

The Education Question.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Mr. G. A. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, is about to visit the Lord Palmerston, at the Palace, Army, to meet Mr. Walpole, who is at present a member of the House of Commons. This is an error; Mr. Walpole is not a member of the House of Commons, but a member of the House of Lords. The Secretary of the Treasury is not expected to visit Mr. Palmerston. Mr. Walpole's visit is a matter of course, and is not expected to be of any importance. The Secretary of the Treasury is not expected to visit Mr. Palmerston. Mr. Walpole's visit is a matter of course, and is not expected to be of any importance. The Secretary of the Treasury is not expected to visit Mr. Palmerston. Mr. Walpole's visit is a matter of course, and is not expected to be of any importance.

Lady Bury and suite at its head, and the third rapidly being filled up. By her last trip the Pacific, exclusive of her baggage, brought her owner three thousand pounds for passage money; a packet of an inferior class produced two thousand; and, as a natural consequence of this prosperity of the sea service, the Midland Railway Company are rubbing their hands over increased traffic returns, and the prospect of a brilliant future.—*Tablet*.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN IRELAND AND AUSTRALIA.—The *Cork Reporter* says:—Upon Tuesday the committee of merchants met at their room, Commercial Buildings, to consider the project of a line of steamships between London and Australia via Panama, which would make Queenstown their final port of departure. Messrs. Fagan and Beamish dwelt with much force upon the certain benefits which the establishment of such a means of communication would confer upon this locality. As this was merely a preliminary meeting, all that could be done was to sign a memorial expressive of the anxiety of the committee of merchants to forward the line by every means in their power, and to adopt a resolution requesting the mayor to convene a general assemblage of the mercantile interest of Cork to discuss and assist the scheme, should it be found worthy of support. His worship readily acquiesced with the desire enunciated, and the general meeting will be called on an early day next week. What we have now to inquire is what kind of co-operation is sought from our merchants, and what liability are they required to assume. The company is limited; the capital is fixed at £325,000, composed of 65,000 shares of £5 each.

THE IRISH BANK RETURNS.—The last returns of the Irish banks of issue exhibit an increase in the circulation of £259,835. In the coin held there is an increase from £2,391,694 to £2,322,558. The expansion in the circulation extends to every one of the banks, and the increase in the stock of gold is spread over all, with the exception of the Provincial and Northern Banks, in each of which there is a slight diminution. The increase in the circulation is about the same as it usually is at this period of the year.—In 1857 the September returns showed an augmentation of £272,000, and in 1856 the increase was £254,000.

THE HARVEST.—Prospects are in the highest degree exhilarating. In the province of Ulster the potato disease is much less virulent than it has been, and the sound portions of the crop are equal to the best quality of potatoes before the disease showed itself.

General Wyndham has given £100 towards the improvement of the town of Ennis, out of which the commissioners are to erect public pumps.

THE CARDINAL'S ANCESTOR.—On the 27th June 1634, William Wiseman, Esq., the immediate ancestor of the Cardinal, was returned member for Bandon Bridge, County of Cork.

FLOODS IN KERRY.—Instead of £3000, we regret to find that the damage inflicted by the late floods will cost this county about £7000. Now, we do not think that the present generation should be left to bear the whole weight of this great calamity with which it has pleased God to visit us, grievously enhancing as that would the incumbrance of the county cess and overburdened peasantry. We think that immediate steps should be taken to procure a loan from the Board of Public Works, the instalments in repayment of which should be spread over the next twenty years. The honorable manner in which the county of Kerry has fulfilled its engagements heretofore is a sufficient guarantee that those instalments will be met with scrupulous punctuality.—*Tralee Chronicle*.

CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY TO ABDUCT.—Mr. John Carden, of Barnane, is again in trouble. At Kingstown Police-office this day a young and respectably dressed woman, named Maria Douglas, otherwise Keating, was placed in dock to answer an offence set forth in the following terms in the charge sheet:—"Maria Douglas, for conspiring with John Carden and others, and endeavouring to accomplish the abduction of a lady at present residing at Lord Gough's palace, St. Helen's, she having called at the gate lodge and made particular inquiry relating to the lady in question, and then and there held out a bribe to Lord Gough's gatekeeper, should she give assistance in accomplishing the object sought." The lady in question is Miss Ellen Arbutnot, whose attempted abduction by Mr. John Carden six years ago must be still in the recollection of the public. Mr. John E. Walsh, Q. C., appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Rolleston, Q. C., for Mr. Carden; and Mr. Curran for the prisoner. Mr. Walsh called upon the magistrate to take recognition both from the woman and Mr. Carden to keep the peace towards Miss Arbutnot. After a lengthy discussion between counsel, the magistrate read the sworn information of Miss Arbutnot, in which, after referring to the events of her previous persecution by Mr. Carden in 1852, and his subsequent conviction and imprisonment, she deposed as follows:—"After the expiration of this imprisonment, the same John Carden recommenced the same system of annoyance towards me incessantly, following my movements wherever I went, inasmuch that I could not even visit the private residence of my friends without his locating himself immediately in the neighbourhood, and obtruding himself on me when walking or riding. He did not, however, on these occasions, venture to address me, or write to me or my friends, until later, when I was on a visit at Eldersley, in the county of Surry; but while I was there, as I was riding one day in company with my brother, William Arbutnot, Mr. Carden suddenly rode up from behind and commenced addressing me in an excited manner by name. My brother thereupon interfered, and compelled Mr. Carden to retire. On the same evening Mr. Carden wrote a most insulting letter on the subject of this meeting to my brother William. Just at the same time Mr. Carden addressed a letter to Mrs. Arbutnot, my sister-in-law, residing at Cowarth, near Staines, with the object of procuring an interview to press his suit to me. The letter was, however, returned to Mr. Carden, who, however, forwarded it again, with an additional note to which I also refer, marked with the letter C. I further say that it was my intention to reside shortly with my brother-in-law, the aforesaid Hon. George Gough, at Loughcooter, in the county of Galway, which is in a lonely and retired part of the country; and I have been credibly informed that the said John Carden within a short time said that I was returning to the neighbourhood of Clonmel, where I should be surrounded by friends, and he had no chance, but that when I should be at Loughcooter he would have good opportunities of carrying out his views. I have been informed a woman employed by him has been arrested, and from his previous conduct towards me, and his objects with regard to me, after he was well aware, notwithstanding his pretences to the contrary, that I will never consent to see or have any intercourse whatever with him, I swear that I am apprehensive that he will, should occasion offer, again commit serious violence to me, and that I am in danger from him, and that I positively swear that I entertain the greatest aversion to the said John Carden, and I have never given any encouragement to justify his addresses to me, either directly or indirectly." After a lengthy argument, Mr. Porter, the magistrate, said there could be no question with regard to the merits of the case, but he wished to take time to consider the question as to the extent of his jurisdiction. He proposed, therefore, to postpone the further hearing of the case until Wednesday. Mr. Carden applied that the case should be adjourned until Monday, on the ground that a brother of Miss Arbutnot and his wife, who were now staying at Barnane, were material witnesses on his behalf, but could not attend before that date. Mr. Walsh said, that the brother referred to was in exile from his family and a pensioner of Mr. Carden's. The case was then adjourned until Monday next. Subsequently, upon entering upon her own recognizances to appear when called on, Maria Keating was discharged from custody.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY.—The present semi-official article or manifesto published in the *Downshire Protestant* has been rather roughly handled by the non-Orange Protestant journals of Belfast. The *Northern Whig* treats the threat of maintaining the confederacy at all hazards with bitter contempt, and insists that any Government possessed of common firmness could "trample out the life of Orangism with its heel."—"We have no reason to think that Lord Derby has any will or desire to see the end of the Orange Society. He may yet have his uses for it. 'If I have fallen into a pit,' says the philosopher of Malmesbury, 'and the Devil should happen to pass by, I may lawfully lay hold of his hoof to help me out.' Lord Derby may yet have some bad work to do in Ireland, and may desire to preserve the Orangemen as the most suitable tools for his purpose. But, as to the power—either Lord Derby's Government or any other Government that may come after has the power to trample out the life of Orangism with its heel. It has nothing more to do than to declare Orangism criminal, and make it penal. Should a day's reluctance to dissolve occur—there is then the very simple process to go through of convicting the grand masters of the lodges and transporting them beyond seas, and Orangism is extinguished for ever, and even the *Downshire Protestant* will, in despair, give up the ghost."

The *Belfast Mercury* is scarcely less merciless. It says:—"Now, we have no fancy for arguing with people who live and think like snails in a shell—who fancy that, like the fly on the chariot wheel, they are essential to the world's locomotion. It is hard to disabuse such minds of their own local self-importance. They imagine that because they can influence a local election, manipulate an intrigue about parish officers, do certain things that appertain to county work, and even bring, in a county like Down, an overwhelming influence to bear on the election of Parliamentary representatives—they imagine that, because they can do all these things, they are really a power in the State, and that the united empire is boistering its head about the best means of conciliating their good will and purchasing their support."

