

CHRISTIANITY MADE EASY.—(Richard Dublin) is a remarkable, a most extraordinary man. None but an eminently practical country, in an eminently practical age, could have produced such a phenomenon. The great purpose of his life, the end and aim of all his thoughts and toil, is to make everything easy. Every National School in this island has been inundated with "easy lessons" upon all sorts of subjects; and we may presume that our little Mickies and Barneys are now able to spin their peg-tops upon the soundest principles of physical science, and negotiate their purchases of gingerbread in strict conformity with the maxims of Adam Smith and Stuart Mill. Applying his practical genius to the difficulties of theology, Doctor Whately has facilitated faith down to the requirements of Socians or even Spinosa; and, if we may judge from his latest achievement, is disposed to resolve morality into Mormonism. To describe accurately and briefly his office and work as a teacher, we should call him the Great Facilitator. It is almost a pity that it was not the will of Providence to send him into the world in place of St. Paul. He would have made Christianity so easy that the whole human race would all at once have become Christians (in the Whately sense) without any perception of the change. Instead of this, as must be perceived, those obstinate and one-sided men, the early preachers of the Gospel, were absurd enough to knock their heads against a mass of strong and deep-rooted prejudices, and thus drew an immensity of odium upon their doctrines and persecution upon themselves. Whereas, if they had only put their heads together, and compiled an interesting little treatise, entitled, let us say, "Easy Lessons in Religious Matters," which could be generally sold for the small sum of a "drachma" or an "ass" (as the case might be,) Peter might perhaps have died (of gout or some other gentlemanly disease) in the legally recognised position of *Pontifex Maximus*; and Paul might have made a fortune by contracts for supplying sails and tents to the imperial fleets and armies.

