



IOGENES

AMONG THE D.D.'S

By

DAVID MACKAY.



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DIOGENES
AMONG THE D.D.'S:

A BOOK OF BURLESQUES.

BY
DAVID MACRAE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS AT DESERVING PARTIES.

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."—BURNS.

GLASGOW:
JOHN S. MARR & SONS, 51 DUNDAS STREET.



PREFACE.

THE Author of these Burlesques pleads guilty to three charges: (1.) He has attempted to hold up certain vices of the age—in the Church and out of the Church—to the ridicule which they deserve; (2.) He has gone about this work in a fashion of his own—less intelligible to some, less palatable, perhaps, to others, than he could have wished, but best suited, as it seemed to him, for the purpose in hand; and (3.) He has taken the liberty of preserving (in pickle) some of the grotesque features of our Church controversies, and of the prominent men who have taken part in them.

He has written freely and fearlessly, paying less respect to persons than to truth; but he would be exceedingly sorry to think that to any one he had given unmerited offence. Most of the public men whom he has had occasion to introduce, he holds, as they deserve to be held, in the highest esteem. But he does not love their faults; and a sense of duty urges him to show up, if he can, the folly of the extremes into which some of them have been led—the extreme of austerity on the one hand and of laxity on the other—which become all the more mischievous when associated, as in the instances referred to, with so many qualities that command admiration and respect.

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SPECTACLES IN THE PULPIT:

A WARNING

TO

CHURCHES OF THE REFORMATION.

SPECTACLES IN THE PULPIT;
OR, PROTESTANTISM IN DANGER.

A WARNING;

FROM A CONSISTENT OPPONENT OF CHURCH ORGANS.

As I have an exceedingly grave and important matter to lay before the Christian public, I deem it necessary at the outset to give such particulars in regard to my own position as may afford a sufficient guarantee that the title I have prefixed to this article is no mere sensation trick, but the result of careful deliberation, and of profound solicitude for the well-being of my Church and country. It will satisfy the public mind on this point when I state, that for more than half a century now, I have been privileged to enjoy the tuition of that amiable man and profound theologian, the Rev. Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, to whom I confess myself indebted for those great principles that have led me to the important discovery which I am now to communicate to the public.*

I may announce, without further preamble, that this discovery relates to the unscriptural introduction of

* *The Use of Organs and other Instruments of Music in Public Worship Indefensible.* By James Begg, D.D. Glasgow and London: M'Phun, 1866.

optical instruments into the services of the sanctuary. I confess to some astonishment that when so many acute minds have been investigating the causes of the present decline of religion in our country, and endeavouring to ascertain the reason for the virtual, if not avowed, apostasy of Dr. Macleod and all our other leading Presbyterians to the Church of Rome—it has, I repeat, surprised me that the habitual use, in public worship, of unauthorized instruments like SPECTACLES should have escaped the keen eyes that detected the tendency of other innovations, and especially of instrumental music. I am all the more surprised at this, seeing (as I have already said) that it was by following out the very line of argument pursued by these eminent investigators that I arrived at the present important discovery. I trust, however, that it will now be made plain to all candid minds that the use of Spectacles in public worship is wholly unjustifiable, and is entitled to the same righteous reprobation as the introduction of Harmoniums and Organs.

The first damaging fact connected with these instruments is, that they are of Human Invention, and that human inventions are inadmissible in the services of the sanctuary. It will, no doubt, be urged on their behalf that they help ministers, and other persons of weak or impaired sight, to read. This, as a mere matter of fact, I am prepared to admit, desiring as I do to be perfectly candid, and to meet honest arguments in a spirit of fairness and Christian consideration. But it requires little penetration to see that the foregoing argument is utterly sophistical. For, if we are to admit the use of spectacles in church, because they help the worshippers to read, we should have to admit the use of organs in church, because

they help the worshippers to sing. The organ is the first step backwards to Rome. It is therefore manifest that, if we tolerate the use of spectacles in church, we may as well go back to all the abominations of Popery at once. It has been urged with much force against the introduction of the organ, that the human voice is God's own instrument, that it is superior to any of man's invention, and that we should serve our Maker with the best we have. The same unanswerable argument tells with even greater force against spectacles. For the notes of the organ, even when unaccompanied by the human voice, are capable of solemnizing the mind, and giving partial expression, like the words of the poet, to the religious emotions of the soul. But spectacles without any one looking through them, what are they? Absolutely nothing. They can serve no purpose. Eyes have they, but they see not. Why, then, should such things be admitted into the sanctuary? God made the eye; it was man that made spectacles. Is man's work superior to his Maker's? Let us beware of blasphemy. Can God's work be supplemented and improved by the aid of human inventions? Let us think of the organ, and beware.

Of course, when Scriptural authority can be adduced, the case is altered. But after a careful examination of both the Old and the New Testaments, I find that nowhere is any sanction given to the use of spectacles. The Levitical law, minute as its provisions are, neither permits their adoption by the priests nor by the people. Even King David, sensuous though he was, and given to the use of instrumental music in the temple, is nowhere spoken of as wearing spectacles—a conclusive proof, I think, that these optical instruments were entirely at variance with

the spirit of the Jewish dispensation. Still less can any authority be found for their adoption in the New Testament. Not one of the disciples or apostles is anywhere described as wearing them, though John lived to a very great age, and might reasonably be supposed to need their aid while penning his later epistles. A still stronger argument, to which I earnestly entreat public attention, can be derived from the case of the Apostle Paul. There is good reason to believe that Paul was troubled with weak eyes. Some divines have even thought it probable that this was what he alluded to as "the thorn in his flesh." Without committing myself to any opinion on this point, I would call attention to the remarkable incident described in Acts xxiii., where Paul, on being rebuked for the way in which he was speaking to the High Priest, replied, "I wist not, brethren, that it was he." Now, the High Priest was before him in his robes, probably not many feet distant, and therefore Paul must have seen and known who he was, had his eyesight not been exceedingly defective. Paul therefore needed spectacles, and yet we nowhere find him referred to as using them, even on the occasion when he wrote, and called attention to his having written, a long letter with his own hand (see Gal. vi. 11). We may therefore fairly conclude that Paul regarded the use of spectacles as utterly irreconcilable with the spirit of the new dispensation.

Having thus shown that the use of these human contrivances in the services of the sanctuary is unscriptural, let us now see whether it receives any sanction from the practice of the early Church. On this point the evidence is conclusive. In not one of the writings of the first four centuries, from those of Polycarp and Justin Martyr down to those of Jerone and Chrysostom, do we find a single

word that would justify the supposition that artificial aids to human vision were, or would have been, permitted in public worship. The same holds true of the writings of the next five or six hundred years; and the emphasis with which Aelred, writing in the twelfth century, and Thomas Aquinas, writing in 1250, condemn the organ, shows us that there was still boldness and vigour enough left in the Church to have protested against spectacles, had the innovation been attempted. We may therefore safely infer that they were not as yet permitted in the Christian Church; and this conclusion receives further confirmation from the circumstance (recorded in profane history) that spectacles were not as yet invented.

And now I beg, in the most earnest manner, to call attention, and more especially the attention of the Protestant public, to a most important fact connected with the first appearance of these artificial instruments. The inventor of spectacles was Alexander Spina, a monk of Pisa, who flourished at the close of the thirteenth century. Some doubt has been entertained as to whether Spina was really the inventor, but no doubt at all is entertained about Spina being a Roman Catholic. It is also an admitted fact that these instruments have been used in the Romish Church ever since their invention, while they were never once used in any Protestant Church prior to the time of the Reformation. These solemn facts, for the accuracy of which the most incontestible evidence can be adduced, are sufficient to show how essentially the use of spectacles in public worship is connected with the spirit of Antichrist and Popery.

It was thus at the close of the thirteenth or the commencement of the fourteenth century that spectacles were first admitted into the Church. Have any of my readers

seriously considered what calamities have befallen Christendom since that deplorable event? Have they considered the frightful growth of superstition and tyranny, culminating in the inquisitorial atrocities of Torquemada, the persecution of the Waldenses, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew—not to mention the massacre of Glencoe, the publication of the Oxford Essays and Colenso's Pentateuch, the Annuity-tax, the American war, the running of Sunday trains on the North British Railway, and the introduction of a harmonium into one of the Presbyterian churches at Pollokshaws. It may of course be questioned whether these deplorable events are all directly traceable to the introduction of spectacles; but it must be admitted as a remarkable fact that not one of these events occurred until after spectacles had been introduced. Ignorant or designing men may say what they like; but it is folly to overlook the fact that spectacles were in regular use in the very worst days of the Inquisition; and that at the present moment, when frivolity and sensuousness in public worship is so alarmingly on the increase, these optical contrivances are more in vogue than they have ever been at any other period of ecclesiastical history. The inference is too obvious to require statement.

Apart altogether, however, from these collateral and external results; let us consider what effect the toleration of spectacles is likely to have on the very services which they are professedly used to assist. History teaches us that the human or artificial element in worship always tends to propagate itself. Once let the thin end of the wedge be introduced, as Dr. Begg has often remarked, and it is impossible to say what will follow. The consequence of allowing instrumental

music to be introduced in churches teaches a lesson that ought not to be lost upon the public mind. No one needs to be told that every church that begins with the organ goes on to fiddles, flutes, and bagpipes, comic songs, and dancing, till the whole service becomes a mere musical entertainment. A sad illustration of this is presented by the Christy, or, as they were originally called, the Christian Minstrels. Although the advocates of the organ studiously conceal the fact, these minstrels are the remains of a Christian congregation formed by Mungo Park at Timbuctoo about the close of last century, under most favourable auspices, but which, having commenced with the organ, gradually allowed the musical part of the service to swallow up the rest, until they have degenerated, as we see, into a mere band of itinerant minstrels. If we do not beware, we must expect to see the unauthorized use of spectacles in the sanctuary terminating in equally disastrous results. We cannot stop where we are. Spectacles will in time open the way for telescopes, microscopes, opera glasses, and magic lanterns, till the churches in which our fathers worshipped become mere places of popular amusement, or rendezvous for godless *savants*. Let us therefore arouse the church, and have this evil arrested and thrown out before it be too late.

TRIAL

OF

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD

FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER

OF

MR. MOSES LAW

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MR. MOSES LAW.*

ON the 16th November, 1865, the usually tranquil city of Glasgow was thrown into a state of sudden and intense

* On the 16th of November, 1865, in the Glasgow Presbytery, Dr. Norman Macleod delivered himself of the famous speech which gave occasion for the following burlesque. The frequency with which that speech was spoken of as an onslaught upon the Decalogue must have suggested the *form* of the burlesque; and the lectures, speeches, and pamphlets, *pro* and *con*, which it called forth, supplied ample material for the details.

The burlesque was first offered to the *Glasgow Herald*, but, after examination, declined, on the ground that, dealing so freely with real persons, and with opinions and characteristics that could so readily be identified by the public, it might give offence, especially to some of the parties who figure in it, and who would not like to see themselves as others saw them.

It was then sent to the *Scotsman*, where it appeared.

It may amuse the reader to know, as it amused the author to discover at the time, that some people read the burlesque from beginning to end as a *bond fide* trial, and were horrified to find that so fearful a crime had been committed by a man so prominent in the Church and standing so high in public estimation. The first case was that of the milkman in our district,

excitement by a report that Dr. Norman Macleod, of the Barony Church, had committed a murderous assault upon the person of Mr. Moses Law, whose name had long been before the public in connection with the Board of Public Morality. The report was at first discredited by many, on account of the high character and position of the person accused. All doubt, however, was dispelled next morning by the detailed accounts of the assault which appeared in the newspapers. From these it appeared that Dr. Macleod, on going up to his pulpit on the Sunday, had found Mr. Moses Law sitting there in the seat of honour—that the Doctor had ordered him off, and on his declining to move, had struck him with a logic-chopper that he kept in the pulpit, and then thrown him down

who brought word to our servant that Dr. Norman Macleod had killed a man in the church. Dr. Pritchard, the poisoner, had been hanged in Glasgow Green the year before, and the milkman, in evident allusion to this when reporting the murder of Moses Law in the Barony, added ominously, "I wadna wonder if Dr. Macleod come to the Green next!"

A still more ludicrous case of misapprehension will be found recorded in the present work under the title of "A New Comedy of Errors." Others are given in the "Book of Blunders."

Perhaps one point in the "Trial" needs comment. The introduction of the "Town Councillor" as a medium of communication with the spirits, was suggested by a pamphlet published by a *bond fide* Town Councillor in Glasgow some months before, giving what professed to be an authentic account of certain spiritual manifestations he had witnessed in his own house, and of interviews he had enjoyed, under his mahogany, with the spirits of Mary Queen of Scots, Stonewall Jackson, and others of the "illustrious dead." The pamphlet excited great interest and a good deal of amusement at the time, and the references in the "Trial," as originally published, would be well understood by the Glasgow public.

into the passage, where Law had been picked up dead.

The public excitement, on these details becoming known, was indescribable. The matter was of course put at once into the hands of the police. Captain Heresy Sniffer, with his usual energy and promptness, telegraphed a description of Dr. Macleod to all the superintendents of police throughout the country, and sent two experienced detectives with all despatch to London, the general impression being that the fugitive would attempt to escape first of all to England, and then to Rome. The search was continued in all directions for nearly a week, but without success. At length, in consequence of the receipt of an anonymous letter, the authorities were induced to send an officer to Dr. Macleod's dwelling-house, where, strange to say, the Doctor was actually found dining with his family in the most audacious manner; and where, it was further ascertained, he had been recklessly staying during the whole time of the search. He was of course promptly taken into custody.

Public feeling ran at first very strongly against the prisoner,—Mr. Moses Law having been deservedly held in the highest esteem in Scotland, on account of the many eminent services he was understood to have rendered as Guardian of the Public Morality. As the facts of the case began to ooze out, however, the feeling against the prisoner greatly moderated, and a rumour was current that important facts of an extenuating character would be adduced in the defence.

Public curiosity increased from week to week, and when the day came on which the trial was to commence, the Court-room was crowded to excess almost as soon as the doors were opened. At ten o'clock precisely, Lord Foggy

entered the Court, and took his seat upon the bench. As the prisoner was now, every moment, expected to appear, the utmost excitement began to prevail amongst the people who crowded the Court-room, most of whom were standing on tiptoe, with their eyes directed eagerly towards the dock.

At five minutes past ten the prisoner, guarded by two policemen, emerged from the enclosed staircase that leads into the dock, and after glancing at the spectators with an easy and undisturbed expression of countenance, gathered up his coat tails and took his seat. There was nothing in the prisoner's aspect to indicate the remorse and agony of mind which he is supposed to have undergone. He looked stout, "sonsy," and well.

There appeared for the Crown—Solicitor-General Gibson, Mr. M. P. Graham, and Mr. Fossil. For the prisoner—Mr. Principal Tulloch, and Dr. Organ Lee.

Silence being called, the Clerk, in a slow and emphatic manner, read the indictment against the prisoner, which was as follows :—

THE INDICTMENT.

Norman Macleod, now or lately minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow, and now or lately one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland, you are indicted and accused at the instance of Her Majesty's Ecclesiastical Advocate for Scotland: That albeit, by the laws of this and every other well-governed realm, murder is a crime of an heinous nature, and severely punishable; yet true it is and of verity that you, the said Norman Macleod, are guilty of the said crime, actor, or art and part: In so far as (1), On the fifth Sunday of October last, or on the Sunday preceding, or on the Sunday following, in or near the Barony

Church, in or near the city of Glasgow, you, the said Norman Macleod, did wickedly and feloniously attack and assault Moses Law, *alias* Decalogue, chief-guardian of public morality, and did, with a logic-chopper, or other similar edged instrument, to the prosecutor unknown, strike the said Moses Law, *alias* Decalogue, one or more blows upon the head, whereby his skull was fractured, and he was otherwise seriously and mortally injured in his person; and did thereafter seize the said Moses Law, *alias* Decalogue, and throw him to the ground, in consequence whereof, or in consequence of the blows, or of one or both of these causes, the said Moses Law, *alias* Decalogue, immediately or soon thereafter died, and was thus murdered by you, the said Norman Macleod. Therefore you, the said Norman Macleod, ought to be punished with the pains of the law, to deter others from committing the like crimes in all time coming.

After the indictment had been read, the prisoner was ordered to stand up, which, when he had done, LORD FOGY said in a solemn voice—Norman Macleod, you are charged under this indictment with the crime of murder. Are you guilty or not guilty?

PRISONER (firmly)—Not guilty, my Lord.

A jury being empaneled, the evidence for the prosecution commenced.

After the declarations emitted by the Prisoner had been sworn to by the Sheriff and Sheriff-Clerk,

SUPERINTENDENT ORTHODOXY was called and sworn. Deponed—My name is Orthodoxy. I know the prisoner at the bar. I remember being in the Barony Church on the fifth Sabbath of October last. Moses Law was sitting in the seat of honour when I went in. He had on his Sunday hat. I saw Dr. Macleod come in and ascend the

pulpit stairs. When he saw Moses Law there, he seemed indignant, and said—"Take off your hat, sir." As Law made no sign of doing so, the prisoner snatched up a logic-chopper, struck Law several blows on the head with it, then seized him and flung him over the pulpit. I ran forward with several others to pick him up. He was lying motionless in the passage fronting the precentor's desk. I helped to carry him to the vestry, where we applied restoratives. They had no effect. A cab was got, and I drove with the body to the Presbytery House, and got it examined by Dr. Mactaggart and other medical gentlemen; but Law never breathed nor stirred again.

Cross-examined by DR. ORGAN LEE—I think you said that when you went into the church Moses Law was already in the pulpit?—Yes. You did not see him go there?—No. You cannot say, on your own knowledge, how he got there?—No. For all you know he may have been carried there? Witness (after a pause)—Yes. Did you see him move at all while in the pulpit?—No. Did you hear him speak at all?—No.

