

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Glasgow Free Press of last Saturday gives an account of the opening of St. Mary's Catholic church in Haddington. On Sunday the 10th August, this beautiful church, the erection of which was commenced in July of last year, was solemnly blessed and dedicated to the service of God, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by the Very Rev. John Strain, Vicar-General. After the blessing High Mass was proceeded with, the Vicar-General being celebrated by Dr. Marshall, St. Patrick's, Edinburgh, deacon; the Rev. Andrew Fleming, procurator of Blair's College, sub-deacon; and Mr. Shand, of the congregation of Laureston Church, Edinburgh, master of ceremonies. The gospel having been sung, Dr. Marshall preached an eloquent discourse, which was listened to with the most marked attention. In the afternoon, at half-past three, there was vespers, followed by a very solid and impressive discourse by the Rev. William D'Arcy, Portobello; after which Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament closed the services of the day. The choir was quite select, being composed of many of the more prominent members of the choir of St. Mary's, Edinburgh, and presided over by Charles Haggitt, jun., Esq. The following description of the building we take from the local paper, the Haddington Courier (Protestant, of course) of last Friday:—"St. Mary's Chapel, as the new Catholic place of worship at Poldent, Haddington, has been denominated, was opened on Sunday last for the first time. The new edifice, the erection of which has been watched with no little interest by the Catholic population of the county, and, we verily believe, with feelings approaching to dread by many of our Protestant neighbors, presents a very agreeable object to the eye, and is unmistakably a great architectural object to what was previously a most unpretending entrance to the burgh. As we noticed on a former occasion, the style of the building is a simple adaptation of early Gothic, which the architect, Mr. A. W. Pugin, of London, has contrived to fashion into a plain, though at the same time elegant and admirably proportioned edifice. The chapel stands in the centre of a large and open space of garden ground, contiguous to the house of the Rev. Mr. Pantegast, the resident clergyman; and although otherwise on all sides surrounded by a high wall, the approach has been left quite open to the street, from which the front entrance is divided by a low parapet wall and railing. At the east end of the building, the gable line is broken by a small projecting wing, forming at once the vestry and the private entrance to the chapel. Externally, very little ornamentation has been bestowed upon the building; but nevertheless, with its high pointed roof, crowned at either extremity with the Maltese Cross—its side buttress, oriel windows, and arched doorways—St. Mary's Chapel is not without considerable pretension to architectural effect. Internally, the same idea of free, open, elegance, distinguishes the building. The roof, though somewhat contracted, springs gracefully from the side walls, and is spanned by substantial oak girders. A flood of light pours in on all sides through the numerous apertures, lighting up the clean white walls, and bringing out with still greater relief the 'dim religious light' which enshrouds the 'sanctuary' at the eastern extremity. Immediately above the west entrance is the organ gallery, which is reached by a single flight of steps from below. The sanctuary is formed by a roomy, circular, apse, at the east end of the chapel, partly separated by two side pillars from the main body of the building, and terminating overhead in a lofty arched canopy. Here, of course, is placed the altar, which is reached by a gradation of steps, rising at intervals from the floor of the sanctuary. Within the rail which divides this recess from the body of the chapel, the floor and steps are covered with rich carpeting, which afford ample space for the movement of priests and acolytes, in the different ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The altar—which together with the internal painting of the Chapel, was almost entirely executed by Mr. Potts of Edinburgh, is in excellent taste, and the style of ornamentation is chaste and subdued—no tinsel glittering destroying the harmony of color, which is as nearly perfect as possible, and which on the day of opening, was agreeably relieved by vases and festoons of natural flowers."

