

TO THE EDITOR OF HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

You will find that Episcopal perversity is not confined to the British Colonies, as the following letter from "a Burlington U. S. Episcopalian" clearly sets forth.

(From the Protestant Churchman.)

GENTLEMEN:—A circumstance bearing directly upon the welfare of our Church, and the independence of her clergy, has recently taken place here, which would seem, in some of its aspects, to be important enough to find a place in your columns.

The annual meeting of the Burlington City Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, was held on the 19th instant. This Society has been instrumental in the accomplishment of much good in our own city and vicinity, having supplied with the Word of God all the destitute among us who would receive it, besides annually contributing to its dissemination through the parent Society.

The Committee charged with providing speakers, etc., for the anniversary, consisting of a Presbyterian and a Methodist minister, invited a valued clergyman of our own Church from a neighboring parish to be one of the speakers on the occasion, to which he readily assented. But what was the surprise of this gentleman, a few days afterwards, may be judged, when the reader is told that he received a visit from the Bishop of New-Jersey, who resisted the fulfilment of his engagement to speak, partly on the ground that he was opposed to the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, except through the Church, and partly on the ground, that the act contemplated would be intruding into his parish! The Presbyterian assured him, that he had no thought of incurring his displeasure, when he accepted the invitation, that he could not for a moment have supposed it possible that he (the Bishop) would object to the distribution of the Bible in any way; that he was conscientiously and earnestly favorable to the Society, and urged the Bishop not to interpose objection or his authority, to prevent the fulfilment of his engagement.

But all was of no avail. The Bishop pertinaciously continued his opposition, and appealed to the rector as a brother minister, and as a gentleman, not to invade his parish. The gentleman finally yielded to his demands, so far as to promise not to address the meeting if he could procure a suitable substitute, but adhered to his purpose to attend it.

What an assumption of ecclesiastical power in a Protestant Church, and in the United States!

God often makes the wrath of man praise him. No circumstances could well have aided the Burlington City Bible Society more than those arising from the Bishop's opposition. The meeting was twice as large as it usually has been, and composed of the most respectable people in Burlington, a large proportion of whom were Episcopalian, not only those who refuse to sit under the ministry of the present rector of St. Mary's, but also some of the leading persons who still continue their attendance at that church. Distinguished laymen and clergymen of our Church offered their services in advocating a cause so dear to the heart of every Christian; feeling in common with their brethren here, deeply mortified and pained at the false position given to our Church in the eyes of those without, by the assumptions of the Bishop. An eloquent and effective address was made by a distinguished member of the bar, a churchman from Newark, N. J., and another from an eminent rector of one of the churches in Philadelphia.

The meeting, and all the circumstances connected with it, have quite stirred up our quiet town. It was decidedly the most interesting, and we trust it will prove to be the most important and useful anniversary that has been held here for years.

A BURLINGTON EPISCOPALIAN.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A servant was sent a few days ago to apprise a surgeon who had been attending his master, that the poor gentleman died in the course of the morning. The servant, on meeting the surgeon, delivered his melancholy message as follows, "Please, sir, master's compliments, and he's dead."

THE REVENUE; FINANCIAL PROSPERITY.

THE Returns of the Revenue for the quarter ending on the 29th of the last month, afford a gratifying indication of an increasing financial prosperity, even under the dark shadow of war; and afford the promise of a much greater improvement when that shadow shall have fairly passed away. Amidst some fluctuations in the different items, the rule of expansion still obtains on the total results, the aggregate showing a net increase of £422,052 on the quarter, and £4,101,620 on the twelve-month, as compared with the returns for the similar periods in 1855.

The experience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, thus tallies most agreeably with the tenor of successive reports from the Board of Trade, as well as with the accounts transmitted from every centre of industry and production. Every symptom combines to prove that the well-being of the country rests upon a basis too sound to be shaken by the oscillations either of war or peace. It has been very justly remarked, that the trial which our national resources and industrial machinery have undergone during the last three months has been, in point of fact, as severe as any that occurred during the period that the war was at its height.

Nor is the proof it has afforded of vigour and substantiality less important. On former occasions we have, indeed, found that the transition to a state of peace was fraught with more peril and distress—gave a greater shock to industry, and tended to a worse dislocation of employment—than the previous change from peace into a state of hostilities. The reason is obvious. War, especially at the first outbreak, opens more channels for activity that it can close. The Government spends lavishly at home and abroad. Multitudes are engaged to fight, or to provide stores and supplies for the fighters. Labour is scarce, wages are high, money circulates, and prices rise on every side. The memory of "war prices," and the delusive prosperity which they occasioned, linger still in many parts of the country, accompanied by painful recollections of subsequent collapse and ruin, when the stimulus of a vast military expenditure and incessant loans was once withdrawn.

Through a similar ordeal the country has now passed with perfect safety, and almost without perceptible change. There has been no glut of labour, no disturbance of industry, and no scarcity of capital. The retrenchments necessary upon the conclusion of peace are being effected without causing any disastrous mutations in the relative position of employer and employed; while the payment of our war liabilities has been provided for without either burdening the productive energies of the country, or absorbing that circulating medium which is the life-blood of its commerce. Alike in resuming our peaceful occupations, and in originally arming ourselves for the conflict, we have shown, that the terrible episode of war has produced no serious disturbance, and left no visible exhaustion in the mighty resources of our empire.

IMPORTANT TO POETS.—"There is no place like home," says the poet. Right! unless it's the home of the young woman you're after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will please to note it.

