EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

PIERCE CONNELLY'S LETTER TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY.—The friendship with which you have honoured me for more than 15 years, from the day when your kind courtesy first brought you to my modest apartment in "Via della Croce," and subsequently led you to stand sponsor for me upon entering the Church of Rome—which at last placed me in the confidential relationship of your domestic chaplain and in close intimacy—a friendship proclaimed so honorably

story at home, and which, on any occasion of great affliction, supported me by a sympathy given with manly frankness, but with all a woman's gentleness—such a friendship, deeply felt, and dearly remembered, imposes it upon me, almost as a duty, to offer you publicly, if not an apology, at least the reasons, for my renouncing as much against my feelings as your own, not only a position of much happiness, and many worldly advantages, but the religion, which at one-and-thirty years of age I had deliberately chosen, and to which you solemnly took upon you to answer for my fidelity.

You will doubtless remember my printed letter to my Bishop when I gave up my preferment in the Protestant Church in America, long before taking a more decisive step. You will remember the principle which lay at the bottom of all my dissatisfaction with Protestantism, and what dear Bishop Otey called my horror of the restless spirit of democracy in Church and State.

I am not ashamed of that principle, however I may be of the conclusions to which it led me. Nor am I am ashamed of having been deluded into thinking purity and charity to be synonymous with morality in a Church, which showed me such living examples as Gwendaline Talbot and Carlo Odescalchi.

Hierchial subordination, whether in State or Church, in a kingdom or in a family, I still consider the only basis for a community to be built upon, the tranquility of order, the only tranquility that deserves the name. And the virtues of the angelic persons I have named, (and of others I could mention, not yet gone to their reward,) seen so nearly as I saw them, were enough to establish Rome's claim to sanctity, if they had only been Rome's real coinage. But they were not. They were the pure gold that counterfeits show you to make their base coin current.

But what I saw required a constituted "power" as well as commission, a human Head with Divine authority—an authority which could make *dogma*, anathema—to be just or valid, must be infallible. I wanted supernatural attributes embodied visibly. I started with wholly mistaken notions of the Church of Jesus Christ on earth. I was more than half a Romanist before I ever dreamed of Rome. And when, at last I so avowed myself to myself, it was upon no examination of such dogmas as transubstantiation, the merit of good works or the like; it was in submission to a polity which I believed to be divinely established upon earth, and to stand upon the same level as the highest dogma. I became a Roman Catholic wholly and solely on the ground of there being among men a living, infallible interpreter of the mind of God, with divine jurisdiction, and with authority to enforce submission to it. Well do I remember the elaborate argument of one of the most distinguished—if not the most distinguished—of the canonists of Rome, which convinced me of the right and duty of the papal persecution. And I defy any honest man of ordinary capacity to resist the argument, if he once acknowledged the lowest pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church. To burn heretics whenever practicable and expedient, (and it is now inculcated on the Roman Catholic children of England, by command of Dr. Wiseman,) is as binding as abstinence on Friday.

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From the moment that I accepted infallibility and a visible supreme headship over Christendom, I frankly and deliberately gave up my reason, or at least, in all matters of faith and principle, solemnly purposed to renounce it. From that moment I never examined one single doctrine of the Church of Rome with any other view than to be able to defend it against heretics and other infidels. And I not only gave up myself, body and spirit, but, God forgive me, I gave up all that was entrusted to me, all that was dear to me to my new obedience. I believed myself to be the most thorough of Roman Catholics, a very faldir in my allegiance; and my ecclesiastical superiors believed me to be so too.

How often the strange *unreality* of this deep conviction must have occurred to you, dear Lord Shrewsbury since our sad parting! Like the infallibility on which it was founded, it was a delusion. I never was wholly a subject of the mysterious Church of Rome, no more than tens of thousands who live and die in her.

I had put my natural affections under ban. I had renounced the senses which our Lord himself bade his apostle, Saint Thomas, appeal to finally. I had renounced much of private reason. But I never had let go my conscience.

And so I never was—you are not, my lord, you never can be truly a Romanist. No man can be *truly* a Romanist who is not so *unlimitedly and without reserve*. Conscience and the creed of Pius IV. are contraries, contradictories. To make a consistent, congruous Roman Catholic, there must be unreasoning submission in morals as in faith.

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But though my allegiance to the Church of Rome was a delusion,—for it had its origin in carnal mindedness and pride,—it was most sincere.—The sacrifices which I made, and the ways in which I proved my devotedness, you, my dear lord, and many other illustrious Roman Catholics, will not need to be reminded of, and will not allow to be forgotten. At the time I made those sacrifices, they were the almost involuntary expressions of my passionate love to the Church of my imagination and my hope. They are even now my poor excuses to myself. Devotion to any cause, as to any person, finds its natural utterance in sacrifices.—And to the last, it was not from sacrifices, nor sufferings that I drew back—I drew back from nothing even my most secret thoughts, till I was required to be a conscious partaker in undoubted sin.

