The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL.

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

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THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

KIRWAN'S REPLY TO BISHOP HUGHES.

LETTER VI.

Was Peter Pope?—Examination continued.—But two Arguments that can not be answered.—Tillotson's Opinion.

My dear Sir,—In my last letter I entered upon an examination of the claims of the Pope to supremacy without concluding it. I showed you that in the testing of these claims, the testimony of tradition was inadmissible, and that the teaching, the facts, and the tenor of the New Testament are directly in opposition to them. But as a man of spirit, greatly unwilling that a mere "private reasoner" should have even the appearance of victory over you, you appear again in court to prove, by other evidence, that Peter was clothed by Christ with supremacy, and that he was first Pope of Rome. The judge having already decided against the testimony adduced to prove the first point, and having called for evidence which you can not adduce, you address yourself to the second, to prove that Peter was the first Pope of Rome. You state the point, and his honor calls for the testimony; and with an air of triumph you adduce the early records of the Church, from its foundation to the fifth century, among which are the books of the New Testament. The judge says, "Well, Bishop Hughes, we will commence with these documents, and examine them in their order." The proposition is a fair one, and you consent.

"Mark," says the judge, "was a friend and follower of Peter. He wrote his gospel at Rome, about thirty years after the ascension of Christ. Some of the fathers even say that it was revised by Peter. Does he say any thing about Peter being Pope of Rome?" You reply, "No; Mark is silent on the subject." So that document is laid aside.

"Here are Peter's own letters," says the judge, "written but a short time previous to his death—thirty years, at least, after his alleged investiture with the supremacy. Do *they* say any thing upon the subject?" "No," you reply; "it would not be modest in him to say any thing about the matter." So these are laid aside; the judge remarking, in an under tone, "It would have been well if the successors of Peter had imitated his modesty, who, after being nearly forty years Pope, in two letters to the churches says not a word about his supremacy." Modesty, you know, is not an episcopal virtue.

"Next are the letters of Paul," says the judge, "written from Rome, and to the Romans. Do they bear any testimony to the point to be proved? His letter to the Romans was written several years after Peter was made Pope there. Does he say any thing about Pope Peter? At the close of the letter he sends his affectionate salutations to upward of twenty persons; does he mention Pope Peter? When according to your showing, Peter was in the plenitude of his power at Rome, Paul was taken there as a prisoner. While there, he wrote several of these epistles; is Peter alluded to in them as Pope? Is he named at all? If he was there, Bishop Hughes, how do you account for what Paul writes to Timothy (2d Tim., iv., 16), 'At my first answer . . . all men forsook me!' Does Peter play again, in the court of Cæsar, the part he played in the palace of Pilate? Could Paul be a prisoner in Rome for two or more years, and Pope Peter never do him any kindness? Could he have done him any kindness, and yet Paul never speak of it to his friends? How is all this?" Hard questions, these.

Vexed to the quick by these questions, for even bishops have feelings, and plainly perceiving that his honor is a "private reasoner," you reply, "We will lay aside, if you please, those documents which form the New Testament, and pass on to the next in order. They have always been wrested by 'private reasoners' to their own destruction, who are incapable of 'making an act of faith.'" "But, before we lay them aside," says the judge, "do you admit, bishop, that they give no testimony to the point before the court?" You give a reluctant assent. He again asks, "How do you account for the fact that they give no testimony, considering the peculiar circumstances under which they were written?" You bite your lips, but are speechless.

