

has been thrown away, like the odd end of a school-boy's holiday, in a round of consultations between the Palace and a few leading gentlemen.

Now that we have again a Government though, like our military departments, not yet fully and completely organised, we lose not an hour in soliciting its most earnest attention to the dreadful, astounding, and long as our preparation has been, even to us almost incredible narratives, that we continue to receive from the East. Day by day the thin veil which official mystification had striven to spread over the appalling realities of our position is falling away, and a scene is disclosed, the unutterable woe and misery of which the most excited imagination cannot represent—the most graphic pen cannot depict.—Slowly sinking down from an abyss of misery which a short time ago would have been deemed impossible, to an abyss far lower and more awful, our army seems to be reaching the period assigned to all human woe, as it has long ago passed the suffering hitherto believed to be the limit of human endurance. Down, down, ever downward, without an abatement or retardation, in the steady career of destruction, have our soldiers sunk, and dark as have been our prognostics, the reality has always kept far more than pace with them. Our correspondents turn with sickening disgust from the dreary monotony of a narrative which tells of nothing but death in the shape most abhorrent to brave men—in the form of loathsome and incurable disease. Our battalions in the Crimea melt away like the snow that surrounds their tents and fills their trenches, and this diminution of our military force is registered by a corresponding increase in our hospitals. One hospital has grown into three, three into eight, and eight into thirteen. Cargo after cargo of the emaciated relics of the survivors of our great battles has been sent to Malta, to Corfu, and to England. Death is clearing the hospitals at the rate of 50 to 60 a-day; but still the tide of misery overbears all the receptacles devised to contain it, and there is no room for the immense number of patients whose arrival is immediately expected. Five thousand sick are, it appears, already in the camp, and one-half of those doing duty are already unfit for work. While Ministers insult us by talking of 30,000 effective men, well-informed persons at Constantinople estimate our effective force in the Crimea at from 11,000 to 14,000 bayonets, including under the term that moiety which Dr. Hall considers to be unfit for duty—that is, smitten with the chronic disease to which they will not yield till it becomes inveterate and incurable. This calamity, as we said, has not come upon us suddenly or unawares. It has advanced step by step, fully foreseen, and distinctly pointed out. The progression is regular and invariable—from the trenches to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave. It is not in battle that the British army has found its destroyer. Against its iron front the might of Russia was shivered in vain, but it carried within itself and in the influences which watched over it, the sure and unfailing seeds of destruction, and bore about it the corruption in which they were sure to ripen.—We do not wish to exaggerate—we could not exaggerate if we would—the extent and nature of this calamity. A little time, and all that will be left of our glorious army will be a few 'sickly' and miserable invalids, a General or two, and the members of the Staff, which, though it has done nothing of the duty required of it, is reported by its head to be gentlemanlike in its demeanor, and free from all imputation of vulgar disagreements and quarrels. When, however, this catastrophe shall have been accomplished—and it is one, the accomplishment of which may be measured by days, almost by hours—we shall, at any rate, have to congratulate ourselves that its course did not impede the deliberate and leisurely construction of our Administration—that not a crotchet was surrendered, not a punctilio waived, not a party or personal claim abandoned, in order to expedite the formation of a power which might be able to deal with these awful eventualities. We shall also have the satisfaction of knowing that, of all the persons in all the departments whose incompetency has led to this deplorable result, not a single one has been recalled, disgraced, or discredited, so far as the opinion of his official superiors is concerned. Still, after a period of inaction and inertness so complete that we really believe it was from the English newspapers he first learnt the state of his own army, does Lord Raglan continue to while away his time in ease and tranquillity among the relics of his army. Still are his staff left in the full exercise of those functions to which they have, over and over again, proved themselves wholly unequal; still are the Quartermaster and Adjutant-General left to contribute their quota of mismanagement and incapacity; still is the Commissariat abandoned to the care of old and worn-out men; still are the same prejudiced and unfeeling persons allowed to ruin the efficiency of our medical department. Chaos is come again—night, anarchy, confusion reign triumphant. Our national reputation has been sacrificed, our army destroyed, our position in Europe seriously compromised, our past tarnished and our future over-clouded; but we have not recalled a single official. No one has been made accountable for all this mischief, and, while the public suffers and private families mourn, no official gentleman's feelings have been hurt by his withdrawal from the position which he had abused. For our part, we cannot help suspecting that it would have been better if, instead of saving our official and losing our army, we had saved our army, even at the risk of, in some cases, blighting the prospects, and in others hurdling the feeling, of men so fatally unworthy of the public confidence. This, we confess, would have been our choice, had the alternative been open to us.

