I fear, bazaars have operated considerably to the detriment of the honest tradesmen.—Again,' . . . .

'O spare, spare us any more of the charges of your indictment. We must plead guilty, and desire to be recommended to mercy.'

'Be assured, madam,' replied Mr. Sanderson smiling, 'you shall have all the mercy I can show you: but you required my honest opinion with respect to such things, and I have given it to you. I abominate the whole system, and think these bazaars a disgrace to a Christian country. It is a disgrace to us that with our means we can make no sacrifices, and that we will give God nothing without seeing what we can obtain in return for it.'

'But if you object to a bazaar, Mr. Sanderson, how are we to get the money.'

'Oh! I know,' cried Selina Clutterbuck, 'we can have a shilling subscription—get a shilling, you know, or a half-crown, or whatever sum you determine upon, from every body you meet. The amount is so small that nobody has the face to refuse you, and so large a sum is eventually collected, without any body feeling the poorer.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Clutterbuck, 'that is a very good plan, and a very successful one to. Lady Julia Rackham got five and twenty pounds in halfpence that way for her old nurse. We will certainly set up a half crown subscription directly. Come, Miss Mildways, you shall have the honour of standing at the head of my list: will you give me two and sixpence.'

'No ma'am,' replied the old lady, 'for I thoroughly disapprove that sort of limited subscription: make it unlimited, and I will give five and twenty pounds; and if there is no bazaar, I will make it fifty.'

'Strange, unaccountable old woman that,' said Mrs. Clutterbuck, when Miss Mildways had taken her leave. 'Very glad to have got so much out of her. Not but what she ought to have given more,—for she is very well off;—and her late brother was battening and fattening on his living for forty years.'

'The living of Tadbrook, madam, is worth about £250 a year,' observed Mr. Sanderson; 'a fact which was likely to impede considerably, I should imagine, the battening and fattening process to which you allude.—But,' continued, he remarking Mrs Clutterbuck's confusion, 'you must allow me to suggest to you, that small as you think Miss Mildways' contribution, you would only have got a two hundreth part of it, if your half crown subscription had satisfied her notions of charity. Alas! these multitudes of little subscriptions are another proof of the evil spirit of the times. The Clergy, I fear, have neglected to ask for the full amount of what can be given (the only Christian limit of what ought to be given), and so the laity have come to think that a meagre portion of superfluities is all that they need offer to God.'

'Superfluities! what do you mean by superfluities?' asked the lady of the house.

'Whatever is not absolutely necessary.'

'Ah! but what is necessary for one class, Mr. Sanderson, is not necessary for another. I could not dress like the housemaid, for instance.'

'I do not think you are called on to do so. Nevertheless, if truth must be spoken, you, and all others of your rank, are surrounded with superfluities, the parting with which might afford many a wholesome instance of self denial.'

'For example?'

'Fewer pier-glasses,—the absence of a single picture,—(and surely such things as those are superfluous)—would put hundreds at the disposal of many who speak as though they had scarce a guinea to spare.' And Mr. Sanderson's eye wandered unconsciously over the beautiful furniture that surrounded him.

'Well, really, sir, this beats anything I ever heard of. Strip the walls! sell the pictures! and clothe ourselves in linsey-woolsey! *Superfluities indeed!!*'

It happened unfortunately at this time, that Mr. Sanderson was unexpectedly called away from home. Having, however, expressed his opinion so honestly and openly with respect to the intended Bazaar, and having declared so unequivocally that he considered such a mode for raising money for the purpose intended highly objectionable, he took it for granted that he had put a stop to the scheme.

Great was his disappointment, (not unmingled with self reproach) when, on his return home, he found that during his absence great preparations had been made, and indeed almost every thing arranged for the execution of Mrs. Clutterbuck's plan.

Under such circumstances he felt in a great strait: he must now either appear to sanction what he disapproved, or be the cause of postponing for an indefinite time, the rebuilding of St. Antholin's.—However, after reflection,—though still in much doubt and unwillingness, he thought it better to interfere no further. He had great and just misgivings that he was sacrificing too much to expediency; but then, on the other hand many plausible excuses might be alleged. He could not bear to throw obstacles in the way of Mrs. Clutterbuck's benevolent intentions or to do anything which could delay the rebuilding of Tadbrook church:—the necessary funds must be obtained somehow, and if Christian liberality would not find the means,—if Churchmen would not come forward (and there were those in the parish who might have done so) and make themselves responsible for the sum required,—why perhaps it was better that the bazaar scheme, or the half-crown subscription, or the substitute (whatever it might be) for true charity, should be adopted.

Accordingly, after months of hard labour, solicitations and contributions and so forth, the necessary quantity of work bags, and footstools, and pin cushions,—of washy drawings,—of screens and card-racks,—and all the trumpery which gold paper and embossed cards combine to produce for such occasions, were prepared; and summer weather and the Snobbington race week brought the bazaar.—The Duchess was propitious,—the fair stall keepers rejoiced in the prospect before them,—Mrs. Clutterbuck was in a whirl of trouble, excitement, and delight. The day had been chosen with great judgment,—being the only one on which the visitors to the races were for the most part de engaged,—and there was no reason to anticipate a failure or disappointment of any kind. Every thing, however, connected with Tadbrook and its church seemed destined to go wrong The long expected day arrived, as bright and cloudless a summer's day as ever dawned;—but with it came the announcement that—

