umphant roar from some monster's throat, which has made its spring, and is now astride across its prostrate victim.

"Here he is! here he is!" cried those nearest to him, seizing him with an hundred hands—"here he is, powder, and combs, and tongs, and all—down with them before him! Now, perruquier, do your best for the honour of *la nation!*" and at the same instant, Edouard and another were thrust in at the door, bearing the poles, which were lowered to within reach of those at the front, and from the top of each a GHASTLY HUMAN HEAD was plucked, and laid down before the horrified barber!

* * * * * *

That multitude hath passed by—the street of Sevres is cleared once more, and filling again with the calm body of twilight. Here and there indeed a panting mass lies in the corner of the way, or under a door, like the ember dashed from the career of some onward machine of fire—half heaving with the glow it has left—half dimming with the stillness and darkness it has fallen into. Wretches, a few, and silent, had crawled from under feet, or been wheeled by eddies into corners, and lay there, waiting for their fate—whilst a few of the bolder inhabitants ventured to peer out, or cautiously to open their doors, and ask their neighbours, with white lips, whether they thought that all was past. Within that hour, there had rolled by the omega and alpha of France—its scum, and its glory—its meanest, and its greatest—its rabble, and its KING. Yes; preceded by that band of demons, which found a suitable advance in such a procession; surrounded by the mock parade of guards, within whose circle an inner ring of the vilest and most abandoned of the populace flung the wild license of contumely upon their defenceless ears; followed by the exhausted remnant of their devoted friends, Louis the Sixteenth, the mild and virtuous Louis, and his lovely queen—she, of whom all Europe would have supposed, that "ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that treated her with insult"—had been dragged along in mock procession towards that city, over whose domes and temples and palaces evening now was beginning to draw its mysterious cloud, emblem of that, from the overcharged bosom of which was so soon to be launched the bolt of fate upon the heads of the unhappy pair.

In the back shop, upright in his wicker chair, sat the little coiffeur, shrunk out of all resemblance to what he had been a few hours before—his cheek drawn over the bone, till it nearly started through the skin—his eye fixed and filmy—his hue livid—his forehead beaded with cold dew—and his thin and drawn lips fringed with a pale slime. No word he spoke—no muscle he moved—the rat-like hair bristled about his head—and his whole aspect was an impersonation of grotesque terror so intensely exaggerated as to be, if any eyes had seen them but those little less spell-bound than his own, a hideous caricature of human suffering, almost provocative of a laugh as well as a shudder. There were stains here and there upon his garments, and upon his hands, not to be mistaken—it was plain, HE HAD DONE THEIR BIDDING.

"Father, father—they are gone—it is over. Here, father, a drop of wine—drink it, father! it will do thee good:" and the pallid girl held trembling to his lips a cup of the ordinary wine of the place. "Taste it, father, all are gone—the door is fastened again, and they will not molest thee more. Here—thou art cold—have they hurt thee? Oh, God! have they hurt thee, my beloved father?" She laid down the glass hastily, and felt his chest and arms. "Move—move, father, but a limb: shew that thou art alive; one word—one word to thy daughter Jeannette, who loves thee, father! See, there is the fire, and the log is burning to warm thee, my father! Or—wouldst thou prefer being chafed with these fingers? Nay, it was no more than a dream—and thou art awake unharmed. Take a single drop of wine from her who loves thee—see, here, I sip it myself. Oh, God, my father! father—speak to me, but one word—move—move—stir thy hand, *mon pêre*, for the love of God and thy devoted daughter Jeannette!"

But he sat still and stiff. The agonized girl looked around in utter perplexity, to see what she could do for him. She thought at one moment that she would rush into the street, and call for assistance; but the idea of having shut out the frightful *outside* still remained the predominant matter of consolation in her mind—and the sense of *safety* to him and to herself was too paramount to allow her for an instant to entertain the idea of unbarring the door. Besides, there was a vague dread in her mind of his being, by the construction of others, drawn some how or other into the vortex of events, and considered a party to them, as long as the marks of blood remained about him and the room; hence her next thought, and the one on which she acted was, to get water and a napkin, and to set about washing from his sleeves and hands the traces of the horrid operation he had been called upon to perform. She trusted that the warmth of the fire, and the very action of ablution, would by-and-bye awaken him from the rigid and stony trance into which he had fallen. Nor was she altogether mistaken—she had scarcely touched the clenched hand, for the purpose of placing it in the warm water she had prepared, when he began to move his fingers, feeling, as it were, for something he had held within them. He bent down his head, and, suddenly producing a shred dabbled with blood, shook it up close to his daughter's face, crying, with a discordant gibbering laugh,

"*Ne m'oubliez pas*, my pretty Jeannette!"

