

REPORT ON IRISH PRISONS.—A blue book of 309 pages containing the 34th report of the Inspector General on the general state of prisons in Ireland during the year 1855. The report bears testimony to the gratifying fact that crime, which reached its climax in 1850; has been steadily decreasing ever since, and is rapidly returning to the position in which it stood in 1846, the year latterly taken as the standard of measurements in consequence of its melancholy notoriety as the first year of death. The number of prisoners imprisoned in the year of 1855, was 35,611. The number of prisoners in the year of 1856, was 35,080 on the first of January, 1856, and the total number of prisoners incarcerated during the year 1855, amounted to 54,531, against 73,733 in 1854, 63,185 in 1853, 92,638 in 1852, 113,554 in 1851, and 115,305 in 1850. The daily average has fallen from 11,371 in 1850. The daily average has fallen in 1855 496 to 4,418, 398 deaths of prisoners occurred in 1855 against 102 in 1854. The decrease of the number of prisoners confined in county jails is very remarkable. It is shown that in six county jails the daily average for the last five years has fallen far below that for the seven years ending with 1846, and that in many others a similar result is fast approaching.

ABDUCTION.—At the Ballinacorney Petty Sessions, on Wednesday, their worship signed warrants for the apprehension of Robert Wilson, of Garendenny, and others, for the abduction of Miss Anna Maria Hoskins of Clonbrook, near Newtown Colliery. It seems the young lady and her abductor were on terms of great intimacy, and that her parents sanctioned the address of her admirer. But a wealthier suitor appearing in the person of one Mr. Harcourt Lees, from the North of Ireland, the old couple prohibited all further intercourse between their daughter and the young Wilson. Mr. Lees pressed his suit so successfully with the parents that the 12th inst., was named as the wedding day. In the meantime Anna Maria was not so easily won over to forgetfulness; on Saturday evening last she contrived to give her first love a stolen interview, to which is attributed the denouement complained of. On Sunday she, her sister, brother and North county admirer, went to spend the day at an uncle's house; in the evening, when returning, and just at the entrance of her residence, Wilson and party surrounded the jaunting car, and bore away the fair prize. Mr. Harcourt Lees got a bloody nose and a pair of black eyes, for daring to aspire to the fair hand of 'the rose of Clonbrook.' There is no clue since to the whereabouts of Miss Hoskins and her abductor. Rumor ascribes to the young lady the credit of planning this episode in rural life.—Leinster Express.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued on the 29th. Her Majesty expressed to Lords and gentlemen Her acknowledgements for their zeal and assiduity in the performance of public duties during the session. She next alludes to the late war, and thanks them for their patriotic support, and trusts that the benefits resulting from peace may be permanent. Her Majesty thanks the colonies for the loyalty and public spirit they have manifested during the war. Her Majesty is engaged in negotiations on the subject of questions in connection with the affairs of Central America; and Her Majesty hopes that the differences which have arisen on those matters between her government and that of the United States, may be satisfactorily adjusted.

In answer to a call made by the House of Lords, the correspondence that passed between the "Bishops" of London and Durham and the Premier, about retiring from duty, has been published. It is a very short and a very sweet correspondence, and would not fill more than some twenty lines of our paper. Besides, it has a most decidedly business aspect. On the 18th of June, Waterloo day, the "Bishop" of London dropped a note to Lord Palmerston, to say, "My dear Lord, on account of illness, I will resign the bishopric upon being secured the enjoyment of a clear annuity of £6,000." The very next day, Lord Palmerston replied, "My dear Lord, I will take steps to carry your wishes into effect." The letter of the "Bishop" of Durham was a little less commercial in its appearance; but it evidently was dictated in the same spirit; for, on the 21st of June, three days after Waterloo day, and two days after the Premier had said he would "take steps," the Durham Prelate wrote to intimate that his sight was failing, that he was growing old, and that he would take £4,500 as a retiring pension. "Upon the assurance that this will be granted," continued the dear Lord, "I shall be ready to resign." The Premier does not appear to have answered this letter, at least the answer is not published, but the Bishop of London penned another little note, which says, "My dear Lord, I thank you for your prompt acquiescence in my proposal." A contemporary remarks—"The whole correspondence is short, but it must be a blessed and a hallowed production to the pious and devout of Christendom. Why not move the House of Lords to make it the 29th Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?"—Weekly Register.