The following singular story is from the Constantinople correspondents of the English journals. The events, therein described, though so monstrous as to be almost incredible, are it is affirmed "perfectly true."

"CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 20.—Many of our readers will doubtless remember that this capital has for some length of time been the scene of many mysteriously perpetrated robberies of houses, and the equally mysterious and sudden disappearance of many an English private for A. B. This "killing" work reached its climax about May or June last, at the time when some troops were quartered in and about this city.—some people regarded these acts of bloodshed as nothing more than the result of some midnight brawl; others considered them the works of Moslem fanaticism. But the fact was never satisfactorily accounted for, nor did the many investigations of the police ever succeed in obtaining any clue as to the perpetrators until very lately, when the mystery of these deeds was cleared up. And it is a great blessing that the villains have been at last secured, as the cases of murders were again becoming very frequent. On the 2nd of January a gipsy came to the chief cavass, or superintendent of police, and offered to disclose the haunt of a gang of murderers, on payment of a reward of 1,000 piastres. Though immediately secured, he refused to divulge a single fact without the promise of the above sum. The threat of immediate execution was next tried on him, when the gipsy, in order to save himself, declared the whole was a got-up story. Hereupon he was sent in charge of a cavass to the prison, but neither vans nor handcuffs are in fashion here, and the gipsy managed to make his escape again. Next morning he was found dead in the open street, with four deep gashes in his breast. It is supposed that a gang got wind of the gipsy's intention to betray them, and, accordingly, quietly dispatched him, to render him harmless for the future.

"On the evening of the 3rd, as some cavasses were making their rounds in one of the streets of Galatz, they met two men carrying a large bag between them, apparently with much difficulty. The policemen suspected them by their manner to have committed some theft, and accordingly, to escape observation, got into the shade of a dead wall, to allow the others to approach. But this plan failed, for the moon at that moment re-appearing from behind a cloud, threw her light full on the dead wall, whereupon the two men let fall their bag, and took to their heels. The bag was found to contain the dead body of an English soldier, with a bullet through his head.

"On the night of the 6th three French soldiers, walking through one of the streets at Pera, suddenly came upon two Greeks carrying the body of an English sailor. Suspecting the commission of a foul deed, the Frenchmen unslung their rifles which hung at their sides, and gave chase to the Greeks who instantly dropped their burden and ran off. The chase continued, up one lane and down another, for some time, when the pursued suddenly halted, and gave a loud shrill whistle. Suddenly the previously empty lane was crowded with dark figures, who rushed on the unfortunate Frenchmen who had thus nobly endeavored to avenge the death of the English sailor. They fired, and made a gallant stand for some time, until the overwhelming numbers bore them down, stabbing and clubbing them without mercy. Soon after, some cavasses passing by, the ruffians disappeared again as quickly as they had come to the rescue of their fellow murderer, but not without leaving two of the Frenchmen dead. The third just lived long enough to make his statement to the police, who instantly searched all the neighboring houses, courts, and alleys, but without finding anything suspicious whatever.