CATTLE VERSUS MEN.—We have taken particular pains to fix attention on the rapid decline in the price of cattle that has taken place lately. In our last we pointed out one of the causes that helped to bring down the market—namely, a surplus of the article. To-day we take leave to affirm, that unless the landlords and speculators in large farms do not retrace their steps speedily, their case will be worse before the winter passes. They have now on hands, according to the statistics supplied by Mr. Donnelly, live stock to the number of 9,162,908. They have succeeded in changing the nature of the census. We used to boast a population of nine millions. We have now that number of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, valued at £34,276,175 sterling. This is regarded by the agricultural dinner orators as one of the greatest signs of national prosperity that ever before was seen or dreamed of. The spurning of the peasantry, and the substitution of cattle in their room, is not what we would term a sign of well-doing. However, there are others who regard it from a different point of view. The arable and improvable acres of Ireland are computed at 17,025,280. Of these we have got under cereal crops—that is, under wheat, oats, barley, bere, and rye, beans and peas—2,748,401 acres. Does this show agricultural prosperity? We are inclined to think that it proves to a demonstration the absolute decline of the country. Let it be remembered that out of seventeen millions of arable acres we have only two and a half under food for the people—green crops excepted. How, then, can any one have the hardihood to stand up and tell the people that their affairs are in a flourishing condition? The truth is, there are not enough of hands in Ireland at this hour to cultivate the land properly; and yet they are daily becoming less. All the small farmers are nearly banished. The exterminators are not yet satisfied with their handiwork, and we every day hear of more evictions. The English and Scotch speculators have not the money, and the large proprietors have not the heart, to employ sufficient hands for agricultural purposes. To cultivate the seventeen millions acres one million laborers would be required, allowing six for every hundred acres. Capital and machinery can do much on a farm, but without the strong arm and horny hand of the laborer they are of no avail. Now, will it be asserted, that at the present time, even two men to the hundred acres are employed in agriculture in Ireland?—We should like much to hear from some of our eloquent contemporaries on this subject. They tell us that we are in a prosperous condition, and that we have an improved system of farming at last. *Cui bono*? we ask. In 1835 the Irish laborers numbered 1,131,715. Have we that number now? We rather think not. But we have the amount eight-fold in brute property. Is this a sign of prosperity? A decrease in people and an increase in cattle is surely not an index of national strength and affluence; yet we are told that we are greatly improved within the last twenty years! Our chief men, aided by a corrupt House of Commons, have laboured successfully in improving the breed of cattle and growing swine, according to the most improved rules of bestial gluttony, but they have also succeeded in dwarfing down to the lowest point of deterioration the peasant population. Hopeless degeneracy is the word to be applied to the people, while rapid improvement is the qualifier for the live stock of the country. And, alas! that we should write it, Irishmen of standing, both in Church and State, are found among the euilisers of this system of national degradation.—We omit here to refer to the weakness this course of action has entailed on the army of Great Britain.—Should the French effect a landing on our coast while the sheep and oxen outnumber by the million the population, it would require no prophet to tell the consequences. The hiring shepherds would hardly risk life and limb in guarding from marauders their flocks. We would say, then, to the advocates of pigs and bullocks, would it not be well to pause, even now, and consider, before going further into experiments,—what are the means by which the greatest number, not of cattle, but of men, can derive a comfortable subsistence from the produce of the soil?—*Mayo Telegraph*.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A Parliamentary return, moved for last session, shows that in the year ending March 1857, the sum of £1,344 5s. 3d. was allowed as drawback on the paper used in the printing of Prayer-books, and in the year ending last March £2,007 13s. 4d. We should be glad to know why episcopals should be thus favoured with a fiscal exemption in the printing of their devotional formularies, while Catholic and Dissenters have to pay the full duty on their hymn-books and other devotional works. There is miserable meanness in a system which levies taxes on hostile denominations, and at the same time claims immunity from exactions to which they are liable. But it is "all of a piece."—*Liberator*.

It is understood that Government are seriously entertaining the question of laying a cable from our shores to Gibraltar, in one stretch, a distance of 1,000 nautical miles, and thence to Malta, there to join the existing Malta-Corfu line.—*Observer*.