After waiting a few minutes for a reply, the judge says, "We will proceed to the next document; what is it? what does it say?" "Here," you say, "is Jerome, who says that Peter went to Rome in the second year of Claudius, and was bishop there twenty-five years." "But," says the judge, "Jerome wrote about the year 400, and how did he know? where did he get the fact? In the twelfth year of Claudius, Paul went to Jerusalem, and found Peter there. Did he run away from Rome? Do popes now go from Rome to Jerusalem? Or was he, like some bishops in our day, who love the fleece more than the flock, a non-resident? In the reign of Nero, who succeeded Claudius, Paul went to Rome, and found the people there quite uninformed as to the faith of Christ (Acts xxviii., 17–24). If Peter was Pope there for so many years previous, what was he about? Besides, the apostles were ministers at large; their duty was, not to abide in any city—not to demit their general for a local authority, but to go into all the earth, and preach the Gospel to every creature. So that, if these documents are true, they show that Peter, at least, was disobedient to the ascending command of his Lord, by locating himself at Rome, instead of laboring to extend the Gospel to every creature. So that, if these papers are true, and if they establish the point you press so earnestly, they will simply prove the unfaithfulness of Peter. If not true, your case is lost; if true, Peter was a disobedient apostle, and ought to be condemned, instead of being followed and eulogized, for seeking his own ease instead of obeying his Master's command."

As the judge, seeking only the truth, places you in this sad dilemma, I see your Irish heart swelling with emotions. You seize your crook and your keys, and glance a wrathful look at the "private reasoner," so unfit to wear the ermine. But your sober second thoughts return, and you ask, with a tone of smothered indignation, "What proof does your honor want that Peter was bishop of Rome? What proof will you admit that the popes of our Church are his true successors?"

His honor replies calmly, but decidedly, "Bishop Hughes, the point you wish to prove is one of vital importance; it is the hinge upon which many grave questions turn, which deeply concern the destinies of our race. So you and I believe. To prove it, I demand of you, not old wives' fables, but testimony so clear and direct as to place it beyond a doubt. As to his being Bishop of Rome, or being ever at Rome, the Scriptures are silent; and that they are silent, to you must be very embarrassing; and not only so, but upon this vital point the apostolic men who conversed with the apostles are equally silent as the Scriptures. Clemens, Barnabas, Hermas, Ignatius, Polycarp, say not a word upon the subject. At about the close of the second century, Irenæus records it as a tradition received from one Papias, and is followed by your other authorities. But who Papias was, while there are various conjectures, nobody knows. And Eusebius speaks of the matter as a doubtful tradition. Here, sir, is the amount of your testimony: it resolves itself into the truth or falsehood of a prattling Papias, who told Irenæus that somebody told him, who was told by somebody, that Peter was Pope at Rome!

"Now, sir, the evidence I require is, first, that he was ever at Rome; and, secondly, that if there, he was Pope of the universal Church; and upon these points I will admit the testimony of the Scriptures, the apostles, or any competent contemporary. If you have any such testimony, produce it." You reply, "This is asking too much of an infallible Church, whose unwritten tradition is of equal authority with the written word." His honor replies, "Bishop Hughes, it is asking a little too much to ask us to believe without evidence.

"You ask," continues the judge, "what evidence I will admit to prove that the popes are the successors of Peter? I want you first to prove that Peter was Pope; if he was not, he has no successors. If he was Pope, I then wish you to explain why he was made Pope, while he was set apart as the apostle of the circumcision. You send him to the Gentiles, while his peculiar vocation was to the Jews. I wish you also to explain, why make him Pope of Rome instead of Antioch, where we know he labored with great success, or instead of Jerusalem, where the Spirit was poured out, and where he preached with such remarkable power? It is not probable that tradition has again misled you as to the location of the chair of St. Peter.

"When you have proved and explained these things, then I wish you to tell me by what body of men Peter was made Pope at Rome, and how he was elected; for his successors must be so appointed and elected. I wish you to state how Peter was inaugurated at Rome, and what were the limits of his authority; for so his successors must be inaugurated and limited. I wish you to prove the duties devolved upon Peter, and his manner of discharging them; for such are the duties of his successors, and such must be their manner of discharging them. I wish you to prove the doctrines and morals preached and practiced by Peter, as his successors must preach and practice the same doctrines and morals. Peter had a wife: have your popes? Peter called himself an elder: do your popes? Peter exercised no temporal power: is it so as to your popes? Peter devoted himself to preaching the Gospel: do your popes? Peter was a man of no parade, though impulsive, and never asked any mortal to kiss his foot or his toe: is it so with your popes? Peter was very poor: what did you mean when you swore to maintain the royalties of St. Peter?'"