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There is, blessed be God, still power for good, in the Roman patesthood, and in hundreds of its members, there is a desire only for what is good, no more great as may be the power, or no individual priest's desire for good, in the great polity of which he is an agent, often a blind agent, the good itself is always, and necessarily a means of evil; nay, its chief value, is as a means of multiplying evil. I have had experience in the Confessional, from princes downward and out of it, such perhaps as has fallen to the lot of no other living man, and my solemn conviction is, that celibate priesthood, organized like that of Rome, is in irreconcileable hostility with all great human interests.

Go from one corner of the globe to the remotest opposite; take the experience of families in the highest or very lowest rank, of the most cultivated or the most barbarous nations; the same strange concord of result wherever Papal influence predominates, shows a still more strange unity of purpose.

Men may be kept like domesticated animals, as Paraguay; like savages, as in Ireland, or as in France, they may be covered with every comfort and with every luxury of material, aesthetic civilization; they may be democrats, as in America, or democrat-hatching absolutionists any where; but no more in the land of Galileo than in the Rocky Mountains, no more at Oxford than at Timbuctoo are they left with the intellect unfettered, or the moral sense at large; no where is individual or even universal conscience recognised as an authority; no where is a government of laws attempted or even possible; no where is sacredness of person any more respected than sacredness of soul. The liberty of common men—is the liberty of beasts within a park; the liberty of kings—a sort of game-license from the Supreme temporal Governor of Christendom."

Inborn reverence for man's fellow man or self respect, is incompatible with spiritual abjugation. And, while the most unnatural incest, committed with a dispensation, ceases to be sinful, the tie that binds a woman to her husband, a son or daughter to a parent, a mother to her child, is venerated only according to an hostile priest's notions of expediency; as for loyalty to a native sovereign! In Rome's philosophy it is a baby's fondness for a doll, something to be grown out of along with the spirit of babyhood.

I knew this same Church of Rome, in its petty schemes of anarchy in families, more hateful and more devilish than when it deals with nations.

I have seen priests and bishops of the Church of Rome, their own convictions disregarded, and all responsibility to God and to society thrown off, and in the instant of hostility to man's natural relationships, (in spite, too, in one instance, of the private commands of the Pope himself,) I have seen them hand together for the mere sake of a legacy or a life interest, to break down laws which are looked upon, even by savages, as the most sacred of all divine or human. I have known a husband taught and directed to deal double in the sacred matter of religion with his own high-born sisters, wives with their husbands, and daughters with their trusting parents. I have known in Derbyshire, a young lady not eighteen years of age, the daughter of a widowed mother, the mother also a Roman Catholic, seduced into a convent under false pretenses, kept there in spite

tion of the papal authorities, and only delivered by my own public threat, as a priest, of application to the civil power, and consequent fear of scandal. I have seen clerical inviolability made to mean nothing less than license and impunity. I have read to the pure and simple minded Cardinal-Prefect of the Propaganda, a narrative, written to a pious lay friend by a respected Roman priest, of such enormities of lust in his fellow priests around him, that the reading took away my breath,—to be answered, "*Caro mio*, I know it, I know it all, and more, and worse than all; but nothing can be done.' I have known a priest (here in England) practise Liquori on his clientele simply as an amateur of wickedness, apparently without conscious malice, just as he would try poison upon dogs or cats; an Iago, without even an imaginary wrong from any body. I have known a priest received get up, and very successfully, a miracle,—(I have proofs in my own hand-writing)—at the very moment when as a brother priest satisfied me, he was experimenting in seduction. But nothing could be done! I have known a priest received and honored at a prince bishop's table, when the host knew him to have just seduced a member of his own family. But nothing could be done! I have been mocked with false promises by dean and bishop in denouncing a young priest in whose bedroom,—and before there had been time to dress himself,—in broad day, in England, under a convent roof, I had myself found a young nun, apparently as much at home as her confessor was himself. I have been forced to let pass, without even ecclesiastical rebuke, a priest's attempt upon the chastity of my own wife the mother of my children, and to find instead, only sure means taken to prevent the communication to me of any similar attempt in future.

This is a part of what has come within my own experience. But it is not yet the worst of that sad experience.

I have seen priests of mean abilities, of coarse natures, and gross natures, practise upon pure and highly gifted women of the higher ranks, married, and unmarried, the teachings of their treacherous and impure casuistry with a success that seemed more than human. I have seen these priests impose their pretendedly divine authority, and impose it by mock miracles, for ends that were simply devilish. I have had poured into my ears what can never be uttered, and what ought not to be believed, but was only too plainly true. And I have seen that all that is most deplorable is not an accident, but a result, and an inevitable result, and a *confessedly* inevitable result of the working of the practical system of the Church of Rome, with all its stupendous machinery of mischief.

And the system is irrevocable and irremediable.