He had just time to utter the words; and the next instant, without a change of position, his features became expressionless, his eye glassy, his jaw dropped open—he was dead!

* * * * * *

In the hospital of Bicêtere, there is at this moment a skinny old woman, wizened as a witch, who sits gathered up in a corner, and is exhibited to curious visiters as one of the oldest inmates of the establishment, as well as one of its most confirmed and aggravated cases. Under the best of circumstance, Frenchwomen seem to be ignorant of the art of growing old becomingly—and it is only natural that this aged maniac should present proofs of the fact under the worst. She is hideous as an ogress—her nose stoops to attack her chin, which rises in angry defiance to meet it; over her wrinkled and sallow visage long hairs have grown in tufts; and her eye, colourless, as with eternally staring at the light, exhibits the blood-shot ball to bursting. In her skinny hands she exhibits the almost worn out shreds of a bit of ribbon—and all the words that ever escape her, are—"*Ne m'oubliez pas, my pretty Jeannette!*"

* * * * * *

Such is a feeble sketch of one of those *tableux vivants* which enlivened the dull monotony of massacre during the glorious French revolution. If the writer have indulged his fancy in composing it, it is only where he softens and subdues—all the horrors he has depicted—he speaks to the few who may not happen to be already aware of it—are TRUE! How very much we ought to envy the French, having these little bits of private romance among their family records! to say nothing of the public displays. Let us hope that time, and our modern and moderate Robespierres, may yet redeem us from this stigma upon our national name, and enable us to record similar doings in our streets and houses, for the admiration and envy of posterity!

Punch.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF THE TOWN OF MELBOURNE.

GENTLEMEN—Anticipating a dissolution of the Legislative Council, from certain hints which dropped from my friend, Sir George, the other day, in the course of a private conversation which I had with him about the Squatting question, I take the liberty of declaring myself a candidate for the honour of representing you in that honourable body. I am aware, of course, that I possess no qualification except my own insufferable impudence and conceit; but, at all events, I am quite as fit a person as your late Mayor, for it is impossible that I can be worse. Besides, if you return me, you will so completely disgust the respectable and intelligent inhabitants of New South Wales *proper*, that they will all join in your cry for SEPARATION from a constituency which selects such an *improper* person, as I am. to represent it—that is, if the Legislature should not take it into its head to disfranchise your town, for what they might be pleased to term so gross an act of folly.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your very obedient servant,
WILLIAM PUNCH, Alderman.

To Mistare, Mistare,
L'Editeur de l'Atlas,

SARE—Sacré! Ah, ha! you ave put my bon ami and compatriot in de Ponche. Ventre Saint Gris, but dat is—mille tonnerre, I forgets dat vort—fo—fo—ah ha, je m'en souviens—fony—fony—c'est bien drole. Ponche is goot pour boire. Ponche à la Romaine par exemple. But jamais I ave know avant ceci he vos bon pour lire. My bon ami and compatriot sall send a me anoder chanson charmant. Le voici. You sall make Ponche vis him aussi, got dem!

I souscribe mysel,
Sare,
Le Marquis JEAN DE CRAPAUD.
Chevalier de l'Ordre du Chat et de la Cornemuse.

Sur l'air.—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

Come, sheer off, Jean Bull, le brave Bruat he say,
Au diable le Talbot she sall sail avay;
Nous autres Frangais, vee Tahiti sall keep,
Et les coquins Anglais, dey en chagrin sall veep;
Eau sucré avons nous, et soup maigre en plein;
Un prise tabac prenez,
Tenez donc tenez,
Vee make Jean Bull scampere again and again.

Ven vee see Jean Bull, ve lay down France's loi,
Ven Jean Bull see us, he en peur jump, ma foi;
A Tahiti, voila cette affaire oder day,
Vere Jean Bull, comme un chien queue en bas sneak away.
Eau sucré avons nous, et soup maigre en plein
Un prise tabac prenez,
Tenez donc tenez,
Vee make Jean Bull scampere again and again.

Original Correspondence.

EMANCIPATE THE CLERGY! EMANCIPATE THE PEOPLE!