Swelling with indignation, you rise, and, interrupting the judge, you exclaim, "Enough! enough! I see that your honor is a 'private reasoner,' incapable of 'making an act of faith,' and of course no better than a heathen or a publican. You are unfitted to sit upon such questions or to decide upon them." And, collecting again your papers and trappings, you leave the court, muttering in an under tone as you go, that if you had his honor in Italy, under the shadow of the sceptre of the illustrious Pius IX., you would teach him what was the true evidence a judge should require upon such points.

Thus, sir, in the form of a judicial investigation, I have examined the testimony which your Church adduces to prove that Peter was clothed by Jesus Christ with supremacy over the apostles; that he was the first Pope of Rome, and that the popes of Rome are his legitimate successors. There is not a particle of reliable proof as to either of these positions, while the evidence is overwhelming that they are the merest and silliest papal assumptions. And yet, upon assumptions based upon clouds which disappear before the light of investigation, you base the very existence and perpetuity of the Church of God! It seems incredible that a man of sense, and an Irishman too, should suspend my salvation upon my church connection with men called popes, whose ignorance, and profligacy, and cruelty, and falsehood have stamped their name with infamy, and tell me that my submission to God and his Son is of no avail unless I submit to these men, some of whom were devils in canonicals.

There are two items of proof in favor of the supremacy of Peter adduced by your Church to which I have not alluded. I will state them to note my omission, and for the information of our readers. The first is the passage in Luke (v., 3—10), where Jesus entered into the ship of Peter in preference to that of James and John, and taught the people out of it. In the view of Milner, it is a strong proof of the supremacy of Peter!! The other is the story about Simon Magus, the magician. By his juggling miracles he made many followers, and greatly prejudiced the people against the Gospel. He proclaimed that at Rome he was going to fly in the air, and Peter was there to oppose him. By the aid of the devil he absolutely got up in the air, but Peter knelt down and prayed so earnestly that the devil fled away, and and left poor Simon to shift for himself; he fell to the earth by the law of gravity, and broke both his legs; and the impressions of the apostle's knees upon the stones in Rome are shown to this day! These are the most unanswerable arguments upon the subject which I have seen. I could get round all the others, but these I give up!

"The Pope's supremacy," said Tillotson, "is not only an indefensible, but also an impudent cause; there is not one tolerable argument for it, and there are a thousand reasons invincible reasons against it."

I have now, sir, sapped two of your principles: the supremacy of Peter and his successors, and that the Bible must be understood and received as your Church interprets it. The taking away of these two principles brings your whole superstructure tumbling around you. Here I might leave you striving to escape from the falling masses, but "the sympathies of my Irish nature" compel me to say the end is not yet.

Yours, Kirwan.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

We see it stated, upon what may be considered reliable authority, that thirty thousand Christians have recently been found upon an island north of Celebes. It has been rumoured for a time, that there was there a Christian people, forgotten and forsaken, which, however, yet possessed three Bibles, and continued steadfast in the faith. When missionaries first landed on the island, they met with a school teacher and his pupils, who repeated in the Malayan tongue, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O Lord." No Bibles were found, but the most precious promises of the Bible written upon the bark of trees. They knew the Apostle's Creed, and the Heidelberg Catechism, and had Christian customs. Twenty churches and schools yet existed. Through the instrumentality of pastor Heldring, founder of the Magdalen Asylum at Steinbeck, and chief patron of Inner Missions in Holland, four missionaries, who had been educated under the venerable Gossner, were sent out, and three thousand persons baptized.

This is certainly a most interesting discovery. The island on which these Christians were found belongs to the East Indian Archipelago. The Dutch have for years had political rule in this region. This may account for the original introduction of Christianity amongst this people, and for the fact that the Heidelberg Catechism was still found in their possession. But still the particular time and circumstances in which this introduction took place may well challenge special attention, and elicit investigation from those who have the leisure and facilities for prosecuting it—*German Reformed Messenger.*

HAVANA.