DR. LEE—Now, Superintendent, I will put a question to you which I desire you to answer with extreme care. Are you prepared to take oath that Moses Law was *alive* when you first saw him in the pulpit?

Alive? Certainly.

Think for a moment, sir. You did not see him go up; for all you know he may have been carried there. You did not see him once open his lips or stir all the time he was there. How do you know, then, that he was alive?—No answer.

I will put the question in this way—Did you see the prisoner do anything that indicated life? Witness (after a pause)—No. I cannot say that I did.

Then, for all you saw that day, Moses Law might have been dead all the time?

Witness—Yes, for all I saw, he might. (Superintendent Orthodoxy was then allowed to leave the box.)

MR. BEGG THEQUESTION was next called, and deponed—I am related to Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh. I am employed in the School of Art—the art of reasoning. I do job-work there. We have executed a good number of orders of late for the Church Courts. I have known Moses Law for years. I have known him as Guardian of Public Morality.

You have seen him discharging his duties in that capacity?—Yes, often.

What was the last time?—On the fifth Sabbath of October last.

That was the day on which he was murdered—I mean the day on which he was picked up dead in the Barony Church?—Yes. What did you see him doing on that day?—Describe the circumstances. Witness—Mrs. Begg Thequestion wanted me to send for a cab to take her to church, as she had a new dress on, and she thought there was going to be a shower. I was just going to send, when Moses Law came and forbade me.

What time of the day was that?—Half-past one.

You are prepared, then, to testify that Moses Law was alive up till half-past one on that day?—Yes. You can swear to that?—I can.

Cross-examined by DR. ORGAN LEE—You say that when you were about to send for a cab on the fifth Sabbath of October last, Moses Law came and forbade you?—Yes.

Do you mean that Moses Law came in person and forbade you?—Oh no, not in person; he has never come round himself, that I know of.

Who was it, then, that actually came and forbade you to take the cab?—It was his regular agent, Christian Principle.

Cross-examination resumed—You said that Christian Principle, who really came to prevent you from taking the Sunday cab, was Moses Law's agent. What do you mean by that?—I mean that it is he that Moses Law has been in the habit of sending about to look after the duties of morality.

How do you know that Mr. Law sent him?—Did he say so himself?

Witness (after a pause)—No; I don't think he ever mentioned it.

Did Mr. Law ever come to say so?—No, never.

Then how do you know that Christian Principle has not been acting all the time on his own authority?—It was always understood that he was acting as Law's agent.

But so far as your own knowledge goes, he may really have been acting on his own authority? Witness (reluctantly)—He may.

After the examination of several other witnesses, MR. CHARTERIS was called. Deponed—I am a spiritual physician in Glasgow. I have a good practice in the West-end. I remember being called one day in November last to examine the body of Moses Law. I found the head severely cut and bruised. The wounds were, in my opinion, sufficient to cause death.

By the Court—I made a *post-mortem* examination of the stomach and kidneys, along with Dr. Jamieson and Dr. Mactaggart. These organs were in the state in which I should expect to find them in a healthy person. There were no symptoms of disease or decay.

Is it your opinion that Moses Law was alive when these

wounds were inflicted?—It is my strong conviction that he was.

After the examination of several other medical witnesses, including Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, and Dr. Mactaggart,—MR. TIMOTHY TRAIL, Inspector of Unseen Realities in Glasgow, deponed that he had seen Moses Law on the morning of the very day on which the prisoner threw him over the pulpit, and it was his opinion that the deceased was at that time not only alive but well.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

The first witness called for the defence was MR. ELDER.—Examined by MR. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH—I am an office-bearer in the Barony Church. I know the prisoner well. He has always, so far as I am aware, conducted himself with the utmost propriety. He has done a great deal of good in his parish and beyond it. I have heard him speak of Moses Law. He always spoke of him with respect. I have heard him say that Moses Law, when he lived, was one of the best and most useful of men. I was in the Barony Church on the fifth Sabbath of October last. I saw the prisoner throw Moses Law over the pulpit. I believed Law to be dead at the time. The prisoner has told us again and again that Law had been dead for 1800 years.

The next witness called was DR. EADIE, who deponed— I am a Doctor of Divinity and Laws in Glasgow. I am well acquainted with the prisoner. I consider him a first-rate fellow. I have examined the body of Moses Law. I have examined the wounds upon the head. It is my opinion that Moses Law was dead at the time, and before the time, when these were administered.

Cross-examined by SOLICITOR-GENERAL GIBSON—You are minister of the new Lansdowne Church?—I am. You use a hymn-book in the worship of God?—I do. You have introduced stained windows into that church?—I have. And you once delivered a speech in your Synod in favour of church-organs?—I did.

The learned counsel, as this evidence was being taken, glanced significantly at the jury. He then proceeded—

On examining the body of Moses Law you found several severe wounds?—I did. Were they sufficient to have caused death?—Yes: there was one on the head that would have killed any man. From your examination of that wound, what would you expect it to have been produced by?—By some edged weapon.

MR. GIBSON (handing up the logic-chopper that had been used by the prisoner)—Would an instrument like that have produced it?—It would, exactly.

Is it just such a wound as would have been produced by a blow from a weapon like this?—Yes.

Did it seem to have been administered with great force?—Yes, with great force. It was a wound so deep—

MR. GIBSON, encouragingly—Speak up, Doctor. Let the Court hear you distinctly. You say it was a wound so deep—

Witness—Yes, so deep, my Lord, that it was distinctly traceable from end to end, although it was a very old wound, having been inflicted 1800 years ago by the Apostle Paul.

MR. GIBSON stared ferociously at the witness, and sat down.

The depositions of the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee; Dr. J. B. Johnstone, of Glasgow; and Mr. Story, of Roseneath, were then taken.

At this stage of the proceedings there took place one of the most startling scenes ever witnessed in a court of

justice. Mr. Story, of Roseneath, was just leaving the witness box, when loud rapping noises became suddenly audible in every part of the Court. At the same moment, the inkstand on the counsels' table began to move distractedly about: Lord Foggy's gold spectacles wriggled off, and leaping down upon his desk, ran waggling to and fro on their long legs, as if looking for a place to leap down from; while the wig worn by Dr. Organ Lee was whipped off by invisible hands, revealing a crown shaven all round the top as if in preparation for a cowl. All this time the rapping continued below. Many of the people rose in alarm, and the Court was rapidly falling into a state of confusion, when a man rose in the body of the Court, and, addressing himself to the Bench, said that the noise was occasioned by some spirits wishing to make a communication, and that if the communication was received, he had reason to believe that the spirits would retire in peace. The noises instantly ceased, as if in corroboration of his statement.

In answer to a question from the presiding Judge, the person who had spoken said that his name was Bane, that he had once been a Town Councillor in Glasgow, and that he had the power of communicating with disembodied spirits. He said that he had just been communicating with the spirit of a deceased cabman, who informed him that he had brought several well-known persons from another sphere in the ghost of his cab, and that these spirits were now in Court, and were desirous to give evidence in this trial.

This announcement produced a deep impression of awe upon the whole audience. The Judges consulted for several minutes, and then announced that if Mr. Bane would consent to go into the witness box and take oath, the evidence of the spirits would be received.

Mr. Bane at once went forward and entered the witness box, which he had no sooner done than a loud knocking was heard immediately underneath, and Mr. Bane announced the spirit of Martin Luther, who was prepared to answer any questions that might be put to him.

Spirit examined by DR. LEE—You were head of the College of Ecclesiastical Anatomy, and First Consulting Physician for Europe? Answer—I was. Were you familiar with the name of Moses Law?—I was. Was he alive in your day?—No; he died at the commencement of the Christian era. Most people thought him alive, because he had been embalmed and was kept seated on the ecclesiastical throne, on audience days, where he had quite the look of life.

But he was dead?—Yes; I examined the body carefully, and found that the life had long been out of it.

Cross-examined by MR. GIBSON—You once stayed at Eisenach, and said that you were tormented there by the devil?—Yes; and so I was.

You mean to say that you saw him?—I did, and once threw an ink-bottle at him. The stains, I believe, are still to be seen on the walls.

The Reformer, by way of adieu, gave a tremendous rap that shook the whole building. Communications were then received from several other spirits, including those of Baxter, Isaac Barrow, Archbishop Whately, the late Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, and others, who all testified more or less emphatically their belief that Moses Law had been dead in their time, and long before.* Some

* See Luther's *Untericht wie die Christen in Mosen schicken sollen* (Opera, ed. Hal., tom. iii.), and passages quoted in Dr. Macleod's *Substance of Speech* (Glasgow: Maclehose, 1865). Also Baxter on *Divine Appointment of the Lord's Day*; Barrow's *Exposition of Decalogue*; Whately's *Fifth Essay*; and Dr. Jno. Brown on *Galatians*.

of them, however, desired it to be understood that their evidence referred exclusively to this point, and was not to be understood as implying either general or particular concurrence with the views of any party or parties who might make this opinion one of their tenets.

No further questions being put, and no more raps being heard, Mr. Bane was allowed to leave the box; and Mr. Principal Tulloch announced that the evidence for the defence was now closed.

The Court then adjourned ~~til~~ next morning, when SOLICITOR-GENERAL GIBSON commenced his address to the jury.

He began by stating that two things must now be perfectly manifest to every sane man who had heard the evidence—namely,—(1) That an atrocious murder had been committed; and (2) That it had been committed by the prisoner at the bar. The evidence of Mr. Trail, who was a Free Churchman, and could therefore be implicitly relied on, proved beyond all doubt that Moses Law had been alive and well up to within an hour or two of the time when he was seen by Superintendent Orthodoxy and others, sitting peacefully on the seat of honour in the prisoner's pulpit. That the wounds inflicted upon him there, were sufficient to cause death, had been certified by the highest medical authorities in the land; and that these wounds had been deliberately, and with *malice prepense*, inflicted by the prisoner, was a thing so notorious and indisputable, that the prisoner's counsel had not even attempted to get it denied. The case, therefore, must be held demonstrated to the satisfaction of every rational being. As for the evidence led by the defence, it was too flimsy and contemptible to deserve notice. The man Elder belonged to the Established Church; and what could they expect of any one who still worshipped,

or attempted to worship at her polluted shrine? As for Dr. Eadie, it was surely not necessary for him (the learned counsel) to point out how worthless must be the evidence of such a man—a man who preached in a church with stained windows—a man who had been for years in the flagrant and habitual use of a human hymn-book—a man who had spoken in favour of church organs—a man, in short, who was seeking to robe himself in the polluted rags of the scarlet woman—to invest himself in the ragged and cast-off crinolines of a putrescent Papacy. He would not impugn, he would not insult, the common-sense of the fifteen intelligent gentlemen in the jury-box by assuming for one moment that they could attach the slightest importance to the evidence of a person like that. It was equally unnecessary to speak of the evidence of men like Luther. That individual had declared in their hearing, that he had seen the devil at Eisenach, and thrown an ink-bottle at him. Now, he need not remind them that the devil could not be seen. Luther, therefore, must either have told them a lie, or else he must have been labouring under some hallucination. If he had told them lies about the devil, he would not hesitate to tell lies about Moses Law; and if he had been labouring under hallucination when he thought he saw the devil, he was just as likely to be labouring under hallucination when he thought he had examined Moses Law and found him a corpse. He himself inclined to the theory of hallucination. If he (the learned counsel) had any failing, it was in being over-charitable in his judgment of others; and he inclined to this explanation as the most charitable that could be given. He was the more inclined to this, because he (the learned counsel), being better acquainted

with history than any other man, knew exactly what Luther's personal habits had been; and he knew that no man could possibly be in a healthy state of body or mind who habitually subsisted upon a diet of worms. Nothing else need be said. He hoped there was still Christian feeling enough in Scotland to hang the prisoner. He (the learned counsel) would have preferred drawing and quartering; but he believed the ends of justice would be sufficiently attained if the prisoner were hanged. (Mr. Gibson resumed his seat, having spoken seven hours and three-quarters.)

MR. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH then rose and addressed the jury. He reviewed the evidence, in order to prove that Moses Law was a dead man, not only when the panel struck him, but long before the panel was born. Some people had fancied him alive simply because the work of morality, which formerly belonged to Mr. Law, was still progressing; and, though Christian Principle was practically doing it, people imagined that Christian Principle was only acting as Mr. Law's colleague or agent.* In point of fact, he was Mr. Law's successor, and was discharging the duties of this important office even better than Mr. Law had done. That Mr. Law had long been dead was a point which the evidence had established; and though there might be difference of opinion about the propriety of the prisoner's conduct in throwing the body of Mr. Law out of the pulpit, they could understand how his feelings might be aroused when he found people persisting in paying their homage to the dead instead of to the

* On the other side, see an admirable little book recently published by Professor F. D. Maurice, entitled *The Commandments* (London: Macmillan, 1867).

living guardian of public morals. Mr. Tulloch closed by calling upon the jury for a verdict of acquittal.

LORD FOGY then proceeded to charge the jury. After speaking for three hours, he wound up the charge in these pregnant words:—If you have carefully followed these remarks, you will now, I think, be able to see one thing clearly—to wit, that when the panel commenced his assault on Moses Law, either Moses Law was dead, or if not dead, he was alive. This point you will carefully bear in mind. All that remains is simple and plain. If you think he was alive, and that the prisoner murdered him, you will find the prisoner guilty; if, on the contrary, you think that he was already dead, or that the prisoner did not murder him, you will find a verdict of acquittal.

The jury, who had listened to his Lordship's remarks with breathless attention, then retired. After an absence of two hours they returned, when the Foreman rose and announced that they had, by a majority, found the prisoner

NOT GUILTY!

The announcement of the verdict was received with mingled cheers and groans. Lord Fogy then declared the prisoner fully acquitted of the grave charge brought against him, and said that he (Lord Fogy) would go and hear him some day in the Barony. The prisoner then shook hands with several friends who came forward to congratulate him—invited them all to dinner, and told Mr. Bane that he would order a free copy of *Good Words* to be sent to him and to his children for ever. He then left the court.

A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE "HINDOO PATRIOT"

ON THE BURLESQUE

OF

DR. O'BARONY IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

“DR. O'BARONY IN THE DIVORCE COURT.”

IN the month of April, 1866, a burlesque was published in the *Glasgow Herald* under the title of “Dr. O'Barony in the Divorce Court.” It was founded on the action taken by the Glasgow Presbytery in the case of Dr. Macleod, which threatened at that time to become a *cause célèbre* in the annals of the Church of Scotland—a party inside and a larger party outside the Established Church urging that a libel should be served upon the minister of the Barony, if only to ascertain whether he could hold the views set forth in his famous speech on the Decalogue and yet remain a minister of the Establishment. The points of resemblance which this case offered to an action for divorce, on the ground of breach of contract, are sufficiently obvious. The matter, however, was not pressed; and as the circumstances were never widely known, and are now for the most part forgotten, the point of the satire, supposing it ever to have had any, would now be lost. It would therefore have been passed over in this work without reference, but for the very singular and somewhat amusing circumstance that, on its republication in the Calcutta papers, it was seized upon by a certain section of the educated Hindoos as a *bonâ fide* transaction.

The following extract from the letter of a Calcutta merchant, which was afterwards published in a Glasgow paper, will tell the whole story:—

“CALCUTTA, June 18, 1866.

“We have been having a good laugh here at the expense of one of our native papers, in the case of Dr. O'Barony, lately tried in the Divorce Court by the *Glasgow Herald*. You must know that we have a benevolent gentleman here, who, among many other good efforts, attempted on a recent occasion to awaken the Bengalis to the hardness of conscience common among them. To effect this he delivered a lecture to a large and intelligent audience, and, during the course of his remarks, impugned their veracity as a people, telling them that they were innate liars, perjurers, and deceivers—that they cheated their own flesh and blood for a pice or less—and that, consequently, Englishmen suspected them even in the smallest transaction. This, I daresay, was generally true. But our friend went further, and denounced the virtue of themselves and their women, pointing to the open, widespread immorality which existed, patent to all, and, arguing himself into the zenanna, told them that their wives were tarred with the same stick. Of course, whether true or not, no man of pluck would stand that; so a Baboo got up, and offered 500 rupees to any man who would make a fitting refutation, either verbally or in a book. The challenge was taken up, and our friend Mr. Moncrieff may prepare for the pouring out of the vials to-night at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, the editor of the *Hindoo Patriot* has got hold of that *jeu d'esprit* lately published in the *Herald*, and has seriously quoted it to the Hindoos as a sample of the dreadful state of Scotch morality, and boldly tells Mr. Moncrieff to clear his own eye first. I enclose the remarks he makes on the case, and, knowing the circumstances, I am sure you will enjoy it. The worst of it is, that his readers

will never understand it. What do they know about the Barony Kirk, its pastor, or the Sabbath question? Who to them is Charles Kingsley but a nice young woman, rather fond of a lark, and not objecting to broad daylight, as a modest woman ought? Then his poor injured wife, what of her? Poor Ecclesia, you have more attractions for our Bengalis at the present moment than, I believe, all the missionaries you have sent out have yet succeeded in inspiring. Our pastors will have to brush up their Hindoostani, for I am sure they will find it a hard case to get the natives to understand that it is a mere quiz."

Another gentleman in Calcutta, whose letter was also published, said—

"The vilified natives have found a new champion in the *Hindoo Patriot*—a newspaper conducted entirely by natives—the editor of which devotes a leading article to your 'Dr. O'Barony trial,' which he characterizes as being a disgraceful recital of the depravities and immoralities of the natives of the vaunted West. He has taken up the matter in all seriousness, as if this had been an authentic report of a trial that had really taken place in one of our public courts at home, and he taunts Mr. Moncrieff with it, on the same principle as the Highlandman's reply to some abuse—'If I am so bad as you say, you are as bad *and more*.'"

