

are, conscious, something must be done to save the State Church. However desperate the endeavour, it must be made to uphold the disputation by keeping up the stock number of the Establishment, and in Ireland. It is remarkable that all the different sects and denominations which join under the flag of political Protestantism, whose tastes (for it is entirely a matter of taste between them) differ in all other respects, agree on this one point of the Protestant brotherhood. It is told of a certain Frenchman that on visiting England he expressed his wonder of what he witnessed in these words:—"One hundred religions and but one sauce! Now, in France, we have one hundred sauces and but one religion." Thus it is that national tastes differ. The latter-day Briton is an epicure in religions. Jansenism, Shakerism, Darbyism, Johanna Southcoteism, Fourierism, finishing off with Mormonism, which is a most flourishing sect in England just now. At the same time what a nice palate has he for appreciating the difference between Methodism, Primitive and Wesleyan, rejecting one and receiving the other as orthodox—"straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel!" Those nice distinctions are altogether beyond the poor Irishman.—Between the different kinds of lies he does not stay to discriminate. Enough for him that what is not God's truth—is not Catholicity—is, and must be, a lie of one kind or another. He is positive upon the point he believes it with a firm, unflinching faith, and does not merely "consider" Protestantism "erroneous."—For high three hundred years the Irish race have resented and resented Protestantism, political and religious. Since the Devil was nicknamed "Old Harry" after King Henry the Eighth, never perhaps were his highness's emissaries more numerous or more active than at present. Never was the conspiracy against the truth more widespread, breaking out now in Patriotic Fund proselytism, now in Orange demonstrations, street-preaching, riots, &c., &c.; again in Tory attacks upon Catholic police for presuming to exercise liberty of conscience! The fact is, any one form of falsehood may tolerate any other form. But, however contradictory one to another, they all agree, at least in this, that the truth is intolerable. A week or two ago the *English Churchman* had a leader entitled, "Does the Church of England encourage or tolerate Romanism?" In truth, the one only Catholic feature marking all alike of the brood of heresy, infidelity, and heathenism, as well in America as in Europe, is a settled hatred against the Church.—When, then, liberty of conscience is promised or granted to sect and denomination—"Turk, Jew, and Infidel"—it is always with the reservation, expressed or implied, but not to Papists. "Non est servus major Domino suo: si Me persecutus sunt, et vos persequentur." The meaning, however, of this last advance, and unmasking the battery of the Establishment, is obvious enough. Its leaders know that their old post is now altogether untenable against such a superior force as the Catholics of Ireland may, if they will, bring against it. They are full well aware that the stronghold of ascendancy is in no fit state to sustain storm or siege. In order, therefore, to distract our attention from the weakness of their position, and put us upon the defensive, they assume the offensive, throwing out skirmishers, making sorties, &c. Perhaps they snuff the storm from afar. The hurricane which has risen in the East, it was greatly apprehended, would set the elements in disturbance in the West. Political Protestantism dreaded that the Catholics of the empire would assert their constitutional rights. And, especially, was it dreaded that Catholic Ireland would rise and cast down the dead weight of a foreign and hostile State Church Establishment which presses it to the earth. Hence, the unprovoked assault of the *Times* upon Cardinal Wiseman; and hence, too, the virulent attack of the Government *Morning Post* on the Archbishop of Dublin. But not the thunders of the *Times*, nor the cackle of Lord Palmerston's organ; nor, again, any number of "Additional Curates," can prevent the catastrophe, when Catholic Ireland, once for all, braces itself to try a fall with the Establishment. Down it must come. In Heaven's name, then, down with it.—*Dublin Tablet*.