(*Philadelphia Correspondence of the Presbyterian.*)

DONKEYS AND THEIR DUTIES.

Slowly moving along one of the narrow streets of Havana, comes what seems to be a stack of green fodder. On closer inspection a head and a tail is discovered, and it turns out to be a donkey carrying a load of this commodity to market, or more accurately, a donkey hid in a fodder stack. This corn which he carries, though long enough to cover him, and have a surplus left over, is the growth of only six weeks. Two crops a year of it can be matured in this prolific soil. In the green state, it would seem to be much in use for cattle, judging from the numbers of these locomotive stacks we encountered, though I infer from what was told me about the plantation food, that it is not one of the staples for the table, as in our Southern States.

The poor donkeys fare badly in Havana, having to do the service of drays, wagons, and carts, as well as donkey duties in general; those useful vehicles just mentioned, being too much modern contrivances to have found, as yet, much favour. Here comes a donkey, across whose back hangs a most capacious panier of woven grass, from whose generous mouths, like a pair of cornucopias, there may be seen fruits, vegetables, melons of all sorts and sizes, and astride of which is a strapping negro, yelling at the top of his voice, his appeals to the Habaneros to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity to come and buy. The donkey has good reason to sympathize in his master's desire for many and prompt customers.

A CHARMING PANORAMA.

About the only vehicle one encounters in Havana, which reminds him that he is still in the nineteenth century, is the cosmopolitan and accommodating omnibus. Our Yankee friend introduced us to one of these, and accompanied us on a very pleasant little trip of some two miles, to the Castello del Principe, a fortification occupying a very elevated position. From this point there is a most commanding view. Hill and valley are clad in the richest verdure, stately tropical trees form avenues along the road sides, palaces rear their aristocratic proportions amidst surrounding pleasure-grounds, sugar and coffee plantations spread out their wide acres laden with precious products, the city sits like a queen bathing her feet in the placid waters of the beautiful harbour, shipping and steamers lie lazily at anchor, undulating hills rise from the further side of the bay, the Moro Castle stands in solitary pride on its rocky pedestal, and beyond, stretch away the sparkling waters of the deep blue sea. We have a charming day for gazing on this enchanting panorama, as this being the rainy season, masses of watery clouds shut out the glare of the tropical sun, and subdue and soften the lights and shadows of the landscape. There is probably no point in the vicinity of Havana which commands so fine a prospect.

SOLDIERS AND THE MORO.

Having enjoyed, in full measure, the scene before us, we made an effort to get a glimpse at the internal arrangements of the fortress. A dark-faced, dried-up looking Spanish sentinel confronted us at the gateway. We made known our wishes and pacific intentions, but after a moment's hesitation, and a brief conference with a bevy of lazy comrades, lounging on the ramparts, he gave us to understand that there was no admittance. No doubt they had the fear of fillibusters before their eyes.

Judging from the samples of Spanish soldiers we have encountered, they cannot be very formidable foemen. One sturdy, stalwart, enthusiastic American volunteer need not fear to meet a dozen of these puny, mummyfied, spiritless looking fellows. They were probably hardly the pick of old Spain when they left there; but the little life they may once have had has been taken out of them by the relaxing effects of this enervating climate. Nor does their economical uniform either add to their comeliness, or give them much of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It consists of a straw hat, and a suit of blue and white gingham, the coat being a frock, fastened around the waist with a belt. I believe there are about forty thousand of these Spanish exotics in and about Havana, and about half as many more in other parts of the Island. The mother country honours the gem of the Antilles with an army of no mean proportions, but she makes the Cubans "pay the piper." They are heavily taxed to keep up this soldiery; and when a large fleet comes to their protection, the government puts its remorseless hand so deep in their pockets, that they have reason to question whether the fleet is not a sorer evil than would be the fillibusters.