When I compare the Church of Rome, as I now see it, with what I painted her to myself, with the imaginary realization of our blessed Saviour's scheme for fallen men's sanctification, no words can convey my horror at the contrast. I should often doubt the conclusions of my reason, mistrust my moral sense, and reject my certain knowledge as a dream, if God's written word and man's universal conscience, if the experience of both hemispheres and ten centuries did not confirm me.

And though I acknowledge, dear Lord Shrewsbury, you are the man of all others in the world, to whom I am most bounden by duty, as well as affection, to defend my renunciation of communion with Rome, I should not have had the heart to do so, if I doubted for a moment that the character of the system which I revealed, was as abhorrent to you as to myself. Nay, more, I should belie my conscience, if I professed to think that the mass of Englishmen who think themselves Roman Catholics, really are so. I profoundly doubt it,—out of the ranks of the recent converts to Romanism—there can be found thirty Englishmen of thirty years of age, who are *really* Roman Catholics, who are ready to act upon their principles, when they maintain the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and his infallibility as the Mouthpiece of the Almighty, in faith and morals.

The ties which bind an individual to his hereditary religion partake of the mysterious character of religion itself. But religion has claims as a national as well as an individual affair. And the religion of the bible protesting against that of Rome, is emphatically the national religion of Great Britain and America. And in my soul I am persuaded, it is their religion, that has made these countries, and that keeps them what they are, just as I am persuaded it is its religion that has made France what is just now. Those who think any religion contemptible because it mixes error with truth, or because they see its ecclesiastics individually contemptible, are hopeless. They are almost fit to be considered what Rome has always considered *mere* men and women, as creatures half-way between priests and monkeys, not to be reasoned with, but ruled absolutely.

In the first interview I ever had the honor to have with Prince Metternich, the subject of his minute inquiries was the religious developement of America, politically considered, the relative numbers of the different sects, and their distinctive doctrines and discipline. Upon my remarking one day in his private cabinet the admirable "American Almanac" for the current year, he playfully boasted that I could find few in Europe better acquainted with my native country than himself; but it was ever, even in that new empire, its religion that was his chief interest, that which he considered the preponderant interest of the state. The experience of Europe during the last four years, it would seem, should be enough to make all men think it so in every commonwealth.

What thinking man, [thinking of other things than himself I mean,] what thinking man, that saw into whose hands France, placed anew the rudder of the State in 1848, but knew where these hands would guide it, whether Cavaignac or Bourbon, Louis Bonaparte or Orleans held the bauble of authority.

When Machiavelli whose infidelity was learned from Popes, whose depths of wisdom was all his own, when Machiavelli pointa to prostigate and dismembered Italy, "This," he exclaims, "is what we owe to the Church of Rome." What kingdom on the Continent, but may now echo Machiavelli's gratitude for Italy!

In bringing this painful letter to a conclusion perhaps, it only remains for me to add that, though I entered into the religious part, properly so called of the Papal System, it is not because I still cling to any single one of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome; but I have not forgotten the awful regard with which I ever approached them during my great delusion. Their mysterious fascinations fascination of soul and sense, must have been felt to be imagined. God only knows, how my whole being was bowed down before, what I believed, His real presence in the Mass, how I almost seemed to see myself sensible of angels kneeling round me, when I lifted up the host to be adored. And I cannot but respect the deep sincerity of such faith in others, however, I cannot longer hold it, when all the visionary basis it was built on is gone altogether.

No one knows better than your Lordship what a wrench it was that broke me from the Church of Rome. But painful as it was, I should be the most ungrateful of men, if I did not ever bless God publicly as well as in private, for the grace that delivered me, and if in doing so, I did not also give my public thanks to him through Jesus Christ our Lord, that the grounds on which I renounced the communion of that Church, left my faith unshaken, that at his great mercy I was saved from infidelity, which is a too intelligible reaction with those, who because the faith which grasped at "the secret things of the Lord our God" has proved a great delusion, reject also those revealed things that belong unto us and to our children forever that we may do all the words of the law."

Believe me ever,
Dear Lord Shrewsbury,
With the sincerest affection and regard,
Your faithful servant,
PIERCE CONNELLY.

Albany Heath, Guildford, December 27th, 1852.

Andrew Salisbury, a Leicester-square pawnbroker, repeated to be worth £70,000, has been sentenced to seven years transportation, for having sold as "unredeemed pledges" articles professedly gold which were merely plated.

[From the Liverpool Mail]

It is natural that the slave question should be a sore subject in America. A nation that inscribes upon its banners "LIBERTY AND EQUALITY," and who hold nevertheless upwards of three millions of men, women, and children in a state of abject slavery—who breed, buy, sell, and treat them as beasts of burden—must, at all times, be jealous of critical animadversion and foreign interference. Hence it happens, that American writers, being free citizens, and more or less interested in *human property*, evince a sensitiveness on the subject, and

consciousness of guilt. They have the same antipathy to observation which the receiver of stolen goods has to the passing visits of a police-inspector. The slightest or most distant allusion to the "damned spot" excites their indignation, which they embody in torrents of coarse and vulgar abuse.

