

WHAT IRELAND WANTS:—The Times, in the course of an article more friendly in tone than many discourses in the same columns on Irish texts, describes what Ireland wants thus:—

England is rich and Ireland poor because England has fifty industries, and Ireland, Ulster excepted, only one. Lord Woodhouse spoke with natural alarm of the possible extension of the cattle plague to Ireland, observing that the destruction of Irish cattle would be the destruction of Ireland's staple. Yes, but cotton was England's great staple, and yet we could bear to have our great staple ruined with scarcely a change to the general prosperity of the nation. When that door shut, others opened. Dependence on a single industry for profit is like dependence on a single root for subsistence. Irishmen can turn their hands to anything when they get to America. There it does not seem that their craving for land possesses them. They do not settle down to farming even so much as Englishmen or Scotchmen, but seem rather to distribute themselves among a variety of callings. If they would do the same at home, we should soon hear of Ireland's progress. But for this capital is wanted. No doubt, and capital would be forthcoming, though not simply in the shape of 'public money.' No Chancellor of the Exchequer could ever offer to Ireland such sums as would be forthcoming for private enterprise. The true Treasury for these disbursements lies in the pockets of English capitalists. Show us the securities of a peaceful country, and of a willing and steadily labouring population, and the requisite investments would soon be made.

Incidentally our contemporary admits the supreme folly of endangering our great and only industry. Ruin that, and we are undone. There are here no other doors to open. English policy did a good deal to shut every door to us except that of cattle-rearing, and English responsibility, now that our single dependence threatens to betray us, is commensurately grave. But this is not the exact point we wish to touch in quoting the passage from the Times. It is allowed that English capital, expended in private enterprises, would provide us with other industries, if only Englishmen could be sure of finding here a peaceful country and a laboring population. Now, if that be all that stands between us and the investment of a sufficient amount of English capital on our soil to provide us with some of the fifty industries that make England independent of a cattle plague or a cotton-famine, the Times itself is not without blame for our impoverished condition. What journal has fostered the belief among Englishmen that Ireland is a barbarous country, where life is unsafe and the people incurably idle? What journal's representations of Ireland are most frequently challenged by Irishmen—not by fanatics, but by practical and sensible men—as extravagant, sometimes waspish caricatures? We willingly acknowledge slight signs of improvement, but it will take a great deal to atone for former injustice. Might not the Times go farther, and tell English capitalists honestly that Ireland is a peaceful country, whose criminal records contrast favourably with those of England, and whose political strifes in no district of the island interfere in the slightest degree with the success of such manufacturing operations as are conducted there. Might not the Times also confess frankly that Irishmen who labour intelligently and effectively in Lancashire would do just the same at home if circumstances were such that they received the same encouragement? In fact, if English capitalists are waiting to come over here until Ireland shall be more peaceable, more free from crime, and less distracted by political agitation, they will have to wait for something very like the peace of Arcadia. What can the Times and its friends be afraid of? Or, is the cry about the turbulence and laziness of the Irish population an intentional deterrent? If the Fenians are the bugbear by which English capital is scared away, we can assure the writer in the Times that he has quiet a monopoly of the nervous feeling which the designs of the Brotherhood have caused in him—their existence has no more effect upon business in Ireland than if they were so many Ojibbeways.—Dublin Evening Mail.

A fracas of rather a disagreeable nature occurred the other day in the Dublin International Exhibition between the superintendent and the Canadian Commissioner; but, as statements and counter-statements were being circulated as to the particulars, I abstained from noticing it: until, as has been announced, it should come before the magistrates for investigation. A summons was issued, and, accordingly, at the head police office to-day, before Mr. Allen, Capt. Cuffe, Canadian Commissioner, appeared on a summons, charged with having assaulted Mr. J. F. Iselin, Superintendent of the Exhibition, in that building on the 22d of August. Mr. Sidney, Q. C., instructed by Mr. C. Fitzgerald, appeared for the complainant; and Messrs. Curran and Berytagh, instructed by Mr. Macnamara, for the defendant. The following evidence was given:—

