

On Wednesday, 19th ult. the Feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the first Hospital which has been blessed in England since the disastrous change of the national religion, received the solemn benediction of the Church at the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop, who offered on the occasion the Holy Sacrifice in the Hospital Chapel. The Sisters of Mercy lately returned from the Crimea are already in possession of the house.

The *Times* remonstrates against the appointment of a "Bishop of Westminster." London and Westminster are really one city; and if we have two Bishops in it, as they are sure to be of opposite parties and support opposite doctrine, we shall have a regular fight in the streets. It proposes instead that the third part of the Diocese of London should be erected into a See of St. Albans. The *Daily News* suggests that, by way of meeting the Catholics, the Archbishop of Canterbury should be made Archbishop of Westminster. No need of the trouble, the chair of St. Augustine is already removed by the authority which set it up.

The controversy about the Denison case continues. This week, Mr. Gresly complains that the Archdeacon, "with his usual pugnacity, is ready to fight with friends as well as foes," and maintains that in spite of the condemnation of his doctrine, "we may preach the doctrine of the Real Presence just as freely as before." No doubt. We also said so. The effect is, that there will be no dogma, true or false. Mr. Woodgate argues against the Articles being the standard of doctrine. "If so," he says, "there is nothing to prevent a clergyman preaching that the Holy Scriptures are not inspired." No doubt; and accordingly we see that this is actually done with absolute impunity. It cannot be too often repeated, that it is not the truth or falsehood of any proposition which makes it lawful or unlawful to teach it from the pulpits of the Establishment, but solely and simply its being authorized or not by Act of Parliament. The same applies to the other instances selected by Mr. Woodgate—the existence of Satan (eg.), and the like. There are a good many other letters of less moment, both this week and last, and a Protest of the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter to their "Bishop." It is remarkable that this, as well as others which we have seen, save those who sign it from disagreeable consequences by saying that they do not pledge themselves "to all particulars that have been objected to."—*Weekly Register*.

Politics penetrate everywhere; and even the turtle and venison and champagne of the Lord Mayor's banquet cannot be exempted from the common lot. Dinner, moreover, in England, have a recognized political aspect, and we cannot, therefore, help commenting on one unparalleled feature in the late Mansion-house banquet—the fact, namely, that not a single European Ambassador was present on the occasion. The United States Minister was absent as well, and it seems to have been a doubtful point whether the black Ambassador of Hayti was not entitled to the honor of returning thanks for the entire corps diplomatique. This duty, however, was passed on by some dexterous management to the Minister of Brazil. Whether this general absence was concerted or not we do not inquire, we only say it is remarkable. At the least, it looks as if Foreign States did not care much about showing us any marked cordiality and at such a moment as this the absence of cordiality is more than usually indicative of the presence of a worse feeling.—*Press*.

THE MAYNOOTH QUESTION.—Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Hafield addressed their constituents in the Town Hall at Sheffield on the Irish Church question. Mr. Hafield said he lamented also the sorrowful class of questions involving grants of money to religious bodies, irrespective to the truth of their doctrines. Of this class were grants to Maynooth and the Irish Religious Domain. While the Irish Presbyterians had received large sums from the State the Free Church of Scotland had raised by voluntary efforts £3,500,000. He could not understand the morality of tax-

