

and a few schools, the scholars in which are almost exclusively Protestant. In Armagh, on the contrary, the National Schools are largely mixed as to attendance, the pupils in them, for the quarter stated, consisting of 9,623 Catholics and 6,012 Protestants of all creeds. The National system has, thus, worked for thirty years as a denominational, or separate system, in Armagh, and as a mixed system in Armagh and Ulster, and behold the results. There, in a large Protestant element in Cork, in Bandon, and in many of the cities of Munster, yet we have no Orange processions; no Belfast, or Derry riots; no Darrymacash, no special commissions, no applications of the Party Emblems Act, nor the civil liberty of any city restricted under the operation of the Crime and Outrage Act. It is not asserted that it is the mixed system of education which causes the sectarian strife and social disorder in Ulster; but it demonstrated as clearly as any known truth, and can no longer be controverted, that both are concomitant in Ireland; and that the mixed system, which, a priori, is known to be inadequate to soften down sectarian asperities, has, after thirty years working, wholly failed to effect the main end which statesmen professed to have had in view when proposing it for legislative sanction. The Attorney-General himself, a commissioner of the National Board of Education, must doubtless set due importance upon the weight of his official testimony, which we have quoted to prove this failure; and on the other hand, the report of the Cork Assizes establishes the fact that the universal prevalence of denominational schools does not, at least, prevent, if it does not promote social harmony and the allaying of sectarian strife. All the Lenten Pastorals of the Irish Prelates refer to the dangers of the mixed system of education, but none at such length as that to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.—*Cor. of Weekly Register.*

**THE CLOSING ASSIZES.**—The now unquestioned evidence of acute distress, the depressed state of trade, the scarcity of employment, for the artisan as well as the labouring classes, and the general commercial condition of the country low and unsatisfactory, all tend to poverty, destitution, and crime. The assizes are the social gauge usually adopted with which to measure the extent and the degree of crime; and as they have almost all closed this week, we shall take a brief view of the picture which they present of public morality. In some counties, as Donegal, the assizes lasted only part of two days, and were chiefly confined to the usual routine of fiscal business. The judges, in some few counties, while admitting the very satisfactory state of the calendars, complained that the list of crime, as supplied by the police officers, indicated an amount of undetected criminality, neither creditable to the vigilance of the constabulary—nor an opinion which many will dispute—nor in accordance with the gratifying reputation drawn from the few prisoners on trial. With these trifling exceptions throughout all the circuits there has been nothing heard from the judicial bench but congratulations on the peaceful condition of the country. In Louth, in Antrim, Derry, and several of the counties, the language of the judges was commendatory and eulogistic, in the highest degree, of the good order and excellent conduct of the people, the remnant of the religious feuds and factions, arising from the Orange system in Armagh, being the chief social stain upon the reputation of the peasantry. In Cork county, with a population of upwards of half a million of souls, and severe distress existing throughout a county which is 110 miles long by 70 miles broad, the Judge stated that of the 29 cases for trial, more than half of them were of larceny. In fact, 11 of them were cases of simple larceny, and five for stealing straw from a Workhouse! The charge of the Judge at the Assizes for the City of Cork was equally congratulatory, as to the absence of crime. There were many cases of deep interest tried in different counties, but our object now is merely to notice the general absence of serious crime, the disappearance, from the Calendar, of Secret Societies, the paucity of agrarian outrages, and the restriction of the convictions for assaults, arising from the heat of blood, and personal altercations, larcenies, and those offences which we can never hope to wholly suppress in so large a population. Reviewing the result of the Assizes, especially in connection with the lamentable privations of large masses of the destitute and suffering poor, and even of classes much above them in the social scale, the security of property, the protection of life, and the sacredness of the higher relations of society are equalled in few and surpassed in no other country in the world.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

At the Lifford Assizes, county Donegal, 14 persons were arraigned for Ribbandism. The Crown asked for a postponement of the trial till next assizes, bail being accepted for the prisoners.

**THE STATE OF DONEGAL.**—We have to record the gratifying fact that the Assizes for the county of Donegal, which opened at three o'clock on Saturday, terminated on four o'clock on Monday—a fact which may be taken, notwithstanding the stories of the prevalence of Ribbandism, as a fair indication of the peaceful state of the county.