**JUVENILE REFORMATORIES IN IRELAND.**—Ireland, it appears, has not been as forward as England in the establishment of reformatories those humane and hazardous institutions. There is a female reformatory in the neighborhood of Dublin, conducted by the sisters of mercy; but in other parts of the country, with the exception of the county of Cork, the subject is only now beginning to attract attention.—In Cork it has not only been advocated for several years by Serjeant Berwick, assistant-barrister of one riding of that great county, but chiefly through his strenuous exertions the question has at length reached the practical stage, and another reformatory experiment is on the point of being made under circumstances so peculiar as to invest it with more than ordinary interest. The immediate promoters of the work are the members of another Roman Catholic Society, that of St. Vincent de Paul, under the joint patronage of Dr. Delany, the Catholic Bishop, and the leading inhabitants of both county and city of all religious communions. This is one of the striking features of the plan. Another is, that it is proposed to confine the institution to Roman Catholic children, not that there are no juvenile offenders of the Protestant persuasion, but because it would be hopeless to combine two systems of pious instruction in one establishment, while at the same time it was felt upon all hands to be equally chimerical to found a scheme of moral reformation upon any basis but a religious one. It will be seen, then, at once, how unique the present design is, and how highly creditable to the liberality and practical good sense of all parties concerned in starting it. The prospectus of the new reformatory gives the following statistical details, being the principal facts on which its promoters ground their appeal to the public:—"From the 1st of September, 1856, to the 1st of September, 1857, no fewer than 178 children of both sexes, under the age of sixteen years, were committed to the goal of the city of Cork. Their punishment proved so ineffectual that ninety, or more than half the entire number were recommitted. Some were recommitted eight times, some nine, ten, thirteen, fourteen, twenty, and thirty times, and one not ill-looking lad forty-two times. The daily average number of children in this goal, even under its present excellent management, is about fourteen. Of these, some are what the police, with a sad quaintness, call 'old offenders.' But the greater part of them belong to quite another class. Technically these are criminals—in reality they are not so, or can scarcely be so called. They are orphans, or children of drunken parents who neglected them, or of bad parents who taught them to beg and steal, and as we are taught to pray and read: or of parents whose union was sin, and whose offspring are their curse and ignominy, victims of bad example or ill culture—not knowing right from wrong, or only half knowing it—committed for offences which, in them at least, were venial crimes, or far vagrancy or begging, which, however proper to repress, cannot be considered crimes at all—these children need not be punished, but simply to be taught. They are objects of pity, not of vengeance. They are victims to be rescued, patients to be cured. And of all conceivable places, a common goal, however well conducted, is for them the most inappropriate and the most destructive.

"In the county prison, the juvenile calendar (as might be expected in the one great depot of crime for a territory larger than some Continental principalities) is as heavy as in the city. From the 1st of September, 1856, to the 1st of September, 1857, 184 children were committed; of these, fifty-six were recommitted, seventy-six were committed for felony, fifty-six for misdemeanors, and not less than fifty-two for simple vagrancy or begging. The most remarkable thing is that they are generally country children, brought from a distance of sometimes eighty or even 100 miles. Some, when their period of imprisonment is over, and their prison association confirmed, are let loose on our city streets, without a

friend save those they have made inside, or a shilling but what these 'friends' can teach them to get by theft, or even by prostitution."

Serjeant Berwick adduced some touching instances of this grievous hardship in his evidence before the parliamentary committee of 1853.—

"A girl was sent to Cork goal from a distance of nearly 100 miles for a month's imprisonment. Her offence was 'malicious injury to a turnip field,' which turned out to be eating a turnip pulled in a work-house garden. On her discharge from the goal in Cork, she begged for food in the streets. Not getting it, she broke windows that she might not starve. She was again committed to jail. On her liberation she fell away utterly, and became a prostitute. I have frequently tried children for serious offences who were so small that the turnkeys in the dock were obliged to hold them up in order that I might see them; and in no case have I not found that the child was brought to that state of crime by committal for a month for begging in the society of experienced juvenile offenders. I tried one child last October for two distinct cases of house-breaking. I was obliged to have the child lifted up that I might see him. It turned out that he had been taken up in the far part of the West Riding for begging, sent for a month to goal, and came out an experienced house-breaker."