These remarks are suggested at the present moment by an article in a Pennsylvanian paper of the 11th instant, some extracts from which we mean to quote for the amusement of our readers. The slave party in the United States have for some time been anxious to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, in order to annex it, and its slave population, employed in the cultivation of sugar, to the free, glorious, and enlightened republic. Some foolish and quixotic expeditions have been more than once lately fitted out to take the colony by force. Whether the government of Washington have been passively friendly, or earnestly opposed, to these piratical measures, it were hard to tell; but some how or other, the citizens have been permitted to take their own course in the matter. Spain, however, to which Cuba belongs, has hitherto been enabled to resist and punish the invaders, by shooting some and hanging others.

But possession of this sugar colony is still a favourite theme in America, and for two reasons. First, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the British government, who would, in that case, liberate the slaves, and set perhaps an undesirable example to the black chattels in the cotton plantations of the glorious union. Secondly, to annex it to the United States would, undoubtedly, prolong the duration, not only of Cuban but American slavery also. Now hear what the drab-coloured man of Philadelphia says:—

"By one of the recent arrivals from England, we have the intelligence that the Government of Great Britain is intriguing with Spain in order to emancipate the blacks in the Island of Cuba. This is playing the game strong and deep. England sees that the annexation of Cuba to the United States is already a "fixed fact," an event which must sooner or later, inevitably take place. Hating and fearing this mighty republic, as England does most cordially and decidedly, jealous to the last degree as she is of our rapidly increasing greatness and glory, it is natural enough that she should desire to render the rich island of Cuba a worthless acquisition to the people of this country. The scheme is artfully contrived, whether it will be successful or not is quite another matter."

"We do not believe that the British government are doing, or contemplate doing, any of the things here charged against them. They, we suspect, have had quite enough to do with emancipation already; but this we will say, that it is clearly the interest, and the duty of England, to prevent Cuba from becoming the property, by annexation or otherwise, of the American republic. If Spain chooses to liberate her slaves, that is a matter with which neither America nor England has anything to do, with any regard to the laws of nations. But the bare suspicion of interference, or a change of policy on the part of Spain, which might facilitate the liberation of the negroes, imparts to the drab man a deeper tinge, and the bile and the tobacco-juice flow together as follows:—

"This is a question of momentous importance to the American people in many respects. What the necessary and legitimate consequence would be of such a step on the part of the imbecile government of Spain is not at all difficult to foresee. The same deplorable results would follow emancipation in the Island of Cuba, that have been so painfully visible in other places where misplaced philanthropy has so effectually ruined the whites, and so vitally injured the blacks. England, in her boasted benevolence and generosity, appropriated one hundred millions of dollars to emancipate the negroes in the West Indies, whilst thousands of her white slaves at home were dying for food. Twenty million of pounds sterling paid for negro freedom was one hundred million of dollars paid for increased white slavery, agony, and degradation. With a heart so capacious in benevolence, vast enough in its philanthropy to take in whole cotton plantations and rice islands, we might reasonably have expected to find some little corner in all this boundless love-realm, where one grain of sympathy might be cultivated for the poor white slave brothers who ask for bread and are given a stone. Eighty thousand people in London alone houseless, homeless, wandering vagabonds, whose only heritage is ignorance and wretchedness, and whose only hope in the future is the doom of the outcast and the felon; England would hide her brazen visage in overpowering shame when emancipation is mentioned, it she could feel abashed at the recollection of her hypocrisy and crimes. That great pagoda of Christendom, where the hideous Juggernaut of church and state rolls its ponderous wheels over quivering hearts, where the hunger-claw of despair is tearing at the very vitals of miserable white bondmen, may talk of emancipating those who are well-fed and well clothed, as she may, but until her charity begins at home we shall regard it all as miserable and disgraceful cant—open, shameless, unblushing hypocrisy.

"England is such an exporter of philanthropy that the home market is beggared. What to her is the dumb agony of the millions at her own doors they have white faces and straight hair. Their squalid dens and damp cellars, their wives and children huddled together in the last agony of wretchedness upon patches of foul and rotten straw—what is all this to the fanatic who can see no distress unless the sufferer has a black face, curly hair, and emits an odor like a pole-cat?

"Look at the millions daily offered up by England, ungifted, starving, and brutalized, to the hideous Moloch of gain, a countless multitude of wretched, famishing victims, dragging out a weary and hopeless life of one unbroken round of degradation; crouching nearly double under the overpowering weight of almost thankless labour; walking skeletons for lack of food; no home but the poorhouse or the prison, dying at last like dogs in the narrow lanes and filthy alleys of the metropolis, unpitied, uncared for, and unknown. Look at the stunted and deformed factory girls, poisoned by the pestilential atmosphere of the cotton-gods' temple; cast one glance at the miserable wretches toiling naked in the dark, damp, dismal mines, males and females harnessed like beasts of burden, dragging enormous loads on their hands and knees, and shrinking under the whip of the unfeeling task-master, and then let England, with what propriety she may, declaim against the evils of negro slavery."