We have seen in our former article (or rather two articles in one) on this subject, that the absolute and irresponsible authority which the Anglican and Romish Bishops of this Colony are permitted respectively to exercise over the clerico-political forces under their command; these forces being, at the same time, maintained from the public funds of the Colony without the consent of the Colonists—is dangerous in the extreme to the civil and political liberties of the people. But there is another danger, of which, as British Colonists, we are bound to take cognizance, although in doing so, we can scarcely expect the sympathy of our Roman Catholic brethren of the Colonial laity; there is another danger to be apprehended from the same quarter, equally serious and far more imminent,—we mean the design of *the traitorous and entire subversion of our Protestant religion.* Of nothing less than this, as the real tendency of their proceedings, do we accuse the Anglo-Catholic Bishop and his clergy, whether they are themselves fully conscious of the real nature and tendency of these proceedings or not, and we make this accusation deliberately and advisedly. For whereas, in the days of the great Earl of Chatham, and according to the famous saying of that distinguished statesman, the characteristics of the Church of England were "a Popish Liturgy, Calvinistic articles, and an Armenian clergy;" we appeal to the Protestant laity of all Protestant communions in the Colony, whether we have not made a great step in advance since then, whether we have not now got a professedly Protestant clergy as thoroughly Popish as the great Chatham then thought the Liturgy.

In regard to the articles, whether they are Calvinistic or not, is not a point of much consequence to our present enquiry. Bishop Burnet, a great authority on the subject, answers *Piu ci que no* ("rather yes than no,") and in so far corroborates the testimony of the great Earl. But it cannot be doubted, and that is the point of importance at present, that these articles contain the sum and substance of our holy religion, embodying those grand fundamental principles of christian faith and practice, which were recognised and established at the Reformation, and which all genuine Protestants of all communions—Lutherans and Calvinists; Episcopalians and Presbyterians; Independents, Methodists and Baptists—have all along agreed in holding. The differences between these different Protestant bodies respectively, have reference only to non-essentials, and are consequently of very minor importance; their bond of union being the recognition of the Holy Scriptures as the sole and infallible authority in matters of faith and practice, and the general acknowledgment—ten thousand times repeated—that these Scriptures teach the very doctrines which they all hold in common, and which the articles of the Church of England clearly and unquestionably embody. And surely this bond of union which unites all genuine Protestants—not only in regard to the one infallible authority which they all recognise in common in the Word of God, but in regard also to the meaning they attach in common to the teaching of that authority in all matters of faith and practice—must recommend itself to every candid mind infinitely more strongly than the pretended bond of union which the Roman Catholics recognise in their "old Italian man," as that eminent modern writer, Mr. Carlisle, calls him, or the pretended unity of doctrine which, they tell us so falsely, has hitherto characterised that "old man's" church. In one word, this union and identification of all genuine Protestants of the Church of England, through their thirty-nine articles, with all the other Protestants of the Reformation, whether in Europe or America,—and let it be remembered, that the members of the Church of England constitute only about one fourth of the whole number of Protestants—is the real glory of the Church of England. It is clear, however, as the Sun at noon-day, if we are to take our faith and practice from the teaching and tenets of certain Colonial Bishops—Australian and Tasmanian for example, and their clerico-political forces, that this glory has at length departed; for the characteristics of the Church of England now, as far as the Colonial clergy are concerned, are "forgotten and despised articles, a Popish Liturgy, and Anglo-Catholic clergy on the high road to Rome!" But, God be praised! the laity, the people, are still uncorrupted and sound in the faith. They still hold by the articles, although the clergy, we are truly sorry to say, have in too many instances trampled them under foot.