This is almost on a par with the laughable mistake of Goeller (German editor of *Thucydides*), who took Washington Irving's *Annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker* for an authentic narrative, and cites a passage in illustration of the Greek historian,—“Adde locum Washingtonis Irvingii, *Hist. Novi Eberaci*, lib. vii., cap. 5.”

The *Hindoo Patriot's* article on the divorce case is too

rare a production to be lost. The solemnity of the thing, and the way in which the imaginary pursuer is referred to by the omniscient and sapient editor, as "none other than the illustrious lady so well known in Scotland by her *nom de guerre* of 'Ecclesia Scota,'" is irresistibly ludicrous.

The article ran as follows :—

"SCOTCH MORALITY.

"A case of more than ordinary importance was lately tried in the Divorce Court of Scotland, connected with a very high and distinguished family of Glasgow, illustrative of a phase of Scotch morality, which has a peculiar significance in India at the present moment, with Mr. Scott Moncrieff's lecture before the public. In this case the pursuer, which was none other than the illustrious lady so well known in Scotland by her *nom de guerre* of 'Ecclesia Scota,' sued for judicial separation from her husband, Dr. Norman O'Barony, 'because he has been guilty (1) of flirting openly and in a scandalous manner with other females; (2) of slighting and roughly handling the pursuer, his wife, to the peril of her life and limb; and finally, of violating the terms of the marriage-contract.' It was urged by the counsel for the pursuer that in or about 1862 a change took place in the conduct of Dr. O'Barony towards his wife, and that while continuing to profess the utmost attachment to her, he began openly and in a shameful manner to go about flirting with young ladies belonging to the Latitudinarian family, and to show himself in places of public resort with Miss Deane Stanley, Miss Charlotte Kingsley of Cambridge, and other females of exceedingly doubtful character. Two witnesses were produced in support of the above statement. One witness said that she had

seen the Doctor kiss Miss Kingsley, at Bona-Verba, a large estate on the Borders, which the defender had leased for several years, and where he had a shooting box. The Lord Commissioner asked the witness—

“ You saw the defender kiss Miss Kingsley?—Yes, distinctly. Did Miss Kingsley not struggle, or scream, or otherwise resist this familiarity?—Not at all; on the contrary, she seemed to me to hold up her face in order to give the defender every facility. But after he had kissed her, she shook her curls at him, and gave him a playful tap with her riding-switch, and said, “ O, you wicked fellow, what would your wife say if she saw this ? ”

“ Examination resumed.—There were several other ladies staying at Bona-Verba about the same time, were there not?—Yes, Miss Thorold, Miss J. M. Ludlow, and a number of the young ladies, and some of them not so young; belonging to the Latitudinarian family. Did you ever see anything that you considered objectionable in the defender's intercourse with them?—I did repeatedly: I have seen him walking about in broad daylight with Miss Deane Stanley. Another time I found him in a summer-house with Miss Thorold on one knee and Miss J. M. Ludlow on the other. He had an arm round the waist of each, and just as I came up, I saw him wink to Miss Ludlow. There could be no mistake. I saw him distinctly wink to her with his left eye. When he saw me he said, “ Hollo, Katie.” He seemed to feel no shame. He is in the way of calling me Katie. He makes very free with everybody. I said to him, “ This is a pretty way for a married man to be carrying on.” He only laughed, and said, “ Come, don't look sour. Sit down if you can find a place. We are going to get a song from Miss Ludlow about sisterhoods.” I said, “ No, I prefer being elsewhere.”

“ After the case for the pursuer was closed, the defender was called in and examined. He was questioned about the Latitudinarians. His evidence has been thus reported by the Glasgow papers:—

“ He admitted that he was on terms of intimacy with the

family. He knew Miss Thorold and Miss Ludlow. He had often strolled about Bona-Verba with them. He remembered being in the summer-house with them one evening, and Miss Freebody, of Strathbogie, coming up.* Had the young ladies on his knees. There was only a seat for one in the summer-house; he had taken that seat himself, and offered his knees to the ladies, and so made seats for all three. He remembered flattering himself at the time on the ingenuity of the arrangement.

“Cross-examined by DR. WHEESHMAN—If he had his arms round their waists, it must have been to keep them from falling. He had no recollection of winking to Miss Ludlow; but if he did, it was owing to a peculiar nervous irritation in his left eyelid that had troubled him all his life, and was in the family.

“Examination resumed.—Knew Miss Charlotte Kingsley well. Thought her a very handsome girl. Did not remember kissing her in the wood behind the house; but if he kissed her at all, might kiss her in the wood as well as anywhere else. Would not deny that he had kissed Miss Kingsley frequently. He could not say how often. It would depend on the number of opportunities. He could not see, for the life of him, what harm there was in kissing a young lady, if she had no objections. Kissing was an ancient and a scriptural practice. The same thing was done every day, and never thought anything of.

“Witnesses were called to establish this point.

“Miss W. C. Smyths, of Glasgow, who wore a thick veil, and was very shy and reserved, was examined first. She spoke in a low and modest tone, but was understood to say that she thought kissing was a quite right and proper thing in itself—that she liked a kiss very well herself when nobody was looking; but that she was watched so closely by her aunt in Glasgow, who was an

* In the Free Presbytery of Strathbogie, in November, 1863, an attack, which caused some amusement throughout Scotland at the time, was made upon the character of *Good Words* (the “Bona Verba” of the burlesque) and on the orthodoxy of its editor, Dr. Macleod, who was severely censured by his Strathbogie critics, for admitting into his Magazine so many articles of doubtful orthodoxy. An article “On the Christian Sabbath,” by the Rev. A. W. Thorold; another article “On Protestant Sisterhoods,” by Mr. Ludlow; and a third article by Mr. Kingsley on the Monks of old and the good they had done in their day and generation, were the articles which, if I remember rightly, were specially held up for reprobation.

old maid, and had peculiar notions on the subject, that her personal experience was not large.

“‘JUPITER TONANS QUILFILLAN, of Dundee, was called, and deposed that he was a manufacturer of distant thunder, and supplied that article to most of the Ecclesiastical Synods and Assemblies. He was acquainted with all the usages of society, and saw nothing wrong in defender kissing Miss Kingsley, if she liked it. He (witness) made a point of kissing all the clever women he met, whether they liked it or not. He thought it right to show a good example to the world; and he looked with contempt and abhorrence upon this movement on the part of the pursuer, as a mischievous attempt to repress, by tyrannical interference, the natural and proper intercourse of congenial spirits.

“‘MR. LITURGY LEE, of Edinburgh, gave evidence to the same effect. He stated that, at a *conversazione* given by the public press in Edinburgh two years before,* he had seen Ecclesia Scota herself, the pursuer in this case, flirting with a married gentleman of the name of Bishop Wordisworth, and indulging freely in all the innocent familiarities with which Dr. O'Barony was now charged. Also, that he had been witness, he could not tell how often, to the flirtations that had been going on for a twelvemonth now, before the eyes of all Scotland, between two Dissenting relatives of Ecclesia Scota's, whose names he need not mention. Flirtation was quite the fashion. He had done a little in that way himself with Mrs. Formes of the Episcopal Church, and found it very refreshing.’

“The case was not, however, further proceeded with, it being compromised by the pursuer.

“Now, we would ask Mr. Moncrieff, and lecturers of his class, as to whether the above phase of Scotch morality is consistent with Christian teaching. The ‘heathens’ of India would not certainly think so lightly of accommodating two ladies on the knees of a gentleman in a summer

* An interesting discussion on the possibility of forming a basis of Union between the Scottish Episcopal Church and the Scottish Establishment, occasioned by one of Bishop Wordsworth's Synodal addresses.

retreat. They were not so advanced in spiritual knowledge as to believe that such dalliance was a harmless but clever ingenuity. Their notions of female modesty could not chime with the philosophy which Dr. O'Barony enunciated with regard to the throwing of his arms round the waists of the female friends sitting on his knees. Scotch Puritans might consider 'kissing, an ancient and scriptural practice;' but the followers of the Vedas have not yet attained that purification of the soul which would regard it as 'the natural and proper intercourse of congenial spirits.' Indeed, whatever the Moncrieffs and maligners of that class might say, the Hindoo females could not be persuaded to think that 'kissing was a right and proper thing in itself when nobody was looking.' They are certainly far behind the Christian women of Scotland in knowledge and spiritual progress; but may Heaven save the women of this country from the transcendent civilization and Puritan Christianity of these Scottish ladies! We will not dilate on the subject; but we would ask Mr Moncrieff to say what the Christian's idea of female chastity is? Does it consist in sitting 'on gentlemen's knees, and giving kisses while nobody is looking?' Such little familiarities, it appears, are not held inconsistent with female honour and modesty in Glasgow; in fact, it seems that everybody there takes an innocent delight in such things. Our females, degraded as they are, and unenlightened by the rays of the Christian religion, cannot certainly approach the high standard of Scotch morality; but we venture to declare, though we may be voted irreclaimable barbarians, that we would ten times prefer the zenanna and the female degradation of which it is said to be the symbol, to the 'scriptural practices' of the Scotch Puritans, to which Dr. O'Barony so complacently swore."

—*Hindoo Patriot.*

SUNDAY TRAINING

VERSUS

SUNDAY TRAINS:

A WORD FOR THE SCOTTISH SABBATH.

SUNDAY TRAINING v. SUNDAY TRAINS.

PART I.

TRAVELLING by train the other night from Glasgow to Greenock, and snugly ensconced in the corner of the carriage with my railway rug over my knees, I suppose that I must have fallen asleep. I was not so much asleep, however, but that I was dimly conscious of the voices of my fellow-passengers mingling with the roar of the rushing train. By and by I was aroused by some one saying in a louder tone—"I call it tyranny!"

Half opening my eyes, I beheld a gentleman with fierce-looking whiskers (an English commercial traveller he turned out to be) folding up a newspaper tightly, and addressing an old gentleman opposite, with whom he seemed to have been conversing.

"How is it tyranny?" asked the old gentleman.

"Because you want—you Sabbatarians—to stop others from having trains on Sundays."

"Stop others! we stop ourselves. You forget, my dear sir, that we Sabbatarians, as you call us, are just as much concerned in the matter as you. We have as much need to travel on Sundays. We have just as many friends at a distance. We are just as likely (or as unlikely) as you are, to miss seeing a dying relative for want of a train on Sunday. But we think it worth while

running one or two risks, and suffering a little inconvenience, for the sake of preserving the Sabbath rest of the country. It is a public good, not a private monopoly, that we desire. We don't seek to deprive others of one single facility which we would retain for ourselves."

"But you have no right to deprive others, whether you retain for yourselves or not. Here is a thing that some desire, and the rest don't. Well, let those who desire it have it, and let the rest do without it, that's all. No one compels you to travel in a Sunday train if you don't want to."

"Not so fast, sir; you are overlooking an important distinction. If some people want a change that the public are indifferent about, by all means let them have it; but if they want a change that the public are opposed to, it is a different matter. Now, this Sunday traffic in Scotland is not merely a thing that the public do not demand should be; it is a thing that the public demand should *not* be."

The traveller frowned and pulled his moustache. "But the public has no right to demand it," he said. "If there are people who need, or people who want, to travel on Sunday, and if the railway company is willing to put on a train—"

"Six trains, you mean, if you refer to the Edinburgh and Glasgow line."

"Well, six trains, for their accommodation—other people have no business to interfere. The many, in such a case, have no right to coerce the few."

"No? Then, let me ask why you coerce the railway servants? Apply your own rule to them. Here are people who want to rest on Sunday—want rest and need rest, and have a right to it. And yet you inter-

ferre, and compel them to work for you. You (the many in this case) step in and coerce the few."

"Well, if they work they are paid for it."

"But they don't want the work, and they don't want the pay. They want their Sabbath rest, and you take it from them. Tyranny! If it is tyranny in the public to deny to you the Sunday travelling which they deny to themselves, and that for the public good, what do you call your own conduct in denying to these poor fellows the Sunday rest which you continue to claim for yourselves, and which you deprive them of for your own convenience? You say it is tyrannous for the many to interfere with the privileges of the few. I'll tell you what appears to me more tyrannous still, and that is for the few to interfere with the privileges and with the principles of the many. You are doing the one as well as the other. You are forcing this Sunday traffic upon an unwilling people. If the people wanted it, the question would be different; but they don't want it; and you, by persisting in keeping on these trains to suit a few people and increase the profits of the company, are violating the traditions and outraging the feelings of a whole community."

"You mean violating their prejudices."

"No: I don't call it a prejudice—our anxiety to preserve the Day of Rest. But if it were a prejudice, I should still think you wrong. Sometimes even prejudice, when it is national, ought to be respected. In Ireland, hatred of Protestantism may be a prejudice, but I would abolish the Protestant Establishment in that country, not because I have any leanings to Popery, but because that Establishment is an outrage on the feelings of the Irish people and as such perpetuates

the very evil which it is meant to remove. And so even though I considered Scotland's love for her Sabbath to be a prejudice, it is strong, it is national, and I should denounce this way of dealing with it as impolitic and wrong. But it is not a prejudice. There are plenty of prejudices and plenty of crotchets about the Sabbath to be found amongst us; but this anxiety to preserve it as a day of rest for our toiling populations is not one of them. If it is, it is one that God thought it worth while to inculcate in the Ten Commandments. The question is deeper than I think you take it to be. It is not merely how certain persons should spend the Sabbath: it is whether certain persons are to have any Sabbath to spend."

"My good sir," said the traveller, with a gesture of impatience, "railway companies have nothing to do with religious questions."

"But," said the old gentleman, "the railway company that has commenced to run goods and passenger trains in Scotland on Sunday is *taking* to do with religious questions. It is interfering with our religious convictions, and attempting to introduce a new and utterly false principle for determining what may and what may not be done upon the Lord's day. What was the test proposed by Mr. Hodgson when this Sunday traffic was commenced? The only test was this,—'Let us see if it will pay. If it does, let it be continued.'* Now, this principle carried out would obliterate the distinction

* "The public will soon say whether these trains are wanted or not, and it will be seen how far they desire them, by the extent to which they use them. . . . If the population do not avail themselves of the trains, as a necessary consequence we can only follow one course—viz., to take them off."—From Mr. Hodgson's reply

between right and wrong, and make the whole question of Sunday labour a question of money."

"Still," said the traveller, "the first imperative duty of a railway company is to accommodate the public, irrespective of party dogmas and creeds."

"Well, sir, to some extent I agree with you. If the public were to demand Sunday trains, the railway company, as a public company, would have no power to refuse them. But the public don't demand them, and don't want them, and have never expressed a wish about them except to have them stopped.* Look at the facts connected with this very line. Twenty-four years ago it was opened on Sundays professedly to accommodate the public. The public rose up, said they didn't want Sunday accommodation, and insisted that the line should be closed. It was closed. For nineteen years it remained closed, and the public were satisfied. Yet now, without the public having been once consulted, without the public having made a single request, signed a single memorial, sent a single deputation, held a single public meeting, the line has been opened again for 'public accommodation!' Depend upon it, sir, if the company was not thinking more of its own dividends than of the public accommodation, it would listen to the voice of the public, and stop these trains."

"My dear sir, the public is not so unanimous as you to Memorial from Glasgow Working Men's Sabbath Protection Association, Sept. 3, 1865. See also *Sabbath Trains*, by Henry Calderwood, D.D. Glasgow: 1865.

* See the facts brought out, and the case stated, in the speeches of Mr. Graham, M.P., Dr. Calderwood, Dr. Gibson, and others, reported in Glasgow papers of Sept. 13, Oct. 5, and Dec. 5, 1865, if not separately published. Also report of Working Men's Meeting in Glasgow, Aug. 31, 1865.

take it to be. There is one party against the trains, but there is another party for them."

"There is—a very minute party. But the mass of the Scottish people, irrespective of rank or condition, are notoriously against. Why, sir, no advocate for these trains would dare to make a practical appeal to public opinion—the opinion of the very people for whose accommodation they pretend that these trains are run. The cities are always more latitudinarian than the country, and yet there is nothing more certain than that, even in Glasgow and Edinburgh, if the matter were submitted to a popular vote, these Sunday trains would be stopped by the voice of an overwhelming majority to-morrow."

"Still the fact remains, that no sooner were these trains put on than passengers enough were found. And so long as that continues to be the case, I shall hold that the public want these trains; and so long as they want them, they are entitled to have them."

"Then you hold an absurdity. Why, sir, if indecent prints were exposed for sale, you would find people enough to buy them. Would you therefore say that the public want them, and that so long as they want them, they should have them?"

"Oh, that's a different thing altogether."

"It's a different illustration of the same principle."

"But traffic in these prints is a bad thing."

"So is unnecessary railway traffic on Sunday a bad thing."

"What! You mean to say that a man is committing a sin when he goes on Sunday to see a friend—a friend, perhaps, that he has no other opportunities of seeing?"

"Not at all. *Per se* it may even be a good thing. Just

as, *per se*, it might be a good thing if Spain had another Queen. But if any man went and cut the present Queen's throat, that this good end might be attained, I should say he did a wrong thing. And if you, or any one else, in order to see a friend on Sunday, deprive fifty or a hundred railway servants of their day of rest, to which they have as much right as we, and which, after six days of hard toil, they have more need of than we, then I say that you may be seeking an innocent end, but you are doing a wrong thing to gain it."

The traveller was about to reply, when our train plunged with a roar into the tunnel at Bishopton.

PART II.

As soon as we emerged from the tunnel, and the disputants could make themselves audible again, the old gentleman said, "You were about to remark, sir,—"

"Yes, I was about to remark that in this matter you are inconsistent with your own teaching."

"How so?"

"You get up a hullabaloo about these Sunday trains, and yet you have had other Sunday trains running for years—the mail train, for instance, that leaves Glasgow for the south every Sunday night, and has done so as long as I have been upon the road."

