

paternal apron were garnered during his long regime the choicest tit bits of the Church of Winchester; and on Francis the well-beloved they fell in a shower of grace and gold. Title was not enough, nor the goodly estate of Guilford—his Lordship should have the opulent sinecure of a charitable trust, and the rounded income of a batch of benefices beside. So when envious Dissenters now-a-days seek for a weak point in the State Church, they select the Rev. Lord Guilford, for the Hero as Pluralist. That is the Church mag of the day. They taunt him with the rich furs of Arlesford, the purple of St. Mary's, the fine linen of St. Faith's, and the betrayed Stewardship of St. Cross. (*Corpo Santo!*) Three such names in such a Trisagion. But men of this persuasion are also given to statistical arguments in our arithmetical days—and they say, in a way they conceive conclusive, that the Parson Peer has pocketed for the cure of souls, since his father's hands imposed the Holy Ghost upon him, the sum of *Three Hundred and Eleven Thousand Pounds Sterling.*

But it is not mere simony, nor the rank scandal of pluralities alone. There is something of a deeper dye that speckles his Lordship's name. His snug vicarage of Alresford might peacefully have overlooked the slender Itchin, as it ripples through the fields of Hants—and cowed shadows alone reproached him in the monastic cloisters of St. Mary's—he, too, like many another vampire, batten upon the piety of dead generations, might have lived his obese day and died under no opprobrium, save that of his own callous conscience. But, there was one spectral scandal that cried to the Heavens against him in the name of the defrauded Poor—so that even England, from the Queen upon her Throne, amid his peers, to the poor Hants peasant, who spells his sheet of news, as the blazoned carriage of the lordly parson rolls by, cried "shame! shame!" And the shame was this.

Among the old Catholic foundations, which hallow the streets of Winchester with Gothic shadows, there is one over whose gateway there stands the statue of a Roman Cardinal who was its founder—the brother of a king, and the Bishop of Winchester seven long centuries ago. Then, as in these days, the See of Winchester was wealthy; but venerable minister, and memorial cross, comely almshouse, and the most eminent college of England, are there still to tell that the revenues which man's charity had given were offered up for the glory of God and the help of His poor. When Bishop Henry de Blois died, he left behind him, near the town a Priory yet noble to look upon in all its ruin and desecration. Fruitful lands cushioned its turrets; a mensal parish swelled its revenue; and for centuries who shall say how many grateful prayers rose to Heaven for the good Cardinal, whose almoners fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and tended the sick of a hundred generations under its venerable roof.

Now its halls are bare, its towers crumbling, its lands leased at townspark prices, its rents and dues appropriated to swell a pluralist's purse. Worse than this, the Reverend Lord Guilford is publicly charged with having obtained the appointment by a fraud, and with holding it by the most outrageous equivocation upon his solemn oath. For with two benefices already in his possession, his father could not legally have inducted him into a third—yet it was done; nor has he right now to hold possession—yet he does, at one date declaring that "there was no clerical office in St. Cross, and that he had not been inducted;" at another time swearing that it is "an ecclesiastical benefice, and that he had been regularly inducted and read in;" and, as the *Times* very plainly intimates, swearing and declaring whatever suits him for a temporary means of delaying the disgorgement of his spoil.—Such has been his conduct that an English Clergyman named Holloway, familiar with the case and indignant over it, alleges publicly, and in broad daylight, that his lordship, by means of an instrument "fraudulently" drawn up, has, "adversely to the law," appropriated to his own use £90,000 of charity moneys left for the relief of the indigent and deserving. The Master of the Rolls before whom the case came intimated very strongly his opinion that these same funds had been "wickedly appropriated." In the face of all this, it is not enough that he should continue to hold the property in *statu quo*—for who dreams of restitution? Instead of this (in Sir W. Wynne's words) he went on granting leases and imposing fines, thus defeating the act of Elizabeth, passed to prevent future frauds, and prohibiting the Master from leasing any of the charity estates, and still more from appropriating them to his own personal uses. It must be a difficult task to eject a pluralist, for so flagitious and notorious were all these facts four years ago, that in 1849 the Queen stated in her speech on proroguing Parliament, that, "in accordance with the prayer of her faithful Commons, she had commanded her Attorney-General to proceed against Lord Guilford, the guardian of St. Cross Hospital, to account for his trust."