Our Naval Intelligence recently stated that 12 fine screw ships were in progress of construction, of which six mounted each 100 guns and upwards, and the announcement also made that 5,000 Marines were to be added to the forces will be received with satisfaction throughout the country. We can hardly have too many of these invaluable troops. The opinion of the public on such points is now fairly settled. We have not an idea of aggression, and we have a strong aversion to war. We are anxious to be at peace with all the world, and all the world ought to know it; but we have seen enough in the last ten years to teach us that the perfectibility of human nature is still very far distant, that wars may still

come, and that we ought to be well prepared for them. How far our national defenses are really efficient we would still, after ten years' ventilation of the subject, be perhaps hard to say.—*Times*.

The great anti-confessional demonstration advertised to come off at St. James's Hall on the 15th is likely to prove a failure, as the committee of visitors have not as yet been able to get any person of standing or influence to promise to take the chair.—Lord John Russell, upon whom Mr. Churchwarden Westerton had set his heart as the model president, has positively declined (as I fancied he would) to have anything to do with the matter; and even poor Lord Cadogan, whose co-operation was relied upon as a matter of course, has declared off. Lord John Russell alleges as his excuse that the prior engagement to deliver the inaugural address and attend the Congress of the Social Science Association at Liverpool next week will prevent him from tumbling on the anti-confessional platform. This, however, is but a lame apology, as the Social Science Congress will conclude its labours on this day week, and the "great Protestant demonstration" is not to come off until the Monday following. The fact is, not that the noble author of the Durham Letter has prior engagements, but that he cannot afford to damage his reputation with the Liberal party by turning Mawworm to please Mr. Churchwarden Westerton and his friends. The Earl of Shaftesbury, even, has declined to take the chair; so you may suppose the "demonstration" is at a pretty discount. Indeed, I should not be surprised, when the day comes, to see Mr. Churchwarden Westerton himself in the chair.—This will be a fine sight, and I may be pardoned in sharing in the inspiration of the poet, and expressing the hope that I may be there to see it.—*Correspondent of Freeman*.

We desire to put everybody in mind of the actual position of the Established Church in the Empire. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Colonists, and Dependents are governed by King or Queen, Lords, and Commons. Of these three concurrent parties the King or Queen alone is Protestant. The others have essentially no religious character whatever. The Commons, in so far as they represent the People, have certainly a strong bias in favour of Protestantism, but, day by day, they are losing their affection and allegiance for the Established Church. This Establishment, as an institution recognised by the law—as a privileged and endowed body—has geographical limits which are by no means coextensive with those of the Empire. The Establishment as an Establishment is limited to England and Ireland. It has no standing in Scotland, in India, and the Colonies. Neither has it any claim upon the revenues raised by taxation, whether national, provincial, or parochial, even in England or Ireland, except for services rendered and paid for by special contract. The endowments transferred from the Catholic Church to the Establishment are no reasons for the demand of better pay for such services out of the taxes of the country. A claim on the part of the country, founded on these endowments, might indeed be put forward to the effect that the Clergy of the Establishment should be paid less than the Clergy of any other Confession for services rendered the country, but none that they should be paid more. Such inequality as exists between the Establishment and the Catholic Church, or any other denomination of Christians, or between it and Jews, Mussulmans, or Pagans, is defined by law very much to the advantage of the Establishment, and as very many think, very little to the advantage of the country. The Protestant Establishment is endowed in England and Ireland; and, besides this, the King or Queen must logg to that communion, and so must certain great officers of state; but there the law stops; and amongst the endowments it has conferred on the Establishment, no exclusive charge on any of the revenues raised by authority of Parliament is included.—*Tablet*.