ing the Catholics for Protestant purposes; while objection was made by men who received that money in taxing Protestants for the support of Maynooth. But he directed his mind at this moment to Ireland. There we see three sets of sects: There is that well-endowed body, which my friend Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, called 'the greatest ecclesiastical eorumity in the world'—the Established Church of Ireland. Then come the many millions of Roman Catholics, and then the small number of Dissenters. They are all three endowed—but how? Why, the very small body of the Established Church of Ireland is about the richest church in Europe for its numbers; the many millions of Catholics have something like £20,000 a year, and the Dissenters have the *regium donum*. I don't know what that is, but it is a very small sum. (£240,000). Carrying out the view of my hon. colleague, he, if Mr. Spooner made a motion, as he annually does, against the Maynooth grant, goes into the same lobby with Mr. Spooner. But let my hon. colleague make a motion each day against the Established Church of Ireland, then we shall see how holy is the alliance. He would go into the same lobby with me. I dare say so, because I began with the strong. I always like to meet my strong foe, and not weak my vengeance upon the weak. I should be in the same lobby on that question with my hon. colleague; but where would Mr. Spooner be? (Cheers.) So that by this unholy alliance between my honorable colleague and Mr. Spooner you put down the support of £20,000 a year that goes to the Roman Catholics; but you do not put down the immense ecclesiastical enormity—I mean the Irish Established Church. Now, I say there are two courses to pursue—I am not like Sir Robert Peel, who always had three—endow none, or endow all (cheers). I would rather endow none (cheers). And I will tell you why. I have that faith in truth that I do not think truth wants either rewards or punishments. Therefore, I say, if we be in the right, if we have truth on our side, we don't want any State church at all. Let truth fight her own way. She is great, and she will prevail. For endowment is so much a bribe for men to believe or to express their belief (hear, hear). Therefore I am against all endowment whatever. But as I don't take upon myself to say who is in the right or in the wrong; as I believe in the matter of religion it is wise, it is just, it is humane policy to allow every man to settle that matter between himself and his Creator—as that is my opinion, I say, I would rather endow all than endow only a part. Therefore, if we cannot put down the Irish Church I am not for putting down Maynooth. I now put aside all the peculiar considerations that bind themselves up in the question, and they are very peculiar. I will not vote for the putting down of Maynooth until the Irish Church is put down. When that is put down I will vote for putting down Maynooth.

CIVILIZATION.—Put money in thy purse' is the English first commandment. 'Seek first the Kingdom of Earth and all things else shall be added unto you,' is the religion taught and practised in Great Britain, and recommended to all the nations of the world. Wealth, no matter how obtained, is honor, poverty, no matter how honest, is a disgrace in that land. Bibles and bishops must accommodate themselves to these principles, or be disregarded. Great is gold dust, and holy and wholesome things are notes of the Bank of England. The fruit of this new evangel is becoming apparent every day. Liars, hypocrites, and robbers abound; swindling has become a science and a fine art, and ere long will be taught at public institutions by gentlemen with a half a dozen letters after their names; Fellows of various degrees of scoundrelism. This week the press is filled with the revelations of Messrs. Redpath, Agar, Burgess, and Tester, worthy gentlemen who, like some of the old-nichyists, blundered at their work, and got blown up in consequence. A few weeks or months ago we had Mr. Robson and Messrs. Dean Paul and Co., all educated, and some of them 'pious' men. Robson wrote plays and would the muses; Dean Paul was a babe of grace with whom it was meritorious to have any connexion; Redpath, it appears, patronised at once the theatres and the religious societies of London. His salary, we are told, was no more than £250 or £300 a year, but he lived like a prince, had a box at the opera, was a governor of Christ's Hospital, and of the Royal St. Anne's Society and a subscriber and director of many of the most prominent metropolitan charitable institutions. There was scarcely a fashionable party, or an operatic performance in which the name of 'Leopold Redpath, Esq.' did not appear. Mr. Redpath's method of putting money in his purse was very simple. When he had to issue a £100 stock, it appears that he added an "0" to the amount, thus making it £1,000 on the Company's books. The operation was not confined to £100, but extended to stock of £200, £300, and £500, so that out of every £100 stock transferred he gained £900! Such was the *modus operandi* in the great Northern robbery, the Great South Eastern robbery was a more complicated and interesting affair. Impressions of certain keys were taken in wax, and new ones made, courier bags to be worn about the person were bought for the purpose of taking away the plunder, and vulgar lead was procured and substituted in the safes and boxes for the precious metal. Great Western and North-East by Northern robberies have not yet been discovered, but doubtless they will turn up in their own good time.—*Nation*.