WOMAN.—The obstinate woman gets to sea in a band box. The patient woman roasts an ox with a burning glass.—The curious woman would like to turn a rainbow over, to see what there was on the other side.—The vulgar woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.—The cautious woman writes promises on a slate.—The envious woman kills herself in endeavouring to lace tighter than her neighbours.—The extravagant woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match.—The happy woman died in a deaf and dumb asylum years ago.

"A new kind of fraud," says the Journal d'Elbeuf, "has just been originated. Ladies' Muslin collars, to all appearance handsomely embroidered, are offered for sale, and when the purchaser proceeds to handle the new article a little roughly, the seeming embroidery falls off, being nothing else than little lumps of paper cleverly pasted on the muslin. A man has been arrested in this town for selling such articles."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BALAKLAVA A PLEASURE PORT.

Among the earliest and most significant evidence of the new order of things in the East has been the organization of a regular steam-boat excursion system between Constantinople and Balaklava at very moderate rates, and with all the usual Western appliances of accommodation and enjoyment. The British authorities in both places are warmly supporting it, and affording every facility to its projector and manager, Mr. W. Hadfield, agent of the Liverpool Underwriter for the transport Service at Constantinople, whose exertions for the promotion of a Sailor's Home in the Bosphorus have met with a success not less creditable to him than beneficial to the object of that meritorious and much-needed undertaking.

THE BEARD IN SICILY.—A letter from Genoa, dated June 5, and published in the Constitutionnel, says:—"There has been a collision between the police and the people at Catania. A native of Messina, who was seen in the streets with that proscribed emsign of a revolutionist a beard, was ordered by some police agents to come with him to a barber to be shaved. Upon his refusal and resistance, a row ensued, the mob taking part with the Messina man against the police. There were broken heads on both sides. When the Neapolitan government heard of the occurrence, it sent telegraphic despatches to all the principal towns in Sicily, ordering the authorities for the future to let every man wear his hair and beard as might please himself, without molestation."

A RAFT INDEED.—A modern traveller in Germany, gives a description of one of the immense rafts which occasionally descend the Rhine. He says, it was nine hundred feet long and two hundred wide, on which was built a village for the accommodation of the boatmen and the passengers, consisting of about one thousand persons. There were cattle, hogs, and other animals on board—and also a shop where the passengers could be supplied with every article.

A good anecdote is told of Ali Pasha, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, now in Paris. A few evenings ago, a lady to whom this gentleman was introduced at a soiree, hazarded the naive question, "Is the Sultan married?" "A great deal, madam," was the Turk's reply.

A man, named Stone, exclaimed in a bar-room, "I'll bet I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company: "what's your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

Some unknown poet has perpetrated the following:—"How happy Franklin Pierce must be!

Since he has turned out so well; For he can leave off war, and soon In peace and Concord dwell."

An eminent artist is about getting up a "panorama of a lawsuit." It opens in the year one, and closes with doomsday.

The largest angel we ever read of was seen by Mahomet in the third heaven, which the Koran says had two eyes seventy thousand days' journey apart.

No one pretends to have an injury more than he who offers it.

Misfortunes are the discipline of humanity.

Enos Williams of Amherst, United States has a dog, which, seeing a shovel fall unobserved from his master's wagon, on the public road, watched over it till his owner missing him made search and recovered both dog and shovel.

Among the passengers of the steamship Asia, which sailed yesterday for England we noticed the name of D. Ten Brock, the Napoleon of the American turf since the decease of Col. Johnson of Virginia. The object of Mr. Ten Brock's visit to Europe is to test the powers of the English race horse on English ground by actual experiment of those bred in America. For that purpose he takes out with him Lecompte, Prior, and the filly Prioress—three of the fastest horses in the country.—[New York Herald, 10th.]

King Otho, of Greece, held a grand reception at Vienna, on the 26th June, at which the great dignitaries of the Court and the

It appears that mesmerism is to be applied to the cure of insanity. Dr. Parker, a surgeon in Exeter, England having claimed to have relieved some and cured other cases of insanity, in that city and neighbourhood, by means of mesmeric influence, a proposition was made to the corporation, in behalf of the poor, that it might be tried in the case of insane persons who are paupers. A committee was accordingly appointed by the authorities, to investigate the facts, and they reported in favour of a trial being made of it. This was agreed to at a meeting of the corporation, and an appropriation was voted toward the expense—with what result we have not yet learned.

A vain man's motto is, "win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "win gold and share it;" a miser's, "win gold and spare it;" a profligate's "win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "win gold and end it;" a gambler's, "win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "win gold and use it."

WHEN Dobbs was dying, his wife, who had led him a terrible life, was afraid, that he would either cut her off with a shilling or prevent her marrying again; she was young and handsome, if she was a Tartar. But Dobbs left her all his money, on condition of her marrying again, "for then," said he, "I shall be certain, that somebody else will be as wretched as I've been."

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.—A gentleman, having been lately called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "Because," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night for nothing."

MUTTON AND MOUTH.—Leg of Mutton-Street, Devizes, is to be called in future Sidmouth-street, in compliment to Lord Sidmouth. A wag observes that to turn a leg of mutton into a "mouth" of any kind is perfectly right.

ADVANTAGE OF TOBACCO.—The following was communicated to Com. Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, by a savage of the Feejee islands. He stated that a vessel, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders. "What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes. "Killed 'em all," answered the savage. "What did you do with them after you had killed them?" "Eat 'em—good," returned the cannibal. "Did you eat them all?" asked the half-sick commodore. "Yes; we eat all but one." "And why did you spare one?" "Because he taste too much like tobacco. Couldn't eat him no how!"

WHY are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are, the better they crack.

An American editor undertakes to discuss what he calls a "knotty question." Can he untie anything knotty? Echo answers, not he.

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

A lie though it be killed and dead can sting sometimes like a dead wasp.