PROTESTANT JUSTICE.—In the debate on the Italian Question, Mr. Disraeli, the Tory orator had been assailing the Ministerial policy, not the Papal Government; and therefore Mr. Bowyer was the first who rose in defence of Powers who for hours had been held up to obloquy. The common instincts of justice would have secured him a fair and candid hearing; but bigotry is too strong for justice, charity, or truth, and on this occasion it outraged even decency, for this able and accomplished gentleman—learned in civil and constitutional law, and well acquainted, from long residence and actual observation, with Italy—could not secure a patient and courteous attention while he essayed to speak in defence of the absent, the accused, and the assailed. They gazed, they sneered, they scoffed, they laughed, they spoke audaciously to one another in scorn and contempt—they, in short, vented upon the Catholic speaker the angry passions which had been excited, partly by the noble speech of the Tory statesman, and disconcerted and distracted the speaker as much as such discourtesy possibly could. Among the most conspicuous in this Christian course was Mr. Cowan, the member for Edinburgh. He was among those who laughed out rudely and loudly when Mr. Bowyer stated, what is a well-known fact, that while the anti-Papal journals in Sardinia had full play for the utmost insolence and violence, the Church papers are kept in constant fear of Government persecution, and deterred from any free expression of opinion. Again the rude, coarse laugh of scorn was raised by English gentlemen when the Catholic member described the spoliating policy of the Sardinian Ministry, and the confiscations of Church property perpetrated under the auspices of Count Cavour. The learned gentleman administered to them a quiet but severe rebuke, by observing—"I presume that those hon. members consider it a very excellent thing, as it was the property of the Church was confiscated." But another coarse laugh attested that the hon. members were as invincible to shame as they were to justice. And when the speaker described the distress of the inmates of the religious houses, deprived of their means of subsistence, and driven out into the world plundered and despoiled, these English gentlemen laughed again. What a comment upon Protestantism! The end sanctifies the means, and plunder is lawful if the sufferer be a Monk or a Priest! The speech of Mr. Bowyer could only be answered by sneers and scoffs; its facts could not be disproved; its simple statements and plain arguments were not to be met; so it was, as usual, almost suppressed by the Protestant papers; as it was sought to be suppressed by the Protestant members. This is Protestant justice.—Northern Times.

MR. DISRAELI ON MAYNOOTH.—The Press (Mr. Disraeli's organ) has one or two very significant leading articles on the Maynooth question, in one of which the impracticability of Anti-Maynoothism is demonstrated; and this shows that no Conservative Government could be formed to carry out Mr. Spooner's "principles." We (Weekly Register) extract the following from one of the articles alluded to—"Mr. Spooner will prosecute the Anti-Maynooth agitation,

though sure to throw Ireland into a flame, though certain to raise an agitation against the Irish Church, which, joined in by Liberals and Dissenters in this country, would end in its overthrow. Ireland is really improving not only in material prosperity, but in the decline—no doubt to Mr. Spooner's infinite sorrow—of religious animosities. If ever any question could be settled by a solemn decision of the Legislature, the grant to Maynooth was thus settled. By an Act passing both Houses of Parliament, and receiving the sanction of the Sovereign, a certain revenue was assigned for its support—and now every year there is a bill introduced to repeal that act. The agitation will never answer. Let Mr. Spooner gain what majority he may; the Sovereign will not sanction an agitation which would convulse her empire. The question is impracticable; it must be dropped. If carried, the Irish Church would not last five years beyond it; and the agitation is supported by certain parties for the sake of the hope which lies beyond it. The Dissenting interest think 'Spoonerism' a good banner to fight under, but it will not do. The sound sense, the religious feeling, the charitable sentiment, and the political sagacity of the country repudiate it. It may excite some animosities, it may do some mischief; but we say this advisedly—it is a banner which never can rally the Conservative feeling of this country. It would have been easy enough for the Opposition to have made of it a party question—to have beaten the Government—to have expelled them from office. But what then? A speedy reaction, and a religious revolution. The Opposition Leaders never showed more principle than in refusing, for the sake of a political triumph, to sanction a policy which they knew must be either illusive or mischievous, or perhaps eminently both."