ENLIGHTENMENT.—The great enlightenment of the latter part of the nineteenth century in England is undeniable. It is quite a blaze. Gas lamps and policemen stand thick about the streets; nevertheless, people are robbed and garrotted every night. This week a gentleman applied to the Lord Mayor to settle the point whether it is lawful for persons to go about armed against marauders. Applicant showed how he had been garrotted on Hackney Heath, and wanted to know whether he was entitled to carry a revolver. The Chief-Magistrate decided that he could only have recourse to the police, a decision at which the applicant looked glum and shook his head. The moral lights are just as large, and quite as many. In Manchester, for instance, a number of brilliant lectures have lately been delivered. Lord Palmerston has lectured there, 'Dois Kossoth came after him,' and after them came philanthropists and reverend gentlemen. But Harrison, the wizard, and men of his class, flourish there notwithstanding. The London *Leader* says:—"For the present, probably, Harrison's career is stopped—it is at least suspended. But there are still no fewer than three professors of his art and science of medicine, magic, and futurity within half a mile of his residence, and there still exists, all round, the same mass of ignorance which sends clients to the wise man; and exposes those clients to every kind of imposition and extortion, from five shillings to the penalty which poor Eliza Graft was compelled to pay." There is scarcely a town in the country where the wise man is not to be found. In Manchester there are ten or twelve; indeed the professors of the art bear some relation to the number of the population; some say, that in old cathedral towns they are one per cent. There is a meeting house at each end of the South market, but what is the influence which those meeting houses exercise compared with Harrison's? For although he is one against many—preachers, class-teachers, and missionaries—it is to be observed that the influence of the missionary is principally in an arithmetical ratio; the influence of Harrison, who makes the mother of the family his slave, is in a geometrical ratio! Moral and enlightened England! Really, if matters progress at this rate and in the same direction for another half a century, England will be a pleasant place to live in!—*Id.*

The British-Indian armament against Persia goes on, and the news of Friday morning is that Sir James Outram left Southampton the day before on his way to take command of it. It is no doubt possible, and much to be hoped, that before his arrival at Bombay matters may have been adjusted. Whether that has actually fallen or not, is a question upon which the accounts are contradictory.