John Frederick Iselin examined.—I am the general superintendent of the Exhibition, and as such all those who have business connected with the details must come to me. On the 22d of August the defendant came to my office about a quarter to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Wilde, the secretary of the jury, who is also my clerk, was present. He came to me to ask for a pass for an extra attendant in the evening. I directed Mr. Wilde to write the pass. After this he spoke of the Exhibition being open in the evening, and of the expense he was put to in consequence. He added that he had counsel's opinion that he would have an action against the committee. I told him that that was a matter which I should bring before the committee, as it might affect them hereafter. Up to this time of the conversation was quiet, but suddenly he got into a passion and accused me of spying after his department, and of making inquisitorial visits to his attendant respecting his losses. I denied this. He repeated it, and when I told him that he must leave the office he refused, and said he would not do so. I said to him again, 'I must ask you to leave my office.' He said he would not. I answered that he should. I repeated again that he must leave, and he answered, 'I dare you to put me out.' I then rose from my chair and went across the room. As I did so I passed him, and was about to open the door and look if there was an attendant or a policeman in the neighbourhood. Before I got to the door Capt. Cuffe got in front of me, raised the stick which he held in his hand, and struck me several times with it on the head, neck, shoulder, and back. As soon as I could think a little for myself I rushed over and caught him by the arm, and a gentleman who was in the room, but whom I did not know, seized him from behind to prevent him from further assaulting me. A policeman came up and said, 'Do you give him in charge?' I said, 'I do.' In a few moments I went to an adjoining room to get my hat and umbrella, as I was going to the country, and on coming out into the corridor I saw Captain Cuffe with the policeman. The latter told me that it would be necessary for me to go to Lad-lane station to prefer the charge. I was not then prepared to do that, and accordingly I said I would proceed by summons. The policeman, released Captain Cuffe, who followed me, and said, 'You are a coward, Sir, and I shall drink your blood.' He then went out by one turnstile, and I went by another, and that is all I saw of him.

Mr. Curran.—You do not exhibit symptoms of having sustained much injury. (No answer.) It was a very slight case that Captain Cuffe carried? (No answer.) Why, Mr. Iselin, you look like one of the statues in the Exhibition. (A laugh.)

Witness.—If you ask me a question I will answer it.

Mr. Curran.—I have done so.

Mr. Sidney.—No you gave an opinion.

Mr. Curran.—We shall know the gentleman's character by his demeanour on this occasion. Did you give Captain Cuffe the lie?

Witness.—I did not. He said he would not per-

mit an attendant who was working there all day to work at night.

'Did you ever make any overtures to a woman there?'

Witness.—I am not bound to answer the question.

'Mr. Curran.—You may shelter yourself by silence if you will.'

Mr. Sidney.—I will accept no shelter in silence.

Witness.—Then, I will answer the question. I did not make any such overtures to any woman in the Exhibition. I told my clerk, Mr. Wilde, to write the pass when Captain Cuffe asked for it. He complained of the Exhibition being open until a late hour at night. I did not tell him that that was a lie, nor make use of the word, 'liar.' There was one case of profligacy reported by the police. I never was in company with people of loose character in the Exhibition. I did not say to Captain Cuffe that the letter he had written to the committee about his losses showed what sort of a fellow he was.

The cross-examination of the witness was directed at great length to alleged acts of incivility on his part to Willie Pape, pianist; Messrs. Allison and Co., of London; Mr. Strahan, of Henry-street and Clare street, Dublin, and other persons. He denied the allegations made against him in each instance.

Mr. John James Wilde gave corroborate testimony.

'Police-constable 87 B, examined by Mr. Sidney, Q. C.—

I was on duty in the east corridor of the Exhibition on the afternoon of the 23d ult. On that occasion I heard a sound, as if a blow, and on looking round I saw Captain Cuffe strike Mr. Iselin with a cane which he held in his hand. I at once went up, got between them, and arrested Capt. Cuffe. He said to me on two or three occasions, 'Sure, you didn't see me strike him.' I did see him strike Mr. Iselin. After arresting Captain Cuffe I asked Mr. Iselin if he would charge the captain, and he said he would. After some time Mr. Iselin said I might let him go, and that he would summon him. After letting him go, Captain Cuffe turned round, and raising the cane, called him a coward.'