"A former member of the Baden Volunteer Corps, who has been obtaining a scanty livelihood here by executing all sorts of commissions, whereby he not unfrequently came in contact with some of the scum of all nations, volunteered to find the haunt of this mysterious gang, and as he could be generally depended upon, his tender was accepted, and a dagger and revolver given him for protection. On the morning of the 9th he was found dead outside of Pera. A cavass, who had also volunteered to solve the mystery, likewise fell a victim, and was picked up one morning covered with dagger wounds and perfectly dead.

"On the 11th, however, the mystery was solved.—It happened, as follows:—A pole of the name of Glabaca, and an Italian, Pisani by name, happened to occupy the same room. The Italian led a very free and easy life, was seldom at home, and does not appear to have been a novice in gambling either. After having been out all night, Pisani entered their common dwelling on the morning of the 10th, with dejected look, which caused his friend the Pole to demand of him what ill luck he had had. Pisani answered that he had lost all his cash that night at play, and had even to leave his gold watch as security for a borrowed sum, adding, "I shall go and redeem my watch directly or the rascally host will change it—and I would not lose that watch for the world. Hang these nameless streets and numberless houses. I should despair of finding the cabaret again but for a clever trick of mine; as I left the house, I cut a large cross on the house door with my knife—that is my only guide, but it is a mark which the old rogue cannot easily efface." He took all his money and every valuable trinket he possessed, and departed determined to lose all or win his money back. Glabaca had a presentiment that something would go wrong, and determined to go in search of his friend if he did not make his appearance by next morning. Morning came, but no Pisani; and Glabaca therefore set out to carry his resolution into effect. He had wandered about fruitlessly for about an hour, when he entered a small cabaret to refresh himself with a glass of rum. He gave the host a piastre, and demanded his change in paras. On one of these paras he had only the other day scratched his name with a nail, and recognised it as belonging to Pisani, who must have given away that para. He therefore entered into conversation with the gin-shop-keeper, asked him whether an Italian had been here lately, and whether he had played at his house. The man evaded the question, and his manner appeared altogether so odd that Glabaca quietly took his departure in order to have a look at the street door. Sure enough, there was the cross hurriedly scratched on the outside. Turning into the next street, he met a file of policemen attending on some arabas, which contained the bodies of those who had fallen victims in the past night.—There were 14 corpses; of these 7 were English, 4 French; Pisani lay lifeless there too. No doubt could now exist as to who the perpetrators of all these crimes were, and where their den was; and on that same day the whole premises were surrounded by military, who effected the capture of 15 men and 8 women, all of whom will no doubt meet with the punishment they so richly deserve."

ANGLICAN DEVELOPMENTS.

(From the Rambler.)

What a change it is, indeed, that is now going on in the English world, uprooting from the entire national mind the first elements of belief in Christianity as a system of revealed and unchangeable doctrine! For many years past, this substitution of latitudinarianism for belief has been taking place among the various Dissenting bodies. Those who have watched the various Nonconformist publications of the last quarter of a century, and observed the acts of the Nonconformist sects, will bear us witness in stating, that a change of the most formidable and fundamental kind has come upon the prevalent opinions of British Dissent. Its old Puritan leaders, and its later guides, who fashioned its ideas in the days of Wesley and Whitfield, would hardly know their descendants as their children at all; they have lost their old belief in the inspiration of Scripture, and their intense conviction that truth, as truth, is infinitely precious; and that religious ideas and practices are to be measured, not merely by the rules of philosophy and expediency, but by their accordance with the distinctly-revealed doctrines of Jesus Christ. Of course, their interpretations of those doctrines were absurd enough, and their range of biblical criticism was bigoted, narrow, and shallow; but still they held, as to a sheet-anchor, that truth is truth, and the Bible inspired. Now they have become 'liberal,' 'tolerant,' 'philosophical,' 'critical,' 'enlightened,' 'benevolent'; in other words, they have lost those glimpses of eternity which once rejoiced their souls, and have acquiesced in the idea that it is better to criticise the Bible than to believe the Gospel.