I may as well say here that the Moro Castle did not strike us as answering to its worldwide renown. Its position on a rocky prominence, at the very narrow entrance of the harbour, gives it great advantages; but it seemed to us that its dimensions are very limited, and that its structure does not indicate great strength. It is not near so formidable in appearance as many of our own fortifications. Fort Washington, on the Potomac, looks more imposing and impregnable, and half a dozen Moros could sit within the walls of Fortress Monroe, at Old Point Comfort. Add to this that the Island in the rear can be readily approached from the sea, and the reader may see that if occasion should ever arise for testing its strength by United States troops, a General Scott would probably make as short work of it as at Vera Cruz. May that day be far distant.

A HAVANESE FUNERAL.

On rising the hill, after leaving the city for the Castello del Principe, we were met by a Havanese funeral. It was that of a child. The hearse was enclosed with glass, and the coffin was made of a sky-blue pasteboard, edged with white. The lid was only partially laid on, and the form of the quiet little occupant could be seen as the vehicle passed us. A little company, of not exceeding ten or fifteen, followed the hearse, whilst in front of it strode two officials, who, to our eyes, were altogether extraordinary. Their dress was by no means funereal. It consisted of a scarlet coat, buff vest, knee breeches and long stockings, and a tall crowned white beaver hat. We were told that these officials are necessary attendants of every funeral; but if they are designed as professional mourners, they certainly have not mastered the art so well as our undertakers. They marched jauntily along, as if in fine spirits, each of them smoking a cigar.

SMOKERS AND SMOKING.

As to smoking, who amongst the Habaneros does not smoke? and where does he not smoke? Is not the narcotic weed one of their great staples, and have not the virtues of "a genuine Havana" been "said and sung" the world over, and by many generations? Why should not the Habaneros patronize that which is so prominent a source of their wealth and renown? Hence it is as natural to see a column of smoke rising from one of these olivehued gentlemen as from the chimnies of a Mississippi steamboat. And the women do not allow their lords a monopoly of the luxury. Here are black women, and some white ones, who can sport their cigar through the streets with as much *sang froid* as does one of the Broadway or Chestnut street gentry, who puff their noisome clouds into delicate ladies faces. A female passenger—I will not call her a lady—who came on our steamer here, used to sit on deck smoking "like a trooper," and giving vent to the smoke through her nostrils. An American who resides here, says he does not suppose there ever was a passenger who called at Havana, who failed to carry away a stock of cigars and Guava jelly. The latter is made at Dominiqua's, an extensive establishment in the centre of the city, where are manufactured every variety of preserves and confections, for which the tropics furnish material. Our passengers followed in the footsteps of their predecessors by laying in a supply of jelly, and I suspect some of them also purchased segars. Dominiqua has a beautiful confectionery and saloon just across the way, where weary sightseers can find something to refresh them; or just a square or two off is the "Imperial" restaurant, where one may drink as good a cup of coffee as in a Paris *cafe*.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S GARDENS.

The Captain-General's palace and gardens, a little way out of the city, must not be passed by. As we had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the lordly proprietor, and as he had given us a very plain hint on our arrival that it would be agreeable that we should "leave by the first opportunity," I must revenge myself upon him by taking no further notice of his mansion or himself just at present. I shall also be so bold as to criticise his much-bepraised gardens. Here, indeed, are majestic palms, their stocks as straight, smooth, and clean as the masts of a ship; here are bananas, pine-apples, oranges, parterres of gay flowers, smoothly rolled walks, fountains, and statues. But, after all, Captain-General, landscape gardening is not your specialty. Your garden is too artificial, stiff, and Frenchy. Your foliage, too, is an endless repetition of hard varnished leaves, like those of the orange and lemon, or of bristling spears, like the palm and the pine-apple. You lack the soft, silky, fringy pendants which adorn our forests, and vary them with every shade of green, from the yellowest tinge to the blackish hues of the fir. The Captain-General's gardens will not compare with the exquisite pleasure-grounds of an English nobleman, nor, perhaps, even with those of President Buchanan at our own White House.

ROMANISM ON A CUBAN SUNDAY.