From easy logic to easy ethics the transition is convenient, and such a transition has Dr. Whately just made. He has had a case of conscience submitted to him, and has summarily solved it, upon the clear principles of muscular Christianity—which, we take it, must be the blood relation of Carnal Judaism. Bishop Colenso was commissioned some time ago (by Miss Burdett Coutts, we believe) to extend the circulation of *esicles* and the word amongst the nude and benighted *Caffres of Natal*. Arrived at the scene of his labours, the pious missionary found his progress checked by a strange and unexpected obstacle. For though (to illustrate the point by one instance) Omfisi, chief of the Liketundondo tribe, and a man of great influence in those parts, was willing, for the small consideration of a cocked hat (to be worn on state occasions as the badge of his rank) to submit to whatever right of initiation the Bishop might prescribe, it was found that when that functionary enjoined upon his neophyte the necessity of selecting from his many wives some one, who was thenceforth to be the sole partner of his conjugal bliss, the difficulty not alone of restricting himself in the number, but of choosing the individual, deterred the interesting proselyte from the step he had meditated. Were he to put away the imperious Wollatilla, that course, though perhaps conducive to his domestic peace, would involve him in a war with her father, the powerful chief of a neighbouring tribe. Or, should he be the careful Jamburamba, who then would know how to cook his elephant-steaks to that exact turn which so often sharpened for him the edge of appetite? How, again, could he part with his beloved Kinkalinga, the light of his harem, the mother of his heir? No; it was impossible; and therefore, though Omfisi kept the cocked hat, he cut the creed. In such an emergency, what was the disconcerted Colenso to do? To adhere to the practice of previous missionaries, who, constrained by the strict letter of the law they had preached, had insisted upon monogamy as an essential principle of Christianity, was to renounce at once all hope of success in the work he had taken in hand. Was it not better (thought the Bishop) to strain a point, and leave the chiefs all their wives, than binder them, by an impracticable restriction, from receiving the message with which he was bidden? Was he to go back to England, and, in return for the munificent endowment which the excellent Miss Coutts had bestowed upon him, have no fruits of conversion to show? That would never do. The upshot was that the "fixed fact" of polygamy was accepted, with all its inconveniences; and the Bishop has now the satisfaction of presiding over a flourishing congregation of matrimonial pluralists. It is sometimes the misfortune of the best men to have seen their most meritorious actions misrepresented. Great scandal was taken by some of his clerical brethren at home at Doctor Colenso's proceedings. He fought his own battle for a time as best he could, but, being hard pressed, had at last to look for help. It is remarkable that no one thought of referring the disputed point to the decision of the head of the Church of England, the supreme authority "in things ecclesiastical as well as civil." Probably it was feared that her Majesty's prejudices, as an English lady, were too strongly enlisted against the Bishop, for any chance of a favourable issue in that quarter. But the Great Facilitator was at length appealed to, at the suggestion of his faithful disciple, the ex-Bishop of Norwich. And what was Whately's response? He took his decided stand by his brother Colenso's side, not as an apologist, but as a champion. The Bishop (said his Grace) was not only right in allowing the *Caffres* to keep all their wives, but he would have done wrong had he allowed any one of them to put any one of his wives away. His Grace arrived at this conclusion by an easy process of reasoning. It was lawful for OMTISI (c. r.) to contract marriage with as many women as he liked. His contract with each of them was valid, according to the law of his own country. But it is not lawful for any one to break a contract which has been lawfully entered into. Therefore it is not lawful for OMTISI to give up any of his wives. Such a procedure, says the Archbishop, would be "decidedly immoral." Further (continues his Grace, jumping from Caffria to Christendom) the Scripture says that he who puts away his wife (and is not one of his wives his wife?) "maketh her to commit adultery." This is about the (free and) easiest "lesson in reasoning" we have ever studied. We need not refer his Grace to the chapter on syllogisms in his own treatise for the means of discovering all the imbecilities of his argument. But let us argue out a parallel case in his own way. It is lawful for BRIGHAM YOUNG, in Utah, according to the law of that country, to marry as many wives as he pleases. His contract with each of them is valid, according to the law of Utah. But it is not lawful for any one to break a contract he has lawfully made. Therefore it is not lawful for BRIGHAM to put away Mrs. YOUNG, No. 90, or any other one of them. Such a procedure would be "decidedly immoral." Obviously Doctor Whately is quite out of place in Dublin. What does he think about a trip to Deseret?—*Nation*.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS DUBLIN.—A correspondent has favoured us (*Dublin Evening Post*) with the following account of an occurrence at the Zoological Gardens, Phoenix Park, on Sunday, January the 10th, which shows the danger of approaching too closely to the cages of the wild animals:—"I happened to be one of a party who witnessed the following fearful occurrence, at the Royal Zoological Gardens, Phoenix Park, on Yesterday, Sunday, January 10.—We were walking along the pond, which is near the gate house, when we were startled by the screams of a number of persons. The sounds appeared to come from the top of a grassy hill, at the foot of which we were walking. We rapidly ascended the hill, and we beheld what not one of us can ever forget. A cage in which two wolves were on the top of the hill; a crowd composed of soldiers, boys, women and children, were around the cage; a policeman was standing

next to a man who appeared to belong to the laboring class; the laborer was close to the cage; his hand, from the wrist down, was seized in the wolf's jaws. The wolf had his fore feet planted, his nose tightly up against the bars of the cage, holding on to the unfortunate man's hand, from which the warm blood was dropping into the brute's mouth, and of course, rendering its thirst for blood more eager. The policeman, as anxious as he could be to succor the poor fellow from the wolf's fangs, was beating the wolf on the head with the baton; he would have just made as much impression with his blows on a block of granite. All round were standing, myself among the number useless, and completely panic-stricken, when we observed a gentleman hastening to the frightful scene. He saw at one glance what was the matter, turned to the laborer and said to him, "Be quiet my good man, do not try to pull your hand from the wolf's mouth." Then catching the baton from the policeman he took it in his two hands—the thick end he held in his right hand, the thin end in his left—then turning again to the poor fellow, he said to him, "When I push in the baton into the wolf's mouth, draw back your hand; until then do not stir it—now be steady." He then wedged in the baton alongside of the hand, and jerking the thin end of the baton up against the roof of the brute's mouth, he forced it open, and the hand was, as no one can doubt, withdrawn without a moment's hesitation. The crowd the moment that the gentleman appeared and took the direction of affairs, stood breathlessly awaiting the issue of his movements. The hand presented an awful spectacle. It had a large hole, exactly similar to what an enormous nail would make in the centre of the back, from which hole the blood was actually spouting up as fast as possible. A second bite was visible on the wrist joint, in front of the hand; this bite did not bleed anything at all in comparison to the other bite, which was inflicted by what is called the canine tooth. The poor man was in agony; he was brought at once into the council room by the gentleman, who bathed his hand, bandaged it up, and sent him off to the Richmond Hospital. The gentleman, we learned afterwards, was Dr. Corrigan, one of the Vice Presidents of the Zoological Society."