The witness was not cross-examined. The case was sent for trial, bail being taken for Captain Cuffe.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has again written to the French Admiral inviting him to bring his fleet to Dublin Bay, and the Kingstown Commissioners have resolved to second his lordship's efforts to entertain the French officers if they arrive here. A visit of both the British and French iron-clad fleets would be received with the greatest possible satisfaction.—Times Dublin Cor.

The meeting of the Royal Irish Agricultural Society at Clonmel gave the Lord-Lieutenant an opportunity of speaking on topics which Irishmen always expect to be discussed. The condition of Ireland is naturally the subject always uppermost in the minds of its inhabitants, and it assumes a far more comprehensive scope than similar questions in this country. It was not enough for Lord Woodhouse to say that the Agricultural Show was successful, that the cattle exhibited, though exclusively of Irish breed, were inferior to none that Irish sheep were improving 'very considerably,' and that the pigs shown were as admirable specimens of their kind as had ever been seen on like occasions. This was satisfactory, no doubt; but it was not sufficient. There was a great deal more behind. What was the state of Ireland? where were its 'rights' what was becoming of its people? Well, on these topics also the Lord-Lieutenant had something to say. He said the produce of a stock was increasing largely, that the field of flax, though not so large as in 1864, was still larger than in 1863; that pauperism generally was distinctly diminishing; that crime was diminishing also; and that Tipperary, for instance, once so lawless, had now become an example of peace and obedience to the law. This was really something, and yet not enough, for it would still be asked why Irishmen were running away from their own country to foreign shores, and what England would do to keep them at home. That, in fact, is the shape now taken by the 'Irish question.' It is held that there must be something wrong in a land when its men run away from it, and that for the existence, or, at any rate the continuance, of this wrong the Government is responsible. On this doctrine, always implied at Irish meetings and generally proclaimed, Lord Woodhouse made the pertinent remark that England was now at least always ready to discuss and entertain the question. 'Englishmen listen to all that is addressed to them with calm attention, and with an anxiety to do what is right.' We are never tired of hearing Irishmen explain their views if they will but state them definitely. The improvement of Ireland concerns the whole Empire, and we are all willing to take a hand in it but then we must see our way.

We cannot admit, to begin with, that the argument from emigration is conclusive. Irishmen migrate from Ireland to America because America offers more attractions than Ireland; but the difference expresses rather the extraordinary barrenness of the one country than the extraordinary barrenness of the other. No conceivable legislation could render land as cheap or labour as dear in Ireland as in America, and yet dear labour and cheap land are the things which tempt emigrants to cross the Atlantic. Such advantages will always attract population. Englishmen emigrate as freely as Irishmen, though not in such large numbers; but the Scots have been regular emigrants for generations past without thinking that the fact cast the least reflection on their country. A Scot was intensely proud of his home, but the first thing he did was to leave it. He went abroad to better himself, and thought the proceeding the most natural in the world. Nor do we believe that at this moment an Irishman finds Ireland less habitable than it used to be. It is more a matter of attraction than repulsion. Irishmen migrate in crowds, not because Ireland gets worse in their eyes, but because America gets better and better, while all the collateral considerations have been largely modified in favour of change. In times past the journey to America represented a dreary voyage and a precarious destiny; now-a-days it is a pleasant trip and a certain speculation. The emigrant is carried smooth across the ocean in ten days or a fortnight, and at the end of that time he finds himself again among countrymen, and almost as much at home as before. Under such circumstances the old ties of native land count for comparatively little, and a very moderate advantage in the shape of prospective wages would turn the scale against home. Nobody, said Lord Woodhouse, 'supposes that people would leave the country if satisfied with their condition in it.' No; but ought they even to be satisfied, so long as they can see a country promising them so much more? Within limits emigration might be as little hurtful to Ireland as it has been to Scotland.—Times.

