

the time of his arrest, when he lost heart and succumbed. But another of the party proved a traitor of a deeper dye. He gives his name as John Joseph Corrydon, and says he was a lieutenant in the Federal Army. He has been giving information since last September, continuing all the time a trusted officer of the Brotherhood, and receiving the pay of the Brotherhood and the Government. It is his information that has been breaking up the Fenian movement for the past six months. It was he who frustrated the movement on Ochester. It was he who had made known the mode adopted by McAfferty for reaching Dublin; and thereby incurred his arrest; and it was he who got Massey captured. This villain gave his evidence with great coolness, but without bravado, on the witness table. He corrected his words at one time, where they were slightly ungrammatical.

It is not certain whether Massey will be able to appear when next wanted. He was attacked with a sudden stroke of illness last night, after he had concluded his evidence, and his life was considered in danger. He is still in a precarious condition, but he is being well cared for.

DUBLIN, May 14.—The death sentence of the Fenian prisoner Col. Burke, has been commuted to imprisonment for life at hard labour.

A letter has been published which purports to have been written in Paris by Kirwan, the Fenian Centre, who escaped about ten days ago from the Meath Hospital, where he was under surgical treatment. He says:—

'I shall stop with M— until I feel able to start for the United States. My health is much better than you can imagine, but I think the excitement attendant on the journey had much to do in keeping up my spirits. I hope no reaction may follow. M's family surgeon examined the wound this morning, and says that I will be able to travel in 15 days. With one heavy curse on Ireland's hated oppressors, I remain, &c., JOHN KIRWAN.'

Mr. Hodsman, the aeronaut, whose aerial voyage has proved one of the most daring and successful on record, gives the following highly interesting account of his journey:—

'I beg to give you the particulars of my perilous aerial voyage from Dublin to Westmoreland. The balloon ascended at 4 40 p.m. on Tuesday and took a northerly direction to Clontarf, where it was my intention to descend, but, from the velocity at which it was travelling, I saw it would be foolish to make the attempt. In half a minute I was over the muddy strand between Clontarf and Howth, where I made another attempt to land, and before the balloon had descended 100 feet it was driven between Howth and Ireland's Eye. It now became evident to me that landing in Ireland was out of the question, and that all arrangements must be made to be driven either to Wales or Lancashire. The first thing that struck me was to drop the grapnel to the full extent, 120 feet. This acted as a guide to the distance the balloon might be kept above the surface if the water, it being dark, and by placing one hand on the rope the effect of the grapnel striking the water was distinctly felt. With an open bag of ballast on my knee, every time the grapnel struck the water a couple of handfuls of sand were thrown out, and to the adoption of this plan alone I owe my own preservation and success. The ballast taken out was about 25 stone. For three hours this plan was carried out, and then there came on the most blinding and merciless rain I ever saw or felt. I could not see 15 feet before me, and the noise of the rain on the balloon and the water was such as to entirely unnerve me. My hands became benumbed, and I was drenched to the skin. I now began to feel the danger of my position more acutely; however, I determined I would not give up until all the ballast and movable were gone. The rain was making the balloon heavier every moment, and the ballast was thrown out more freely until about 10 o'clock, when fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a stupor for a few moments. By this time the balloon had descended within 6 feet of the water, and instantly I threw out 25 lb. of ballast. The effect of this was that the balloon rose to an altitude of a mile, and got entirely clear of the rain clouds; and then the moon shone out brilliantly. In this position it remained about a quarter of an hour. The effect of the moon shining on the clouds beneath was such as would have been welcome to the eye of an artist. The shadow of the balloon was distinctly to be seen travelling over the rough and uneven clouds, giving the idea of a balloon race. Everything now became calm, no longer the hum of the ocean or the rain. All was still; but whether the sea still raged beneath was to me unknown. As the balloon descended it was evident a change had come over the scene. The rain had ceased, and the appearance of everything was of the darkest hue. Whether it was an understatement of dark clouds I could not tell, but suddenly a glimmer of light was seen for a moment. Then with anxious eyes cast downwards to perceive any object, at last small squares, with darker margins, were clearly visible. These proved to be fields and hedges, and they appeared to vanish as quickly as objects pass when viewed from a mail train. A town, which afterwards I learned to be Appleby, was at last seen, and the sound of musical instruments was heard. I then called out in an attempt to ascertain where I was, but the reply was unintelligible. The people below, however, had seen the balloon. About two miles further the grapnel caught in a large oak tree and held fast. This proved to be Daglew, Dufion, near Appleby, Westmoreland. I then called out lustily and I heard sounds of persons singing and playing music. These proved to be four young men whom I had heard at Appleby, where they had been to a ball. They were natives of Dufion and as they advanced nearer their native village my voice was heard. One of them, more bold than the rest, was sent forward to see if it was really a bogie; as they had heard of such a thing before; however, their fears were soon dispelled when their questions were answered satisfactorily. They at once set to work to pull the balloon out of the wood, and convey it to a field where it could be folded up. It was then 3 o'clock a.m. Those young musicians played on to the village, and many heads were thrust out of the windows to enquire the reason of such an unusual proceeding. When it became known that a balloon had come from Dublin hundreds came out as early as 5 o'clock to see this curious machine, and many were the enquires to know how a man could come from Dublin in 'sic a thing as that.' I shall never forget their kindness. Many were the breakfasts prepared for me, and I was positively pressed to eat two. All wished me long life and prosperity at parting, and hoped that if ever I came that way again I would give them a call.'