SOME ACCOUNTS OF MR. SPURGEON, THE PROTESTANT PRAECATOR, AND HIS CREED.—When the present middle-aged mothers of Edinburgh were in their teens they may have gone, or heard of others going, with brothers and lovers, an excited and amused crowd, to hear a preacher, who, at times, abruptly stopped in his pulpit or prayer, and exclaimed, "The bow-bells, methinks, I hear clanking of cuddy-bells on the floor than bar-bowes 't the plate." London is at present amused by such another comedian. Having covered the country with his comic literature, the English metropolis is now enjoying its comic pulpit. Gilbert A. Beckett, just deceased, gave us comic histories, comic grammars, and a comic "Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England"; but his fun was secular; he presumed not to desecrate aught sacred with funny pen or pointed pun; and he touched nothing with pun pointlessness. Not so scrupulous is the unwitty and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Baptist minister of New Park street Chapel, Southwark, of Exeter Hall; and of the Royal Surrey Gardens.—We lately heard him delivered of a pulpit pun as follows:—"The key-note of the true Christian, is not A, nor B, nor C, nor D, nor E; it is Jesus." And this:—"A man sits down in self-sufficiency, thinking I can do all that. O, blessed day when God directs His shots against all that! I know I hugged that old idea a long time with my 'cans,' 'cans,' 'cans'; but I found my 'cans' would hold no water, and suffered all I put in to run out." The man whose intellectual poverty permits the utterance of this despicable pun on water-cans, has been, for months past, followed by thousands, by ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand of eager hearers, gathered chiefly from the middle classes of London, and was not long ago glorified by similar crowds in Glasgow, and in the provincial towns of England. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, neither possesses high intellect, nor wears its appearance. When, instead of the scriptural and poetical simile of "watering" the Gospel plant to nourish its growth, he says he will "dung it," one is not taken wholly by surprise after a perusal of his countenance. Yet his attraction of the London multitude is a fact, and one of the metropolitan marvels of 1856. Let us inquire what are the elements of this popularity. If there be forthcoming preachers now at college, whose face, like Mr. Spurgeon's, would have given Lavater a companion portrait to Pride, Envy, and Jealousy—namely, Audaacity—this inquiry may not be uselessly pursued. They may see it in the pillory of a future day. Charles A. Spurgeon was born on the 18th of June, 1834, and is now in his twenty-third year. His birth-place was Kelvedon, in Essex, near to Mr. Mechi's estate at Tiptree, famous for its farm-yard tanks, which may possibly have supplied to this fertile genius his simile about manure, just quoted. His father is a merchant's clerk in Colchester, and resides in a Baptist Chapel there. His grandfather is a venerable minister of the same body, of more than fifty years' standing in the pulpit. Young Spurgeon was put to school at Colchester, and, subsequently, to the Agricultural College at Maidstone, for one year. Afterward he was a teacher in a school at New Market, and from thence went as usher to a Seminary in Cambridge. These employments brought him to the beginning of his nineteenth year, when he took to preaching of his own accord—self-sufficiency and dogmatism being his distinctive marks of character from childhood. He acquired but little classical learning, while his disregard of English grammar at times, and of the rules of logic, always proves his independence of schools. He read the Puritan Fathers, and smoked tobacco, adopting for model their eccentricity of style and metaphor, rather than their simplicity of doctrine. Being appointed to the Baptist Chapel of Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire, he soon attracted a large congregation. The trustees and deacons of New Park street Chapel, London, were on the look out for a popular man who might fill their empty pews, and redeem their chapel debt. They found Mr. Spurgeon, who has done all this and more: He has been in London about two years. His first "game" in the metropolis (he uses such slang in the pulpit as "the Gospel is our game and no mistake") was unlimited advertising, which still continues.—From the centre of the city to the farthest suburbs, every dead wall, boarding, and spare post, has displayed—"Who's your Hatter?" and "Holloway's Ointment;" "the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach," or "New Park street pulpit," or "sayings and doings of C. H. Spurgeon," &c. At last people asked, "Who and what is this Spurgeon, whose name is on every wall always?" His sermons were purchased and read, and being a kind of comic pulpit, though in parts dismal and obscure enough, readers became listeners. Park street Chapel overflowed; Exeter Hall, with capacity to hold over four thousand, was hired; but as many more thousands remained in the Strand unadmitted. Next, Julian's Surrey Music Hall was hired. It is said to hold ten thousand, with cramming, two thousand more. On Sunday evening last, the number within and without the Surrey Garden gates, attracted by Mr. Spurgeon, was variously estimated at from 18,000 in the *Times*, to 30,000 in other daily papers. Now, what is the manner and matter of this preacher? The inquiring visitor sees a short, square built man enter, with a round, pallid-looking face, relieved, however, by expressive dark eyes, and a profusion of black hair, parted in the middle. His reading and prayer over, in which there is nothing very singular, unless it be a familiarity suggestive of profanity with which he addresses the Throne of Grace, he begins his sermon. If it have reference to the fall of Adam, and expiation of sin through faith in Jesus Christ, he lets his audience know, in a jovial kind of tone, that he is about to amuse them. He looks intently to the farthest corner of the house, and exclaims:—"Holloa, Adam!—Where art thou, Adam?" In the presumption that Adam is afraid to face such a congregation in answer to such a summons, he makes the father of mankind reply tremulously, "Here am I, what wouldst thou?" "What would I? he indignantly rejoins; "I would know what you have done, Adam, that we are all damned through you?" Adam makes a speech; the preacher answers him. Adam has a rejoinder; the preacher another. Adam is greatly abashed, and has decidedly the worst of the argument, and is told, "in the slang of the tap-room," "I thought I should make you sing small!" Then, in a jolly, rollicking, bantering style, he comforts Adam thus, "Ah, never mind, never mind; we have a new Adam, we have Christ instead of you," &c. Then he brings the persons of the Trinity on the platform, and holds colloquy with them. In like manner he introduces prophets, apostles, and all other scriptural personages. He makes the Saviour and Mary Magdalen hold conversation, the preacher imitating the tones of a timid, repentant woman. And this it is which the tens of thousands of the metropolitan population are crowding, even unto death, to hear, to grieve at, or to approve by occasional bursts of laughter, or flood of tears. He gives scenes from hell, in which the persons of his drama are his brother ministers with their congregations; he has a powerful voice, and alters its tones with considerable effect, in a dramatic sense. He walks up and down the platform, and is only at home when he has such a stage. A pulpit cramps him.—He tells that his gains to the kingdom of Christ have been a thousand souls a year, since he came to London, and he expects they will amount to an additional thousand this year. Have we said enough of this preposterous mountebank? Surely we have.—*Calcutta Mercury*.