THE LANSDOWNE ESTATE, KENMARR, JAN. 7TH.—It is not easy to describe the extent to which the feeling of exasperation prevails here, owing to the proceedings to which I have adverted in my former letters. Placards, proclamations, and squibs of all kinds were to be seen through the town, either ridiculing or denouncing the parties with whom the acts have originated. But the strongest evidence that public feeling here has reached the ultimate point of exasperation is one, the force of which will be readily understood by all who know the awe in which the peasantry stand of offending persons placed in authority over them. This day the hotel in which I stay is almost besieged with country people, tenants of the Lansdowne estate, rushing in, like drowning men grasping at a straw, to detail their grievances, in the hope that making them public may help in some way to stem the tide of adversity which is pressing down upon them. And this, too, though they saw, as I did, the drivers of the agent skulking about, watching those who dared to come forward and complain of the manner in which they conceived they had been wronged. Will it be believed that one of these fellows had the audacity to boast that he had in his possession the names of eighteen of these poor people, and that another of his confraternity had no many more? Need I suggest with what object this interesting list is to be submitted to the perusal of his lordship's agent?

The result of my interview with those poor people has been a mass of complaints, to give a title of which would only weary your readers. One man comes to complain that he was fined a year's rent for having given a month's lodging to his brother-in-law. If you fancy the difficulty a poor peasant in a Kerry mountain district has in making up his rent, under any circumstances, living as he does upon a ragged patch of land that will not grow a blade of corn, and his only hope of support being the few potatoes he can rear and the milk of his little Kerry cows, you can then easily comprehend the exemplary punishment which this poor wretch underwent for the crime of harbouring a relative. But they say hospitality is a savage virtue, and, probably, it is with an eye to the eventual civilisation of Kerry that Mr. Trench seeks to banish any trace of it from within the bounds of the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate.—My attention was called to a case where tenants on the property were charged at Kerry Assizes, some years since, with manslaughter, for having allowed a man to die of exposure, and who pleaded the rule of the estate as their defence. As the case was, however, dealt with at the time by the newspapers, it is not necessary for one now to enter into particulars. One case more, therefore, and I shall have done with these painful details. The offence, in this instance, was that of harbouring a stranger, that stranger being the wife of the offender's brother. As he has been punished for his crime already I trust he will incur no further penalty for putting his name to a statement of his version of the facts. I need not say that I do not pledge myself for their truth, but he does. Timothy Sullivan, of Derrybrack, was in the habit of giving a lodging occasionally to his sister-in-law, Catherine Sullivan, her husband (Eugene) being strolling about the country in search of employment. He was afraid to lodge both, or, in fact, either; but the poor woman was in low fever and approaching her confinement. Even under such circumstances his terror was so great that he removed her to a temporary shed on Jeremiah Sullivan's land, where she gave birth to a child. She remained there for some time, when wind of the matter appeared to have reached the "office." Poor Jeremiah Sullivan was sent for, and compelled to pay a girl's rent, and received an injunction to throw down the shed, which he did. Thus driven out, and with every tenant on the estate afraid to afford her a refuge, the miserable woman went about two miles up the mountain, and, sick as she was, and so situated, took shelter in a dry cavern, where she lived for several days. But even her presence there was a crime, and a demand of another girl's rent was levied off Jeremiah Sullivan. Thus within three weeks he was compelled to pay two girls of rent of £3 2s 6d each. It was declared also that the mountain being the joint property of Jeremiah Sullivan, Timothy Sullivan, and Tady Tim Sullivan, Timothy Sullivan was a participant in the offence, and should be fined a girl's rent. Tady Tim, it appears, escaped. It was with some hesitation that I ventured in this case to give the name of the party, lest doing so should be exposing him to the displeasure of a person who, as I have shown, has it in his power to make his anger terribly felt. But the statement, in my mind, represents a case of such extraordinary hardship that I think it only fair to Mr. Trench to identify it distinctly, and so give him an opportunity of disproving the allegations contained in it, if they be untrue. One of the two parties punished sent word to me that he was afraid to come and give any information, lest he might suffer for it. But I can scarcely anticipate that Mr. Trench will consider any further punishment necessary for an act which, in any locality than the Lansdowne estates, would be called one of charity. These few episodes in the "short and simple annals of the poor" will afford you an idea of the class of information I have gleaned by coming hither.—*Cor. of the Cork Examiner*.

