

A horrible case of suicide occurred here yesterday morning when a gentleman who had been residing for some time past at 15, Kidare-street, shot himself through the head, death ensuing instantaneously. The deceased, a Mr. Hubert F. Hoare, is from the county of Wexford, with many of the leading families of which he is connected. For some time he had been remarked by his friends to be somewhat moody and taciturn, in consequence, as was supposed, of pecuniary embarrassments, which, it was hoped, would prove temporary. It is also stated that he had been complaining of pains in the head for some time. Yesterday morning Mrs. Hoare, his wife, was startled by the report of a firearm which proceeded from the breakfast-room, where she had a few moments before left her husband at the table. On entering the room she was horrified at seeing her husband's body stretched on the floor the head frightfully shattered. The entire roof of the skull was blown off, and scattered about the floor, leaving parts of the brain protruding. It would appear that the pistol had been overcharged, for the barrel was driven off stock by the violence of the explosion. The deceased has left a widow and two children. An inquest will be held.—Times Dublin Correspondent, August 15.

A curious story is told with reference to the recent election for the county Tipperary. The representation was contested by Mr. Moore and Alderman Dillon, of the National Association, who were supported pretty generally by the priests, and Mr. Peter Gill, of Sliellevanun celebrity, and an advanced ultramontane patriot. Mr. Gill's Parliamentary prospects were cut short by being arrested for debt the day after he was nominated; but it would appear as if previous to that he had been attempting 'to bleed' the other candidates, or rather make something profitable on condition that he would save the expense of a contest by retiring. The Nation asserts, in the most emphatic terms—

That Mr. Peter Gill, who contested the representation of Tipperary with Alderman Dillon and Mr. Moore, offered to retire from the contest on being paid 1,500*l.* The precision with which this statement is made is very remarkable, and it appears to the Rev. Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Power, and Mr. Michael O'Connell as the plenipotentiaries who sat to discuss the price to be paid to Mr. Gill. Power offered to give 1,000*l.*, but the plenipotentiary representing Mr. Gill answered by saying—The unalterable sum is 1,500*l.* The three gentlemen named are bound to state whether this is a correct version of what took place on the occasion referred to.—ib.

During the last few days there was an alarm in the province of Ulster that two formidable party demonstrations would take place, the one of Orangemen in Dunganon, and the other, as a counteracting influence, of Fenians in Scarra or Banbridge. Large forces of police were draughted into each town, and whether there had been any real intention of holding them or not neither of the demonstrations took place.—ib.

The sanitary condition of Belfast and the scarcity of pure water continue to excite considerable alarm in that town. On Monday an influential meeting was held, the Mayor presiding, to take these matters into consideration, and after a protracted discussion, in the course of which the state of the town in both respects appeared to be very discouraging, the following resolution was passed:—

That, considering the present sanitary condition of the town, mainly arising from the defect of the water supply, and in view of the results to be apprehended from its continuance, the Water Commissioners and such other public bodies as are concerned in the subject, be requested to take such steps to secure an adequate supply of water, and effect the other arrangements necessary for the health of the town.—ib.

In the course of the discussion Mr. Robert Lindsay stated that 16,000*l.* had been spent last year in sanitary arrangements alone, whereas five or six years ago not more than one-third of that sum was spent annually. Various projects for obtaining a better and larger supply of water were suggested, and among others the sinking of Artesian wells, which seemed to find favour.—ib.

The Court of Criminal Appeal on Tuesday morning gave judgment in the case of Laurence King, convicted at the King's County Assizes of the murder of Lieutenant Cutlerback, of the 5th Fusiliers. The Court, Mr. Justice Hayes dissenting, held that the conviction should be affirmed, as they were of opinion that the averment laying the locus in quo within 500 yards of the boundary of the county was not essential to the validity of the verdict. The Court also gave judgment upholding the conviction of the three parties found guilty at the last Commission for the utterance of forged Post Office money orders. In the case of Laurence King, the technical point raised was, perhaps, as unimportant as could well be imagined, and we cannot see that there was any great principle involved. The prisoner was fairly tried by a jury of his countrymen, and convicted of a horrible crime. It would, therefore, have been a terrible wrong to society if, because a certain averment of no consequence as to a boundary not very well defined, was not stated in the indictment, a murderer should go free. We believe the public will receive the decision with general satisfaction.—Saunders.