At the Antrim Assizes held in Belfast, the Right Hon. Justice Fitzgerald spoke very favourably of the state of the county, and of Belfast, the centre of manufacturing and commercial activity of which they were all proud. Crime had been steadily decreasing for the last four years. Out of a population of about 400,000, there were in the well-governed gaol only 198 prisoners for all offences, including drunkenness on the 7th inst.—*Times Cor.*

**THE PROGRESS OF FAMINE.**—As the year rolls on, the misery of the poor increases. In South and West there is suffering unequalled since the horrors of 1847; and the towns, in narrow lane and crowded street, begin to share in the sore trials of the rural districts. The wet winter destroyed the fuel of the people. Their crops had already been scant; and the potato especially, the only portion of the food he raises which the Irish peasant is allowed to eat, had signally failed. In the West and in the South, the poor have been spending whatever small sums of money they had, in purchasing meal; and now, whilst work is scarce and the money is all gone, the horrors of famine really threaten to set in. The coast districts of Cork and Kerry suffered most terribly from the famine fourteen years ago. This year they threaten to rival the wilds of Oonaught. From the painfully famous localities of Skibbereen, Bli-mere, and Skull, accounts begin to come which are sufficiently alarming. How the fanatics tried to avail themselves of the miseries of these places before, a Southern contemporary briefly relates:—"We need hardly suggest that Cape Clear is a wild, stormy, and barren locality, yet it holds about seven hundred inhabitants; Sherkin is perhaps not quite so poor in natural advantages. Baltimore, near the sea coast, is probably poorer than either. In the great famine these places were the pet subjects for the efforts of the proselytizers, and at Cape Clear alone the numbers at one time won by meal and money to the Protestant Church were between three and four hundred. Since then, all who survive that dreadful time have returned to their ancient faith, and the pretty church of Cape Clear, built at an expense of £2,000, by the Irish Church Missions Society, is as bare of a congregation as if its incumbent were in receipt of the fattest tithes in Ireland." Probably another effort will be made, by these apostles of irreligion to traffic in the miseries of the poor. For new trials and afflictions are at hand. "Sherkin," says the *Cork Examiner*, "has been visited by a peculiar misfortune. The great storm of January raged with extreme violence in that locality. Even Baltimore harbour did not escape its fury. Fish were driven by the waves into the fields, the rocks forty feet high. In this tempest sixteen of the Sherkin fishing boats were wrecked, nine of them being totally destroyed. The parish priest, the Rev. Henry Leader, had application made to the Fishery Commissioners by Captain Duane, the inspecting commander of coast-guards, for some assistance to replacing those boats; but the Commissioners had no

funds for such a purpose. Upon Cape Clear, the privations are often, of the worst kind, as in bad weather communication is cut off for a fortnight together from the main land; and to a people who live on purchased grain, it can be easily understood how severe a source of misery this is. Some small drainage works were entered upon by the landlord, Sir Henry Becher, but they amounted to only £50, and the relief afforded by that sum in a district so large, and to a population so numerous, was, of course, merely infinitesimal. With such a state of things under his eyes, the Rev. Mr. Leader has felt himself compelled to ask for public aid for his poor flock."—*Dublin Irishman.*

**DEATH FROM STARVATION—TULLAMORE, MARCH TERM.**—On the 4th instant William A. Going, Esq., coroner, held an inquest on the body of a child named Maria Duffy, who died from hunger and cold on the roadside. It appeared from the statement of the mother that her husband deserted her, and returning home from the county Westmeath, where she went in search of him, the child died from the above causes. The jury returned a verdict "died from cold and hunger."

William Smith O'Brien, in his letter to Sir Robert Peel, written and posted on the day the report of his words was published in the papers, informed that person that he was a bully and a coward, and told him that if he felt aggrieved by this description he could have "satisfaction" in any part of Europe he might choose to name. Of course Sir Robert pocketed the insult and kept quiet.