GREAT BRITAIN.
The *Morning Herald* thinks that the new India Bill will be the means of "perpetuating the influence of the most arrogant of all despots—that of a Whig aristocracy."
The *Morning Chronicle* also says that the question of Reform is out-growing the restricted limitations within which Lord Palmerston would seek to confine it. The people have watched the Premier's distribution of patronage with disgust, and they will see that the new Reform Bill is worthy of the name.

THE NEW DIVORCE BILL AND THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.—The following letter has been sent to all the Surrogates of the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Oxford:—"Diocesan Registry, Dec. 30th, 1857.—Rev. Sir—The act of parliament of last session, to Amend the Law relating to Divorce and Matrimonial Causes in England, will come into operation on the 11th proximo, and I am desired by the Chancellor of the diocese to inform you that, after conference with the Lord Bishop on the subject, the Chancellor requests you will receive the following as an instruction from him in the exercise of your office of Surrogate—That you do not grant a license for marriage to any person who has obtained a decree for a dissolution of marriage under the provisions of the act if the husband or wife (as the case may be) of such divorced person be still alive.—I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir, your faithful servant, JOHN M. DAVENPORT. To the Rev. —, Surrogate of the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Oxford."

We (Union) are assured that the government are fully determined to grapple with the hitherto insoluble problem, the Church rate difficulty, next session. Judging from a sketch of the *modus operandi* furnished by a cotemporary, assuming to be well informed, the ministerial plan is as wonderfully simple as it is intensely ridiculous. Our readers will be amused to learn that the ministerial project—the result of two sessions of hesitation and "anxious deliberation"—consists in the total abolition of the rate, and the substitution of *poor rents*! Fifty years ago, the age of ecclesiastical pews and family boxes, when pews were furnished like parlours with easy chairs, stoves and looking-glasses, the notion might have been deemed feasible. But to-day, when all earnest Churchmen are banded together to abolish the pew system *in toto*, and place the poorest worshipper on a footing of entire equality with the proudest, the idea is simply ludicrous, and worthy only of a man like Lord Shaftesbury, who would drive the poor from their parish churches in order to parade them in a concert-room. Or is it a part of his lordship's deliberate policy—a trick to "compel them to come in" to Exeter Hall?

A correspondent writes to the *Times*, stating that from the worship at St. Paul's Cathedral very poor children are excluded. On Wednesday afternoon a lady was entering the choir, when she saw a vergier turning back two children in charity-school bonnets, and three others who were with them. She said to the vergier, "Is there not free admission?" "To you, ma'am certainly," was the reply. The lady said that if he would allow the poor children to pass, she would sit with them and see that they behaved well. Happening to see me in the choir, she placed them near me until she had found her own son, who had disappeared during the colloquy; and then, retreating before the service had begun, the poor children sat between us, and their good behaviour might have edified the most fastidious. After service we found that they belonged to one of our Church schools, and had long wished to join in our cathedral worship. It seems that the vergier-discipline varies with the church. In St. Paul's poor children must not pray within the choir, and in Westminster Abbey I am told neither poor nor rich are allowed to pray outside it. A gentleman "detected" kneeling in Edward the Confessor's chapel was accosted by the vergier—man with "No praying is allowed here!" It may be said of the parish churches, "Let the poor go into the galleries." Alas! at St. Martin-in-the-Field—not during the present or former incumbency—I saw a poor man timidly advancing, when the official at the further end, scenting poverty in a moment, flew rather than ran upon the offender, who, terror-stricken, disappeared behind the door in a moment. I believe there is a Dissenting place of worship where the admission on Sunday mornings is "Price one shilling." Now, really if the very poor are to be excluded this is the shortest way. It saves trouble and spares their feelings. A poor man may wish to hear, but he wakes on Sunday morning with only a spare sixpence in his pocket; he knows the price, saves his walk, and saves his sixpence, perhaps, for a warmer welcome on Monday evening in the gallery of the Coburg Theatre!

