

THE REFORMATORY AT GLENORE.—Whist! juvenile crime in England is sapping the very foundations of society! whilst day after day the prisons receive fearful accessions to the crowds of juvenile criminals that are already confined within their walls, an institution has been established in Ireland, the conduct of which have laid the axe to the root of this branch of the social evil. We are not drawing upon imagination, nor are we making vague, illusory, and flippant statements, such as during the present month and the next will be heard from the platforms on which your heterogeneous so-called religious societies will sound their praises and thunder forth their anathemas upon those who have chosen their own way to the strait gate which leads to the regions of bliss. We have merely to refer to the report which was read at the meeting held on Tuesday last of the friends and supporters of St. Kevin's Reformatory at Glencree. If, as we have elsewhere remarked, we contrast the language held, the objects aimed at, and the spirit manifested at that meeting, with the tone, temper, and tendency so lamentably conspicuous at the assemblages in which Protestant clergymen have, during the present week, been the chief speakers and managers, we shall see, on the one hand the humble and unobtrusive Oblates of Glencree appealing to all creeds and classes for aid in the difficult but truly laudable and Christian task of diminishing and eradicating juvenile crime—whilst, on the other, we behold the spirit of bigotry and religious hatred fanned in unwarranted attempts to eradicate from the hearts and minds of the people a religious belief to which they are strongly attached, in order to force another upon them to which they are utterly and conscientiously averse. Let the unbiased Protestant weigh and examine the glorious results which has crowned the labors of the holy men who have devoted themselves to the benevolent and important work in which they are engaged at the Glencree Reformatory. What benefits they have already conferred, what far greater benefits still they must henceforward confer, not only on those to whose reformation their incessant exertions are immediately directed, but to the community at large. How many a child will they withdraw from the paths of sin, and guilt, and crime that would have sent its parents with shame and sorrow to the grave, and ended its own days on the scaffold or at the hulks! And where and how have these miracles been performed? Where? In a spot where the untiring labor and inexhaustible charity of the Oblate Brothers have literally caused the "barren wilderness to smile." There the firm purpose and the Christian patience and the fervent zeal of these holy men have gradually brought together the orphan and the destitute children of poverty, who, though young in years, were speedily waxing old in crime—who, though physically sound, were morally corrupt and afflicted with the worst of all maladies, the leprosy of shameless sin and audacious crime. Many there were amongst these young victims of the successful tempter whose vices seemed already too deeply rooted to be eradicated, but the patience and charity, the forbearance and perseverance of the Oblate Fathers overcame every obstacle. And what is the result? These poor creatures who in a workhouse or a prison would have become hardened in their evil propensities and irreclaimable to society, have now been taught and trained to become useful members of the social body. Though for the most part uneducated and untrained in their religion when they entered the Reformatory, they are now sufficiently well instructed to be fitted for the various callings they have been taught to follow. Glencree, which was originally a mere barrack, in ruins, but which has undergone an almost miraculous improvement and transformation under the incomparable management of the Rev. F. J. Lynch, and his fellow-labourers in this fruitful vineyard, contained, on the 1st January last, 235 juvenile offenders, ranging from the ages of 10 to 16 years, the majority of whom are orphans who had become criminals from a want or neglect of parental care and counsel. Seven of these had been convicted for burglary, 24 for felony, and 204 for larceny and minor offences of various kinds. Within the brief space of less than two years, however, 25 of them have become tailors, 22 shoemakers, 10 cabinet-makers, 5 turners, 2 stone-cutters, 5 quarriers, 6 house servants, 2 stable boys, 2 cow boys, 4 carters, and 20 maçons laborers—whilst the rest of them are constantly engaged in reclaiming and cultivating the large tract of waste land surrounding the Reformatory. In this arduous and difficult labour they have been so diligent and have succeeded so admirably, that at least twelve acres of waste land will be thoroughly cultivated before autumn. For an account of the admirable system which has wrought such wonders in so brief a period we refer the reader to the report. But it cannot be expected that all this has been done without incurring liabilities, for the liquidation of which the resources of the Institution, although it is in some respects self-supporting, are far from sufficient. The meeting on Tuesday was, therefore, held for the purpose of appealing to the public for aid in paying off the debt, amounting to £2,650, which has been contracted in bringing the Reformatory to its present very useful and efficient state. Another object of the meeting was to enlist the force of public opinion against the apprehended reduction of the Government allowance from 7s to 5s per head for each of the Reformatory subjects. We trust, however, that the Treasury will not attempt a reduction which would be the reverse of economical, as it would paralyse the action and endanger the permanence of the Reformatory. The consequence would be a vast increase in the number of juvenile offenders, and a proportionate addition to the cost of detaining them in prison or penal servitude, to say nothing of the further expense they would cause when they became adult criminals. So far as the debt incurred by the committee is concerned, we have no doubt, that not only Dublin, but every portion of the country will contribute liberally and speedily to its liquidation, inasmuch as the entire country is benefited by the admirable institution at Glencree. It is only to be regretted that some legislative measure has not yet been introduced for placing the children of the poor beyond the evil influences and pernicious examples which beset them in our workhouses. This most desirable end might be effected by the establishment of industrial schools. And surely the unquestionable and extraordinary success which has attended the experiment at St. Kevin's Reformatory, should be sufficient inducement to the Government to apply the same system to the children who are now pining and languishing away, feeble, decrepid, diseased, and sinking prematurely into the grave within those whitened sepulchres in which one of the fictions of the law asserts the poor are relieved. —*Dublin Telegraph.*

NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.—How many of the Irish Celts have been killed off for the last ten years? How many remain to be removed? Next week the British Government commences inquiry on these points. A census is about to be taken; and this time the proceeding is evoking conduct and language on the part of the British faction in this kingdom to which we beg solemn attention. This time or some reason well worthy of being inquired into rather for a reason very patent—the partitions of England are, up to a ferment of eager attention to the process of numbering the living and the dead. They fit about with sinister smiles, and call upon every one to pay strict attention, and note well what this Census is about to show. They know it all beforehand. They tell us it will be something joyful, grand, glorious. The bonfire and beacon should be readily prepared. What is this result which the Census of 1861, is to show, to the exultation of these journalists? That that some millions of Irish Catholic Celts have been killed off, or exterminated in one way or another, within a decade of years. Let the nations of Europe note this almost incredible fact. Let them peruse the articles of the journals that defend British rule in Ireland, and they will gather one more damning proof of the spirit, aim, object of that rule; the steady, persistent, sleepless, untiring, coldblooded, merciless extirpation of the native Irish race, and the colonization of the land by "aliens in language, in blood, and in religion!" The British organs do not pretend that the Census will show any increase in any section of the Irish people. They do not pretend that any creed or class of Irishmen will show an increase in the ratio of progression exhibited by every Census previous to 1851. But they say that, what with the slaughter of the Papist Celts by famine, by fever, by workhouse, by poverty, by rent screw, by eviction, and what with the influx of favoured foreigners to graze their lowing herds where the slain or banished Irish once raised the happy reaper's song, the reckoning now will show that the native element and the ancient faith are disappearing from "our old ancestral Ireland!" This is what the English organs are now proclaiming in glee. This is what, they tell us, the Census of next week will show. It may be so; but we trust the priests and people will look to the moral of this matter promptly and earnestly, and will see, during the next week that whatever number of our race and creed are still in the land, may be truly set down. The vacant places, are plentiful enough; the simple faithful hearts, that loved Ireland above all earthly thrones are few enough as things stand that any should be omitted. So shall we also by this means be enabled in some degree to estimate the numbers that are gone, the tens and hundreds of thousands of our people whom a friendly rule, the fostering hand of native legislation, would have made happy and prosperous, but whom a hostile system has rooted out as cumberers of natal soil! Fewer and fewer grow the houses where the enumerators make their call. In many a spot where, ten short years ago the father's hand filled up for them, with all a father's pride the record of his household wealth—his faithful wife, his brave boys and gentle girls all nought now remains but a shapeless grown mound, a blackened gable or a bleached and riven rafter of the once happy-home. Great Heavens! 'tis thus; while sleeps Thy anger a fertile land is cleared of a people without stain or crime; a people full of faith, and virtue and religion—kindly, simple, honest, generous of heart, and free of hands. And then, every tenth year their destroyer sends round to count their graves, to reckon their scalps; vice-regal boasts proclaim how the poor man's cottages have been tumbled; and exultant voices boast that a Census or two further on the Catholic Celts will be counted no more. But what if ere another Census shall be taken, better destinies await for the race thus doomed! What if a life-giving, not a death-dealing rule be erect in the land, and the Census be directed to find how have the people prospered and increased, not how they have perished and fallen; to find how many of the banished Irish have returned, how many homesteads dot the valleys now grazed as sheep walks! Ten years more! It is time enough for many startling events. The decade now closes has witnessed wondrous things. The Map of Europe has been drawn anew. Let us pray that, however disheartening may be the revelations of this Census, it may be the last reckoning of Irish slaves.—*Nation*