The real offender in the case of the 'malicious injury to the turnip field,' was the magistrate who committed the child. With such justices on the bench, confounding all the distinctions of right and wrong, there will be no dearth of arguments for reformatories.—*London Examiner*.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**BIGOTRY AND INTOLERANCE IN HAMILTON, SCOTLAND.**—An affair has recently occurred, in which we are very much interested, and should in our opinion be widely circulated, so that the public may have an opportunity of knowing how some of the great public managers conduct the business entrusted to their care, in this, said to be, free and religious country; and when the whole cry in churches and public halls is, freedom of speech both political and religious. The following is the cause of the foregoing remarks:—On Wednesday, the 7th day of October last, an advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, issued by Mr. Henderson, clerk, in the name of the Magistrates and Town Council of the burgh of Hamilton, for a person qualified to discharge the duties of Superintendent of Police for their burgh, under the recent act applicable to burghs in Scotland. Mr. John McKenna, a Lieutenant of Police in Glasgow, applied, and furnished credentials of character, extending over a period of eighteen years, from the Superintendent of Police, the Commissioner of Police, the Superintendent of Police Dumbarton, the Procurator Fiscal, Dumbarton, the Sheriff's Clerk Dumbarton, the Sheriff's Substitute Dumbarton, the Clerk to the Dumbarton Police Committee; and from Mr. James Stuart of the Central Police Chambers, Glasgow—all of which were of the most satisfactory description. On the 19th of said month of October the committee met in their hall there, and of course examined the different testimonials lodged by the applicants, then said to be eighteen in number, and then and there unanimously elected the said Mr. John McKenna their Superintendent; but wondrous will never cease. After the lapse of a night and portion of a day, they—the liberal authorities of Hamilton—discovered in the person of their choice a Papist, as they commonly term such in Hamilton; and, without any fault or reason assigned by these wiseacres, his appointment is cancelled, and another person appointed in his place, without the slightest apology or remuneration made to him, except a deputation waiting on him with a request that he should resign, for the cruel way in which he had treated him. Now, we leave the whole matter in the hands of a discerning public, to say whether he has been wrongly treated or not, in this great, free, and religious country, where toleration abounds. We are aware that the said Mr. John McKenna, served the public for the period of 18 years without having been found fault with: nor could there be discerned in him any neglect or partiality in the discharge of his duty; and we are certain it would have been the same in Hamilton, had these worthies only given him the charge.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

**COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY.**—The public are astounded at the commercial disclosures on every side, says the *Times*; our own readers have been better prepared than those of the leading journal, whose commercial editor says:—"Even those most conversant for years past with all the great operations of business had no idea of the degree of corruption that at each turn was defeating the efforts of the honest trader. The question is, have they yet any adequate conception of the extent to which the system has been carried? No; each day brings some fresh announcement of breakdown, and each day throws some new light upon previous cases. The commonest thing in the world at the present day is to see men like Mr. Stephens or Colonel Waugh, who have been managers or directors of banks, flying, or under accusation before courts of law. Some more cases have been explained this week, in which we see a capital, say of £9,000 or £10,000, with trading to the extent of half a million or so, the trade consisting in great part of pure risk, which ends in loss much more for other people than for a man who trades. 'A house in Glasgow is shown to have had seventy-five real or fictitious correspondents, all insolvent like itself, upon whom it had drawn to the amount of £380,000; the whole finally centering in the Western Bank.'—Amongst the special cases before the public this week we have that of the Undulterated Food Company, whose shareholders have been exerting themselves to procure a winding-up, in contrast with the promoters of the company. We have the case of Bennoch, Twentyman, and Rigg, a wide trade inverted upon a spec of capital. We have the question at the Stock Exchange Committee, whether the broker who assisted Smithers, the lunatic, suicide, and murderer, in his speculations, ought not to be expelled. And we have the case of Henry Smith Bright, the great Hull corn merchant and President of the Hull Flax Spinning Company, sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forging the transfer of certain shares to himself in order that he might raise the wind.—*London Leader*.

**SADLERISM IN HULL.**—Henry Smith Bright has been tried at York, found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to ten years of penal servitude. The mask of personal piety, of Church missionary zeal, of educational philanthropy, of Conservative patriotism, and of high commercial integrity, which fitted so closely, and which was worn so successfully for nearly twenty years, has been forcibly pulled off, and there now stands revealed before the world a convicted felon, of whose long career in a course of concealed crime there remains not the shadow of a doubt. The history of H. S. Bright's personal and commercial career, if it were faithfully written, would reveal the extent to which religious hypocrisy is capable of insuring a certain success in business in the nineteenth century. Mr. Bright entered upon public life with vehement professions of faith in the salvific efficacy of all Church missions and tract distribution sanctioned by the Evangelical Clergy of Hull. From those religious professions he has never swerved—nor has he yet ceased to profit by them. In 1852, when he was over head and ears in railway speculations, and more than ten thousand pounds worse than nothing, he published a volume of sermons contributed by Clergymen of the Church of England in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt on St. James's National Schools in this town.—These sermons were preached at his own suggestion, published by him by subscription, and dedicated to The Most Rev. Father in God, John Bird Sumner, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, in humble acknowledgment of his many claims upon the affections of faithful members of the Church, by