As one of the days we spent at Havana was Sunday, we expected to have the opportunity of seeing something of Cuban Popery at home. But in this we were well nigh disappointed, for although we hurried through with breakfast, and made our boatmen use all speed in getting us ashore, the religion of the day was well nigh over before our arrival. In other Romish countries, as is well known, it is the custom to appropriate the forenoon for church services, and the afternoon to festivities,—thus compressing into half a day, that which would occupy other Christians double the time. But the Cubans have gone still further, in the art of condensation, as they begin and end their church services before breakfast. It was only a little after nine when we entered one of the antique old Moorish looking churches, but we were too late. Two black janitors, and a woman of the same colour on her knees, were the sole occupants. By the intervention of what pantomime he could command, with the aid of the clock we learned that the service for the soldiers had been held at 8 o'clock, and that the faithful in general had done up their religion for the day. The coloured janitors very politely undertook to show us the church, and one or two adjacent apartments in which hung a few pictures of cardinals and archbishops, towards whom our sable cicerones manifested more reverence than ourselves. Passing on to the Cathedral, we were rather more successful. A priest with a shorn crown was in the midst of an impassioned address, which he was delivering from a very high pulpit to a very small audience. A considerable portion of the latter seemed to be ecclesiastics, and the remainder were probably novitiates, as we understood his discourse was to those who had recently taken upon themselves certain church vows. Though we were not competent to sit in judgment on his doctrine, inasmuch as we did not understand a word he said, we could not but admire the heartiness and fervour with which he delivered his message.

Mr. Bright on India.—The recent speech of Mr. Bright on the government of India must be pronounced one of the most original and powerful efforts to which the House of Commons has listened for many years. The *Times*, in its next morning's leading article, ridiculed the speech and its maker in very pleasant terms. But it cannot be put aside in that way. No practical effect of it may be seen during the present session of Parliament. Lord Stanley's bill may be adopted, and the cardinal traditions of the India policy, except the predominance of the East India Company, will appear to have undergone no modification. But the ideas sown in Mr. Bright's speech will grow upon the popular mind, and ultimately shape the legislation of the government—so much substance of truth and rational reasoning do they evince.

What Mr. Bright proposes is no less than a complete revolution of the inherited policy of England towards India. He declares the present system a manifest failure. Financially considered, the normal condition of the country has been that of deficit and bankruptcy from beginning to end. It costs £30,000,000 a year to govern it; and comparing the different rates of labor in the two countries, this necessitates a tax upon the people which would be equal to £300,000,000 to the people of Great Britian. There is a debt, also, of £60,000,000. And yet there are more good roads in a single county of England than in the whole of India; and the single city of Manchester, in the supply of its inhabitants with the single article of water, has spent a larger sum of money than the East India Company had spent in the fourteen years from 1834 to 1848 in public works of every kind throughout the whole of its vast dominions. The warlike and annexing operations of the Government, and the enormous salaries of the civil service, have eaten up the revenue. But the present system is cumbrous and irresponsible, as well as costly. The Governor-General reigns over 150,000,000 souls, more than one-sixth of the human race. Over such an officer, so far removed from the Home Government, no real control can be exercised. He declares wars and makes treaties which are never heard of until it is too late for interference. He has under him twenty nations speaking twenty different languages; and, as Mr. Bright remarks, it is absolutely impossible for any human being to adequately discharge the duties which are expressly devolved upon such a ruler, taken from a foreign and entirely dissimilar country.

Mr. Bright, therefore, proposes to abolish the office of Governor-General; and instead of attempting to have one unwieldy empire, he would have presidencies established on an equal footing. He would prefer five, of which the capitals would be Calcuttta, Madras, Bombay, Agra, and Lahore. Each of these should have its Governor and Council; but he would have its finance, its taxation, its justice, and its police departments, as well as its public works and military departments, precisely the same as if it were a State having no connection with any other part of India, and recognized only as a dependency of Great Britian. He would also have in the council of each presidency, besides some non-official Europeans, two or three at least of the intelligent natives in whom the people have confidence. In this way Mr. Bright thinks that the government would be brought closer to the people, the responsibility made more definite, and a spirit of emulation established between the several presidencies. The people also would be gradually prepared for self-government, which would solve a problem for the future that is dark and discouraging under the present system.