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—We have reports from correspondents in the midland and other counties all of which, with very few exceptions, are favourable as regards the crops. The rain of last week had retarded hay sowing and reaping, but all agree that a few weeks of fine weather will ensure the completion of a fair average harvest. We had no moon shortly before seven o'clock yesterday morning, and a decided change for the better has taken place. From the statements of our correspondents, we learn that there is a scarcity of farm laborers—a fact which cannot surprise any one who has paid attention to the emigration statistics for the past year. This want of harvestmen is also noticed.—Dublin Evening Post.

THE CONVICT LAURENCE KING.—The Attorney-General having refused to sanction the application made for a writ of error on the part of Laurence King, convicted for the murder of Lieutenant Clutterbuck, sentence of death, it is stated, will be carried out on the 6th September.

UTILISATION OF IRISH BOGS.—It may not be known that since the various companies that have been started for the purpose of utilising the peat which makes up the mass of the bogs of Ireland has failed, other attempts have been made which are likely to prove successful. About 350 acres of bog in Derrylea, on the borders of King's County and Kildare, have been leased to a firm who are now engaged in working a new patent for the manufacture of compressed peat. As an evidence of the success of this particular undertaking we may state that the promoters have been able to produce the peat at the rate of eighty-four tons per week, which they hope soon to raise, by an increase in their land, to 400 tons per week, which would reduce the cost of production from 6s 4d, the present amount, to 3s 11d, per ton, exclusive of royalty. Peat is, we believe, sold in Dublin at 10s, per ton; and as coal is priced at 16s so the former article is naturally sought after.—Building News.

Two proclamations of the Lord Lieutenant have been issued in the county Donegal. One of them revokes five proclamations which were made in 1849, 1850, and 1853, applying the crime and outrage act to a great many specified electoral divisions and townlands in the county Donegal. The other makes the peace preservation act apply to the barony of Kilmacrennan alone.—Daily Journal.

A CHILD EATEN BY A PIG.—Two families named Kavanagh and Baker live in the same house or cabin in the High street of the town of Graigueamanoagh, and both men work together in Mr. Kelly's starch yard. On Monday last Baker's wife went a short distance from her home, leaving her child, 16 months old, in the cradle, Kavanagh's wife being in the house; the latter, however, had occasion to go down the town for about a quarter of an hour, and when doing so shut, from the inside, the front door of the cabin, and passed out by the back door, and through the yard, in which her pig was. During her short absence the pig got into the apartment where the child lay asleep in the cradle, and on Mrs. Kavanagh's return, to her horror, she beheld the voracious brute mauling the poor little innocent, having already eaten off the ears as well as the hand, and part of the other. The poor little sufferer lived until next day and was then relieved from pain by death.—Kilkenny Moderator.

EXECUTION IN IRELAND.—At 25 minutes past 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning Thomas Hayes was hanged at Tallmore, for the murder of his wife, Anne Hayes, on the 22nd of May last. The culprit was an old man, who lived at Galros Bog, in the King's County, with his victim, whom he was in the habit of ill-treating. At last his wife disappeared, and no one knew what became of her for some time, Hayes himself stating that she had gone to America with her cousin and brother, who had taken her away on a car on the morning of the bloody deed. Suspicion, however, being excited he was lodged in gaol, and there he confessed that he had murdered her; packed the body, and all else belonging to his late wife into a sack and a bedtick, and had carried them to a part of the bog a considerable distance off, and buried them so cleverly that if he had not been brought to the spot it is doubtful whether they would ever have been found. The murder had evidently been committed with a smothering-iron, but Hayes gave a somewhat more extenuating account of the transaction. He appeared to have lived a wretchedly immoral life, if all said of him be true. At the trial it was attempted to be set up as a defence that he was insane, but it failed, and the murderer has expiated his crime on the gallows. He was attended by three Roman Catholic priests, appeared penitent, and delivered a short address, which could not be heard. There were only about 300 persons present, and these were most orderly in their conduct.—Saunders's Newsletter.