And now, at length, the tide of scepticism is surging up into the high places of the Anglican Establishment. We do not say for a moment that it is a professed or a conscious scepticism, or that the present increase in popular morality and religious profession is not, in its way, perfectly genuine and sincere. Nay, we would admit still more; that in some respect the intentions of the present day are better than those of the past; that if people's ideas on Christian doctrine are worse than those of their fathers, their ideas on morals are, to a certain extent, more really enlightened and Christian. But with all this, the fact is frightfully manifest, that the Church of England is rapidly losing its grasp upon the relics of the Christian faith, which for three centuries it has, in some shape or other, preserved. Coincidentally with the advance of zeal and learning which we Catholics may fairly believe to be taking place among ourselves, our dominant opponent is parting with the last semblances of Catholicism which survived the shock of the "Reformation."

For, unquestionably and radically Protestant as the Anglican Church has ever been, it is certain, as a matter of fact, that her individual members have in many instances been brought up to revere certain elementary truths of Christianity, which, in their natural and logical development, become nothing less than absolute Catholicism. These truths, taken generally, are three; and they constitute those very essential doctrines which are the object of the deepest detestation on the part of Protestantism, pure and unmitigated; namely, a veneration for the creeds, a respect for a visible Church as a divinely-organised body, and a belief in the doctrine of sacramental efficacy. Carry out these three truths to their legitimate consequences, and we have the Catholic faith; deny them, and we have Protestantism in its naked reality. And, partly from one course, and partly from another, the English Establishment has been the instrument of bringing up millions and millions of persons in an implicit conviction that all these three truths form an essential element of the Christian revelation; not only the Puseyite school, and its predecessors the Nunsjurots, but every thing that has been comprised under the term 'High-Church,' has taken its stand against 'Evangelicalism' and Dissent on these three principles. The immense numerical majority of Church-people, even when in connection with the most undisguised worldliness, have been taught from their childhood that the Apostles, the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds were, literally true; that to deny them, or to doubt them, was unlawful and altogether shocking; and that (for some unexplained reason or other) they did not stand on the same ground as mere human opinions, which any body might accept or reject as he pleased. In the directest opposition to this system stands that of the Low-Church party, always numerically in a small minority. The Low-Church school has professedly and pointedly based its creed, such as it was, on private interpretation of the Bible. It has scorned and denounced with virulence the very notion of creeds, as such, handed down from generation to generation, and commanding the acceptance of Christians in every age.

Again, the doctrine of a visible Church, with divinely appointed rulers and ministers, is as familiar to the English 'Churchman' as his reception of the Ten Commandments. He looks down upon Dissenters, not only as a low, ungentlemanly, fanatical race, but as being excluded from the visible community of the faithful through their violation of the positive injunctions of our Lord and His Apostles, and their want of a lawfully-ordained ministry. No doubt his contempt is illogical enough, and the position he claims for himself, is as untenable against Nonconformist anarchy as against Roman authority; but his principle, that Jesus Christ did erect a visible Church, with its perfect organisation and ministry, is true. So, again, with the Sacraments. The Dissenters and the 'Evangelical' denounce as soul-destroying the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. With five out of six of the Church-people of all varieties, this doctrine lies at the root of the Christian life itself, and to deny it is held blasphemous. Even with respect

to the holy Eucharist, false as is the Anglican theory with respect to the Presence of our Blessed Lord in the consecrated species, the High-Church party almost universally recognise the existence of some mysterious blessing produced by the act of consecration. The idea of the communication of grace by means of material channels, so far from being strange or repulsive to their minds, seems the most easy, simple, and Christian thing in the world. The very walls of their churches they in a certain vague way esteem 'blest' and 'consecrated'; while the purely Protestant school scoffs with coarse indecencies at every such 'superstition.'

