

If I were to fill one side of your paper with the events which have occurred here during the week, they would all appear scarcely worth recording, when contrasted with the extraordinary Yelverton marriage case, which has absorbed attention and excited interest, to the exclusion of every other; and which is now on trial in the Court of Common Pleas before Chief Justice Monahan and a special Jury.—It would be impossible for the pen of man to describe the excitement amounting to a "furore," and it is a "furore" not pervading or swaying the masses, or the multitude only, but which has taken possession of peer, peers, and high-born of every denomination.

I have been present at many trials of deep interest, but, in my experience, I never knew or heard of one in which the interest excited has been so universal and so deep-seated. Protestant and Catholic, Tory and Liberal, though with different views, look forward to the result with an anxiety that would make you suppose it was each individual's own case, and indeed, all the circumstances connected with it, combine to invest it with a prestige rarely to be found.—And first of all, the unhappy lady, who, through the instrumentality of the ordinary form of action for board and maintenance, brought by the plaintiff, Mr. Thewall, against Major Yelverton, sought to establish two facts of priceless importance to her, her spotless reputation, and her lawful marriage. I venture to say that, in any court of justice in any country, there never was placed in the witness-box a witness whose narration commanded so large an amount of sympathy; and then the woman, and the manner in which she gave her evidence,—the graceful, easy feminine deportment which she exhibited throughout the entire of a searching cross-examination into her whole life and antecedents, conducted by one of the ablest advocates of the Irish bar, and which lasted more than two whole days, all contributed to establish her as a lady of marvelous intellect, matchless power, and irresistible fascination.

You will therefore, not wonder when I tell you, that the reading of some passages of her letters—many of them unvalued specimens of English composition—produced immense manifestations of applause, and that some of the more feeling portions of them brought tears into many eyes, and more than once into those of the learned and humane judge who is trying the case. But the scene which takes place outside the court, at the close of each day's proceedings, baffles all description. Thousands assemble in the courtyard and surround the heroine of this extraordinary trial, and, as Mrs. Yelverton comes forth, she walks through a forest of uncovered heads, and is greeted with rounds of cheers, which chivalrous Irish crowd knows so well how to give, and which, I am informed, have a powerful influence in sustaining and consoling this unhappy lady, in the midst of her unexampled sufferings. So intense is the interest excited among the *heat-ton* by this trial, that, on some occasions, the Court of Common Pleas appears to be transformed into a House of Peers. During a portion of Mrs. Yelverton's cross-examination the following noblemen occupied seats on the bench:—Lord Granard, Monck, Mountcashel, Talbot de Malahide, James Butler. It is stated by some of the papers that Lord Avonmore, the father of Major Yelverton, the defendant, was also on the bench; but I do not believe that he would thus publicly appear at the trial of a case so disgracefully reflecting on the heir-apparent to his coronet and title, against whom public execration is as unmistakably manifested, as sympathy is towards the unhappy victim of his base and heartless misconduct. If this wretched man is produced as witness, and dares upon his oath to fling any aspersions on the reputation of the lady whom he has thus remorselessly injured, I do believe it will require a troop of artillery (a service which, I regret to say, the defendant still disdains by belonging to,) to save him from the indignation of the people. The case of the plaintiff closed yesterday, and Mr. Brewster, the learned council for the defendant, in his able and, upon the whole, temperate address, so far from seeking to justify the conduct of his client, stigmatized it as base and dishonorable. That the trial will result in a verdict for the plaintiff, I have little doubt; but even should the jury feel themselves coerced by the law and evidence to find that there was no legal marriage, what will it amount to but to a conviction of Yelverton as a heartless villain and all the more heartless by reason of having sheltered himself behind a degrading statute that was the creation of Protestant bigotry, ignorance, and inconstancy in their worst days and in their most odious forms. The trial now pending is a melancholy illustration of the results of that odious law which holds out facilities to unscrupulous Protestants to destroy the characters, and ruin the fair fame of Catholic ladies. I am glad to find that Mr. Scally has already called Mr. Cardwell's attention to the subject, in the House of Commons, and I trust the Government will feel themselves bound to promote the ends of morality and public policy, by erasing from the statute book this demoralizing remnant of a barbarous penal code. I deeply regret to say, that, contrary to all my expectations and predictions, the great Catholic County of Cork has returned Conservative as its member by an overwhelming majority; and, from the numbers polled by Mr. Lewis, it is but too plain that a large amount of Catholic support has been given to a party, which would, if it could, repeal the Act of Catholic Emancipation, and which loses no opportunity of packing the bench of justice with partisan judges, and partisan magistrates. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald has been appointed a Commissioner of Charitable Donations and Bequests for Ireland, in the room of Mr. O'Hagan, whose office as Attorney General is incompatible with his continuing a member of that Board; the Act of Parliament which constituted the Commission enacting, that the Attorney and Solicitor General shall be its official law advisers.—*Bidder. Cur. of the Weekly Register.*