THE PORTOBELLO TRAGEDY.—Never in my recollection did any occurrence send such a thrill of consternation through this city as the fatal omnibus accident at the Portobello bridge on Saturday night. The news passed in all directions with electric rapidity that one of the omnibuses had fallen into the lock chamber of the canal, and that all the passengers were drowned. It was uncertain at first whether the omnibus was going out of town or returning, and the anxiety was intense among persons who expected their friends to be travelling by omnibus about that hour. Multitudes crowded round the scene of the disaster, and cabs and cars lined the streets in the neighborhood. Some years ago Mr. Wilson, a London gentleman, established a line of omnibuses from the General Post-Office to Roundwood, running through Rathmines and Rathgar—the greatest thoroughfare about Dublin. During the day the "Favorite" omnibuses ran every 15 minutes, and after 6 o'clock p.m. every half hour. The line was very well conducted, no serious accident having ever occurred upon it before. On Saturday night the omnibus No. 7 left Roundwood at 9 o'clock, and arrived in the usual time at the Canal-bridge, to which there is a sharp ascent on both sides. The driver pulled up to let out a passenger on the bridge. While the conductor was taking the fare the omnibus began to back down the incline towards Rathmines. In the effort to get on the horses, which were fresh and spirited, one or both became restive, the pole got entangled in the harness, the driver lost control over them, the omnibus continued to back up on the road towards Portobello Barracks, and then, turning rather sharply round, it was pushed violently up the rising ground to the lock basin, bursting and passing through the wooden railing; and before any assistance could be rendered the omnibus, horses, and all were precipitated into the canal. The driver, Patrick Hardy, a steady man, who is said to have been perfectly sober, kept his seat till the omnibus went down, and was dragged out of the water alive by a policeman named Gaffney, who had been on duty in the neighborhood. Nothing is known of the way in which the conductor acted on the occasion. There were six inside passengers, all of whom lost their lives almost immediately. The scene was fearful. In a place the most unlikely, where the possibility of danger could scarcely be imagined, six human beings, shut up in an omnibus, were plunged into a dark chamber, 16 or 20 feet deep, half full of water, shrieking and struggling for help in vain. The horses were plunging furiously, striking their hoofs against the smooth slimy stone walls, splashing the water about in their convulsive efforts for life. The people on the bridge and around the place presented a scene of wild confusion and horror, shouting for help, rushing to and fro, striving to let off the water, to break open the omnibus, to do something to save the lives of the passengers. All was vain. The cries gradually died away. When, after an interval of 20 minutes, the top of the omnibus was broken in with a hatchet, all were dead. The following are the names of the victims:—Mrs. Byrne, aged 26, and her infant child; Mr. Gunn, proprietor of a music establishment in Westland-row; a man named Cunningham, a night watchman in one of the docks; Mrs. O'Connell, the wife of a solicitor, from the county Clare; Miss O'Connell, her daughter, aged 18 years, who was at St. Patrick's ball in the Castle a few evenings before, and was much admired for singular beauty. The two last named and the child were immediately removed to Mercer's Hospital, the rest were taken to the Meath Hospital, where every exertion was made to restore consciousness by Dr. Smyly, Porter, Wharton, Jameson, and other medical gentlemen. Dr. Monk, who lives near the scene of the disaster, had previously done everything that was possible to save some of the lives, but all skill was in vain. Six corpses await the coroner's inquest, which is to be held at 12 o'clock to-day. Many rumours are afloat on the subject—as to the blame attached to individuals. Amidst the expressions of horror at the catastrophe, a feeling of astonishment is universally expressed as to how the thing could have occurred, even if the driver and conductor were endeavoring to do it of set purpose—why the conductor or some one did not seize the horses' heads—how the omnibus could have turned round in such a way, and been forced just into the spot that seemed most inaccessible, and also at the same time most fatal. Multitudes are travelling daily by these omnibuses, and a thought of danger like this never occurred to any one.—*Times Dublin Cor.*