DISGRACEFUL PROTESTANT RIOTS AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY IN WAKEFIELD.—THE BARON DE CAMIN.—The Wakefield Journal, (Protestant) in commenting on this subject, says:—"Last week Wakefield was the scene of one of the most disgraceful riots which ever took place within the borough, and much damage has been done in consequence to the Roman Catholic chapel and school, as well as to the houses of several Roman Catholics. We will give in a narrative form an account of the proceedings up to last evening. On Tuesday an application was made by the Baron de Camin, to have the use of the Corn Exchange, when he said several of the Town Councillors would hold the company harmless from any damage which might result to the building. The Corn Exchange was however refused, and in the afternoon the bellman announced that the Baron de Camin would deliver his lecture at six o'clock from the balcony of the Royal Hotel. Shortly after that hour the public began to assemble. The police force were brought in a body (20 in number, exclusive of the chief constable) and drawn up in a line in front of the Royal Hotel door. The Baron shortly afterwards made his appearance on the balcony, dressed in a dark robe, with a large scarlet cross on it both before and behind—the dress we suppose of the Order of St. Dominic, South of France, to which he pretends to have belonged. He was attended by Councillor Rhodes, who acted as a sort of chairman, and in the room were Councillors Wainright, Baker, W. Taylor, Calverley, Marsland, and others. The Mayor was present just outside of the crowd. In person the Baron is below the medium height, and his features give the semblance of ferocious hate and low cunning. At first there were hundreds of people present, but the crowd gradually increased to several thousands. For the few first moments of his harangue, the crowd below listened to him, although there were not a few Irish amongst it, until a few Irishwomen arrived at the scene, and began to interrupt the speaker, who stood smiling at them with folded arms. Eventually with a gesture of his hand, he said, "Take those women away, and they were at once hustled out of the crowd. The Baron's oration was very disconnected, and was simply a tirade without proofs against Romanism, charging upon it the most abominable crimes. Popery was no religion at all, he said; it was a mere politic association for enslaving the people. There was nothing of Christianity about it. It was Paganism in its first form. Its tenets were refuted by every verse in the Bible. Every other religion—Baptists, Wesleyans, and even the Church of England—was not afraid of free and open discussion. The contrary was the case with Popery. But he was not there to discuss the mere doctrinal points of Popery. It was the results of that religion he was to speak upon. The Priests were incapable and unfit by reason of their want of filial or paternal love to be expounders of any religion. Yet although they were forbidden to marry, by the payment of certain sums to the Pope, they might have as many concubines as they pleased. What were the nunneries—every nunnery, not only in England, but on the continent?—simply houses of ill-fame for the Priests (expressions of derision); and he was prepared to prove that one half of the so-called Sisters of Mercy were males in disguise, and the other half their concubines. [Here the Baron by the aid of a white handkerchief and his vestments, professed to show how this disguise was done to blind the world outside, and said he defied any one to tell whether in that guise, he was a man or a woman. All that can be said is that if he could not tell the difference, he looked a very ugly woman indeed, so bag-like did he appear. The crowd burst into roars of laughter.] The Baron then proceeded to give an outline of what he called a plan by Cardinal Wiseman to subjugate to Popery the whole of