Men of mills and factories! This is what you get for spinning American cotton, and buying American corn, both the produce of slave labour! You deserve it all; for harsh though the language be, there is by no means an absence of truth in it. It is singular, and significant, that cotton and slavery should be identified on both sides of the Atlantic. There must be something in the weed which entails such a curse upon mankind. The black African, under the terrors of the lash, is compelled to cultivate it, while the white Saxon in England, having the fears of the workhouse or starvation overlastingly haunting him, is compelled to spin and weave it.

The American picture is overdrawn, and even savagely ludicrous, if we may use such a word on so painful a subject; but we cannot deny that cotton factory labour in England is slavery, nor that it inflicts as much misery and moral degradation on the most helpless portion of society in this country as ever was inflicted upon the blacks in the West Indies. In fact, the trade is recognised as slavery by repeated acts of the British Parliament; not by name certainly; but by jealous and coercive restrictions. For instance, there is no law in England restricting a master-builder, carpenter, tailor, hatter, baker, cooper, blacksmith, dressmaker, or such employers from working their journeymen and apprentices, men, women, and children, as many hours in the day as circumstances may demand. But in cotton factory labour, such have been the excesses and oppressions, the knavery of every kind under the truck system, the waste of human life, the grinding of bones and sinews, the exhausting toil of mere children, and married women, that Parliament have found it absolutely necessary to interfere between the mill-owner and his helpless victims. Other persons, of nicer taste, may call this trade by any name they please; but we call it *slavery*, because we know of no word in the English language so applicable.—

But while we concede this, we at the same time think that an American writer, even though he dates from the darkest state of Pennsylvania, should be the last person in the world to find fault with the factory evils of this country. Are they not incidental with the prevailing vice in America—vile rapacity, and an unprincipled and an exorbitant love of money? It is not, and kettle work to hear a Yankee scolding a Lancashire cotton spinner, and at the same time boasting of the grand prospects, the glorious freedom, the matchless power, and the unassailable virtue and independence of the United States. Why, what has made America. If cotton spinning and weaving by machinery be an evil—and as regards public health and morals it is an evil—surely the Americans are, and in the first element too, responsible for the larger share of it. Our slavery is a transplant from their soil. They grow the staple, we make the textile. They buy and sell men and women, we only buy and sell their productions. They brand and lash, and kick, and otherwise coerce the negro who sows and reaps their wheat; we only eat the wheat; and we give in exchange for it their slave-grown cotton in a manufactured shape, dyed to fade, bleached to burn, glazed to rot and deceive. We incur much guilt; they are felons from the Rio del Norte to the St. Lawrence.

The description given, by this Philadelphian *friend* of the negroes, of the consequences of the abolition of slavery in the British West Indian islands, is, we are sorry to say, too true. We quote a passage to shew the young philanthropists of the rising generation in England the beneficial results of the benevolence of their virtuous fathers and grandmothers. We ourselves are old enough to recollect the prosperity of the British colonies; and it affords us little consolation to reflect that we foresaw and foretold the ruin that would be inflicted upon them by hasty legislation and misdirected sympathy—and have lived to see the misery, the ruin, the barbarism, which we foretold. The facts, for they are facts, will be new to many of our readers. They are in other respects instructive:

"Suppose England should succeed in setting free the blacks in the Island of Cuba, what would be the result? Would the consequences be less deplorable there than they have been everywhere else under the same circumstances? Will any sane person deny that the effects of negro emancipation have thus far been deplorable to the last degree? Deplorable in the most extensive meaning and application of the term—deplorable to the negro as well as to the prosperity of the particular section wherever emancipation has taken place. Look at the once thriving and luxurious fields, yielding to the inroads of weeds and other unwholesome vegetation; deserted homesteads, crowded goals and hospitals, filthy groggeries, crammed to overflowing by a lazy horde of ignorant barbarians, to whom what is called freedom has been ruin and death. The act of emancipation in Jamaica began to take effect in 1834. The address of the Jamaica Assembly to the Governor of the Island the following year contains the following melancholy picture:

'Seeing large portions of our neglected cane fields becoming overrun with weeds, and a still larger portion of our pasture lands returning to a state of nature; seeing in fact desolation already overspreading the face of the land, it is impossible for us, without abandoning the evidence of our own senses, to entertain favourable anticipations, or to divest ourselves of the painful conviction that progressive and rapid deterioration of property will continue to keep pace with the apprenticeship, and that its termination must (unless strong preventive measures be applied) complete the ruin of the colony.'