"We learn that £600 of the money collected in Montreal, for the relief of the destitution in Ireland, has already been transmitted to its destination."—*Quebec Chronicle.*

This prompt action of the Irishmen of the City of Montreal is a gratifying proof that their hearts warm towards their native land with as much fervour as if they still tread its soil, and that neither distance nor prosperity has in any wise lessened their sympathy for their less fortunate and suffering brethren at home. Indeed the ready and timely response of our generous countrymen in Canada to the cry of distress here—so warmly taken up and promptly acted upon by the Irish Canadians all over that fine province, and in which patriotic movement the Bishops and Clergy, as well as the leading Irish laymen, were conspicuous—makes us almost imagine that we are speaking of people still among us. It is true they are 3,000 miles away; but steam communication, in which the Canadians are not behind their neighbors, has bridged the distance, and they are practically not more remote from us than some counties in Ireland were from others in the beginning of the present century. In this particular instance our Canadian brethren have proved themselves to be even closer to their distressed fellow-countrymen in the West than the capital city of Ireland; for, before the Massion House Committee has fairly got under weigh, the first of the expected contributions to this really patriotic fund from Canada is available, and is already gladdening the hearts and relieving the suffering of their famished and starving countrymen in the West.—*Dublin Evening News.*

Never in the history of the world, has any one race been more evidently and visibly made the instrument of any great work than the Irish race has been made the especial and favoured instrument of leaving with Catholic truth every land in which the Saxon race has set up its dominion had placed its free civil institutions. But what makes this more remarkable is that if we once more return, in thought, to the period at which British colonisation began, and ask what appearance there was then that the influence of Anglicanism triumphant in the Saxon race was to be more than counteracted all over the world by the Catholic influence of the Irish Celt; the question would have appeared to any man of worldly wisdom simply ridiculous. The war of extermination by which Ireland was subdued to Elizabeth and James I. was carried on with barbarity so unparading, that the state of the land can be described only in the well known line—"He makes a solitude, and calls it peace." The Irish race was believed to be exterminated. Here and there a Celtic fugitive, who had taken refuge in the woods, is described as being driven out of them by famine to throw himself upon the mercy of the conquerors, which it is to be feared he often failed to obtain. To all appearance the religion, and even the race of the Irish people were likely in two or three generations to be unknown even in Ireland itself. How wild an anticipation it would then have appeared had any man ventured to predict, that after passing twice more at least through sufferings and bloodshed, on the same scale as before the Irish race was to increase and multiply under the most cruel oppressions, that it was firmly to retain the ancient faith in spite of violence and in spite of cunning, that even its sufferings and calamities were to be the means of spreading it, and, by it, its faith over the whole world, and especially that it was by this instrumentality that all the desires and efforts of England to secure the Protestantism of the new nation she was about to found, were ultimately to be foiled. Man would have thought this impossible beforehand—we see with our own eyes that God has brought it to pass. Neither is there anything here to astonish the faithful man, who knows that God is ever pleased to do mighty works by instruments which man despises, and has "chosen the mean things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, and the things that are not; that He might destroy the things that are. That no flesh should glory in His sight."—*Weekly Register.*

A piece of wood was lately found by Mr. Stephens, Coastguard Officer, at Lambay, on which were written in pencil the following words:—"Jan. 12, 1862. —Ship Ellen, of Bristol, sinking. God have mercy on our souls."—The fragment of wood, supposed to have floated from a wreck to the island, had been left at the *Daily Express* office in Dublin.

**SOCIAL POSITION.**—It is now more than thirty years since Catholic Emancipation removed the legal stamp of degradation which had been placed upon the great mass of the Irish population. The social distinctions which the existence of the laws then repealed could not, however, be quite effaced by an Act of Parliament. It had been the fashion to look down upon the Catholics as a proscribed race; and it was natural—however much we may regret it, too many of the Catholics became accustomed to think that there was something inherently respectable and, as it were aristocratic, about Protestantism. The lapse of a generation has, of course, greatly modified this state of things, yet the old ideas are not altogether banished. There are still some Catholics to be found who believe that there is socially something superior in Protestantism to their own faith, and who will go beyond what Protestants themselves would demand in a word recognition of their better rank. Whether this be the cause to which we are to ascribe the startling preponderance of Protestants over Catholics in the constitution of the present Grand Jury, we cannot pretend positively to say. But it has struck us as particularly remarkable that it should be under a Catholic High Sheriff a Grand Jury was summoned almost unprecedented for the smallness of the Catholic element in its composition. We are told of the qualification required, and that station is an essential particular to be considered in the selection of gentlemen to serve on the County Grand Jury. But legal qualification for the office of a Grand Juror is that he must be a £50 free-holder, or that he must have a leasehold profit rent of £100 a year. Are Catholic gentlemen possessed of this much means so rare in the County of Cork that a zealous Catholic High Sheriff cannot find more than three? Oh, but station? Well, how is station to be determined? We should think the magistracy of the county ought offer a pretty fair list of those entitled to rank as gentlemen, and to meet or mix with any society whatever. In this rank, there are in the County of Cork no less than sixty-four Catholics. And out of these sixty-four but three could be found by a Catholic High Sheriff of sufficient respectability to mix with those twenty of