parties arrested. Sub-Inspector O'hanner was formerly stationed at Adare, in this country, where his services were highly appreciated. From thence he was transferred to Cork, where death deprived him of his wife and two children, after which at his own request, he came to Limerick, where he commanded the force for the last three years to the entire satisfaction of all classes, being pleasing and agreeable, courteous and civil to all with whom he was brought in connection. The deceased gentleman was about 49 years of age, and has left two sons and a daughter to deplore his loss. His remains will be interred on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock.

THE MASS OF THE MARTYRS.—About two miles, in an easterly direction, from the town of Dundalk, in the county of Louth, stood the Castle of Dunmahon. It was, at the time Oromwell's appearance in Ireland in the possession of a gentleman named Fitzwalter, a sincere Catholic and true Irishman. He loved his country. He had joined the Catholic confederacy in the old Cathedral at St Canice, in the 'faire cutis,' and he had long fought in its ranks.

The gallant Herbert MacMahon, the Bishop of Clogher, had led on the last remnant of the once powerful confederates, at Skrifolias, but after doing all that brave men could do, they were forced from the field with a loss of two thirds of their number, by an overwhelming force, under the command of the cruel Sir Charles Oote.

The gallant Fitzwalter was one of the survivors of the sanguinary field. He immediately returned to his Castle of Dunmahon, where he resolved to remain for the present.

Meantime, a Parliamentary garrison was placed in Dundalk, and deep and many were the schemes laid by the Puritans for the surprise of the Castle of Dunmahon. They feared openly to attack the garrison, for they knew that the people would support Fitzwalter to the last. At last a plan was proposed which seemed to be the most feasible of any yet offered.

Fitzwalter had a daughter, and an only child, the love and admiration of her parents, and of the country around. Upon the youth and inexperience of this young girl they resolved to found their diabolical plan. The second in command of the garrison was a young man of very prepossessing appearance, but with a heart as bad as his countenance was fair. He was to personate an English Earl, and to hover about the vicinity of the castle, to try if possible to win the heart of the unsuspecting girl; and when once master of her affections, he could easily obtain entrance into the castle.

over the depopulation of his country, because it chimed in with his sectarian prejudices, to Nero viewing with delight the spectacle of the conflagration of Rome, while, it is said, was instigated by himself. But we forbear the comparison as unjust towards the right rev. prelate; for in the one case it was an anti-Christian tyrant, and in the other an enlightened Christian Bishop.—Cor. Weekly Register.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that the Rev. Samuel Ware, of St. Bee's College, Cumberland, late curate of Bedford Leigg, Lancashire, has been received into the Catholic Church by Father Johnstone, S.J., priest in charge of the mission at Exeter. Mr. Ware was a member of the English Church Union, and only a few months since left the third order of Mr. Lyne's so-called English Benedictines.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—The denunciations of Popeny, of the Archbishop of Westminster, and of all that concerns the Woman in Scarlet, are expected to be unusually hot and strong this year and it is expected that the several funds of these societies will benefit accordingly. The Ritualists expect also to come in for a very fair share of affectionate and Christian like notice from some of their fellow Protestants.—Weekly Register.