"These early forebodings of evil have been more than realized. The results of this spurious negro-philanthropy are painfully visible in every quarter. Real estate has in many cases fallen ninety per cent. in value. During the last five years of the existence of negro servitude the average annual exports of sugar were 95,358 hogsheads; the average for the next five years after emancipation were 42,152, a reduction of more than one half. The exports of coffee during the first named five years were 17,615,601 pounds; during the five years after emancipation, only 7,412,298. In ten years the annual value of the principal staples of the island was reduced from £2,791,478 to £1,213,384 about nine-sixteenths. The depreciation has been going on ever since, until estates that would have sold for large sums, are now nearly worthless. Landed property in Hayti, once so valuable, has now merely a nominal value.

"Such have been uniformly the disastrous consequences where it has been carried out on a large scale. It has brutalized and degraded the blacks, as well as reducing the once affluent planter to poverty and ruin. Will it be otherwise in Cuba?"

THE JEW BILL.

This bill has been again rejected by the Lords, and in making a display of steadfastness, they have only discharged their duty as members of a Christian assembly, and acted in accordance with the feeling of the country on the question.

The supporters of the measure assert very confidently that the people are with them, because a majority of the House of Commons has passed the bill, and that the country really desires to have the words "on the faith of a Christian" expunged from the oath to be taken by members of Parliament, in order that a few Jews may be at liberty to sit in the House of Commons. The absence of petitions in favor of the bill is a sufficient contradiction of the statement. In fact the truth is quite the other way. In these countries there are no Jews to be found out of London—we mean, of course, no body of Jews, of sufficient importance to deserve notice, and the bulk of the people really feel no sympathy whatever with the promoters or the objects of the measure. The question seems simply this:—Is the admission of Baron Rothschild to Parliament a matter so deeply affecting the welfare of the country, that the Legislature ought to expunge from the Parliamentary oath a phrase which he deems offensive, that phrase being no other than an acknowledgement of the truth of Christianity? Will the admission of Baron Rothschild be followed by a train of benefits of sufficient magnitude to atone for the deep sin of offering a deliberate slight to the Author of our religion? Better the whole Jew community were driven from the country, than that such a dreadful calamity were to befall it; for it is written, 'Whomsoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.' We have no desire to sermonize, but the religious objections to the passing of the Jew Bill are so strong that it is impossible to overlook them. It is urged with great speciousness that the words "on the faith of a Christian" amount to a *persecution* of the Jews, and that it is illiberal and bigoted not to fine down the oath so as to make it palatable for their infidelity. The argument is perfectly ridiculous. The Jews are not persecuted in England; they enjoy full liberty to gratify by all lawful means, their distinguished characteristic—a thirst for gain—the laws afford the fullest protection for their persons and properties; but the Legislature is not called on to blot out a declaration that it is an assembly of professing Christians, in order that the Jew may enter Parliament, and announce to the world his unaltered belief that the religion of Christians is "a cunningly devised fable." The Premier spoke a good deal of the Jews being God's peculiar people, and that it is none of our duty to judge them. Why are they scattered to the four winds of Heaven, but for their rejection of Christianity? And must the Legislature of a Christian nation accommodate itself to their impiety—must it yield to the prejudices of the Jews, on the very question, on account of which they are exiles, by Divine decree from their own land? No! We may and ought, to afford the Jews an asylum on our shores, and extend to them all the protection of our laws, but we ought not to abandon an existing declaration of the truth of our religion, in order to gratify their ambition, and afford a triumph to their impiety.

We feel ourselves called on to express our opinion upon this question, and to con-

far as public opinion in this part of Ireland is concerned, the untruth which has been so confidently asserted, that the people are favourable to the dechristianizing of Parliament."—*Sligo Chronicle.*

LETTER FROM M. KOSSUTH.

A letter appears in the London journals, addressed by M. Kossuth to his friend Captain Mayne Reid, dated Alpha-Road, Regent's park, in which, after referring to the protection for exiles supposed to be afforded by British Laws, and the annoyances he is still subject to, including the recent attempt to charge him with having a depot of arms and munitions, the distinguished Hungarian refugee says:—

"Mr. Dunford, printer and stationer, residing at Nottinghill, gives to me the following information:—

"While Lord Derby was still Prime Minister, men from the detective police, in plain clothes, were appointed to watch my house at Notting-hill, and take the number of every cab which came to my door. The ministry having left office, they were withdrawn. But, a short time after, the debates in the House of Commons, with loud applause that "it is no part of the duty of an English Government to provide for the safety of foreign Governments" according to Mr. Dunford's positive knowledge, the detective police not only made their appearance again about my house, but he has full reason to believe that there was almost one policeman for every person who visited my house; and he asserts he knew that they had orders to mark every such person, and even to take a cabriolet, if necessary, to follow the visitor wherever he went. Further, Mr. Dunford informs me, that the occasion of my removing from my late residence, at Notting-hill, to that which I at present occupy, in Alpha-road, Regent's park, one of the detective police, in the disguise of a labourer, and upon the plea that he was out of work, insinuated himself into the service of the person employed to remove my furniture, and in this character assisted at its removal, thus having free access to my house, and adopting what I, and I am certain you, sir, would pronounce a base means of becoming acquainted with my private affairs. The honest carman himself, having too late learned the matter, has felt so ashamed and revolted in his plain, honest, English heart, at being made a tool in so base a plot, that he never called for payment of his bill; so that, having waited for a considerable time in vain, I was under the necessity of sending to search him out, and pay him his money. The people's moral sense is an honorable test of institutions. Mr. Dunford I have reason to believe a respectable and honorable man. His letter lies before me, of which he gave me permission to make public use, and authorized me to say that he is ready to come forward and make oath to the facts here stated.