"What does the Attorney-General say now?" asks the *Times*. Will he take this great Church by the tail and make him disgorge? We hope so. We hope, at least, that the "faithful Commons" will not allow their peculiar suit in this matter to slumber.—May we not also respectfully suggest to our State Church contemporaries that while such a scandal lies bare and foul before them, it is a waste of time to be talking of the unholy exactions of the Irish priests, and the tyrannical greed of the College of Cardinals.

UNITED STATES.

There were several Catholic Missionaries for the United States in the Steamer Humboldt, including the Right Rev. Bishop Miege,—Vicar Apostolic of the Rocky Mountains,—the celebrated Jesuit Indian Missionary, Father de Smet, whose valuable publications on the Indian Tribes of the Rocky mountains have excited so much interest both in Europe and America, an Italian Priest from Genoa, long a Missionary in the States,—whose flock in the Missouri is principally composed of the descendants of the ill-fated Acadians, who were driven out of Nova Scotia about a century ago, and who still preserve the fondest recollection of the picturesque home of their fathers, about a dozen Jesuit novices, five Lazarists, and some Christian Brothers. The whole were fortunate enough to secure a passage to Boston in the Niagara.—*Recorder.*

EMIGRATION.—The whole number of emigrants arrived at the port of New York during the year ending December 31st, from all parts of the world was 284,345; the major portion of whom are from Ireland.

DREADFUL MORTALITY AT SEA.—The ship New England has arrived at New Orleans from Bremerhaven, having had seventy deaths on board during the passage, out of 500 emigrants.

MILKING BEARS.—A friend of ours who has recently returned from a little jaunt in the country, happening to stay at the house of an old Methodist Deacon, has handed us the following specimen of that pious gentleman's commentary on a passage in the Bible. As it is quite equal to anything we have seen lately, we do not feel disposed to keep it entirely to ourselves.—It appears that for many years past the Deacon had observed the custom of reading daily a chapter from the Sacred Scriptures to the family, and of making a running extemporaneous commentary upon each particular passage that seemed to require elucidation.—Coming to that part of the Bible which says, "Now, these seven did Milcha bare unto Nahor," he cleared his throat and explained it thus:—"The object of this here passage is to show us how unfortunate the people used to be in old times. Then they didn't have no dairys, but was oblegged to milk bears, and it took six to hold the bear, while tother milked it, and they had to go to Nahor to git the bears."—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

A modern tourist thus describes the impressions produced on him by a visit to Geneva, the city of "Calvin and Rousseau"—if it be permitted to put the name of the latter in juxtaposition with that of the former.—With all his vices, Rousseau appears amiable, chaste, and holy by the side of the bloody murderer of Servetus:—"At half-past six o'clock, we reached the famous city of Rousseau and Calvin. It has none of the looks of a Swiss city, but rather seems like a Paris in miniature. The houses are high, massive and solid, and the hotels are magnificent. It is crowded with strangers at this season, so that it is almost impossible to get a place to sleep. It is the noisiest place of the size I have ever visited. I went yesterday to the Cathedral of St. Peter, John Calvin's church, where he once thundered his anathemas. Under the same canopy, a feeble preacher hurried through a service with a handful of hearers, who were almost lost in that vast edifice. In the evening, we looked in at a cafe, where men were gambling, drinking, and violating the Sabbath, in a way that would have shocked the austere moralist of Geneva."