But Mr. Bright admits, after all, that neither the proposed, nor any other machinery will result in the desired end. A different feeling, as well as a different policy, is needed towards India. The country must not be governed for the benefit of a few Englishmen, but for the masses of India. Or, as he says, they can govern for the good of England, but the good of England must come through the channel of the good of India. There are only two modes of gaining anything by the connexion with India, one by plundering her, and the other by trading with her. But in order to become rich by the latter and better course, India must be made rich, which only could be accomplished by a better administration of justice and more encouragement to industry than is now vouchsafed to the people. Such are the brief outlines of Mr. Bright's scheme. He acknowledges its vast difficulties, inasmuch as any reform must now start from a platform of conquest extending over a hundred years, while the late revolt has added peculiar obstacles. But he trusts that in the course of five or six years the main features of the plan he has suggested will commend themselves to the judgment of the people and Parliament.—*Boston Journal.*

Professor Agassiz.—By a statement in the London *Athenæum*, it seems that "after all, and in spite of his many former refusals, Professor Agassiz, of Boston, will be won over for the directorship of the Museum of Natural History of the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris. It appears to be a favorite wish of the Emperor Napoleon, to draw this celebrated scholar, whose personal acquaintance he made in Switzerland, to Paris. Agassiz has been offered a salary of 25,000 francs, and the immediate Senatorship, which brings another 80,000 francs: and at least he has consented to go over to Paris for a verbal and personal negotiation."

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

It seems to be generally understood, in France and out of it, that Louis Napoleon has seen the error of his ways, and is about to retrace the steps which he has been unwise enough to pursue since the 14th of January last. The Paris journals speak hopefully, and one of them makes the gratifying announcement that "the Imperial policy will shortly be crowned with Liberty,"—an assurance which we shall be glad to see realised. Even a moderate relaxation, after the terrible stringency of the last six months, would be regarded throughout the empire, and more especially in Paris, as a great boon. The entry of Prince Napoleon into the Cabinet is held to indicate the coming change in the home policy of the Government. One proof of the new and more enlightened regime, as regards the press, is seen in the admission of the *Independence Belge* into France once more, a journal which has been altogether excluded from the country because of some real or imaginary offence which it had given to the authorities at the Tuileries. The removal of the interdict on the Brussels journal is contemporaneous with the present hopeful spirit in the French capital, if, indeed, that event has not been the main cause of the new aspirations. Allusions come from Paris as to the critical relations between France, Austria, and Turkey, and it is asserted that France is playing a deep game and for a high stake, pending the speedy dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Formerly, important political facts used to reach this country from Paris, but for a length of time past, dating as far back as the end of the Russian war, the communications of the English correspondents in that city have been filled with mere gossip, the scrapings of the *cafes* and billiard-rooms, and it is evident that the old sources of information are closed to the "gentlemen of the press," native and foreign. Almost the only exception has been the Brussels paper already referred to the *Belge*, which has occasionally contained in its Paris correspondence a grain of news enveloped in a bushel of chaff—one cause, it may be, of its being so distasteful to the French authorities. But, be this as it may, any speculations coming from Paris respecting the Emperor's policy in foreign countries ought to be received with an ample discount for exaggeration, and those of the present week more especially.

THE LATE MR. JOHN SHAKESPEAR.