LOVE AND POETRY IN TIPPERARY.—Tipperary sometimes produce other sensational incidents than murder, for which it possesses an ugly notoriety, and it is less offensive now and then to record such as the following in the place of an assassination: 'Kitty Doherty is a Tipperary girl, and by no means a bad physical specimen of the inhabitants of that county; accordingly, Kitty did not want lovers, for she had a core or two of brave Tipperary boys, ready to break each other's heads, of course out of pure affection, not only for her, but for each other. It should be remarked that Kitty's father holds a large and valuable tract of land east of the Shannon, and the old gentleman having been industrious, had laid up treasure to a considerable amount. Amongst the 'boys' who worshipped at the shrine of Kitty Doherty was one Patsy Nagle, who, by his modesty and worth, won the heart of charming Kitty, and but for the ruthless grasp of a Liverpool policeman, might have added her hand to the heart. It was well known in the locality of Kitty's habitation that she was entitled to a considerable fortune, and in case of the death of an only brother she would become heiress to all her father's goods and chattels, land, and appurtenances thereto belonging. Of course, Master Nagle never thought of such mercenary things, as his object appeared to be the sweet companionship of the bewitching girl; and altho' was poor in the eyes of the world, he was rich in education (as indeed all the Tipperary boys are), and he possessed a gift that could not be purchased with gold or silver, nor conferred on the owner of broad lands, and that was the gift of poetry; so he sent Kitty an epistle, which amongst other hints, contained the following invitation:—

'Come, fly with me, love,  
To some bright sunny isle,  
Far away from the world that I despise,  
And I'll deem myself happy,  
When cheered by thy smile,  
And bleat by the light of thine eyes.'

Kitty could not—what young lady could?—resist this. Happy would it have been for the pair if they could have found out the 'bright sunny isle' so beautifully alluded to; but it was a proof of the original innocence of this loving pair that they selected Liverpool as the Eden where they might be happy, and so they left Tipperary. Although Kitty's flight was rather of a hasty description, yet she was not forgetful that a trifle of the sinews of war might be useful. Accordingly she visited her father's strong box. Love laughs at locksmiths; and so when the box was explored, and after the departure of Kitty, her father and brother found that 180l had left its resting place. These shocking things called electric wires were in motion; and on the landing of the pair in one of the docks in Liverpool it may be easily imagined what their feelings must have been in finding that they had not arrived in the 'bright sunny isle' but were actually in charge of a tall gentleman dressed in blue, with cabalistic figures on an embroidered collar, in fact, a policeman. Soon afterwards Kitty's only brother came to see her, and having recovered the missing gold except a few pounds she was handed over to him, and he escorted her back to her parents' house. As to the loving swain Patsy, he was set at liberty, there being no charge against him. This is the last Tipperary romance.—Liverpool Correspondent of the North British Daily Mail.

The Emigration from the port of Cork alone of persons whose destination is the United States has been ascertained to be at present fully 1,000 per week.

GREAT BRITAIN.  
THE PASSIONISTS IN SCOTLAND.  
To the Editor of the Ulster Observer.

Dear Sir—I feel great pleasure in being able to inform you that the Passionists have established themselves in this city, and that the parish of St. Mungo, has been committed to their spiritual care. The Catholics of Glasgow, and of Scotland generally, have been already well acquainted with the fathers of this order, whose missions here as elsewhere have, under God, wrought the conversion of innumerable souls.—The body, in various parts of this kingdom, have fre-

quently manifested an earnest desire of obtaining the permanent settlement of those zealous missionaries in the midst of them, and invitations have been forwarded from different parts of the country to the superiors of the order, requesting that they would establish a community in one of the many houses that were pressed on their acceptance. Owing to certain insurmountable obstacles which presented themselves, at the time, these invitations had to be declined.