England. He (the Baron) stated that Cardinal Wiseman was once a cobbler, and also for many years his tutor, and that he himself was one of the most learned men of the day, being master of many languages. Wiseman, he said, when made Cardinal in 1847, and not in 1850 as popularly believed, stipulated that the appointment might be kept secret for a few years that he might plan his agents through the length and breadth of the land. Cardinal Wiseman said to the Pope that England was the richest country in the world, and that if he could only obtain possession of it he would obtain possession of the world. Cardinal Wiseman's plan was to bring over the cotton lords, the silk lords, the wool lords, the iron lords, and the other lords, and by that means to obtain England. The way the agents were to set to work was to lower the wages by the introduction of the Irish, who could live so much cheaper than the English, and thus accomplish his end. Wages, said Baron de Camin, had been decreasing to a considerable amount during the last few years. He urged them to contract this. Popery was the same insidious power to-day as it was in past ages. The oats every Priest was compelled to take bound him to encompass the life of every heretic, and though in this country, being a Protestant country, they were compelled to veil their designs, yet if ever the time arrived when they might openly be avowed they would be carried into full effect. In conclusion, he dwelt on the horrors inflicted in the Palermo and Naples prisons, and exhibited brown paper models of what he said were instruments of torture made in Sheffield, and in use at the present time by the Inquisition. During the time of the Baron's address if any person expressed the slightest token of dissent to any of his statements, however ribald and absurd, as many of them were, they were roughly turned out of the crowd, and frequently escorted to the bottom of Wood street, although his supporters might cheer as they liked without any one interfering with them. We saw several women turned out of the crowd in the most brutal manner, in which, in our opinion, the police ought to have interfered and to have protected them. Now comes the most grievous part of our narrative, forming, however, a fitting sequel to such an inflammatory lecture. During the Baron's lecture, when he described the Nunneries as nests of debauchery for the Priests, he concluded with the words, 'Down with the Nunneries!' an exclamation which was received with cheers by large numbers of those assembled. Whether the Baron intended his words to be literally taken and acted upon or not, they were however so interpreted by a band of miscreants, who have every reason to believe were provided with beer—as it is openly stated that a certain number of the Town Council sent a number of those who were present 'protecting' the Baron to a certain public-house to get some ale—for shortly after nine o'clock an attack was made upon the St. Austin's School, Borough Market, which is at the residence of the Sisters of Charity, and broke nearly every window, the Lady Superior and other inmates very narrowly escaped being hit by the missiles thrown by the dastardly assailants. The alarm bell was rung, and the Rev. Ed. de Watville, one of the priests, hearing it, made his way as quickly as possible to the place to render all the protection in his power. On his arrival there he was struck with one of the stones, but we are glad to say he was not much hurt. The mob now made its way as quickly as possible to the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Wentworth street, which not long ago was re-decorated and ornamented with several beautiful stained-glass windows, those windows forming an inner row, the outer ones being plain. Arrived at the chapel, the mob wreaked their vengeance by throwing stones through the windows, breaking a large number, the missiles of course penetrating through both the plain and stained ones. The damage done by this means to the chapel and schools is roughly estimated at £20 to £30. Satisfied with their night's work, the mob had dispersed by the time the police could get to the scene of the riot.

THE BARON DE CAMIN.—A writer in a Protestant journal gives the subjoined sketch of this great champion of Evangelical Protestantism:—

To the Editor of the Wakefield Journal and Examiner

SIR,—Let me caution the good Protestant of Wakefield against giving countenance to the wicked and wretched impostor, who for a dozen years has been exciting bitterness of spirit between Protestants and Catholics in most towns of England. He came to this country as a poor Catholic, pretending to be a teacher of languages, and was taken under the protection of a priest at Northampton, and subsequently by Dr. Waring, late bishop of that place. Through misconduct he was turned adrift, and from a scullion in his lordship's kitchen, he became a champion of the Protestant cause. In 1852 he met with the unfortunate Lucy Wood, who had been educated at the Catholic poor school at Grantham, and then he concocted the tale of her being an escaped nun from a Convent at Winchester. I have in my possession a letter from her brother who declares that she was never in a Convent in her life.

He goes to Edinburgh, and attempts to seduce the wife of Father Gavazzi, who writes to that effect to the Edinburgh Guardian of Nov. 3, 1854. He is again at his pranks at Whitehaven and before the magistrates, and at Brighton in 1857, for cheating a lady, and abusing Paul Fokett, Esq., the Chairman of the Protestant Association, for not asking him by the hand. At Birmingham he is denounced by John S. Wright, Esq., and Mr. Haies of the Daily Press, who called him a swindler and impostor. He is next in Chester jail for assault. In the month of April, 1859, he enters the city of Manchester, and the nature of his lectures are thus described by the Manchester Guardian:—"We shall take the liberty of characterizing the Baron de Camin's harangues at the Free Trade Hall, as effusions of unmitigated blackguardism. The sanctity of the names which he presses into the service of his vulgar speculation is only equalled by the grossness of the falsehoods with which he regarded his patrons. When his addresses to mixed audiences fall by their natural dullness on the morbid tastes of his auditors, a factitious excitement is attempted to be got up by the announcing that on a certain occasion the nature of the topic selected for treatment will make it necessary for women to be excluded. At other times it is announced that the 'Baroness' will lecture to ladies only—a limitation, we need hardly say, likely to reduce the audience to infinitesimally small proportions, unless modesty and respect have ceased to be classed amongst lady-like virtues. We dare say the man's prurient horrors find themselves cheated by the nasty articles for which they have bargained, but that makes little matter. It is a disgrace to Manchester that its principal public room should be occupied for the performances of such an unsavoury animal; and we trust that a glimpse of his character which has been afforded at the police-court will put a period to the nuisance."