The recent disclosures about fortune-telling and kindred practices have given people the opportunity of expressing their astonishment at the ignorance and superstition of the present day. It was supposed that the prevalence of useful knowledge and the general diffusion of science had banished from the repertory of rogues, these and the like contrivances for extorting money, and that nobody could be found in London so weak and credulous as to invest a fortune in the pursuit of that knowledge which professes to be conversant only with the future. We have made another mistake, and Lord Brougham will not survive the superstition which he, another Hercules, intended to destroy for ever. The melancholy part of the story is, that instructed or educated people have been discovered in the melancholy position of magicians and dupes. They had conspired together to influence the drawing of a lottery, and, by certain incantations, procure for themselves an unfair advantage over their colleagues in the game of chance. It was most unfair, for those who bought tickets calculated only on the average risk to be run, and never dreamed that men of good education would enlist the Devil in their service, and disturb the hazard of the play by incantations, evocations, and charms.—Prussia is the brain of Germany according to Mr. Cobden, and it was from Prussia these magicians came to London. The fact is significant, and tells us a little of the course of modern science and the more recent development of the human mind. In England we are but a practical people, and hold theories in great contempt till we see them reduced to practice. We borrow all our philosophy and polite letters from our Continental neighbors, thereby avoiding the trouble of invention and the risks of failure. Prussia is a country where education is most appreciated, where everybody must learn something, and help, in his measure, towards the diffusion of useful knowledge; but it is out of Prussia that the most adroit sorcerer arrives in England, as well as his most successful dupe or victim. Learning, then, becomes no guarantee against superstition, and an enlightened Prussian, who, perhaps, denied the existence of the Devil, invokes his assistance in a lottery speculation, and reconciles his good-will by throwing dirt upon the Bible. In this there is nothing very new, original, or marvellous. The Prussian sorcerer has perhaps commenced his speculations a little too soon, that is all; the public mind is ripening for this consummation. People have been educated out of every religious sense and instinct; the supernatural principle has been so ostentatiously denied and so elaborately refuted, that there is no resource left us but in a return to magical arts, to the black art of the astrologer and the midnight evocations of an old woman. This is absolutely inevitable; learning and science are utterly impotent in the matter, and the more they are diffused the greater will be the spread of this old delusion.—Messmer and Gagliostro profited by the declension of the last century, and men and women believed in them who had long ago given up the Creed and the practice of the Christian religion. Table-turning and spirit-rapping have found literary or learned persons among their most salient votaries and most earnest defenders. Degradation offers no security against superstition, or degradation even, for it is powerless before the deeper instincts of the human mind, which craves incessantly for something still to come. The end of all philosophy is this: it is but the precursor of magic; it carries within itself the seeds of ignorance and vice, and in due time ends in mere fatuity. It happened thus with the old philosophy of Greece. After its professors had eliminated from the minds of their hearers the elementary notions of virtue and of God, they fell down in abject terror before the first mountebank they met, invoked spirits in whom they did not believe, and recalled souls which must have become, on their theory, pigs or rats. Before long we shall see a modern Jamblichus evoking little boys out of the Serpentine or the fountains in Trafalgar-square, to the great delight of the spectators, and modern science will have become simply magic. That is the road along which it is travelling. The material speculations on the nature

of man, and the vestiges of creation, are all signs of the same tendency, or evidence of the final catastrophe. Learning, stripped of its real strength cannot live long, and, rather than die, will fall back upon the contrary principle, for if you deprive it of God it will, undoubtedly fall down and worship the Devil. It has always done so. Balaam and Saul are but illustrations of this; they were both strong-minded men, and had discarded much superstition, but they ended in superstition themselves, and perished by it.—*Tablet*.

CARDSHARPERS AND THE ARTFUL DODGER.—From accounts almost daily appearing in the papers about "cardsharps," a stranger would be led to suppose that these detestable swindlers were always successful in their schemes. Such is by no means the case, as I could readily prove. Here is a rather humorous instance of how one "gang" was defeated. A certain celebrated actor, Mr. J. T. Toole, having to appear one evening at Glasgow, was looking about for a seat in the train that started from Edinburgh at mid day. All the seats in the first-class carriages seemed engaged until he approached the end of the train, but even there a plaid was laid upon the only vacant seat, as if a *bona fide* thus silently proclaimed his right of occupancy. The plaid, however, was instantly taken away on Mr. Toole's asking if there was room for one? by a very polite gentleman in green spectacles and white coat. Before starting, the guard pulled his hirsute face in the window, and said in a low voice "Gentlemen beware! there are card-sharpers in the train." Mr. Toole gave a "short-sighted" look at his companions, and silently thanked his stars that fate had cast him among a set of real gentlemen. On arriving at Polmont, the individual who occupied the middle seat suddenly called out, "Well, gentlemen, since the guard spoke of card-sharping, I show you how the game is played." In spite of looks of horror from some, and expressions of disapprobation from all, the plaid was spread, the cards produced and shuffled. I need not run over the various schemes that were tried to get the clever comedian to play the part of dupe. In spite of every inducement he steadily refused to have anything to do with even one "little game." While the train remained stationary, during the time that the tickets were being collected, the afore-mentioned plaid was carefully folded and the cards put away. This was no sooner done than one of the sharpers (for such they were who occupied the compartment, except our friend) smilingly addressed Mr. Toole as follows:—"So you wouldn't join us in a game, sir?" "No," was the reply: "I was not quite such a fool; but (with a merry twinkle of the eye) I have been very much amused, I can assure you." "Indeed," said the first speaker, "very glad to hear it, sir; for we have often been much amused with you." "Could not do the Artful Dodger?" said the man in the white choker. "There was no making a fool of him," said another. "Oh, no! certainly not, by no manner of means, shouted out an impudent scoundrel in the corner, wound up his remarks with a peculiar chuckle and held his finger vertically against the side of his nose. The talented representative of Mr. Hawkins, alias the Artful Dodger, was what is vulgarly termed "flabbergasted." But, in spite of his annoyance, he could not help joining in the shouts of laughter that burst from his companions. It was quite evident that one of their schemes was to occupy every seat in a compartment at starting, unless some likely victim made his appearance. Had they happened to have tricked Mr. Toole, it would have been for them, as Falstaff would say, "Argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." Luckily it failed—so the great little actor told the "sharpers"—from their dreadful bad acting. At the theatre the same evening all Mr. Toole's songs were encored.—In "Oliver Twist" the applause was deafening; the laughter excessive; but poor Toole shuddered as he listened to certain "peals" which he well remembered to have heard rung out, not many hours before, in a first-class railway carriage. The above narrative is strictly true, having been related to with much gusto by the principal actor himself.—*Edinburgh Daily Express*.