EVANGELICAL LECTURERS.—A correspondent of the Weekly Register, himself a Protestant, thus describes one of these gentry, who has been causing some excitement in England. He is evidently one of the Gavazzi-Chiniquy school; and it is, as the Protestant writer well points out, just because of the obscenity of his lectures, that they are so crowded by the lambs of the evangelical fold. Dear creatures! They do love a smutty allusion, and all impure stories delight their precious hearts.

Sta.—Mr. William Murphy, Lecturer to the Protestant Electoral Union, whose name is familiar to the public in connection with the late serious riots at Wolverhampton and other towns in the Black Country, is at present in Shrewsbury, discoursing nightly to scant audiences. Lieutenant-Colonel Brockman, who accompanied Mr. Murphy during his campaign in Staffordshire, and who was advertised to appear nightly in Shrewsbury, retired after the first evening's lecture, and Mr. Murphy has since addressed his audiences without the personal introduction of a chairman. Among the subject chosen for disquisition during last week were 'Purgatory: the Scapular, or Decent of the Blessed Virgin from Heaven to Release Souls from Purgatory; Transubstantiation, or Sacrifice of the Mass; The Seven Sacraments;' and 'The Confessional.'

Mr. Murphy's manner of treating these points of controversy is one well calculated to excite angry feelings among the less educated portion of the Roman Catholics, his style being vulgar in the extreme, and studiously insulting towards everything and every person whom Catholics are taught to revere. Without the slightest pretence to natural eloquence, argumentative powers, or what one might naturally expect to find in an Irishman, humor, Mr. Murphy's addresses are simply tirades of personal abuse and outpourings of clap-trap, levelled chiefly at what Mr. Murphy calls the 'Papists,' parenthetically at the Puseyites, and not rarely, with less bitterness, at her Majesty's Government and the Houses of Parliament, for their continued support of the Maynooth Grant. Tall in person, and of a broad build, the lecturer is a powerful gesticulator; but his action being confined, firstly, to throwing his extended right arm as far behind his head as possible, and then bringing it forward and swinging it behind his body; and, secondly, to repeating the manoeuvre with his left arm, the effect upon the audience grows somewhat monotonous as the lecture progresses. Another feature in the addresses which tires by constant repetition is the appeal of the lecturer for some one to get up and contradict him. Like his countrymen at Donnybrook Fair, Mr. Murphy persistently trails his coat along the ground, beseeching somebody to come and tread upon it. For the sake of convenience he has symbolized the Roman priesthood under the name of 'Father Pat,' and after either expressly accusing this unfortunate man of the most abominable crimes, or insinuating his participation in them, Mr. Murphy is wont to shake a great fist indiscriminately at his hearers, and exclaim, 'Is there any Papist in this room? If there is, let him come and stand on this platform before me and deny that!' Mr. Murphy is, as I have said, a big man; and either from a wholesome faith in his power to prove his doctrine orthodox, or after the manner ascribed by his biographer to Huidobro, or from the circumstance of there being no Catholics in the room, his pressing and reiterated invitations have fortunately not as yet been accepted in Shrewsbury.

Of the matter of the lectures the features most striking, next to their cruel and gratuitous insults to believers in the tenets of the Church of Rome, is their blasphemy and their obscenity. From the very nature of these offences against morality and good taste, it is difficult for me to adduce presentable instances of their practices; but I will give you an extract which I took down from the lips of the lecturer and from which you may form some faint notion of his style of dealing with the sacred names necessarily introduced in his addresses. The subject under consideration was Transubstantiation, and the speaker, wishing to denounce the doctrine, proceeded as follows. Taking a wafer between his fingers he held it out before the audience and said, 'Christ, dear friends, was crucified—that (pointing to the wafer with his other hand) never was (Applause.) Christ rode into Jerusalem upon an ass—that never did. (Laughter and applause.) Christ said unto Lazarus, 'come forth from the grave'—that never did; and so on ad nauseam, the lecturer reaching higher flights of blasphemy as his audience cheered and laughed. I may note here a novel and grotesque argument against the doctrine of Transubstantiation which Mr. Murphy made use of on this occasion. 'For any Papist to presume to say that he eats the actual body of Christ is (said Mr. Murphy) Lutherism; nay, dear friends, it is more—it is Cannibalism.'