"Then your argument is," said the old gentleman, "that as we have allowed that train to run to London, we should allow these trains to run between Glasgow and Edinburgh."

"Quite so."

"In other words, your argument is, that because we

have done one questionable thing, therefore we should do another and still more questionable thing. Well, that's one way of being consistent. But we Scotch people think that there is something even better than being consistent, and that is being right. If we are to be inconsistent at all, we prefer being inconsistent with ourselves to being inconsistent with the law of God, and with the good of the people."

"Still, the fact remains, in the midst of all this outcry, that you tolerate this very kind of Sunday labour already."

"We do, sir; we reluctantly tolerate some, but we don't see that it would mend the matter to tolerate more. You talk of inconsistency! But you seem to forget that you are quite as inconsistent in this matter as you say we are."

"How so?"

"Let me ask you, first of all, if you recognize any distinction between Sunday and other days. Would you approve, *e. g.*, of the railway traffic being the same on that day as on any other—as many passenger trains, goods trains, excursion trains, and so on?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Because I am of opinion that we should have as little work done on Sundays as possible."

"As little work as possible! Well, now, let us see what that means. Here are these six Sunday trains on one short line. You say that these trains should be kept on because the public must be accommodated; and you mean by the public, people enough to fill these trains. But suppose that by and by people enough come forward to fill not only six but sixteen

trains. What then? If people enough to make six pay have a right to be called the public, and to demand railway accommodation, people enough to make *sixteen* pay have obviously *more* right to be called the public, and to demand accommodation. Next comes Mr. Cook, and advertises excursion trains, and one, or two, or ten thousand people, come forward to avail themselves of these."

"Stop, sir, excursion trains are very different things. They are got up merely for pleasure."

"For pleasure! What do people go by the present trains for? *Not* for pleasure?"

"Not necessarily. They may need to go: it may be a matter of necessity or mercy."

"May it not be a matter of as much necessity or mercy for an excursionist as for any other person?—to see friends, or to escape from the city for a day to breathe the fresh air of the country or of the sea-side? Moreover, you forget your own position. What business has the railway company to distinguish between cases of pleasure and cases of necessity and mercy? Railway companies, you declared, have nothing to do with religious questions; their first duty is to accommodate the public. Are one, or two, or ten thousand excursionists not part of the public, with the same right to demand accommodation as the people who use the present trains?"

"Well," said the traveller, "perhaps they have; and I don't see, after all, that there would be much harm in granting it."

"Just so. Now, let us suppose that this sort of thing goes on till as many people come forward to travel on Sundays as on other days. You must, to accommodate

them all, put on just as many trains as on other days. And if your merchants, next, want their goods forwarded on Sundays, how can you say them nay? The forwarding of goods is a matter of public accommodation as well as the conveyance of passengers. What more is needed? The first duty of a railway company, you say, is to accommodate the public. Thus you would have on Sunday all the traffic of the week-day. You say you would object to this, and yet on your own principle you ought to approve of it, and call it a piece of intolerance and tyranny in any one to try to stop it. Is that consistency?—Nor is this all. Carry out your principles a little further. If railway companies are to be allowed to run trains on Sunday, simply because enough people want them, to make them pay, why should people be forbidden to open concert rooms, theatres, and shows on Sunday, if these would pay? If there are some people who want the pleasure of a theatrical performance as much as other people want the pleasure of a trip to Edinburgh or Campsie; and if there are persons as willing to open their theatres for the one set as Mr. Hodgson was to open the railway for the other, why should the one be allowed and the other forbidden? And if people chose to open their shops, as Mr. Hodgson opened the railway for the 'public accommodation,' how could you consistently forbid them to do so?—unless, indeed, you came to admit, with us, that the Sunday is a day that is to be kept as sacred as possible from week-day toil, even at some sacrifice of convenience and pleasure,—a day that is to be differently treated, and to have different laws applied to it from the mere laws of supply and demand that regulate the work of other days of the week."

"I have already said that it is so," replied the traveller; "but, begging your pardon, I think a great deal of nonsense is talked about the terrible consequences that will follow if these Sunday trains are allowed to run. The very same things were predicted as confidently when the Sunday steamer began to ply up and down your river, and what has come of it? Does the Clyde swarm now with Sunday steamers? Have the barriers of morality and religion been swept down? Has Scotland fallen from her place amongst the nations of the earth, and all the rest of it? Not a bit. The people are not idiots. If they want the Sunday as a day of rest, they would not make it a day of work, merely because they were allowed to."

"But, sir, by the tolerance of your principle, people like those employed about these Sunday trains want the Sunday as a day of rest, but cannot get it. The principle, as I have shown, is bad; it clears the way for much more serious evils than this application of it will actually, or at least immediately, introduce."

"But you forget that society has the power of rectifying itself. If it goes too far in a matter like this, it has the power in its own hand, and can draw back."

"But, unfortunately," replied the old gentleman, "it may go a long way and suffer a great deal before it tries or before it is able to draw back. Look at the Continent, with its tumultuous Sabbath traffic—on rail and river, in streets, shops, theatres, and cafés. What about your theory of self-rectification there? Some classes of the poor Parisian operatives are beginning now to cry for Sabbath rest; but what of the millions that have been toiling all these years before the cry was raised, and the millions that will have to toil on and die

before it is answered? No, sir; it is the part of wise men to prevent this evil, rather than wait till it is rampant and clamouring for cure."

We had reached Port-Glasgow by this time, where the traveller had to get out.

When he was gone a small, sharp-featured person, who had been listening with interest to the discussion, said to the old gentleman, "Well, you got his charge of inconsistency thrown back upon him. But with all deference, sir, proving another man to be as inconsistent as yourself is not a satisfactory mode of argument. Your inconsistency—I mean the inconsistency of your party, of course—remains all the same. You employ domestic servants on Sunday to cook your dinners; some of you employ your coachmen to drive you to church; you post letters that go by the Sunday train to which that gentleman referred; on Monday morning you eat the rolls and you read the newspapers that have involved Sunday work."

"I admit it," said the old gentleman; "I admit it frankly. I am sorry to say that, as yet, we are all more or less inconsistent in our practice. But, sir, what better would we be if we acceded to the running of these Sunday trains? Would that relieve us of inconsistency? If we sanctioned the running of these six trains, on the principle that they will pay, we would still be inconsistent if we refused to sanction the running of sixty trains, if sixty trains would pay. So with goods trains, so with steam-boats, so with places of amusement, so with shops—until, perhaps, we escaped from inconsistency by allowing the distinction between Sunday work and week-day work to be entirely obliterated. But this would be escaping from inconsistency by the wrong end. If, then, we *are* to be

inconsistent, we think it better to be so in as few points as possible; and if we cannot get Sabbath labour done away with altogether, we ought at least to keep it within the narrowest possible limits, and resist every new and needless encroachment that is made upon the sanctity of the day of rest."

INTERCEPTED REPORT

OF THE OPENING OF THE

INFERNAL PARLIAMENT.

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THE remarkable discovery which enables us to publish the following Report, was made under the following circumstances:—On the night of the 4th, the s.s. “Flying

* It may be doubted whether the following singular narrative ought to be made public, especially as its authenticity in some points has been loudly questioned. The writer, however, deems it so important that the policy of the Devil in these days should be known, in order to be met, and he inclines so strongly to the belief that some features of that policy are really unmasked in this intercepted Report, that he would not feel himself justified in suppressing it.

It is curious to note that Burns, in his remarkable poem, entitled

“AN ADDRESS TO THE DI’EL,”

describes, as in action, the two kinds of policy which would seem, from the Report, to have been under discussion in the Nether Parliament.

The Poet begins his Address thus:—

“O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha, in yon cavern grim an’ sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

* Great is thy power, and great thy fame;
Far kenn’d and noted is thy name;

Dutchman" (Captain O'Gammon) cast anchor in the latitude of 51° 30' north, and in longitude 3° 7' west, to fish for trilobites. On getting under weigh again, early in the morning, it was found that the anchor had brought up with it a cable of very singular appearance. It seemed to be gelatinous in its substance, and semi-transparent; and altogether so like a long thin snake, that some of the sailors, who were possessed by the superstitions of their class, feared that it might be the tail of the great Sea-serpent, and were anxious to have it dropped again into the water. Captain O'Gammon's curiosity, however, having been excited, he had several fathoms of the cable drawn on board and examined; and on finding that there were strands of wire in the middle, he immediately sent below for Sir William Thomson, who was fortunately on board with his instruments, making experiments on the conductivity of salt water. Sir William immediately pronounced it to be an electric cable, but of a construction altogether different either from the Atlantic cable, or any of those laid across the channel. He accordingly "tapped" the wires and applied his pocket instrument. It was some time, however, before any signals came; but at length they began to come, and with astonishing rapidity. At first they were entirely unintelligible; but, by a careful notation and com-

An' tho' yon lowin' heugh 's thy hame,

Thou travels far:

An' faith! thou 's neither lag nor lame,

Nor blate nor scaur.

"Whiles rangin' like a roarin' lion,

For prey a' holes an' corners tryin';

Whiles on the strong wing'd tempest flyin',

Tirlin' the kirks;

Whiles in the human bosom pryin',

Unseen thou lurks."

parison of the various signals, Sir William was enabled, in less than an hour, to decipher their meaning, and found (with what feelings may be better imagined than described) that the messages were coming from the Nether Regions. So far as intelligible, they were all taken down in the order of transmission; but many of them are of so personal and startling a character that they will not, in the meantime, be made public. One important piece of intelligence received amongst the rest was, that the Infernal Parliament had been opened that night—that the Houses were still sitting—that a great debate on the policy of the Infernal Government was in progress in the Lower House, between the party of the Old Serpent and the party of the Roaring Lion—and that full details would be sent on in the course of a few hours. Sir William at once communicated this to Captain O'Gammon, and prevailed upon him to drop anchor again and keep the ship stationary till this report should be intercepted. At half-past six A.M. the report began to come, and was completed by ten o'clock, shortly after which the cable was dropped into the sea.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE INTERCEPTED REPORT.

The Imperial Parliament of the Lower Regions has been opened this year by His Satanic Majesty in person. The doors were thrown open at midnight, and from that time there were constant arrivals of Princes and Powers of Darkness. By one o'clock the House was crowded to suffocation. The side galleries were occupied for the most part by foreign ambassadors, though there was a good sprinkling of railway speculators, apocalyptic frogs, speculative stock-brokers, iron riggers, men of

fashion, publicans, and other sinners. The Beast, with the number XXX branded on his forehead, took his seat on the front Ministerial Bench. He was followed by Belial, Bacchus, the Earl of Hypocrisy, Lord Mawworm, his Highness the Golden Calf, and other notables. Precisely at half-past one o'clock, the Usher of the Black Rod summoned the Lord Chancellor to attend His Majesty. There was a blare of trumpets outside, and in a few minutes after, His Sable Majesty, preceded by Moloch, who bore the Sword of State, entered the House, the assembly rising to receive him. As soon as His Majesty had taken his seat upon the black throne, the Commons were summoned to attend, and there was immediately a rush of members from the Lower House to the bar.

The following is the text of

THE DEVIL'S SPEECH.

Princes and Powers of Darkness,—It is with much satisfaction that I again have recourse to your assistance and advice. In regard to domestic affairs it is my purpose, as usual, for prudential reasons, to enter into as few details as possible. Suffice it to say, that the Consumption of Smoke Act, recently passed, with the view of concealing our operations from the upper world, has had a good effect, and has been aided in its operation there by various theories, of human contrivance, for referring the smoke to natural causes. The consequence is, that vast numbers of persons have already been persuaded that there is no such place as Hell at all. All details connected with our internal administration will be laid before the House in Secret Committee.

Passing to colonial and foreign affairs, I observe with

profound regret that in Europe the Conservative and Romish Powers are on the wane; and that the Roman Pontiff has been almost entirely stripped of his temporal power, in which I have long had a vested interest.*

In England a most auspicious movement is in progress in the Established Church, having for its end, if not for its object, the discontinuance of the business of saving souls, and the conversion of the Church into a large establishment for the exhibition of dolls and other fancy goods, and for the performance of symbolical gymnastics.

In Ireland matters are in a very gratifying condition. The Protestant Establishment, at the origination of which I had myself the honour of presiding, has done good service in the way of converting Romanism into Ribbonism, Protestantism into Orangeism, and religion generally into a system of mutual execration and hatred.

In Scotland, I observe with annoyance that things are still in a backward state. Several railway trains have been set agoing on Sunday, and some fruit and confection shops are opening on that day in the large cities; but my agents throughout the country continue to meet with the most aggravating opposition. Happily the reports received from Sir John Barleycorn, my special plenipotentiary in Scotland, continue to be tolerably

* Those who think that the language anywhere in reference to Rome and the Romanizing movements at present in progress in this country is too strong, should read the two most recent works on this subject that have come into the writer's hands, viz.—*Poperly, Ancient and Modern*, by John Campbell, D.D. London: John Snow, 1865; and *The Awakening of Italy and the Crisis of Rome*, by the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. London: Religious Tract Society, 1866. See also *Rome and Civil Liberty*, by the same author.

satisfactory. My plenipotentiary still finds himself in a condition to baffle all schemes for the elevation of the masses. His magnificent agency for the allurements and transference of human souls to the Pit is spread like a network over the land, and is under the protection of the Legislature. In the city of Glasgow alone he has more than 1,700 such agencies in full operation, most of them with branch lines from his uncle's Golden-Ball estates, falling into the downward line at Reckless Junction. The traffic along this line is immense—ardent spirits going up, human spirits coming down, and no return tickets granted.

More energetic steps for the promotion of Vice and Infidelity in Scotland are still called for. It is the opinion of my advisers that if we could undermine Scottish Presbyterianism, and assimilate the Scottish Sabbath to the Continental Sunday, we should find all that remains for us to do in that country comparatively easy. A bill for the furthering of this desirable object will shortly be submitted to your consideration. In these, and all other deliberations, I trust your counsels will be guided, as they have hitherto been, by a loyal desire to see the dominion of Darkness extended into every corner of the world.

As soon as the Speech was over, the Commons retired, and His Majesty left the House. The *cortège* at once proceeded to the railway station, where a special train was in waiting to convey him to England, where he purposes, during the present crisis, to conduct his affairs in person.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Their Lordships resumed at four o'clock, when the LORD CHANCELLOR took the chair.

Lord Sneer-at-the-Bible took the oaths and his seat on being created a Peer of the United Kingdom of Earth and Tartarus. Lord Howie Cooks-the-books (of North Britain) also took the oaths and his seat. The Earl of Ironriggs took the oaths and his seat as a Representative Peer for St. Mungo. Lord-Lieutenant Hang-the-Blacks took his seat as a Representative Peer for Jamaica; but the taking of the oaths was dispensed with in his case, as he had taken a sufficiency of them already.

The Royal Speech was then read, and LORD SCOFFER moved the Address in reply. It was seconded by the MARQUIS OF WYLIE, who congratulated the Infernal Powers on the vigilance and activity of the present Government, and on the gratifying success which was attending its new policy of accomplishing its ends in Christian countries by cunning and fraud, instead of open force. It was impossible to dissociate this success from the admirable diplomacy of the Old Serpent (hear, hear)—the illustrious statesman who now occupied the position of First Minister of the Crown.

LORD CHOLERA MORBUS, who presented a ghastly appearance, said he had just returned from Britain; and wherever the evidence of the vigilance and success of the Infernal Government was to be found, it had certainly not come in his way. He wanted to know what the Government had been about, that they had permitted such progress to be made by the enemy in the way of sanitary improvement. What with cleaning, draining,

ventilating, fresh water supply, city improvement schemes, and the like, that country would soon not be fit for any respectable pestilence or epidemic to live in. Was this the sort of success the noble lords on the other side of the House were felicitating themselves upon? (Hear, hear.) He (Lord Cholera Morbus) remembered the time when, in his periodic visitations to Britain, he could take up his quarters in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, or where he pleased, and hold high carnival with Death, and slaughter his hecatombs day after day. What was the state of things now? Look at Glasgow! His noble friend on the cross bench (Lord Stink of Clyde), who, he was happy to see, was increasing in strength, would be able to bear him out in what he said. He had visited Glasgow in the fall of last year, expecting to find everything ready for operations on a great scale. Instead of that, he found the whole city cleaned—the lanes, vennels, and closes whitewashed, and scarcely a gutter left for him in the Goosedubs to lie down in. He found that the city had been divided into districts; that every church had got its own district to attend to, and had appointed sanitary inspectors and visitors, who went about and saw that places were kept clean, and the houses aired. He had skulked about, day after day, looking for some ashpit or any hole or corner to hide in; but these Sanitary Committee people were always poking about, and gave him no rest. If he crept into a sink, he was turned out; if he tried the ashpit, he was driven away with chloride of lime. Everywhere he was insulted, knocked about the head with besoms and brooms, slushed with carbolic acid, and turned about his business. In despair, he had betaken himself to the house of one Mrs. M'Larty, where

he had found a home and good feeding many a time before; but Mrs. M'Larty had got the close whitewashed and her house cleaned (sensation); and no sooner did he show face than she got his head into the jawbox, and spouted Loch Katrine water in his face, till he was glad to escape with his life. And all this in a city where, only a few years ago, he could hold the people in terror, and devour his hundreds. He wanted to know what the Government had been about, that this state of things had been allowed? (Hear, hear, from the Opposition benches.)

LORD VENOM said there was no one in that House who did not deplore the sanitary measures which had been adopted by the enemy; but the Government was not responsible. Every possible effort had been made to prevent these steps from being taken. Laziness, Slovenliness, Recklessness, Insolence, False Notions of Independence, and numerous other agents and friends of the Government, had done their best to thwart and discourage the Sanitary Committees and stir up the people against them. These efforts had not been very successful while Cholera Morbus was known to be near; but it was confidently expected that bye and bye the people would fall back into their old habits, and give him an early opportunity of avenging himself for his present defeat. (Hear, hear.)