THE HON. (1) MAJOR YELVERTON—A MISTAKE.—A gentleman, while passing on Wednesday, from the Four Courts, was mistaken for the Hon. (1) Mr. Yelverton. In a few minutes a large crowd collected round the gentleman, yelling, shouting and hissing. He declared at once that he was not Mr. Yelverton, and that the crowd were mistaken. All that would not do; and, as the people were getting every moment more excited, he had to run for protection into a shop at Ormond-quay.

THE YELVERTON CASE.—The lady with whom, it is stated, Major Yelverton contracted his second marriage, is said to be a constant attendant at the trial. She was the widow of the eminent Professor Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh, by whom she was bequeathed, it is asserted, a very large fortune—£50,000. This is the talk of the "Hall."—We believe we can set the "Hall" right on the subject. It is quite true that Major Yelverton contracted his marriage with the widow of Professor Forbes, and it is equally true that he considered that he was obtaining a magnificent fortune! But the devil cheated him in his inquiry! By the Professor, Mrs. Forbes had two children, and all the property he died possessed of was settled on them, with a moderate jointure to the widow. Under ordinary circumstances public sympathy would be deeply excited on behalf of Mrs. Forbes, but we have good reason to believe that before her marriage with Major Yelverton she was warned that he was a married man. She did not hesitate. She accepted, we suppose, whatever explanation he gave her, and without adequate inquiry committed her fate to him.—*Belfast Morning News.*

RESULT OF THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE.—At Dublin, on the 5th inst., and the 10th day of the week, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas delivered his charge to the jury, who immediately retired.

After an hour's absence the jury returned to the box, the multitude that thronged the court were hushed into breathless attention:

"Well, gentlemen, have you addressed to the jury, said—

"The Chief Justice, Yes."

"The witness said she thought not. She was not quite sure (laughter)."

The Chief Justice—Was there a Scotch marriage between those parties?

The Foreman—Yes.

The Chief Justice—Was there an Irish marriage?

The Foreman—There was.

The Chief Justice—That is, in other words, he was a Roman Catholic at the time of the marriage?

The Foreman—We believe he was, my lord.

After the verdict had been declared, the usual fee was handed to the jury.

The Foreman, handing it back, said—My lord, I am requested by my brother jurors to hand to the registrar our fee, 12 guineas, in order that it may be sent to some charitable institution. (Loud cheers.)

The Chief Justice—Very well, Mr. Foreman, what institution do you name?

The Foreman—The Sick and Indigent Room-keeper's Society.

His Lordship then rose, and in a few minutes the court was cleared.

When Mrs. Yelverton's counsel, Mr. Whiteside, entered the room where she was waiting, his countenance and significant gestures, as well as the cheers which rang through the court, told her that the verdict was in her favor; she sprang forward without saying a word, clasped him in her arms, pressed him convulsively to her breast, and seizing his two hands, kissed them. Overcome by the violence of her emotions, after such a long and terrible tension of the nervous system, she sank down exhausted and found relief in a flood of tears. The excitement in the court when the verdict was announced was quite unprecedented. The whole audience rose and cheered tumultuously, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the gentlemen their hats, and the barristers their wigs. It was a delirium of joy. The contagion spread through the multitude outside, and the shouts of triumph passed along the whole line to the Grosvenor Hotel in Sackville street. The crowd insisted on taking the horses from Mrs. Yelverton's carriage and drawing it to the hotel, where she was obliged to appear on the balcony to gratify her admirers.—She said: "My noble-hearted friends, you have by your verdict this day made me an Irish woman. You will forever live in my heart, as I do in yours this day." Her being an English woman had no effect in dampening the ardor of the most bigoted Milesian or Ultramontanist—her having been a Sister of Charity and convert to the Church of Rome did not check the sympathy of the most intolerant Orangeman. The speech of Mr. Sergeant Armstrong, who, in his zeal for his client, did all he could to make her seem vile in the eyes of her own sex, did not diminish the interest in her of the ladies of Dublin, whose carriages were drawn up along the quay in a long line.

