

GUY FAWKES' DAY.—On the 5th instant the boys of the metropolis, encouraged by the fineness of the weather, indulged themselves in carrying about the streets a somewhat larger number of representations of the great conspirator than have been visible of late years...

THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.—The Rev. Dr. Wolff, in lecturing a few days ago at the Teutonic Hall, Lime Street, Liverpool, on the churches in the east, caused much amusement, while at the same time eliciting very marked applause...

THE MISSING CLERGYMAN FOUND.—The Rev. Mr. Farmer, curate of the parish of Hardwicke, in the county of Gloucester, who mysteriously disappeared on the night before his intended marriage with the eldest daughter of a wealthy clergyman and magistrate of the same county, has at length been heard of...

THE MORMONS MOBBED.—For the last fortnight two "elders" of this sect have been delivering nightly lectures at Gloucester, and on one occasion, a few nights ago, the lecturer having chosen for his theme that favorite doctrine among the Mormons—polygamy—he was mobbed and ejected from the building...

The Catholic Institute Magazine, gives the following statistics under the caption "Church going in Liverpool?"—"The Protestants, with church accommodation for 63,009 people, gather in to worship 44,342 souls out of their total of 158,855. That is to say, they collect at all their services put together about two thirds of the number which their churches would hold at one time...

BAPTISMS IN ENGLAND.—SPONSORS FOR HALF-A-CROWN!—A few weeks since, the Times had an article in which it made the occasion of noticing Lord Stanley's Tipperary speech an opportunity for a very patronising sort of notice of the Irish. In this we were generously informed; that, on the whole, we were not quite so bad but that it was possible to make something of us; that when most of the Celts were exterminated, the remainder would improve; that when the majority of the Catholics had been starved, the survivors would learn to save their souls, and that when many farms were turned into sheep-walks, the Irish tenantry would be—as Mr. John Ennis said of the Connaught oxen—"a very useful set of people."

IRISH EMIGRANT AID SOCIETY.—A large number of Irishmen held a meeting on Monday evening, at Liberty-hall, Newark, N.J., to organize an "Irish Emigrant Aid Society." Patrick Keiley was appointed chairman, and called upon a Capt. Butler of New York, who was present, to state the object of the association, which announced that Ireland's opportunity to make an attempt at freedom had arrived, and he called upon all true Irishmen to prepare themselves to resist British oppression and tyranny.

to make an attempt at freedom had arrived, and he called upon all true Irishmen to prepare themselves to resist British oppression and tyranny. The association it appears, has been organized but three months, and already numbers many members; in New York alone numbering three thousand, and in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the adjacent places, rapidly augmenting in strength. The society was divided into two classes, civic and military. The first was composed of men with families dependent upon them, and the rest of young men who were anxious and ready to take an active part in the struggle of Ireland for liberty.

EXCELLENT ADVICE TO THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES.—We are very sorry to say that every hour furnishes conclusive evidence that the foxes are not all dead yet, and that here and there a goose survives in all the glory of pristine verandcy. Let those who doubt the truth of our assertion read the astounding proclamations which sundry Irish patriots are emitting in various parts of the country. The history of every past effort to secure the independence of Ireland, has been a history of weakness and of folly, of extravagance in plan, of feebleness in execution, of blood and bravery worse than wasted, of frantic and inconsiderate efforts, ending in complete failure. There was, we admit, in the self sacrificing struggle of Fitzgerald, of Emmett and other unfortunate Irishmen, something which touches the heart and awakens sympathy for the untimely fate of deluded but earnest men. The wrongs under which their country was bending were unquestionable, and while they grievously mistook her power to throw off the load, they attested by the surrender of life and of fortune, the sincerity of their patriotism. They have gone to their account, and in their place we have a class of windy and wordy men, who mistake talk for action, and who are seeking for their own purposes to stimulate an outbreak which can bring only shame and suffering upon Ireland.

There is a statute in Indiana which prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the Courts. The disability, which has been often complained of for injustice, just now gives the proscribed class the monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State. As they cannot be made witnesses, the liquor dealers are not afraid to sell to them, and they are generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller and consumer of the prohibited article. The moral teachings of Hiss, while a member of the K. N. committee in search of a female vice, are well remembered by our readers. It will also be remembered that on the return of the committee from the nunnery, the vote was taken on the liquor law, and one of the members who voted for that law visited the same night several dens of prostitution in Boston, where he got drunk, was robbed, and finally lodged in the watch house. The Boston papers now chronicle the fact that another of the party, who is now in office, and a candidate for a still higher one, has been guilty of seducing two young ladies of Boston, under promise of marriage. One of these he has succeeded in keeping quiet by a large allowance from his salary but as it is known to both fair ones that he was "courting two at a time," both cases have been made public. The man voted for an act punishing unfortunate street walkers with five years' imprisonment. How many years ought he to get?—New Haven Register.

DANISH SOUND DUES.—The Washington Union has an editorial article on this subject, in which it makes use of the following language:—"We have noticed some traces of apprehension that the pending controversy between the United States and Denmark may act prejudicially upon our relations with Great Britain. This we know to be a mistake. There is no difference of opinion between the two Governments on the subject." The Union goes on to say that public opinion in Great Britain refuses to sanction the effort of Denmark to make the Sound Dues a political question, and that the proposed capitalization scheme is regarded as equally absurd.—National Intelligencer.