The fiftly character of the statements openly made in the lecture entitled 'The Confessional,' is shocking in the extreme. It must not be supposed that Mr. Murphy is supported altogether in his tour by his fervour on behalf of the truths of Protestantism. Admittance to his ordinary lecture is gained only by payment of twopenny; those who desire to have seats near the lecturer obtaining the privilege on discharging an extra twopenny. But on the evenings when the lecture upon the Confessional is underlined, a uniform charge of sixpence is made; and this speculation upon the superior market value of obscenity, as an attraction to the public, is fully justified by the event. While outpourings upon Purgatory and Transubstantiation, even at the low charge of twopenny, are comparatively neglected, crowds of young men flock to hear the 'Confessional Unmasked,' and greet with cheers and loud laughter, the 'disclosures' which are publicly made and dilated upon. If I, who though educated from childhood with a distaste for the vital doctrines of the Romish Church, felt ashamed of the name of Protestant while listening to this champion of my faith but ventured to accept one of his many challenges and 'came on the platform,' and there hinted at the possible immorality of the proceedings, the lecturer would, I know, have replied that he was only reading and commenting upon writings produced, as he alleges, under the authority of the hierarchy of the Church of Rome and adopted by the British Government, for (to quote Mr. Murphy's precise words) 'distribution among our soldiers and sailors.' But being out of the reach of Mr. Murphy's formidable arms, I venture to rejoin that no one is desired to wash either their own or other people's dirty linen in public; and if a man has dirty things to say, and hires

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT IN IRELAND AND ITS CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.—The advocates of the Irish Church Establishment tell us that even if no other gain were derived, the presence of a real gentleman as an exemplar or model is a decided advantage for every village or hamlet that is blessed by the presence of a Protestant minister. The poor benighted peasantry will also have amongst them a truly Christian lady in the person of his worthy spouse. Her kindness and charity, exercised alike on Catholic and Protestant, will do much to alleviate their distress, and to bridge over the distance that exists between the two religions. This is a beautiful picture, worthy of the first ages of the Church, and even approaches the sublime. But, unfortunately, the higher we soar into the regions of poetry the further we depart from the domain of facts.

Side by side with this glowing ideal picture let us place the following practical one. At a recent meeting of the West Connaught Endowment Society in Dublin, the Bishop of Tuam stated as showing that the Protestant interest is advancing in Ireland, that in the county of Cork, in the decade ending with 1851, the total decrease of the population was 220,000, out of which only 3,000 were Protestants. He would mention another instance in which the Established Church population had increased by 3,104, while the Roman Catholic population had decreased by 26,685. In the parish in which he had ministered for twenty-four years, when he was appointed, the total population was about 6,000, the Protestants being 1,100. The population has now sunk to 3,300; but the Protestant remained as they were. The relative proportion therefore of Protestants to Roman Catholics was decidedly on the increase.

We allow that the right rev. prelate has proved his point. But, at the same time, he has unconsciously proved a great deal more. Unfortunately for his reverence, a mere child may turn 'the tables' of his statistics dead 'against him.' An impartial perusal will show that he has not adduced a single case of conversion from Catholicity to Protestantism. He even allows that after twenty-four years of his ministrations in a certain parish the number of Protestants remained the same. The negative part of the proof is in his favour; but the positive part tells terribly against him. We have often endeavoured to place the fact before the eyes of English Protestants, but have failed to convince them. They now learn, from statistics given by one of their own bishops, that the poverty, misery, and oppressive laws existing in Ireland weigh more heavily upon the Catholic than the Protestant; that these causes combined are forcing hundreds of thousands of Ireland's bravest sons, at a moment when we most need them, to quit their native land for ever, to seek in a foreign country that equality which is denied them in the land of their birth, and there to swell the ranks of England's most embittered enemies. We would that disturbances were not existing in Ireland at the time we are penning these lines. But it is not our fault of his lordship of Tuam throws these facts in our path which tell so fatally against himself, the hierarchy of which he is a member and the whole Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. We knew before that the Irish Church Establishment was an incubus on the land. We knew that Protestant ascendancy meant the supremacy of the Protestant over the Catholic. But we did not expect that in the broad light of day the party would dare to avow, and that a member of a Christian hierarchy, living on the fat of the land, would be the one to declare, the audacious motto, 'Fiat Protestantus, si prelat Hibernicus.'—Let Ireland become Protestant, even though it be ruined.' We are tempted to compare the Irish prelate exulting