The Baron then became his own accuser, where he next appeared in Manchester in the custody of the police, under the charge of deserting his wife and family. He denies the charge, in a letter to the Board of Guardians, dated June 2, 1862, in which he says:—"I am grieved that I am compelled to address myself to you, it is painful to have a wife who has been crying on such desultory courses she has been doing since last November. I have sent her money regularly all the time I have been from home in Ireland, and she imposed not only upon me but also upon you, if it be true what my friend wrote to me to inform me that she has received 5s per week all the time and is receiving it still from you, and although she received between 18s and a pound per week from me, she took also 5s from you, and my friend informed me that with all the cash she received from me and also from you she has led a dissolute life, a life of a common prostitute—that she openly walked on the town." He left the unfortunate woman at 9, Leigh-street, West, at a low lodging-house, (what a place

for a Baron and a Baroness), to which place I went on the Thursday morning before going to Chesterfield. I found that "Mrs. Bureguard" the name and which she had obtained relief of the parish, had fled, surreptitiously putting her things out of the window by the aid of a neighbour, and departing. The poor widow who kept the house was defrauded of several weeks' lodgings, and she told me that the "Baron" was living in the house with his wife, if such she be, during the time she was receiving relief upon the plea that she had been deserted by her husband! and the husband frees himself from the charge before the magistrates by the declaration of his wife's unfaithfulness! It is quite clear that he was living here not only upon parochial relief, fraudulently obtained, but also upon the prostitution of his wife; for the same brawls were in this locality continually arising between them.

The magistrates of Chesterfield, in July last, prevented him from lecturing, and even Mr. Jones, and some of his friends who took part with him, forsook him and left him to the tender mercies of Superintendent Radford, who gave him 10d towards his expenses to Sheffield. He was turned out at the Angel Hotel and the Comoro-ward, and he writes to the Derbyshire Times, and charges his former friends "with sending unprincipled individuals to mock at me and my misfortunes."

What astonishes me is that "the Baron" should be permitted to cause a disturbance in every town into which he enters, for no one of any intelligence, or possessed of ordinary virtue, pretends that any public good is effected by his harangues, or any evil exposed by granting him liberty of speech.

The public press denounces his tirades against the Catholic religion as a tissue of lies and obscenities, and some few Protestants, who at first attach themselves to his cause, on a personal acquaintance with him, become disgusted with him and leave him. Such being the case, why should he be permitted to give his orations at all? Nothing but evil arises from them, in consequence of the disgraceful attacks which he makes upon the social and domestic characters of the Catholic body. Looking at the number and position which they occupy in this country, and other possessions of Queen Victoria, they ought to be protected from such public insults; and the authorities ought to prevent such a person from appearing on a platform for an object so scandalous, and leading to breaches of the peace and destruction of property. I hope the magistrates of Wakefield will imitate those of Chesterfield, and drive such a man from the town.

I have written this in great haste, but am prepared to show vouchers for all I have alleged against "the Baron" and "the Baroness."—I am, sir, yours truly, W. E. STURTES.

2, Rossmund place, Upper Brook street, Manchester, Aug. 21, 1862.

We (London Tablet) understand that an application will be made to the Wakefield magistrates for a warrant against the notorious Baron de Camin, for exciting a mob by language employed against convents, to commit an act of destruction upon the windows of the convent and church in that town. The Catholic public are indebted to Protestant gentlemen for promoting this prosecution, amongst whom is John Porteus, Esq., of Victoria Park. As possibly the whole character of 'Baron' and 'Baroness' may be gone into, information respecting his abominable doings not already published may be sent to W. E. S., 2, Rossmund place, Upper Brook street, Manchester.