his Grace's obedient and grateful servant, Henry S. Bright." In the preface to this volume, written by Mr. Bright, he refers complacently to the novelty of such an undertaking on the part of a layman—acknowledges himself indebted for counsel and assistance to many Clerical friends—especially singles out for particular commendation a local Incumbent, and also "that venerable and distinguished champion of Protestant truth," the late Rev. George Stanley Faber, Master of Sherburn Hospital. The preface concludes with the expression of Mr. Bright's earnest "prayer that the great head of the Church may bless these sermons to the spiritual benefit of those who read them, that so, beyond the mere temporal advantage of relieving schools from debt, they may prove an eternal blessing to many souls." By this really clever dodge, which so flattered the vanity of the Parsons, Mr. Bright made all the Clergy his friends. They unconsciously became tools in his hands for extolling far and near the fame of his Church and educational zeal, thereby consolidating his influence on the Stock Exchange. We by no means blame the Clergy for falling into the trap thus laid for them. Spiritual-minded men themselves, they must have regarded with admiration the spectacle of a British merchant who, in the midst of the railway turmoil of 1852, could abstract his mind from the things of this world, and immortalise them, by embalming their eloquent words for the edification, instruction, and consolation of posterity. The first sermon, on "Converse with God," is contributed by the Rev. Incumbent of St. James's parish; and the concluding one, entitled "A Needed Exhortation in the Present Day," was preached by the Incumbent of St. Stephen's. The "Needed Exhortation" did not contain one word of advice calculated to save the railway speculators of 1852 from falling down the precipice over which so many of them were suspended. There was nothing in the "Needed Exhortation" about the danger and the immorality of share gambling—nothing about the importance to young men of cultivating habits of industry—of living within their means, and avoiding getting into debt—nothing about speculating in bubble investments instead of toiling for a competence by such means as insure tranquillity of mind and domestic contentment. Instead of teaching people sound morality, and making them familiar with the obligations imposed upon them by their daily avocations, the Incumbent of St. Stephen's would addle their brains with the sixteenth-century rubbish of controversial, sectarian theology. Now, at that time Mr. Bright had a great deal more to fear from a Protestant sheriff of Hull, and a Protestant judge and jury of York, than the Pope of Rome and the whole college of Cardinals. We have ascertained recently that the local Clergy then suspected certain things about Mr. Bright which, if properly made use of earlier, might have had the effect of arresting him in his downward course. There were whispers among themselves as to the misappropriation of St. James's School fund. There were Clerical conversations about money which was intended to be devoted to the conversion of the Jews, but which it was said Mr. Bright converted to some other not yet ascertained purpose. The Clerical defence is, that Mr. Bright was so respectable, and it is so very improper to breathe upon anything so delicate as a commercial reputation! Well bred people never do it—never wound the feelings of others; and the Clergy are expected to act the part of well-bred people. We hope it will be permitted us to believe that, to save a soul from sinking, the whole of the Twelve Apostles would have dealt more openly with a disciple whose deceptive mask they had penetrated.—But while we recognise the justice and equity of the sentence pronounced upon Mr. Bright, we are not satisfied with the general result of the trial at York. The exposure was not sufficiently complete to be commercially profitable. It stops short of reading all classes in Hull—but more especially bankers and bill-discounters—a great lesson. Mr. Bright did not act alone. He had accomplices in many of his iniquitous commercial proceedings whom the law will not reach at present, and whose good fortune it may now be to escape legal detection altogether. There were persons in York on Tuesday last who will never forget the agony which preceded, and the intense happiness which followed, the judicial intimation that it was not intended to prosecute the bankers' bills forgeries. In the free respiration of that moment was revealed the priceless value of innocence. We believe that, on the part of some of the promoters of the prosecution, every nerve was strained to keep the banking transactions out of view. There was a purposed screening of names and persons without whose knowledge Henry Smith Bright could not have been guilty of some of the worst of the crimes laid to his charge. However—though we are not quite satisfied—enough may have been done for the pure purposes of public justice. It certainly did not look well that the depositions in the bank forgery cases were so written that the judge could not read them; and that the order of prosecuting on the whole of the charges was so inverted as to allow an investigation into the banking transaction to be avoided. The mass of the people will be of opinion that had the names implicated been those of poor men the fullest exposure would have taken place.—And here we agree with them.—*Hull Advertiser*.