have his own word for it—has been obliged, however reluctantly, to raise his voice to Heaven in order to petition for the discomfiture of those enemies of religion who exulted in making it a familiar thing on week-days, instead of heeding it round with the solemnity which belongs to such observance, and who squandered on the externals of a very minor thing as public worship, sums which would add materially to the comforts of a missionary's cellar, or to the stores of his spouse's wardrobe. The painful task is most tenderly executed. No meek Dominican could sigh more profoundly when handing over a hardened reaper to the secular arm, with special injunctions to be gentle with the sinner: no philanthropic member of the Committee of Public Safety could more tearfully regret that delay in abolishing capital punishment still permitted the guillotine to reap its harvest of heads. Nothing but an overpowering sense of necessity nerves the amiable speaker to the discharge of his unpleasant duty, nothing but the most unselfish love for even those whom he is obliged to denounce stay, there is something more. One who, according to his own confession—and why should we doubt that? is not merely a special Privy Councillor of the Deity, but who himself shares so far in the divine attribute of omniscience as to be able to point out unerringly the saint and the hypocrite, (which, by-the-by, the Apostles were unable to do when they heard there was a traitor against them), would be hiding his light under a bushel if he did not come forward and cast that light, like a policeman's bull-eye, full on the faces of those criminals who have dared to make their way amongst the respectable frequenters of Exeter Hall.

We observe from placards that next Wednesday some of the members of the 'National Reform League' are going to celebrate the 10th birthday of the 'incorruptible Robespierre' by a meeting at some place in Soho. He is also termed the 'immortal Maximilian Robespierre.' What will the Reformers bring us to?—London Record.

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.—We copy the following statistical notes from the Presbyterian Banner thinking that they will prove interesting to our readers:—A reference to the Census of the United States and to official Roman Catholic statistics, furnishes the following results: In 1830 our population was 12,866,020, of which 450,000, or one twenty-ninth of the whole, were Roman Catholics. In 1840, population 17,069,453; Roman Catholics, 960,000, or one eighteenth of the whole. In 1850, population, 23,191,876; Roman Catholics, 2,150,000, or one eleventh of the whole. In 1860, population 31,738,721; Roman Catholics, 4,400,000, or one seventh of the whole. The astounding fact is here revealed, that the Roman Catholic population a little more than doubles itself every ten years. At the same rate of increase, that element at our next census, in 1870, will be about one-fifth of the whole;—and before the end of the century, more than one-third of the whole. Surely this is not a circumstance to be regarded with indifference.

Not four score years have passed since there was not a solitary Roman Catholic Bishop in the United States, the first See, that of Baltimore, having been erected in 1793. Now 7 Archbishops, 39 Bishops, or Right Reverends, 81 Very Reverends, 3,833 priests, 73 theological seminaries, more than 1,400 schools and colleges, with 30,000 pupils, and nearly 5,000 church edifices, valued at \$27,000,000, attest not only the growth of Romanism, but also its facilities for still greater development.

RETURNING TO BARBARISM.—Hon. T. O. Peters, formerly of Wyoming county, but now a resident of Maryland, is a corresponding editor of that widely circulated journal, the Rural New Yorker. He has recently made an extended tour through the South, the distance travelled amounting to some two thousand miles, and the last number of the Rural contained a letter from him giving the impressions gained upon his tour. From that letter we make the following extracts:—

The sudden abolition of slavery has been most unfortunate in many of its results upon the blacks. They are the prey to all kinds of sharpers, and are wandering about the country by countless thousands. A large demand has sprung up, especially in the Carolinas, for laborers to go to Texas and Arkansas. Much larger wages can be paid there, and it is not uncommon, to see agents picking up all the best hands to start plantations there. One agent filed his complement by promising that in Texas every negro might go to work on a Mustang pony, his wife behind him, and a gun for himself before.

