THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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TALK OF THE ROAD.

THE READERS IN KILCOMMON.

"Oh, Jem, where have you been all this time!"

"Why, Pat, I got a job down to Roscommon, to drive up some cattle, and I only got back last night," said Jem.

"Well, it's I that's wishing to have a talk with you, Jem," said Pat.

"And what is it about?" said Jem.

"Why, sure the readers is come!" said Pat.

"And where are they come?" said Jem.

"Why, into the very town of Kilcommon itself," said Pat.

"Well," said Jem, "if that doesn't beat all! Did'nt I think, if ever they came down this way, it would be in some quiet, out of the way place like this they would come, where, maybe, some of us would let them in of an evening unknowst; but what will they do in Kilcommon at all?"

"Well, then, it's there they've come," said Pat, "right into Father John's mouth, and facing all the blackguards in Kilcommon; and of all the work ever you see it's in Kilcommon it is."

"Tell us all about it: will you?" said Jem.

"Well," said Pat, "I looked for a job in Kilcommon last week, for there was nothing to be got here, and, sure enough, I saw the readers the first day they came into the town. And they didn't go about like any readers ever we saw going through the country before; but just like men going about their business in a fair, or in a market; going straight forneust them, into every house, one after another, and passing none, and talking to the people as open as day, and telling them they had souls to be saved, and that the Word of God, and nothing else, was able to save their souls."

"Well, how did the people take it at all?" said Jem.

"Why, then, they took it quite pleasant," said Pat: "they seemed all to be took of a sudden; and it looked so open they could see no harm in it, and the people were all mighty civil to them; and when I followed them a while after dinner, I saw that there was a deal of the people that was well pleased to talk to them."

"Well, and what was Father John doing at all?" said Jem.

"Why, the next day," said Pat, "Father John comes down just the same way, and goes into every house the readers were in the day before, and 'Where's the books and papers the Ranters left with you?' says he. Well, and sure enough many of the people that was glad enough to speak to the readers the day before, was just cowed when they saw Father John forneust them, and handed up their books looking for all the world as if they were going to do penance; and some of them that I knowed took the books, said they never got any; and there was some said out that they liked the books, and found no harm in them, and they weren't going for to give them; and old Jemmy Neal says, says he, 'Sure it's only about Irishman's rights, says he; and aren't we going to have any rights at all?' says he."

"And what were the readers doing that day?" said Jem.

"Why," said Pat, "they began before Father John was out, in another part of the town; and all the time Father John was going over one street they were going about in another, as pleasant as ever."

"And didn't Father John go after them to where they were?" said Jem.

"Indeed, didn't he," said Pat; "and I was wondering why, for I saw the town sergeant come and tell him where they were, and he didn't go after them a bit; and so I went to see what they were doing, and sure enough they were walking about as bold as you please, and a real clergyman with them, and he with his Douay Bible in his hand, saying, he only wanted to tell the people what was in that, and that if he met Father John he would hold his own tongue, and only hand the book to Father John, and ask him to read some of that, and explain it to the people. And sure enough I didn't wonder that Father John kept out of the street he was in, for that would be new work for Father John."

"Well, and how did it end at all?" said Jem.