Irish Music.—You remember Sir Robert Peel's contemptuous allusion to Irish Music. I have a nut to crack for the 'right honourable' baronet, whose knowledge of Music is, doubtless, equal to his courage—and the O'Donoghue will tell you there is no doubt about that. Meyerbeer, the great Jew composer, a high authority, differed much from Sir Robert in his opinion of the melodies of Ireland. I have not yet heard that famous composer's last great opera, L'Africaine, finished only a few days before his death; but the musical critic of the Athenæum calls attention to the fact that one theme of the opera 'Eh, bien, sois libre,' is simply 'The Minstrel Boy!' And this gentleman also mentions the other startling fact, that the bacchanalian song 'Vorsez' in the same composer's great opera, 'Le Prophète,' is nothing else than the old Irish quick march (or hot-dance tune) popularly known as 'Paddy Oarey.' But there is nothing new in this. The Last Rose of Summer is the backbone, so to say, of Flotow's Martha, the melody running everywhere through the opera; and the composer makes his heroine sing an Italian version of the beautiful song itself. Mozart constantly dragged scraps of Irish melody into his works; and, strange to say, the most effective in one of his famous 'grias' consists of three bars of the Cruiskeen Lawn. Recently, an accomplished English musician startled and amused me by showing me that a song of the composer Hatto (very popular a year or two ago) is the most ingenious blending of three several Irish tunes. I cannot recall the names of the song at this moment. I hear nigger-melodists singing Irish tunes in London streets every day; it is not long since I was shocked to hear a gang of sooty-faced vagabonds singing some beastly rubbish in nigger English to the exquisite tune of 'Love's Young Dream.' The organ-grinders constantly come under my window, torturing some Irish favorite of mine, and greatly distressing me; these unwelcome minstrels reside amongst the poor Irish working classes in London, and from them they pick up those beautiful airs, and arrange their pipes or cylinders accordingly. But, indeed, the Melodies of Ireland are a rich vein of gold from which all the great composers of the world might coin a reputation.—D. H., in the Irishman.

Remembering how small a fraction of cultivated Britain is really farmed up the measure of its light, how small a proportion of the moist land is yet drained, how poor is the average yield of crops compared with that producible by high management, how wretched is the provision for sheltering live stock and conserving manure throughout broad sections of the country, an English farmer should not be hypercritical when visiting this side of the Channel.

He does find huge wastes demanding reclamation, callow lands along the river margins waiting to be dried; rich slobs lying in estuaries to be embanked; but still, Ireland is justly proud of her great works of permanent land improvement. And though the general standard of farm management falls far below what it is in Scotland and England, there are noted districts of good husbandry in all the four provinces of the Emerald Isle, while almost every county has a sufficient number of good examples to gradually leave the whole lump. And the said English visitor, with a keen eye for a weedy crop or a slovenly hedgerow, and a notion that Ireland might well exchange her shamrock for a ragwort, should not forget what Irish agriculture might be with the addition of sundry English advantages. Ireland is already ahead of us in matters of agricultural organization, as witnessed in her elaborate collection of statistics, while we are still depending upon rough estimates of acreage and produce; in her administration of roads, and her regulation of arterial drainage, waterpower, and inland navigation, under one great system of hydraulic engineering, while we have only just got a commission to clear our rivers for the fish; in her great-scale survey of each fence and wall, and contour-leveling of every hillock within her coast-line of cliffs and sands; in her numerous rural schools with instructional farms, correlated to one central agricultural college; in her Dublin Society, founded as early as 1733, with its spring cattle shows and periodical Transactions; and in her multiplied farmers' associations corresponding with each other under the leadership of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland.—Times Cor.