Infanticide has been equal to anything we have ever read of in China or India. Through my whole journey I saw but two infants, or indeed, hardly any children from two years and under. And, if possible, that is not the worst feature, for very few live children are born now. The black women have long possessed the knowledge of a harmless common vegetable, which, in a decoction, will produce abortion. While slaves, they are watched, and its use prevented; but being freed from these restraints they are fast leaping into barbarism, and as a general thing shirk the responsibility of maternity. It is a horrid state of things, and will rapidly reduce the number of blacks in the South, and will continue till they become a fixed people. It seems to me that rapid extermination will go on till their numbers equal the demand which the superior race will have for their services, and that will not exceed one quarter what the number now is.

To show how rapidly the natural barbarism of his nature develops itself in the negro, when left to his instincts, a single fact among a great number that came to my knowledge, will suffice. A man and his wife called upon a planter in South Carolina, this past winter, to hire out. He employed the man, but as the woman had three little children, he did not feel able to employ her, as he could furnish no room for her to live in. About a month after he was surprised at her calling again for work, but on his telling her that he could not employ women who had children, she very coolly informed him that her children had all 'took sick and gone clean dead.' Tens of thousands of children have perished the past year because their mothers found them an incubus.

We make no comment on this, but merely state the fact that the writer of the foregoing, and the editor of the paper for which it is written, are both Republicans.—Mayville (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Alluding to the late Fenian riots in Ireland the Franklin Gazette, Malone, N. Y., says:—The conduct of the British Government towards her discontented and rebellious subjects is marked by moderation and mercy, in comparison with the policy of Republican America during its four years of civil strife. A lesson of justice and forbearance from 'perfidious Albion,' to the best Government the sun ever shone upon! What humiliation!

DIVORCES IN CONNECTICUT.—A petition to the Legislature, from New Haven, on divorce, sets forth that marriage and the family relation, and consequently all society, are being demoralized by the facility with which divorces are granted in Connecticut; that the law leads to incestuous marriages by holding out that divorce is easy; that the separations for felonious causes, and the scenes of collusion and fraud witnessed at every session of the Superior Court, are such as to give the greatest pain and alarm to Christian men; that Jesus Christ commanded, that no cause except adultery should justify divorce, and that this divine law excludes the jurisdiction of all Legislatures, and that no condition of society in any future age of the world 'will permit the recognition of any other proper cause. The memorial is printed, and originated in a club of venerable and learned gentlemen in New Haven, the sixteen signers being all between 70 and 100 years of age, and mostly retired clergymen.—Hartford Courant, May 10.

Emigration is a far more cheerful subject than in the days of our fathers, when every emigrant was supposed to be the victim of poverty or of political injustice, driven from his loved home to 'back woods,' or other realms of perpetual labor and gloom. We now seem to be settling into something like a natural rule in this matter, sending out, year by year, rather less than our natural increase. The difference between the births and deaths in the United Kingdom in the last quarter was 67,823. The registered emigration in the same time was 32,909, about the same number as in the same quarter of 1864, but fewer than in 1863 or 1865. Of these 14,066 were Irish, 11,351 English, and 2,670 Scotch. These figures will suggest, by the way, that writers upon the grievances of Ireland cannot claim a monopoly of expatriation, the calamity, such as it is, being shared in nearly an equal amount by more fortunate, and certainly less complaining England. In round numbers, 26,000 out of the 33,000, including 13,000 Irish, went to the United States, which is probably receiving an annual contribution of 100,000 souls from the United Kingdom. It is a great consolation that there is no longer that fearful uncertainty which once made the emigrant a mere scapgoat for the sins of the nation. He goes to houses built for him, to wells and canals dug for him, to railways conducting him to thriving cities, whose only want is hands for the work to be done. If he carries with him passions which only break out afresh in new forms as new occasions may offer, that is because he changes his climate, but not the nature of the man, or even the characteristics of his race. He has a new start in life, and it is his own fault if he chooses to repeat the errors of the old one.—Times.

The London Churchman takes the following view:—All Churchmen must rejoice in the delay at least of so disastrous a thing as an appeal to Parliament on the Ritual question. The going to law before unbelievers was condemned by the highest authority, but it may yet be the only alternative. The enquiry by a Royal Commission, for which, it is said, as a substitute for the threatened Act of Parliament, the Bishop of Oxford is once more chiefly to be thanked, will be a completely harmless proceeding, and may, indeed, do a great deal of good. Fair inquiry by responsible men, able to take a large and equitable opposition to a mere legal view of a matter which is far beyond mere statute law, is evidently the right thing, and it gives time for cool discussion, and the weight which cool discussion always carries with it amongst educated men.