CHRISTIANITY SHOULD COMMENCE AT HOME.—It is after family worship that a Glasgow young lady writes to write supplicatory letters or have a quiet cup of cocoa, made strong, with a companion in private.—It is a Free Kirk denon, who, with £100,000 of debts (chiefly, of course, to the Western Bank) and very shadowy assets, besides a town and country house for what we may call his own proper use, supplies a man and needful sustentation for a "friend" of the pleasant sex. The gentleman who overdoes his account at the Western Bank £37,000 also announces himself as proprietor of a "religious" newspaper, which denounces as worthless in this world and lost in the next the man that would either take or give leave to go upon the rail or upon the river on the first day of the week, and which will doubtless denounce us as "infidel" for maintaining as we do, and shall do, that all this is the profane mockery and not the sacred reality of religion. Or take the Glasgow meeting for sending money, missions, and advice to India. We do not find, indeed, any persons of the name of Monteith, M'Haffie or M'Donald, conspicuous in the proceedings, though possibly enough they were applauding loudly, and may subscribe largely; but (which seems the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy in *The Times* city article, that we may soon "find such persons figuring again at religious meetings in all the pride of having been selected to propose the most prominent and impressive resolutions") we do observe among the leaders on the platform the name of at least one gentleman who was a director of the Western Bank when that institution was at its worst. But, for at once a more general and a more conclusive piece of evidence, take (excluding the clergymen) the general character or composition of the meeting, commencing with the chairman: it is the same chairman, with the same followers, who held meetings to vindicate or screen the Western Bank, and who have never yet uttered one word in the way of retraction or condemnation, much less taken one step in the way of amendment and restitution. It is in vain to say that at least the motives of such proceedings in such quarters must be respected, or that Indian missions are good things though atonement for wrongs or assuagements of sufferings nearer home is a good thing too. Pay first what is first due. The Glasgow magistratus and directors of the Western Bank may plead that, with their spiritual ears, they hear a voice calling upon them "from India's coral strand" but we, with actual ears of flesh, hear a bitter wail sent up from broken hearts and desolated homes among nearer neighbours. The work to be done yonder is the business of all alike, and is likely to last for ages to come, as it has, with no visible progress, lasted for ages past; but the work to be done, or at least the business to be made, here, is peculiarly the business of Glasgow, and is both urgent and comparatively easy. But, chiefly, what we do not now and hope never to understand is how true religion can be either served or honored by the professions of men who have on their hands attainable offences unatoned for. Frankly, we do not believe in the efficacy or even the decency of speeches about missions in India by any man who, directly or indirectly, by act, by direction, or by apology, have participated in the devouring of widows' houses at home. And we cannot help thinking that, in consideration of recent disclosures and calamities, it would better have become our sister city, instead of exalting herself before the country, and uplifting her voice on behalf of the distant heathen, to have appeared with "her hand on her mouth, and her mouth in the dust."—*Unclean, unclean! God be merciful to me, a sinner!*—*Scotsman*.

"The devil's meal is all bran," was the extraordinary subject of the Rev. H. S. Brown's Lecture on Sunday afternoon, at the Liverpool Concert-hall.—*Record*.

The Rev. Mr. May, the master of the Brewers' Grammar School, who was committed for trial by the Lord Mayor upon charge of cruelly beating a scholar named Grossmith, has been cleared from all responsibility upon the charge, the grand jury having thrown out the bill. As Mr. May left the Court he was surrounded by his friends, who cheered him heartily along Guildhall-yard, flourishing triumphantly in the air the case with which the chastisement was inflicted.—[We have some remembrance of a case in which a schoolmaster had corrected an unruly scholar, but not with such severity as in the present case. The result was, however, different, the defendant in that case being hooted instead of cheered, and sent to prison instead of obtaining a discharge. Mr. May, the triumphant defendant, is, however, a Protestant Clergyman; the other imprisoned defendant was a Catholic layman.]—*Weekly Register*.