**THE CITY OF UNLIMITED PAPER.**—Within a certain circle, of which the Royal Exchange is the centre, lie the ruins of a great paper city. Its rulers—solid and substantial as they appear to the eye—are made of paper. They ride in paper carriages, they marry paper wives, and unto them are born paper children; their food is paper; their thoughts are paper, and all they touch is transformed to paper.—They buy and they sell paper; they borrow paper, and they lend paper—a paper that shrinks, and withers in the grass like the leaves of the sensitive plant; and the stately-looking palaces in which they live and trade are built of paper—small oblong pieces of paper, which, like the cardboard houses of our children, fall with a single breath. That breath has overtaken them, and they lie in the dust. Let me collect the scattered pieces, and build them up into such another variety of trembling structures as they formed before, as they formed now, or as, in a few years, they will undoubtedly form again. Our first paper house is the firm of Collaps, Vortex, and Company, general merchants. It is quiet and unobtrusive in appearance, being in Tobacco-lane, Fenchurch street; and its small office has not had its windows cleaned for thirty years, which gives it a favorable appearance of solidity. The leading peculiarity of this firm is ratiocination; and it is remarkable for the harmony and beauty of its complex machinery. The senior partner, Mr. Collaps, is a merchant of the old school. There is a fund of credit in his shoe buckles, and in the heavy yellow family coach that comes to fetch him of an afternoon. Mr. Vortex affects an almost Quakerish severity of attire; he attends to the discounting department, and the chairmanship and directorships of those important and choice public companies which he finds so useful in consolidating the credit of the house. Mr. Docket is a copy of Mr. Vortex, some fifteen years younger; he attends to the working part of the business, whatever they may be; superintends the clerks, answers troublesome inquiries, and is supposed to buy and sell all the merchandise. The ramifications of the house extend to most cities of importance in England, abroad, and the colonies. In Glasgow there is a branch and firm of M'Vortex and Company, who have established friendly relations with all the leading banks, and whose paper, drawn upon the substantial firm of O'Docket and Company, of Dublin, is 'done' without a whisper at the minimum rate. The substantial firm of O'Docket and Company, of Dublin, enjoys the highest credit that can be obtained by a long course of regular trading in the land of generous sympathies and impulsive genius; and their paper upon the highly respectable firm of M'Vortex and Company, of Glasgow, is much in demand at very low rates of discount indeed. Then there is Alphonse Collaps and

Company, of Paris; the great house of Collaps Brothers, of Calcutta; Vortex, Collaps, and Docket of San Francisco; Docket Brothers and Collaps, of New York; Collaps, Collaps, and Co., of the Cape of Good Hope; Vortex, Docket, and Vortex, of Melbourne, Australia; and Vortex Brothers and Docket, of Montreal, Canada. These all draw and feed upon each other as their necessities require; and the parent firm of Collaps, Vortex, and Docket, and Co., of Tobacco-lane, London, watches over its obedient children with a more than fatherly interest, and trades upon their acceptances to the extent of millions. Formerly the great London house used to stop payment during every great commercial panic—their credit preventing the necessity of their doing so at any other time. Now they have grown too wise and important to do that. It is not that their trade has become in any degree sounder or more legitimate, but the accumulated liabilities of many years have swelled their transactions into such gigantic proportions that the mere whisper of any difficulty to the governor and company of the Bank of England causes a representation to be made to our paternal government, whose mission it is to foster, protect, and accommodate trade; and it is agreed that such a public calamity as the suspension of Messrs. Collaps, Vortex, Docket, and Company must be prevented at any cost. It is prevented by the bank charter act instead; an extra issue of Bank of England notes is authorised, with a government guarantee in case there should not be gold to exchange for them; and commerce—ill-used commerce—breathes again.—*Household Words*.