"Why, it just went on the same way till Saturday," said Pat; "the readers getting into all the houses quite pleasant, for no one liked to put them out, and Father John running about at the far end of the town, for fear he would meet them; and so it went on till Saturday night. Well, on Sunday morning, says I to myself, I'll just go into the chapel at Kilcommon (where I wasn't, sure enough, for long enough), and I'll hear what Father John has to say about it. Well, of all the scolding and cursing that ever you heard a priest at the altar it was the terriblest. First he fell on the Ranters, and the Swaddlers, and the Soupers, and the Jumpers, and the unbaptized heathens, and the cockatrices, and the goose-stealers, and a deal more names he had for them; and, sure enough, I wondered why he called them goose-stealers (for them's as decent men as you would see, more like gentlemen than Father John, with all his bad language) till I saw him turn round to some old women that were in the chapel, and says he, 'Now you old women there, mind you look after you geese,' says he, 'for these Soupers are so fond of soup,' says he, 'that when the bacon's out, it's stealing your geese they'll be,' says he, 'to make soup of. Well, thinks I to myself, says I, if that's all you have to say against reading the Bible, the readers will have the town yet, thinks I; and with that he went on to Mr. Owens for fetching the readers, and of all the bad names that ever was called he had the baddest for him. 'And,' says he, 'when the cholera was in Ireland, their clergy,' says he, 'that's married and has wives,' says he, 'all presented a petition to the Protestant bishop,' says he, 'that they might not go to the cholera hospital,' says he, 'but let the Protestants die like dogs,' says he. And thinks I to myself, that's enough, any way; for when I was lying ten days in the cholera hospital, didn't I see Mr. Owens, that has a wife, there three times a day, and never set eyes on Father John, if it would keep me out of hell, let alone purgatory! and I saw plain enough there was plenty forby me considered that. Well, then he came to Mrs. Owens, and if he hadn't the horridest names for her that ever you heard, it's a wonder; and when he got just black in the face with abusing her, he just stopped short, and, says he, 'It's a fiend out of hell I was going to call her,' says he; and, sure enough, I saw many a poor creature that seemed ashamed to hear Mrs. Owens called that way, for it's she that's good to the poor. Well, then he went on to tell them what to do to the Ranters; and if they would not throw dirty water on them, and gather on them in the streets, and hoot them, and sweep up the puddles in their floors in their faces with the besoms, he'd call them on the altar next Sunday, and put the curse of God and his curse on them, and never give them the rights of the church as long as they lived: and so that was Father John's sermon at the blessed altar."

"Well, and what came of it a Monday?" said Jem.

"Why, then, sure enough, I went to see," said Pat; "and what should I see, when the readers come up the street, but up comes Brady the jammer, with the big hand-bell that Connor, the bell-man, rings in the street when there is an auction; and Brady the jammer comes up the street, ringing his bell, and gathering all the blackguards in the street, and sure they *are* the bad set in Kilcommon, and up he goes to the readers as they were going into a house; and of all the screeching, and cursing, and bad language, and ringing that ever you heard, it beat all."

"And how did the readers take it all?" said Jem.

"Just as pleasant as you please," said Pat; "they had a word to answer for everything, and were never put out, no more than if they were ringing bells themselves all their lives."

"Well, and did the people let them in?" said Jem.

"How durst they?" said Pat, "when such a mob was rin on them? But I see that a great deal of them did not like it at all, and went out and listened to the readers and the clergyman quite quiet. But, oh, the jammer! when the clergyman would offer to speak a word to the people, he'd go and ring his bell up at one ear with one hand, and when that was tired with the other hand, at the other ear, screeching himself black in the face: and then the clergyman would say, holding up the Douay Bible in his hand—'Is it your own Bible that you hate that you treat it that way? Why don't your priest come himself, and show if the book is a bad one?' And, indeed, when the people saw how pleasant and quiet the readers behaved, they thought it bad work, and out comes old Sally Smith, and says she to the jammer, 'Is that what you're at, and isn't it yourself that would sell the priest next for a glass of whiskey?' And, indeed, I heard, after that, that the jammer was hired by Father John, and that he had a pound to put the readers out of Kilcommon, and no cure no pay. But that is the way it is; and what will come of it I don't know at all."

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "I'm thinking that if the priest has nothing to say agen the Bible but dirty water, and mud, and shouting, and the ringing of a bell, he'll never put it out of Kilcommon that way. Sure all the boys must see, when they come to think of it, that their religion is in a bad way when the priest has nothing else to say for it."

"Well, indeed, I'm thinking that's true," said Pat; "but we'll see, and who knows but the readers and the Bible will have Kilcommon yet?"

"WANDERER'S" SKETCHES.

NO. II.

LONTON, May 15, 1857.