The *Evening Packet*, a conservative journal, calls attention to the fact, that while there are eight Roman Catholic judges on the Bench to four Protestants, the respective merits and claims of the Protestants and Roman Catholic portions of the bar are tested by this trial. It would be impossible to magnify the interests at stake in the estimation of the parties, yet there was not a single Roman Catholic barrister employed on either side.

"THE RELIGION OR THE STATE."—On the 30th of Jan., or thereabout, two laborers found in an old ruin near Waterford an infant which had been deserted by its parents. The wife of one of these men took the little baby to a priest, and had it baptised, and then took the little fellow, Martin Hill by name, to the workhouse, and gave him in charge to the proper officers. On the board day he was formally admitted, and, by unanimous consent of the guardians, registered a member of the Catholic religion, in which he had been baptised. Such registry was evidently the proper one. But when the minutes of the board's proceedings on that day were placed before the Protestant poor law commissioners, they immediately took exception to the registry, and sent to the Waterford Board of Guardians an insolent letter, stating—although the child had actually been baptised a Catholic, and although there was no evidence, one way or the other, as to the religion of his parents—that Martin Hill should be registered and educated as a Protestant, because, forsooth, Protestantism was "the religion of the State." The Protestant commissioners remark in their letter that Mr. Brewster, when Attorney-General, had given it as his opinion that in such cases foundations should be handed over to the State religion, but those candid and honest (?) commissioners forgot to tell the whole truth of the case. They submitted the question in the year 1851 to Messrs. Brewster and Keogh, who were then Attorney and Solicitor General, and those lawyers gave conflicting opinions on the point. The commissioners, in their letter to the Waterford Guardians, refer to the opinion of Mr. Brewster, but never hint at that of Mr. Keogh. It is no wonder that Mr. Hudson, one of the Waterford Guardians, should, in his indignation at this disingenuous conduct, characterise the letter in question as "an infamous document." We object most decidedly to this "State-Religion" idea of the poor law commissioners. In England it may have a certain plausibility about it, but in this country, the majority of whose people are Catholic, we cannot allow it to be made a rule. Above all, when, as in the present case, the person who saved an Irish child from perishing had had it baptised a Catholic, and when no reason is shown why it should have been made a member of any other church, it is absolutely monstrous that these English functionaries should attempt to have those facts set aside, and the child brought up as a member of the English religion.—We trust the Waterford Guardians will resist this tyrannical and, as it would appear, unwarranted proceeding of the poor law commissioners. The case is important, as the Englishmen, if their pretensions are allowed on this occasion, will have a precedent established which they will not fail to turn to account on every future opportunity.—*Nation.*

THE FAIRIES IN COURT!—*EXHIBITION*, Feb. 25.—Annie McAvaney was indicted for obtaining money under false pretences from Jane Dawson, the wife of a small shopkeeper, in Brookborough. Dr. Peebles, Q.C., and Mr. S. V. Johnstone prosecuted.

The prisoner was undefended.

From the statement of the witness it appeared that on various occasions previous to the 14th May, 1860, the prisoner had been urging her to allow her (McAvaney) to obtain money from the fairies for witness. She gave her several sums, goods, and articles of clothing, value for £20, the prisoner in return guaranteeing that she would obtain for witness £11,000 and a castle (in the air) in Scotland. Several mysterious incantations were carried on by the prisoner in witness's house. She put some snuff in the fire which sent out "blue blazes" and "red blazes," a half crown being placed on each corner of a table, over which was placed cabalistic writing. Witness was sworn to secrecy on a Bible. The incantations ended, prisoner informed witness she would have to proceed to Scotland, where she would meet with some gentleman at a certain place who would conduct her to a house where she would receive the "fairy money." The prisoner, on the 12th July, gave witness a bottle of oil to rub on her eyes when she should arrive in Scotland, by which means she would have a clue to the expected treasury. Witness then went to Scotland and rubbed the oil on her eyes (laughter).