Our Protestant friends seem to deplore much the obstinacy of poor Irish Papists in not adopting the State Creed, and yet in our estimation, to rejoice at the wildness of those people who will not remain to be convinced—if such a thing were possible—would be more consistent with their feelings. We believe—and many Protestants do not differ from us—that the conversion of Catholics is only a pretence to hold annual meetings, where long speeches are delivered, which, while they ensure to the Rev. Divines the yearly salary, and perhaps something extra, gain also a greater popularity than what was conceded to them before. A fortnight since, there was the annual meeting of the Irish Missionary Society; and this week we had, at the Collegiate Institute, a meeting for promoting the Scripture Readers' Association. Dr. McNeil thought they could do more than had been done, especially in Liverpool, where, he said, every six years one million of Irish Roman Catholics were absorbed. He has acknowledged—for the first time in his life, we think—there is something worse than a Pope. He said drunkenness was more injurious to the social and religious condition of the people than all that twenty Popes could do or say. These are the truest words repeated in his life: the wonder is, some prodigy did not appear on their conclusion; for, of all other men, the Doctor is the last to speak kindly or truthfully of Rome or the Pope. The *finis* of his speech did not, however, differ from his usual style. He wished to be particularly understood when he said, no Protestant woman should marry a Papist, nor neither should a Protestant man marry a Catholic woman. If they did, the Confessional would be frequented, and all their secrets, whether good or bad, revealed! Last week, R. Houghton, Esq., a Protestant merchant of this town, and one never wanting in sympathy with his fellow creature, wrote a letter to the Protestant Bishop of Chester, describing the poverty of the working people, and evidently with the hopes of receiving in return something from that well-paid State dignitary that would alleviate their wants. What did he receive? Nothing but polite compliments, with the following opinion, or something very analogous to it—"that the rich alone were the people capable of soothing the sharp pangs of the poor, and he hoped they would not remittit callosus, nor let such a favourable opportunity for performing acts of charity pass by unobserved." The novelty of the letter, and of His Lordship's feelings with regard to the poor, induced Mr. Houghton to publish the answer in the *Daily Post*, so as to show the public what aid he had received from "the Bishop of the Diocese," who said only the "rich" could assist the poor. Is not the "Bishop" one of the "rich"? Why not, therefore, assist them? The circulars of the Liverpool Reformation Association state, if our memory serves us correctly at this moment, that many thousands are annually granted to the "Chester living."—Surely, then, His Lordship might not unreasonably be expected to open the subscription-roll with a ten, twenty, or fifty pounds? Had the same gentleman addressed our own Bishop, something more substantial, and better to the purpose of the letter, would have been sent in reply, although his income, compared with the others, is, we might say, infinitesimally small; and, notwithstanding the many calls upon His Lordship, his attention to the temporal necessities of the poor is well known and appreciated.—*Liverpool Cur. Weekly Register*.

The Press pronounces against the Sunday Evening Services at Westminster Abbey. These are said to be, "not for the poor, but really for their wealthier fellow-creatures whose morbid piety delights in abnormal devotion. The crowding, lighting, and swearing outside the doors are but a sorry preparation for the spiritual instruction within."

A VISIT TO MR. SPURGEON.
(From the *Athenaeum*.)

We approach the cheerful hall—tickets! tickets!—is money taken at a religious gate? Yes, happily for us, rebates are admitted for a shilling. We ascend into Mr. Spurgeon's domain. The hall is half full.—In the body, migrated from Park-street, is a well-packed brigade of the chosen, who sit under Mr. Spurgeon permanently, and can be depended on—a substantial, dense mass of hats and bonnets, with here and there a little child's pretty face peering up wistfully towards the platform. See, the clock face shillings are beginning to roll, and spin, and turn, and deposit themselves morily into the orchestral spaces. What a bright and shining pile!—all good silver currency, multiplying now by dozens and twenties, and soon by hundreds. And those arithmetical men pacing up, and down, and round the galleries, and anon pausing with quiet eye—are they the counters or check-takers? Have they shares in the undertaking? Shillings, and half-crowns, and crowns still flowing in round the pulpit of the wonderful man. And yet, in these perturbed currency times, are those veritable shillings and crowns, or do they only represent, and are not what they seem? "It is humiliating to think" Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have said, "how little is collected at the doors: only £10 last Sunday. The balance in the banker's hands is only 3,000, and the sum required for a sufficiently large church, where I shall be glad to welcome any Bishops, £20,000." Very humiliating, indeed, Mr. Spurgeon and, with a thousand conversions a year, and after eight sermons a week, very hard. We look round once more—hats still on, the hall still filling.

