparently, creature on the face of the earth.

Explain the fact how you may, it is a truth and a shame that must bring the blush to the face of our Catholics. Our Bishops and Priests access to all things. Yet many of them are living in poverty. They not only give up the world, but apparently are bound according to the practice of modern days, to give up every comfort for our sakes. They attend to us at any hour of the night and in any disease, no matter how pestilential and deadly, and we take it as a matter of course. Others, out of the fold, may shrink the duty, but the priest never.

And yet they die broken-hearted, often and often, on accounts of our indifference. The church is built which they may be removed from on the morrow—the debts are pressing—they cannot meet their creditors, and their hearts are literally and truly broken, and yet we cannot see the cause. Living in palaces ourselves, we cannot see that our Lord must be clothed, at least as ourselves. How can we have grand parlors, furnished in the most gorgeous styles, and see our Saviour, if we have faith dwelling in a temple, fit only for the vilest dregs of humanity.

If we believe that Christ is in our churches, and dwells on our altars, then let us be generous, and contribute to His house. Debt, troubles and cares, are killing our good priests. Night sick calls, the weary and tear of the day, pestilential diseases, are thinning their ranks, and apparently, we are indifferent.

Arouse Catholic laymen and remove this disgrace! Be generous and charitable to your priests, they will give you all in the end. Pay off your debts, aid your Pastors, and sympathize with them in their troubles, which have been contracted for you and your children. Now is the time, every little helps, don't wait to be begged, go to your priests and aid them according to your means, God who loves his ministers, will increase your store a hundred fold. Up now, Catholics, and aid them!

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—Patrick Devor, of Vienna, Rush county, Indiana, was exasperated because his pistol wouldn't go off, and threw it on the floor with such force as to explode one of the cartridges, and the ball struck his daughter, who was sitting at the table sewing, hitting her just below the right eye, passing upward into her head, almost instantly killing her. It is reported that her mother nearly died with grief, and her father almost became insane.

Victor Emanuel.

(Abridged from Justin McCarthy.)

I have before me now a silver coin picked up in Savoy soon after Italy became a kingdom. Now the head displayed on that coin is not of kingly mould. The mint has flattered its royal master much less than is usual with such portraits. There is the coarse, bulldog cast of face; there are the heavy eyebrows, the unshapely nose, the hideous moustache, the receding forehead, and all the other beauties and graces of the "bloat king's" countenance. Certainly the face of the coin is not bloated enough, and there is too little animalism displayed in the back of the head. But it gave, when it was issued, as fair an idea as a little piece of silver could well give, of the head and face of Europe's most ill-favored sovereign.

Some fifteen years ago King Victor Emanuel visited England. He was everywhere welcomed with a cordiality of interest and admiration not often accorded to a foreign king. He was not then nearly so bloated and burly as he is now; but even then, how marvellously ill-favored he was! How rough and coarse looking; how unattractive in manner; how brazen and without grace and bearing; how liable to fits of stolid silence; how utterly devoid of grace and dignity! His huge straw-colored moustache projecting about half a foot on each side of his face, was as an ugly piece of manly decoration as ever royal countenance displayed.

Victor Emanuel is a man of gross habits and tastes, addicted to coarse and ignoble immoralities. "The manners of a moustache and the morality of a hog," was the description which my friend, John Francis Maguire, gave, in one of his parliamentary speeches, of King Victor Emanuel. All things considered, there was not a bad description. Moreover, it was mildness, it was compliment—nay, it was base flattery—when compared with the hideous accusations publicly and distinctly made against Victor Emanuel by one of Garibaldi's sons, not to speak of other accusers, and privately whispered by slanderous gossip all over Europe. The man has the coarse tastes of a sailor turned ashore after a long cruise—and such tastes are not kingly. He absolutely wants all the elements of greatness.

EGYPT.—According to the latest statistics, Egypt has 5,400,000 inhabitants, 7,264,640 acres of arable land, of which 4,625,900 are under cultivation. The land-tax exceeds, on an average, five dollars per acre. The exportation of cotton in 1873 amounted 398,258 bales, weighing 2,161,442 cwts.; that of sugar having amounted to 883,020 cwts. The traffic by the Suez Canal in 1873 comprised 1,171 steamers, measuring 2,985,270 tons, of which 72 per cent carried the British flag. The number of passengers carried was 65,635, the receipts of the canal company having exceeded \$4,500,000.

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