Baron Hughes asked the witness where she found herself after that?

Witness—Just where I was before (laughter).

The witness then returned to Brookborough, and made charges against the prisoner.

Baron Hughes asked witness did she believe she would get the £11,000 when she went to Scotland.

The witness said yes, she did believe it, as the prisoner had got large legacies for other parties in the country (laughter).

Baron Hughes asked witness did she still believe that the prisoner could get the money?

The witness said she thought not. She was not quite sure (laughter).—*Weekly Register.*

After the witness's return from Scotland the prisoner artfully inveighed the witness into signing a clear receipt for any demands against her. This document was handed in for the prisoner's defence. She was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Baron Hughes expressed his astonishment that such cruelty could exist in the County of Fermanagh.

PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION.—We find this advertisement in the *Irish Times*:—"To sea captains.—A child's caulk to be sold on reasonable terms, apply *Irish Times office*." We have seen it stated in English Protestant periodicals that a "Child's Caulk" is supposed by English sailors to be a safeguard against shipwreck. We were too gullible then in believing this to be an exclusively English superstition. The *Orange Irish Times* lends its columns and voice to the advertiser. The *Orange Daily Express* denounces the opening of the Botanic Gardens to the public. Truly, in the march of Progress, our Orange fellow-countrymen maintain a very advanced position—to the rear!

HORNETS IN TAZE.—We find this ruesome ghost story in the *Kilkenny Journal*:—"Dfeat, treachery, and disappointment have long sickened the heart of Ireland, but the *Spirit of Agitation* only slumbers, and will rise again with the opportunity which is at hand."—Heaven protect us from all such evil spirits.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE EVANGELICAL BISHOP.—A maid-of-work came down one winter's morning, and after considering for some time whether to sweep the parlor, or to wash the kitchen floor, or to light the fires, or to feed the pig, or to milk the cow, or to make herself more tidy, settled the question by returning to bed. We believe that to be the charitable view of the Bishop of Durham's case on finding himself one cold morning called upon to dispose of a rural living of £1,270 a-year with a population of 1,030 in a pleasant and prosperous neighborhood. The Bishop is new to Durham—new, indeed, to the episcopate, for which he had been long expectant, or expected, perhaps we ought to say. On the other hand, these good things don't fall every day. The Bishop of Durham has only about a dozen livings worth the acceptance of a man chosen about such matters—Dr. Bandinel had held this living forty years, and there can be no doubt that preference of this character is favorable to longevity. The probability is that only about two-thirds of these prizes—say nine or ten—will fall during the whole of Dr. Villiers' episcopate. These were considerations to enhance the value of the prize which now lay at his disposal. What, then, was he to do? Slice it down like the Kobi-noor to make two or three worthless livings rather more comfortable? Give it to one of the "working clergy," as they call themselves—some curate of thirty years' standing? Give it to a poor man with a dozen ill-fed, ill-dressed, ill-bred, and ill-mannered children? Give it to a learned man who had neglected all his duties to publish a book that nobody would read? Was he to employ his patronage to induce good men to enter the church, when good men don't care for livings? We admit the difficulty of the question. One has only to look at that simple and honest prelate to appreciate the perplexity he would feel on being called upon to ascertain the principle on which high Episcopat patronage should be administered. For our part, we need not be surprised that, after probably much embarrassment, much analysis of contrary claims, some sleepless nights, and some bad headaches, Dr. Montagu Villiers, in mere default of nature, sought a release from his anxieties by presenting Haughton-le-Skerne to his son-in-law, Mr. Cheese. The appointment has elicited a chorus of remonstrances, and is evidently a scandal to Her Majesty's Government, and to the Evangelical section, of which Montagu Villiers was one of the most distinguished ornaments. Such an impression speaks for itself, for it is a great evil. It goes far and wide, high and low, that one of the most spiritually-minded men of his age, who was the other day content with moderate means, visiting diligently, preaching much and with effect, is no sooner made a Bishop than he does what other Bishops do, and shows himself no better than the most worldly of them. So, admitting, as we do, the difficulties of patronage, we must say that the model Patron at Durham has got out of his difficulty in the worst possible way,—in fact, much like the maid who, because she could not settle what to do, did nothing at all, but took her own ease.—*London Times.*

