

## CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

Yesterday week, Mr. Newdegate, in the House of Commons, pursuant to notice, moved for a Select Committee of Inquiry into the Conventual and Monastic establishments of this country. In the course of a very lucid and eloquent speech, the Hon. gentleman showed the marvellous growth of Roman Catholicism in England and Wales during the last 20 years.

In 1841, there were of religious houses of men, 1; of convents, 16; of colleges, 9. In 1851, there were of religious houses of men, 17; of convents, 53, of colleges, 10. In 1865, there were of religious houses of men, 58; of convents, 187; of colleges, 10; there were also 14 convents in Scotland making altogether of these establishments in Great Britain 201.

In these facts and figures we have a tolerable idea of the growth of a religion, the aim of which is to sap and undermine the Protestant character of this country.

We cannot but look at the progress of Popery among us with feelings of dismay. Uninfluenced, we trust, by bigotry or intolerance, we would desire to have these growing establishments, these "evils of the age" under some control, that the country may have the opportunity of judging how they are conducted; and although Mr. Newdegate was on Friday, unsuccessful in his efforts to obtain the committee he asked for, the time will assuredly come, and at no distant day, when Protestant England will demand, and in tones irresistible, that the religious houses and convents of this country shall be subjected to free and rational inquiry.

No hollow cry, no babbling about "civil and religious liberty," no specious arguments or political sophistry will avail to prevent the necessary inquiry as to how the daughters of England are entrapped into the meshes of Popery, and the treatment they are subjected to when imprisoned within the gloomy walls of a convent.

It is absurd to suppose that Popery and nunneries in England are different from Popery and nunneries abroad. The boast of Romanism is that it is unchangeable. It is the worst, the most intolerable of all religions. It holds the mind in slavery; it binds it in the very depths of superstition. It places its victims wholly in the hands and at the mercy of priestcraft.

A party of English gentlemen, not long ago, obtained admission into a nunnery in Italy, and several of the inmates, reckless of the consequences, rushed towards them and implored the visitors to rescue them from their imprisonment. "Give us our liberty (they cried) and we will follow you in any capacity you require. Oh! save us from this living death!"

Mr. Hallam, in his *Middle Ages*, states that many of the worst vices grew so naturally out of the mode of life of Roman Catholic religious houses that no discipline could have a tendency to remove them.

The anomaly that presents itself to the mind is that 300 years ago it was found necessary to close those hot-beds of ignorance, vice and corruption, and that now they shall be permitted to rise by hundreds among us, and the priests to sieze upon young girls, and confine them within nunneries, in defiance of parental power and national indignation.

Mr. Newdegate gave many instances of the cruelty perpetrated upon the inmates of nunneries; of their escapes and ultimate capture; of the terrible punishments they were compelled to endure, their confinement in underground dungeons; their shortness of food, and ultimate death.

In defiance of the evidence that can be brought against convents, many of our legislators persist in calling them "happy homes;" and Sir George Grey, in an audacious defence of convents in England, characterised Mr. Newdegate's motion as a "bigoted effort to stay the charitable acts of the 'sisters of mercy' in this country," and he urged that the law was quite sufficient for the protection of females in convents. The speech of Sir George Grey was a sop to the Roman Catholic members of the House, who were, of course, all at their post, and thus upon a division the motion was lost by a majority of 27; the numbers being against the motion 106; for it, 79.—[*Cambridge Chronicle*.]

## NEWS ITEMS.

THOSE who may have seen an eruption of Mount Etna can form an adequate idea of this tremendous spectacle. The crater is about six kilometers in circumference, with four horrible principal mouths, which eject enormous stones to a height of not less than one kilometre.

The lava is rather brittle compared with that of previous eruptions, but has a certain smell of sulphur, and preserves an intense heat. It flowed rapidly the first two days, during which it advanced from 12 to 15 miles. Subsequently to this it advanced much slower, the lava making its way under that first formed like water under a frozen river. A cloud of dust hung over its course, and woe to him who met it with the wind blowing towards him. The eruption is limited to the foot of Mount Fromento and threatens the territory of Piedmont and Linguagrossa, two considerable districts. The stream of lava, which caused serious apprehensions for Giarre, divided into seven branches and destroyed whatever it encountered with incredible voracity.

The great proprietors have suffered immense losses, and the small farmers are reduced to the most extreme misery. Descending a small valley the lava formed a hill, which covered and joined the two Mounts Arsi, before divided by a plain, when the lava, dividing into three streams, occupied an area of one mile. It is this branch which is invading the district of Mascali on the north. The breadth of the lava is not greater than eight or less than six kilometres. On Mount Struniddo the fire has separated into two streams, the most considerable of which flows in a northerly direction, and is descending upon the village of La Vina in a stream about a mile in breadth. The other branches, though less considerable, still cause grave apprehensions. It appeared that after the first eighth days this dreadful scourge was on the point of ceasing, but upon the night of the eight, which was preceded by a terrible storm lasting two days, a great earthquake was felt which opened the crater with fresh vigor.—[*Extract of a letter from Florence, Feb. 18*.]