**PROTESTANT CHARITY.**—But the worst of it is, that by such niggardly allowances the pauper lunatics are subjected to the most terrible and loathsome treatment. We had hoped that the old method of treating madness, which was as horrible in its details as the most cruel system of penal discipline which has yet been invented, had, at least in this country, been almost wholly abolished. All disease is more or less penal, and in many cases the remedy also comes to us with the penal touch,—it is a sharp knife, or a bitter draught, or a forced imprisonment. But the pains of disease and the unpleasantness of the remedy are in most cases mitigated by the soothing of friends and all the comforts which it is in their power to supply. To the lunatic alone under the exploded system was this mitigation of suffering denied; he was subjected to a physical restraint and to a lowering diet, that only served to develop his maldy, and when he had worn out the resources of those who loved him he was consigned to a gloomy madhouse, which was literally a hell upon earth, while it was the severest trial to those who cared for him to know that in committing him to this frightful abode they gave him up to indescribable torments which was to end only with his life. The report of the Scottish Lunacy Commissioners proved to the world that this inhuman system still retains its validity in the northern part of the island. By day oppressed with fetters and manacles, by night lying naked three or four in a bed of straw without covering of any kind, rolling in filth and started to desperation, the poor wretches, who, in their helplessness, had passed into the hands of men whose only object was to keep them as cheaply and as long as possible, led a life in comparison with which that of a well-fed pig in a sty seems a sort of paradisaical existence. Such inhuman treatment is but the natural result of penurious payment and imperfect supervision. It is surely evident, on every ground of expediency and humanity, that the system should be reversed and the allowances largely increased; and it may help to show the immense importance of regarding this class of the community with no niggardly wisdom if we state a fact which may not be generally known. The total number of lunatics in Scotland is 7,493, and of this number 3,904 are paupers. What does this mean? It means that the pauper population of Scotland supply more than half the total number of lunatics in the kingdom. There is a direct connexion between pauperism and lunacy. Poverty and mania act and react on each other, and it is at once a cruel system and a false economy which could lead the Poor Law Board to reduce to a minimum the amount of relief afforded to a pauper lunatic. It has been one of the theories of the Poor Law Board—understood, if not boldly expressed—that pauper relief should be rendered as disagreeable as possible, in order that no one may apply for it, except in cases of extreme need; and, if we may judge from the return before us, it is pretty evident that a similar system has been extended to lunatics, without the officials perceiving the distinction between poverty and disease.—*London Times*.

**LAUNCHING OF THE LEVIATHAN.**—We find the following telegram from London, in the *Liverpool Northern Times*, of the 30th ult.—Preparations are being made to launch the ship early next week. There will be eighteen arms, including an immense one used in raising the Britannia tube. All the butresses are being strengthened, as well as the moorings. Mr. Stephenson was at the yard nearly the whole of yesterday. No doubt is entertained of success, now that the necessary power is employed.

It is stated that two more volumes of Lord Macaulay's history, bringing it down to the end of the reign of Queen Anne, are approaching completion, and that it will be shortly published.

From a return moved for by Mr. William Williams, in continuation of former returns, it appears that, in 1856, the total number of punishments in the navy amounted to 1,397; total number of lashes inflicted, 44,492; highest number of lashes 50; lowest number of lashes 1. The prevailing offences were desertion, drunkenness, theft, insubordination. A similar return for the army, states the number of persons flogged at 64, and the number of lashes inflicted at 2,761. The offences were insubordination, theft, disgraceful conduct, violence to superiors. The highest punishment was 60 lashes.

A number of young thieves have been found occupying a portion of a main sewer in Benjamin-street, London into which they always vanished when pursued; the entrance was an aperture sufficiently large to admit a boy. They had cooking utensils and a quantity of straw and hay to lie on. They were ordered up to the number of twenty, from twelve to fifteen years of age, all known to the police. It appears that a toll of a halfpenny was demanded of each boy on his entrance.