the gentlemanly faith whom he had selected. The office of High Sheriff, was, once held by a Catholic gentleman of rank and property, who did not experience the same nice scruples about the low and ungentlemanly nature of the Catholic religion as seem to affect some of his successors. Mr. Alexander MacCarthy found no difficulty in discovering Catholic gentlemen of property and position in the largest county of Ireland. Upon one Grand Jury selected by him in his year of office there were nine of his own faith. The unfairness of proscribing men of a particular form of faith has been a constant source of complaint in this and in every other county of Ireland. The *Morning News* has had to find fault with the constitution of the Grand Jury of the County of Clare during the present assizes. The *Dublin Evening Post* has the following in reference to that of Roscommon:—"The construction of the Grand Jury Panel is a subject of indignant remark amongst the Liberals of this county. Gentlemen of Liberal opinions, Protestants and Catholics, were treated with great discourtesy; and the late High Sheriff, Captain Balle, was altogether excluded from the Panel, contrary to all precedent!" But there is this annoying difference, that while Catholic gentry, in the other counties we have named, have to complain of unfair treatment from persons of a different religion, and because of that difference, in the County of Cork the brand of social inferiority is placed upon them by one of their faith.—*Cork Examiner.*

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**MAJOR O'REILLY IN LIVERPOOL.**—On Tuesday last, the gallant representative for Longford arrived in town by the Dundalk steamer. Information of the distinguished passenger being on board having been obtained by the loyal and warm-hearted Irishmen about the Collingwood Dock, Pierhead, &c., shouts of "Welcome, Major O'Reilly—hurrah for Longford and its gallant member and people!" arose from the crowds awaiting the arrival of the steambot, and were repeated with the greatest enthusiasm until his departure. We believe the gallant major proceeded at once by rail to London to enter on his parliamentary duties.

**HOUSE OF COMMONS—SARDINIAN ATROCITIES IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.**—Mr. D'Israeli—I wish to ask a question of Her Majesty's Government respecting certain proclamations which have been issued by the officers of the kingdom of Italy in the southern parts of that country. Very recently public feeling was much excited in this country by a proclamation signed by Colonel Fantoni, which commanded the shooting of women, and other enormities so incredible, that I believe a minister of authority, one of the advisers of the Crown, felt himself justified, in his place in Parliament, in denying the authenticity of the document. Unfortunately it proved to be authentic, but public feeling was relieved by the highest authority in another place informing the country that he had received a communication from the Prime Minister of the King of Italy, declaring that the moment after the proclamation of Colonel Fantoni was issued, it was by a superior order recalled. I have in my hand another proclamation that appears to have been issued several days after the proclamation of Colonel Fantoni, which we were assured had been immediately cancelled. The House will perhaps allow me to state the principal features in that proclamation, in order that they may comprehend more clearly the object of my question, and also in order that Her Majesty's Government may recognise it, if they have it in their possession. This proclamation is signed by one Major Furnel, who was the chief of the district of Calabria Ulteriore Secunda, which I believe is one of very considerable extent. Colonel Furnel, under date Ciro, Feb. 12, says:—"The undersigned, charged with the destruction of the brigandage, declares that whoever gives shelter, or any kind of sustenance or aid to brigands, or seeing them and knowing their place of refuge, does not immediately give information to armed forces, or to the civil and military authorities, shall be immediately shot. All cabins must be burned. Towers and farm-houses which are not inhabited or defended by armed forces, must be dismantled within three days, or the doors and windows built up. After that time they will be burnt; and likewise all cattle found without the necessary protection will be killed. It is also prohibited to carry bread or food of any kind out of the inhabited parts of the commune; and whoever acts in contradiction of this order will be considered as an accomplice of the brigands and shot!"