And the result is what might have been anticipated. The transition from High-Church Anglicanism to true Catholicism is found the most easy and simple process conceivable by those who practically carry it out. The foundations of the faith have been partly laid in their consciences and intellects from their childhood. What they have needed to make them Catholics has been instruction, additions, developments, consistency: the strictly heretical element has never permanently rooted itself in their minds.—Profound undoubtedly has been the ignorance to be removed from their minds, and severe the struggle against the various temptations which combine to hold a man back within the grasp of Anglicanism; but, on the whole, so far as principles are concerned, none of that radical change has been necessary, without which the adherents of the puritanical and dissenting schools cannot make a single step towards Catholicism.

"How difficult, again, it is to make a Dissenter or an 'Evangelical' into a thoroughly good Catholic, in all his habitual modes of thought and feeling! How slow the process ordinarily is by which the spiritual and intellectual pride, the anti-sacramental prejudices, the coarse and unrefined feelings which prevail in those more consistent sects of Protestantism, are finally rooted out! Every thing, literally, has to be begun afresh in the mind and in the conscience.—The whole attitude of the soul is uncatholic; and unless under favorable circumstances, years pass away before any truly Catholic instincts have leavened the character so long habituated to the instinct of heresy."

There is, moreover, another result which practically follows from the prevalence of the High-Church views among Protestants, of the deepest import to the welfare of the country. Wherever they are conscientiously held, there the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism is more likely to be valid than among the 'Evangelical' or latitudinarian schools.—We entertain not the slightest doubt that a far larger proportion of the infants baptised by Protestants have been really partakers of the sacramental grace since the Oxford movement than before it. Even among those who abhor the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, many have been awakened by the Puseyite arguments to a more careful administration of the sacrament, both as to its form and matter; and tho' it is to be feared that there are still a lamentable number of sham-baptisms, it is undeniable that they are not nearly so numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago.

Such, then, being the case as to the practical character of the various schools of Protestantism, we cannot view without the deepest apprehension the advance of the worst forms of unbelief amongst our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Our hearts being set, not upon our own personal exaltation, or upon the growth of this or that political party, but upon the conversion of our adversaries, we look beyond all present and temporary manifestations of hostility or liberality towards us, and ask ourselves whether it will not be far more difficult to convert the disciples of this miserable latitudinarianism than to lead on the less heretical children of old-fashioned Anglicanism to that faith of which they are not wholly ignorant. We cannot overlook the fact, that while our political supporters have for the most part been of the self-styled liberal and latitudinarian schools, our actual converts, in the present and all past times, have been almost exclusively from the High-Church party in the Establishment. Everywhere where British Protestantism is known,—in England, Scotland, Ireland, and in America,—it is that class which has been bred up to believe in the Creed, in baptismal regeneration, and in the Apostolic succession, which has given the Church nineteen out of twenty of the souls whom she has saved; and we entertain not the slightest doubt, that much as we have suffered from that class in the day of its prosperity, it will be as nothing to what we shall have to endure from that latitudinarian and infidel party which has patronised us solely for its own purposes, and not from love to us or to God, but out of hatred to its own adversaries within the domain of Protestantism itself.

A striking proof of the relative gains to be won from the Low-Church and the High-Church schools is to be seen in the comparative numbers of converts supplied to Catholicism by Oxford and by Cambridge. Oxford has ever been the one chief seat of Tory church-and-king exclusiveness; turning up its nose at the vulgarities of Dissent, and the 'superstitions' of Popery; teaching baptismal regeneration, the absolute necessity of episcopal ordination, and the sacredness of the creeds. Cambridge, on the other hand, has worn the magpie coat of religious liberalism; admitting Dissenters and Catholics to its colleges, abusing Oxford as bigoted and behind the age, loving geological theories more than patristic dogmas; and claiming generally to represent the brains, as Oxford has claimed to represent the cultivated refinement, of the English nation. But mark the practical results. From one convert that Cambridge has given to the Church, Oxford has given three or four; and even at this very day, the dogmatic principle, as such, has more hold upon Oxford, with all the changes it has undergone, than upon any other place in the kingdom. But if under its new regime Oxford becomes