'By permission of the worshipful the Mayor of
bbinton, and under patronage of the Duke of
etford, Signor Salmandro, the original Babylo-
n conjuror, professor of legerdemain to the King
ersia and the Sublime Porte, and now actually
is way through Snobbington to Ispahan, would
hat day only, exhibit the wonders of the mystic
in the Town-hall and repeat for the four hun-
and forty-second time, his extraordinary per-
e of thrusting a red hot poker into a barrel
owder without causing an explosion.'
ossible chance had poor Mrs. Clutterbuck
rival with such pretensions? Not one in
those who proposed visiting the Tadbrook
any motive beyond that of personal gra-
It was very proper, and all that, to build
ch,—and they hoped the funds would
t self, not the church, was the motive
ing them to Tadbrook. And as soon
hich promised more amusement was
ington,—Snobbington became the
'A bazaar might be attended
ung Duchess of Thetford was sure
future occasion, for she resided
t a conjuror on his road to Ispahan
could stick a hot poker into a
r without blowing up the house.
vanity which never *could* occur

bbrook was deserted; and the
lure, that though prolonged for
nly £100 was collected in all;
ack returned home the fourth
disconsolate, with a load of care
unsold pincushions. Nor was the half-crown
subscription more successful. It reached £20, and made no further progress. Taking therefore, these two items, together with the donations of Mr. Sanderson and Miss Mildways, all that the parishioners were able to collect was about £250, out of an estimated expense of £1,500: for of course Major Clutterbuck's loan, though a temporary accommodation, was nothing more.

VANITY.—Vanity is love's visitor, and is often more powerful than his master.

(From "Sam Slick in England.")

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

PART II.

THE subject of Responsible Government, which had now become a general topic of conversation, was resumed again to day by Mr. Slick.

'Minister,' said he, 'I quite concur with you in your idee of that form of colony government.—When I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, a few years ago, Poulett Thompson was there, a waiting for a steamer to go to St. John, New Brunswick; and as I was a passin' Mr. Wilcox's inn, who should I see but him. I knowed him the moment I seed him, for I had met him to London the year before, when he was only a member of Parliament; and since the Reform Bill, you know, folks don't make no more account of a member than an alderman; indeed since I have moved in the first circles I've rather kept out of their way, for they arn't thought very good company in a general way. I can tell you. Well, as soon as I met him I knowed him at once, but I warn't a goin' for to speak to him fust, seein' that he become a big bug since, and p'r'aps would'nt talk to the likes of me. But up he comes in a minit, and makes a low bow—he had a very curious bow. It was jist a stiff low bend forrard, as a feller does afore he goes to take an everlastin' jump; and sais he, 'How do you do, Mr. Slick? will you do me the favour to walk in and sit down awhile, I want to talk to you.'

''We are endeavourin', you see,' said he, 'to assimilate matters here as much as possible to what exists in your country.' 'So I see,' sais I; but I am ashamed to say, I don't exactly comprehend what responsible Government is in a colony.'—'Well,' sais he, 'it aint easy of definition, but it it will work itself out, and adjust itself in practice.

I have given them a fresh hare to run, and that is a great matter. Their attention is taken off from old sources of strife, and fixed on this. I have broken up all old parties, shuffled the cards, and given them a new deal and new partners.' 'Take care,' sais I, 'that a knave doesn't turn up for trump card.' He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then sais, 'Very good hit, Mr. Slick: very good hit indeed: and between ourselves, in politics I am afraid there are, everywhere, more knaves than honours in the pack.' I have often thought of that expression since—'a fresh hare to run;' what a principle of action for a statesman, warn't it; but it was just like him; he thought everybody he met was fools.—One half the people to Canada didn't know what onder the sun he meant; but they knowed he was a radical, and agin the Church, and agin the old English families there, and there *they* followed him. Well, he seed that, and thought them fools. If he'd a lived a little grain longer, he'd a found they were more rogues than fools, them fellers, for they had had an axe to grind as well him. Well, t'other half seed he was a schemer, and a schemer too, that wouldn't stick at nothin' to carry out his eends; and *they* wouldn't have nothin' for to say to him at all. Well, in course he called them fools too: if he'd a lived a little longer, I guess he'd a found out whose head the fool's cap fitted best. 'Well,' sais I, 'it warn't a bad idee, that, of givin' 'em 'a fresh hare to run,' it was grand. You had nothin' to do but to start the hare, say 'stuboy,' clap your hands ever so loud, and off goes the whole pack of yelpin' curs at his heels like wink. It's kept them from jumpin' and fawnin', and cryin', and cravin', and pawin' on you for everlastin', for somethin' to eat, and a botherin' of you, and a spilin' of your clothes don't it? You give 'em the dodge properly that time; you got that lesson from the Indgin dogs on the Missisippi, I guess, didn't you?' 'No,' said he, lookin' one half out of sorts and t'other half nobsquizzled; 'no, I was never there,' sais he. 'Not there,' sais I, 'why you don't say so! Not there? well, it passes all; for it's the identical same dodge. When a dog wants to cross the river there, he goes to a pint of land that stretches away out into the water, and sits down on his hind legs, and cries at the tip eend of his voice, most pitiuous, and howls so it would make your heart break to hear him. It's the most horrid, dismal, solemcoly sound you ever knowed. Well, he keeps up this tune for the matter of half-an-hour, till the river and the woods ring again. All the crocodiles for three miles up and three miles down, as soon as they hear it, run as hard as they can lick to the spot, for they are very humane boys them, cry like women at nothin' a'most, and always go where any critter is in distress, and drag him right out of it. Well, as soon as the dog has 'em all collected, at a charity ball like, a waitin' for their supper, and a-lickin' of their chops, off he starts, hot foot, down the bank of the river for a mile or so, and then souses right in and swims across as fast as he can pull for it, and gives them the slip beautiful. Now your dodge and the Missisippi dog is so much alike, I'd a bet any thing a'most, you took the hint from him.'

''Wat a capital story!' said he; 'how uncommon good! upon my word it's very apt;' jist then steam boat bell rung, and he off to the river too, and give me the dodge.'