So much of political espionage for the present; but you will say "What of intercepted letters?" I, indeed, can only answer you, that one most important letter I have never received, which was directed to me under enclosure to a friend. It never reached my friend, and all knowledge of it is denied at Saint Martins-le-Grand. Judge, then, whether I am unreasonable or uncharitable in feeling frequent alarm for good and brave men, whose names are found in my private letters!—When I review the past, and compare the most recent and still pending transactions of your extrajudicial activity, truly, I have little ground for congratulating myself on security from proceedings which I used to think *Austrian* but not *English*.

At Singapore, the destruction of human life by tigers is 300 per year, or nearly a man per day.

In consequence of Mr. T. B. Macaulay's state of health being still anything but satisfactory, he has been ordered shortly to proceed to a warmer climate.

Twelve persons were drowned within sight of Whitehaven, on Saturday evening, by a person carelessly cutting the rope by which a small boat was lashed to a brig.

A few days ago, Mrs. Moffat, the wife of a labouring man, living in Key's-lane, Scotch-street, Carlisle, gave birth to twins—her second case of double birth within eighteen months.

The "Watchman" says that both the clerical and the lay bodies representing the three denominations of Protestant Dissenters, have adopted and published resolutions condemnatory of Lord John Russell's Education Bill.

SMOKING IN THE NAVY.—Captain Shepherd, of the Victory, flag ship, at Portsmouth, has issued an order, prohibiting all smoking on board that ship by officers. The order is confined to officers—seamen, marines, and petty and warrant officers being still left to indulge in the "weed."

Considerable interest has been excited among the Life Assurance Companies by the intimation that the Government contemplates undertaking the granting of policies on the same principle as those on which it is now a vendor of life annuities.

The Guardian says of Mrs. Stowe that she "is exhibiting herself, or suffering herself to be exhibited, from town to town, with astonishing fortitude and perseverance. We shall almost expect when the party comes southward, to see them enter London in a caravan."

The *Cambridge Press* says that a respectable woman, named Wilkinson, living at Eynesbury, who had been totally blind for twenty years, fell down stairs; and the shock caused to her system by this fall resulted in the complete recovery of her sight.

FRANCE.—The French news this week is devoid of public interest. The Emperor has recovered his health, but the empress is suffering from indisposition. The Minister of War (Marshal de St. Arnaud) arrived in Paris on Thursday, in restored health, to resume his official duties. The project of making Cherbourg an exclusive packet station for transatlantic steamers has been abandoned. The police have seized an infernal machine in a vessel at Havre, which arrived at that port from Rio Janeiro. M. Guizot made a speech on Sunday, at the annual meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Primary Instruction among Protestants in France. It was a warm exhortation to a religious life as the only hope of salvation for France, and in his elucidation of his theme he by no means insisted that Protestantism, his own religion, was exclusively in his view.

LORD DONOUGHMORE.—One of the Dublin papers having stated that Lord Donoughmore had sent a cargo of Bibles to America as a commercial speculation, his lordship, in a letter addressed to the *Channel Chronicle*, after mentioning the fact that he had assisted a large number of his poor tenantry to emigrate, says:

1. It is but fair and just towards the poor people themselves, that it should be known that they were not altogether indebted to my purse for their passage to the "land of hope," every one of them having contributed small sums from their weekly earnings; and having thus given evidence that their expatriation was their own choice, and not the result of my influence.

2. The writer or your article appears to doubt the fact of my having presented to each departing emigrant a copy of the Holy Scripture. Sir, I can assure him that it is true, and further that I am not ashamed of. I had stored their boxes with bodily food sufficient for the voyage; why should I omit to supply them with food for the soul? In this unhappy land, where an unholy terrorism crushes every independent thought, and visits the man who dares to read the Book of God with the penalties of social ostracism, it would be, under ordinary circumstances, a hopeless task for a landed proprietor to offer the Holy Scriptures to his Roman Catholic neighbors. But in America it is far otherwise. There no social tyranny exists: there each man has power to read or not to read as best pleases him; and, believe me, Sir, that power is largely used by those who depart weeping from our shores, to the great discomfiture of their spiritual guides, and to their own eternal gain.

The Chronicle.

St. John, June 2, 1852.

