

irritation, it augments it, by rendering more visible the want of uniformity that prevails, and the inability of the Church by any self-appointed unconnected plan to remedy it.

"This Convocation of the Church at large could alone meet the requirements of the case, and its decisions be received as binding on all; and, when I speak of our Church, it is necessary to speak of it in its broad and scriptural meaning, embracing among its members all in communion with us; admitting the laity equally with the clergy to a legitimate participation in its government. Such a Synod or Convocation would add strength to it, and tend, in my mind, to calm down excitement and accommodate the unhappy differences now existing; nor can I suppose it possible that the calm and prayerful deliberations of members fitted and appointed to discharge so weighty a trust could have a contrary effect. I cannot concur in opinion with a Right Reverend Prelate, 'that such would be a delusive hope, and that such a measure would be likely to exasperate and prolong, if not perpetuate, these unhappy divisions.' On the contrary, I hold that the evil is increased by delay, and the sentiments of another prelate of our Church, convey to my mind a more serious warning—'That there is no safety or security to the Church, if she be not permitted to accommodate herself in a due regard to the altered circumstances of the age, and with recognized authority to meet the necessities, which, in the course of time, must inevitably occur.'"

Upon this portion of his lordship's charge the liberal *Northern Whig* remarks:—

"We do not anticipate that this call for Church reform will be allowed to pass without eliciting the thunders of the *Times*, and the answering outcry of the *Globe*, the *Herald* and the *Standard*, with all lesser guns of the provinces. We expect to hear the changes rung upon his lordship's remarks, as an attempt to assail and sever the political relations of the Church and State: and his lordship himself, perhaps, set down as disaffected, and as denying to her Majesty—as head of the Church by law established—that supremacy in matters spiritual which the Sovereign has exercised ever since the Reformation. But for our parts, we have no fears for the loyalty of the Lord Bishop of the united dioceses; we do not doubt the warmth of his attachment to our beloved Monarch: and, believing that the project has not been propounded without profound deliberation; and further, that it is in every respect consonant with that mode of management which a free Church ought to possess, we give it our most cordial approval. 'Is it,' asks his lordship, 'is it too much to expect, or to require, that the same privilege and the same prerogative which every other Christian Church possesses should be extended to our own, and that its doctrines should be defined, its discipline and laws enunciated, altered, or abrogated, by a deliberative council, composed of its own members exclusively?' Then, as to the constitution of this representative body, he would have it composed as 'embracing among its members all in communion with us; admitting the laity equally with the clergy to a legitimate participation in its government.' Here are the outlines of a system of Church government sketched, all must admit, with a bold but not a reckless hand. The reform proposed is a comprehensive one. Some reform was needed; and the question only remains, is the remedy indicated disproportioned to the extent of the evil that prevails?"—*Guardian*.

From our English Files.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE HOHENLOHE.—The *Tablet* has the following statement in a letter from its London correspondent:—"The Very Rev. Prince Hohenlohe, one of the four *camerieri segreti partecipanti* of his Holiness, and a near relation of the Queen, lately came to London, and announced his arrival at Court.—It is said that the Duchess of Kent immediately called on him, and told him that in the present state of feeling it was not possible that he should be received at Court; and, indeed, that the Ministry would not suffer it. I suppose that this was intended as a direct insult to the Pope."

BRITISH LADIES' FEMALE EMIGRATION SOCIETY.—ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to subscribe the munificent donation of £100 towards the funds of the British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society in Red Lion-square. The object of the Society, as stated in the report, is to promote "the general improvement of female emigrants, by providing employment for them during the voyage, procuring clothing for the destitute and deserving, and adopting other such measures as may be deemed proper to promote the welfare of female emigrants." During the past year the most gratifying success has attended the operations of the Society, both with regard to the home and the colonial auxiliaries, and as there is a wide field for the exercise of philanthropy and benevolence, a hope is entertained by the Committee that the example of Her Majesty will enable them to extend their sphere of operations.

FIELD-LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.—The ninth annual report of this seminary, which has just been printed, gives a most gratifying account of the success of its operations. Numbers of the children invited from the low lodging houses continuing to attend the Friday evening and Sunday Schools. Many of them also having been enabled to emigrate, have become industrious and honorable members of society. By the aid of a kind benefactress, a night refuge is now opened, containing a hundred sleeping berths for those who are destitute. As, however, the annual outlay amounts to £350, and the yearly subscriptions do not amount to £200, an appeal is made to the benevolent public to maintain the institution in its efficiency.