'I'll tell you what he put me in mind of. I was to Squire Shears, the tailor, to Boston, oncet, to get measured for a coat. 'Squire,' sais I, 'measure me quick, will you, that's a good soul, for I'm in a horrid hurry.' 'Can't,' sais he, 'Sam; the designer is out—sit down, he will be in directly.' 'The designer,' sais I, 'who the devil is that, what onder the sun do you mean?' Well, it raised my curiosity—so I squats down on the counter and lights a cigar. 'That word has made my fortin' Sam,' sais he. 'It is somethin' new. He designs the coat, that is what is vulgarly called—cuts it out;—and a nice thing it is too. It requires a light hand, great freedom of touch, a quick eye, and a great taste.—It's all he *can* do, for he cant so much as sew a button on. He is an Englishman of the name of Street. Artist is a common word—a foreman is a common word—a measurer is low, very low; but 'a designer,' oh, its fust chop—its quite the go—'My designer,'—Heavens what a looky hit that was! Well, Mr. Thompson put me in mind of Street, the designer, he didn't look unlike him in person nother, and he was a grand hand to cut out work for other to do. A capital hand for making measures and designin'. But to get back to my story. He said he had given 'em to Canada 'a fresh hare to run.' Well, they've got tired of the chase at last arter the hare, for they hante been able to catch it. They've returned on the tracks from where they started, and stand starin' at each other like fools. For the fust time they begin' to ax themselves the question, what is responsible government? Well, they don't know, and they axe the Governor, and he don't know, and he axes Lord John, the Colonial Secretary, and he don't know. At last Lord John looks wise and sais, 'its not unlike prerogative—its existence is admitted—its only its exercise is questioned.' Well, the Governor looks wise and sais the same, and the people repeat over the words after him—look puzzled, and say they don't exactly understand the answer nother. It reminds me of what happened to me oncet to Brussels. I was on the top of a coach there, a goin' down that dreadful steep hill there, not that it is so awful steep nother; but hills are curiosities there, they are so scarce, and every little sharp pinch is called a high hill—jist as every sizeable hill to Nova Scotia is called a mountain. Well, sais the coachman to me, 'Tournez le Mechanique.' I didn't know what the devil he meant—I didn't onderstand French when its talk that way, and don't now. A man must speak very slow in French for me to guess what he wants. 'What in natur' is that?' sais I: but as he did'nt understand English he jist wrapt it up in three yards more of French, and gave it back to me agin. So there was a pair of us. Well, the coach began to go down hill like winky, and the passengers put their heads out of the windows and bawled out 'Tournez le Mechanique,' and the coachman roared it out, and so did people on the streets, so what does I do but scream out too, 'Tournez le Mechanique.' Well, coachman seein' it war no use talkin', turned right about, put the pole thro' a pastry cook's window—throw'd down his hosses, and upset the coach, and away we all went, body and bones into the street. When I picked myself up, the coachman comes up and puts his fist into my face, and sais, 'You great lummakin fool, why didn't you Tournez le Mechanique,' and the passengers got all round me shakin' their fists too, sayin,' 'Why didn't you Tournez le Mechanique?' I didn't know what the plague the meant, so I ups fist and shakes it at them, too, and roars out, 'Why in the name of sense,' sais I, 'didn't you Tournez le Mechanique? Well, they began to larf at last, and one on 'em that spoke a little English sais, 'it meant to turn the handle of a little machine that put a drag on the wheels.' 'Oh!' sais I, 'is that it?' What the plague's got into the feller not to speak plain English, if he had a done that I should have onderstood him then.'

'Now that's the case with this Responsible Government, *it taint plain English, and they don't understand it.* As soon as the state coach begins to run down hill the people call out to the Governor 'Tournez le Mechanique,' and he gets puzzled and roars out to the Secretary, 'Tournez le Mecanique,' and he gets mad, and sais, 'D—n you, Tournez le Mechanique yourself.' None on 'em knows the word—the coach runs down the hill like lightnin', upsets and smashes everything. *That comes a not speakin' plain English.* There is only one party pleased, and that's a party that likes to see all government upset. They say 'Its goin' on beautiful. It don't want a turn of the Mechanique at all,' and sing out as the boatman did to his son when the barge was a goin' over the falls to Ohio—'Let her went Peter, don't stop her, she's wrathy.' What Minister sais is true enough. Government is intended for the benefit of all. All parties, therefore, should, as far as possible, have a voice in the Council—and equal justice be done to all—so that as all pay their shot to its support, all should have a share in its advantages. Them fellers to Canada have been a howlin' in the wilderness for years, 'We are governed by a party, a clique, a family compact.' 'Well, England believed 'em, and the party, the clique, and the family compact was broken up. No sooner said than done—they turn right round, as quick as wink, and say—'We want a party government now, not that party, but our party—not that clique, but this clique—not that family compact, but this family compact. For that old party, clique, and compact were British in their language—British in their feelings, and British in their blood. Our party clique and compact is not so narrow and restricted, for it is French in its language, Yankee in its feelin', and Republican in its blood.' '

'Sam,' said Mr. Hopewell, with that mildness of manner which was his great characteristic and charm, 'that is strong language, very.'

'Strong language, sir?' said the Colonel rising in great wrath, 'it's infamous—none but a scoundrel or a fool would talk that way. D—n me, sir! what are them poor benighted people strugglin' for, but for freedom and independence? They want a leader, that's what they want. They should fust dress themselves as Indgins—go to the wharves and throw the tea in the river, as we did; and then, in the dead of the night, seize on the high hill back of Montreal and fortify it, and when the British come, wait till they see the whites of their eyes, as we did at Bunker Hill, and give them death and destruction for breakfast, as we did. D—n me, sir!' and he seized the poker and waved it over his head, 'let them do that, and send for me, and, old as I am, I'll lead them on to victory or death. Let 'em send for me, sir, and, by the 'tarnal, I'll take a few of my north-eened boys with me, and show 'em what clear grit is. Let the British send Wellington out to command the troops if they dare, and I'll let him know Bunker Hill ain't Waterloo, I know. Rear rank, take open order—right shoulders forward—march;' and he marched round the room.