After some remarks from LORD SIREN, the amendment was withdrawn, and the Address in reply to the Speech from the throne agreed to. Their Lordships then adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House resumed at four, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER gave notice of a bill to open negotiations for purchasing the Pope and transferring him to England.

Various other notices having been given, His Satanic Majesty's Speech was read from the chair.

LORD CRAFTY moved the Address in reply. It was seconded by MR. GLOATER, who descanted at great length on the success in England and Scotland which was attending the policy of circumvention introduced by the Old Serpent. The new application of that subtle policy to Christian Churches and Christian people, soaking the life out of them, and giving rise to jealousies and sectarian feuds, marked a new and promising era in the spread of Vice and Infidelity.

The ROARING LION (whose rising was the signal for loud cheers from the Opposition benches) was sorry to interrupt these expressions of congratulation, but he considered the subtle policy referred to by the honourable fiend on the other side of the House as utterly unworthy of a great power. (Hear, hear.) He was for going up and down the earth in the grand old style, devouring people whenever and wherever they could be found. This present fashion of dodging about under cover, and luring people into the woods, like hyenas, by sham cries, was as contemptible as it was unnecessary. ("No, no," and cheers.) He maintained that it was. Of course, if the Old Serpent found it more convenient, for reasons personal to himself, to sneak about in the present style, by all means let him do it; but he protested against the

Infernal Powers generally being required to adopt it. He did not know how it was with others, but it was destroying his own self-respect. He had been compelled, in obedience to His Majesty's commands, not only to take orders in the Church of England, but to shave off his whiskers, and dress himself up in frocks and coloured vestments, with his tail tied carefully up underneath, to keep it from being seen. In this fashion he had been required to say prayers for people that were dead—people that perhaps he had himself devoured; and to go about and get silly women to confess their sins to him. And all this by way of trying to get them lured down by the Roman Road into the Old Serpent's ambuscades. What round-about sort of policy was this? He did not wish to draw comparisons; but he would remind the House of that magnificent period of avowed and rampant wickedness that terminated with the Noachian Deluge—a period during which he (the Roaring Lion) had enjoyed the honour of directing the counsels of Satan, and a period which was admittedly one of the grandest in the whole sweep of Infernal history. There was no cant, no shaving of crowns, no sneaking about asking women to confess their sins, in those days. Everything bad was aboveboard—infidelity, vice, licentiousness, brutality, and red-handed murder roaring about the streets all day long. Well, what was the upshot? There came the universal smash—a mere half-dozen or so of people escaping in Noah's ark. That was policy to speak of. Where, in the history of the low, sneaking system at present in vogue, would there be found anything to compare with it? He hoped different counsels would now prevail; and he would accordingly move as an amendment—"That His Satanic Majesty throw off all disguise,

and wage open and implacable war against everything that stands in his way."

SIR AVOWED ATHEISM seconded the amendment. This new fashion of working in disguise prevented them from giving their best friends the encouragement and help they were entitled to. He could himself testify to the valuable aid he had got from the Oxford Essayists. The House was aware of the assistance they were receiving also from the Ritualists and Romanizers in England, from the enemies of Presbyterianism and the Sabbath in Scotland, and from bigots, hypocrites, money-graspers, and immoral men in the Church everywhere. (Interruption.) Was it denied? (Cries of "No, no.") Why was it, then, that these men who were doing the Devil's work so well were not openly recognized and abetted as his allies? It was a mistake to suppose that people would turn if they saw where they were going to. It was the fashion in some circles to laugh at earnest religion; it was the fashion in other circles to put faith in genuflections and wax candles; and it was the fashion in all circles to be gay and worldly, and to worship the Golden Calf. That being the case, there was nothing to fear. People would rather follow the fashion to hell than go with vulgar people to heaven.

Mr. BLUEBEARD supported the amendment. This new policy of carrying on their operations gradually and stealthily, under the mask of respectability and refinement, was making Britain unfit to live in. He had long since found it necessary to leave that country and retire to Africa.

Remarks to a similar effect having been made by Mr. Rowdy, Sir R. Turpin, Mr. Dueller, and Mr. Cut-throat,

Mr ALMIGHTY DOLLAR rose and said that he must be

pardoned if he used unparliamentary language ; but really he could not help laughing at the nonsense talked by some of the lugubrious gentlemen on the other side of the House. Christendom was never in a better state for corruption and conquest than now. (Hear, hear.) Talk about the Church ! He represented landed property and capital, and half the ministers in England and Scotland were his nominees. Talk about the British Parliament ! He could buy up Parliamentary electors like so many flocks of sheep. Three-fourths of the men in Parliament held their seats at his discretion. He had put them in, and he could turn them out. He considered the policy of the Old Serpent a most successful policy, though he himself was independent of any special policy, and could do almost what he liked. He had, for the sake of carrying on the Devil's work, connected himself with all the Churches. Sometimes he drank, sometimes he swindled people, sometimes he swore : he was always breaking some of the Commandments on purpose ; but he put a sovereign into the collection plate every Sunday, and always put down his name for big subscriptions, and that made everything right. All the people he met took off their hats to him. Why, he could buy up men, women, and children as fast as look at them. He could buy little children from their parents, and have them kept from school and sent into mills and factories, and all sorts of places, where they got corrupted and grew up in ignorance and vice. He could buy up men by the million, and keep them chained to their shops and counting-houses, scraping and scraping for gold, till their eyes were dim and their hair gray, and it was time for Old Harry to come and take them. He could buy up young men who were in danger of turning their attention

to some Christian work, and put them to something that would harden their hearts into stone. He could buy up young girls from their negotiating mammas as fast as he could buy sheep, and give them away to any old sinner that he liked. Let the honourable gentleman who had retired in disgust to Africa (Mr. Bluebeard) come to him, and he would give him as many wives as he wanted, with free permission to break their hearts, if not exactly to cut off their heads in his old fashion. Even then he would pledge his word to get the best lawyers in England to defend him; the best doctors in England to prove him insanc; and the most intelligent jury, on that plea, to let him off. Britain not fit for devils to live in! He scouted the idea. Let any of them come to him, and he would soon banish that notion from their heads. There was his friend the Venerable Nick, who occupied the chair. He was an old gentleman now, and not what was commonly called handsome; but let him come to him and get a landed estate, and an income of twenty thousand a year, and he would find handsome widows setting their caps at him wherever he went, young ladies coaxing him with smiles, and clergymen of all denominations calling at his house for subscriptions, or eating his turtle and drinking his wine, and saying what an excellent man he was.

MR. PAPHIAN SOW, who spoke in a very husky voice, maintained that the policy of the Old Serpent was cramping the energies of some of the ablest promoters of human degradation and ruin.

MR. ROARIN' FOU loudly confirmed the remarks of the honourable gentleman. He was intimate with him (the honourable gentleman), having had frequent occasion to pass the night with him in police offices, and he could

vouch for the truth of what he said. His own case was as bad. He could scarcely get drunk now without being instantly collared by a policeman, walked off to the station for the night, and fined five shillings next morning. There was also in operation in Scotland a monstrous Act called the Forbes Mackenzie Act, in consequence of which the public-houses were all shut from eleven o'clock on Saturday night till eight on Monday morning; and, if it wasn't for shebeens, he didn't know how he should ever be able to get over the interval. He did not blame the Old Serpent for all this. He believed that statesman was dead against all temperance legislation; but still he thought this state of things was a result of the policy now in vogue of giving such exclusive encouragement to sins that looked respectable. (Hear, hear.)

After the House had been addressed, to the same effect, by LORD COCKATRICE and MR. LUSTY, who called upon the Government to throw off its disguise on Earth and wage open war upon the souls of men,

The OLD SERPENT rose, amidst loud cheers, to reply. He said that it was with considerable diffidence that he ventured to dissent from the honourable gentlemen on the other side of the House, and especially from the illustrious fiend who had moved the amendment, and whose name and services in the cause of human degradation and ruin must always be held in the highest esteem by every member of that House. (Cheers.) It was impossible not to sympathize with them in their anxiety to get rid of disguise, and to set about the work of human demoralization and ruin in their own way. But he was satisfied that the moment they were convinced that his (the Old Serpent's) policy was the one best fitted to attain the object they all equally desired, they would throw them-

selves into it with enthusiasm. (Cheers.) Now, let them look at the past. By what policy was it at first, that in the Garden of Eden, by one stroke, the whole human race were swept under the curse? Was it not by this very policy of circumvention?—of false pretence?—of making evil seem attractive and good? (Cheers.) Look at the wars, the persecutions, the massacres, the bloody rites and superstitions that had ever since been deluging the world with blood. Were not they also incited under false pretences? Did the people who engaged in them think they were doing the work of the Devil? (Hear, hear.) Did the Crusaders think they were doing Satanic work when slaughtering the Saracens?—or the Saracens, when slaughtering the Crusaders? Did Diocletian think he was doing devil's work when he caused the massacre of the Christians? Did the kings and popes, when they filled the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with the shrieks of tortured heretics? Did the heroes of the St. Bartholomew massacre? Did Torquemada? Did the dragoons of Claverhouse? Why, these people generally thought they were busy in the service of God. (Laughter and cheers.) Such was the success of the policy which he (the Old Serpent) had introduced, for the purpose of corrupting and twisting into Satanic work people who could never be got to do the Devil's work if they knew it to be his. (Hear, hear.) It was the same thing now. Open a new agency, and call it "The Way to Hell," and people would flee from it; but call it a Public-house, a Whisky Palace, or a House of Pleasure, and people would troop in at once. That was how three-fourths of the Devil's work was being done on earth. (Hear.) Call lying or villany by its plain name, and men would shrink from it; but call it "finesse" or "general-

ship," and most men would lie as fast as look at you. Call the picking of a man's pocket "theft," and people would recoil from the act, and put any rascal in prison who was caught doing it; but call the wholesale robbery of widows and orphans "Speculation," or "sharp practice," or the "Joint operation," and men calling themselves Christians would rush into the business at once, and do the work, and yet be received at the Communion Table just as before. What did this prove in regard to the relative value of the two kinds of policy now before the House? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Look at the very cases referred to by the honourable gentlemen on the other side of the House. It was quite true, as the honourable gentleman who seconded the amendment had said, that many of the people would rather follow the fashion to hell than go with the vulgar to heaven. But how had the road to hell come to be considered the fashionable road? (Hear, hear.) Was it by calling it the road to hell? How had he (the Old Serpent) got it to be the fashion with so many people to laugh at the Bible and applaud heretical ideas? Was it not by the same policy of subtlety? (hear, hear)—making evil seem good, and giving it a respectable and attractive name—calling new ideas "progressive," if they were false; calling all departures from the faith "liberal views," and getting people to think it a proof of emancipated thought to hold that the Bible was untrue, and that their original ancestor was an oyster. (Hear, hear, and cries of "That's so.") How had he succeeded in making it the fashion for men to worship money, and go seeking and craving for it everywhere? Was it by telling them that the love of money was the root of all evil? (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Was it by saying, "How hardly

shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of Heaven?" On the contrary, it was by making men fancy that wealth meant happiness, and that they could make sure of getting into Heaven after a life of worldliness and sin, by putting gold into the church-plate or leaving a few thousand pounds to the Church when they died and could keep it no longer to themselves. That was how he had succeeded in getting millions in Christian countries to sell their souls for money. (Hear, hear.) Look now at the service that was being rendered to their cause by parties in the Christian Church—by Rationalists on the one hand and Ritualists on the other. Look, in Scotland, at the service that was being done to their interests by the ultra-Sabbatarians on the one hand, and by the ultra-Latitudinarians on the other,—the one party doing service by trying to make the Sabbath a day of austerity and gloom; the other party doing still better service by trying to make it a day of license and sport. It was admitted that both parties were helping to further the Devil's interests. But was it supposed by a single fiend in that House that either party imagined it was doing so? (Hear, hear.) When his illustrious friend, the Roaring Lion, was misleading the Church of England in his character of sham priest, why had he found it necessary to conceal his tail so carefully under his ecclesiastical millinery? He would put a question to him, and ask for an honest answer—Did he think that his victims would continue to follow him if they had the least idea where he wanted to lead them to, or had the remotest suspicion of his true character? (Hear, hear.) And yet, what was it that the amendment called upon the House to do? To recognize publicly their indebtedness to parties who never meant to serve the Devil at

all, and who, in the services they actually rendered, thought all the time they were serving the Truth! What would be the effect of such a step? (Hear, hear.) What would be the effect of sending the Venerable Nick to Dr. Pusey to thank him for his services in leading the High Church party back into idolatry, and offering him, in recognition of his services, the mark of the Beast? What would be the effect of publicly recognizing the unintended services of Strauss, or Colenso, or Renan, or of the narrow-minded but Christian men who were exciting dissension in the Church in Scotland? He would like to see the fiend who would undertake to go to Professor Gibson, of Glasgow, with the Devil's compliments, to thank him for stirring up so much bitterness and strife in this case of Walter C. Smith, and forcing the Free Church into so embarrassing a position (hear, hear); and to express our hope that he would keep pegging away.* (Hear, hear, and laughter.) All those who were exciting bitterness in the Church—all those who were shaking people's faith in the Bible, or leading them back into Ritualism and Romish idolatry, would recoil from their work if they saw whither it tended; they were persevering with it under the delusion that they were contending for truth; and, therefore, to retain their services, that delusion must be perpetuated. (Cheers.) But the honourable fiends on the other side of the House

* See Dr. Gibson's Speeches in this case. Glasgow: Murray, 1866. Dr. Gibson, in spite of the features of character photographed in these burlesques, is probably one of the ablest and most conscientious men in the Free Church. In his speeches, one cannot help regretting that so much which is really valuable is not given to his Presbytery and the public in a pleasant way, instead of being fired off in their faces like a charge of grapeshot.

not only wanted the recognition of unconscious friends—they wanted open and undisguised war with the enemy. Now, what had been the effect of such policy in past times? Look at the persecution of the Covenanters in Scotland. It was pleasant devils' work at the time, but it only burned Presbyterianism deeper than ever into the hearts of the people. See, on the other hand, what triumphs were resulting both in that country and in England from the present policy of sapping and mining, and setting Christians by the ears. Loose and sceptical views were spreading, the Church and the world were getting mixed up together, the trumpets were giving all sorts of uncertain and queer sounds, and the confusion of tongues was coming back. (Cheers, and cries of "That's so.") The churches were being agitated by internal feuds. In England, Ritualism was pulling one way, and Rationalism another, giving hope that the Church would split, and one part fall back into Scylla and the other into Charybdis. The Scottish Establishment was griped with an annual colic of Dr. Robert Lee and his innovations; the Free Church was distracted over the case of Walter C. Smith; the U. P. Church was labouring under a chronic apprehension of organs; and the Reformed Presbyterian Church had already burst asunder in the middle. And these were the very Churches which had been unified and roused to more determined resistance by the policy of open war and persecution. (Hear, hear). But let it not be supposed that he (the Old Serpent) overlooked the value of that open policy in its own place. On the contrary, it was the very mode of action for which the present policy of the Government was busy preparing the way. (Hear, hear). There was a time for undermining the enemy's works, and there was a time for explosion.

(Hear, hear.) That time was coming (hear, hear), when the Roaring Lion would be called on to throw off his disguise, and make his roar heard again in the very heart of England. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) If he (the Old Serpent) was not mistaken in his view of the present state of things in England, that day was not far distant. In the meantime, till the moment for throwing off their disguise had come, it was the interest of every loyal fiend to aid the Government in preparing for this diabolical consummation.

The Old Serpent resumed his seat amidst loud and prolonged applause. The House then divided, when there voted—

For the Roaring Lion's amendment, .	10
Against,	676
Majority against,	— 666

The amendment was accordingly rejected, and the Address in reply to His Majesty's speech agreed to.

COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

At the close of the debate the House resolved itself into a Secret Committee of Inquiry.

MR. MUMBO-JUMBO wished to know what steps were being taken by Government for preventing the spread of Christian Missions.

MR. WIDE-AWAKE said that His Majesty's Government was quite alive to the dangerous character of these enterprises, but fortunately they were conducted on a scale of the most ludicrous minuteness. If any State—Oude, or New Zealand, or Texas, or Mexico, or Schleswig-

Holstein—had to be wrested from its political rulers, thousands of men and millions of money, with war-ships, guns, and all necessaries, were ready at a moment's notice; but when some country or continent was to be wrested from the Legions of Hell, a divinity student, or perhaps one of the harmless individuals who go about in Scotland under the appellation of "stickit ministers," was sent out to see if he couldn't do it (derisive laughter); and money enough even for *his* subsistence could only be extracted from the pockets of Christian people by piteous appeals made periodically for the purpose. These appeals were often addressed to Mr. Mammon and other of His Majesty's agents (laughter), as if Heathendom could be purchased from the Devil with money that was his own already! (Renewed laughter.) The checkmating of these little spurts of Christian enterprise might safely be left to Christian countries themselves,—inasmuch as for every missionary they sent out to convert the heathen, they sent out a score or two of white scoundrels to cheat and abuse them; and the "Christian" Grog-seller alone did ten times more to make the people worse than any missionary could do to make them better.

MR. GHOULE wished to know how the policy of getting Christian people to overtask their ministers and keep them in a state of poverty, was working?