The Anglo-Catholic doctrine, which is now held by the three Colonial Bishops of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, and their respective clergy, with individual, it may be, but exceedingly rare, exceptions,—this doctrine, as opposed to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and the universal assent and consent of genuine Protestantism—is, that there is a divinely constituted Priesthood in the Church of England, transmitted by direct succession, or descent from the Apostles, in the persons of its Bishops; that the ordinances of religion are efficacious, or become means of salvation only when dispensed by this priesthood; and that when so dispensed, these ordinances are inherently efficacious, or become effectual means of salvation, independently altogether of the mental and moral state of the subject or individual towards God. Such a doctrine tends evidently to make the Bishops demi-gods or something more, to make the priesthood or clergy (their exclusive manufacture) the mere creatures of these Bishops, entirely subservient to their will and pleasure; and to make the christian people or laity mere irrational machinery, if not rather mere brute matter, to be wrought upon at their pleasure by the clergy. No wonder then, that it should be highly popular with the Bishops, and that it should be dear even to the clergy or priesthood, whom it elevates into an inherently holy or Brahmin caste into which nothing profane can find admittance. Its genuine fruits, however, we see in the three Bishops already mentioned—men with Protestant cloaks over a Popish heart, and the pride of Lucifer to match; and in their equally contemptible, disgraceful, squabbles about rank and privileges, and dignity with the emissaries of the "old Italian man," whom (consistently enough) they ostentatiously recognise and treat all the while as a right worshipful and right worthy brother! If he is so in reality (and we don't mean to deny it on the Anglo-Catholic hypothesis), we have only to observe, in passing, that he is much the honester man, and has good reason to ask what brought the Anglo-Catholics here? At all events in such unprecedented and critical circumstances, it is alike our interest and our duty as christian people, to see that these Anglo-Catholics are not permitted to exercise an irresponsible authority *over men who are paid from our public funds without our consent*, and thereby to subvert and ruin our Protestant religion as well as our civil and political freedom.

That there is danger—serious, imminent, and extreme danger—to our common Protestantism, from the power and predominance of these men, we shall shew in a few appropriate extracts from the recently published correspondence of that truly eminent minister and devoted member of the Church of England, the late Reverend Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Like every other good and great man, and especially like every honest and right hearted minister of religion, who sets himself to reform existing abuses, whether in Church or State, or even to bear testimony against them; Dr. Arnold had, for many years together, the whole kennel of the Anglo-Catholics of Oxford let loose against him, to denounce and traduce him in any possible way. But any unprejudiced person has only to read his life and correspondence, to acknowledge that both his life and his death were an honour to any Church or Society on earth. He was indeed a good and a great man, and withal, a most devotedly attached member and minister of the Church of England. We do not intend indeed to vouch for all his opinions. Like other equally good and great men, he had some doubtless a little out of the way; but he held the doctrine of the thirty-nine articles with devoted attachment, (with the exception of the Damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, to the propriety of which he could never be reconciled, although abjuring and abhorring Unitarianism from his very heart.) His sentiments on the Anglo-Catholic or Puseyite system were as follows:

"Every part of the New Testament gives a picture of Christianity, or of some one great feature in it, and every part negatively confutes the Priestcraft" [Anglo-Catholic or Puseyite] "heresy, because, that is to be found nowhere, insomuch that no man yet ever fell or could fall into that heresy by studying the Scriptures; they are a bar to it altogether, and it is only when they are undermined by traditions and the rudiments of men that the heresy begins to make its way. And it is making its way fearfully, but it will not take the form that Newman wishes, but its far more natural and consistent form of pure Popery." Life Vol. II. page 60. It is a remarkable fulfilment of this virtual prediction of Dr. Arnold's, that Newman, (the Oxford divine he speaks of, one of the principal hatchers of the Puseyite or Anglo-Catholic system,) has since thrown off the mask and become a Catholic out and out, a Catholic without the Anglo!

"I hold the Church to be a most divine institution, and eminently characteristic of christianity, and my abhorrence of the Priestcraft and successive doctrines, (I do not mean that they are synonymous) is grounded on my firm conviction, that they are and ever have been in theory and in practice, a most formidable device of the great enemy to destroy the real living Church, and even to drive it out of men's minds, by the false and superstitious idea of a Church which never has and never can overthrow his kingdom. And in this sense—so far as Popery is Priestcraft—I do believe it to be the very mystery of iniquity; but then, *it began in the first Century*, and had no more to do with Rome in the outset, than with Alexandria, Antioch, or Carthage." II. 61.

"Suppose a young man, when he begins to think seriously upon life, resolving to turn to God, and studying the Scriptures to learn the way—it is clear that all this stuff about the true Church would never so much as come into his head. He would feel and see that the matter of his soul's salvation lay between God and Christ on the one hand and himself on the other; and that his belonging to this or that Church had really no more to do with the matter, than his being born in France or England, in Westmoreland or in Warwickshire."—Ibid. II, 65. Letter to Sir T. Pasley, Bart.