'It's very strong language that, Sam,' continued Mr. Hopewell, who never noticed the interruptions of the Colonel, 'very strong language indeed, too strong, I fear. It may wound the feelings of others, and that we have no right to do unnecessarily.—Squire, if you report this conversation, as I suppose you will, leave out all the last sentence or two, and insert this: 'Responsible Government is a term not well defined or understood, and appears to be applicable to an independent country. But whatever interpretation is put upon it, one thing is certain, the Government of Great Britain over her colonies is one of the *lightest, kindest, mildest, and most paternal in the whole world.*

A CHRISTIAN GOVERNOR.

The *Charleston Courier*, of the 20th ult, contains the proceedings at a late numerous meeting of Israelites in that city, called to consider the Governor of South Carolina's Proclamation of the 9th Sept. in which he says, "In conformity with the established usage of this State, I appoint the first Thursday in October next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, Humiliation and Prayer; and invite and exhort our citizens, of all denominations, to assemble at their respective places of worship, to offer up their devotions to GOD, the Creator, *and His Son* JESUS CHRIST, *the Redeemer of the World.*" The Jews refused to open their synagogues, and to a very intemperate and offensive letter addressed by them to His Excellency, the following is his manly and dignified reply:—

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Silver Bluff, November 4, 1844.

GENTLEMEN,—I received, to day, your memorial and protest against my Proclamation appointing the third day of October for Thanksgiving, which, in consequence of my allusion to "Jesus Christ, the Redeemer," you denounce "as unsanctified by the letter or spirit of the constitution, as offensive and unusual in language, as exclusive, arbitrary and sectarian in its character." I have received, heretofore, several private communications on the subject, and a public letter addressed to me through the columns of the Southern Patriot. I made no reply to any of these, because I did not feel myself bound to notice them, and wished to avoid, if possible, a controversy of this nature. Your memorial and protest, however, signed, as I perceive it is, by over one hundred of the most respectable Israelites of Charleston, rebuking in no measured terms, and demanding, as I understand it, an apology, requires an answer. The simple truth is, that at the time of writing my Proclamation, it did not occur to me that there might be Israelites, Deists, Atheists, or any other class of persons, in the State, who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. I could not, therefore have intended to wound the feelings of such individuals or associations of them. But I am aware that forgetfulness can never justify a breach of public duty. I do not therefore urge it in the least; and as you force me to speak, it is due to candour to say that had I been fully on my guard, I do not think I should have changed the language of my Proclamation, and that I have no apology to make for it now. Unhappily for myself, I am not a professor of religion, nor am I specially attached by education or habit to any particular denomination, nor do I feel myself to be a fit and proper defender of the Christian faith. But I must say, that up to this time, I have always thought it a settled matter, that I lived in a Christian land! and that I was the temporary Chief Magistrate of a Christian people. That in such a country and among such a people, I should be publicly called to account, reprimanded and required to make amends for acknowledging Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the world, I would not have believed possible, if it had not come to pass. I have not examined, nor am I now able to refer to the Proclamations of my predecessors, to ascertain whether they have limited their fellow citizens to address their devotions to the Father, or the Son, or to the Father only; nor could I verify the motives which might have influenced them to do the one or the other; but I am of opinion that a Proclamation of Thanksgiving which omits to unite the name of the Redeemer with that of the Creator, is not a *Christian* Proclamation, and might justly give offence to the Christian people whom it invited to worship. If in complaisance to the Israelites and Deists His name must be excluded, the Atheist might as justly require that of the Creator be omitted also, and the Mahometan or Mormon that others should be inserted. I feel myself upon the broad ground that this is a Christian community, and that as their chief Magistrate, it was my duty and my right, in conformity with usage, to invite them to return thanks for the blessings they enjoy, to that power from whence, and that Being through whose intercession they believe that they derive them.—And whatever may be the language of the Proclamation and of the Constitution, I know that the civilization of the age is derived from Christianity, that the institutions of this country are instinct with the same spirit; and that it pervades the law of the States as it does the manners, and I trust the hearts of the people. Why do we observe the Sabbath, instituted in honor of Christ? Why do our laws forbid labour on that day or the execution of civil process? it is because we are, and acknowledge ourselves, and wish to be considered Christian people. You appeal to the Constitution as guaranteeing "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious professions and worship, without discrimination or preference, to all mankind." If the laws recognizing the Christian Sabbath do not violate the Constitution, how can my Proclamation, which was compulsory on no one, do it? If both are unconstitutional, why have not the Israelites commenced by attacking these long standing laws and purifying our legislation? Do they deem it easier to intimidate one man and exact from him a confession and an apology, under the apprehension of their fierce and unrelenting hostility, than to reform the State? In whatever situation I have been placed, it has always been my aim to adhere strictly to the Constitution and uphold the laws, I did not think, and do not now think, that I violated the Constitution of this State by my Proclamation. That forbids the Legislature to pass any law restricting the most perfect toleration. I addressed to the Christian community, at their request, a proclamation inviting them to worship in accordance with their faith. I had neither the power nor desire to compel any one to offer his devotions contrary to his faith, or to offer them at all. Those who did not choose to accept my invitation, were at full liberty to decline.—And, if the Israelites refused to open their Synagogues, I had no complaint to make—no penalty to exact. Had they stopped at that, such a manifestation of their diapproval of my proclamation would have been the more severely felt by me, because of its dignity and its consonance with true religious feelings as I apprehended them. But if, inheriting the same scorn for Jesus Christ which instigated their ancestors to crucify him, they would have felt themselves degraded and disgraced in obeying my exhortation to worship their "Creator," because I had also recommended the adoration of his "Son the Redeemer;" still I would not have hesitated to appoint for them, had it been requested, a special day of thanksgiving according to their own creed. This however, was not, I imagine, what the Israelites desired. They wished to be included in the same invitation to public devotion with the Christians. And to make that invitation acceptable to them, I must strike out the corner-stone of the Christian creed, and reduce the whole to entire conformity with that of the Israelites; I must exhort a Christian people to worship after the manner of the Jews. The Constitution forbids me to "discriminate" in favour of the Christians, and I am denounced because I have not "discriminated" in favour of Israelites. This is the sum and substance of your charge. The terms of the proclamation were broad enough to include all believers. You wished me to narrow it down to the exclusion of ninety-nine hundredths of my fellow citizens. Neither the Constitution, nor my public duty would allow me to do this, and they also forbid me to offer any apology for not having done it.