How to RUIN A NEIGHBOR'S BUSINESS.—Some time since (so runs the current narrative,) the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which after much difficulty he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and thrived so well that a speculating baker, on the opposite side of the way, made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop; and, acting on the principle, universal among London bakers, of doing good business for the first month or two, at a loss, made the pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend, of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Oh, oh!" said her friend, "that ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear, if I don't git your trade agin, there aint no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying, he took his leave. About eight o'clock the same evening when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing the principal was below, superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance, "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and I'll bring the t'other 4 tomorrow afternoon!" With that he swaggered out and went his way. So much was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighborhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was covered with hasty abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street, experienced an unusually large demand for "gones" of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations, not purely grammatical, were not merely audible but visible too in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring "balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.—*Curiosities of London Life.*

INTEGRITY A JEWEL.

One of Simon Suggs' first financial experiments was to jockey a Mr. Jones out of a considerable sum of money and an exchange horse, under pretence that he (without a dollar in his pocket) is hurrying on to buy the same lot of land which he has wormed out Jones to be on his way to purchase. Suggs overtakes the traveller, and as the Captain struck his heels against Ball's sides, Mr. Jones seemed to grow nervous.

"Whereabouts does your land lie?" he asked. "Up in Tallapoosy," replied Suggs, and again he thumped Ball with his heels. Mr. Jones evidently grew more uneasy.

"What part of the country?" he asked. "Close to the Chambers' Line, not far from Dodd's store. Get along, Ball!" was the Captain's answer. "Stop, sir, if you please—perhaps—I would like—we'd better, perhaps, under—" gasped Mr. Jones, in great agitation.

"To be sure we had," said Suggs, with great sang froid. "It's just as you say; but what the devil's the matter with you—are you going to take a fit?" Jones explained that he thought it likely they were both going to enter the same piece of land. "What did you say was the number of yours?" he asked. "I didn't mention no number, as well as I know recollect," said Suggs, with a bland smile. "However, Squire Jones, as it looks like your gear don't fit you, somehow, I'll jist tell you that the land I'm after is a little, no account quarter section that nobody would have but me; it's poor, but it's got a snug little shoal on it, with twenty or twenty-five foot fall; and may be they'll want to build a little town at Dodd's some of these days, and I mought sell 'em the lumber. Seein' your pretty much afoot, even if you wanted it, I may as well give you the numbers, if I can, without lookin' in my pocket book. It's ten—ten—section

ten, township—oh, d—n the number, I never can remember—"

"S. E. quarter of ten: twenty-two, twenty-five—ain't it?" asked Jones, who looked perfectly wild.

"Now you hit me! good as four aces—their's the figure!" said Captain Suggs.

"It's the same place I'm after; I'll give you fifty dollars to let me enter it."

"You would'nt now, would you?"

"I'll give you a hundred."

"Try again."

"Well, I'll give you a hundred and fifty, and not a dollar more," said Jones, in a decisive tone.

"Let's see—well, I reckon—tho' I don't know—yes, I suppose I must let you have it, as I can't well spare the money to enter it at this time, no how," remarked Suggs with much truth, as his cash on hand did not amount to quite one-fortieth of the sum necessary to make the entry. "But you must swap horses, and you must give me twenty dollars boot."

This was agreed to, and Capt. Simon Suggs received the one hundred and seventy dollars with the air of a man who was conferring a most substantial favor; and made divers remarks laudatory of his own disposition, while Mr. Jones counted the bills and changed the saddles. Turning his horse's head homeward, Capt. Suggs soliloquized somewhat in this vein: "A pretty toloble fair mernin' work, I should say. One hundred and seventy dollars in the clear pizarincum, and a horse with jist fifty dollars more than old Ball! That makes two hundred and twenty dollars, as nigh as I can guess, without I had Dolbear along! now, some fellers, after makin' sich a little decent rise would milk the cow dry, by pushin' on to Double-joosy, startin' a runner the nigh way to Montgomery, by the Angusty ferry, and enterin' that land in somebody else's name before Jones gets there! But honesty's the best policy. Honesty's the bright spot in any man's character! Fair play's a jewel, but honesty beats it all to pieces! Ah, yes, honesty, honesty's the stake that Simon Suggs will allers tie to! What's a man without his integrity?"

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