"The Popish and Oxford view of Christianity is, that the Church is the mediator between God and the individual: that the Church (i. e. in their sense, the clergy) is a sort of chartered corporation, and that by belonging to this corporation, or by being attached to it, any given individual acquires such and such privileges. This is a Priestcraft, because it lays the stress, not on the relations of a man's heart towards God and Christ, as the Gospel does, but on something wholly artificial and formal—his belonging to a certain so-called society: and thus—whether the society be alive or dead—whether it really help the man in goodness or not—still it claims to step in and interpose itself as the channel of grace and salvation, when it certainly is *not* the channel of salvation, because it is visibly and notoriously no sure channel of grace. Whereas, all who go straight to Christ, without thinking of the Church, do manifestly and visibly receive grace, and have the seal of his spirit, and therefore, are certainly heirs of salvation. This, I think, applies to any and every Church, it being always true that the salvation of a man's soul is effected by the change in his heart and life, wrought by Christ's Spirit. and that his relation to any Church is quite a thing subordinate and secondary: although, when the Church is what it should be, it is so great a means of grace, that its benefits are of the highest value. But the heraldic or succession view of the question I can hardly treat gravely: there is something so monstrously profane in making our heavenly inheritance like an earthly estate, to which our pedigree is our title. And really what is called succession is really a pedigree and nothing better; like natural descent, it conveys no moral nobleness—nay, far less than natural descent; for I am a believer in some transmitted virtue in a good breed, but the succession notoriously conveys none. So that to lay stress upon it is to make the Christian Church worse, I think, than the Jewish: but the sons of God are not to be born of bloods, (i. e. of particular races) nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, (i. e. after any human desire to make out an outward and formal title of inheritance,) but of God, (i. e. of Him who can alone give the only true title to his inheritance—the being conformed into the image of his Son.) I have written all this in haste as to the expression, but. not at all in haste as to the matter of it. But the simple point is this: Does our Lord, or do his Apostles, encourage the notion of salvation through the Church? Or would any human being ever collect such a notion from the Scriptures? Once begin with Tradition, and the so-called Fathers, and you get, no doubt, a very different view. This, the Romanists and the Oxfordists say, is a view required to modify and add to that of the Scripture. I believe, that because it does modify, add to, and wholly alter the view of the Scripture, that therefore, it is altogether false and anti-Christian."—Ibid. II. 67. Letter to Sir Pasley Bart.

"I am convinced that the whole mischief of the great anti-Christian apostacy, has for its root, the tenet of a priestly government transmitted by a mystical succession from the Apostles."—II. 105.

"I think that it is very desirable to shew the connexion of the Church with the Synagogue, a point on which Whately [Archbishop of Dublin] insists strongly. That the Church system, or rather the Priest system, is not to be found in Scripture, is as certain as that the worship of Jupiter is not the doctrine of the Gospel; the only shadow of an Apostolical origin of it rests on the notion, that after the destruction of Jerusalem, the surviving Apostles altered the earlier Christian service, and made the eucharist answer to the sacrifice of the Temple. I believe this to be unsupported as to its historical basis, and perverted doctrinally."—II. 256.

If any of our readers should imagine that all this is mere religious discussion, and therefore unfit for the columns of a newspaper, we beg to assure them that they are under a mistake as to the fact. We are merely adducing the evidence of a highly competent witness to prove that the Anglo-Catholic or Puseyite theology, which Bishop Broughton and his clergy are endeavouring to palm upon the people of this Colony, under the pretext of its being the Theology of the Church of England, is notoriously the reverse, is a Theology directly at variance, in its whole spirit and character and tendency, with the articles of that Church, and perfectly identical with the Theology of the "old Italian man." The great and acknowledged erudition of Dr. Arnold, his extensive research into all departments of history, whether ancient or modern, civil or ecclesiastical, and his thoroughly Protestant and eminently Christian life and character, combined with his sincere and devoted attachment to the Church of England, undoubtedly qualify him as a witness on this question above all men that we know, of the present century, and we are therefore merely putting him into the witness-box to give evidence in the case of *the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England* versus *Bishop Broughton and his Anglo-Catholic, or Puseyite clergy*. And, what is the sum and substance of his testimony? Why, that Bishop Broughton and his clergy are palming a notorious lie upon this Colony, under the pretext of its being the doctrine of the Church of England; that the funds they are receiving from the public Treasury, for the maintenance of the genuine Protestantism of that Church as developed in its thirty-nine articles, they are dishonestly misappropriating for the maintenance and extension of the rankest Popery; and that, whether they are conscious of the fact or not, they are traitorously sapping the firm foundations, and subverting the glorious fabric of our common Christianity!