The great theme of conversation among Church people here is this new avalanche of Evangelical Bishops. The world seems to them upside down. Mr. Pelham is just appointed to Norwich. This appears to the falling party worse and worse. But Charles Eyre, of Bury, succeeds him as the Rector of Marylebone. This is new vexation. Old Dr. Spry kept this enormous parish so long in its dry regularity, that the very idea of such a man as Eyre coming, who can never be opposed with success, nor made angry by opposition, appears to all who do not love the Gospel little less than intolerable. Marylebone is, like Islington or Pancras, a diocese of itself.

One thing is very remarkable in these new Bishops. They are all in the prime of youth. The Bishop of London is 43—the others about the same age. But remember that about a fair American proportion to 43 is 33. They look like youths. Fresh, full, decided, earnest on the Lord's side, what may not be expected from them, under the blessing of God! But the revolution seems hardly more than begun. There are Chichester, Rochester, and Exeter, that must soon fall in. The two former are talking of following the resigning process. Whenever those openings come the men are already talked of who must succeed. Whoever may be the agents, the work is the Lord's, and it is wonderful to all who see it.

The Bishop of London is coming out nobly. He was comparatively unknown in his probable tendencies when he was appointed. But of all who have been appointed no one has taken bolder or stronger ground than he. He is extremely youthful in his aspect, of very moderate size, calm and thoughtful in expression, but deeply serious evidently in spirit. He has come out upon the platform with great boldness, and with a trumpet which gives no uncertain sound. There is much talk of his late visit to St. Paul's and St. Barnabas, Knightsbridge. He preached to them from the text, "Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creation;" and gave them—in terms which gave equally, on the two sides, pleasure and offence—his opinions of all their fanfaronades in worship. He told them he should use the utmost extent of his power to put down all these Popish imitations. He notified the curates that unless they laid aside some garment which they have worn in worship, with a cross on its back, he should withdraw their license. Their stone altar he ordered removed. They objected that it was a great and ponderous structure, and difficult to remove, and proposed to cover it with wood. But the Bishop would not allow the perpetuating of the "Nehushtan" veiled; and when they asked if they should dig in the earth, and bury it where it stood, he said, "Yes, that is the best thing to do with it." You may imagine that such work as this raises a dust. The subject is in everybody's mouth. Its agitation will do great good. The Tractarians threaten him dreadfully, but he pays no heed to their murmurings thus far. What will come next we shall see.

They tell a most interesting anecdote here in relation to his promotion, and his establishment of views of truth. You remember he was the Master of Rugby School after Dr. Arnold, and was promoted from there to the Deanery of Carlisle. At Carlisle he lost *five* children by scarlet fever, and of course was in deep affliction. The Queen addressed a letter of condolence under this affliction to Mrs. T., whose reply gave such gratification, that the Dean was invited to London, to be presented in a private manner to the Queen. They suggested to him that a change of residence might be a benefit to his health, and thus, it is said, was brought about his nomination to London, which is considered to have been the Queen's own wish. This appointment makes him the Dean of the Chapel Royal. Such a fact is, adapted wherever it goes, to increase the loyalty and devotion of all who hear it. But when Dr. Tait was appointed the Evangelical party stood in doubt. God has, however, displayed his grace and wisdom in the appointment, raising up to this important station a man of talent, and learning, and great decision, sanctified by the Spirit in the school of sorrow, and made a clear and faithful preacher and defender of the truth. And all this just where the oblique Bishop of Oxford had laid all his plans of ruling for another cause, and to far different results. The blessing of this Providence cannot be magnified. The influence of it must extend throughout England, and more or less affect the cause of true religion throughout the world. Let us be grateful for that covenant mercy which rules the Church of God, and designs to bring out his own truth triumphant in the end.

These new facts in the Church of England have already changed the whole aspect of things. Now the threats are of dividing the Church. But there is little fear of the voluntary going out of many. A few may be forced by the pressure into the marshes of Rome, but the most are repelled by the loss of caste in such a change as that. Those who have gone have such a sad and muddy aspect, that clean men start back. We shall soon see. In the meantime, never did we see such plans of Providence opening to the Church of God. Our great difficulty is, in keeping up in any measure to our opportunities. On every side new light is breaking, and in every quarter new hopes rise up. The Lord Jesus will reign though all men oppose. Blessed be he that cometh in his kingdom.