Our contemporaries of late have indulged in frequent exulations over the present prosperous state of affairs in this Province; and appear to cherish the conviction that that prosperity is settled for permanent continuance. True it is, that our commercial affairs have for some time past experienced a highly gratifying [illegible]

and are busily and profitably employed; that our shipyards are in full activity, our tradesmen and manufacturers participating in the general improvement. For all these blessings it behoves us, as a people, to be devoutly grateful to the Almighty Giver of all good; and while we rejoice in the signs and symptoms of prosperity around us, we should cherish adequate feelings of humble gratitude. At the same time, the present bright aspect of things should not dazzle our minds, or lead us to deceive ourselves in our appreciation of the prospects before us. All is not gold that glitters, and the brightest sunshine will not permanently endure. Appearances are often deceptions; the most brilliant atmosphere must ere long be succeeded by clouds and storms; "the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself;" the wise and sagacious will so use the present advantages as conscious of their precariousness and instability, and will provide for the time of adversity by reserving and laying by a portion of the proceeds of a time of plenty. In the history of every commercial community, it has been found, that sudden or unwonted prosperity has been invariably followed by corresponding depressions and panics; and while, therefore, we rejoice over present advantages, we should practise caution and foresight, and prepare for the probable revulsion hereafter. High prices and high wages may stimulate for a while, and may induce extravagant indulgences which, a more regular and moderate state of things would not warrant; but such an unnatural inflation cannot long continue, and then, when the reaction comes, those very extravagant indulgences which have been briefly enjoyed, will render the depression more severe and intolerable. We do not believe that the present exultation is in all respects warranted. We do not believe, for instance, that because our ships fetch high prices at present, their builders reap all the benefits supposed to be yielded by such prices; or that the present temporary and apparent increased prosperity in their line of business is wholly real, or likely to endure very long. High prices cause high wages and increased cost of materials; if the shipbuilder receives more for his ships, he pays a greatly increased price for the men and materials necessary for their construction; and it is more than questionable if his ultimate profits are in proportion to the advanced price paid for his ships. Moreover, reaction is commencing in other quarters; Australia is returning great numbers of disappointed emigrants; the vast fleet of ships now lying in her ports will not remain there for ever; numbers of them will ere long return to the mother country, and seek employment in other channels as heretofore; and when ships thus again become more plentiful, shipbuilding will be less active, freights, wages, and profits will experience a corresponding reduction; unnaturally inflated prosperity will collapse; a general reaction will take place, and matters will return to their former and usual condition, causing thousands to repent their brief period of extravagance and indulgence, their vain expectations of continuous success, and their imprudent neglect to provide for a stormy day. We believe that our acute republican neighbours are already anticipating such an altered state of things, and are regulating their commercial and other speculations in accordance therewith. All who are wise and prudent will imitate their example; they will testify the sincerest gratitude to the Supreme Benefactor for His present great and manifold blessings; will so moderately enjoy them now, as to prepare and provide for the time of revulsion, and will cautiously anticipate the approach of that reaction which in all probability will in the natural course of things be experienced. "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow,*" while enjoying the good things of to-day.

It is not in ephemeral bursts of activity, or in sudden and transitory gains, that the true prosperity of a people can consist. Moderate and regular acquisitions are infinitely more beneficial in the long run than sudden rises and corresponding fluctuations. In times of old, when our legislators fostered domestic industry, and kept foreign intrusions at bay, our mechanics and artizans were well employed and paid, and the country at large was prosperous and content. Let a protective policy be steadily adhered to; let our Provincial ingenuity and productions be encouraged; let our forests and our fisheries be strictly preserved for our own benefit; let a restrictive tariff keep out the pestilential flood of "Yankee notions," and our industrious population be stimulated to rely on their own resources; and our Provincial population at large will then enjoy a far more substantial and enduring prosperity, than any sudden rise in the price of ships or timber, or any other accidental stimulus to commercial enterprise, can ever create.

ELLISON'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY.—This establishment, recently fitted up at Barlow's Corner, is truly worthy of a call from every one. The decorations are elegant and well arranged. Mr. Ellison has incurred a great expense, and deserves credit. The *Temperance Telegraph* says—

"Some of his pictures will compare favourably with those of the celebrated *Root* of Philadelphia, which throw the limner's art into the shade and compel him to lay down his easel in despair. The very brief period that now suffices for taking likenesses (only one second) which may be many inches in diameter, if required, enables the operator to catch the features and expression of the youngest child. Our lady friends will be pleased with the reception room, which has been elegantly fitted up, and where they may spend half an hour or so, looking over the portraits, or out of the windows on the busy crowd beneath, until their turn comes, without regret of the loss of time in waiting, should there happen to be a number to be served before them. Ladies go and see for yourselves."

Launched on Saturday last, at Carleton, from the Shipyard of William Olive, Esq., the builder, a vessel called the *Lampedo*, 1088 tons, O. M. The L. is constructed to class for seven years. She will be commanded by Capt. David W. Crook, of this City, part owner, and is intended to ply as a packet between this port and Liverpool. We need scarcely add that the Lampedo