**SABBATH SCHOOLING.**—A sensible friend told me he was called in to hear the children, when, disgusted with the parrot-order of the thing, he said to one of the children, when quite another question should have been asked, "Come, my good little boy, tell me what's your duty to your father and mother?" "It's all sin and misery," squeaked out the urchin. Perhaps, in the modern system of separation, the answers may become appropriate.—*Essays contributed to Blackwood's Magazine. By the Rev. John Eagles, M.A.*

**POPULAR PRESUDICIOUS ABOUT AN AUTHOR.**—A Yorkshireman, on a railway platform, had Baron Macaulay pointed out to his notice; and, upon its being explained to him that the Baron is an Author, who was formerly known as Mr. Macaulay, he thus gives vent to his astonishment:—"That's Measter Macowley, the Owlther, is it not? 'We'd I awia's thou't they loo'd pael and seedy loike, and ow't a't'elbow, they loo'd; but that's chap's gnat a hat, and he's so we'd dres'd too—[Stares at it, I should ne'er a'ten him for a Owdher?]" [Laughs at him quite bewildered, until the train goes out of sight.]

**THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.**—When Mr. Whiteside finished his five hours' oration on Knares, Lord Palmerston replied that the honorable gentleman's speech was mighty creditable to his physical powers. A similar reply would be suitable of Mr. Spurgeon. You come away, having gained nothing except it may be a deeper disgust for the class of preachers to which Mr. Spurgeon is a type. We have heard something

too much of negative theology—it is a time we protested against the positive theology of such men as Mr. Spurgeon. There are doubts or difficulties in his path. The last time I heard the reverend gentleman, he had the audacity to assure us that the reason God allowed wicked men was, that as he knew they were to be damned, he thought they might have a little pleasure first. Mr. Spurgeon is one of the elect. His flock are in the same happy condition.—God chooses them out of the ruins of the fall, and makes them heirs of everlasting life, while he endures the rest of the world to continue in sin, and consummate their guilt by well-deserved punishment. If he sins, it matters little, "for that vengeance incurred by me has already fallen upon Christ by substitute, and only the chastisement shall remain for me." Mr. Spurgeon has heard people represent "God as the Father of the whole universe. It surprises me that any readers of the Bible should so talk." To the higher regions of thought Mr. Spurgeon seems an utter stranger—all his ideas are physical; when he speaks of the Master, it is not of his holy life or divine teaching, but his death. "Christians," he exclaims, "you have here your Saviour." "His Father's vengeful sword sheathed in his heart—behold his death agonies—see the clammy sweat upon his brow—mark his long and groans upon the cross." Again he says, "Make light of these, sweet Jesus—Oh, when I see thee wrestling with thy shirt of gore in Gethsemane—when I behold him, with a river of blood rolling down his shoulders," &c. All his sermons abound with similar instances of exaggerated misanthropism. Mr. Spurgeon stops on the very threshold of great and glorious thoughts, and stops there. "Oh, God, he speaks as irreverently as of Christ." "Oh, will thou smite?" "I will not have thee for a God." "Will thou not?" says he, and he gives him over to the hand of Moses.—Moses takes him a little and applies the club of the Lord, draws him to Sinai where the mountain totters over his head, the lightning's flash and thunders below, and then the sinner cries, "O God, save me!" "Ah! I thought thou wouldst not have me for a God." "O Lord, thou shalt be my God," says the poor trembling sinner. "I have put away my ornaments from me!" "Ay," says the Lord, "I knew it; I said that I will be their God; and I have made thee willing in the day of my power. I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Here is another passage.—Preaching at Shipley, near Leeds, our young divine alluded to Dr. Dick's wish, that he might spend an eternity in wandering from star to star. "For me," exclaims Mr. Spurgeon, "let it be my lot to pursue a more glorious study. My choice shall be this: I shall spend 6000 years in looking into the wound in the left foot of Christ, and 6,000 years in looking into the wound in the right foot of Christ, and 10,000 in looking into the wound in the right hand of Christ, and 10,000 years more in looking into the wound in the left hand of Christ, and 20,000 years in looking into the wound in his side." Is this religion? Are such representations, in an intellectual age, fitted to claim the homage of reflective men? Will not Spurgeon's very converts, as they become older—as they understand Christianity better—as the excitement produced by dramatic dialogues in the midst of feverish audiences dies away, feel this themselves?—And yet this man actually got nearly 25,000 to hear him on the Day of Humiliation. Such a thing seems marvellous. If popularity means anything, which, however, it does not, Mr. Spurgeon is one of our greatest orators.—*The London Patriot—By J. Edwin Ritchie*.