The following from *Saunders's News Letter* appears to be a carefully compiled statement of the harvest prospects in this country:—

The harvest in Ireland this year may be considered, on the whole, a very fair average one. The wheat crop is good, and as far as we have heard, free from blight of any kind. Barley, which has been sown rather more largely than in late years, is also likely to produce a very favourable return. The oat crop is said to be not quite up to that of last year, except upon rich soils. The yield is expected to be good on the whole, but in many parts of the country it will only be an average crop. In all cases the straw will not be so long as that of last year. A scarcity in this article of fodder is, therefore, to be expected. Late sown turnips have failed to a very large extent. The small farmers will suffer much from the almost total failure in many districts of that very luxuriant state, and there is every prospect of a plentiful supply of this most invaluable esculent. The hay harvest is very late in most of the provinces, and consequently very hard to save, from the very variable state of the weather. It is by no means a plentiful crop, and some scarcity is to be apprehended. The corn in almost every part of Ireland is in a ripe state, and if we are favoured with a week or ten days of fine weather the whole could be taken in satisfactorily.

IRISH FLAX LAND.—It appears from a return of agricultural statistics that the extent of land under flax in the province of Ulster was 275,143 acres in 1864, and 233,289 acres in 1865, showing a decrease of 41,854 acres; in the province of Leinster, 7,388 acres were under flax in 1864, and in 1865, 5,892 acres, showing a decrease of 1,496 acres; in the province of Connaught there were 5,832 acres under flax in 1864, and 7,421 acres in 1865, showing a decrease of 1,589 acres; and in the province of Munster, 7,580 acres of land were under flax in 1864, and 4,930 acres in 1865, showing a decrease of 2,650 acres. The total acreage under flax in Ireland in 1864 was 301,633 acres, and in 1865 251,252 acres, showing a decrease of 50,381 acres. The total extent of flax grown in Ireland in the three years ending 1855 was in the aggregate 452,123 acres; in the three years 1856 in the aggregate, 354,789 acres; in the three years ending 1859, in the aggregate 325,649 acres; in the three years ending 1862, in the aggregate 426,922 acres; and in the three years ending 1865, in the aggregate 767,344 acres, showing a very considerable increase in the acreage of the past three years. The second three years above mentioned exhibit a decrease of 97,374 acres, as compared with first; the third three years exhibit a decrease of 29,140 acres as compared with the second three years, but fourth aggregate of three years shows an increase of 100,973 acres over the third aggregate of three years; and the fifth aggregate of three years ending '65 shows an increase over the fourth aggregate of three years of 340,722 acres, which is a very hopeful result of the comparative recent exertions made by influential persons in Ireland to increase the extent of land under flax.

THE EARLIEST IRISH CENSUS RETURNS.—Mr. W. H. Hardinge M.R.I.A. has published from the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy the paper read by him to that body recently on the Earliest Census Returns of the people of Ireland. These valuable MSS. were discovered by him in a box, superscribed 'MSS. of Sir William Petty; Survey of Ireland' and 'other documents relating to Ireland,' in the library collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lansdowne House, Berkeley-square, London; and the able analysis he has made of them in the printed tract before us, shows the importance of entrusting manuscript treasures to persons whose literary skill has been established, and whose accurate and judicious treatment of them may be safely calculated upon. The MSS. so well dealt with by Mr. Hardinge are, a Townland Census of Ireland, the date of which he had no difficulty in fixing as 1659. The returns are arranged geographically in counties, baronies, parishes, and townlands, and in cities, parishes, and streets. They supply the names of the principal occupiers of townlands or streets 'under the Anglo-Spanish designation of Titus ladocæ.' The proportions of English, Irish, and Scotch are given in the Leinster returns. The returns also supply information with regard to the principal Irish, their names and settlement. Five entire counties are missing—Cavan, Galway, Mayo, Tyrone, and Wicklow. There are also deficiencies in the returns for Cork and Meath. Mr. Hardinge considers the MSS. carefully prepared transcripts of original official returns compiled at the close of the Commonwealth period. He found the date 1660 on the concealed side of the parchment slip employed to unite the leaves of the county Leitrim volume. Petty must, he believes, have known of the record. Calculating on the principle of proportion the inhabitants of the counties the returns for which have been lost, Mr. Hardinge takes the figures from the remaining extant returns, and adding both, comes to the conclusion that Leinster had in 1659, 155,534 inhabitants; Ulster 103,923; Munster, 153,282; and Connaught, 87,352—the total of the kingdom being 500,091.—There were in 1659 no Scotch settlers in Munster or Connaught, and but seven in Leinster. Those in Ulster were not distinguished from the English. The proportions of races then were—in Leinster, 51 Irish to 1 English and Scotch; in Ulster, 11 Irish to 1 English and Scotch; in Munster, 10 Irish to 1 English; and in Connaught, 10 Irish to 1 English; and the proportions in the entire island were 5 Irish to 1 English and Scotch. Mr. Thom, in his admirable Almanac, gives nine censuses before 1821—the first in 1672, when the entire population is stated as having been 1,320,000. The return was, however, compiled originally from imperfect data, being based on the number of hearths registered for taxation purposes. The MSS. now discovered must be considered henceforth the real returns for that period, and Mr. Hardinge contends that 500,091, upon admitted population increase principles, would have reached the total of 7,000,000 in 1821, whereas 1,320,000 in 1659 ought to have become in 1821 far more than this. Mr. Hardinge has made an elaborate compendium of these valuable MSS., and the Royal Irish Academy have secured complete copies, which are now deposited among their manuscript collections.—Dublin Evening Mail.