It is not perhaps generally known that the new Protestant sect of Agapemites consists chiefly of seceders from the Establishment. The Somerset papers relate some curious particulars in reference to the leading members of this institution. Brother Prince, who is at his head, was educated at St. David's College, Lampeter, and was afterwards ordained and made curate of Charlchurch, near Bridgewater; of which parish Brother Starkey, second in command of the Agapemites, was at that time Rector. While acting as curate, Mr. Prince preached extraordinary doctrines, divided his congregation into two classes, "the blessed" and "the cursed," and administered

the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to very young children. This course of conduct brought down ecclesiastical censure upon him, and he retired from his curacy. While at Charlchurch he made such a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Starkey that he gave up his benefice and joined with Mr. Prince in the delusion which they have since that time assiduously propagated. Mr. Thomas, who ranks in importance at the Agapemite, was also at one time a clergyman of the Established Church, officiating in Somersetshire.

PROTESTANT PROGRESS.—The following picture of the moral condition of the great mass of the poorer classes in England is not flattering. It is by the Hon. Mr. Gladstone, who at a late public meeting, spoke as follows:—"He did not wish to give a gloomy view of the state of society in this country, but it was plain that there were many circumstances which tended at least to darken very much those pictures which the most sanguine minds would draw:—If they would look, for instance, at the character of the crimes which had lately been tried in their courts of justice—if they would glance at the columns of the papers and see the description of crimes which were daily disposed of by the magistracy of the land—they would gain some information as to the condition of many great classes in the community; if they considered what horrid systems had grown up of late years, including that of Mormonism, which was one of the most hideous superstitions the earth had ever produced since our Lord's death. (Cheers.) That Mormonism, although it had found a home on the shores of the Salt Lake of America, had been fed, supplied, and nourished from our own country, and not only from among the rural population, but from among by no means the worst class of society. They might again turn their consideration to the mass of crime which had been engendered among themselves. They might go to some of their most populous towns; go, for instance to Liverpool, and for miles and miles they would see the streets swarming with men, women, and children; but if they asked themselves what were the proofs that the Lord had come into the world and left, as an inestimable inheritance, His Holy Word and His Church, they would with deep humility be compelled to confess that there was scarcely a trace of Him to be seen, and that great masses were gradually receding further and further from the hold which Christianity ought to have upon them. (Cheers.)"

FEARFUL TRAGEDY AT WORKINGHAM, BERKS.—The perpetration of a murder in the parish of Workingham, Berkshire, on Friday morning, by a man who has been acting as a home missionary, has excited intense interest in the town and neighborhood. A lady named Saltmarsh, living at Bill Hill, determined upon opening a schoolroom and employing a person as a home missionary to deliver weekly lectures and sermons to the rural population, and distribute religious tracts among them. She made application to the London City Mission Society, and on the recommendation of Mr. Geldart, the secretary, employed a person named Charles Forester, who came down to the neighborhood about a year and a half ago, and entered upon his work. He was a very earnest and active man, but his intellectual attainments were of too low a caste to make him so useful as desired, and arrangements were made with him to be superseded, which was done in July last. Being unwell at that time, and having indications of consumption, he succeeded in becoming a patient in the Brompton Consumption Hospital, where he remained until a fortnight ago, when he left. On Friday morning Mrs. Forester got up about seven o'clock leaving her boy Samuel, aged five years, in bed with his father, and they both appeared to sleep soundly. In about an hour afterwards, when Mrs. Forester was engaged in serving a customer in the shop, her husband came downstairs and walked out of the house. As he did not return, and her child appeared to be sleeping longer than usual, she went upstairs, and to her horror, found her boy with his head nearly severed from the neck. An alarm was created, several neighbors were in attendance, and search was made for Forester, but he could not be found. It appeared, however, that he had walked into the town and given himself into the custody of Sergeant Bostock, stating that he had murdered his only child. He was committed for trial. An inquest was held on the body on Saturday afternoon, before Mr. Rowert Clarke, the county coroner, and a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned against the prisoner. Forester is between 25 and 40 years of age, and is a man of gentle demeanour.

