

aspirants for such Divinity employ different mottoes,—that is all! One cries War—another Slavery—and a third Polygamy!

The next most interesting topic of conversation here, is the startling decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of Bishop Colenso. It will be remembered that the heretical Bishop of Natal had been deposed by his Metropolitan, the Bishop of Capetown, on the ground of heresy; but the case before the Privy Council was unlike those of Gorham or the Essayists, it had nothing to do with either the Formular, or the orthodox views of the church, it had simply to decide whether the Bishop of Capetown possessed such jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal, as would entitle him to depose Dr. Colenso on any ground whatever. Now, the Letters Patent declared plainly that Dr. Colenso had taken an oath to be precisely in the same position to his Metropolitan, Dr. Gray, as the Suffragan Bishops of England are to their Archbishops; but the hard, cold decision of the Privy Council was, that there was no value, whatever, in the Royal Letters Patent themselves, and therefore Dr. Gray could have no jurisdiction over Dr. Colenso, because his title to authority was in itself worthless. The documents were drawn up with all the skill of the legal advisers of the Queen, (among whom, by the way, was that same Sir R. Bethel, who now, as Lord Chancellor, decided that these documents were worthless.) But one important thing had been overlooked—the learned jumble had forgotten to look even at the Title Deeds, and it now turned out that the Queen had no more authority to give Episcopal jurisdiction in a colony to which Legislative Assemblies had been granted, than she would have had to create a Baron of Natal and endow him with Feudal powers. The only authority the Queen had in the matter was that she might give these Rev'd. and Irreverent Gentlemen, certain high-sounding names—such as Bishop of Capetown, and Bishop of Natal, and these empty titles are not disturbed by the decision, but they are kings without kingdoms—they are merely the titled heads of “voluntary associations” of clergymen—and this is the position of all Colonial Bishops, excepting those of Jamaica, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, who were legally appointed; so you have now no real Bishop of Halifax, he is by this cold legal decision merely a titled leader of a voluntary association of clergymen, and all his semi-regal utterances have been, it seems, illegally assumed. I need not tell you how unfair and hard all this seems to every thinking man in England. A sense of shame at the incapacity of our lawyers which leaves Colonial Bishops and Royal Letters Patent in such an awkward position, is universally felt; but I doubt not that good will come out of it—that the disease being discovered, a remedy will be found. It strikes us as a matter of shame too, that two clergymen who should be men of honour and education, should have had any doubt as to the nature of the Oath they took regarding their mutual relations towards each other—that Dr. Colenso and Dr. Gray could entertain two different notions about the meaning of a solemn oath, and I need scarcely say that Dr. Colenso is the man whose honour is thought light; and although he has won his case, it is a matter of public congratulation that he has not done so through the quibble he set up—but that he has been “hoist with his own petard.” He being no longer Bishop, except by empty title, and the “voluntary association” of clergymen over whom he used to preside having declared themselves against him—he is left not only without a kingdom, but without subjects—and there is a marked public satisfaction in the feeling that as he is merely titular Bishop of Natal, the Colonial Bishopric's Fund is no longer bound to waste money subscribed for the Church's benefit, on one of her enemies—henceforth the Bishop of Natal may learn his religion from Zulus, if he likes, but he is not, it is hoped, to be paid by Christians for his education. His title will henceforth suit him as the title of Consul did the Roman Emperor's horse.

The bloodless civil war in the Iron trade does not attract so much attention as you would probably expect. People have got tired of hearing about strikes and the rights of man. The prevailing opinion seems to be that the masters are the oppressed ones in this case, for it is generally believed that the men were trying to beat the masters by detachments. As for the direct cause of the strike and consequent Lock-out, the masters were undeniably right according to the rules of their trade, to reduce the wages; the only question is whether they are not assuming a bullying tone towards the men, by a general and united Lock-out, because a few were refractory; their reply is that the detachment dodge was being tried against them, and so they declared open war to have done with it—otherwise the masters would certainly be wrong in punishing all because of a few refractory ones, even if the sensible ones chose to provide for the men on strike out of their common Trade Union funds—for I take it, it was no business of the masters what the men chose to do with their money; if they had thought well to throw it into the sea they should have been left at liberty to do so. But on the broad question of strikes, people, as I say, are tired of hearing about them, and only think that it is quite fair “that two should play at the same game,” and that it would perhaps be as well if this North Staffordshire trouble should finally settle the question as to who are to be the masters—the Employers or the Employed.

There has been some childish discussion going on, increasing in warmth in accordance with the religious feelings of the circle where you hear it, about Roman Catholic priests locking up in underground cells some heretics warranted not to be able to hold out—they can't manage the preachers of “loud lung'd Anti-Babylonianisms.” I fancy—however, I think your readers will understand the position and feelings connected with this source of public talk, when I tell you that the whole affair is the private property of the Protest nt Alliance.

The Lord Chancellor is under a cloud about some imputed tamperings with the privilege leading men should always have; his patronage and his character is undergoing a trial in a most thoroughly un-English tribunal—a private court with closed doors and witnesses sworn to secrecy; what this amateur Star Chamber is doing nobody knows. The *Times*, imitating Yankee journalism, has been forestalling the judgment of this Court, and the *Daily Telegraph*, imitating Nova Scotian journalism, has been edifying the public by pitching into the *Times*. I must, however, do the *Telegraph* the justice, to say that it did not get so far as some of your leading papers do—it did not even mention the name of the Editor of the *Times*—by the way no one seems to know who this modern Jupiter is—we all know who the important individual who edits the *Chronicle or Reporter* is, but somehow we don't care about the name of the Jupiter, though it would be interesting to know something about him and his private affairs. I suppose I ought to administer to the same tastes as the *Reporter* does, but I have not time to-day, in fact I am writing you a long letter simply because I have not time to write a short one. There is some attempt to drag the time honored Leader of Abolitionism under the cloud lowering over the honor of our woosack, but people look for the silver lining of that cloud in the clearness with which Lord Brougham's character will shine forth, as it emerges from the examination of this amateur Star Chamber, and only regret that he should in his old age be annoyed by having his name coupled, even for an instant, with evil report.

The House of Commons have been talking about Canada, and some one said on the occasion, what has been, I believe considered a very clever thing. I am sure no ordinary intellect could have conceived the idea! It is grand in original force beside modern truisms! Some hon. member actually said—“War with Canada means war with England!” You don't mean to say so now, law! who'd have thought it!