GREAT BRITAIN

BIBLE PRESERVATION.—A recent number of the Westminster Review says with the quiet assumption usual to that thoroughly infidel concern, 'Whatever theories may be held concerning a supernatural inspiration of the Biblical writings, it must be universally conceded that no special Providence has watched over their preservation.' Such a position neither is nor must be conceded. On the contrary, the integrity of the sacred writers is matter of wonder to all scholars. That various readings should exist was to be expected, but the unimportance of these is apparent from the fact that if all which make even a fair show of any authority were adopted the doctrinal meaning of the Bible would be unaffected, and the whole creed of any of the Reformed Churches could be established from the text thus made, just as well as from the received text.—Chr. Intell.

THE BITS OF A FLY.—A melancholy feeling has been created at Stamford in consequence of the death, under distressing circumstances, of Mr. Samuel Fisher, a veterinary surgeon in that town. It appears that a short time ago Mr. Fisher went to examine a horse which had just died, belonging to Mr. Ward, farmer, of Drayton, Northamptonshire. At the time of this inspection the carcass was covered with myriads of flies, which were feeding on the remains. Mr. Fisher, in the course of his examination, saw that two of the insects had settled on one of his arms. He took very little notice of the circumstance, but in a few days two minute lumps presented themselves. He felt no pain until about a week after, when he found it advisable to call in a medical gentleman. The arm continued to swell, and notwithstanding the greatest attention of the medical man, death occurred on Tuesday. It is said the horse had suffered from a disease similar to that now raging among cattle.

DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.—Few people are aware how many are the yearly deaths from lightning; nor have we ever seen a return of fatal lightning accidents happening in the British Islands. M. Boudin has drawn out a statement for France, which shows that during the 30 years ending in 1863, 2,238 people were struck dead. There were 880 killed during the last decade of the three; of these only 243 were females. When the lightning falls among a crowd it does more mischief to the men than to the women. Animals again are frequently stricken, while the persons in charge of them are spared. The most important point brought out in M. Boudin's report is that the beech is no protection against lightning. The old classical belief, then, endorsed by our *saunus* at the recent Manchester meeting, is an error.—Pall Mall Gazette.

MURKIN IN THE GREAT EASTERN.—When the Great Eastern steamed from Valenta upon the important business of laying the Atlantic cable, she carried a supply of victuals so various, so large, and so choice as to provoke the envy of ordinary seafarers. How many live oxen, sheep, chickens, ducks, geese—what wonderful provision of sweet vegetables, and ice, and wine—was told at the time; but, after all, the voyagers got no beef. Before the vessel had been long at sea murkin appeared among the oxen, and one after another they were killed, and thrown overboard. Nothing was known on board the ship then that the same pestilence was ravaging our herds at home.—Pall-Mall Gazette.

THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND.—In England, in addition to the ravages of the cattle plague, there is said to be great danger of a bad harvest, the weather being decidedly unfavourable to the cutting and saving of the wheat crop. It is feared that, should the weather continue bad, the cattle plague not relax in severity, and the cholera, with which other parts of Europe, especially in the south, is at present being devastated, cross the Channel, something very nearly akin to a great national calamity will be combined in all three to England. Hopes are entertained, however, that imports of foreign grain will more than make up the deficiency, and that the precautions at present being taken will abate, if not avert altogether, further losses from either of the other causes. We sincerely trust our friends at the other side of the Channel will be saved from an infliction of suffering from causes of which Ireland has had already such large experience.—Saunders.

THE ENGLISH ASSIZES.—We, amongst, no doubt, many others, would like to have some information as to what is considered a heavy calendar of offences at an assize in England. In Ireland a comparatively small array of offences is regarded very often as constituting a heavy calendar; but in England it appears to be different. A week or two ago we had Mr. Justice Montague Smith congratulating the Grand Jury, at the Saltford Hundred Assizes of South Lancashire, on the lightness of a really very long list of serious crimes, and stating there was no offence of 'special enormity' amongst them. On a review of his comments to the Grand Jury we ventured to express our dissent from his opinion. His lordship's colleague, Baron Bramwell, has, however, an equally heavy duty to perform at the Liverpool Assizes. A correspondent of the North British Daily Mail thus describes the calendar, which speaks for itself:—

'The Royal Commission for holding the Liverpool Assizes was formally opened on Saturday in St. George's Hall by Mr. Justice Montague Smith. The criminal calendar is not a very heavy one, either as respects the number of the prisoners or the crimes with which they are charged, although there are undoubtedly a considerable number of very grave offences charged. There are now fifty-four prisoners awaiting their trial, of whom two are charged with willful murder, three with manslaughter, and seventeen with burglary. Three are committed for felonious assault, two on charges of uttering base coin, two on charges of perjury, five are charged with unlawfully wounding, two with forgery; one is for libel; three are accused of bigamy, two of robbery, with violence; two of concealment of childbirth, one of stealing post letters, and seven of miscellaneous offences. The civil causes are said to be numerous, and several of them to involve matters of general importance.'

We would like to know what the correspondent of the Mail would consider a heavy calendar. The united calendars of all the counties in Ireland at the last assizes would hardly form one to his mind.—Baron Bramwell, in addressing the jury on Monday, said 'it was, he believed, a very favorable one; it was small in point of the number of cases, and, comparatively speaking, were not of a very serious character.' And then the learned judge proceeds to comment rather lightly on the crimes summarized above.—Saunders.

SOME OF THE ASPECTS OF LIFE IN LONDON.—A correspondent writes as follows to the Star:—I have no wish to be a moral alarmist, but the murders committed by Earnest Southey and the general character of his career seem to me to require very solemn reflection, and to suggest an investigation into some of the present aspects and condition of life in London. The practice of betting on public events—such as the laying of the cable by the Great Eastern, and the results of an election, a prize-fight, a swimming match, an aquatic contest, or a horse-race, is immensely on the increase in all circles of society.—There are now tens of thousands of gamblers in England, Newcastle, York, Manchester, Leeds, Chester, Liverpool, Brighton, and London swarms with them. The keeper of a small rural post-office told me that scores of farm servants apply to him for orders to send to betting men in London, but, said he, 'they seldom get anything back.' Mere boys now keep betting books. Even young ladies flourish them, and will smile and cheat at the same time, for, is not all fair in love in war, and betting? The influence of the betting book and the billiard-table on thousands of young men is simply ruinous. I know many who are now ragged outcasts through having yielded to their fascinations, and who will probably die in the workhouse. It is not the rude and low-