The FOREIGN SECRETARY was glad to say that the policy referred to by the honourable member was working admirably. It caused the clergy to be distracted by pecuniary difficulties; it diminished their usefulness; it broke them down before their time; it deterred young men of rank and talent from adopting that profession; and it lowered the status and was paralyzing the in-

fluence of the Church. Unfortunately, it was in the power of the Church to alter this state of things at any moment; and at present there was a great deal of talk about doing it; but the Devil was on his way to Scotland, and would, if possible, prevent it. Fortunately, the people were stingy in religious matters, especially the rich people. A man who called himself a Christian would sooner give £20 extra to secure a handsome horse or a more stylish coachman than he would to secure a better minister; and he and his wife would spend more for one dinner or dancing party than they would give from one year's end to another for the support and spread of the Christian faith which they professed to consider the only hope of salvation for themselves and for the world! This state of things would, of course, be encouraged. (Hear, hear.)

The MAN-OF-SIN asked the Foreign Secretary if the Underground Railway between the Church of England and Rome was maintained in an efficient state, and whether contracts had been taken for substituting the broad for the narrow gauge.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY said the traffic on this line had greatly increased of late, and arrangements were now made for having the broad gauge substituted, if it should be found necessary; but it was thought that the line would be bought up immediately by the Avowed Romanizing Joint-Stock Company (Limited), and the whole of the plant and rolling stock transferred to the surface line.

In reply to a question put by LORD PERVERT, in regard to the steps being taken to undermine Presbyterianism in Scotland,

MR. BIT-BY-BIT said that great difficulties had been encountered. The Underground Romanizing Company,

however, were projecting a branch line to Scotland, and His Majesty's Government had guaranteed a subsidy; but tunneling in Scotland had hitherto been found exceedingly difficult work. Messrs. Mammon & Grundy, however, had made a careful survey along the line of the proposed railway, and decided that, with the assistance of High Churchism and a few newspapers, it might be done. The contracts would therefore, in all probability, be put into Messrs. Mammon & Grundy's hands. An eminent chemist was at present making experiments, with the view of ascertaining how far it would be possible to make the proposed tunnel without any noise. This was exceedingly desirable, as the Scotch people were opposed to its construction, and some of them, who had constituted themselves into a Vigilance Committee, had ears so sharp that they could hear the sound of a Romanizing pickaxe at the distance of a hundred miles. Messrs. Mammon & Grundy were of opinion that, by the use of Hannibal's Patent Anglifying and Gradual Assimilating Vinegar, the work might noiselessly be gone on with, and the tunnel completed or well advanced before the Scotch became aware of it at all.

The House then adjourned.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE:

THE

COURTSHIP

OF

WIDOW FREEKIRK AND MR. U. PEABODY.

THE COURTSHIP
OF
WIDOW FREEKIRK AND MR. U. PEABODY:
A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE JOINT-COMMITTEE.)

PART I.

WIDOW FREEKIRK'S NEIGHBOUR, AND HOW SHE HATED HIM.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in a certain village an industrious person of the name of Mr. U. Peabody. A very honest and obliging man Mr. Peabody was; but there was one person in the village who never had a good

* To those who are in any degree familiar with the history of the great dissenting churches in Scotland, and the various steps and hindrances in the important negotiations for union which have now (1867) been in progress for about three years, the references in the "Courtship" will be obvious throughout. The "little hymn book" in Part V. is an allusion, of course, to the steps which have been taken by Dr. Candlish and others to get the Free Assembly to sanction the collection of twenty-five standard hymns, and their introduction into Free churches. This movement has been accelerated by the new relations into which the Free Church has come with the U. P. Church, in which hymns have been used for several years; just as on the same grounds the more advanced movement in the U. P. Church, for the sanction of church-organs, has in the meantime been checked by the well-known feeling of the Free Church on this subject.

word to say of him, and this was Widow Freekirk (though she was not Widow Freekirk then); and the reason why she hated him was this:—Her own husband, Mr. Statechurch, kept the great village bakery, established and endowed by the local Government to supply the district with spiritual bread. Now Mr. Peabody disapproved of endowed bakeries. He held that there should be free trade in cookies as well as in corn; that the maintenance of either one sort of bakery or another was a thing with which the Government had nothing to do; and that the true and proper principle was to let the people support bakeries for themselves. And, by way of carrying out this principle, Mr. Peabody opened a small Voluntary or self-supporting store for the sale of spiritual bread, in opposition to the great bakery of the Government.

From the calm security of the Established Bakery Mrs. Statechurch at first looked down with great disdain upon the Voluntary Store, which was a very small and shabby place, with only a loaf and a few hard biscuits in the front window. But when she saw that Mr. Peabody was getting on, and beginning to enlarge his premises, her contempt turned into hatred.

“And I wonder,” she said sharply to her husband, “how long you mean to let this go on. For what is this man doing,” said she, “with his infamous system of baking and selling bread on Voluntary principles, but trying to undermine the influence and power of the Government and introduce the most dreadful revolution and anarchy? This sort of thing ought not to be tolerated in a Christian country.”

So she goaded her husband into activity, and got up a tremendous public agitation, which came to be known as the Great Voluntary Controversy, or the question of

Protection *versus* Free Trade in Spiritual Baking. The excitement increased, and a mob of Mrs. Statechurch's special *employés*, led by a fiery little baker of the name of Handlish, attacked Mr. U. Peabody's shop and smashed the front windows. Thereupon the Voluntary bakers, arming themselves hastily with such implements as they could lay their hands upon, sallied forth, and, after a desperate conflict, succeeded in driving their assailants away; and two ferocious shopmen of the name of Ritchie and Marshall, from the Voluntary Store, paraded the streets night after night, defying the enemies of the Free-trade-in-baking principle to mortal combat. Mrs. Statechurch now placarded the whole town with flaming bills:—"Statechurch's Bug-destroyer—the only cure for Voluntary vermin!" "Voluntaryism, anarchy, and atheism!" "Peabody and poisoned bread!" "Peabody and perdition!"* Thereupon Mr. Peabody

* See Principal Cunningham's "Apostasy and Perjury of Voluntary Seceders;" Lecture V. of the "Edinburgh Church Lectures," by Dr. Candlish, 1833; and Professor Hetherington's "History of the Church of Scotland," ch. xi., where it is said that "Voluntaryism virtually denies Christ's right to reign not only as King of the Church, but also as King of kings." Also, the Rev. W. Alexander's sermon (published 1841), which supplies the following epitaph for the principle with which his church is now coquetting in so interesting a manner:—"Here lie the remains of the Voluntary principle,—the principle, namely, that Christ has no business with the State, and the State no business with Christ. And God in His mercy grant that it may never hold up its deformed head, but may sleep in the grave of everlasting oblivion, to rise no more till the general resurrection, when, if it do rise, it shall only rise to be dragged forth to judgment, to be found guilty, and condemned with the devil and his angels." These references are not made to re-excite for a single moment, in any one, the feelings of bitterness that existed on both sides dur-

put out great bills on his side, headed, "U. Peabody and Freedom—Statechurch and Slavery;" warning the people to have nothing to do with endowed bakeries, which were under the thumb of the civil power, and allowed the sacred principles of baking, handed down from time immemorial by the great Fathers of the Baking-interest, to be tampered with by a Government that could not tell a good loaf from a bad one. Mrs. Statechurch, in great wrath, denied that the Government had anything whatever to do with the management of the bakery—that the slavery was on the side, and only on the side, of Peabody, who was the slave of his customers, and had to bake his bread to suit the taste of all the old wives and weaver-bodies that favoured him with their patronage. The dispute ran so high between the two, that they had both to be carried before the magistrates and bound over to keep the peace; but so dreadful was their hatred of each other's principles that the people shook their heads, and said there would be murder somewhere before long.

PART II.

WHEREIN MRS. STATECHURCH BECOMES WIDOW FREEKIRK.

THIS state of armed neutrality between Mrs. Statechurch and Mr. U. Peabody had not existed long, when another quarrel broke out—this time between Mrs. Statechurch and the Voluntary controversy, but simply to show what a happy and surprising change has taken place in the relative views of the two churches, and to show that the text is no exaggeration.

and her own husband. The quarrel arose in this way:—The local Government having to support the store, considered that it had a right, when it pleased, to fill up any situations in it that might become vacant, and this whether Mr. and Mrs. Statechurch liked the appointments or not. Mrs. Statechurch became very wroth about this, but after the loud manner in which she had been declaring, in opposition to Mr. U. Peabody, that the bakery was quite free from Government interference, she could only bite her lip in silence, and shake her fist at the Government inspector behind his back. But at last she broke out, and said she would put up with this sort of thing no longer—to have people intruded into her department of the store without being herself consulted.

“My dear,” said her husband, “you forget that we are dependent upon the Government for support.”

“No matter,” said she; “I will not submit to it. It is the business of the Government to maintain the store; and it is our business, and nobody else’s, to manage it. And I tell you I will not have people intruded upon me in this way that I don’t want.”

So, as it was all about intrusion, the dispute came to be known amongst the neighbours as the Non-intrusion Controversy.

Well, this dispute grew so hot at last that it led to a complete disruption between Mrs. Statechurch and her husband. She got as many of the bakers to join her as possible; left him; resumed her maiden name of Freekirk; took up house for herself, and opened a large Sustainment Shop in opposition to the Established Bakery. And as she was now regularly divorced from her husband, she came to be known in the village as Widow Freekirk.

Now, it was the wid w’s conviction that her theory of

managing the Government Bakery—namely, to take the Government pay, but manage the bakery in her own fashion—was the right one, and the one for which the endowment had been given, and to which the endowment ought to be continued; and she held, therefore, that the endowment belonged *now*, by rights, not to Mr. Statechurch, but to her. So she painted up, as the sign for her Sustentation Shop,—

THE ORIGINAL SCOTTISH BAKERY,
WHICH OUGHT TO BE SUPPORTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

and waited till Government should see the matter in this light. But when time passed, and Government made no sign, the widow's heart grew sad.

The following mournful and pathetic lines are understood to have been penned by her during this period of depression:—

WIDOW FREEKIRK'S SONG.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over a little drop of something—something from a neighbouring store—

Nameless here for evermore;

Thinking how upon the morrow, I should have to beg and borrow—
Borrow something to compensate for the loss of the golden ore,
Of the rich and rare endowment others were licking their labials o'er—

Lost to me for evermore!

Suddenly I heard a tapping, as of some one loudly rapping,
rapping at the outer door—Rapping with the brazen knocker, that
was fixed on the outer door,

And meaning to go on for evermore!

Pit-a-pat, my heart was fluttered, " 'Tis my husband come,"
I muttered: "To recall the words he uttered, and to tell me that
he can't Get on without me any more; That neither he nor the
other bakers, baking at the Government Store,

Can get on without me more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or husband, truly your forgiveness I implore, And
as you are ready now to take me home again, and vow to Let
me manage all the arrangements as I please for evermore"—here
I opened wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Peering out with aspect eager, I discerned a thin Seceder of the
saintly days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he, but came
in like a lord or lady, Took the tumbler from the table, with his
thumb and finger-fore, Opened his mouth, and tossed it o'er!—and
asked for more!—

Yes, like Oliver, asked for more!

"Prophet," said I, "thin and meagre—prophet of a thin
Seceder, Tell me, is there not some prospect—tell me truly, I im-
plore—That I yet may share the endowment that Government
grants to the Government store?"

And he answered, "Nevermore."

"Be that lie our sign of parting, vagabond!" I screamed, up-
starting, "Get thee back into the tempest, and keep the Pluto-
nian side of the door, and don't come here any more. Don't
intrude your ugly visage

Into my domicile any more."

So he went with laughter hollow, beckoning on me to follow,
Saying, I should come at once and not procrastinate any more,
That I'd have an income better than I ever had before—But I said
he was a bore,

And went and slammed the door.

But that thin Seceder flitting, never sitting, never sitting, Still
keeps dodging round the premises, shouting louder than before,
That I'd better go with him, to the Voluntary store; For my shop
without endowments

Must get on for evermore.

PART III.

THE BATTLE OF THE BISCUITS.

WIDOW FREEKIRK said nothing now about old wives and weaver-bodies, being as dependent upon her customers as her neighbour was. But she hated Mr. Peabody and his principles almost as much as ever. When she went to her shop-door, and Mr. Peabody (whose place was directly opposite) showed his face at the window, she would turn away disdainfully and walk into her shop; and when they passed each other in the street, she would glare at him in a manner frightful to behold.

When any one said, "Why, Mrs. Freekirk, you are a Voluntary yourself now,"—"A Voluntary!" she would exclaim indignantly, "would you be a dog if you were shut up in a kennel? No, Sir, I have to dirty my hands with this Voluntary system, because the Government withholds the endowment to which I have a right, and leaves me to support myself; but the principle I de-test!"

Nor were her quarrels with Mr. Peabody at an end. It was discovered in winter that a great deal of destitution prevailed amongst the poorer classes, and especially amongst the young, owing to the want of educational bread; and Government was applied to for help. The Government expressed itself willing to make a grant of National Education Biscuits; and it came to be reported that the biscuits would be baked with Catechism. Thereupon Mr. U. Peabody represented to the Government that there were several classes of persons in the village who disliked and disapproved of Catechism in their bread; and that though he always baked his own biscuits

with Catechism, he thought that, in justice to the classes referred to, the Government biscuits, as they would be paid for with public money, should be baked plain, to suit all classes; and those who liked Catechism could spread it on afterwards for themselves. Widow Freekirk no sooner heard of this than she got up a vehement agitation on the other side, insisting that no National Biscuits should be baked without Catechism, and that if there were people who would not have them with Catechism, they should be allowed to want; and if they chose to starve, they had better starve, until they learned to know what was good for them. So the Government, after waiting awhile and finding that they couldn't agree about the kind of biscuits that should be given, took the cheapest way of getting out of the difficulty, and gave no biscuits at all.

"There," cried Widow Freekirk, "there's the effect of that Voluntary's interference!"

"Ah! there," said Mr. U. Peabody, "there's the effect of that woman insisting upon Catechism."

So the widow and her Voluntary neighbour were as bitter enemies as ever.

PART IV.

IN WHICH THE TIDE BEGINS TO TURN.

WHEN the excitement connected with the Education Biscuits had blown over, and Widow Freekirk found that her Sustentation Shop was flourishing, and her income nearly as good as it had been at the Government Bakery, she began to think that the Voluntary system was not so bad

a system after all. She was getting on so very well that she enlarged her shop, engaged additional assistants, began to make a dash in the village, and started a neat conveyance.

Her neighbours said, "You will be getting a husband next!" And Widow Freekirk smiled to herself, and thought that stranger things had happened.

And now, on looking at Mr. U. Peabody again, she began to think that he was really a very respectable-looking man; and it was evident that he had a capital business. Her neighbours noticed that when Mr. Peabody was mentioned now, she began to speak of him with more respect; and this reaching Mr. Peabody's ears, his manner towards the widow perceptibly changed. When he came out to his shop-door to enjoy the sunshine for a moment (for the warm weather had set in), and when Widow Freekirk happened at the same moment to step out to hers (which happened very often), Mr. Peabody would bow and say, "Nice day, ma'am," and she would smile and say that it was. And in the evenings, up stairs, when she took her knitting or her book, to sit down at the front window (Mr. Peabody was also fond of sitting at *his* front window), she would first go to the glass in her dressing-room to smooth her hair and put on a clean collar, and see that she was neat and tidy. They began also to be quite obliging as neighbours. On one occasion in particular, when an empty case from Cardross took fire in Widow Freekirk's store, and threatened to set the whole place in a blaze, Mr. Peabody instantly sent across Cairns, his foreman, and several more of his bakers, with his own patent Voluntary fire-engine, to assist Widow Freekirk in getting the fire extinguished. In this way a better understanding began to exist between the people in the

two stores, and some of them, even those who used to fight with one another, began to call each other very fine fellows, and have a crack when they met.

PART V.

ROMANTIC AND SENTIMENTAL.

IN the beautiful evenings that occur in the spring of the year, when buds are bursting and birds are singing their love-ditties in the trees, Widow Freekirk began to take a turn through the Mutual Forbearance Gardens, situated at the outskirts of the village, and meant for the public, but little resorted to. By an odd coincidence, Mr. U. Peabody also began about this time to find these gardens attractive. When he met the widow, and found her complaisant, he would turn and stroll about the gardens with her. They began to talk very freely, and from one subject got on to others—sometimes even to those about which they had quarrelled so fiercely; and Widow Freekirk really began to think that the Free-trade-in-baking principle, as explained by Mr. Peabody, was not so objectionable a thing as she had taken it to be.

During one of these walks the conversation turned upon vocal music, of which they both professed to be exceedingly fond, and Mr. Peabody stated that, at the suggestion of a friend of his, a Mr. M'Ewen in Claremont Street,* he

* In 1856 (and again in 1858), the Organ question came up before the United Presbyterian Synod, in consequence of the new Claremont Street U. P. Church in Glasgow having erected an organ without any sanction from the Presbytery. The Synod, by the vote of a considerable numerical majority, prohibited its

was going to try his hand at instrumental music, and had ordered a harmonium.

"Oh, shocking, shocking!" exclaimed the widow.

"What!" said Mr. Peabody, with surprise; "don't you like the harmonium?"

"On the contrary," she said; "instrumental music is a thing I never could bear."

"Seriously?" said Mr. Peabody.

"Quite," said the widow.

Mr. Peabody said nothing more, but wrote off that night to London, countermanding the order for the harmonium.

When Widow Freekirk found this out she smiled. Next evening, when they met, she said to him,

"You are very fond of hymns, Mr. Peabody, I believe?"

"I am," he said, "exceedingly; I have a collection of them at home."

Widow Freekirk said nothing, but went next day and bought a little collection of twenty-five standard hymns. And in the stillness of the evening she took the little hymn-book, opened the front window, and began to sing.

She had not sung long before she saw Mr. Peabody come and open his window a little, and sit down beside it to listen. When she had finished, he looked across and kissed his hand to her. Widow Freekirk blushed, and said to herself, "It is coming. Yes. I must make up my mind to it. He loves me."