But almighty God in His own good time provided an opening for them in this city, in the ancient parish of St. Mungo, and, as it happens, in the very neighbourhood that has been so recently sanctified by the last apostolic labors and heroic death of the saintly passionist, Father Ignatius Spencer. It is a most significant circumstance, and one that is fraught with hope of the ultimate restoration of this revolted province to the dominion of the Church of God, that the great apostle of Britain's conversion poured out his hearts blood in the midst of his missionary labors, on its soil, as a sacrifice for the final success of his mission. May we not hail the presence amongst us to-day of that order which represents the conversion of this land, as a blessed indication of God's acceptance of His servant's oblation!

On the invitation of His lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch, the Passionate Fathers took possession of the church in the parish of St. Mungo on Saturday, the 5th of August.

The members forming the new community were contributed from the different Retreats of the Province as follows:

From St. Joseph's, Highgate, the Very Rev. F. Eugene Martonelli, P. O. (superior); Rev. F. Anselmi, Lomas, and Bro. John; from St. Saviour's Bradbury, Rev. F. Columban, O'Grady, and Bro. Matthew.

Their entrance on their duties on the Sunday, was inaugurated by a solemn High Mass. The late pastor of St. Mungo's, the Rev. Archibald Chisholm, introduced the fathers to the congregation, and read a letter from the bishop, congratulating the parish on the advent among them of those zealous and exemplary religious, and exhorting them to profit by their labors and example. After the gospel, the Very Rev. F. Paoli provincial of the order, ascended the pulpit and preached a most interesting sermon, in the course of which he expressed for himself and companions, the great consolation and delight which it afforded them to find themselves established amongst them on that day. Their mission, he said, as indeed, that of all pastors of souls, was the same as that of the Supreme Pastor, Jesus Christ, who was the master and model of every Catholic priest.—It was a mission of compassion, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice; and, he declared, the Passionists would endeavour, to the utmost of their power, to perform their duties in accordance with this divine example.

Besides the members of the new community there were present the Very Rev. P. Provincial, who preached the opening sermon, and the Very Rev. P. Bernard.

I remain dear Sir, your truly,  
A GLASGOW CATHOLIC.

\* Father Ignatius died of disease of the heart. A monumental cross has been erected by Robert Monteith, Esq., at Carstairs, on the spot where this holy man breathed his last, and the place continues to be visited by a great many pilgrims.

APPALLING MURDERS IN ENGLAND.—A most cruel murder has been committed in a coffee-house in Red Lion street, Holborn, London. On Monday evening a man took three children to the coffee-house, and asked if they could have a bed. He said they were going to Australia, and wanted accommodation for a night or two. A bed was found for the children, who next morning were down stairs by six o'clock. At eight o'clock the man returned and breakfasted with them. At one o'clock he gave them dinner, and in the evening they had tea. He then offered to put them to bed himself, and that night they went to sleep, the younger children in one room and the eldest in another. About 9 o'clock in the evening the man returned and asked for a candle, as he wished to go up and see the children. A candle was then handed to him, and he proceeded up stairs, where he remained for a short time, and then came down and went away. On Wednesday morning, as the children did not come down stairs, a chambermaid went to their rooms, and found them dead.—They had evidently been suffocated. On inquiries being made, their father was found. He and his wife are separated, and it is supposed that the murderer is the man with whom his wife has been living. The murderer, after committing the deed above related, proceeded to Ramsgate, and there killed his wife and daughter, from whom he had been parted for several years. On being questioned as to his motive, the murderer replied: 'I can tell you this, Mr. Ellis, she (his wife) is relieved from all trouble and care. I have done an act of charity.'—Mr. Ellis remarked, 'What! after committing a double murder?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and I can tell you that she has less to bear now, for I shall be under sentence of death when I get back to London.' William Forward, the monster accused of these terrible crimes, has for some years made his living as a billiard sharper, under the name of Southey. He had been separated from his wife for some time, and had been leading a disreputable life, maintaining all the time an illicit intercourse with a married woman named White. They were her three children he took to the Holborn coffee-house and poisoned, and it is said that he himself was the father of them.