"Undoubtedly," says Dr. Arnold, "I think worse of Roman Catholicism in itself than I did some years ago. But my feelings towards a Roman Catholic are quite different from my feelings towards a Newmanite, [Puseyite or Anglo-Catholic] because I think the one a fair enemy, the other a treacherous one. The one is the Frenchman in his own uniform and within his own prœsidia [or castle]; the other is the Frenchman disguised in a red coat, and holding a post within our prœsidia, [or castle] *for the purpose of betraying it*. I should *honour* the first, and *hang* the second."—II. 280.

"Thank you," [Mr. Justice Coleridge] for your letter and your remarks on my introduction. You speak of yourself as standing half way between Newman [Pusey's right hand man, now a Roman Catholic] and me; but I do not think that you will or can maintain that position. For many years such a middle position, was in fact, that of the majority of the English clergy; it was the old form of High Churchism, retaining much of Protestantism, and uniting it with other notions, such as Apostolical succession, for which it had an instinctive fondness, but which it cherished indistinctly, without pushing them to their consequences. Newman, and I thank him for it—has broken up this middle State, by pushing the doctrines of the succession &c. to their legitimate consequences; and it appears now, that they are inconsistent with Protestantism, and Newman and his friends repudiate the very name of Protestant, disclaim the sole supremacy of Scripture, and in short, hold every essential tenet of Popery, though not of Romanism; for they so far agree with the Gallican Church, that they would set a general Council above the Pope; but the essence of Popery, which is Priesthood, they cling to as heartily as the most vehement ultra-montane Papists. Now that the two systems are set front to front, *I do not think that a middle course is possible:* the Priest is either Christ or Antichrist; he is either our Mediator, or he is like the man of sin in God's Temple; the "Church System" is either *our* Gospel, and St. John's, and St. Paul's Gospel is superseded by it, or *it is a system of blasphemous falsehood*, such as St. Paul foretold was to come, such as St. John saw to be "already in the world."—II. 257.

"Many years ago, Keble [the author of the Christian Year, a thorough Puseyite,] told me that the sin forbidden to us in the second commandment was, he thought, the having recourse to unauthorized mediators or means of approach to God. Now, the whole of these [Puseyite] opinions seems to me to be susceptible of this definition, that they contain a great variety of ways of breaking the second commandment, and nothing else."—II. 296.

Such then, is the system which Bishop Broughton and his Anglo-Catholic clergy are palming upon this Colony with the funds they have received from the State for the support of the Church of England, as that Church and its doctrines are developed in the thirty-nine articles! It is a gross and scandalous breach of trust! Such is the system, in favour of which these men are erecting and consolidating, *at our expense and without our consent*, an irresponsible authority, an *imperium in imperio!* But the thing is intolerable; it cannot be permitted. Only listen once more to Dr. Arnold on the subject of this irresponsible Episcopal authority at home.

"One thing I see, that if attempts be made, as they seem to be, to make the power of the Bishops less nominal than it has been, there will be all the better chance of our getting a really good Church government; for *irresponsible persons, irremovable, and acting without responsible advisers, are such a solecism in government, that they can only be suffered to exist so long as they do nothing;* let them begin *to act*, and the vices of their constitution will become flagrant."—II. 209.

Bishop Broughton is precisely such an "irresponsible person, irremovable, and acting without responsible advisers." Why then is he not only "suffered to exist so long" in this capacity, but "to act" also in real earnest, like some "clergy-compelling Jupiter," as old Homer would have called him in Ionic Greek, in the matter of Education? Why, just because we are a poor spiritless pack of Colonial Noodles, and because "the only daily paper in these Colonies" is hand and glove with the enemies of public freedom and of the rights of the people!

Nay, although a most liberal man with his purse, whereon the rights of the people or the interests of the Christian religion, as exhibited in the thirty-nine articles and the other Creeds and Confessions of Reformation—Protestantism, were concerned, Dr. Arnold absolutely refused, on principle, to subscribe to the scheme which "the only daily journal" is perpetually poking under the noses of its readers—the scheme for endowing Colonial Bishoprics—simply, because it was notoriously at home, what we see it to be notoriously here and elsewhere, a scheme for extending and perpetuating Anglo-Catholic Popery!