WANDERER.

A NEW PREACHER.—The appearance of a lay preacher is reported, named Mr. Brownlow North, who has begun to make a great sensation from various Free Church and Baptist pulpits in the north of Scotland. He is a member of an aristocratic family, appears to be upwards of 40 years of age, and, until a few months ago, was a man of fashion "about," giving to sporting and the more common forms of time-killing, prevalent among the upper classes. "He was then (says the *Edinburgh Daily Express*) brought to a knowledge of the truth, and straightway became as active in the evangelistic as he had previously been in the sporting field. Beginning in the Aberdeen and Elgin pulpits, he has been gradually making his way south; and his ministry has been attended in some cases with the most remarkable results. He has been called the "Northern Spurgeon."

ROSE AND NANCY; OR, THE FAULTS OF ONE MORNING.

"Close the window, and come away from it, dear Rose," said Nancy Smith to her sister. "Those men are swearing dreadfully; it is a sin even to listen to them."

"They forget that God hears them," replied Rose, quitting the window, "and that 'every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement.'"

"I remember, not very long ago," said Nancy, "having read a story of two girls, one kind and good, the other rude and haughty. To the first it was granted as a reward that whenever she spoke pearls and diamonds should drop from her mouth; the other girl was punished for her faults by scorpions and other reptiles following her words. I have often thought since that there was much meaning in that tale; that the conversation of the wise is indeed precious as jewels, while the speech of the wicked is as scorpions."

"Yes," said Rose, "the words of those bad men will sting them like scorpions at the last day."

"O! Rose, let us not judge them, but rather judge ourselves. Not one of us but has sinned daily, again and again, with our lips."

"I do not see that, Nancy," answered Rose. "I am quite sure that I never swear."

"No, you would tremble to do that, for you know the command: 'Above all things swear not.'"

"And I never tell a lie."

"No, for you have been taught that heaven is closed to those whose lips speak falsehood. And yet, dear Rose, were an angel to mark down every day all the words that you utter, you would find there was sin in the page."

"I doubt that," said Rose, "if I were on my guard. Let us try, now; will you, to-morrow, only to-morrow, mark down every wrong word which I say! I shall not take up much of your time, I promise you."

"Well, Rose, I am willing to make the trial."

"Here, then, is a pencil and a piece of paper."

"It is a very small piece, Rose," said Nancy, smiling.

"Quite large enough, I am sure, for one day. Besides, you will see so little of me to-morrow; if the day is fine, uncle has promised to call in his open cart, and take me to see the school fete in the town. There is to be a band, and such fine doings! I do so hope that the weather will be bright. Do you think there will be no rain to-morrow, Nancy?"

"I cannot tell. The sun set in a bank of cloud; but I hope the day may be fair."

The first thought of Rose as she opened her eyes on the following morning was, "I hope the weather is fine!"

But even before she reached the window hope was changed into disappointment, as she heard the sound of the pattering rain. She looked out; the whole sky appeared leaden and dull, while the heavy shower fell as though it never would cease.

"How provoking—how very provoking!" cried Rose "It is always so; whenever one wishes the day to be fine, down comes the tiresome rain!"

Impatient, foolish, unjust words—they were noted down.

Nancy and Rose dressed in silence, the younger sister repeatedly glancing at the window, and always with a look of vexation. In their little parlor they met their brother David.

"What glorious rain!" cried the boy, "it will make all my seeds spring up twice as fast."

"Who cares for your seeds? It will spoil the fete," said Rose, impatiently.

Ungenerous, selfish words—they were noted down.

"Poor Rose!" laughed David, "she has lost an opportunity of sporting her fine new ribbon."

"You are a saucy, provokng boy!" cried Rose, turning to the window; "I do not care a straw for all the ribbons in the world."