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.—There is something very striking in the debate in the Lords—the silence of Lord Derby. He was present, but silent on the subject on which Lord Lyndhurst was so eloquent and violent. It is not Lord Derby's habit to be silent on great subjects of debate; and there was a strong reason for his silence. He differed from Lord Lyndhurst. His views of Italian affairs rather agree with that of Mr. Disraeli; and he could neither speak in support of Lord J. Russell's, nor afford to avow his difference of opinion. And let it be observed that Lord Derby is a man whose moral character has weight. Lord Lyndhurst is not. For that very reason, some years ago, the Church of England brought Lord Lyndhurst against him as opposition candidate for the Stewardship of the University of Cambridge. It is the glory of the Catholic Church to have great men for her enemies. Lord Palmerston is a man of the same stamp. Their enmity is her glory. And the Italian policy of these veterans in political trickery and intrigue, who have contrived to be in office under all parties for thirty or forty years, is so unscrupulous, insidious, and unworthy, that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli cannot countenance it, neither can their late colleagues of the Peel party defend it.—Northern Times.

The journals which came to hand from Scotland, Ireland, and the provinces, show a decided tendency to oppose the further retention of power by Lord Palmerston. Some papers speak out with great courage. For example, the *Dublin Mail* remarks that "never since England began to be ruled by a responsible Government, have affairs been administered by men more reckless of the account which they must surrender to public opinion. A venal majority of the House of Commons is the only tribunal which they seem to respect or fear."—Times.

THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT.—"With us, superstition, driven from the spiritualities, takes refuge in the temporalities of the Church. We worship not saints and martyrs, images and relics, but lunatic Deans, bedridden Canons, paralytic Rectors, hypocritical Vicars, and Curates working their lives out for a £100 a year. There are at least two other Prelates incapable of administering their Dioceses to their own satisfaction, and others equally incapable of doing so to the satisfaction of others. There are scores of high dignitaries and hundreds of parochial incumbents in a like condition. One begins to make provision for cases of incapacity, and in breach of a system the very genius of which is to recognise no such thing as incapacity. One Clergyman, one Bishop, is as good as another, and, once installed, knows no change or decay. Common sense dictates that the Ministry of the Church should be conducted like that of every other institution or department; that the officers should be distributed according to their qualifications and merits; that when a man is no longer adequate to the duties of his office he should be superseded; that when the work is too much for one it should be subdivided; that there should be a real and active superintendence, of a nature to compel all the Clergy to do their duty; that the man who did his work well should be advanced to a higher charge, and so forth. There is nothing of this. It all rests with the conscience of the Clergyman, he is Bishop or Curate, and there is not much even to teach and inform his conscience, if he be ever so desirous of knowing his duty. The mass of the Clergy are groping in the dark, knowing well they ought to be doing more than they are now, but not knowing exactly what it is that is wanted. As for the Bishops, we are now told that a Bishop's work is over for the year in July, and the only reply Lord Shaftesbury made to this statement was that his friend the Bishop of London had still a great deal of work to do at all times of the year looking to the estates of his See. This ought not to be, as there is no evidence that the enemy of the human race, takes a summer tour and keeps abroad till Christmas. He never sleeps."—Times.

The *Record* speaks of the "High" and "Low Church" publications—"A stranger would conclude that the respective sections of which these publications are the exponents could not belong to the same Church. The whole tone of feeling and train of thought there discovered are as opposite as possible—the mind, no less than the doings of the two parties are irreconcilably hostile; the dissimilarity runs through every movement and every suggestion. That the two parties can vegetate and prosper under the same form of Church government is extraordinary, and probably want of power alone prevents either from expelling the other. To dream of harmony or co-operation between them may be very amiable, but it is very weak, and discovers a want of the clear perception of truth, and of that Christian fellowship and love which are by the Apostle limited in their application: 'whom I love in the truth, and for the truth's sake.'"