Many topics of your memorial and its vehement tone, I pass over without comment, because I do not wish to go further in this unpleasant discussion than briefly to state the prominent grounds on which I justify my conduct. And I cannot but hope that when you come to look dispassionately at the matter, you will perceive that the warmth of your feelings has led you astray—that you have taken offence without sufficient cause, and that in fulminating your wrath at me, you have exhibited a temper which in the end may be more painful to yourselves than it can be to me. Not that I do no-regret sincerely that I have so unexpectedly incurred your enmity, but because I suffer little when I am satisfied that I have done no wrong.

I have the honour to be,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) J. H. HAMMOND.

[Translated for the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

A NEW PAGE TO THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

(A letter from a Catholic Priest to a Catholic Bishop.)

The letter below was published in the "Deutche Schnellpost" (printed at No. 3 Spruce Street, New York.) on Saturday last. It gives us great pleasure to see the Editors of that excellent paper, (Messrs. Licthal & Bernard) succeed in advancing their journal to the high position which it justly claims as an organ of profound views, sound reasoning, and elevating truths in literature, politics, and morals.—We are much indebted to these gentlemen for having enabled us to communicate (through a translation) so important a document as the subjoined letter from a *new Reformer*, John Ronge, a Catholic priest in Germany. If we are not mistaken, nothing of equal importance has issued from the Catholic priesthood since the days of Luther. From the midst of the external evidences of hierarchical power: surrounded by a clergy every where spreading darkness, cherishing abuses, and rocking the souls of men asleep in ignorance and despotism, a Catholic priest arises, deeply impressed with a sense of duty, love to man, ardent patriotism, energy, outrage and self denial, which unite to prompt him to undertake single-handed what nations have not dared to do. No friend of religious developement can hereafter pronounce the name of John Ronge but with admiration and gratitude. It seems surprising that such an important document as this, should be unnoticed by the French or British Press.

The Catholic Bishop of Treves* some time ago commenced the practice of a gross imposition upon the people, by exhibiting for public show and adoration, a relic said to be the *Coat of Christ*, and possessing the power of healing the sick. This shameless imposture, in spite of the great excesses which it occasioned, and the indignation which it provoked among intelligent men, was for a time quietly tolerated. And so far was the public credulity taxed, that a young German countess pretended, and even stated in a public paper, that she had been cured of lameness by the holy coat at Treves. The truth of this statement soon became the subject of controversy between the clergy and the credulous on the one side, and physicians and men of sense and probity on the other. Filled with a just indignation on seeing the people duped and imposed upon in so shameful a manner, Ronge could no longer resist the impulse of his noble patriotic and christian feelings, which urged him to undertake the exposure of this infamous abuse.

John Ronge (says the "Deutsche Schnellpost") is a warm adherent of the Catholic religion, and it is not against it that he fights, but against the excresences of popery; it is against the ultra-montane phalanx, against the Jesuits, and all who strive to shut out the light from Germany. This part of the clergy, as may be easily imagined, has been thrown into commotion by the letter of Ronge, and it is not surprising that they should endeavour to represent him as a worthless character and a bad priest. This has also been attempted by the Chapter of the Cathedral of Breslau, in its letter of condolence to the Bishop Amoldt; but not one of them dares attempt to *refute* him. On the other hand he is flooded daily with addresses acknowledging in the warmest terms the merit of his conduct, from Catholics as well as Protestants This letter was first published in the "Vaterland's Blatter," a Saxon newspaper, 30,000 copies of which were sold in a few days, and was immediately reprinted into other newspapers in the different states of Germany, and subsequently even in Prussia, after the supreme censorship of that country had redressed the previous interdict upon its publication. The chief of the many calumnies which are resorted to in order to blacken the character of the noble-minded Ronge, is the assertion that he was once punished by suspension from office while officiating as the priest of a church near Breslau. It is but just to Ronge that the circumstances under which this suspension took place should be stated. He had published in the above-mentioned Saxon paper an anonymous article, in which he treated with deserved severity the mal-conduct of the chapter of Breslau, when the notorious Canon Ritter, on the see being vacant, usurped the bishopric, and by many reckless and despotic acts infringed the rights of conscience, on which he, (Ritter,) was also severely rebuked by the cabinet of the King of Prussia in an order then published. Ronge was afterwards called before the Chapter of the Cathedral of Breslau, and asked upon his word of honor as a priest whether or not he was the author of the anonymous article above referred to, and he acknowledged that he was; but when by way of punishment they wished to put him into the Seminary, he refused to submit to their order, and for this reason he was suspended from office.