PROTESTANT CLERICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—High Church and Low Church have, of course, their especial advertising organs and their especial advertising phraseology. The Record is copious in scriptural language, the Guardian savours distantly of the rubric; but the moral of both is the same. High Church and Low Church are to be recognised in their advertisements, as in their sermons or their dress. When you hear a long discourse in the tone and with the illustrations of the lecture room, or a psychological study of one of the patriarchs, you know that the preacher is evangelical. And when you see no sign of linen but a Roman collar, and its wearer walking in an attitude like that of a Gothic statue, you are equally certain of the presence of the most developed Tractarianism. True, there are more shades of High than Low, and it is a far cry of Brother Ignatius from the moderate man who accepts the Prayer Book as his guide. The Low seem more consistent with themselves. The children of light are in their generation wiser than the children of this world. They know how to make themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, while protesting the most loudly against any connection with that other establishment. But though this may be the lesson we learn from the hard bargains that are often driven by them, there are luckily many tokens of real charity and benevolence among them. It is all very well to laugh at a summons to the 'men and women of Israel' to help in building a church, but we may be sure the help is given by those who come up to St. Paul's definition of a Jew. And though the phrase of 'poor pious clergymen' would hardly commend itself to a lover of style, yet there are many clergymen who unite those characteristics, and will be glad of the annuities promised. The two phrases we have just quoted of course come from the Record. We know of men who invest in that paper as a comic speculation, and look out for samples of big try or ignorance as regularly as they turn to Punch for Tennyel's picture. Strangely enough, they generally overlook the advertising columns, though with very little trouble these columns might yield far greater amusement than the editor's intolerance or the bigotry of his correspondents. But the advertisements of any class if men are always instructive. They are the means by which member addresses member, to recommend him something, or to spare him something, or to relieve him of something; and he uses the language of membership. When he speaks to the outer world

he puts on some disguise, and softens some of his dearest prejudices, for he is speaking to strangers.—But the class newspaper is his family circle. Every thing he points there will be read in the same spirit as that in which it was written. Not only does this put a man at his ease, but it saves him so many words, which is an important thing in advertising. For instance, a man wants a lodging. He advertises in the Record for 'a part of a house unfurnished,' within a walking distance of a church where the Gospel is preached. London preferred.' Could anything be simpler? Yet how many lines would be needed to convey the same in the Times.—The readers of that worldly paper might have many opinions on the subject of the Gospel. High Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, no churchmen, readers of Colenso, writers in 'Essays and Reviews,' atheists, pantheists, anthropologists, many have houses to let; and what do they know about the Gospel? Even if the advertiser was safe from these, he might fall into the hands of the hordes of the gospel of 'S. G. O.' or that of 'Habibans in Sicco.'—By the course he takes he escapes all these dangers. At the same time there is danger even in this favored city of the pseudo-gospel being introduced. So, at least, we gather from another advertisement, addressed to 'clergymen acquainted with the Roman controversy,' which holds out hopes of the place of clerical superintendent and missionary in the South-West Protestant Institute. And that there may be no doubt of the fervor of those who are entrusted with the care of precious flocks, a demand for a curate is significantly coupled with a statement that 'the names of evangelical referees are preferred to testimonials.' Nor is the work of educating, or the true spirit in which education must be conducted, in danger of neglect. In the same columns a clergyman who has been engaged for many years in preparing youths for the universities, professions, or public schools, and whose labors have been greatly blessed to the good of those committed to him, offers his tutorial services. His experience enables him to guarantee a well-laid foundation, without which there can be no solid scholarship in the future. The course of study embraces, not only classics and mathematics, but the general literature, and those accomplishments which are consistent with Christian character. No doubt the readers of the Record know what these accomplishments are. We are quite in ignorance of their limitations. Dancing of course is excluded from the list, though David danced, and the daughter of Herodias; and both of them if not Christians, were scriptural characters. But we confess that we should not like to have an evangelical clergyman giving instructions to a dancing class of future curates and their wives, or declaring that his labors had been greatly blessed by more than one 'solid' engagement during the Lenters. Perhaps music is a Christian accomplishment so far as regards hymn tune, but drawing is doubtful.—Might it not lead to paintings in churches, to Polish images and adoration? These are serious inquiries.