Mr. SPURGEON IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.—For five successive Sundays the great building has been literally packed full of listeners, and it is no small tribute to Mr. Spurgeon's master faculty, voice, to say that every one of the number heard him distinctly. His hearers were drawn, not perhaps from the Godless and the poor, but rather from the comfortable middle class who had deserted for the nonce their own chapels for the only form of excitement which their strict Dissenting system allows may be safely indulged in. Young men and young women who belong to shops and Christian associations were in great force, and large numbers were of the class who wear 'Sunday clothes,' and turn out one day in seven in glossy black, somewhat creased by folding, and bonnets of pre-Raphaelite brilliancy. Why they come in such numbers is a question not easy to be answered. Mr. Spurgeon is still clear, vigorous, and at times slightly amusing; but is rarely eloquent and as rarely indulges in the 'familiar clasp of things divine,' which once drew so many hearers longing to be scandalized. A quaint colloquialism, a slang expression now and then, makes his audience smile. He is often exuberant in well-worn imagery and trite stories. He gives you to see that he has a vigorous active mind just enough above his commonplace hearers to command them, but sufficiently sympathetic to inspire what they can readily understand. It is Spurgeon and Spurgeon only who has figured at these preachings. There was, as he boasted no ritual to attract his audience from himself, and perhaps he here supplied, without intending it, an argument to the ritualists. For there was perhaps too much self. Spurgeon prayed, Spurgeon interpolated little dissertations between each verse of the lessons, and Spurgeon preached for an hour. But Spurgeon in one sense was right. His audience came to see and hear him, and he gratified their wishes.—Pall Mall Gazette.

OBTAINING HUSBANDS UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.—The Pall Mall Gazette animadverts on a statement made by a contemporary, that small, neat gutta percha ears are now generally worn by ladies whose ears are coarse and excessive, the natural ears being easily concealed under the heavy masses of false hair now so fashionable. The masses of false hair which conceal the natural ears of ladies who wear shams ones would have to be very much heavier than they are, if those ladies' natural ears were as long as they should be to indicate moral and intellectual qualities. Really, in contracting matrimony now-a-days a man must take care that he does not buy a pig in a poke. The aptitude of this phrase will command it home. Wives are not to be had without money, and not to be maintained without wealth. The use of cosmetics is uncleanly. So is the practice of wearing false hair. Where do the chignons come from, but from the gaol, the lunatic asylum, the workhouse, and the deathhouse? When a man marries, he should narrowly inspect the features of his intended bride to see that the most prominent of them are not artificial. But an ear, or a nose—a gutta percha Grecian, which may have been superinduced on a natural nub—may be so cleverly constructed with relation to mere eyesight as to equal the wigs that, though designed to disguise rogues, are said, in snobbish phraseology, to 'delect detection.' Therefore, it would be necessary to catch the lady napping, and see whether or no her slumbers were disturbed by thrusting a pin or needle in to the suspected lineament or dubious region. It is becoming expedient to apply the test for wives that used to be applied to witches. Surely the law of divorce ought to be amended with a clause permitting dissolution of marriage in cases wherein the wife has obtained a husband by false pretences, such as false ears, or any other counterfeits of at least any vascular portion of the bodily form, to the possibility of which there may be no end. For otherwise there will be no knowing, till it is too late, how much of a wife is really flesh and how much mere plastic material. At the very altar it may now be a question whether the finger on which a bridegroom is placing a ring may not be made of gutta percha.—Punch.

UNION IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—From the last number of the Church Times we extract the following article upon Dean Close, and the prayers of that 'good' man. It should not be lost sight of that these remarks are by a Church of England newspaper upon a Church of England dignitary, a dean who may, and probably will some day, be a bishop in the Establishment. How pleasant is union amongst the clergy of a Church. Let us, for a moment, imagine that the Tablet or ourselves were to write a similar article respecting the Vicar-General, or the Provost, or any of the clergy in this diocese, what would the public say or think?