THE CHURCH IN WALES.—The *Record* says that a correspondent has communicated "some painful details with regard to the spread of Popery in the Principality. A Catholic College near St. Asaph was built a few years ago. A Priest actually acquired the Welsh language from the late Vicar of Llanaes, and was thus enabled to get at the population. At Wrexham, where there are two Priests, a Catholic Church is being built at a cost of £20,000. Six Priests lately walked in procession, headed by the Bishop of Shrewsbury, to consecrate the foundation. We fear there is too much reason for the inference that Tractarianism, in our own Church, has much to do with this spread of Popery."

PROTESTANT TOLERANCE.—It is a melancholy reflection that wrongness in the matter of religion is sure to involve wrongness in other matters, even when the primary intention may be good and commendable. At first sight, how good and unobjectionable seems to be the plan of our own National Reformatory. A number of children are convicted of petty thefts; they are committed to prison in both cruel and injurious; the smallness of their crime scarcely deserves such a punishment, and from a prison they will probably come forth more immoral than when they went in. What more excellent than a Reformatory School, where these young delinquents may be placed under gentle restraint, and where good instruction may accompany a very mild punishment?

In theory nothing can be more admirable. But in practice it is, of course, necessary to teach these children on some religious foundation, and in this country that foundation is naturally Protestantism. Now, let us put a case—one which must be of no very unfrequent occurrence. Suppose a boy of good Catholic parents detected in some petty crime, such as stealing a sixpence, or even in the breach of some police regulation, which implies no moral blame at all. He is sent off to a Reformatory School, and educated in the Protestant religion. Protestants will glory in such a result, and allow no weight to the argument from the irreparable injury inflicted upon the victim. But even Protestants may not be so far prejudiced as to overlook the unmitigated tyranny of such a transaction in reference to the parents of the child. Good Catholics, as we assume them to be, they would rather witness the death of their child than see him lose his religion. Here, then, in fact, for some little petty offence—not worse, it may be, than the children of many Protestant gentlemen commit at Eton or Westminster—a punishment is inflicted which the parents of the child consider worse than death itself. English Protestants speak with horror of the prisons of Naples, and are loud in their condemnation of Roman and Tuscan religious tyranny; but what can be found in Italy so tyrannical as this? A little boy for stealing an apple from a stall, or taking sixpence from a counter, or even for begging of some passer-by, is condemned to a punishment which his parents feel to be worse than death! Protestants cannot possibly put themselves in the same position, or imagine what they would feel under similar circumstances, because their religion is confessedly only a matter of private judgement, and even those who most hate Popery do not doubt that it contains the truth, and affords the means of salvation to its members. Still, if a poor Protestant child in Rome or Florence were detected in such a fault, and, as a consequence, forcibly educated in the Catholic religion, the protests of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Culling Eardley, and the declamation of Exeter Hall, would echo out, and renew themselves season by season for many a long year. And yet none of them complains or is ashamed when that monstrous tyranny is day by day perpetrated against Catholics in our own land. At this moment there are a great number of Catholic children inmates of Reformatories, and educated by force in a religion which they and their parents know to be destructive to their souls, and none of these gentlemen complain. Such is Protestant liberality.—Weekly Register.

The well-known Dr. Hook, of Leeds, has published a sermon on the "Sabbath Question." He says the Government formerly required every one to attend the parish church. This was opposed by the "non-conformists" and the "non-religionists," and abandoned. The "non-religionists" now ask to be allowed Sunday amusements, which the "non-conformists" strenuously resist, as directly affecting their pecuniary interests by drawing away people from the chapels. He adds—"I am far from wishing to insinuate that they are not influenced by a religious feeling, but still they have a worldly interest as well as a religious, in compelling men, indirectly, to frequent their chapels. It is to be hoped that the members of the Church of England will take their own ground: a strict adherence to the Lord's day for themselves; as for the rest,—toleration equally to non-conformists and non-religionists."

SUNDAY MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.—The recent discussion of the "Observance of the Sabbath" question has led to the establishment of a Sunday band. On Sunday the first experiment of the kind was made in Aston Park, it having been previously announced by advertisements and otherwise. The band, which is a very well arranged one, was stationed in the park near the clock tower, on the Aston road. An audience of a most respectable character, to the number of about 8,000, assembled to listen to the music. Throughout the whole performance the most exemplary conduct was maintained, all seeming determined to listen and enjoy the music. At the close, the meeting dispersed in a very orderly manner, no tendency to disturbance or irregularity having occurred during the whole of the time.—Birmingham Daily Press.