AN AGREEABLE FRIEND.—Mr. Lear, in his *Journal of a Landscape Painter*, relates an anecdote of the postmaster of Pella, the birth-place of Alexander the Great. The artist and he were taking a parting cup of coffee, when unfortunately the former set his foot on a handsome pipe bowl. Crash went the bowl, but the Mahomedan sat unmoved. Mr. Lear apologised. "The breaking of such a pipe bowl" said the postmaster, "would, indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable; but in a friend every action has its charms."

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The practice of obtaining solar representations was long considered inimical to the progress and interests of art; but the latter only could receive a temporary check, and we doubt if even the branch most threatened, miniature painting, has anything to lament after all. At any rate, if in the flush of their success, the followers of Daguerre robbed that most industrious section of art, the miniature painters, of commissions, the loss has been more than compensated, not only by the great momentum which the de-

mand for portraits received, but by the actual application of photography to the labours of art. The substitution of paper for metal-plates was a step which the most self-interested of limners must have remarked with inward gratulation. Fox Talbot, who introduced the Calotype among us, and who, since he first became the patentee in England, has made successive improvements, is no longer regarded with jealousy by the artistic class alluded to; and his most recent step towards perfection (which, if report is true, must needs be the last) will raise him to the utmost popularity among those who would gladly have impeded his early career. We extract the *Art-Union's* account of an experiment recently made by Mr. Talbot at the Royal Institution:—

Upon a wheel, adjusted to move at a very high velocity, a printed paper was fixed; a camera obscura, in which the sensitive tablet was placed, was properly adjusted, and the apartment in which the experiment was made thoroughly darkened. The wheel was now set in a rapid motion, and the screen in front of the camera opened, at the same moment as the paper on the wheel was illuminated by the light obtained by the discharge of a Leyden jar. Notwithstanding the immense velocity of the electric light, and the great speed at which the wheel with its printed paper was revolving, the image of the paper with its printed letters was most faithfully delineated upon the photographic surface without a blur—every letter being as sharp as if the image had been obtained from the paper at rest.

Thus the most fleeting image may be caught, and represented with the accuracy of a motionless reflection. The next experiment is to be made with a rifle shot across the lens, it being firmly believed that a minute representation of the bullet will be obtained!

SCOTTISH SETTLERS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.—Mr. Thomas Miller, of Edinburgh, the gentleman who has recently made a tour in the west of Ireland on behalf of parties in Scotland, desirous of becoming settlers in this country, in a letter addressed to a Roscommon paper, says—"I have been here (in Dublin) for a few days with a number of Scottish farmers, who have mostly come to the country to look at farms in various places. Six of those gentlemen came with me, some of them the most enterprising and successful agriculturists in Scotland. Five more arrived to-day, and a great many more will follow. Some of them have already visited different localities, and all are highly pleased with what they have seen. I entertain no doubt but the report they will carry home will be so very favourable of the fertility and capabilities of your beautiful country as to induce large numbers of my countrymen to settle among you, identifying themselves with the future prosperity of Ireland. I have had difficulties to encounter in removing from the minds of Scottish farmers the exaggerated accounts they had received from the articles published from time to time in the newspapers, of the want of safety for life and property. A personal inspection, however, of the country, intercourse with the people, and the authentic information they have received, both in the capital and also in the provinces, of the entire peacefulness of the whole country, and absence of agrarian outrage, has disabused their minds; and I think there will now be little difficulty in inducing persons to settle in any part of Ireland."

An impression is gaining ground that Ministers have it in contemplation to swamp the Corporation of the City of London by forming a monster Corporation, including the whole Metropolis, thereby to create a formidable and central democratic power.

AN UNEXPECTED RESPONSE.—Three soldiers landed the other day at Egrement, and swaggered up the pier in unseemly fashion, talking loudly, and evidently bent on misbehaviour. When they arrived at the paygate, they insisted upon passing at the contractor's side of the barrier. This, being contrary to rule, was resisted by the men in charge. One of the soldiers, however, forced his way through, and had his ire excited by a gentleman who stood gazing at them with fixed attention. The soldier advanced with an insolent air, and said loudly, "Are you staring at me?—because if you are, I'll just take and pitch you over those railings." The gentleman replied quietly, but with a voice of authority not to be mistaken, "Go back to your quarters instantly, and report yourself under arrest." To the other two he gave similar orders. The men changed their looks and demeanour at once, and turned to obey. It was an officer high in command, whom, in his plain clothes, they had not recognized.—*Liverpool Times*.