Exaggerated words—they were noted down.

"O, there's no use watching the sky," said David; "you had better take to mending my stockings. There's rain enough in that cloud to last till this time to-morrow. You may say good bye to the fete at once."

"Be silent with your nonsense, will you!" exclaimed the irritated Rose; but David chose to talk on.

"The school children will wish to change their garlands for umbrellas, as they march to church with their dripping banners. I wish I were at the town, just to see them!"

"I wish that you were anywhere but here, selfish, tormenting boy," cried Rose, leaving the room hastily, and slamming the door behind her.

Angry words—they were noted down.

In a short time Rose returned; David had left the house. It was the custom of Rose to read aloud from the Bible to her sister every morning, and afterwards to sing a hymn. She now seated herself opposite to the window, carelessly opened her book, and, after every hurried verse, her eye glanced out into the fields, to see if the rain was beginning to abate. So when she sang her hymn, while the name of her Lord was on her lips, and she sang of his cross and sufferings, her eye was ever wandering, and her manner showed but too plainly that her heart was far otherwise engaged. Was not such mere *lip-service* a mocking of religion? It was noted down.

A few minutes afterward there was a tap at the door, and Bell Marks appeared, shook the wet from her shining umbrella, rubbed her shoes on the mat, shook hands with the sisters, and sat down.

"Why, Bell, what brings you through such pelting rain!" inquired Nancy.

"I thought I'd stop here a few minutes for shelter. I'm on my way to Farmer Green's, to know if it's true that Sally's turned off."

"I dare say that it's true enough," said Rose; "I only wonder that they've let her stay so long. I cannot bear that girl."

"Nor I," replied Bell; "she's so proud."

"And so selfish," exclaimed Rose.

"I wonder what they have turned her off for, though," said Nancy; "that's what I want to know."

"I dare say," answered Rose, "that she has helped herself in the dairy; Mrs. Green found her cream running short; or—— Why, Nance! what are you doing?" added she, suddenly turning round toward her sister.

"There is no more room on my paper," said Nancy, quietly laying down the pencil.

As soon as Bell had departed Rose took up the paper with a blushing cheek, and read the record of her "*idle words*."

"O, Nancy!" she cried, "it is not yet ten o'clock, and all this is written against me. If I must give account for *every idle word* spoken in all the years that I have lived and may yet live, where, where shall I be in the day of judgement? Is there punishment for *every* sinful speech, do you think, Nancy?"

"The Lord Jesus has said so. 'By *thy words* thou shalt be *justified*, and by thy words thou shalt be *condemned*.'"

"Then what will become of me!" cried poor Rose. "I shall never be able to stand before God."

"No poor sinful mortal ever could," replied Nancy. "'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, *who* shall stand? But *there is forgiveness* with thee' This is your only hope—*forgiveness*. And you know through whom to seek it?"

"Through the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes, for him hath God exalted . . . . to *give* repentance unto Israel, and *forgiveness* of sins."

"Then I need not fear?" inquired Rose.

"Not if you are resting your hopes upon Him and striving in his strength to overcome sin. But, Rose, if you are one of Christ's children, you will strive, you will keep a watch over your lips. You will say, like King David, 'I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle.'"

"Ah! Nancy, I feel now how difficult it is to do so; the *scorpions* seem to come so much more readily than the *diamonds!*"

"Pray and persevere," replied Nancy.

Reader, let this be your motto:

PRAY AND PERSEVERE.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

(*From Willmer & Smith's European Times, June* 13.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Monday the House of Lords was occupied with the case of Mr. W. P. R. Sheddon,—a case in all its details as strange as the most exaggerated fiction, which Lord Grey moved to have referred to a special committee. It has formed the subject of investigation in the English and Scottish tribunals during the last half century, and even in this, its last revival, provoked a discussion, in which some of the ablest lawyers took part, including the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell, and several other peers. All the speakers admitted the hardship to which the petitioner had been exposed at the hands of his relatives, but the majority felt—for the House divided on the subject—that to open this individual case to a special committee might establish a precedent hereafter of an embarassing kind. In the House of Commons, the same evening, Sir F. Thesiger announced the change which he would propose in committee in the new oath, so as to exclude the Jews from Parliament—"and I make this promise, renunciation, abjuration, and declaration, heartily, willingly, truly, and upon the true faith of a Christian" Next week the House will go into committee on the bill, and the strength of parties in the new House of Commons will be tested. The Roman Catholic members of both Houses, and several of the more influential members of that community, have been waiting upon Lord Palmerston with a view to induce him to abolish the oath which they are compelled to take, and frame one which could be taken by them in common with all other members, but he gave them little hopes of success. Some of them threaten, in order to embarass the Government, and induce concession, to vote against the bill as it stands for the admission of the Jews, but, being themselves, as they allege, the victims of persecution, they will surely not be so stupid as to pursue this undignified course.

On Tuesday the condition of the Indian army, more immediately with reference to the mutinous spirit which has recently prevailed in it, occupied the attention of the House of Lords. The Divorce Bill formed the subject of debate, and several divisions took place, all to the manifest improvement of the measure. The House of Commons sat an hour beyond midnight, and got through a good deal of work, more or less interesting, but coming under the designation of useful rather than important.

Last night in the House of Commons Sir John Ramsden stated that Government intended to draw from the Mauritius a portion of the troops intended for China, and he added that the men would receive the same pay as those now at Hong Kong. Some remarks were made about the inconvenience to persons attending the Drawing-room at St. James's Palace. Sir B. Hall mentioned that he was about to prepare plans for bettering the accommodation of St. James's Palace—an intimation that was not very favourably received. The House doubtless felt with a writer in one of the morning papers that Buckingham Palace was the place in which to hold these assemblages. The House then went into Committee of Supply. In the Upper Chamber nothing of striking interest occurred.

The weather continues very favorable for the season, and the accounts of the growing crops, especially those from Ireland, are more than usually encouraging.

ITALY.

A letter from the Roman States, dated the 27th ultimo, states that Cardinal Antoneli has addressed a circular to the provincial authorities forbidding the communal councils to assemble. The cause assigned for this measure is to prevent the councils from taking advantage of the journey of His Holiness to express their complaints and make known their wishes. His eminence now believes that he has anticipated danger by his circular. The prohibition is so peremptory that the Gonfalonieri have not even called the communal council together to deliberate on the expenses to be incurred on the occasion of the Pope's reception. Each Mayor acts on on his own authority, and the communal budget must provide for those expenses without the council being consulted. Cardinal Antoneli appears to be perfectly indifferent whether the legal forms are respected or not. The Holy Father has hitherto met the same reception from the population in the Marches as he did in the other provinces. The crowds were numerous on his passage, but they observed a respectful silence.

While most of the European states that have anything like a tolerable government are increasing in population and wealth, the Government of his Holiness the Pope, on the other hand, is either stagnant and stationary, or getting more deeply involved in debt and difficulty. The population of the States of the Church, according to the last census, amounted only, in round numbers, to 3,017,000 inhabitants, whilst the population of the city of Rome itself, in 1855, did not exceed 177,000 inhabitants, being not one-half the population of Liverpool. The Papal budget presented in 1854 a deficit of 1,630,992 crowns; and this deficit was augmented by the war budget to 1,863,152 crowns.

A letter from Bologna, of the 2d instant, informs us that the Cardinal Archbishop of the diocese has published a charge in which he congratulates his clergy on the favorable effect produced by the missions and sermons which have been preached in that city during the last month. The Cardinal Viale Prela is a great patron of the Jesuits. He follows their maxims with persevering tenacity. The Cardinal, moreover, is all powerful, and the authorities confirm to his injunctions and obey his instructions The following are the last measures adopted by the Cardinal: His Eminence has ordered that a portion of the statue Gigante di Piazza shall be covered, to avoid scandal. This statue was the work of John of Bologna. The same regulation has been enforced with respect to all the *puttini*, so much admired in the churches of Bologna. He has forbidden any more singing in the churches. By this measure the chapel of St. Petrona, so renowned for its vocal music, will be derived of its celebrity. All servile work is strictly forbidden on Sundays and holidays, and should any person be found in the streets carrying the smallest parcel the police have orders to arrest him, and force him to pay a heavy fine. These stringent regulations cause the inhabitants sincerely to regret the loss of their previous Archbishop, Cardinal Opizzoni, who was a remarkably mild and tolerant ecclesiastic. The contrast between the two Archbishops is so great that Cardinal Viale Prela is as unpopular at Bologna as his venerable predecessor was beloved and esteemed.