Lord John George Beresford's successor in the possession of the revenues of the wealthy see of Armagh is the deceased Prelate's cousin, Dr. Marcus Beresford, late Anglican incumbent of the united sees of Kilmore, Elphin, and Ardagh; and it is understood that he owes his promotion to Lord Carlisle's respect for the late Primate, to whose memory the translation of the Bishop of Kilmore is a handsome tribute. The new Primate is certainly entitled to consider himself a lucky member of a happy family,—a couple of whom always occupy good places on the Irish Episcopal bench. At one period in the present century there were, we believe, three Bishops Beresford in Ireland—certainly there were two Archbishops—one, the deceased Primate, and the other his amiable relative, Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, where he was beloved by all classes, and is generally believed to have been received before his death into the Catholic Church by the late Rev. Thomas Loftus, then a Curate in that town.—The new Primate's father was for many years in the enjoyment of the temporalities of the see of Kilmore, and was very moderate in his tone, and civil to his Catholic neighbors. His son was at one time a great leader of the Evangelical party, and a vehement opponent of Catholic Emancipation, and used to be styled in the Brunswick clubs, by way of special compliment, 'the heart's-blood of a Beresford,' which then meant the virulent enemy of the Catholics, and the irreconcilable opponent of their claim to civil and religious freedom. We cannot suppose that it was the recollection of this portion of his antecedents that most recommended him to Lord Palmerston for the Primacy; we rather incline to the opinion that he owes his promotion to the change which came over the late Primate's sentiments with regard to the National Board of education—and to his own understood participation in that change.—And what gives this opinion more weight is the fact that Dr. Verschoyle, who had been made Dean of Ferns because he abandoned the Church Education Society, of which he was for many years Secretary, and joined the National Board, is to be the new Bishop of Kilmore. If the translation of Dr. Beresford from Killeshandra to Armagh be an evidence of the bitter anti-Catholic feeling which now actuates Lord Palmerston and many of his colleagues, as some persons suppose that it is, we only hope that the Catholics of the Empire will bear it in mind and take vigorous measures for resenting it effectually next spring, when they shall have an opportunity for doing so. Of the existence of that feeling there cannot, unfortunately, be the smallest doubt; but whether 'the heart's-blood of a Beresford' owes to his preferment to the chief place among the law-Church magistrates in Ireland or not, is of very little consequence. The palmy days of Beresford domination in Ireland are happily extinct, and with all his power as First Minister of the Crown, Lord Palmerston, if he would, cannot re-animate the corpse of John Claudius or revive the atrocities of Marlborough.—Weekly Register.

Lord Palmerston, who, with Lady Palmerston, are visiting their estates in Derbyshire, presided on Thursday at a public breakfast given in the Town Hall, at Melbourne, to celebrate the restoration of the old and beautiful parished parish church of that place. The Premier did not let out any political secrets, and avoided all reference to Italy and his friend Garibaldi, though he spoke well upon the American civil war. The most remarkable feature of the day was the interchange of high compliments between the Whig Prime Minister, and the Rev. Canon Hugh McNeill, who made himself a hero among all low Liverpool Orangemen some years ago, by vilifying Viscount Palmerston's brother, the amiable and honest Lord Melbourne, and by abusing the Queen in the coarsest terms, because Her Majesty favoured the Whig party of that day, and bestowed honours upon Lord Normanby, for his admirable administration of the Irish Government. Lord Palmerston cannot surely be ignorant of or have forgotten all this, for in the Morning Chronicle, which was then not only the organ of the Government, but the receptacle of Lord Palmerston's inspirations, Mr. McNeill was charged with denouncing the Queen as the 'woman Jezabel' in a vehement Orange harangue, and the charge was not certainly refuted. And it was in the presence of Lord Melbourne's sister, and in the town whence he derived his title that the Queen's Chief Minister, designated as his reverend friend the insolent reviler of his Sovereign, and the vulgar assailant of his brother-in-law, and his fast

friend, whose estate he is actually enjoying! If this proceeded from Christian charity Lord Palmerston is entitled to all praise.—Jb.