Where are the work-people—the toiling, working poor of the town—the old men never young, and the children always old—the puffed, and lean, and women, ragged and degenerated, that half ran, half limped from the squalid courts and flooded ground floors, where the town's blood sleeps corruptly? We do not find these in the Surrey Hall. Dapper respectable dresses every where to be seen—faces and dresses that might be often seen in suburban tea gardens, at suburban dances and suburban love feasts—faces and dresses of seemingly young men and young women considering about connubial life prospectively, and, meanwhile, not forsaking each other's company; smart bonnets, too, here and there, nodding out coquettishly from the ring of pigeon-hole boxes.

Here and there in the galleries are a few literary or religious evidences. Newspapers are being read huge books poured over, and books that look like tracts coned. A rush and tramping of feet at the doors, and the uppaying world is let in—up the stone galleries, into the centre, doubling and turning, fast and surging, the human tide swells in. A hush again. The Bible, clasped and aureate, is borne aloft, and laid on the big pulpit cushion. To it we uncover—the many still hatted. Now, simultaneously with the Bible, and fronting the assembly, a huge placard is affixed.—"Spurgeon Bazaar—D.V. Refreshment Room. Lecture every day," &c. At last, slowly breathing the throng, the back of a solid figure is seen in the distance, and by-and-by its orb-like face, as per photograph, is displayed from the pulpit. The orb is eclipsed by one hand, but only for a second, and reappears full of jollity—a brief and hilarious prayer apparently. And now our time is come—an exceedingly reprobate and reluctantly-contributing

congregation. "Let us unite in supplication,"—that is the phrase.

Mr. Spurgeon generally prays standing—hallooing out towards the ceiling in a truculent and maledictory way. The irrelevant information which he conveys to the Almighty or the state, if it were not profane, would be simply tedious. In the prayer we heard was a petition for reform, and that parliament might be enabled, not to talk, but to do something. This is followed by a hymn, or, as the preacher terms it, "a sacred shout of joy—the tune is a favorite one." A verse of a hymn sung sitting, another scrap of supplication, and "another sacred shout of joy." Mr. Spurgeon sets off in a yelp or "yoop" instantaneously. He never loses wind, though the rate at which he cuts the air is positively alarming. His sermons are a series of windy combats with Apollyon, from which that personage always slinks off howling, and Mr. Spurgeon invariably stalks forth the exulting victor.

[We omit some passages as not merely profane, but savouring of blasphemy.—Ed. Tab.]

Occasionally the discourse is enlivened by a staves of a song—from "The Bay of Biscay," or "The Standard Bearer," and this sort of stuff:—"I think the Angels are looking down from the battlements of Heaven, and singing, 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.'" Here is a passage on death, with exquisite parliamentary allusions: "The grim serjeant of the house is coming, and he will dissolve you. What will be your lot if you have been a stranger in his house below, when you find that you may have sat for a little while in this House of Commons below, you cannot sit in the House of Lords above." His aims are remarkable as a by-gone's:—"Aha," says the Devil, "Prince of Light, I have one of the jewels." These are Spurgeonic indulgences, it would seem:—"As soon as a man trusts God all his sins are forgiven—past, present, and to come."

Of the advantages of immorality here is the opinion: "If you go to Heaven you must elbow pick-pockets, and walk side by side with drunkards and thieves. There is only one road to Heaven for the moral and immoral, for the chimney sweep and bar Majesty the Queen." Here is another select thought:—"The thought struck me the other day that the Lord will have in Heaven some of these very big sinners that have gone farther astray than anybody that ever lived, the most extraordinary extravaganzas of vice, just to make the melody complete, by singing some of those soprano notes which you and I, because we have not gone so far astray, will never be able to utter. I wonder whether any one has stepped into this chapel this morning whom God has selected to take some of those alto notes in the scale of praise! Perhaps there is one such here. Oh! how will such a one sing, if grace, free grace, shall have mercy upon him?"