It was stated in a provincial journal a few days ago that this gentleman had just thrown off "this mortal coil" at an advanced age. Mr. Shakespear was an extraordinary man in many respects, and his recent public act of doing honour to the birth-place of the Bard of Avon alone entitles him to public gratitude. Mr. Shakespear was in the 85th year of his age when he died. When young he was connected as a teacher of languages with an educational establishment at Marlow, and afterwards was transferred to Addiscombe College, and for a number of years filled the office of professor of oriental languages in that institution till 1832, when he vacated his position. During his connection with Addiscombe College he published an "English and Hindustani Dictionary," royal 4to.; a "Grammar of the Hindustani Language;" an "Introduction to the Hindustani Language," royal 8vo.; and "Selections in Hindustani," in two volumes. Some curious stories are told as to Mr. Shakespear's carefulness, if not penuriousness, in money matters, and this passion for the accumulation of wealth, with the successful issue of his works, enabled him to leave behind him at his death upwards of a quarter of a million of money. His death took place at Langley Priory, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, a large estate which he purchased some years ago for £70,000. His library he has bequeathed to Professor Bowles, of Addiscombe College, with other property. Mr. Shakespear's connection with the Shakspere House at Stratford-upon-Avon may be told in a few words. That national property was bought, in 1847, by public auction, for £3000 by the Shaksperian Club, out of a fund obtained by public subscription, and was conveyed to Viscount Morpeth (the present Earl of Carlisle), Thomas Amyott, Esq. (since dead), J. P. Collier, Esq., and Dr. Thos. Thomson. In May, 1856, the London solicitor of Mr. John Shakespear wrote to the parties residing at Stratford-upon-Avon, who were interested in the preservation of Shakspere's birthplace, that his client was desirous of doing honour to the cherished place where the poet first drew breath, and ultimately he signified the intention of Mr. Shakespear to give to trustees £2500, for the purpose of purchasing and taking down the buildings adjoining the birthplace of Shakspere, so as to effect a perfect isolation, to prevent risk from fire, and then of restoring the house to the state in which it is represented in an old engraving (a copy of which is in the British Museum), and as it is supposed to have been at the birth of the poet. The deed of trust was immediately executed by Mr. Shakespear. He never professed to be related to the great bard, but thought it probable that he was descended from a branch of the family. He was very particular in spelling his own name in the way we have given it.

Disappointing an Heir.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* writes:—A few days ago a Baron Silberstein died here, and after his death no money was found in the house, although he had always passed for a wealthy man. Inquiries were made by his heir, and, on its being discovered that a banker had paid into his hands the sum of 170,000fl. but a few days before his death, his valet was arrested by the police on suspicion of having made away with the money. As the man said that his master left his bed a couple of days before he died in order to burn some papers, the stove in the bed-room was searched. Nothing but the remains of documents were found, and the servant was kept in custody until it occurred to some one that it might be as well to examine the other stoves. The examination was made, and the numerous remains of bank notes of 1000fl. each proved the innocence of the valet and the destructiveness of his master. The Baron, who was divorced from his wife, often expressed doubts about the legitimacy of his only son, and, in order that he should profit as little as possible by his death, he burned bank-notes of the value of 162,000fl. (£16,200.) When the door of the stove was open the word "thousand" was distinctly visible on many of the consumed notes, which of course fell to pieces when touched.

Lord Shaftesbury on the Temperance Movement.—Presiding at a temperance meeting in Surrey Chapel, London, a few days ago, the Earl of Shaftesbury said he was quite ready to admit that if the people could be persuaded to adopt the abstinence rule it was a far more simple and effective plan than the rule of moderation which other persons proposed to carry out. The great authority of Dr. Johnson was in favour of this opinion; and even the great difficulty of bringing the whole nation, by law or persuasion, to one uniform obedience to this rule, was no reason against the continuance of efforts which could not fail to be extremely useful. The standard ought to be maintained high, though all might not attain it. The habit of drinking in this country was the root of 19-20ths of all the evils which beset the great majority of the working classes; and in reference to lunacy, he could say, after many years' experience as the chairman of the Commission on Lunacy, that if habits of temperance had universally prevailed 17-20ths of the existing insanity would not have had a being. He had been perfectly astounded to find the extent to which insanity proceeded from no other cause than the intemperate use of fermented and other alcoholic drinks. The noble earl dwelt strongly on the necessity for sanitary and social reform to assist in the promotion of sobriety; he knew many families who had altogether changed in consequence of an improved state of their dwellings and the absence of immediate temptations to drinking.

On Saturday, Mr. Baker, coroner, received information respecting the deaths of several persons who were said to have died from the heat of the weather in London.