HORRIBLE ATROCITY BY A MOTHER.—A most atrocious and heartless outrage came under our notice in Birmingham, on Saturday evening last. Constable Evans went to the house of a woman named Powell, and requested to be shown a child which was upstairs. The woman—if she be worthy of the name—took the officer upstairs, and in the corner of a room, in a filthy bed, he discovered the object of his search. He took it away, and on examination found that the poor thing was extremely debilitated, incapable of speech, action, or bearing its own weight. The left arm had been broken in two places, and horrible to think of, the fractures had been left without bandage or ought that could possibly alleviate the pain or restore the use of the limb. The back, loins, and thighs were in a dreadful state of laceration, and from the right thigh a piece of flesh had been torn. Her name is Hannah Powell, and she is two years and four months old. The mother has been apprehended on a surgeon's certificate. She is a strong, stout woman, and has for a long time been notoriously cruel to her infant, who, she still asserts, is naturally a weak, cumbersome child. In the house the industrious officer found a strap of horsehide, with a large buckle at one end, with which the wound upon the poor creature's back had been inflicted. Dr. Clay's opinion is, that the child is naturally of the most healthy description, but that it has been reduced to its present proportions by starvation, cruelty, and neglect. Its weight is no more than fifteen pounds, although nearly two and a half years old, and the skin, being flabby and loose, upon large and prominent bones. The cause for the disgraceful usage it has received is not very apparent.—Birmingham Daily Press.

Within a radius of forty miles from London there is or was some few years back, according to the report of a resident proprietor, a rural population, ignorant of the days of the week, knowing nothing of God or of revelation, and living in worse than heathen immorality. Instances were at once cited to us of the most revolting forms of incest, and the milder forms were declared to be common in the locality. Perhaps the narrative, perhaps our recollection of it is exaggerated. But Lord Shaftesbury and the city mission; evidence before Parliament, the daily attestation of newspapers proclaim a state of wickedness and ignorance which lends probability to an otherwise unsupported story. If Henry the Eighth was obliged to discredit his own work and Cranmer's by declaring that the first fruits of the Reformation were license, godlessness and blasphemy, so have his successors been forced from time to time, to bear witness to the advancing torrent of ignorance and infidelity.

AN INTELLIGENT ENGLISH JURY.—At the present English Assizes a man was tried for murder, having killed a gowler and escaped from custody. The jury found a verdict of wilful murder, but recommended the culprit to mercy on the ground that he did not intend to kill his victim! The judge, taking no notice of the blunder, promised to forward the recommendation to the Home Secretary.

HALF-PAY BISHOPS.—The *London Times* has the following severe but just remarks upon the greed and rapacity of Government bishops—"The Bishop of London, whose income is now about £22,000 or more, retires upon £6,000; and the Bishop of Durham, whose income is about £15,000, we believe, upon £4,500. We are given to understand that we ought to extol to the skies the incredible disinterestedness of these successors of the Apostles, who are content to starve—the one on the pay of sixty curates, the other on the pay of forty-five. We ought to seem to cry up the two prelates as the models of unworldliness for accepting such beggarly doles as £6,000 and £4,500, when the most successful statesman cannot,