THE ADAR OBLIVION IN GLENVEAGH.—SUNDAY, April 7.—This is truly a day of mourning in the wild mountain homes of the poor peasantry on the Adair property of Glenveagh. To-morrow the effigy that has burned brightly on many a hearth will be extinguished for ever, and many a happy home will be levelled to the earth. It has remained for Mr. Adair to give practical effect to the policy suggested by my Lord Derby in Tipperary—viz., that of making the district responsible for the act of the assassin. It will be remembered that in the early part of last winter Mr. Adair's caretaker, a person named Murray, was most brutally murdered. Of course suspicion rested on the peasantry of the district, but every effort to bring home guilt to them most singularly failed. An approver in the case at the last Donegal assizes pleaded guilty to a charge of perjury, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude; and another witness in the case, Dougal Rankin, a confidential servant of Mr. Adair's, is now in Omagh goal, awaiting his trial for shooting at a respectable hotel keeper in Strabane. Rankin, it will be remembered was bailed out at the Strabane Petty Sessions, but his surities becoming apprehensive that he was about to give them leg-bail, at once surrendered him up to the authorities. One would naturally infer that a charge of guilt against the peasantry, unsustained by any testimony save that of these two men, would have been sufficient to have restrained Mr. Adair from resorting to the wholesale vengeance which he proposes to take upon his tenantry for this offence. No fewer than forty-five families are to be handed over to-morrow to the tender mercies of the crowbar brigade. Not that they owe Mr. Adair rent or arrears of rent, but because they cannot find for Mr. Adair the murderer of Murray. A large police force has been drafted out of Roscommon, Leitrim, and other counties, to protect the Adair crowbar brigade in demolishing the homes of the Glenveagh peasantry, and they have been arriving at Letterkenny during to-day. To the honour of Donegal, be it told, that Mr. Adair was unable to procure men to discharge the duties of levellers, and he was necessarily obliged to bring a number of ill-looking fellows from a distance to perform this duty. These fellows have been travelling with all the secrecy of executioners. If Mr. Adair had only evinced half the desire to elicit the truth that he has done to punish the tenants, the case might have been different, and police, instead of protecting the Adair levellers, might have been employed in their proper avocation, that of conducting the guilty to justice. —*Morning News.*

MOBE EVICTIONS!—COUNTY KILKENNY.—On Monday last the Sub-sheriff and a large body of police evicted seven families in the parish of Killoaloe, near Kiltammagh. There are rumors (I hope, not true) that different parties were bidding for the lands, while in the occupation of the unfortunate tenants. It is also said that one of the tenants offered to pay his rent in full. This is a year the landlords ought to be merciful. God help the poor farmers.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

In consequence of the extremely peaceable condition of every part of Ireland, in which the military has been only acting for a long time past as an armed police, it is, we understand, the intention of the War-office to reduce the troops stationed in this country by at least one-third of their present number. Arrangements, it is stated, are being made to have this plan put into execution as soon as possible.—*Breeman's Journal.*

EXTENSION OF FLAX CULTURE IN IRELAND.—Unceasing exertion is being made by several active societies to encourage the cultivation of flax Ireland. As yet their efforts have not met with very great appreciation. The *Northern Whig* says:—"We find with satisfaction that a company is to be formed in Dublin for the growth, purchase, and preparation of flax in the counties of Louth and Meath. To attempt to extend flax cultivation without taking precautions for the supply of genuine seed is a hopeless task, and, as an inducement to farmers to grow flax more largely, the Leinster Flax Company intend to supply agriculturists with good foreign seed on credit until the flax is delivered. We have much pleasure in noticing this undertaking, and calling the attention of the local trade to the names of the provisional committee."

INJURY TO THE WHEAT.—We regret to learn that many of the farmers in the neighborhood of Castle-comer, county Kilkenny, are ploughing up their lands in which wheat had been sown last winter—the grain, on examination, being found rotten in the ground, thus causing much disappointment and loss. We fear the same complaint will be made in other localities.

CRIME IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.—The total number of prisoners in the convict prisons in Ireland on the 1st of January, 1861, was (according to a return moved for by Mr. Childers) 1,492. The total number of convict prisoners in England on the 1st of January was 7,933, of whom 1,283 were women. It follows, therefore, that there were nearly as many females of the culprit class in England as of both sexes in Ireland.