INTELLIGENCE received from Siam yesterday, states that owing to the failure of the rice crop a famine is now existing in that kingdom. The Siamese government, in accordance with treaty provisions, has announced that for seven months, from the 25th of January last, the export of rice and "paddy" is forbidden.

THE Directory of San Francisco says that the total number of buildings in the city in August, 1863, was 13,393, of which 2,630 were of brick. The number erected from that time to August, 1864, was 1,050, of which about 300 are brick; making an aggregate of 14,443, of which 11,513 are of wood and 2,930 are brick. The general character of all buildings has been much improved, while many palatial structures have been erected that are superior to any ever before built in the State. Among the principal new buildings are the Cosmopolitan Hotel, costing \$250,000, an addition to which is building that will cost \$125,000 more; Donohoe, Kelly & Co's Bank, \$125,000, lot included; Toland's College, costing \$75,000; Maguire's Academy of Music, \$40,000. Besides these, numerous costly public buildings are now in progress.

BROTHER IGNATIUS is quietly spreading his monastic doctrines in England. The English order of St. Benedict has now a monastery at Norwich and branches of the "third order" at Bristol, Newcastle and other places.

## REVERENCE IN A WIFE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Well Katie, so you expect to marry Edward after all? I thought you were only flirting with him."

"That was what I intended, Mary, but somehow the artful fellow has cheated me into agreeing to have him."

"I thought how all your grand talk about freedom and never bending your neck to any man's yoke would end.—'Tis the old story."

"Not so; I'm not going to wear the yoke. Edward is to obey me. He will I know. He has hardly any will but mine now, and I don't intend that he ever shall have. He don't pretend to oppose me in anything. I wouldn't be hired to have him were he to presume to treat me as Helen Norman's lover treats her, and I told her so. He is always telling her of her faults."

"They have agreed to kindly tell each other of their faults, and help each other to overcome them. I think this is a most excellent way."

"Well, I don't. I am free enough to tell Ed. his faults; but he would not dare to return the compliment. It would make me angry in a minute. In fact, Mary, I think I am a fortunate girl. I have found a man with plenty of money, a gentleman of yielding disposition, very generous, who worships me, and is willing that I should always

have my own way, who is, in short, unable to hinder me from having it."

"And do you think that you can have the blessing of God on your marriage when it is entered upon in a spirit so utterly the reverse of what it requires? I suppose you admit that the Bible is authority. Consider what its teachings are."

"I do—it says, 'Submit one to another.' I suppose I shall submit to Ed. a part of the time; it would be only fair."

"Kate, the Bible says, 'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ so let the wives be unto their husbands in everything, and let the wife see that she reverences her husband. 'How dare you, presumptuous girl, resolve to trample on God's arrangement and his law? You may be sure that trouble is before you if you go forward to the marriage altar with such a spirit as now animates you. As for Edward he is infatuated indeed if he gives his honor and his happiness into your hands.'"

Katie, angry at such plain talk, abruptly turned from her companion and walked rapidly away.

The expected marriage took place.—For a few months Edward walked in a trance of senuous and imaginative bliss; then down he came, and never more did he ascend the hills of joy. He was as Kate had said, quite unable to control or cope with her. He was too gentle, and he loved her too tenderly. She had over him the immense advantage of loving him very little. She could tear his heartstrings every hour. He could scarcely stir hers at any time. You perceive, good reader, that she "had" him.

Children were born to this pair. Kate managed them something as a tigress might manage her young. Edward was allowed to have no word in the matter. In a few years the poor man, crushed and overborne, died. Kate was provoked with him for this piece of independent action. She liked him; she made him very useful. She had not thought he would go without leave. But he did it. Kate lorded it for a few years more till her children became too strong for her. Then they, albeit they knew not what they were doing, avenged their father. They broke their mother's spirit and her heart; and yon bent, gray, mumbling old crone in the almshouse is all that remains of the once lively and beautiful Kate. She sowed the wind; she reaped the whirlwind.