The evidence that has been published respecting his character, establishes incontestably the facts that from his early youth he has been distinguished for his ardent love of study, his high-toned morality, and the deep and holy earnestness with which he has sought to investigate the truths of the Catholic religion. Moreover, it is unquestionably true that his letter to the Bishop of Treves is nothing but the product of his present conviction, for he is a man whose lips never could utter an untruth; a man of the most unsullied moral character, who is invincibly strict against himself and indulgent to others.—Nothing but his holy zeal for the purity and honor of religion could have aroused him to denounce the abuses practised by the priesthood in language so strong and remarkable as that of the letter, of which the following is a literal translation,

LAURAHUTTE, Oct. 1 1844.

What has for sometime sounded to our ears like an idle tale, namely, that Bishop Arnoldi of Treves has exhibited a garment called *the coat of Christ*, for public and religious veneration—Christians of the nineteenth century, you have heard it! German brethern you know it! ye teachers of the people! this is no longer a fable, it is a reality; for according to the latest accounts, 500,000 persons have gone as pilgrims to this relic, and thousands are still flocking to it daily,—the more so since it has healed the sick and performed other miracles! The public reports of these events having spread to other nations and been received with such credulity that some Clergymen in France have asserted that *they* had the genuine coat of Christ, and that that at Treves was a counterfeit. Truly here the proverb holds good, "He who on certain subjects does not lose his senses, has none to lose." Five hundred thousand men, five hundred thousand sensible Germans have hurried to Treves to see or to worship a piece of dress! The greater part of these belong to the lower classes—are people living in great poverty, misery and ignorance—are credulous and superstitious, and many of them sunk in vice; and yet they leave the culture of their fields, quit their trades, neglect their homes and the education of their children, in order to go to Treves for a feast of idolatry, for a worthless exhibition made by the Romish hierarchy. And certainly it is nothing but a feast of idolatry for many thousands of the credulous mass are seduced to address to a garment made by human hands, those feelings and that veneration which are due to none but our Lord himself. And how mischevious are the consequences of such pilgrimages! Thousands of the pilgrims can only obtain the money necessary for their travelling expenses and the offering they present to the holy coat,—that is to say to the clergy,—by denying themselves their necessary food, by the sacrifice of their little property or by begging; and this ends in nothing else but suffering and want after their return, and in sickness from the hardships of the journey. These external consequences are indeed extremely injurious, but still more so are the moral evils attending these pilgrimages. Will not many of those who have been thus reduced to want, try to make up for their loss by dishonesty? Will not many wives and virgins lose the purity of their hearts, their chastity, their good fame, and the peace and happiness of families be thereby destroyed! But what is worst of all, through this utterly antichristian exhibition, the doors are all thrown open to superstition, hypocrisy, fanaticism and vice, which is their concomitant.—Such is the blessed results of the exhibition of the holy coat.

And yet the man who has exhibited for public worship this piece of dress, made by human hands—the man who misleads the religious feelings of the credulous the ignorant or rather the suffering mass—the man who thereby promotes superstition and vice—who seeks to acquire money and property by imposing on these impoverished people—the man who thus adds blackness to the gloom of the thunder clouds already hanging heavy over our heads—is a bishop—a German bishop—it is Bishop Arnoldi of Treves!

Bishop Arnoldi of Treves! I therefore address myself to you and ask you in virtue of my office and vocation as a priest, as a teacher of the people, in the name of Christianity and in the name of its preachers to put an end to this unchristian exhibition of the holy coat,—to withdraw it from publicity and not to increase the offence which is already so great. For do you not know—as a bishop you must know—that the founder of the Christian religion left to his disciples and successors not his coat but his *spirit*? His coat, Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, belongs to his *executioners*. Do you not know—as a bishop you must know—that Christ has taught that God is a Spirit, and that they who worship him must worship him in Spirit; and that he may be worshipped every where, not by any means only at Jerusalem, at Mount Gerizim, or at the holy coat at Treves?—Do you not know—as a bishop you must know—that the Gospel expressly prohibits the worship of any image or relic; that the Christians of the Apostolic age and of the next two centuries tolerated neither images nor relics, (though they might well have had many); that the worship of images and relics, is heathenish; and the Christian Fathers of the first three centuries ridiculed the Pagans for this very custom! It is said for instance, (Div. Inst. II. cap. 2,) that images if they had life ought rather to worship than receive worship from the men who made them. (Nec intelligunt homines ineptissimi, quod si sentire simulacra et movere possent, adoratura hominen fuissent a quo sunt expolita.) Finally do you not know—as a bishop you must know also—that you can only bring disgrace on religion, and disease and distraction on the Church, by promoting an idolatrous worship? You ought to recollect that the vigorous mind of the Germans long refused to be misled into the worshipping of images and relics; and it was not until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, after the return from the crusades, when the sublime idea of God as revealed by the Christian religion had been darkened by all sorts of fables and tales of miracles brought from Palestine, that the clergy succeeded in reducing it to such degradation; and that the truth then overpowered and crushed, was the seed of that which grew up into the Reformation.

You see, Bishop Arnoldi of Treeves; you know all this, and probably better than I could tell you; you are also aware of the consequences brought upon Christianity by the idolatrous worship of relics and by superstition,—I mean spiritual and external slavery,—and nevertheless you exhibit your relic for public worship! Perhaps, even if you knew nothing of all this: if you had nothing in view in the exhibition of the Treves relic but the advancement of Christianity, you would still have burdened your conscience with a double load of guilt, from which you could not purge yourself; for in the first place you could not be pardoned in case the coat should really possess the power of healing, in having withheld the boon from suffering humanity until the year 1844. In the next place, is it not unpardonable in you to require offerings and money from the hundred thousands of pilgrims? Is it not unpardonable in you as a bishop, to extort money from the starving poor of our nation, especially when you have seen that only a few weeks ago hundreds were driven by suffering and want to resort to sedition and then in despair, exposed themselves to death? Do not my bishop allow yourself to be deceived by the conflux of hundreds of thousands; believe me while hundreds of thousands hasten in devotion to Treves, millions are like myself filled with deep horror and bitter indignation against your shameful traffic.—This indignation is not confined by any means to a few of a single class or party, but extends among all classes, not excepting the Catholic clergy themselves. The day of judgment will therefore overtake you sooner than you may anticipate. The historian stands ready to seize his pen to transmit to the scorn of your cotemporaries and the contempt of posterity, and to stamp you as the *Tetzel* of the nineteenth century.