A NOTE AND QUERY.—Lord Palmerston says that "all sinecures have been abolished," and that "places are now placed with duties attached to them; and with salaries not greater than the labors of the offices require. Query—What are the "labors" performed by Lord Avenmore for £4,000 a-year in Dublin and £1,000 a-year in Cork?—*Star.*

The Hon. Mrs. Yelverton passed through Belfast on Thursday, on her way to Scotland, to attend the trial about to take place, to establish the Scotch marriage between herself and the Hon. Major Yelverton.

I think the stirring-up of the events connected with the late trials at Armagh, will eventually prove most fortunate for the Orange party, and most disastrous for the Orange party. Every step the organs of the latter take, they get deeper and deeper into the mire. Mr. McMechan now stands charged with the double offence of violating and misrepresenting a confidential conversation; and if up to this the learned gentleman thinks he can plume himself upon a victory, I rather think that before long he will be compelled to exclaim, "Alas! many such victories, and I am undone."—*Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.*

A party of about 300 men and boys from Londonderry, headed by a band playing Orange party tunes, recently passed through the village of Coagh. A conflict with the constabulary ensued, but as the riotous visitors were all strangers none of them could be identified.

Dublin is at this moment inundated with persons, who have congregated from all quarters of the country, to hear their great platform orators indulging in their annual denunciations against "Popery."—Missions to Turks, Missions to Jews, Missions to Atheists, Missions to poor benighted Papists, Missions, in a word, to all except to Protestants, who must stand in need of them—have formed the staple of their very exciting and excited discourses. I remember some four or five years ago, a very awful visitation happening at one of these Protestant gatherings. One of their redoubted champions had risen to address the assembly, which on the occasion crowded to the very doors of one of the most capacious rooms that Dublin could produce. He had given full vent to the usual vituperations against the Catholic Church, and was just proceeding to use some deprecating observations towards the ever Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, when he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and poor soul was already standing before the Judgment Seat of the Son of that Mother, of whom a moment before he had dared to speak lightly. Amid the profound sensation and awe of that vast and terror-stricken assembly, the lifeless remains of that unhappy orator were borne from the platform to the house of a near relative.—*Dublin Cor. Weekly Register.*

SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.—The infinite forms of mendacity which have been resorted to in order to raise the funds for this "sacred" edifice, would be exceedingly diverting, if they were not also somewhat disgusting. A bazaar has been held, the organization of which was mainly due to Mr. Spurgeon's better half; and which appears to have brought a very pretty penny into the coffers of the tabernacle. Then, Mr. Spurgeon had "a kind of duel" with his congregation, to see who would raise the largest amount of money in the shortest possible time. So we have heard of the celebrated dog Billy being matched against the equally celebrated dog Towzer to kill a certain number of rats in a certain number of minutes. It was a drawn battle between Mr. Spurgeon and his congregation; or, rather, having two bankers at his back, he was enabled to beat them by about thirty shillings. Some little difficulties, however, occurred in the collection of the money promised. Two laves of grace who had put down their names for five-and-twenty pounds a piece went to glory without paying the cash; in other words, they died, and, we suppose, their executors declined to endorse the "pledges" of the defunct. Then another donor of one hundred pounds, whom Mr. Spurgeon "would have liked to name," but mercifully refrained from doing so, gave a bill for the amount of his tribute! It was a three months' bill, and when it became due the wicked acceptor wanted it renewed for another three months, and so on until, as Mr. Spurgeon pathetically complained, it was worth no more than the stamp on the paper. Was there ever such a sinful bill of exchange as this? Surely it must have been drawn by Belphegor, accepted by Lucifer, and endorsed by Apollyon.—Who was the "party in the City," that flew that atrocious kite? Where is the abandoned wretch who negotiated that diabolical "bit of stuff"? Why didn't Mr. Spurgeon compound, and take half cash and half hymnbooks? Most earnestly do we trust that the entire amount required for Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle will be speedily forthcoming; but we confess our inability to discover why it should be absolutely necessary that the building should be paid for before he sermons in it. Wesley and Whitfield used to preach wherever they found those to listen to them, were it even on a mountain side or in the middle of a field. The member of a Pall-mall Club does not ask how many debentures there are upon the edifice before he avails himself of the advantages of the coffee and smoking-room; but the payment to the uttermost farthing of all demands on Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle cannot fail to be a boon, since it must relieve us from this constant exhibition of inordinate rapacity and vulgar good—this perpetual sending round of the begging-box—this incessant iteration of "Pay me, or, if you don't"—these comic combinations of doctrinal theology and the pounds, shillings, and pence tables, which are not only unseemly in themselves, but are growing into a scandal that is calculated to bring reproach upon the religion we are all so anxious to uphold.—*Chronicle.*