under any circumstances get more than £2000. We are reminded that the Bishop of London having lived in princely magnificence for thirty years, and the Bishop of Durham for a quarter of a century, cannot be expected to adapt themselves at once to the privations implied by such miserable allowances. Use is second nature, and the nature of a man who has received and diffused so much of that which money can procure for so long a period, must be acutely sensitive to the loss of an incumbent of £200 a-year has never perhaps even imagined. There is, too, the important consideration that these Bishops can do what some other Bishops are doing—they can retain their sees with that grasp which old age and illness rather tighten than relax, and defy the public opinion of Parliament and people. Certainly, we are in the power of the Bishops. When the Wolf—we beg their Lordships' pardon, but so the fable runs—when the wolf was asked by Dr. Stork for his fee after extracting a bone from that gentleman's throat, the latter replied that the doctor ought to think it quite enough to have withdrawn his head in safety. There is nothing, indeed, to prevent the Bishop of London from holding his see for ten years, and receiving, in addition to the half-million he has already received, another quarter of a million. On this view of the case, and for these considerations, we ought to add our humble voice to the chorus of praise now rising from all the good Churchmen of the country. By so doing we should atone for many sins of omission and commission in the eyes of curates and incumbents of infinitesimal proportions, now admiring this act of episcopal virtue at the respectful distance which separates £100 a-year from £22,000. That is what we ought to do. We ought to rank the episcopal pensioner with his £20000 a-year and his palace at Fulham with the Apostle who knew how to want and how to abound; and who worked with his own hands, that he might not be burdensome, and that he might not conceal natural obligations to a coarse-minded people. But if we do this—and herein consists the dilemma—we are molested by the painful reflection that we admit a lower standard in spiritual than in secular affairs. We are forced to assume that much less is to be expected from a Bishop, even one of the most distinguished and meritorious, than from any average man of the world. The world—strange to say—has its conscience, and though there undoubtedly exist a good many sincere, and—what is worse—a great deal of work vastly overpaid, still this is not thought rascally. There are scores of small people living in small streets with their £800 or £1000 a-year, or even their £1500 a-year, and doing little or nothing for it; but then, neither they nor their friends challenge observation. They are often models of private virtue—good, genial fellows, of the unpretentious class, not of the heroic. Even when a judge has not in close courts and smutty chambers for half a century, through all seasons and weathers, he receives his quarterly payment with the same unobtrusive sense of service performed as the aged laborer when he holds out his bony palm for his weekly 3s. But all these familiar images of vulgar content we must throw aside when we come to the case of the episcopal emeritus. The other poor creatures we have alluded to may very naturally declare themselves unprofitable servants, and be thankful for whatever pittance the pension list or the poor law may allow them. But the merit of the Bishop, it appears, has no respect to profit or work. He is abundantly virtuous and transcendently good, if he even surrender the office he can no longer discharge, and some of the pay he can no longer work for. In all other professions there is still some relation of work to pay. There may not be much gratuitous service, except in the case of young surgeons; but there is very little pay without work, and no particular homage is paid to the man who gives up some of his pay when he finds he can do none of the work. The Church is an exception to these commonplace views. The pay there is totally irrespective of the services; it is average respectability to receive pay for doing nothing, but to give up some of that pay entitles a man to the honors of martyr. We frankly confess that we cannot readily enter into these views, or admit that the standard of the Christian ministry is so much lower than that of any other service. Bishops, as well as curates, profess to be the servants and missionaries of one who, being rich, for our sake became poor; and the very first lesson they teach our listening innocents is to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. So we really do not think we are called on to admit in the case of the Bishops of London and Durham a standard we should be ashamed to apply to any earthly functionary. With their immense receipts for so many years, they must have laid by something; at least they ought to have made a sufficient provision for their families by this time. They cannot really want these retiring pensions, and if they do not want them, they would do well to set the precedent of a more moderate scale. In the case of future retirements under the present scale of episcopal incomes, there will be no fund to draw from for pensions, inasmuch as the incomes of the acting Bishops will be barely sufficient. The retiring pensions, then, must be very small, and if the Bishop of London's admirers wish his praises to extend beyond a select circle of friends, they will advise him to begin the new scale of pensions now.—Times.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CLERICAL COX-COMB.—We may sum up generally in a sentence the prominent characteristics of Dr. Cumming's preaching. It is chiefly remarkable for the frequency of pious allusions, and the affluence of illustrations drawn from the occurrences of common life, with a constant straining after effect by melodramatic imagery and startling, anti-climatic combinations. It is steeped in a platform clap-trap, and compromises the dignity of the pulpit so audaciously as to set the auditor on the grin; for gravity becomes painful, and he only refrains from manifestations of dissent by his reverence for the associations of the place. Unconventionally bold, novel, and high-spirited, with all its sins against taste, it goes wonderfully well down with that class who (when they can) transform the church into a place of entertainment, and the minister into a public performer.—Perhaps the Doctor's constitutional effrontery never assumes a more offensive form than in the liberties he takes with his audience, whose intellectual powers he must hold exceedingly cheap, else he could not attempt to palm off so many axioms in morals as his own, by merely prefacing them with such expressions as, "It seems to me," "I venture to assert," "I dare affirm," &c. In a manner he is not so stagey as we were led to anticipate. He is very soft of speech, and his pronunciation and accent are correct and pure for an Aberdonian. His gesture is subdued; and when indulged in to any extent it is not wanting in grace.—To say that he is unaffected would not be consistent with fact; but then his affectation is about as selfless as could well be imagined. True, like poor Charles Honeyman, he periodically swishes his throbbing temples in a "fragrant pocket-handkerchief;" his sermon is likewise all millefeues; his bands are the perfection of the laundry-maid's art; and his gown of richest silk is so worthy of Cockaigne, so fashionably a make and so admirable a fit, that the doctor never dons any other, which pardonable predilection is gratified by a corresponding increase in the bulk of his travelling wardrobe. But this "man-milliner" forms a very little element in his success. That after all, depends on his matter. An such matter! How humiliating to think that the wretched garbage of which we have given a few specimens constitutes the spiritual fare on which a large, influential, and "evangelical" congregation delight to feast from week to week, and year to year? Yet it is that which crowds the "Scotch National Church, Crown Street, Covent Garden," with patrician pew-holders, who take out their sittings as eagerly as they engage stalls at the opera, and pay for them handsomely too. Not only so, but in addition to closely packed seats, a surging multitude of "outsiders" fills the passages, struggling for priority of place with a vigour as intense as was ever witnessed in the pit-entrance to an adjacent establishment during the mingled attraction and excitement of a "farewell" performance. We commend the scene and its moving cause to a place in the second edition of Dr. Mackay's "History of Extraordinary Popular Delusions."—Edinburgh Literary Spectator.