And now, my German fellow citizens whether ye live near or far off from Treves, exert all your influence that our national character may be no longer disgraced by this infamy. You have city deputies, town officers, provincial deputies and national representatives—require them to act on the subject. Let every one of you, according to his utmost ability oppose the despotic power of the Romish hierarchy and put a stop to its progress; for as you well know, the modern selling of indulgences is carried on not only at Treves, but everywhere else; at the North, as well as the South; at the East as well as in the West; everywhere monies are collected from the sale of rosaries, of mass, of indulgences, burials and the like, and the spiritual night is become darker and darker. Set yourselves to work, all of you, whether Catholics or Protestants, a ... honour our freedom, our happiness, are at stake.—Do not offend the manes of your ancestors who shattered the old capitol of Rome by tolerating the Angel's Castle† in Germany. Permit not the ... a Huss, a Hutten, and a Luther, to be disgraced.—Utter your thoughts boldly—make your will felt.

Finally, let me say to you, my brethern in the holy ministry, if ye wish to advance the welfare of your people, the honour, the freedom, and happiness of the German nation, be no longer silent; for you commit a sin against your religion, your fatherland and your vocation, if you now hesitate to yield to your better judgement. As I have heretofore addressed you on this subject, I have nothing further to say now, but to exhort you to show yourselves true disciples of him who sacrificed every thing for truth, light and freedom; shew that ye have inherited, not his coat but his spirit.

JOHANNES RONGE, Catholic Priest.

* A Prussian city on the Moselle near the borders of Luxemburg, one of the oldest cities in Germany, with about 25,000 inhabitants.

† Castello St. Angelo is the *citadel* of Rome on the western side of the Tiber.

☞ Blanks, Handbills, and Job Printing of all kinds, executed at the Chronicle Office at lowest prices.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JANUARY 17, 1845.

The English mail may be expected here in the beginning of the coming week, and our next publication will be occupied with news by that arrival.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor arrived in this City on Wednesday evening, and has taken lodgings at the Saint John Hotel.

MURDER.—We regret having to record a most melancholy and afflicting circumstance, which has resulted in the cruel murder on Sunday night last of a respectable and inoffensive inhabitant of this city. The circumstances as far as we have been able to collect them are these:—It appears that on the evening above named, Mr. C. YERXA, who kept the Temiscouta Hotel, in this city, accompanied by two other persons, were returning home in a sleigh, and when about four miles from town they fell in company with three persons on a sled, whom they passed, it would appear rather against their wishes, and by whom they were closely followed until they reached the house at the head of the marsh kept by Mr. Leitch, into whose horse-shed both parties turned. Here words ensued between some of the parties, on which a wretch named Patrick Mullen seized a stake from his sled and struck Mr. Yerxa, without we believe the slightest provocation, several blows on his head, which felled him to the ground and of which he died in a few hours afterward. Thus has another peaceable man fallen a victim to the hellish machinations of that reckless gang who have lately infested this City and the Parish of Portland, and whose crimes have too long been allowed to go unpunished. The other two men with Mullin were William Lantrinham and Richard Dinn. Having immediately decamped, they were on Monday pursued towards Black River, where traces were found of them, but it was not until Wednesday that the last two named were taken and brought to town; they were found concealed in the house of a man named Riley. The principal agressor, Mullin, having left his companions, and approaching near the city on Wednesday night, struck off for Kennebeckacis Island, where he was traced to the house of some of his relations and there captured by the High Constable, Mr. Stockford, whose indomitable perseverance in pursuing and hunting out these murderers is beyond all praise; he was accompanied by his brother, George Stockford.

On Monday a Coroner's Inquest was held on the body of Mr. YERXA, which continued its examinations until yesterday, when a Verdict was returned of Wilful Murder against Mullin. Such a lengthened examination on a Coroner's Jury, probably never before took place in this city, and we learn it occurred not only from a determination on the part of the Jury to sift this truly cruel affair to the bottom, but because of several persons who were brought before them, (not however directly concerned in the outrage,) having wantonly and shamefully perjured themselves, in order to screen the delinquent from justice.—Of the murderer we have only to say that he is now in the hands of the law,—justice will no doubt be done, and fortunate will it be for him, if, as he has meted out to his fellowman the same is not meted out to him: but of the latter class, the perjured, we have to say that our Authorities will not be doing *their* duty if every one of them does not suffer the extreme penalty of the law—they are, if possible, worse than the murderer—no man is safe with them—they would swear away a life the same as they have sworn for the homicide—society is not safe as long as these creatures are unpunished, and no jury can decide "according to the evidence," where such miscreants exist.—Verily they are "the most virtuous—the finest pisintry in the world."

The Supreme Court being now sitting the trial of these parties will no doubt take place in a few days.

FIRE IN PORTLAND.—About 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in a three story dwelling house, owned and occupied by Mr. William McKee, and before assistance could be rendered, the flames had obtained much ascendancy that the building was entirely consumed, together with several out-buildings. With such exertion, the fire was prevented from spreading to the adjacent houses.—The different City Fire Companies, and the Military with their Engine, were early on the ground, and rendered efficient service. The fire is supposed to have originated from a stove-pipe. We regret to learn that Mr. McKee was uninsured.—*New-Brunswicker.*

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. Nelson delivered the first of a course of Lectures on Animal Magnetism, before a large and fashionable audience. The Lecturer took a general view of the subject,—he alluded to its beneficial influence upon diseased persons,—the opposition which it had met with,—and concluded by saying as Animal Magnetism was founded in truth, it would ultimately triumph. The Lecturer then threw two individuals into the Magnetic state, and performed a variety of interesting experiments upon them. One of those persons has been restored to his natural hearing after being deaf for 32 years, thro' the influence of Mesmerism.—*Ib.*

From the Magnet.