born only who are the victims of betting-books and billiard tables. Young men of genius, of good family and splendid prospects often sacrifice all that is pure and precious for the sake of those amusements. A distinguished medical man assured me that many young men who come to London to study their profession never return to their friends, but 'plucked,' debauched, and ruined, become professional betting men, billiard-makers, swindlers, and Hansom cabsmen. All this he knew from his own personal knowledge. Employers also inform me that they have great difficulty in obtaining sober and trustworthy young men for their establishments. One of them—a gentleman connected with a business which requires great accuracy and scientific knowledge—had an assistant who plunged into immoral courses, left his employment, became a betting man, failed in business, and went to final ruin. He was succeeded by another young man, whose aged father had spent large sums on his education; but he also began to bet, robbed his employer, and fell at last into the hands of the detective. Indeed, there is probably not an employer at the West end who does not suffer more or less, from the pecuniations which arise from the betting-book. Many public amusements also deserve severe censure, and some them ought not to be tolerated. Exploring the west-end of London one night with a well known philanthropist, he expressed a wish for me to witness for myself the infamous character of the amusements provided for the people. I consented, and entered a large hall decorated with mirrors. A man with his face blackened and dressed in woman's clothes performed a dance of the most immodest kind, and as my guide quietly told me 'it would get worse,' I declined to remain any longer, but as the entertainment would last two hours you may judge what would be the moral condition of the crowd when their smoking, drinking, and foul amusements came to an end.—Yet this hall is a licensed place of public recreation. Now, I know what such places do for the destruction of domestic peace, and the ruin of young men and women. I see it every day. My peculiar vocation takes me to hospitals, common lodging-houses, asylums, police-offices, and prisons, and in all of them I can trace in the miserable history of miserable victims the destruction of virtue and peace wrought by such amusements as I witnessed. Parents I know who will point to popular music halls, and say, 'My son was ruined there.' In one case the proprietor knew that the boy was robbing his father of money to squander at his bagatelle-table, and yet he allowed, and still allows, the boy to come. 'Sir,' said an employer to me this week, 'I can scarcely get a young man fit to trust behind my counter. The casinos are spoiling them all.' This I can confirm. In the common lodging-houses of St. Giles's, St. Martin's, Westminster, and White-chapel there are large numbers of men—ragged, profane, dirty, and reckless—who are good accountants, classical scholars, architects, solicitors, clerks, broken down clergymen, &c., who ascribe their downfall to card-playing, drinking-parties, 'the Derby,' and gay amusements. I know many of them, and have often by charitable aid prevented them from being entirely homeless and starving in the streets. I know one fine classical scholar who spent twenty pounds in drink, and was then indebted to me for a bed to shelter him during the night from streets drenched with rain. The intermixing of strong drink with public amusements is a great social evil. Songs and dances which would not be tolerated for one moment by a perfectly sober audience are demanded by a mob half stupid with smoking and drinking. Purgative public entertainments of the pipe and the pot, and much will be done to make them innocent and good. Mental excitement—sensationalism—is becoming the curse of modern life. A serene mind is a rare spectacle. Our young men are not studious. Our young women worship dress. Family life is becoming less quiet and lovely and pure. We are growing rich, sensual, fond of external splendour, lovers of much turtle and wine, and enamoured of the grand and titled. There is a grandeur we somewhat despise—the grandeur of a true life.

It is calculated that as much as thirty millions a year are raised in London for nominal charity. What are the results produced? Disgracefully small.—Hordes of officials eat up the proceeds in many instances, and the poor are robbed of their dole.—The leading religious and missionary societies of the Protestant sects raise more than ten millions. The greater part of that is supposed to be spent in converting Negroes, Kafirs, Hindoos, and Chinese, to say nothing of Jews, and Italians, and poor Irish peasants. But where are the converts? Echo gives her proverbial answer. Read the reports of their May meetings and you will learn the result of all this enormous expenditure. One missionary has made a 'movement'—another has astonished the Brahmins—a third has noticed 'the quickening influence of the Spirit'—and such vague nonsense.—But of converts in the flesh you hear nothing. The money has been got rid of, nevertheless. More than a Hundred Millions have been spent in this way in a few years—squandered right and left—and the fruits are literally nil.—Irishman.

AMERICAN RELIGIOUS.—The following letter was published in good faith in the last number of our Anglican contemporary, the Church Times. The Italics are ours:—

'A SCANDAL.