THE QUAKER AND THE JUDGE.—Upon the jury entering the box at the Liverpool assizes on Monday morning one of the number, who gave his name as Josiah Oarson, and was a member of the Society of Friends, kept on his hat. Mr. Baron Bramwell, observing it requested him to uncover. The jurymen.—'Conscience compels me to keep it on.' The Judge.—'Conscience no more compels you to keep your hat on than it does your shoes. You must have respect for others. I will fine you 10l. if you don't take off your hat.' The jurymen.—'It is a reverence for the Almighty which compels me to keep it on.' The Judge.—'Don't be nonsensical.—Your reason is discreditable to common sense.' The jurymen still refusing to uncover, the Judge said,—'I warn you that I will fine you 10l. if you do not take off your hat.' The jurymen.—'I cannot do so.' The Judge.—'Then I fine you 10l., and leave the box. Any person with such nonsense in his head is not fit to sit upon a jury.' The jurymen having left the court, the Judge said.—'I shall call upon him again to-morrow, and if he still persists in his nonsense I shall fine him again.'—Express.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph have unanimously accepted the offer of the Telegraph Construction Company; to manufacture and lay down a new cable and complete the present one so as to have perfect cables between Ireland and Newfoundland next summer. The manufacture of the new cable has commenced and the work is being done with the utmost care. Capt. Jas. Anderson received an offer from the Telegraph Construction Company for the Great Eastern for five years in laying cables and accepted of it.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.—It is understood that the directors of the North British Railway, with which the Edinburgh and Glasgow Company has just been amalgamated, have resolved to run Sunday trains on the line between the two principal cities of Scotland, between which all Railway communication on the first day of the week has hitherto been debarred. There will be a fast train in connexion with the night express trains between Edinburgh and London, in addition to one Parliamentary train each way morning and evening. In the old Edinburgh and Glasgow Company the great bulk of the shares were held by the Sabbatarian party, but through the amalgamation the balance turns completely the other way, and the inhabitants of the district will now possess the open communication on Sunday which has been so long desired by many of them.

The report that Mr. Bright is to visit America on official invitation, is pronounced to be without foundation.

THE HARVEST.—The Mark Lane Express says:—The new samples of wheat that have hitherto appeared do not favor the impression that we have either a good yield or quality. Quotations to-day ranged from 37s to 48s. Foreign accounts too much agreed with our own as to defective and injured crops to give much expectation of a return of very low prices. France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, some parts of Russia and Southern Europe all say the same, and prices have generally risen.

The master and fellows of Balliol College Oxford, have decided on the admission of Catholic undergraduates who will be exempted from attending service in the college chapel and other religious exercises required in case of Protestant students.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The fête at Portsmouth, in honour of the French fleet, progressed in the most splendid manner, and concluded on the 23d inst. The weather throughout was excellent. Banquets, reviews, balls and illuminations followed one after the other, and all were alike brilliant and successful. The reception accorded to the French officers by the English people was exceedingly warm and enthusiastic.

UNITED STATES.

A recent visitor to Lloyd's hotel at Surrattsville said he 'beporal' while a timber stood, the house would be the memorial of the martyr of America.' He did not refer to President Lincoln, but to Mrs. Surratt.

WHAT 'LIBERTY' IS DOING FOR THE NEGRO.—The negroes who congregated in such hot haste in Salma immediately after Wilson's raid, and who for a short time were so jubilant over their freedom, are now dying like sheep with the rot, inasmuch that scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of several that have shuffled off this mortal coil. We know not how to account for this fearful mortality except it be referable to their irregular habits, bad lodgings, unwholesome food, and want of medical attendance. What is to become of this unfortunate race is a perplexing problem, an insoluble mystery. They are without guardians, and their inability to take care of themselves involves their probable extinction ere the lapse of a century.—Selma (Ala.) Mirror, Aug. 13th.

A telegram from San Francisco announces that the telegraph is now completed 370 miles northward from New Westminster, British Columbia.