It was evening, and the widow and Mr. Peabody were
 use, but without enjoining its removal; and there, from that day
 to this (1867), the organ has stood, dumb, awaiting the day when
 the Synod shall take its hand from its mouth, and allow it to lift
 up its voice in the congregation. As already hinted, the negotia-
 tions for Union with the Free Church have not in the meantime
 improved its prospects of an early deliverance.

walking alone very lovingly in the Mutual Forbearance Gardens.

"I never saw these grounds look half so beautiful as they do this year," said Mr. Peabody.

"Nor I," said Widow Freekirk. And neither she had, for she had never been in them before.

"You seem to have an excellent business, ma'am," said Mr. Peabody.

"Yes, it's a flourishing business," said the widow; "and I am glad to see that yours also is thriving so well."

"Do you know exactly how the old bakery gets on?" asked Mr. Peabody. "It seems still to have the lion's share of the village trade."

"I don't know that it has," replied the widow, argumentatively. She coughed slightly behind her little hand, and added in a careless tone, "I should say that yours and mine put together would be—I mean, must be—fully equal to it."

Mr. Peabody glanced round to see that no one was near. "Yours and mine put together," he said, and gave the widow's arm a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, come, I didn't mean that, you know!" said the widow, laughing.

"And yet, what a thought!" said Mr. Peabody with animation. He drew the widow's arm more closely to his side. "THE UNITED BAKERY—THE FREE UNITED BAKERY! What a moral spectacle for the community!"

There was a pause.

"It would make a great business," sighed the widow.

"Great!" said Mr. Peabody, "it would be sublime!"

Widow Freekirk lifted her eyes suddenly to his.

"It would take the shine out of the Established Bakery—wouldn't it?" she exclaimed.

"The United Bakery," said Mr. Peabody, with enthusiasm, pointing into the air with his umbrella, as if he saw a gigantic signboard with this inscription already before him. "The United Bakery would carry everything before it. And the moral spectacle!—think of the moral spectacle! The two shops thrown into one—great principles reconciled—discord and rivalry at an end—and two kindred spirits—dear Widow Freekirk, why should we hesitate? Say the word!"

The widow blushed, and looked to the ground. Mr. Peabody pressed the question.

"You must—ask—" faltered the widow.

"Ask whom?"

"My bakers," said the widow.

"But, tell me," said Mr. Peabody, "that you—"

"Hush! for a moment," she said breathlessly, as she caught sight of two figures emerging from behind the trees—"here 's somebody. Tuts! it's that body, Jimmy Nibson, I do believe!"

PART VI.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

NIBSON it was. The change which had taken place in the widow's bearing towards Mr. U. Peabody had not escaped the observation of the bakers. On the very evening, the events of which we have been describing, a number of the men connected with the Sustentation Shop were amusing themselves in the Free Assembly Racket Ground, behind the store, when a tall baker of the name of Forbes came in with a look of dismay, and hurried up to Nibson.

"Here's a case!" he said, in an excited tone, "the widow is away to the Mutual Forbearance Gardens to meet U. Peabody, and it's said they mean to make it up between them—marry, and throw the two stores into one!"

"Impossible!" cried Nibson.

"It's a truth!" said the other, "and she's on her way to the Gardens now!"

"She must be stopped!" cried Nibson.

They got their hats and hurried out into the street.

"The Mutual Forbearance Gardens, did you say," said Nibson. "How do we go? Where are they?"

"Upon my word," replied Forbes anxiously, "I don't know. I've never been there."

They made inquiries, found their way to the place, and entered the grounds. They had not gone far, when, turning the corner of a plantation, they came abruptly on Widow Freekirk, who was leaning fondly on Mr. Peabody's arm.

"Oh, murder!" groaned Forbes, "has it really come to this?"

Nibson walked forward, made a dab towards his brow, as an apology for taking off his hat, and said—

"Madam, will you allow us to speak to you privately?"

Mr. Peabody gently released the widow's arm and retired.

"What's all this, ma'am?" said Nibson, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Have you forgotten that man's principles, that you associate with him in this way? Have you forgotten that he is a rank Voluntary?"

"Oh, he doesn't care so much about that sort of thing now," said the widow, soothingly; "I think he's coming round."



"You're mistaken, ma'am," said Forbes excitedly. "He's just as bad as ever he was. He wants his abominable free-trade system made universal—and endowments stopped!"

"Not absolutely," said the widow; "He says they leave the Voluntary Baking principle an open question at their store; and I am sure *we* needn't make a noise about endowments, for, between ourselves, Forbes, you know we shall never get them."

"But the principle, ma'am!" cried both men in a breath.

"Ah, well, you know we can't all see things in the same light," said the widow impatiently; "we must learn to exercise a little Christian charity. So now excuse me."

And the widow walked away with Mr. U. Peabody, leaving the two men staring after her in blank astonishment.

PART VII.

THE PATENT HARMONIZING UNION STEREOSCOPE.

MR. PEABODY, next morning, had just come down to business, and stepped into his Synod-room, when two of his people—Davidson and Kelso-renton—came in. Kelso-renton shut the door carefully.

"It is rumoured, sir," said Davidson, in an awful voice, "that you were seen walking in the Mutual Forbearance Gardens with Widow Freekirk."

"Well, the rumour is quite correct," said Mr. Peabody. Both men started.

"But you don't mean, sir," said Davidson excitedly, "that you seriously have any—any ulterior designs?"

"Suppose I have?"

"Then, sir, are you prepared to sacrifice our principle of Voluntary baking?"

"Certainly not. Why should I?"

"But Widow Freekirk has always denounced that principle."

"She did once," said Mr. Peabody; "but between ourselves," he added, in a confidential tone; "Widow Freekirk is gradually coming round on that point."

"Ah, well, in that case," said Davidson.

"Oh, of course, in that case," said Kelso-renton.

"You needn't, however, mention that fact in the meantime," said Mr. Peabody.

"But in regard to the National Education Biscuits," said Kelso-renton, "what would be done if Government was applied to again? Would you abandon your principles, and agree that the biscuits should be baked with Catechism?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Peabody.

"Then, would Widow Freekirk agree that they should be baked without?"

"She says not. Nevertheless," said Mr. Peabody, "we have talked the matter over, she and I, and we think we see a way in which the two views may be reconciled."*

"Reconciled!" Kelso-renton opened his solemn eyes to their utmost limit, and turned them slowly towards his companion, who had done the same with his.

* *Report of Committee on Union: Presented to Synod, 1866. Sec. 6, "Extent of Difference of the Churches as to Education, with special reference to Government Grants" (p. 12). Cf. pp. 4 and 5.*

"Of course," said Mr. Peabody, "a very great deal will depend on our looking at her views in a spirit of Christian charity."

"I should suppose that," said Davidson.

"Yes, I should think that," said Kelso-renton.

When it became known in the different stores that a marriage between Widow Freekirk and Mr. U. Peabody was seriously contemplated, involving the throwing of the two stores into one, a great deal of excitement prevailed, and fears were entertained that it would lead to an insurrection amongst the bakers. Widow Freekirk, however, assembled her *employés* in the Racket-ground, and got Buchanan, one of her foremen, to point out the enormous advantages to all parties that would flow from the union, and to explain to them that their interests, if the idea was carried out, would be carefully looked after, and the principles on which they had hitherto carried on business rigidly maintained. Mr. U. Peabody did the same at his store; and further, with Widow Freekirk's assistance, got up a series of Union *conversaziones*, at which the chief bakers from both stores met and shook hands, and talked their views over; and found, on looking at them carefully on all sides, that they were exactly and in every point the same, only differently expressed.

Just at this crisis, and when all things were going on smoothly, Forbes, who, as the reader is aware, was one of Widow Freekirk's bakers, made the alarming discovery that large quantities of Balmer's buns, which were said to contain a subtle and deadly poison, were regularly baked and sold at the Voluntary store. This was like to have given a check to the Union sentiment; but Widow Free-

kirk immediately announced that a careful analysis was being made of one of Balmer's buns, and that, till the result was known, the bakers should suspend their judgment.*

PART VIII.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"I am sure that the spectacle will not be less gratifying . . . if these Churches now negotiating will gather up all their mistrusts, and all their hard thoughts, and all their grudges, and consume them in the flames of a fervent charity."—DR. KING, in U. P. Synod, May 17, 1866.

IN the meantime a grand Union pic-nic was got up in the Mutual Forbearance Gardens, at which there was a great profusion of bread and fancy biscuits from both stores. Widow Freekirk's bakers partook freely of the Voluntary bread, and said it was very fine; and Mr. Peabody's bakers ate the bread from the Sustentation Shop, and said they had never tasted better; and it was agreed on both sides that if they shut their eyes they could never tell the difference.

Biscuits with and biscuits without Catechism were then tasted. Widow Freekirk's bakers admitted that those without it were excellent eating, so far as they went; while the Voluntary bakers agreed that though they could never consent to have Catechism introduced into biscuits baked with public money, yet, so far as their own

* See Debates on the Balmer Controversy, and other disputed points, in the Free Presbytery of Glasgow and the U. P. Synod. 1866.

individual taste was concerned, a little Catechism was a great improvement. These feelings of cordiality were increased when it was announced that several of Widow Freekirk's bakers had long been in the habit of using Balmer's buns under a different name, and that Buchanan, the foreman, had eaten several dozen of them, and found himself nothing the worse, and didn't believe there was any poisonous ingredient in them at all.

When the company had partaken heartily of the pic-nic dinner, they had games, recitations, and songs; and as a number of bakers, who looked upon the proposed Union with dislike, were lounging back in sullen groups, Nibson, who was one of them, was called upon, amidst loud cries of "Hear, hear!" for his celebrated song of "Slap bang! here we are again!" as sung for 200 consecutive nights, in the Presbytery room at the store. Nibson, however, was understood to say that he had a cold. Thereupon, Mr. U. Peabody and Widow Freekirk themselves, amidst great applause, wound up the proceedings with the following song to the tune of "Green grow the Rashes, O:"—

There's nought but spite on every hand,
 And fellowship's quite a rarity, O;
 But how can we hope for peace and good-will
 If we lack in Christian charity, O?
 Bright glow charity, O;
 Bright glow charity, O;
 The happiest hours we've spent of late
 Have been spent in Christian charity, O.

Quo' he, "I thought when I saw you first,
 I'd never seen woman so dowdy, O."
 "And I," quo' she, "took you to be
 A regular radical rowdy, O."

But bright glow charity, O,
 Bright glow charity, O,
 For we've come to see each other's sweet charms
 In the light of Christian charity, O.

"When you called us 'vermin,'" quo' he, "we were
 riled,
 Till we found it was only a metaphor, O!
 For describing our zeal, which was active by night
 As well as by day—and I'll bet it was so!"
 Bright glow charity, O!
 Bright glow charity, O!
 How we come to see the true meaning of words
 In the light of Christian charity, O!

"'Twas said, sir, you thought connection with State
 Was a bad arrangement,—and rotten, too;
 But I see you only meant that the State
 Had no business to do what it oughtn't to."
 Quo' he, "That 's charity, O!
 That 's Christian charity, O!
 Oh, how delightful it is to behold
 Such an exhibition of charity, O!"

Said he, "I thought you regarded free-trade
 With uncompromising asperity, O;"
 "But that," quo' she, "was before I could see
 The thing in the light of charity, O!"
 Bright glow charity, O!
 Bright glow charity, O!
 For what's black as night looks perfectly white
 In the light of Christian charity, O.

So now between us it seems as if
 There was scarcely a speck of disparity, O.
 Oh that 's the effect of looking at things
 In the light of Christian charity, O.
 And if there are people who *will* object
 When they ought to shout with hilarity, O,

Let 's put them and their arguments into the fire,
To feed the flame of charity, O.
Bright glow charity, O!
Bright glow charity, O!
The motto we'll take for our wedded life
Will be "Hey for Christian charity, O!"

CHORUS

Taken up by the Bakers,—

"And over the door of the Union Store
We'll hang the sign of charity, O!"

PART IX.

THE DENOUEMENT.

(This part, which will be of thrilling interest, is still in the hands of the Joint-Committee; but it is confidently expected that it will be completed and ready for publication before the commencement of the Millennium.)

NEW "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES."

THE RIGHTS OF MAN:

AND

THE BROAD-CHURCH MILLENNIUM;

WITHOUT WHICH NO LIBRARY CAN NOW BE CONSIDERED COMPLETE.

. *Though the Author takes strong ground against Confessions and Creeds that mix up matters of mere opinion with matters of faith, and are crowded (like the Confession of Faith) with propositions that not only are needless but mischievous, separating men and churches that are essentially one: though he takes still stronger ground against Confessions and Creeds (of which the Confession of Faith is again a specimen) containing propositions not only logically false (that is, false in point of fact); but ethically false (that is, false to the conviction of those professing them): yet it will be seen from this satire that he regards as absurd and self-contradictory the idea of a Church without a creed—that is, an organization without any understanding as to its essential object and the means necessary to its attainment. What he contends for is, a creed that shall be true, not false: that shall be a help and not a hindrance; a bond of living union, not a cause of needless separation; a creed that shall inform and not deceive the world as to what the Church really believes: a creed that shall encourage, and not arrest, advancement in the knowledge and practice of the truth.*

NEW "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES."

"For a Church a false creed is Scylla; no creed, Charybdis."

FIRST SERIES.

No. I.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN: *A Protest against the Clergy being bound by the Terms of Creeds and Confessions.* By a Broad Churchman. London and Oxford.* 1867.

A REMARKABLE book. The author denounces Creeds and Confessions, on the ground that they compel a man either to teach what the Church wishes him to teach, or leave it. This, he says, is White Slavery, and a disgrace to the age. "Theology is a science, and science should be free. Do we bind our geologists, and fix beforehand what they are or are not to discover? Do we say to our Astronomer Royal,—'If you teach anything new, you shall lose your place?'" The talented author goes on to say that he has no hope of the Church, till the Clergy are allowed, without risking their position, to teach anything and everything they like, whether it agrees with the Church's Creed or not. He believes that were this change effected, it would make the ministry attractive to

* Cf. OXFORD ESSAYS. Rev. H. B. Wilson's, on the National Church. Mr. Wilson would have a Church broad enough to contain people of all shades of belief or unbelief. He asserts, indeed, that a National Church need not, historically speaking, be Christian at all.

many minds that at present hold aloof. The suggestion, it is to be hoped, will be gravely considered.

No. II.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN: *A Protest against British Soldiers and Commissioned Officers being required to take the Oath of Allegiance.* By Dugald Dalgetty, A.M. New Edition: with Introduction and Notes, by Captain O'Fenian. St. Andrews: Tulloch & Co. 1867.

THE author of this interesting pamphlet maintains, that while it is the duty of the Government to pay its military officers, and to pay them well, it has no right to require that in battle they shall fight on one side more than on the other. He points out that war is a science, and that the prosecution of science should not be trammelled by stipulations of the kind referred to. His opinion is that the army will never be raised to an efficient state until every British soldier is granted perfect liberty of thought and action, and allowed to fight on the one side or on the other, as he thinks best, without risking his position or pay. Captain O'Fenian, in his eloquent Introduction, calls loudly for the recognition of this principle by the Government. He says it is the only thing that will make the Queen's service popular in Ireland; and he promises that, as soon as this step is taken, many of the finest peasantry in the world—some of them friends of his own—will volunteer into the army at once. It is understood that this suggestion will shortly be brought under the notice of the Government.



No. III.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN: A Protest against Sea-captains and others in charge of Emigrant Ships being required to steer in any particular direction. By Captain Colens (of the Government Line of Packet Ships from La Terre to Paradise). Natal. 1865.

THE account which the author of this volume gives of himself, and of his treatment by the Government, is very distressing. It seems that, in the spring of the year, Captain Colens was on his way to Paradise with emigrants on board. Possessed with an overwhelming desire to extend the bounds of human knowledge, he turned the ship out of her course, under the direction of an intelligent African who was on board, and sailed towards the north, where, on the 5th of March, he was fortunate enough to discover two magnificent islands of ice, not marked in any of the Admiralty charts. Their prismatic hues in the rich morning light he describes as singularly beautiful. The two islands were separated by a narrow passage, which he named "Moses' Straits." By introducing his ship into this passage, he found that pure water, when in the form of ice, is capable of crushing a ship to pieces. It was also ascertained that several hundreds of people without food can exist upon an iceberg for several hours, but not much longer. Having made his escape in an open boat, Captain Colens no sooner found himself in England than he hastened to London to lay the details of his discovery before the Royal Geographical Society. Instead, however, of awarding him the honour of knighthood, the Government, to the astonishment of many, has taken the singular step of depriving him of his command, on the ground "that he was employed to

do one thing, and did another; that he had no business to take the ship out of her course; and that, if he wished to go exploring in northern latitudes, he was bound to do so in a ship of his own." Captain Colens asks if this is to be tolerated in a free and Christian country. He is to institute a suit against the Chancellor of the Exchequer for having, on such grounds, stopped his pay.

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.

THE CLERICAL PROFESSION: *Some of its Difficulties and Hindrances. An Address delivered at the Opening of his Theological Classes, 1866.* By ROBERT LEE, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

ANOTHER admirable pamphlet, showing the bad effect of the Church's ministers being called upon to subscribe adherence to the Church's Creed. The learned author suggests that this difficulty might be got over, were no adherence required except to a few fundamental points. The suggestion deserves consideration.

No. II.

IDEALS REALIZED; OR, THE BROAD CHURCH MILLENNIUM: *A Brief Account of the Church of Fundamental Points recently formed in Central Africa.* Edinburgh: Leigh Brothers & Co. 1867.

This is an extremely interesting and instructive narrative. The circumstances connected with the formation

of the new Universal Church are already familiar to those who are acquainted with them; but a brief abstract of its history may not be unacceptable to the general reader. The Church started with two "Essential and Fundamental points,"—to which it required rigid adherence on the part of its clergy—viz.,

I.—BELIEF IN GOD.