And now the performance is over—the Evil One has been effectually clubbed—archangels have snapped their wings—the side-shaking laughter and the woman's titlers are over—and the performer has passed to the retiring room to receive congratulations. The boxes are rattled at the doors, but it is humiliating to notice the dead pecuniary silence. Now we are borne along, and jammed in the press at the stage door. Thence the Spurgeon family are emerging; graciously the hilarious performer bows, and nimbly into his brougham; at times, according to a published report, even extending his hand for the fair chance to kiss.

UNITED STATES.

HONOURABLE DEPRIVACY.—A correspondent of the (*N. H.*) *Patriot*, writes that on Wednesday, 13th inst., the Rev. Obadiah Smith, of Fremont, in that State, was brought before a magistrate, charged with the triple crime of adultery, incest, and rape, committed upon his own daughter; and on the testimony of his wife and daughter he was committed to jail to await his trial at the next term of Criminal Court. New Hampshire is the only State in the Union where Catholics are not allowed to hold office. Amend your Constitution, gentlemen, encourage Catholics to settle among you, and another such case as that of Rev. Obadiah Smith will not occur again.—*Pittsburgh Catholic*

EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES OF WALKER THE FIDELITY.—The speech made by Walker at Mobile, merits general attention. It embodies the damaging disclosures of a person who is satisfied that he has nothing further to hope or expect from powerful accomplices. General Walker does not hesitate to publish to the world the private conversations and assurances which he had received from the President and his Cabinet. This may be a very unfair proceeding—but that does not change the character of the facts revealed. Walker states that previous to his late expedition to Nicaragua, Mr. Buchanan assured one of the General's confidential friends, who had called upon him on his behalf, that he regarded Walker as just as truly the President of Nicaragua as he was President of the United States—that he sympathized entirely with his proceedings, and would protect him against interruption from the English men-of-war, even at the hazard of war with Great Britain. He asserts that special pains were taken by the Administration to induce him to rely upon the active sympathy and effective aid of the Government. Gen. Walker further asserts that after the President had changed his sentiments, a member of the Cabinet urged him to proceed to Mexico and endeavor to embroil that country in a war with Spain, which might end in the transfer of Cuba, first to Mexico and then to the United States. Even Walker professes to have been shocked at the immorality of such a proposition—though he acknowledges that his principal objection to it rests upon the fact that, in the event of success, Cuba would have become a Free State. The official organ will, of course, be charged with the duty of exculpation. We wish we could look for anything more pertinent from that quarter than very vehement and wholesome, but very inconclusive, vituperation of the "hero" who has spread these revelations before the public.—*N. Y. Times*

SCORSTIVE.—A New Orleans paper presents a very suggestive paragraph, in the following, which he entitles "The March to the Grave of 1857." "What a mighty procession have been moving toward the grave during the past year! At the usual estimate, since the first of January, 1857, there have more than thirty one millions five hundred thousand of the world's population gone down to the grave. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the circumference of the globe. What a spectacle, as they move on, tramp, tramp, tramp, the 'Dead March,' giving its funeral notes as they go to the silent shades!"

ADVERTISING A HUSBAND.—One Mrs. Smith, having lost her husband, concludes that the best plan is to advertise:—"Lost, Strayed or Stolen.—An individual whom I, in an unguarded moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing, however, enough to go in when it rains, unless some good looking girl offers her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, up the plank road, looking more like a fool [if possible] than ever. Any body who will catch the poor fellow and bring him back, so that I may chastise him for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by HENRIETTA A. SMITH."

And here is a lost wife. The *Albany Times* contains the following advertisement:—"S3 RAWARD.—The above reward will be paid to whoever will cause the return to me of my wife Mary. 'She is of middle size, light complexion, freckles on her face; short hair trimmed behind, and wears beau-catchers. 'Is about 26 years of age, and of a loving disposition, and had on three rattan hoops.—Wm. Snow, corner Lodge and Maiden."