"I was not ignorant" he writes to Judge Coleridge, an old College acquaintance—but now a sort of lion's-provider for the Bishopric scheme, "of what was going on about the Colonial Bishoprics; but you can well understand that all this movement wears to me rather a doubtful aspect. While I can fully enter into the benefits of giving a centre of government where there was none, and of having a clergyman of superior rank, and probably superior acquirements, made an essential part in the society of a rising Colony, yet, on the other hand, I cannot but know that the principal advocates of the plan support it on far other principles; that it is with them, an enforcing their dogma of the necessity of Succession-Episcopacy to a true Church; that accordingly the paper which you sent me, speaks of the "Church" in America (U. S.) and of the various "sects" there,—language quite consistent in the mouths of High Churchmen, but which assumes as a truth what I hold to be the very λαμπροτατον ψευδος [the most glaring lie] of a false system. I feel, therefore, half attracted and half repelled, doubting whether the practical administration and social advantages to be gained are likely to outweigh the encouragement given to what I believe to be a very mischievous error; and while "dubitatio ista non tollitur," [that doubt is not removed] I cannot feel disposed to come to the practical conclusion of a subscription."—II. 309.

"One inducement," he adds, shortly thereafter, in talking on the subject with a former pupil. "I should hear if they would send *me* as Bishop to any of the Australian Colonies, that there should be, at least *one* Bishop in those parts, who would endeavour to build up a Church according to my idea of what a true Church should be."—II. 317.

What an incalculable benefit and blessing it would have been to "these parts" if such a man as Dr. Arnold had been sent to either of our unfortunate Australian Colonies, in lieu of the actual dignitaries of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, whom we have seen so recently exhibiting the truly contemptible, although of course Apostolic, spectacle of quarrelling, like Isaac's and Abimelech's herdsmen, with their neighbours Dr. Polding and Dr. Wilson, about the limits of their respective *runs*, acknowledging them in sufficiently complimentary language, as true Bishops notwithstanding!

Say, brother Polding! brother dear!
What makes you run your cattle here?
The head of both the Church and nation
Has given *me* this *cattle* station.
I've got a *license* for this *run*, Sir,
And so I say begone, begone, Sir!
I wont stand further botheration:
So then be off *my* cattle station!

It ain't because your flocks are scabby
That I would thus enact the shabby;
It ain't because your brand and breed
Are so unlike my own—(indeed
They do resemble mine, dear brother,
As close as one egg does another;
And therefore should our herds but "mix,"
We should be in a pretty "fix"!)
But 'tis because—I frankly own—
You've come too near my Priestly throne.

Take notice, brother, then, I say;
Be off this *run* next quarter-day.
For if your *beasts* should then be found
Still here, I'll have them to the *Pound*.
Let my good friend the "Italian man,"
Find you a *run* where'er he can.

To return from this digression, if that great and good man, Dr. Arnold, with the limited knowledge he possessed of the nature and workings of Colonial Bishoprics, refused, notwithstanding, to subscribe one farthing for the Puseyite and Anglo-Catholic scheme for their introduction and establishment in all the Colonies of the Empire, will the intelligent Episcopalian laity of this Colony, who see how well-founded Dr. Arnold's suspicions were, and who knew from bitter experience, so much more fully than he did, the real character and tendency of the anti-Christian and Popish system he denounced, subscribe for the glorification and extension of that worthless system, at the bidding of Mr. Charles Lowe, Mr. Metcalfe and Mr. John Dillon, the illustrious whippers-in of the so-called Church of England Lay Association? We trust not; on the contrary, we hope and trust they will lend their utmost efforts and exertions for the speedy and effectual deliverance of themselves and their posterity from the anti-Christian yoke of bondage under which they are at present held; for the emancipation alike of the clergy and the people of this Colony. We are still precisely of the same opinion as before, viz., that the only way in which this deliverance can be effected is, by *stopping the supplies*, by throwing the clergy of all communions on the christian sympathies of their people. As the subject is of vast importance, however, we shall return to it once more.

EMANCIPATE THE CLERGY.