The readers of that singular fable of the 'Middle Ages,' Reynard the Fox, must have often been entertained with the episode in the adventures of his hero when he turns hermit, and is compelled, by his conscientious love of justice and holiness, to lift up his testimony in prayer and excommunication against the bloodthirstiness of the hare and rabbit. Any trumpet evidence of the gaminiferous habits of the accused goes for nothing when weighed in the balance against the ferid orisons and gushing tears of the interesting recluse, and we cannot wonder that he finally dines on the culprits amidst applause for his justice. A good man—a very good man, indeed, he

public hall, and charges sixpence per head to all who wish to go and hear them said, his motives, however pure they may be, are liable to misconception at the hands of uncharitable people.

Emigration is a far more cheerful subject than in the days of our fathers, when every emigrant was supposed to be the victim of poverty or of political injustice, driven from his loved home to 'back woods,' or other realms of perpetual labor and gloom. We now seem to be settling into something like a natural rule in this matter, sending out, year by year, rather less than our natural increase. The difference between the births and deaths in the United Kingdom in the last quarter was 67,823. The registered emigration in the same time was 32,909, about the same number as in the same quarter of 1864, but fewer than in 1863 or 1865. Of these 14,066 were Irish, 11,351 English, and 2,670 Scotch. These figures will suggest, by the way, that writers upon the grievances of Ireland cannot claim a monopoly of expatriation, the calamity, such as it is, being shared in nearly an equal amount by more fortunate, and certainly less complaining England. In round numbers, 26,000 out of the 33,000, including 13,000 Irish, went to the United States, which is probably receiving an annual contribution of 100,000 souls from the United Kingdom. It is a great consolation that there is no longer that fearful uncertainty which once made the emigrant a mere scapgoat for the sins of the nation. He goes to houses built for him, to wells and canals dug for him, to railways conducting him to thriving cities, whose only want is hands for the work to be done. If he carries with him passions which only break out afresh in new forms as new occasions may offer, that is because he changes his climate, but not the nature of the man, or even the characteristics of his race. He has a new start in life, and it is his own fault if he chooses to repeat the errors of the old one.—Times.

The London Churchman takes the following view:—All Churchmen must rejoice in the delay at least of so disastrous a thing as an appeal to Parliament on the Ritual question. The going to law before unbelievers was condemned by the highest authority, but it may yet be the only alternative. The enquiry by a Royal Commission, for which, it is said, as a substitute for the threatened Act of Parliament, the Bishop of Oxford is once more chiefly to be thanked, will be a completely harmless proceeding, and may, indeed, do a great deal of good. Fair inquiry by responsible men, able to take a large and equitable opposition to a mere legal view of a matter which is far beyond mere statute law, is evidently the right thing, and it gives time for cool discussion, and the weight which cool discussion always carries with it amongst educated men.

Mr. SPURGEON IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.—For five successive Sundays the great building has been literally packed full of listeners, and it is no small tribute to Mr. Spurgeon's master faculty, voice, to say that every one of the number heard him distinctly. His hearers were drawn, not perhaps from the Godless and the poor, but rather from the comfortable middle class who had deserted for the nonce their own chapels for the only form of excitement which their strict Dissenting system allows may be safely indulged in. Young men and young women who belong to shops and Christian associations were in great force, and large numbers were of the class who wear 'Sunday clothes,' and turn out one day in seven in glossy black, somewhat creased by folding, and bonnets of pre-Raphaelite brilliancy. Why they come in such numbers is a question not easy to be answered. Mr. Spurgeon is still clear, vigorous, and at times slightly amusing; but is rarely eloquent and as rarely indulges in the 'familiar clasp of things divine,' which once drew so many hearers longing to be scandalized. A quaint colloquialism, a slang expression now and then, makes his audience smile. He is often exuberant in well-worn imagery and trite stories. He gives you to see that he has a vigorous active mind just enough above his commonplace hearers to command them, but sufficiently sympathetic to inspire what they can readily understand. It is Spurgeon and Spurgeon only who has figured at these preachings. There was, as he boasted no ritual to attract his audience from himself, and perhaps he here supplied, without intending it, an argument to the ritualists. For there was perhaps too much self. Spurgeon prayed, Spurgeon interpolated little dissertations between each verse of the lessons, and Spurgeon preached for an hour. But Spurgeon in one sense was right. His audience came to see and hear him, and he gratified their wishes.—Pall Mall Gazette.