The time has arrived for a compromise of some kind; the worst settlement of the dispute cannot be so fatal as the war. This was the conclusion forced on the British Government at a period the history of which is taught in every American school. The North might add its present experience to the lesson of its schoolbooks with infinite advantage. The American colonists were "rebels" in the belief of England, as the Southern citizens are "rebels" to the Government of Washington. We thought our national interest and our national pride were involved in suppressing the revolt by arms. We were stiff-necked in the matter as a people, and the Government was under the influence of the most obstinate of Kings. We kept up the war for years, and we are still paying for the blindness of our grandfathers. Yet England had to yield all, to acknowledge the independence of America, and to let the British Crown sustain as it could the loss of its "brightest jewel." To our surprise we soon found that the jewel was not so much missed; that as for our material interests, they were rather improved by the change,—that we gained more by good friends than bad subjects. We now look on the issue of the conflict with satisfaction. But England then, unlike America now, had a few wise and moderate men who saw the impossibility of conquering the rebellious colonies and courageously opposed the popular clamour, foreseeing the inevitable end. Lord Chatham called on the House of Lords "to instruct the Throne in the language of truth," to which a people might now listen with advantage. It was at one of the worst periods of the war; our Popes and our McClellans had failed. The army was in a desperate condition. "That army," said Chatham, "can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You know you cannot conquer America! What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we do know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much,"—words that exactly describe the condition of the North at the present moment. Our King, Government, and people had to yield to force of circumstances. "These say more distinctly to the Federals, 'You cannot conquer the South.' And the Americans will have to obey their stern monitor, as we did before them."—London Times.

The abominable crime of woman-murder is, we grieve to say, increasing with frightful rapidity in England. Those latest instances are briefly as follows. A labourer, named Crumpton, at Greenwich, stabbed a young woman who declined to receive his addresses, and he then attempted to take the life of her brother. Both these victims were, when the accounts from which we are writing were forwarded, in a dangerous state. Their depositions had been taken at their bedside by the magistrate. At Norwich, a cloth hawker, named Roberts, attacked Eliza Hunt, a woman with whom he was "keeping company"; he cut her throat, and then attempted to kill himself. Is there, under heaven, any way of checking the spread of this abominable crime throughout England? Englishmen will think only of acts of Parliament as a remedy; but it is not in the power of British legislation to remove the evil. When the people return to a respect for purity and the types of purity—when they begin to perceive that the olden creed of self-denial, restraint of the passions, obedience, and humility of heart has in it something of heaven—then there will begin to be a happy decrease in the murders, suicides, adulteries, and robberies that are now growing in so thick and black a crop over the face of England. But while a boastful, brutal generation possess the land, who do not believe in female honour, who do not hold that chastity is a virtue, who have no reverence for the Virgin Mother of God, who detest the sight of holy nuns, who attack Catholic convents and monasteries, whose press is daily pouring forth seductive and infamous publications by the thousand, so long will society go on rotting into moral filth as it is now doing in England.—Dublin Nation.