There is a report that the Duke of Norfolk (an hereditary Romanist) is about to renounce the errors and schism of Romanism, and to join the Church. The *Standard* states that his Grace, the Duchess, and one of their daughters, attended their parish Church last Sunday.

JOHN WESLEY ON THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—"The esteeming the writings of the three first centuries, not equally with, but next to the Scriptures, never carried any man into dangerous errors, nor probably ever will, but it has brought many out of dangerous errors, and particularly out of Popery. I exceedingly reverence them, and esteem them very highly in love."—*Wesley's Works*, vol. 10, p. 79.

A self-moving carriage has been invented and put in operation by a Frenchman by the name of Provost. A Paris correspondent of a Philadelphia paper states that M. Provost has travelled in this carriage over a great part of France, visiting Tours, Saumur, Orleans, Chartres, Havre, and various other places—and is now in Paris, on his way to Bordeaux. It is said that he travels with ease to himself, for the force is not the muscular strength applied to pedals or cranks, but the weight of his person which puts in movement the machinery, on much the same principle with the weight of a clock. On ordinary roads, (they are macadamized in France,) M. Provost travels from sixty to eighty miles a day. The carriage is about six feet by three, and the machinery not visible from the outside. If all this be true, well may we inquire what next?—when a man can travel and ride from sixty to eighty miles a day without either steam or horse power—solely by his own locomotive operations—it is time for the inventors of "flying-machines" to be on the alert, if they would not be outdone. Verily the days of marvellous improvement, and of intellectual and physical progress, are but just dawning!

AMALGAMATION OF SCOTCH AND ENGLISH LAW.—The Law Amendment Society of Glasgow have appointed a Committee to consider the best mode of beginning the preparation of a report on a general scheme of amalgamation of English and Scotch Law.

THE LATE DR. LINGARD.—The late Dr. Lingard has left his library to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.—*Lancaster Guardian*.

MRS. HARRIET LEE.—Mrs. Harriet Lee, the joint author, with her sister, Mrs. Sophia Lee, of *The Canterbury Tales*, and other works, has just died at the advanced age of 94.—*John Bull*.

United States.

THE CUBAN AFFAIR.

[A Mr. Philip S. Van Vecten, who signs himself "late 1st Lieutenant Cuba Expedition" has given apparently a very straightforward and manly statement of the whole affair. We have made such extracts as will convey to our readers something of the truth of these movements.]

"Let us now review the causes and results of this expedition. At the time I received my appointment from Mr. Sigur, one of the editors of the *New Orleans Delta*, I was told by him that a revolt was regularly organized among the creoles throughout the Island of Cuba; that they had elected General Lopez as their leader, and their object was to free Cuba from the tyranny of Spain, and either form a republic of their own, or annex the island to the United States. He told me that Lopez was about to leave New Orleans for Cuba, with about five hundred Americans; and that his landing was the signal for a general rising, and that within ten days after landing he would be at the head of an army of ten thousand men; that there were also two whole regiments of Spanish troops to come over to him with their equipments. The same story was told to all. Was it so? As I have already stated, our first salutation was a volley of musketry, instead of, as the *Delta* asserts, a large body of friends, with horses, stores, &c., for our use. Instead of finding the creoles our friends, we found them our most bitter enemies, far more so than the troops—keeping the troops constantly informed of our movements, and hanging on our skirts, putting to death, without mercy all those who straggled on the march. Of the troops I cannot but speak in praise, without a single exception.

They treated the prisoners with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, segars, bread, tobacco, and aguadente, freely, and from their own small means; I imagine no one will say that we had any right to expect such treatment. Our conduct forced and demanded their respect, but certainly we had no claim either on their sympathy or generosity.