A STUPID BURGLAR.—One of the richest jokes we ever heard of, has just transpired in this city. On Saturday night last a fellow named Frederick W. Mumford effected an entrance into Lynch's Saloon on Water street by breaking in one of the rear windows. After rifling the money drawer of a few dollars in change, he bestowed his attentions upon sundry bottles of choice liquor. Determined to make the most of his opportunity, he imbibed so freely of the pleasant liquors, that he became completely obfuscated, and was, in common parlance, "so drunk he could not see a hole through a ladder," to say nothing of the one he had made through the window. The consequence was he was discovered by the proprietors on Sunday morning, drunk as a lord; fast asleep in a chair, with the small change in his pocket and the window open! The Chief of Police was sent for, and Mr. Mumford provided with comfortable quarters.—He will pay for his stupidity by a visit to Auburn.—*Oswego Times*.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—We learn upon inquiry of the U. S. Deputy Marshals, that the fitting out of slaves from this port continues. In fact, this business was never prosecuted with greater energy than at present. The occasional interposition of the legal authorities exercises no apparent influence for its suppression. It is seldom that one or more vessels cannot be designated at the wharves, respecting which there is evidence that the either is or has been concerned in the traffic; and within the last nine months three alleged slave cases of the character referred to have been before our Courts, resulting, in one instance, in confiscation. That such is the fact, is not surprising, when it is considered that a vessel must be procured in U. S. in order to secure the *Protection of U. S. flag* which prohibits the right of search, and that New York, as affording the best facilities for fitting out slave ships, with the least liability of detection, necessarily becomes the centre of operations. Add to this the strong appeal which this traffic presents to man's cupidity, and the ease with which the law is evaded.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

Messrs. Joaquin Negret, and De Mena, the latter a well known seagr dealer of Boston, have been arrested and held to bail in the sum of five and ten thousand dollars respectively, on charges of being engaged in the slave trade.

The Governor of South Carolina, in his annual message to the Legislature of that State, takes broad grounds in favor of the re-opening of the slave trade. He says: "To maintain our present position, we must have cheap labor also. This can be obtained but in one way—by re-opening the African slave trade.—Until Providence interposes and changes his organism, the African must continue to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." It is a diseased sentimentality which starts back at the idea of legalizing the slave trade, and at the same time contemplates without emotion, the cruel servitude which capital exacts of labor all the world over. There was a time when canting philanthropists had instilled into us a belief that slavery was wrong. Investigation has entirely changed the one common sentiment on this point. The South now believes that a mysterious Providence has brought the two races together on this continent for wise purposes, and that the existing relation has been mutually beneficial. Southern slavery has elevated the African to a degree of civilization which the black race has never attained in any other age or country."

We learn from the Boston journals that the City Council, true to their reputation for unmitigated bigotry, have indefinitely postponed the subject of removing the restrictions from a portion of the jail-lands, bought by Rev. Father McElroy, for the purpose of erecting there a church and school house. Such conduct is so outrageous that we cannot find words sufficiently expressive to characterize the petty meanness of the set of officials who rule the "modern Athens." There are nearly Seventy Thousand Catholics in and about Boston. Have they not ability, (we know they have the will) to see that their venerable clergyman shall not be deprived of the holy object of his long labors and anxiety.

The Richmond *Engineer*, describing the death of the Know Nothing faction at the late election, gives the following graphic sketch of his last moments:—"In the moment of its dissolution Know Nothingism supplied a signal instance of the ruling passion strong in death." A ruffian from the beginning, its last thrust was quenched in the gore of its murdered victim. It died in the gutters of Baltimore, grasping a slug-shot in its bloody hand, and braving out its soul in ribald imprecations against the Irish Catholic. The land is covered with the stench of its decaying carcass."

SHOCKING SUICIDE BY A SPIRITUALIST.—John B. Fairbanks, a patent agent, occupying an office in the lower part of Broadway, committed suicide, between 8 and 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, by jumping from fifth story window of his lodgings, at No. 658 Sixth-avenue, near Thirty-ninth street. He struck upon his head, and was of course instantly killed.—Mr. Fairbanks was 25 years of age, and a man of fine attainments. His parents reside at Leon, in this State. He studied law in the office of Gen. Niven at Monticello, and practiced at the bar for some years. Afterwards he became a patent attorney, and about the same time an assistant editor of the *Scientific American*. About two years ago he opened a European and American Patent Agency, at No. 308 Broadway, which he continued until his death. He made several important inventions, and was much absorbed in the consideration of a universal language. Losing a sister whom he dearly loved, and already suffering from some unfortunate love affair, he became about three months ago strongly possessed of a desire to hold communion with the spirit of his departed sister. With this view he eagerly devoured all spiritualist publications, had frequent interviews with mediums, attended all the spiritual gatherings, and at length gradually believed that his sister conversed with him. He became in fact a decided and devout spiritualist, and was ever seeking to make converts to his new belief, which he advertised in an impassioned language. Latterly he seemed greatly troubled in mind, and the night before his death he sat up till a late hour reading the Bible. He arose early on Saturday morning, went to the Tremont House, a few doors distant, where he took his meals, wrote a letter which has not been found, and then returned to his lodgings and precipitated himself from a fifth-story window to the sidewalk. When his body was picked up a rope was found in one pocket and a razor in another; and among the papers found were several agricultural communications, and the following in lead pencil on a piece of a paper without date or signature: "Fam certainly not insane. Write to my father to settle my estate. This is the day to live."