SARDINIA.

A letter from Turin, of the 3d instant, announces that the Minister of the Interior has given orders that the body of the Protestant which was refused sepulture in the churchyard of Fara shall be disinterred and buried within the consecrated ground.

The Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies, in its sitting of the 6th, voted a bill for the construction of new barracks at Alessandria, and another for converting one of the suppressed convents of Turin into an hospital.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We have received the *Cape Argus* of April 11th, from which it appears that the governor has opened the session of the colonial parliament with a speech in which he found abundant matter for congratulation in the position and prospects of the country. The relations between the colonists and the frontier tribes are now satifactory, and the apprehensions which were lately entertained exist no longer. There has been a great increase of commercial prosperity, but the *Argus* does not think the new Customs Tariff Act is entitled to the credit of having contributed much to that result, or to the flattering aspect of the finances. The governor directs attention to the proposed harbour works in Table Bay, and to the expediency of proceeding with other useful public works, including two railways, the estimated cost of which is about £1,300,000. He recommends that provision be made for immigration, to procure a sufficient supply of laborers in the colony. The balance of the amount voted last year towards bringing out the German Legion, the whole of which sum was not required for the purpose, is to be devoted to immigration. Some reforms in the administration of the law are proposed, and an augmentation of the salaries of some of the most hard-worked public servants. It is the intention of government to fill up the vacant portions of Kaffraria proper, between the districts of Kreli and Faku, with an European population; and to use all its influence to persuade the Kaffirs to become an agricultural people, now that they have lost so large a proportion of their cattle by the fanaticism which lately prevailed under the preaching of their "prophet." One of the most important subjects likely to be debated this session is the separation of the Eastern from the Western province.

THE DISTURBANCES IN BELGIUM.—The *Gazette de Mons*, of the 2d inst., says:—"Scenes of great disorder have been created in Jenappe during Sunday night and the Monday following. Although the reports of the occurrences have been greatly exaggerated, giving them horrible dimensions, the real facts of the case are bad enough without drawing upon the imagination for the purpose of heightening their atrocity. Large crowds congregated, and paraded the town, singing out the 'Brabanconne,' and crying out, '*A bas les convents.*' Before the establishment of the Fre'res (a religious brotherhood) their shouts were redoubled, and a shower of stones was cast against the house, which smashed in the windows. A few of the leaders of the mob, wishing to carry their violence still further, separated themselves from the great mass, and one of them, armed with an axe, broke in the shutters that had inclosed the windows on the ground floor. The hall door was then attacked, and soon yielded to the strokes of the ponderous weapons which were levelled against it. A small party of the assailants rushed madly through the apartments, breaking everything they met, and casting through the windows beds, mattrasses, wardrobes, books, domestic utensils, stoves, the chapel candlesticks, &c. Those different articles were at once seized by the *gamins* who had posted themselves in front, and were immediately thrown into a heap upon a fire which they had lighted a few yards from the convent, and which in a few hours consumed all the property belonging to the place. During this Vandal expedition, in which, however, only a few individuals co-operated, three of the religious brothers, seized with fear, hid themselves under the matrasses. They were soon discovered by the ruffian incendiaries, who immediately commenced treating them with the most brutal violence. The *religieux*, however, managed to extricate themselves from their perilous situation, and were received in the neighbouring houses, where they fled for refuge. The *frere recteur*, or superior of the convent, finding himself exposed to the most barbarous usage, seized a sabre, with which he defended himself for some time against the murderous assault of his wanton aggressors. He was struck several times by heavy sticks with which the mob were generally armed, and after a conflict involving life and death, he managed to escape from the hands of those who had for a time fastened on him. At Mons the fathers showed a bold front, and in return for the brickbats and other projectiles hurled by the mob against their windows, vigorously returned the fire with empty wine and beer bottles, of which they had good store on the premises."