Now the question I wish to put to Her Majesty's Government is, whether Her Majesty's Minister at Turin, who appears not until late in the inquiry to have furnished Her Majesty's Government with any of these documents, has placed the proclamation to which I have referred within the cognisance of Her Majesty's Government; and whether Her Majesty's Government have given the subject of the proclamation their attention, and I may even say, their anxious attention? (Loud cheers.)—Viscount Palmerston.—The right hon. gentleman has had the goodness this morning to give me notice of the question which he meant to ask of me, and I therefore made inquiry at the Foreign-office to ascertain whether any communication had been received there with regard to this proclamation of Ciro. The answer which I got was, that no information upon the point had been received either from Her Majesty's Minister at Turin, or from Her Majesty's Consul at Naples. A telegraph inquiry was immediately made for the purpose of ascertaining how the fact stood. It is needless, I am sure, to say with regard to proclamations of this kind, that Her Majesty's Government must partake of the disgust (loud cheers) which every one must feel at such proceedings.

A rather ticklish question is to be put by Mr. Griffith to the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—namely, whether Earl Russell will take steps to learn if the law Italian ministry have in contemplation to discuss any question relative to the cession to France of any portion of the territory at present forming part of the Italian Kingdom? Mr. Griffith will likewise ask for the copy of any communication which may have been made to the Italian government in reference to such a question? What with Lord Normanby, Earl Derby, Mr. Griffith, and several other members of the Legislature, the Italian policy of the government to all appearance is likely to undergo a searching inquiry during the present session, and it is generally suspected that the revelations will be made about the doings of Il Re Gennaro and his myrmidons that will considerably lower the tone of approval with which the part taken by the British Premier and his colleagues in the "unification" of Italy.

A Protestant missionary is a costly instrument. The instruments of that instrument, viz., the Bibles which he distributes, or rather throws about him, are also costly. On the other hand, the instruments of the Catholic apostolate are cheap. A Catholic missionary has but himself to keep, and he is content with very little. A mere trifle, say twenty pounds a year in China, will support him; the Protestant missionary requires or obtains hundreds. The Catholic uses no mechanical means to save himself trouble. He does not depend upon the circulation of books which nobody reads. He preaches, and still more, he teaches by his example, he prays, he offers the Unbloody Sacrifice. These instruments are indeed beyond price, if you look at them from the Divine point of view. Regarded from the earth, they are easily and cheaply obtained by faith. The Protestant has a continual tendency to settle himself in worldly comfort, to make himself a home, to "exploit" the natives (to use an expressive French word), to leave the line of missionary exertion, and to avail himself of his opportunities to make money by his knowledge of the natives, to become consul, purveyor, land purchaser, farmer. To the Catholic there are no temptations. He has no home on the earth. He follows in the track, and we can hardly say of him, "haur passibus agnus" since he, too, ends in martyrdom—of St. Paul and of St. Francis Xavier. The Catholic missionary announces but one