'Sir,—Will you allow me the space in your next paper for the following facts?—

'The ancient church of St. Mary Major in Exeter is at present being taken down, in order to be replaced by a larger and more modern edifice. In the demolition of the old church there have been found under the foundation stone and the floor, numerous relics: such as ancient coins, and a watch of Queen Elizabeth's time. Instead of these being preserved, in order to be placed in the new church which would surely be the only proper place for them, they are exposed in a shop window in this city for sale. Would that some person, able and willing, might be found to come forward at once and buy these ancient and sacred relics, and restore them to their rightful place: thus preventing them from being scattered in such a way as would have sadly grieved those who with loving hands placed them beneath God's house so many hundred years ago; and also prevent what many of the Exeter people think a great act of sacrilege from being consummated.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

'JONATHAN OLDENUCK.'

The Church of England being hard up for Saints, it should not surprise us that it is hard up for relics also, but we had no notion the destitution was so great. Were the foolish dreams of some Unionists likely to be accomplished by a corporate union of the Church with the Establishment, we might expect to see certain members of the A.P.U.C. performing their devotions before a watch, whose only claim to their reverence consisted in its having been made in Queen Elizabeth's time.—Weekly Register.

The several Boards of the companies interested in the Atlantic Telegraph Cable held meetings yesterday to consider their position under the temporary disappointment which has occurred. Of course, at short notice no specific course has been definitely settled, but we are at liberty to state that a spirit of the utmost confidence in the realization of a great success during the spring of next year prevailed in every quarter. The necessary overhauling of the Great Eastern's boilers, the construction of new hauling-in gear, the manufacture of new rope, and other work would, it is found, occupy too much time to allow of another expedition being sent to sea this year with a certainty of success, but not the slightest doubt exists as to finding with the greatest precision the position of the broken end by solar observation, or raising and repairing it with proper apparatus in May or June next.

The several companies are animated by the single principle of determination to perfect the telegraphic

connexion between Europe and America, and are acting in perfect harmony.

Immediate and energetic action will be taken not only to complete during next spring the laying of the present cable, which has proved to be by recent experience perfectly practicable, but to submerge another by its side, it being the unanimous opinion of the directors of the Construction Company and those of the Atlantic Telegraph Company that economy and permanent efficiency will be most securely attained by preparing immediately to lay a second cable simultaneously with the completion of the first.—Times.

EMIGRATION.—In the second quarter of 1865 there went out from ports in the United Kingdom, where are Government Emigration officers, 71,087 emigrants, of whom 62,730 were destined for the United States, 6,643 for British North America, 9,820 for the Australian colonies, and 1,594 for other parts of the world. More than a fourth part of the emigration consisted of persons of English origin; but the number of Irish emigrants was double that of English, and all the former, except a few thousands, went to the United States. The Scotch who left their native country were about 4,600. The emigration to the United States was not quite equal to that of the same quarter in either of the two preceding years; and the numbers who went to other destinations also showed a decrease.

UNITED STATES.

FENIANISM CONDEMNED.—The most discouraging feature in the Fenian movement, which is now seriously agitated in some parts of the United States, having for its professed object the forcible liberation of Ireland from the British crown, is the deep line of enmity by which the Celtic population everywhere is divided in reference to this plan. An able writer in one of the Chicago papers, who claims to be an Irishman lately from 'the green isle,' enters at much length upon a discussion of the subject, representing that at the present moment there is no possibility that the object in view can be attained; that despite assertions to the contrary, there are not ten thousand Fenians or Fenian sympathizers in Ireland; that the organization has received the unanimous condemnation of the priests and bishops of Ireland; that the last eighteen months a social organization, called the National Association, for the redress of Irish grievances, has been formed in the old country, whose creed ignores and condemns the Fenian Brotherhood. This writer concludes with a few sensible observations, and some good advice, as follows:

I think that I have shown, under the existing circumstances, it would be impossible to land an armed hostile expedition on the shores of Ireland. That even if it were possible, such an expedition would, with England at peace contain within itself nearly every element of defeat, and scarcely one of success. That its defeat would be the climax to all the calamities that ever befell that unfortunate, suffering, oppressed and plundered country. That Fenianism, unless conducted with more than ordinary prudence, is at present weighty for evil, but powerless for good. What it may be in coming times and under altered circumstances, let the future say.