THE REWARDS FOR EUROPEAN HEADS AT CANTON.—There was examined to-day at the police station, by the superintendent of police, Mr May, a Portuguese sailor called Joze Maria. He is but ten days returned after a two or three months' captivity at Lantao and the Bocca Tigris, to which place he was carried a prisoner in January last, upon the capture of his lorcha by the imperialist forces. His statement is not uninteresting. During the whole time that he was in prison he was frequently called upon by the mandarins to inspect the heads which the *braves*, some of whom he knew as boatmen of Hong Kong, brought from Hong Kong, Whampoa, and Cumsing-moon, and to say if they were European heads or not. There were about a score of such, including "two old ones with white hair." The children use to drag them about and play with them during the investigation. If it ended satisfactorily, the claimant received 150 taels of silver for each head, with an order for a like sum on the arrival of the head at Canton. One of his crew having died in prison of a wound, the mandarin ordered his ears to be cut off before burial, "for," said he, "I shall be able now to detect any man who may dig him up and try to impose the dead man's head upon me as a fresh one, and claim the reward." There were said to be about thirty Europeans in the Canton prison, including old Mr. Cowper. It is difficult to understand by what influence the Governor of Macao obtained the release of Joze' Marie. When the man himself claimed protection as a Portuguese subject, one mandarin said, "We are at war with all nations," and another, "You and the English are Christians all the same," and a third "You are a white man." But released he is, and all his company, by the intercession of the Governor of Macao.—*Letter from Hong Hong.*

DISCOVERY OF A CHINESE PLOT.—A Hong Kong letter of the 25th April, says:—"Since the departure of the last mail a plot against the lives of Colonel Caine (the Lieut. Governor) and Mr Caldwell (the Registrar and Interpreter-General) has been discovered, and one of the conspirators, the "head watchman" of Stanley, was on the 17th inst. taken into custody. His chief accomplice, the 'Tepo' or head-borough, of the same place, has fled; but one or two more will be apprehended, I am told, to-morrow, and the trials of the gang will take place this week. They are charged with high treason. A document, found in the possession of the "head watchman" on his apprehension, ought to convict him at least, and to furnish the clue to evidence which shall hang the rest. It is a letter from Tsan-kweitsik himself, the Coryphæus of murder, arson and kidnapping, who left Canton three months ago for Shanon, in this neighbourhood, with a commission to lead Yeh's "braves" in every enterprise against the barbarian English. The writer tells the "head watchman" and the "Tepo,"—for it is addressed to both—that they are at liberty to accept help from any quarter, even from the illegal triads and other secret societies of Chinese, so that they accomplish their work, and earn the reward for doing it. That work is the taking of the "heads of Col. Caine and Mr. Caldwell," which done, he says, the rest may be massacred at leisure; for those two are the only members of Government who "understand anything."

FEMALE ELECTIONEERING.—In the recent Parliamentary elections in England, the women seem to have been unusually active. Lady Russel contributed much to her husband's re-election, by visiting the different polling booths, with her children, and distributing her smiles and courtesies among the electors. Lady Mildred Hope is believed to have carried the election of her husband for Maidstone.—She did not exactly canvass for him, but all through the election she was constantly driving about the town; she also was most active at the nomination and during the polling; and at the close, unable to restrain herself any longer, she threw up the window at her hotel, and addressed the mob in a speech which everybody agreed was better than her husband's, delivered immediately afterwards from the same place.

AN EXPEDIENT.—An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to make a pilgrimage to a distant shrine barefoot, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot—but she went in a *sedan chair*.