Mr. Atlas—I have perused the letter of the correspondent whom you dignified with the epithet of "able" in your paper of last week, and I am equally anxious with him that our clergy should be emancipated from their state of slavery to the Bishop. I am also, with him, desirous that the laity should have that predominant place assigned them in the government of the Church, which, according to Ecclesiastical History, belonged to the people in the earlier ages of Christianity; but I confess I utterly abhor that voluntary principle which your correspondent advocates; nor can I believe that such opinions can be those of any true and faithful member of our mother-church. I have witnessed enough of voluntaryism in the United States of America to be aware that the community there, with few exceptions, may be divided into two classes—those whom the priest leads by the nose, from their timid superstitious constitutions, into all the depths of the most grovelling fanaticism; and those who, having strength of mind to resist the potency of such words as fire, brimstone, raw head, and bloody bones, arrive gradually at the very cheap conclusion of possessing no religion at all. In such a country of superficial infidels and ignorant fanatics, the priest has no chance of getting a moderate livelihood, except by a course of humbug, which leads eventually to his absolute control over the fools and old women. Priestcraft, truly, is difficult to get rid of in any country, but heaven preserve us from being ever a priest-ridden community; and I know, from actual observation, nothing so likely to lead to this misfortune as our adoption of the voluntary system. No, this system, as your correspondent seems to assert, may suit the oily-faced Jesuit and snot-nosed Presbyterian. They are used to humbug their flocks; but the English clergyman is an educated gentleman, who, having no necessity for such arts, is taught to despise them. He is not dependent for existence on his hearers, and can afford to let their intellects be as free from the trammels of superstition as is his own. He is, or ought to be, not so poor as to be unable to assist the needy of his flock, nor so rich as to be incapable of comprehending their wants. Indeed, I cannot conceive a situation more morally dignified than that of a beneficed clergyman in England. He is generally the man of best information in his parish. Looked up to, therefore, by rich and poor, he is the chosen companion of all that are respectable, the chosen adviser of all that are unfortunate, and the chosen guide of all that are religious. He is free in the possession of his living, free in the discussion of his politics,—free in every respect but as to the oath of canonical obedience to his Bishop. Without the mask of ascetism on the one hand, or the unseemly dress of levity on the other, this is the priest whom I wish to see in New South Wales—the same that in the olden time, before Puseyism raised its ugly head, he was commonly in.

OLD ENGLAND.

Mr. Atlas—Some time since was published in your highly valuable and intelligent journal, some correspondence respecting the new site for the town of Gundagai. As it is a subject of public importance, at least, to many persons in this neighbourhood, you will much oblige me by allowing the following remarks to appear. I would have solicited this courtesy of you before this time, but waited to see the most respectable and most interested person of those, whose signature was atttached to that petition, viz.: Mr. Andrews, the postmaster of Gundagai; and I have now his express authority to state, that he never countenanced or signed that petition, but it was signed by his daughter during his absence at Sydney, and that he suggested to Mr. Commissioner Bingham the propriety of the Government laying out allotments on *both* sides of the river, and likewise the justice of having his *nine* allotments exchanged for some others at a more eligible site, as he bought them with a view of the present swamp becoming the town of Gundagai, and, of course, none but a madman would build on the present site.

In a letter, signed Richard Hunt, purporting to be the sentiments of Messrs. Norman, Davison, and others, which has all the appearance of private instructions, the motives are shown to be quite of a personal nature, they wish to sacrifice the interests of all those who hold allotments and have not built on them—in fact, it is self-evident they wish to endeavour to influence the Governor not to lay out allotments on the south bank of the river, but still to keep as near the present site as possible, by telling him they are good boys and "no grumblers!"—that they are quite pleased with their houses—that it was the Commissioner that said it was not pleasant to have five feet water in one's house—as for them, it's a thing they delight in! The talk about houses on Gundagai being worth from £100 to £500 is quite absurd, every house on Gundagai is a slabbed house, and every house and hut on the place could be built for £500. But to Richard Hunt's letter of private instructions he says, "there are some reasons unurged in the petition which might have been pressed, which I will mention to you, in case you may find it necessary to bring them forward: 1st, Mr. Commissioner Bingham, who has applied to have the township removed to the south side of the river, is not the Commissioner of our district, and we imagine he may have some interested views in getting the township removed to his side. 2nd, There is another party who is pressing for the same, he has an inn there, and, of course, is anxious to have more neighbours to deal with him. 3rd, The Commissioner has shewn his anxiety in the matter, by allowing persons to settle on his side, without purchasing land, thus, we conceive, injuring the progress of the town laid out by government. 4th, Should the government decide on laying out allotments on the south side, it will not accelerate the sale of land, because those parties who wish to purchase at all, will do so on this, the north side. 5th, The distance between the present and proposed site must cause them to be two distinct towns, and we should, after our outlay and trouble, have to contend with a rival town. I will, by your permission, answer these objections *seriatim*. To the first, I reply—Mr. Commissioner Bingham is the nearest magistrate to Gundagai, before whom all the police business of the place is brought to be adjusted. To those who live in the district, and are conversant with the noble and independent way in which he acts as a public officer, the imputation of motives other than those of the public interest, is quite ridiculous; he acted, I have no doubt, as intimated in the former part of this letter, at the suggestion of Mr. Andrews, and from the conviction it would be for the good of