STATISTICS OF CRIME.—In a long array of facts and figures, the accuracy of which can scarcely be questioned, the *North American*, of a recent date, gives the criminal statistics of some European countries. It is a sad thing to contemplate man's depravity in the aggregate under any circumstances; it is a discouraging task to hunt up the proof of its preponderance to any extent in any shape among any nation. The *North American*, however, faces the task, and after a careful analysis of crime and criminals, yields the palm of pre-eminence in this particular to moral and enlightened England. "There were in England and Wales in 1849," the writer says, "27,816 criminals and 21,000 convicts for crime. Thus of 834 inhabitants, one was in jail. The number of liberated convicts who had served out their time and were at large, was, of course, enormously greater. The total number of persons in the various jails of France in 1852 was 19,730, or one in every 1826 inhabitants. Thus far more than double the amount of crime is committed by the same numerical proportions of the population in England than France." And the above statistics seem to show conclusively the inferiority of the British system of civilization in reference to the poorer classes as compared with that of the best organized States of the Continent of Europe." This is one point of superiority over other nations which we never remember to have seen included among the stereotyped boasts of the British Empire. She is first in civilization, first in commercial prosperity; she is mistress of the seas, her missionaries are prepared to make any sacrifice to preach the pure Gospel to benighted nations, especially the Irish, but we are never told that her working population is the most ignorant and degraded under the canopy of heaven. She has been able to people thousands of square miles with her murderers and villains; and yet exceed any other nation in her yearly crops of criminals. If England did not possess the vast colonies she does, and were obliged to retain within her own territory her convicted criminals, the history of the world could not furnish a parallel for her demoralized condition. The face of the land would be covered with a horde of assassins, more desperate far than the brigands of Greece. With her vast resources and enormous taxes, with a proud and unprofitable Church Establishment that is continually draining the purses of the people, it has been ascertained that not "one-half the adult population of England and Wales can write their own names." The article we have referred to lays these facts bare and naked in all their deformity before the world; so we would advise our kind step mother to look to her own beastly condition before she presumes to waste her gold in a useless attempt to force her camelion creed on nations, in every sense of the word, her superiors. It is a time honored adage, and worthy of all acceptance, that "charity begins at home.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