In conclusion, I would warn my countrymen against lending their counsel, aid or sympathy to any hostile expedition from this country, whose only possible result can be to rivet still closer the chains of the oppressor, to destroy forever a cause which has the best hopes and wishes of every true friend of freedom, and to entail lasting misery, degradation and shame upon the suffering land which gave them birth.

Chicago, August 14, 1865. J. E. L. —N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

LOOKING FOR A SITUATION UNDER GOVERNMENT.—Petroleum V. Naseby writes that he had an interview with the President lately, which terminated thus:—'I there any little thing I can do for you?' 'See he, 'Nothin' particular.' I would accept a small post office, if it situated within easy range of a distillery. My political views is well nigh over. Let me but see the old party wanst moar behold the constabulary ez it iz, the Uneyun ez it wuz, and the nigger ware he ought 2 be, and I will rap the mantle of private life around me, and go in 2 delirium tremens happy. I hev no ambisyon. I am in the seer and yallar leaf. These whitin locks, them aukin' cheeks, warn me that ago and whinsky hev dun their puffek work, and I shall soon go headless. Scorn not my words.—I hev seed, Adoo.

MOSEY, THE GUERRILLA.—The Richmond correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes:—John S. Mosby, the famous guerrilla chief, was in Richmond yesterday. Somebody has described Mosby as a handsome man in personal appearance, but he is nothing of the sort. Of ordinary height, his build is good enough, but his face is very commonplace, and his light brown hair, worn unkempt, adds nothing to its attractiveness. Mosby's features and expression would impress you as those of a man resolute and cunning, not capriciously honest nor viciously cruel, and I suspect that in the stories of his cruelty he has been somewhat belied. When the life of John Singleton Mosby comes to be written it will show a succession of startling personal adventures unsurpassed by those of any partisan chief on record. That Mosby was always hanging on the outskirts of our armies, cutting off our trains, capturing our stragglers, and harassing us in every possible way, the people generally know; but they do not know that he went in and out of our camps at his own pleasure and was never once detected.—It is said (and undoubtedly truly) that while Burnside lay opposite Fredericksburg, in the winter of 1862, Mosby dined with him in the character of a Union farmer from across the river, and gathered with his shrewd cunning from the general talk much valuable information, with which he regained the rebel lines without molestation. Burnside that winter was literally badgered by Mosby, and determined to capture the partisan, and to this end sent detachments of cavalry to scour the country thoroughly and bring him in dead or alive. One day one of these detachments, led by a lieutenant-colonel, was going up the Dumfries-road, when from a house in sight of the Federal line a man emerged dressed in the uniform of a Federal captain, and attended by one orderly dressed in our cavalry blue. At the gate were two horses marked U.S., and furnished with our regulation saddle and bridle; and mounting the captain rode up and accosted the colonel, who was still marching up the road. The colonel informed his companion that he was in search of him.—Mosby, and asked if he had heard anything of him. The captain had heard and knew to a certainty that an hour before Mosby was at Jones's, four miles up the road. Visions of promotion and newspaper paragraphs dancing before him, the colonel ordered 'Trot, march,' while the captain with his orderly, dashed across a field to get some milk, he said, before returning to camp. Arrived at Jones's, the colonel found that Mosby had indeed been there, but also found that he had departed in the direction of Burnside's camps. Back the colonel beats in haste, making inquiries everywhere, but finding no trace. Arrived again at the house from which the communicative captain had appeared the woman accosted him, and with this colloquy ensued:—'Woman—Kurnel, who was that ere Yank captin mek ye hear as ye was gwine 'tother way? Colonel—I don't know his name, but he belonged to a Massachusetts regiment. Woman—Yous; well now, sicut you sold, that ere was John Mosby. Colonel—H—'—And he rode back to camp and said nothing whatever about his morning's work, except to report that he had not captured him. Some of his men did, however, and that story Mosby about the army during the rest of the war.—Mosby now is a citizen of the United States, no better nor worse than the thousands of other Virginians who have laid down their arms.