II.—BELIEF IN HIS SON, JESUS CHRIST.

The wide-spread acceptance with which this brief and simple creed instantly met was in the highest degree encouraging. As it was deemed important to have able men at the head of affairs, Dr. Strauss was written to; and at once, in the most handsome manner, signified his belief in God, and also his willingness to believe in the existence at one time of a person called Jesus, who, as he was a man, and as man is the creature of God, must, of course, in that sense at least, have been a Son of God. This was considered eminently satisfactory, and Strauss was at once appointed an Archbishop. It was found, however, that many excellent men, whom it was thought undesirable to exclude from a Liberal and Catholic Church, considered that the Second Article gave undue prominence to Christ, who, as they alleged, came, not to assert any special divinity in himself, but to assert the divinity of all men. These excellent men, therefore, considered themselves to be Sons of God in the same sense as Christ, and objected to the wording of the Second Article, as giving countenance to a popular fallacy. It was accordingly proposed that, in this Fundamental Article, the name "Jesus Christ" should be struck out, so that those who believed in any special divinity in Him might continue to do so,

while those who repudiated that doctrine might, by the remaining words, "I believe in His Son," express simply a belief in themselves. It was thought, however, on mature deliberation, that as there was an air of insincerity about this, it would be better, on the whole, to delete the Second Essential and Fundamental Article altogether. This was accordingly done, and the formula for subscription reduced to the one simple and categorical proposition,

"I BELIEVE IN GOD."

The wisdom of this step was at once apparent from the applause with which it was everywhere hailed by men of the most diverse opinions. As new Bishops had now to be appointed, the Great Smelfungus was applied to, and asked to confess his faith, if he had one. His answer, as quoted in the Secretary's report, was—"Smelfungus to his interrogators sends greeting. He has a religious faith—believes at least in a Devil." The Council took this answer into consideration, and agreed, that as "God" and "Devil" were in one sense correlative terms, a belief in the one necessarily implied a belief in the other. Smelfungus was accordingly unanimously appointed Bishop. Emerson was also written to, and at once declared his belief in God, though he thought the less said about that Spiritual Essence the better, as it refused to be recorded in propositions.* Professor Okenite, who had also been solicited to signify his belief in God, replied in a long letter, which the Clerk was requested to read to the Council. After the announcement, "I believe in God," which was received with applause, as at once establishing the orthodoxy of the writer, the

* Emerson's Works (Bohn's Edition), Vol. II., p. 166.

letter went on to explain the announcement as follows: *
"God is a rotating globe; the world is God rotating.
. . . For God to become real, he must appear under the
form of the sphere. There is no other form for God . . .
God is a threefold trinity. Red is fire, love = Father.
Blue is air, belief = Son. Green is water, hope = Ghost.
Yellow is the earth, the inexorable falsity = Satan . . .
The eternal is the Nothing of nature . . . There is no
other science than that which treats of nothing. There
exists nothing but nothing; nothing but —" At this
point the President of Council cried, "Enough! enough!"
and it was unanimously agreed that, with a slight
peculiarity in the mode of expression, there was ortho-
doxy enough here for a bench of Bishops. Professor
Okenite was accordingly, in the most cordial and unani-
mous manner, appointed Apostle to the Antipodes, and the
Clerk was instructed, in notifying the appointment, to
entreat the learned Professor to proceed to this important
sphere of labour at the earliest possible moment. The
New Universal Church continued rapidly to extend.
The people of India were communicated with, and asked
if they believed in a god. They replied that they believed
in upwards of three hundred millions of them, and sent
a few specimens in a box. This was pronounced suffi-
cient, and the one hundred millions of people in India
were at once added to the new Communion. The same
success is attending the operations of the Church
in other parts of the world. It has, however, transpired
that many persons do not believe even in a God; but
it is found that they believe in an inscrutable Force,

* *Bond fide* extracts from the *Physiophilosophy* of Professor
Lorenz Oken, of Zurich.

which is held to be practically the same thing.* It was considered that if these persons refused to call this force a "God," the alternative remained of calling God a force. It is therefore under deliberation now, as we observe from the Appendix to the work before us, to alter the essential and fundamental Article of Faith to the following simple, ultimate, and comprehensive form:—

"I BELIEVE IN A FORCE."

If this is done, it is confidently anticipated that religion and science will at last be reconciled—that the whole human family will be able honestly to accept this creed, and that Dr. Cumming may at once be authorized to announce the Millennium.

* A great English thinker, in one of the most remarkable of his works, says, speaking of "the vital element of all religions,"—"The analysis of every possible hypothesis, proves not simply that no hypothesis is sufficient, but that no hypothesis is even thinkable. . . . If religion and science are to be reconciled, the basis of reconciliation must be this deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts—that the power which the universe manifests is utterly inscrutable."—HERBERT SPENCER'S *First Principles of a New System of Philosophy* (American Edition), p. 46.

FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING

AMONG CHILDREN

FOR WANT OF SECULAR CLOTHING.*

MASS MEETING IN SECTARY CITY.

(By Very Special Wire.)

A PUBLIC MEETING was held last night in Sectary city to receive report of committee appointed to inquire into the frightful mortality last winter, especially amongst children. In front of the hall men were standing with large placards headed, "No clothing without cleaning;" "No cleaning without Westminster soap." A great crowd had gathered round the entrance, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity.

Major-General PUBLIQUE, who occupied the chair, said the state of things in the island had become a disgrace to humanity. Multitudes of their fellow-creatures were suffering and actually dying from exposure. In the neighbouring island, "Paddy's parish"—at least in the southern part of it—the majority of the inhabitants were almost naked. In

* This hurlesque was written during the excited and angry controversy which at the critical moment nearly prevented Scotland from getting her Education Act carried at all—an Act which has already, notwithstanding its defects, done so much to supply Scotland with well-built, well ventilated, and efficient non-sectarian public schools; also, to get hold of neglected children and bring them under school training. The measure was nearly shipwrecked by the determination of some parties rather to have no such measure at all than allow sectarian to be separated from secular education, or Bible got without Westminster Catechism. This is the phase of the controversy brought out in the hurlesque, the various points of which will be easily identified by those who remember the course of events.

Angle-town, across the river, 23 per cent. of the people were literally in rags ; and in their own city, notwithstanding all their boasting about superior provision in this respect, 11 per cent. were in the same condition. He hoped some practicable scheme for remedying this state of things would be proposed. He would first call upon the Secretary to read the Committee's Report.

The report was then read, of which the following is a summary :—During last winter many children had died in the city for want of secular clothing. Various Dorcas and benevolent societies have long been at work in the city, having for their object the clothing and cleaning of destitute children; but the work seems too much for them. The oldest and largest of these is the Heritors' Association, under the management of Sir Parish Maister. It is a branch of the old Incorporated Society of Mind-clothers and Moral-cleaners for the City. The practice in this Institution has been from time immemorial to supply destitute children with strong corduroy clothing, and to wash them daily with cold catechism and soap. The society has been a great blessing in its time, and still works well in the suburbs, but is found totally inadequate to grapple with the destitution and filth of the city. Moreover, great difficulties have arisen of late by reason of new theories as to the proper mode of cleaning. The soap used hitherto has been the kind manufactured in the old Westminster Soap Works. Complaints have recently been made about this soap that it produced stiffness in the joints and other diseases ; and some of the poor, especially those from Paddy's parish, have been deterred from letting their children go near the Institution even for clothing. Many have died in consequence. By reason of the disputes referred to, various voluntary societies have started up for the better clothing and cleaning of destitute children, and have erected soap works and lavatories for themselves. These societies have done good, but there is a want of method and completeness, and some of them are found devoting themselves more to bidding against each other than carrying help to those who need it. With other societies it is different. Still there is a frightful waste of resources for want of organisation ; and, after all the societies have done their

work, a large number of children are still left utterly destitute and unprovided for. In view of these circumstances, it is the opinion of the committee that all these Dorcas and benevolent societies should, if possible, be re-organised into one; that this one should be taken in charge by the city; and that a tax should be levied upon the whole population sufficient to enable it to bring the evils complained of to an end. It was further suggested that, as multitudes of parents were utterly neglectful of their children, and did not even apply for clothing when they could have it, a compulsory clause should be added, enabling the officers of the society to clothe all the naked children they found, whether their parents asked them or not.

On the report being received the meeting was addressed by Dr. TORIBEGGE of the Westminster Soap Works, who moved that the meeting affirm its inflexible belief in the superiority of catechism and Westminster soap to any other method of keeping children clean; and that, on the understanding that this method be adhered to, the meeting cordially approve of the proposed assessment.

The motion was seconded by Dr. PARISH.

The Rev. Dr. LAWN said he approved of the measure proposed, but, believing as he did that Westminster soap was too coarse, and was apt to hurt the skin, he would move as an amendment that the solvent used in washing destitute children should be the Patent Church of England Catechetical Wash.

Sir ULTRA MONTAINE moved that, instead of either soap or wash, all children, before being clothed, should be bathed in holy water.

Captain GIBSON, of the Fire Brigade, rose to say that anybody who spoke of holy water in a free country ought to be committed to the flames. English wash was almost as bad; it was full of Pusey Acid. The voice of the country was against both. The people must be consulted, and four-fifths of the people were determinedly in favour of Westminster Soap.

Sir ULTRA MONTAINE said in that case he would withdraw his motion on condition that Dr. Toribegge's was so worded as to include this principle of consulting the wishes of the

people. In Paddy's parish, where he lived, five-sixths of the people were inveterately opposed to Westminster soap, and as decidedly in favour of holy water. They would be glad to have a law there allowing them to tax the whole community for Holy Water Institutions, with power to force children into these institutions whether their parents wanted it or not.

Dr. TORIBEGGE said that, so far from altering his motion to this effect, he would like to see a law passed for Paddy's parish compelling the use of Westminster soap there also. If parents did not know better than let their children be washed with holy water, they ought to be made to know better. He adhered to the terms of his motion, that the proposed society should be required to use and confine itself to the old Westminster soap. He also denied the right of Sir Ultra Montaine to move an amendment. He did not belong to the city.

Upon this Dr. PATRICK CRUCIFIX rose and said that he, though born in Paddy's parish, was now a resident in Sectary city, and if the principle of choosing the soap according to the popular wish was to be adopted in one parish and trampled upon in the next, he would protest against being called upon here to support a system of washing which he believed to be mischievous. He believed the only efficient system of cleansing the human body was that referred to by his friend Sir Ultra Montaine. In his own hydropathic establishment of Roman baths, the inmates were washed every day in holy water, and went about for several hours upon their knees by way of exercise. Under this *regime* very little clothing was required, so long as the inmates kept within the walls of the building, and did not expose themselves to Protestant draughts. The winters were, no doubt, becoming more severe than they used to be, but a powerful protective, known as Œcumenical oil, had been recently discovered, which he had tried on some of the inmates with remarkable success. A little of it rubbed over the body brought out a thick fleece about two feet long, which rendered the person proof against the severest weather. This system was the only true system, and every other was mere quackery and delusion. Aware, however, that the public generally were prejudiced against it, he did not rise to ask that the whole assessment be appro-

priated to the universal application of this system, but he would move as follows—"That, in view of the existing diversity of opinion, the money raised by assessment for the clothing and cleaning of destitute children should be fairly divided amongst the different societies having this object in view."

The motion was seconded by Councillor CONCURRENT.

Mr. ALIAS CONCURRENT thought there was much force in the remarks made by the preceding speaker, but he feared these voluntary societies, even though subsidised with public money, would never cover the whole ground. The main difference between parties was as to the best way of keeping the children clean. Now, would it not be possible to get over the difficulty in this way:—Let all the separate societies be reorganised into one society, as proposed; let the city be assessed, and the money raised be applied to the provision of warm clothing for all the children, but let cakes of all the different kinds of soap be stitched into the various pockets—Westminster soap in one, a vial of English wash in another, Ecumenical oil in a third, and so on—and let these pockets be firmly fastened with a pair of conscience claws, so that the child could not get into any pocket without the assistance of its parents. He thought this would meet the difficulty and moved accordingly.

A person calling himself Rev. FERNY GARR started up in the gallery to say that he would protest against any such measure. It was the magistrates' duty to see that every child was properly clothed and properly cleaned; and they might as well leave it optional whether a child should be clothed in silk paper or woollen cloth, as leave it optional whether it should be cleaned with Westminster soap or Ecumenical oil. He trusted he would not be considered presumptuous in saying that he knew more about this subject than any other man; but there would be a false humility in concealing so demonstrable a fact. The only thing that really cleaned a child was brimstone—the sulphur cure it was sometimes called. He would have every child well rubbed with that. He always had some in his pocket, which accounted for the sweet atmosphere which he was said to carry about with him. He would be satisfied in the meantime with Westminster soap,

because it contained sulphur; but the other substitutes proposed were all bad, and some of them highly poisonous. He would also warn everybody against what was called Voluntary soap. (Cries of "Chair, chair.") It was the devil who had manufactured it. (Increased disturbance.) Yes; it pretended to make people white, but it made them black. Voluntary soap was used in America, and four millions of the people there were already black. (Great uproar).

Professor TRIPLE R.R.R., rose to propose a measure which he thought would enable them to gain a very important end without embroiling themselves in all this party strife. Forty-five children had perished in this city last winter for want of clothes. These children were probably dirty, and they were certainly naked. If they had been clothed, their clothing would not have cleaned them, but it would have kept them alive, and somebody might have taken them and cleaned them afterwards. If they could get the destitute children clothed, that would be one good end gained, whether they got other good ends gained or not. With such hopeless diversity of opinion as divided the city on the subject of cleaning the children, an assessment for this purpose would either be impossible or unjust. The advocates of Westminster soap would not allow public money to go for Roman baths or Œcumenical oil; and the advocates of Œcumenical oil would not submit to be taxed for Westminster soap, which they declined to use themselves, and which they considered injurious to others. But if, while differing on the subject of cleaning, they could agree on the subject of clothing, why not assess the city for the support of a society in the meantime which should provide necessary clothing for all destitute children, and prevent the recurrence next winter of the calamities they had had to deplore in the past? If they ever came to agree on the soap question, they could then consider the propriety of combining the two functions again; but in the meantime let them have this thing done about which they were agreed already.

Mr. LOOKUVIT said he thought one good would certainly be gained if the children were comfortably clothed. It was something to keep a soldier well clad, even though that did not save

him from the enemy's bullets. But he could not see his way to supporting Professor Triple's motion. He attached great importance to cleanliness and, as the various benevolent societies in the city had always associated the two, he was against their disseverance now; and he thought the end could be gained without going this length. He thought the officers of the new public society might be instructed, before putting clothes on a destitute child, to pronounce in a solemn manner the word "Soap!" By abstaining from all note or comment, and simply uttering the word "soap," they would avoid the difficulties connected with using or recommending any particular kind of soap. It might mean Westminster soap, or English wash, or brimstone, or Ecumenical oil, and yet would not be recommending any one of these to the exclusion of others. In this way no injustice would be done and no partiality betrayed to any party; while the use of that word "soap" would be a distinct public recognition on the part of the city that it wished the children to be clean as well as clad.

Councillor YEWPEE, who appeared on the platform with his neck enveloped in a thick muffler, next addressed the meeting. He had been speaking for some time when the Chairman interrupted him to ask if he was seconding Mr. Lookuvit's motion. Mr. Yewpee explained that, owing to phree-church in his throat, he found great difficulty in articulating freely. He was not seconding Mr. Lookuvit's motion, but Professor Triple's, and he hoped he would be able to make himself intelligible. He then proceeded to say that he attached the utmost importance to keeping the children clean; and that it was precisely because he attached so much importance to it that he wished to see the thing done, and not merely pretended to be done. Saying "soap" to a boy would never clean him. It was turning a great moral duty into a farce. He wanted the whole business of cleaning the children turned over to those who could do it properly—who would not only say "soap" to a boy, but give him soap and wash him, or teach him to wash himself. There were numerous Ecclesiastical Lavatories in the city established for this express purpose, and though perhaps he said it who should not, the best of them were supported,

and he believed by and by all of them would be supported, by voluntary liberality. Three hundred ministerial Douche Baths, hot and cold, were turned on for three hours every Sunday, and all were invited to come and get a cleaning. He was aware that the volume of water was generally considered too heavy for young people; still they could stand by and get the spray. Besides which, there were hundreds of Sunday School Lavatories, where all who chose to come were washed by volunteer bath attendants. The Douche bathmen were also ready at all times to provide a basin of water, soap, and a towel without charge, to any needful person; and a large staff of missionary cleaners were continually going about, each with a can of water and a bit of sponge, to wash the poor in their own houses. If these means were not adequate, efforts would assuredly be made to render them so, as soon as the people understand that upon such agencies the entire work of cleaning the young depended. The pretence of cleaning them, if made by an institution that really only clothed them, not only left them dirty, but deluded people with the idea that they were being cleaned.

Mr. NICKSON rose to declare that as long as he had breath in his body he would protest against children being clothed unless they were also cleaned. It was far more important to train a boy to cleanly habits than merely to cover him with cloth. Clothing made a dirty boy dirtier and more dangerous, for with clothes he would find admittance to places from which if naked he would be excluded, and, getting in, he would diffuse bad odours, and perhaps communicate vermin to clean children. He was determined to fight to the last against anything being done for children that did not include cleaning them, or any system of cleaning that did not include sulphur. Clothing a boy was a mere physical thing; training him to cleanliness was a moral thing; and to withdraw this duty from the Society would be to make it an immoral and utterly godless and atheistical institution. He admitted that clothing might keep a boy alive, but it was a question whether boys ought to be kept alive if they were to be left dirty.

(Left speaking.)