doctrine; the Protestant bewilders the barbarians with a variety of sects. The former teaches by the living voice, the latter presents books and tracts. The former has no "silver, or gold" to offer; the latter, where he cannot himself profit by his converts, offers them material bribes. The former raises the heathen to a higher life, of which purity is an essential characteristic, the latter has even permitted polygamy. And the results are what might have been anticipated from the antecedents. "A *fructuosum coram cognoscit eos*," to use the famous text which Mr. Marshall places on his title-page: The Pagan convert looks up with respect to the comfortable Protestant missionary, who differs from other gentlemen principally in the white neck-cloth. He feels that the Catholic missionary is a being of an inferior order. The Hindu pays no mark of deference to the meeting-house or the Anglican church; he makes his salaam in passing the Catholic chapel, where is a Presence before which even the Devils tremble. The great prevailing feature of Protestant missions is sterility. Their history is the record of men who have spent their lives (so far as conversions go) in bending the air. The heathens accept their books or listen to their divided utterances with utter indifference. They are not converted, neither do they pay that opposite homage to their teaching which consists in persecution. The Catholic effects conversions by thousands, and side by side with these conversions is the unfulfilling marks of persecutions and martyrdoms. In Cochinchina and Tonquin is repeated to this day the history of Japan in the sixteenth century, of Lyons and Vienna in the second. The Protestant work, such as it is, is transitory, fading away under the eyes of its workers. The Catholic builds on durable foundations, and the spirits of Xavier and Lainez still behold with joy the permanence and growth of the seed they sowed. When Protestantism has effected a semblance of conversions, as in New Zealand or Tahiti, there is this mark about it, that the ill-fated race subjected to its yoke dies away under it, and disappears before the eyes of its conquerors. Whereas Catholicism has been visibly able to do that which Protestantism has never done, both to reclaim savage nations to the dominion of Christ, and keep them in existence whilst in the presence of European races. The entire population of the whole of Tasmania has melted away, save perhaps half-a-dozen. The Society Islands have dwindled to a few thousands; the Maori, the noblest race of savages, are gradually decaying. The Indians of Anglo-Saxon North America will ere long have disappeared. But Catholicism may point to the Indians of Mexico and Peru, and Paraguay, still increasing, after centuries of contact with Catholic Christians. So that we see that even in what is the proudest boast of Protestantism, its supposed superiority in civilization, Catholicism has really the advantage.—*Tablet.*

**THE WORKHOUSE SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.**—We make the following extracts from a letter forwarded to us by a Correspondent in Rhyl. The letter appeared originally in the *London Standard*, an extreme Protestant journal. The writer says:—

Within the walls of this prison we are confined, without classification, like felons, the very windows of which are blocked that we may not see into the street. We are allowed to go out a few hours once a month, but compelled to wear the parish garb—that badge of poverty and degradation—and our relatives are permitted to see us sometimes, for two hours, once a month. We are huddled together—the respectable with the most depraved, the honest with the dishonest, the dirty with the clean, the sane with the insane, the lame, the halt, the blind, and the sick, and dying. In fact those whose position has been the most elevated without are the most ill-treated within, being subjected to the most filthy re-villings, the most obscene language, and the most tremendous oaths, and our food is not what it ought in charity to be, since the sum raised for the maintenance of the poor is amply sufficient to give a proper quantity of that which is wholesome and good. But is it so? I answer no.

Then, sir, there are the officials, ignorant and tyrannical, who are extravagantly paid to protect those whom they ill-treat, and who give themselves airs and graces that would not be tolerated for a moment anywhere else.

I remain, sir, your humble servant,  
JAMES HENRY WHITE,  
Inmate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Workhouse.

**SCALE OF DIET FOR A WEEK.**  
(Extract from *Illustrated Magazine*.)

**MODEL PRISON, PENTONVILLE.**  
Meat, 1½ lb.; bread, 6 lb 4oz; potatoes, 7 lb; soup, with meat, 31 pints; cocoa in the morning, 1 pint; gruel in the evening, 1 pint.  
Number of hours of labour—8 per day. Method of employment—various.

(Extract from *Illustrated Magazine*.)

**ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS WORKHOUSE.**  
Meat, 1 lb 2oz; bread, 4 lb 14oz; potatoes, 1½ lb; soup, no meat, 3 pints; gruel in the morning, 1 pint; water in the evening; suet pudding, 14oz; rice, 14oz; cheese, ½ lb; butter, 3oz.  
Number of hours of labour—10 per day.  
Methods of employment—Stone breaking, 12 bushels; oakum picking, 4 lb being 1 lb more than the House of Correction.

List of salaries of the officials of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Workhouse, £1,901.