## NEWSPAPER WRITING.

THE mass of people fancy that it is the simplest thing in the world to edit a newspaper. A man may have grave doubts about his talent for public speaking, may freely admit that he cannot turn a tune, or recognize one when turned by anybody else, may confess that he is no poet, not much of a scholar, and nothing of an artist, but there is no creature so poor-spirited as to avow his incapacity to edit a newspaper. On the contrary, that is a work to which every man has a manifest call. No matter what his actual business in this world may be—preacher, lawyer, physician, butcher, baker, or candlestick maker—he has a secret fancy that if he only had a chance, he could make a newspaper a little bit spicier and livelier than anything in the shape of a public journal that has ever come in his way. This is one of the most amusing and universal weaknesses of latter times. The number of people who are infected by it is known only to publishers, just as the extent to which opium eating is practiced is realized only by druggists and physicians. The drawers and waste baskets of every leading newspaper office overflow with evidence of the ambition and harmless vanity of the vast public who scribble by stealth, and fondly and patiently toil over reams of composition which nobody can be induced to print.

It must be admitted that there is something enticing and enviable in editorial life, as it appears to the outside world. The delight of getting into print for the first time is one of the keenest enjoyments of life. What, therefore, we reason, must be the pleasure of that happy man who daily feasts the public with his wisdom, and whose smallest scribbling finds its way into type without criticism or delay. But this reasoning is altogether unsound. Little boys who cherish the solitary bit of mint-stick which a chance penny enables them to buy, who enjoy every bite with a keen relish, and feel their appetite for the sweet morsel keener than ever when it has melted away,

fancy that the lad in the candy shop who lives in a bower of sweets and has every variety of confections from which to choose, and as much of each as he wants, must be the very happiest lad in the world. How grievously are they mistaken. To that unfortunate youth, ever since the beginning of his apprenticeship, when he sickened on a surfeit the sight of the shapely sticks and dainty drops and balls is utterly loathsome. His day-dreams are of pickles—candies are his nightmare. As with candies so with editorials. It is enchanting to write a lucky one which a friendly publisher puts in fair type in his leading column. You have written it at your leisure, crossed every t, dotted every i, inserted every comma, read it in manuscript to half a dozen admiring cronies, and the sight of the delicious periods and well turned phrases staring you in the face from the second page of the city daily, is certainly one of the most thrilling and exhilarating of spectacles in the world. You carry that paper about with you. Hourly, yea oftener, in sweet stealth you read the dear effusion and wonder if there is such a mortal ass extant as to deny that it is about the most pointed and elegant piece of newspaper writing that he has ever seen. You dream and doze over that sheet till it is black and tattered. This is one of the most innocent and blessed of human pleasures. It is the solitary mintstick which whets your appetite for sweets.

But the editor, that enviable man who feeds on the candy of which you have only got a taste, is in truth as unhappy and surfeited a person as that pickle craving lad who weighs out the bon-bons. The freshness, the exquisite charm of seeing his reflections in print, has long ago vanished. He writes painfully, and under pressure—often times harassed by a thousand petty vexations, with a gabble of a score of idlers in his ears, with aching head and weary hand. His work is, of oil works, the most wearing and vexations. It is tread-mill drudgery. It exhausts body and train.

The call for copy is inexorable and cannot be refused. He must write. He must endure the most contemptible and continual criticisms—must bear patiently "to be esteemed dull when he cannot be witty when he knows that he has been applauded for witty when he knows that he has been dull." Every blockhead who ever spends a dime for his paper, feels that he has purchased thereby an indefeasible right to dictate the manner in which it shall be conducted to criticize sharply everything that appears in it, and to "elevate its tone" with its own asinine lucubrations, fairly written out and inclosed in a note demanding their instant publication, signed "a paying subscriber"—"one who buys your weekly," or, "a former purchaser of your campaign." If you were to ask this modest friend to cut you a coat, or measure you for a pair of boots, he would indignantly reply that that was not his trade—that he knew nothing about it, and would not attempt it. But the diffidence which shrinks from shears and coolly draws back from the pen and undertakes to instruct and illuminate the world. Breeches and shoes require art, experience, reflection, in their making—political essays flow spontaneous from the most addled pate, or can be pumped out of it by sheer hand labor, without the aid of the vulgar appliances of study knowledge and thought.—[*Philadelphia Age*.]

A PHYSICIAN was declaiming the other day upon the propensity which a majority of people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables. "There is not," said he, "a vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are injurious unless fully ripe." "I know one though that ain't so good when it's ripe as 'tis green," interrupted a little boy, in a very confidential but modest manner. "What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principle disputed by a mere boy. "A cucumber," replied the boy. The doctor winked with both eyes, but said nothing.—[*Le Bon Ton*.]

THICKLY SETTLED.—The population of the Chinese Empire, including the provincial dependences, is established at 400,500,000, the greatest number of persons at present existing under one government. The land area of the entire domain is 1,298,000 square miles, which places the population per square mile, at a density of 283 persons, fifteen souls more than that of Belgium, long regarded as the most dense on record. These statistics are gleaned from an English work recently copied and translated from the original archives by R. M. Martin, her Majesty's Treasurer of Consular and Diplomatic Services, Hong Kong.