**THE JESUITS.**—A meeting of the Liverpool Cotton Supply Association was held lately, at which Doctor Livingston, the celebrated traveller and naturalist, delivered a speech in which he demonstrated the capabilities of the central regions of the African continent for the raising of cotton, sugar, and coffee. In the course of his remarks, he referred in the following terms to the labors of the Jesuit Fathers among the uncivilized tribes inhabiting those regions, which, before his time, had never been trodden by the foot of a white man, save those zealous missionaries:—"The coffee was introduced by the Jesuits two hundred and fifty years ago, and it propagated itself all over the country at different periods. At the time I was at Angola, several new plantations of self-sown coffee were found, and all the Portuguese had to do was to cut out a smaller brushwood and leave a number of the trees as a shade to the coffee, and thus they had fine coffee plantations—coffee not sown by any one, but self-sown, or probably scattered by means of the birds. This was one great good the Jesuits did in that great country (hear, hear).—When going down to the sea-coast, I found large numbers of the people able to read and write, and I found they had been taught by the Jesuits, who had been expelled the country by the Marquis Pombal.—They kept up the practice of reading and writing to this day; and if they had the opportunity of reading other books, I have no doubt they would, generally, persevere them. At present they have nothing but the 'Lives of the Saints' and a few other unimportant books (laughter.) But all speak with the greatest respect of their teachers—the Jesuits; and I believe these Jesuits must have been really good men when I see the fruits of their labors to this day—(hear, hear.) What a contrast is presented between the enlightened Doctor Livingston (who, though differing from the Jesuits in religious belief, does not hesitate to bear witness to the good they have achieved, even in the savage wilderness), and those who, in this free land, would violate the constitution in order to prescribe a large portion of their fellow-citizens, because they hold steadfastly by the faith which they inherited from their fathers and which they brought with them in their exile as the dearest treasure of their existence. So it is, however; invariably we find on the side of bigotry and intolerance the ignorant and narrow-minded, whose limited views and the strong bias of their prejudices will not allow them to look beyond the circle in which they themselves move; while, on the other hand, we see that men of the most exalted intellect, whose understanding has been strengthened and expanded by the study of mankind's past history and present condition, are ever readiest to concede to others the merits they believe them to possess and the rights which they claim for themselves.—*Irish American*.

Besides being compelled to pay their full quota towards the support of the proselytizing, infidel-making common school system, the Catholics of Philadelphia alone, not to mention the entire diocese, have within the last few years, erected nearly a dozen Parochial School Houses, costing, on an average, at least ten thousand dollars each; and over twelve thousand scholars, of both sexes, are daily receiving instruction from well-informed and competent teachers. To keep this vast machinery in motion, requires at least an annual expenditure of twenty-five thousand dollars, and this large sum, be it remembered, comes from the pockets of those of our fellow-citizens who are least able to pay so large an amount of money. Must not that system be atrocious—and in a free country, too,—which compels the day-laborer to pay twice for the education of his offspring? Were he in Prussia, the German Protestant States, or even in England, his religious rights would be respected, as our author shows, and he would have his children educated in the religion of their parents, but only here, in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," are his parental and religious rights contemned and ignored! Why, it was only a few months ago, that the Legislature of the State in which we live—the Keys stone State—refused, and refused with indignity and insult, an application for an act of incorporation of a Catholic College while, with monstrous effrontery, and no shadow of either right or justice, the same State supports, by endowments of money, Protestant Colleges! Are we in a free country, or are we not? Catholics, as far as their religion is concerned, must, unfortunately, answer in the negative.—*Catholic Herald*.