**NUMBER OF PAUPERS RECEIVING RELIEF.**  
In the house, 336; out do., 247; in the asylums and schools, 153.

**PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION.**—Although the future historian who writes about us 200 hence will scarcely characterize this age as an age remarkable for credulity, it is pretty generally known that among the fancies of the fashionable world there is none more prevalent than the desire to hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. A "medium" is a good repute, who, for a certain fee, will enable us to discourse with our deceased grandfathers, may be regarded as a member of a profession at once lucrative and distinguished. No connexion is there between him and the obscure prophetess who extracts foreknowledge from a dirty pack of cards, with the fear of the police before her eyes, and is only approachable through the narrowest of alleys. The "medium" has his well-furnished apartments in a broad west-end thoroughfare, his visitors rattle up to his door in their carriages, and, far from concealing the fact of their consultation, enrich their discourse at dinner with anecdotes of the wonderful magician. A dozen years ago an honest country gentleman who firmly believed that he had seen a ghost was forced to keep his belief to himself, if he would not be laughed down by his enlightened friends. Quite another view is now prevalent. A thorough disbelief in ghosts has become rather vulgar than otherwise. Just now the leading "medium" is Mr. Forster, of Bryanston-street Portman-square. He gives sittings (scarcely the word) at the rate of one guinea a head, and is so fully occupied with his spiritual business that, without an appointment on the previous day, there is no chance of an interview. When you are lucky enough to get your hour, you certainly have your guinea's worth. Mr. Forster gives you the right of search into the ghostly bosoms of all your deceased relatives and friends, and if you question them about this little debt, that little legacy, and other little mortgage they will answer you with a straightforwardness that perhaps was by no means characteristic of their earthly career. Many an old curmudgeon who would have told his next of kin "not to bother" if he had asked him a hundredth part of the questions propounded in Mr. Forster's room now overflows with information, and, distressfully rapping, hovers about his relative's chair, fearful that he may not be asked enough. "There is a spirit wants to speak with you," is one of Mr. Forster's most frequent remarks. Do not let it be supposed that these spirits are specks in winding-sheets, and that when addressed they poke their heads out of a caldron, like the spirits in Macbeth. In a civilized age, when the knowledge

of reading and writing, is supposed to be universal, the spirits prefer the epistolary form of correspondence. You take your seat comfortably at a little round table, with Mr. Forster, himself, and perhaps two or three other amateurs of recondite wisdom, and if the table suddenly pitches into your lap, you need not be in the least alarmed, as this is only a sign that the spirits—in toastmasters' phraseology—bid you heartily welcome. Then you write the names of half a dozen departed friends on little morsels of paper, double them up, fling them into an indiscriminate heap, and touching the spirits one by one, seek to discover which of the spirits is desirous of holding converse. These raps on the table signify that you have touched the most willing communicant, and Mr. Forster will surprise you by putting a piece of blank note paper under the table, and in an instant bringing it back, with the Christian name of your readiest friend written thereon in pencil. Or he may vary the experiment, and, touching up his shirt-sleeve, show you the name inscribed on his own arm in red letters. While this is going on you are occasionally diverted by renewed raps against your knees. This, you are informed, is the touch of a spirit; but you need not be alarmed, the spirit is not half so dangerous as one of those pet pooxies that sometimes take similar liberties. After several experiments of the kind described, the air seems to become impregnated with spiritual influences.—The lurches of the table increase, rappings go on at short intervals, and you are told that one of the spirits wish to speak with you. This is your time to put in your business-like questions, to ask whether Smith will honor his acceptance without being stimulated by your solicitor, or whether Brown really died intestate. Sometimes Mr. Forster—possessed, of course, by the spirit—will himself answer these interrogations in writing, scribbling on the paper with preternatural rapidity, as if unable to control his movements. But generally a rap on the table is the response (one rap denoting 'No,' two raps 'Doubtful,' and three raps 'Yes') and the questioner may be advised to use such a form of inquiry as may be answered by a simple affirmative or negative, and to avoid the disjunctive form of interrogation. The spirits, though communicative, are disposed to be laconic, and we need not remark that the seeker for advice who asks whether in a certain case he ought to proceed by common law or equity, and is answered by plain 'Yes' or 'No,' scarcely obtains the guidance he requires. To avoid disappointment, let him therefore ask, 'Shall I issue a writ?' or, 'Shall I file a bill?' (one or the other, not both together), and then to one but he will find that the raps proceed from the most unquestionable worldly wisdom.—Even for those gross natures who, not satisfied with seeing spiritual handwriting, hearing raps, feeling their knees tickled, and bearing the weight of luridly tumbled, would like to have something like the armed head thrust out of the witches' pot—even for these gross natures a *bonne bouche* is provided. One of the party asks 'Shall we have a hand?' in an calm tone as if about of what or cribbage was proposed, but means no such levity. If Mr. Forster thinks that the opportunity is favorable to the introduction of the 'hand,' you move to another part of the table, and whereas the previous experiments (if made in the morning) were performed in broad daylight, the stutters are now closed, and you look anxiously towards the table's opposite edge. Now you have really something to feel a little nervous. An indistinct something rises to your view, and growing more definite, is plainly a hand, with two fingers in rigid motion. About this hand there is no mistake, nor there a doubt about its inclination to clutch a bit of paper in its vicinity. That this is a most extraordinary exhibition no one can deny who watches it fairly through. Granted any amount of confederacy or collusion, it is still difficult to explain how the name written by the questioner on paper can be imitated in a moment by an unseen scribe under the table, and how the arm of Mr. Forster, who never quits your sight, is inscribed with a word of your own choice. Let us add that, if you write your own name and many others on scraps of paper, and, throwing them in a heap together, touch them in succession, the affirmative raps will only be given when the right paper is touched. At these sittings nothing is done with the view of inspiring terror.—Mr. Forster is no lean, haggard seer, but a young gentleman of a frank and even jovial aspect, remarkably gentlemanlike and urbane in his manner, and not at all indisposed to laugh and joke in the midst of his spiritual manifestations. Now and then he appears pained and exhausted through the work of "mediation" but mostly, if the party consists of gentlemen only, he smokes his cigar amid a volley of wrappings, as a veteran might write his despatches with shells lying in at his windows. Confining ourselves to the report of phenomena, we do not pretend to determine when the spirit leaves off and the flesh begins. Mr. Forster offers his patrons a very agreeable hour; his acromancy is of the most genial kind, and, if people are frightened rather than pleased, it is not his fault, but theirs. As for that strange hand, with the twiddling fingers, why should any dull, mechanical prying attempt to destroy our amusement at watching it by some dreary exposition of physical causes? The hand does no harm, and shares with hard words the property of breaking no bones. Whatever the spirits may be, they are not malignant.—*London Times.*