Mr. ROUPELL.—A writer in the Queen thus sketches the notorious William Roupell:—"From our place in the ladies' gallery" we have often looked down upon Mr. Roupell when, as a member for Lambeth, he has entered the House, and taken his accustomed seat underneath the side gallery, and immediately behind his colleague, Mr. W. Williams. Mr. Roupell was well known in the House, not from his standing therein, or any influence which he possessed, but rather as a young man representing a large constituency, which, from its magnitude, is supposed to be beyond the reach of corruption; and which, nevertheless, cost Mr. Roupell upwards of £9,000, when he sought the privilege of representing it. Up to March last, Mr. Roupell was looked upon in the House as one of the wealthy commoners of England. A domain in the immediate neighborhood of the metropolis bore his name, and 'Roupell Park' had only to be mentioned in the southern districts of the metropolis, to conjure up, in the mind of the hearer, visions of vast wealth and power. When Mr. Roupell was elected, he drove round the chief streets of Lambeth at the head of a lengthened cortege, which looked like the procession of a conqueror, as indeed it was. Mr. Roupell was, at that time, regarded as the man of gold of Lambeth; and when he rode in triumph round the borough, with his mother seated in the carriage beside him, there were few who looked upon him who did not feel something akin to envy at his brilliant destiny to which, apparently, he had been called. We well recollect the first appearance of Mr. Roupell in the House of Commons. In the way of oratory or statesmanship nothing was ever expected of him, and therefore no one was disappointed at his legislative career. He could, however, speak, not only with fluency, but with appropriate taste. We heard his first speech in the House of Commons, and we heard his last; and the last, too, that he can ever make in any assembly of the kind, whatever may be his future destiny. Although Mr. Roupell entered the legislature so triumphantly, yet his parliamentary career was beset with thorns from the very commencement. He had not been in the House many weeks before the ominous threat of a petition was heard, and it was speedily carried out. His election was petitioned against on the ground of corruption, and a lengthened investigation took place. Before the committee appointed to try the merits of the petition, Mr. Roupell was himself examined at great length; and we remember that in the course of that examination he was asked a question, and gave an answer, which are worth recalling as a kind of commentary upon the proceedings of the past week. He was closely questioned with regard to his payments on account of the public-houses, and as to some alleged underhanded proposition that had been made to him, which he repudiated. The examining counsel then put this question to him:—"Suppose such a proposition had been made to you, what course would you have adopted with regard to it?" And the answer of Mr. Roupell was this:—"If any man were to make such a proposition to me, or to make any kind of dishonourable proposition, I would knock him down." It is believed that the apparent frankness of that answer greatly influenced the committee in their decision, and they declared Mr. Roupell duly elected. And yet at that very moment he was raising money upon deeds that he had himself forged, upon spurious documents which he had himself concocted, and upon a fictitious will which he had manufactured almost in the presence of his dead father's body. And who could ever have entertained a suspicion of these things from an observation of the man in the House of Commons? Nobody. He looked like a frank gentleman; but it is now unhappily demonstrated that he was dissimulation itself. He was rather short in stature; he had an open, ingenuous countenance, which was adorned with a profusion of light beard, and at a distance he presented a strong personal resemblance to the late Mr. Albert Smith, of

On Sunday last (24th August) after great preparation, the publication of many pamphlets, and the insertion of many advertisements, the great Dissenting interest cursed the Establishment with its wonted interest. It was the Bartholomew Massacre of English Nonconformity; for the English Dissenters have their Bartholomew as well as the French, and it is probable that the English massacre was appointed to take place on that day out of regard to the memory of the French original; for there were men about Charles II. quite capable of a grim jest, and with the courage necessary for its perpetration. Puritans, Presbyterians, and Sectarians of all kinds had become the rulers of England, and the lords of many broad acres; they were satisfied with things as they were, and hated all innovation. They had ejected the Anglican Ministers from their parsonages, and had settled themselves comfortably in them, and refused occasionally to give alms, even of what they had stolen, to the people they had robbed. These men were not pleasant in their lives, and those who differed from them never found them in a good humour. They got possession of their places in the usual way of revolutionist; by expelling the previous possessors, who were generally accused of all sorts of crimes, in order that they might be sent away. The Presbyterians were successful for some years; they abused Popery and Prelacy, and lived upon the money which Popery had found for them. Sometimes justice overtakes the wicked even in this life, and accordingly on St. Bartholomew's Day the Presbyterians and the Puritan were driven out of their homes to make way in many instances for the men they had themselves displaced, and by an Act of Parliament, such as that was which they had entered in. It was a gloomy day, no doubt, but it was a day of strict retributive justice, and their descendants very wisely say little of the great fact, though they keep it in their memories, and make some use of it whenever they can. The great oracles of the Dissenting interest are now very careful to disavow themselves from the men whose punishment overtook them on St. Bartholomew's Day 1662. Those men had no objection to titles, none to Church-rates, neither did they see the slightest impropriety in a Church Establishment. Sir Morton Peto is one of the chiefs of modern Dissent, but even he shows some sympathy with all these things, though he professes to hate them. It was he who brought in a Bill to enable the Dissenting preacher to bury his dead with his own rites in the grave-yards of the Establishment. If this Bill had become law, the Dissenters would have become an established sect so far, and we are therefore not disposed to trust entirely to the declaration of the Nonconformists about Establishments. We believe them to be veritable descendants of their forefathers, who took titles, passed Church rates, and accepted fees, so long as they could, and discovered the illegality of these things only after they had been disabled from practising them. It is a melancholy confusion which modern Dissenters make when they celebrate the heroes of their sect; they disown them, they even condemn them, but they applaud the act, that is, the principle which they now discover in it, but which the Nonconformists of two hundred years ago, not only not admitted but deliberately disowned. We are now told that the significance of giving up stolen property by the early Nonconformists under the compulsion of an Act of Parliament, is this: that no man ought to be compelled to receive anything on authority in religion. It is a very convenient discovery, but the Presbyterians of Cromwell never held such a doctrine; for they imposed their views by authority, and if time had not failed would have had to accept other views on the authority of the Independents, who were prepared to enforce their opinions by the same means. Modern dissent elevates into a principle, a detestable maxim from which their ancestors shrunk: it is nothing less than to say that Satan did right when he was driven forth from heaven. The Presbyterians had their own authority, such as it was, by which they bound themselves, and by which they attempted to coerce others; for they never imagined that religion was without law, and that the man who believed least was the most accomplished Christian. This was reserved for future generations and more adventurous Nonconformists, who, trading on the reputation of their predecessors, dishonour their memory, misinterpret their acts, and finally disown them.—London Tablet.