RESIGNATION.—(From the *Saturday Review*.)—"A paragraph has been going the round of the papers this week calling on Mr. Cheese to resign. We wish the people who have circulated or approved this paragraph would ask themselves why Mr. Cheese should resign. Why should he give up the good thing of which he has got hold? The general public do not quite understand how the families of clerical jobbers feel on these points. A story that may illustrate the point is told of a daughter of one of our most eminent sinecurists. A great newspaper hooting and outcry accompanied his appointment to a further prize. 'What does it signify,' cried the young lady, 'as long as pa keeps it? We should like to ask what it does signify as long as pa keeps the good thing. If any one thinks that Mr. Cheese will suffer in any way because his appointment to a rich living has excited scandal, they are very much mistaken. In a little time all will be forgotten, and Mr. Cheese will keep his comfortable income. It will soon be said that, after all, he is the dear Bishop's son-in-law, that the rectory post is admirable, and the rectory drawing-room most elegant. As Mr. Cheese drives into Darlington he will find that the tradespeople are as civil to him as if he had earned his good fortune. He can also comfort himself by doing a great deal of good with his money, and he may regard his complete absence of all desert as a salutary stimulus towards extraordinary exertion. If he did resign, who could be benefited except the particular clergyman appointed to his place? The scandal would not be removed. The Bishop would still have done more for his family and less for his diocese than was decent. He would still have written the famous letter in which, while intimating that he would keep fast hold of the riches of Houghton for his son and daughter, he yet expressed a fervent hope that the good work would be abundantly blessed in Darlington, and that the excellent Mr. Minton might get more money if he could. It was this conjunction of spiritual fervor with family jobbing that shocked even those who are quite prepared ordinarily to remember that bishops are men and fathers, and who do not mind a quiet thing being done now and then. Mr. Cheese could not set his father-in-law straight with the world even if he threw away his twelve or thirteen hundred a-year; and as to himself, no one will think worse of him for taking the living, and the neighboring tradesmen and clergy and aquires will respect him much more. He ought also to remember the interests of a class to which he owes everything he has. If it came to bishops' sons-in-law resigning their livings, what would become of bishops' daughters?"

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT ROAD.—There is now no room to hope that this mysterious crime will be discovered—at any rate, through ordinary means. The small number of persons who composed the household on the fatal night are first being separated. Elizabeth Gough is at her home in the suburbs of London, Miss Constance Kent is on the point of leaving for a school in France, her brother William is already from home, and the rest of the family will leave Road-hill-house in a day or two, whether it is not generally known; but it is believed they intend travelling for some time. The contents of the now celebrated house will shortly be offered for public sale, and doubtless the public will avail themselves of the privileges of an auction day to gratify a curiosity so much felt to view the scene of the mysterious murder. The cot from which the ill-fated child was taken by his cruel death will not be sold. The house and grounds are for sale, but there does not seem to be much disposition on the part of any one to occupy so famous a residence. As to the crime itself we believe it is now given up as being among the things which are too mysterious to be inquired into.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A NEW ADVERTISING MEDIUM.—On Sabbath last, after the afternoon service, the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, of the Middle Kirk, having received a number of notices of public meetings, which he was requested to read, gave intimation that "he was not to stand in the pulpit and be made an advertising medium," and he intimated that in future if he received any more notices of the kind he intended to charge the sum of 2s. 6d. for each, and hand the money over to some charitable institution.—*Perth Courier.*

DIVORCES.—A Parliamentary return shows that the total number of petitions for dissolution of marriage filed since the passing of the Divorce Act in January, 1858, up to the 31st of August, 1860, was 604. Divorces are fearfully on the increase, and the publishing of the proceedings at the Divorce Court, by the London press, is a public scandal.

No little interest has just been excited in the artistic world by the discovery, at Stratford-upon-Avon, of a portrait of Shakespeare, from which the great dramatist's bust was apparently taken. It was discovered by the artist, Mr. Collins, who, in resuscitating an old painting, found it to be the poet himself.