**UNITED STATES.**

A minister, appointed chaplain in an Ohio regiment, lately wrote the following note to a brother preacher:—"Dear brother—if you can get a comb with an chapin, it will pay you \$874 a month and a livin beside. The cause of Christ kneads you in his army."

**SUNDAY SENSATIONISM.**—*Vanity Fair* learns from the New York *Daily Times* that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated "Star" Divine, twice brought down the house by his performances on Sunday evening the 9th inst. In a general way there is no harm in bringing down the house. In fact it is rather a good thing to do. But this was the House of God. Mr. B. took his "cue" from the 62nd Chapter of Isaiah, and judging from the sensation he produced, must have "topped his part." The *Times* says:—"The conduct of Russia was contrasted with that of England, France, and Spain, so as to draw forth a loud outburst of applause; and when he spoke of the probability of an American blocking of the European game in Mexico, there was a second round of enthusiastic concurrence." The substitution of cheering, clapping of hands, and stamping in other words, of "loud outbursts of applause," and "enthusiastic concurrence"—for the usual monotonous quiet which prevails in places of worship during divine service—must have had a jolly effect. "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him" seems to be considered a scriptural Old Fogyism by the lively Apostle of Plymouth Church and his worshipful merry-men. It might be appropriately parodied for that uproarious Institution after this fashion:—"The Star Preacher is on his clerical Stage, let all his claqueurs claque before him." Shades of the Pilgrims! What would the stern religionists who built the first Plymouth Church have said to such clap-trap? Verily the man who "keeps his eyes and ears open" would soon have had his mouth shut in their day. To use a clerical expression borrowed from the black-leg vocabulary, his "game would have been blocked." If this sort of thing is continued at Plymouth Church, the Brooklyn Academy of Music may as well be closed. It cannot stand the Sunday competition of its unlicensed rival. What is 'Puritani' to a dramatic performance by a "descendant of the Puritans" or the "Avil Chorus" on the stage of the starring of two thousand feet, and the clapping of two thousand hands in the auditorium of a meeting house? Motley in the pulpit on Sunday interferes with the week-day interests of a humorous publica-