PROTESTANTISM AND PROSELYTISM IN THEIR TRUE COLOURS.—The characteristics of Protestantism, as given in the following article, which we (*Weekly Register*) translate from the *Univer*, would form a wholesome meditation for the gentlemen who usually figure on the platform at Exeter-Hall, and such like biblical gatherings. The incongruity of Protestant doctrine—its desperate attempts at Proselytism—with "a Bible in one hand and a purse in the other"—its private interpretation of Scriptures and subversion of all Church authority and purity of belief, by permitting every individual to subject to his own opinion that which is purely the inspiration of the Holy Spirit—all these features and attributes of the Protestant sect are given with a terseness and truth that have rarely been surpassed in so small a space.—"As a religion, Protestantism no longer exists; it decreed the penalty of death against itself on the day when it presumed to declare the extinction of authority in order to display free inquiry upon its standard. From the moment when all the faithful have the rank of doctors in Theology, and are established as judges in matters of faith, it is but right they should exercise their prerogatives. Protestants have used them so largely indeed that they have no longer a common doctrine, and the Reformation is split into a multitude of sects hostile to each other. But then, these sects lay aside their quarrels, and extend the hand of fellowship to each other against the Church. Favored by certain powers, supported by the friends of demagoguery and by the crowd of free-thinking writers who deal in impiety wholesale and retail, they have organized a formidable league—a vast conspiracy whose focus is in London, and whose " ramifications" include the entire world.—"England turns this conspiracy to account; its policy delights in stormy demonstrations; it has abolished the shameful traffic in slavery; but it urges on with all its might the trade in consciences. 'Tis a war to the death waged by falsehood against truth, and displaying a fury truly incredible: the most violent checks and the bitterest deception, far from frustrating its hopes, serve only to increase them. It manufactures an immense quantity of mutilated Bibles and disgusting translations, and the Bible Society, established in 1804, dispensing of incalculable sums, undertakes to circulate them amongst the nations. Its emissaries and pedlars, traversing throughout the whole world all cities and rural districts, sell by false weights their adulterated doctrine, which their prospectuses call the pure Gospel. 'At first sight one sees in this universal agitation nothing but a grand and noble enterprise of a dying man in his agony; but soon becomes apparent that this is not merely a galvanic resuscitation, but that there is a determined and formidable resolution in the spirit of evil. The Church has neglected nothing to preserve her children from its seductions. The Sovereign Pontiff has pointed it out to the Catholic world—the Bishops have everywhere combated it, and we have often had opportunities of quoting from various works. The erudite Bishop of Ancey, whose diocese is particularly exposed to the inroads of heresy, has recently published a book entitled, 'Efforts of Protestantism in Europe and the means it employs to pervert Catholic souls, in which are faithfully exposed and energetically branded the unworthy manoeuvres of the Biblical Societies and their agents.' Pursuing the Reformation to the spot where it rules, the eloquent Prelate gives an accurate idea of the Protestant Synods, a miserable parody on our majestic Councils. The Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Presbyterian, the Anglican, the Puseyite, the Mormon, the Atheist, the Deist, &c., &c., are associated together in these assemblies. Could the object of this admixture be an endeavour to found in one body alone the doctrine of their contradictory systems and to form themselves into an imposing unity? This is not their object; the sixth Synod of Berlin is there to witness it. Little as it matters to them what discrepancies there are in faith; little as they care for the indifference and the incredulity into which they are precipitating the people, their sole care is to recruit a numerous phalanx to teach them the art of ravaging the Church. 'They do not require from those whom they enrol under their banners a conversion to Protestantism, they are satisfied with saying to them. Do not remain Catholics any longer; it is quite sufficient to become an Aposate. 'All the disputed points are scrupulously discussed and stoutly defended in this excellent book.—The absurdity of a free interpretation, that revolutionary principle at which the Reformation is fairly overcome with admiration, and which compels the Holy Spirit to place itself at the service of every Protestant, permitting every man, however ignorant he may be, daringly to comment on the Sacred Scriptures, and promising him that the truth will inundate his intellectual capacity, provided, and well understood, that he does not venture to discover the Catholic sense in the sacred texts. The Scriptures condemn in so many clear passages the ravings of these Illuminati that they have subjected them to the most horrible torture, and the Bible which they hawk about in every part of the world, so to say, covered with blood by these multitudes of missionaries of a contagious commodity, they have not in their hands the keys of the fold committed to Peter, like the thief, therefore, they scaled the walls, and forced an entrance like burglars; hence their ministry is but a sacrilege, their teaching a counterfeit of what it should be."