Much has been said relative to the execution of Crittenden and his men. Among all the prisoners now in Havana much as they admired Crittenden there is but one opinion, and that is, that the execution was justifiable—was merited.—That they were deceived all know; but that was no business of the Spanish authorities. Surely the provocation received was sufficient to justify not only the execution of those men, but of every man connected with the expedition. Why, look at this affair in its proper light! Where even in history, in the annals of the world, do you find a similar occurrence? Here four hundred and fifty men, without having received the least provocation, leave their homes, and invade the shores of a perfectly peaceful island, expressing a determination to take that island from its lawful owners by force. Self preservation is one of the first laws of nature; and if the law will uphold and protect that American citizen, who, without hesitation, shoots down the midnight robber in defence of his property, certainly that law will uphold the officers of the crown of Spain in exterminating a band of men who attempt to wrest its brightest jewel from that crown. I consider that every man connected with that expedition deserved death. At the time I was made prisoner, I fully expected it, and, although the reflection was anything but pleasant, my own conscience told me that it was just.—Crittenden with his force not only committed a crime in landing on the island, but actually committed an act of open piracy in taking those vessels in which he was caught, the punishment for which is, by the laws of all nations, death."

"It has been reported that Crittenden wrote home that he had been abandoned by Lopez, without arms or ammunition. I do not believe that Crittenden ever wrote anything of the kind. Attached to his command—in hourly contact with him—I know him, and do not hesitate in saying that a braver, nobler, more honourable man than William L. Crittenden, never lived. Instead of having no ammunition, he had all, and was particularly selected to guard it—that being a most difficult and yet most honourable service. Lopez did not desert him, but in leaving him, in dividing his command, committed one of those errors which eventually cost him his life; Lopez was probably as much or more deceived, than any man in the expedition. His ambition led him to be the tool and victim of heartless speculators. Avarice, not philanthropy, was the main spring of this expedition."

I now distinctly, openly assert that all those letters purporting to be from Cuba, which were published during the month of July last, and copied throughout the Union, were base forgeries, for the express purpose of deceiving the citizens of the United States, and advancing the sale of Cuban bonds. Knowing the ambition of Lopez and that strong disposition to extend the glorious boon of freedom which fills the breast of every American citizen, those speculators in human blood took advantage to further their own end. They well knew how little effort was required to start and keep alive this excitement. They thought, or at least they fondly hoped, that more men would go out to join this little band, and that eventually the Island would be free. Cuban bonds were worth, or were selling at from 10 to 20 cents on a dollar, when this expedition left. Naturally they would increase in value, as the prospect of liberating Cuba became more certain; and if this expedition succeeded, as they pretended to think it would, Cuba when liberated from what they denominated the tyranny of Spain, would have been burdened with a debt of from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, at least fifty per cent of which would have been in the pockets of THESE WOULD BE PHILANTHROPISTS, who, active as they wished to be thought in the holy cause of liberty, took the best of good care to peril neither life nor their own precious liberty in its behalf. At the expiration of the war, and after Cuba should have become free, then it was to be annexed to the United States, and as a matter of course the payment of these Cuban bonds was to be assumed by that government. What do they care for the mothers, wives, and sisters of these gallant men who formed this ill-fated expedition, who have been rendered utterly wretched and miserable forever? They do not feel the chains, the anguish, borne by those one hundred and sixty noble fellows, doomed to spend the best ten years of their lives in a Spanish prison. No; they feel the blood money in their pockets, and laugh over the result of their speculation. They are the men to be punished. It is on them the shades of our murdered countrymen call for vengeance. Heavy, indeed, must be their punishment when, at the last day, an offended and just Judge shall demand of them retribution for their deed.

This I believe, a correct account of the causes, proceedings, and results of the unfortunate expedition."

DEATH OF MR. GALLAUDET.—The daily papers have announced the death of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, which occurred at his residence in this city on the 10th inst., at the age of 63. Mr. Gallaudet was

(in connection with Mr. Clerc) the founder and for many years the Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and for the last ten or twelve years Chaplain of the Insane Retreat in this city. His malady was the dysentery, and his sickness which he bore with exemplary patience, was of several weeks continuance. One of our contemporaries (the N. H. *Palladium*) indicates very happily the leading traits of Mr. Gallaudet's character. "Mr. G., in every relation of life, was pre-eminently a good man; perfectly imbued with the principles of Christianity, his kindness of heart and benevolence beamed out in every action, serving to attach to him all with whom in any manner he became associated. A good man, indeed, has fallen asleep. His loss will be sincerely mourned not only by a devotedly affectionate family, but many, very many, who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who have received from him that kindly sympathy which it was his nature to feel and which he knew so well how to manifest." Yes, Mr. G. was truly a good man, and we are right sorry that we are no more to meet him in our daily walks. He lived and died a Congregationalist, but he has given to the Church, a valuable minister in the person of one of his sons.