A SAD STORY.—There is, or was until recently, a tall handsome man confined in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. He used to sit mournfully for days and weeks in a corner of his lone room, little given to talk and less to physical exercise. Now and then however, he broke out in a sudden blaze of excitement, repeating incoherent sentences, in which only the word 'flax-cotton' was distinctly audible. The unhappy man's name was Chevalier Clausen. By birth a Dane and a man of high scientific education, he gave himself up early to the study of practical chemistry, particularly those branches connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of labor and many experiments, he came to the conclusion that the fibre of flax, if rightly manipulated is superior to cotton for all purposes in which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on this account, as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which Europe might remain independent of self or slave. Clausen's experiments were well received in his own country, and his King gave him the title of Chevalier, but, unfortunately, little other substantial encouragement. The inventor then went to France, married a young French lady, was presented at Court, and received the Order of the Legion of Honor; but again got little else but promises of future reward for the years of labor devoted to the one object he had in hand. Somewhat weary of his work, and sorely pressed by poverty, Chevalier Clausen next came to this country, arriving just in time for the International Exhibition of 1851. He displayed in the Hyde-Park Palace some beautiful articles made of flax cotton, and set all the world in raptures about the new invention, the more so as he freely explained the secret of the process for converting flax-straw into a material equal in all, and superior in some respects, to the cotton fabric. The manipulation was simple enough according to Clausen's showing. The flax, cut into small pieces by machinery, was left for a while to the combined action of alkaline sovents and of carbonated alkalis and acids, which converted the fibre into a material very similar to cotton, and fit even, to some extent, to be spun with cotton machinery. The English manufacturers to whom the process was explained were delighted; nevertheless, they refused with many thanks the chevalier's offer to work his invention. It was found that flax-cotton could not be profitably spun without making various alterations in the existing machinery, and to this the Lancashire mill-owners objected, saying 'Why should we trouble ourselves about the raw material as long as we have got cotton in abundance?' With some urging of a propitious vein, M. Clausen remonstrated, arguing that the supply was not always to be depended upon, and that, besides, it would be better and cheaper in the long run to make European hand-fed European mills, by the aid of perfected steam agencies, than to leave the task to the rude manual labor of unwilling bondsmen. It was the voice of the preacher in the desert; Lancashire listened not, and when the Hyde Park Show was over, Chevalier Clausen and his invention were no more thought of than the man who discovered the compass. Sorely troubled in mind, and with subject poverty staring him in the face, Clausen then pursued his pilgrimage, crossing the Atlantic to America. What happened to him in the great Western Republic is not accurately known; but it is presumed that some 'cute natives, laid hold of the young man from the old country, squeezing his brains and then throwing him overboard: Here the history of flax-cotton ends; the inventor in a madhouse; Lancashire without food for her mill and her people.—Spectator.