ARRIVAL OF THE TORPEDO MAN.—Wm. Arrison of Cincinnati, spent months in making an infernal machine. He guarded every step of his progress in the work with the most scrupulous care. His malice was as cool as it was diabolical. When this machine was done, he sent it by a child to Mr. Allison, steward of the Cincinnati Hospital, against whom he had a bitter grudge. Allison opened it in the presence of his wife, whereupon it exploded, killing them both, and tearing the bones nearly to pieces. Arrison fled; but was caught and taken back to Cincinnati. His third trial has just closed. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter. They did not affect to entertain a doubt of the facts as we have stated them, but decided that the act he was guilty of, was not murder! A more infamous, monstrous and accursed verdict was never rendered on earth. It must shock the moral sense and the common sense of all mankind.—*Louisville Journal*.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A recent traveller in America records the following anecdote:—"Jack," said a woman to a lady just entering his teens, "your father's drowned." "Darn it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."

UNITED STATES.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. Mr. Curran, Catholic Pastor of Astoria, at the advanced age of 76 years. He was one of the oldest missionary clergymen in America. During his mission he built sixteen churches. He died regretted by his flock, and all who knew him.—*Irish American*.

The fair at the Chrystal Palace, by the Catholic ladies of New York city, in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital, after all the expenses were paid, produced the large sum of thirty-four thousand dollars.

THE OASE OF LOUIS BAKER.—The second trial of Louis Baker, for the murder of Win. Poole, terminated in Newburgh, Orange county, on Saturday, in the disagreement of the Jury. It is reported that they were equally divided—six for conviction of manslaughter in the third degree, and six for unconditional acquittal. Judge Peabody presided.

The observance of Thanksgiving Day in Boston exhibited a curious admixture of the Puritanical strictness of the last century with the "fastness" which characterises the present. In the morning every one went to Church; in the evening they went to the Theatre!

There are rumors of a projected visit, next spring, of the Grand Duke Constantine to this country, with a fleet. The Grand Duke Constantine is considered as the eagle of the Imperial family and of the nation. He professes great admiration for the United States.

It is estimated that 2,000 young men from the United States have perished under Walker.

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.—At a late meeting of the New York Bible Society, Rev. R. H. Pearson, of Kentucky, said that the destination of the Bible in that State is fearful. Of 30,000 families he visited, one-fourth had no Bible; many did not know what he meant by the Bible, and had never heard of such a thing.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 8.—The negroes in Southern Kentucky are in a mutinous state, and a general insurrection is feared. Vigilance Committees have been formed in Lafayette, Hopkinsville, and other places. It is alleged that Christmas eve had been fixed upon for the rising, and the most extensive arrangements had been made to carry it out successfully. One white man has been arrested, together with a great many negroes, including many of the generals, captains, and other officers of the proposed movement.—Several of them have made full confessions.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 8.—On Saturday evening a new steamer lying up the river, burst her steam pipe, scalding 11 deck hands, fireman, and 6 deck passengers. Three of the injured died soon after.—The others were brought down to the hospital in this city; they are badly scalded; four or five more will probably die.

CHANGES PARALLELED.—A mercantile firm of Boston received this week a letter from the captain of one of the brig's that chartered, dated Barbadoes, in which he informs them that as he believes the United States are about going to eternal smash, he has sold ship and cargo and pocketed the money, which he don't think they will ever see again. He concludes with some complimentary allusions to our countrymen, and wishes he had never seen any of them. The vessel is the brig Boston.—*Boston Journal*.