A STRONG-MINDED (AND FISTED) WOMAN.—The Boston Times says that a few days since, a married gentleman started for New York to transact business, but instead of taking his legal better half, there was "something else" of the feminine gender who accompanied him. By chance the circumstances came to the knowledge of the injured wife, and she telegraphed to a friend in the great Metropolis to find out, if possible, the day on which her liege lord would return, and the route by which he would come with his temporary companion. As luck would have it, this friend hit the nail on the head, and last evening, at the Worcester depot, a scene occurred that was somewhat out of the regular order consequent upon the arrival of the Express train from New York. The lawful "missus" met the guilty pair, and immediately assaulted the female, who gave her hair a severe pulling, and nearly demolished a love of a bonnet, the remnants of which are in the hands of officer Cook, at the Depot. The husband, undertaking to prevent this emuete, received an awful black eye from his loving partner, who marched him off to his home, we suppose.

A "MAINE LAW" HERO.—The Reverend Philip Weaver City Marshall of Bangor—who is described as "an intensified Maine Law character enjoying the confidence of Neal Dow, and other celebrities," and as holding "high offices in Temperance organisations in the State"—is reported as having absconded, and as being, when last heard of, on his way to Montreal. He will if he arrives here safe prove an important and invaluable auxiliary to our evangelical Reformers of Canada, amongst whom he will be sure to find many kindred spirits. An American journal furnishes some interesting particulars of the life and conversation of this eminent Protestant Saint:—

WEAVER, AND WHAT HE WOVE.—The good people of Bangor are in a bereaved condition. The reverend and respected Mr. Weaver, a gentleman holding four municipal offices, and incumbent of sundry other places of dignity and emolument has stepped, in a style of great celebrity, into terra incognita. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the reverend Weaver has absconded. He was City Marshal, Generalissimo of the Grand Order of United Watchmen, and member of various learned, religious, benevolent, reformatory, and detective societies; but all these ties could not restrain him—he has stepped. Possibly he was prevailed upon to disappear by a fear of meeting with a fate similar to that of his illustrious namesake "in good old colony times," who was, our musical readers will remember, hung in his own yarn. Not that Mr. Weaver was guilty of any killing, save that of the liquor of which he was the official custodian. That however, it now appears, he was very severe upon. He not only punished the seller, but in a cellar he also punished the liquor, which in the eyes of the Bangoreau burghers was a very high offence committed in a very low place. Weaver was the Caesar of liquors for that city, with a difference, true, he conquered them, but they in the end conquered him. Like a faithful officer he committed them to his own stomach; but unfortunately they went to a place from which there could be no return. He destroyed them and now they have destroyed him. They ran first and he ran afterwards. It appears that Mr. Weaver, specially commissioned to keep the creature out of other people's throats, could not keep it out of his own. We have all heard of wicked barons, who, seizing upon the most virtuous of their sex, would, in barbarous times, shut them up in gloomy cells, and then visit them with the most insulting offers of marriage. Mr. Weaver, after a grand confiscation of liquors, would place these vessels of wrath in a room prepared for their reception but, at a convenient season (say about 11 o'clock A.M. or 4 o'clock P.M.) he would enter the dungeon, and liberate the choicest of them on condition of their being swallowed. He would throw off the official dignity, the pomp, pride and circumstance, the beadle-majesty, the divinity which hedges a city marshal, and surrounded by his staunch retainers, he would swig the flowing can. "Nunc est bibendum," he would say, suiting the action to the word. No body can tell what jolly go rounds they have had in the Bangor bastille. Old Bishop Corbett, the jolliest of English ecclesiastics, used to descend into his cellar, and exclaiming, as he divested himself—"Lie there, cassock! lie there crozier!" he would bestride a butt of XX with his unepiscopized legs and drink himself into a lolly condition. So we suppose Mr. Weaver, on entering the official tap, would toss his truncheon into one corner, and his commission into another, and proceed to smile with astonishing vigor, surrounded by his merry men. Unfortunately his power of bibation was limited, and some of the liquor was exceedingly poor. Thus double-distilled poison, full enough of nuxvomica to have made Mithridates succumb, the wicked marshal, we regret to say, was in the habit of returning to the weeping and thirsty owner, for a consideration. For five dollars Paddy O'Flaherty could have back his "heart's darlint," his ravished "drap of the craythur," his noggin of cereulean destruction. There was a fixed tariff—bottles paid so much, and demi-johns double. This might have awakened the wrath of the city fathers, but unfortunately Weaver with great prudence put the money into his pocket, and wisely refrained from saying anything about it. It became quite evident that Mr. Weaver was himself in need of a prohibitive law; some of these doings leaked out; Mr. W. was called upon to answer, which he did by departing with velocity. Abii, erupit, evasit,—he cut, ran, stepped. Those who had shared in his festivities, and gathered with him round the social barrel, instead of going off, confessed their goings on, and croaking the hings of their knees, acknowledged the oft-repeated croaking of their elbows.

NEW INVENTION.—A Yankee, down East, has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supersede gas. He covers the interior of a flour-barrel with shoemaker's wax; holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut out and sold in "lots" to suit purchasers.