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., died at Cooperstown, on Sunday afternoon. The death of this distinguished novelist has for some time been anticipated, and therefore struck no one, we suppose, with surprise, when the news at last was announced. It is pleasant to learn that he expired free from pain, and that his last moments were cheerful and happy. Mr. Cooper was a member, in the full communion of the Episcopal Church, and during his sickness, he is said to have evinced the utmost patience, submission and composure of mind. He was visited daily by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Battin, who spent several hours each day by his bedside in prayer and conversation with him. He was entirely prepared for the event. Had Mr. Cooper lived until Monday of this week, he would have been 62 years of age.—*N. Y. Express*.

Communication.

[We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church periodicals, and to apprise our readers that we are not responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.—Ed. Ch.]

To the Editor of the Church.

MR. EDITOR,—As I see that you have printed my last letter to you, I feel encouraged to write you another. I wrote to you in that about Squire A. and his family; I think that this one shall be about Mr. B. and his family. I occasionally stop at this house in my rounds, though I take good care that I never reach it of a Saturday evening. Mr. B. is still Mr. B.; though having been left by his excellent father a much better farm than Squire A. had at first; and though both he and his wife have always been ambitious of being great people, it must have been a sad disappointment to them to have not advanced a peg as yet, either in the military or ministerial line; and I fear that they must bear their disappointment as well as they can, unless the powers that be take compassion on them and make him something—just out of pity, as they sometimes have done with others. Mr. B.'s farm that was left him by his father was an excellent one. The land was good, well cleared, well fenced, and every thing in fine condition. Mr. B. and his wife were newly married; had both been brought up on farms and knew how to discharge their duties well; but unfortunately they were both very fond of company, and always preferred visiting their neighbours, or their acquaintances at a distance to following the plough, or plying the spinning wheel. It is true that Mr. B. did put in his crop each year, pretty much as his neighbours did; but then he was always a little after the right time. The truth is, when he should have been busy in his fields, he was out with his wife visiting, or perhaps witnessing the performance of a circus company, or attending some public meeting; for he always had a greater taste for attending to the business of the public than to his own business. The consequence was, that his wheat generally "got caught," as he argued, "most unaccountably" by the rust; in like manner the frost always prevented his corn from ripening; and the only crop which did come to perfection with him were oats and potatoes, although half of the latter were generally frozen stiff in the ground; for, as he always said, "the hard frost came so much earlier than it used to do." His farm was well stocked with both horses and cattle, when his father died; but his "breed" was so bad, that in a few years it was almost stripped of half its stock. His best horse fell through a bridge, which he had intended half a dozen times to mend, and broke his leg. His valuable mare had choked herself in the stable, having been tied round the neck with a strong rope in place of her halter, which had been forgotten at Capt. B.'s when visiting there the Sunday previous. The well which his provident father had sunk in the barn yard had lost its curb; and though my friend had threatened half a dozen times to put up a new curb, he took it out in threatened times, till he lost his best cow in it; and then all the curb he could manage to put up was a few rails, which "answered" for a time; but some how or other they got knocked down, and soon afterwards a fine young steer was found to have followed her mother. Thus warned the second time, he at length took the wise determination of losing no more cattle in his old well; for he made a bee and actually filled it up. Hay cut when too old and well drenched with rain, and put away without salt before being thoroughly dried again disagreed considerably with his horses; for one became dreadfully bad with the heaves, whilst another died of the yellow water. Some how or other his straw did not do his cattle as much good as his neighbours did theirs. It is true they were not fed very regularly; but then they could get to it whenever they liked in the stack, which was pretty full of grain too, for where it had got wet, and I cannot say it was very well stacked, on that farm the grain sprouted and grew pretty freely; but in spite of all this they could not thrive on it. Many of them took the hollow-horn and died. Not his of his neighbours said it was his "fault" not his "luck"; for that, in addition to this miserable straw stack on which he expected them to live and thrive, he neglected to give them any water, always contending that as snow was congealed water, and of course when taken into the stomach would become water; he did not believe in giving his cattle water, when if they would not be so headstrong they might help themselves to plenty of it in the shape of snow. No one had "so poor luck" as he had, for it fared no better with his sheep. His were more tender than his neighbours'. They could not stand it during severe weather on the lee side of a fence with nothing to sustain nature but what they could gather off a stubble field with the snow six inches deep. Nor was he more lucky with his pigs; for though they had played the mischief with his oats and potatoes, yet when winter came they mostly died; for though they had a good warm place