CAUTION REPEATED.—We feel compelled to repeat the caution we have before given, to persons disposed to experiment in Human Magnetism.—We know it is quite common with those but partially familiar with this subject, to recommend and urge their friends and others to attempt the production of the magnetic phenomena, merely to gratify their curiosity, or to satisfy themselves of its truth.

This is certainly wrong; and we have seen so many mischievous results from these attempts, that we feel it incumbent on us to call attention to the caution published in our first number.

When any injury follows the use of medicine which has been administered by an intelligent physician, people do not set it down to the discredit of science, but we infer from such cases, the necessity of care and extensive information, by which such injuries may be avoided. Or, if the mischief be done by the ignorance of the practitioner, he is blamed, of course—and punished, it may be, by the tribunals of justice.

But it is still worse when mischiefs follow from mismanagement in the use of Human Magnetism. From the deep-rooted prejudice which everywhere prevails against the use of this agency in the cure of diseases, all the mischiefs which may result from its misuse, are attributed to the agency itself; and thus greater injury seems to be done to truth, than in the cases above stated.

We were recently called to the following case.—An operator had succeeded in putting a person to sleep. The attempt had been made a number of times, and from curiosity merely. But, finally, he found it impossible to remove the sleep, and convulsions and insanity followed. We have known a number of cases of this kind. The physicians and friends, of course, lay all this mischief to magnetism. It should be attributed to the *ignorance*, and in some cases to the imprudence, of the operators.

We know that the most intelligent and skilful may sometimes fail; and if these are not always successful, it should caution others never to attempt to produce a state of feeling in another, which they may find themselves unable to controul.

If you have health, and a heart for this work, and have made yourself familiar with the rules laid down in our second number, *commence with the sick*;—that is, let your efforts be made, not to produce the magnetic sleep, nor any of its phenomena, but to relieve the suffering. Evil could scarcely be anticipated from such attempts, provided the motive were what it should be, and the process were agreeable to the patient.

We have stated, that the efforts to magnetize should never be made in promiscuous company;—and we may add, that it should not be attempted, without some other person being present with the operator and the patient. The person who submits to be magnetized by another, of whose health and other necessary qualifications he is not well assured, runs a hazard far more dangerous than the patient who merely swallows the nostrums of the quack, of whom he knows nothing.

Persons magnetized should know, that just so far as this operation is successful, just so far he receives the impress as it were, of the operator's heart. The mental disposition of the magnetizer has every thing to do with the impression made on the person who is put into the magnetic state. Of this fact we have had numerous demonstrations, which leave no room for the shadow of a doubt. All, therefore, should understand what results may follow, and those which do always follow, the influences which is exerted upon them by Human Magnetism.—That influence may, and should be, good, and nothing but good; but this will depend, of course, upon the health, skill, and motives of the operator.

FATAL CASUALTY.—On Thursday afternoon, the body of Mr. Hugh M'Keagney, head steward of the R. M. Steamer Unicorn, was discovered in Cutlip's Dock, Upper Water street. Deceased was missed since Saturday last. His friends fearing that he was drowned, had several cannon fired on Wednesday and Thursday from Cunard's wharf, with the object of setting the corpse afloat, and the water around was dragged, but these means availed nothing. At length, however, the worst anticipations of his fate were realized by the sudden discovery of the lifeless body, by a man named Hyrer, who was in search of a knife which he had lost overboard. Mr. M'Keagney bore an excellent character, and is deeply lamented by all who were acquainted with him. It is remarked by his friends as a striking coincidence, that he was last seen on the evening of the 4th inst. and on the 3d of January, last year, his wife died.—*Halifax Recorder.*

A Snake four feet long and three and a half inches in circumference, was killed at the head of Argyle River on Thursday last, 26th December. The attention of two boys was attracted by the barking of their dog, and a hissing noise resembling that of a squirrel; on looking towards the spot they discovered two enormous snakes attacking the dog.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

QUEBEC, Jan. 2.—We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers the gratifying intelligence that letters were received by His Excellency the Governor General, by the last Mail, informing that Her Majesty intended to signify her approbation of his administration of affairs in Canada, by creating him a Peer of the United Kingdom. The choice of the title it is said, is left with Sir Charles. When his decision shall be made and communicated to Her Majesty, letters patent will at once be issued, conferring upon him the proffered dignity.

Well does our esteemed Governor General merit this honour from his royal mistress;—not only for his services in this Province, but for his able and upright discharge of the many and arduous duties entrusted to him in other parts of the British dominions. Long may he be spared to enjoy his well earned distinctions and adorn the exalted rank which his merits have attained for him, and may we have him yet many years among us, to rule our country upon the same sound, liberal, impartial, and upright principles, for which his administration has so far been remarkable.—*Mercury.*

Sir Charles Metcalfe has succeeded in a task, at one time so hopeless as to be regarded by his own friends with the deepest fears for its success, and by his enemies with absolute ridicule;—that of stemming the headlong career of the Province to democracy and anarchy. He effected this object by the force of his personal character, and by dignified appeals to, and a heroic reliance upon—setting on that hazardous cast the accumulated renown of a long and laborious life, to be lost or to be doubled by the result, a risk which none but a self-sustained and conscientious man would have run—the good sense and awakened feelings of the whole community of Canada. So great and good a work is now acknowledged in the most
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Rankin & Co.; barque Flora
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