SIMONY AND ITS RESULTS IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—It has been matter of surprise to many that the clergy of the Established Church have so little influence with their flocks, and arguments have been employed showing that much of the irreligion, depravity, and crime prevalent amongst the humbler and to some extent amongst the higher classes of society, are attributable to this absence of influence on the part of the ministers of religion belonging to the State Church. On the various causes which must have tended to produce this result it is not our present intention to enter, but there is one which is so frequently obtruded on public attention that we cannot be accused of any invidious purpose when adverting to it in particular—we mean the sale of church livings. The manner in which these sales are announced in the public journals, the George Robins style in which the announcements are drawn up, and the puff direct which is apparent in every line—all these features are calculated to bring the ministers of the state religion as well as the religion itself into disrepute. We scarcely ever cast a glance over the huge advertising sheet issued from Printing House-square without finding some desirable church sinecure offered to the highest bidder in this objectionable form. The attractions of these profitable investments are endless. Sometimes first and occasionally last, by way of climax, we have the income ranging from £600 to £2,000 and upwards per annum. Then comes the personage with its beautiful grounds, a perfect earthly paradise, with a little wilderness in the shape of a shrubbery, in which the worthy successor of St. John may pass the last 40 years of his life on fare somewhat preferable to "locusts and wild honey." With such an income it might naturally be expected that the rector or vicar would have his hands full of parochial duties. No such thing. Advertiser states, by way of enhancing the value of the commodity, that the number of the parishioners is exceedingly small, a hundred or less, and that the "duty is done" by a curate who, in consideration of his numerous family, receives the magnificent sum of £80 per annum, with an occasional cast off suit from the rector, and a dress or two of last year's mode from his good lady. Then again, as a further inducement the rev. incumbent states there are several families of the highest respectability resident in the vicinity of the rectory, to say nothing of half a dozen sprigs of nobility. Now all this would be very well if the spot to be disposed of were an ordinary estate or a mansion, a carriage or a team—but a cure of souls—a Christian flock sold by the auctioneer of the world—these things are supposed to have been committed by his Divine Master—in this surely there is something revolting something which we cannot reconcile with the religion which the God-man descended from heaven to preach and establish. Is it surprising, then that the influence of the clergy that can thus traffic with God's holy things is very slight, and that the religion which they profess to teach has not many faithful and ardent followers? And if the clergy thus forfeit the reverence due to them, need we be at a loss to account for the irreligion prevalent amongst their flocks and the sin and depravity which rage so fearfully in every part of Britain, in Scotland as in England, and in Wales more frightfully than in either? Social science meetings are excellent in their way—the diffusion of knowledge may tend to promote the material prosperity of the land, but whilst those who are supposed to be ordained to preach the Gospel, to practice its precepts, and lead the flocks committed to their keeping to do the same, throw their curses like corn and cotton into the market, expose them for sale by public auction as if they were cattle or any other of the commodities that men buy and sell—increased knowledge will as frequently sharpen the wits of the villain and the vagabond, refine the sensualist, and afford new facilities for crime and guilt, as it will act preventively on the proclivity to wrong-doing, which is inherent in man's fallen nature.—*Dublin Telegraph*.