LORD JOHN ROSSINI'S DESPATCH.—The principles which it enunciates destructive of the British Empire and would lead to universal anarchy. We are told in the first place that when a people for good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice and generosity to assist brave men in the defense of their liberties. We are told in the second place that the people themselves are the best judges whether the reasons for their insurrection are good or not. Who does not see that these principles lead at once to the conclusion that an Irish rebellion, an Ionian disturbance, or an Indian mutiny, is a sufficient *casus belli* for any of our neighbours who wish to pick up quarrel with us, besides affording justification for the treasonable conspiracy of the rebels? Our Irish friends saw it pretty clearly. The O'Donoghue and his tribe began to bluster about the sword of MacMahon, and based upon Lord John Russell's Italian letter some very justifiable resolutions which would end in the severance of Ireland from the British Empire. We cannot blame these Irishmen, with all their folly. They merely proposed to practice what the Foreign Secretary preached. Their error consisted in this, that they were disposed to venerate the oracles of the Foreign-Office, and to take the drivelling of Lord John Russell, for Holy Gospel. If the people of this country will place upon the heights of power a man capable of such drivelling, they must take all the consequences. The Irish are not the only people who have taken the Foreign Secretary at his word. The Ionian Islanders have been in the like case. Signor Dandolo has written to Lord John Russell, and based upon Lord John Russell's Italian letter some very new lecture for the English market. As the lecturer learned English, he learned also, what was easy enough to so able a man, how to speak to English prejudices, and now needs no more help in his mother tongue.—*Weekly Register.*

SIMONY IN THE ANGLICAN ESTABLISHMENT.—The following description of the sale by auction of an Anglican parish was read, amidst much laughter, in the House of Commons:—"Rectory of Shelsfanger, two miles from the town of Diss, diocese of Norwich."—Sale of the presentation to the Rectory of Shelsfanger.—"The right of next presentation to the Rector of Shelsfanger was sold at Garraway's Coffee-house, Change Alley, Cornhill, on Wednesday last, by Mr. Clark, of the firm of Farrebrother, Clark and Lye.

"The auctioneer read the description, which is—'The right of next presentation to the Rector of Shelsfanger, in the Diocese of Norwich, situated about two miles from the town of Diss, subject to the tithe of the present incumbent.' There is a residence containing five bed rooms, parlor, kitchen, dairy, and the necessary outbuildings, and about 49 acres of globe land. The ege of the incumbent is based upon a minute in the possession of the vendor, obtained in 1816 in reference to the rectory, by which his age was then stated to be 45. The incumbent informed me that he was born on Easter-day, which occurred about 1770. On reference to the old Prayer-book of that period I found that Easter-day occurred on the day mentioned in 1771, and did not occur again until 1783, nor again until 1795; therefore there is no doubt that he was born on the 13th of March, 1771. That is the day he always puts it at himself, and no doubt he is correct."

"Now, we sell to you the absolute right of the next presentation to the rectory of Shelsfanger, and the question, of course, is what it may be worth. I was very much struck when I saw Mr. Morris yesterday. The first question almost that he put to me was, 'I suppose you have come down to see when I am going to die?' There have been gentlemen for the last four or five years visiting me about every five or

six weeks, and at last all I did was to show my nose at the top of the stairs and say I was engaged.' Well, I said to him, 'I have really come down for no such purpose, for it is no part of my duty to say when you are going to die; but, of course, having arrived at your age, beyond the ordinary age of man you cannot expect to live very long. All I shall state to-morrow will be that which I always do state according to the present duration of life, the same as the insurance offices do.'

"I have not said a word, as to whether you shall have the presentation to-morrow, or not for the next 10 years; I can only say that the incumbent is at the advanced age of 90, and you may calculate that any day may fall in, or it may not fall in for three or four years; but the tables give you for his life about a year and a half's purchase. Having told you the value I now collect your bidding. We have come here to-day to sell it; it will be for you to determine on the fall of the hammer whether it shall be £5,000, or £4,800, or £4,700, or £4,500, or £4,000, or £3,500. I am in two hands, gentlemen; shall I say £3,000, or £2,500?"

"Bids from £2,000 to £2,500 were then made."

"The Auctioneer.—£2,500 were bid for the next presentation for the rectory of Shelsfanger.

"£2,600 and £2,700 were then bid."

"The Auctioneer.—You are in an agricultural district, surrounded by young farmers of great responsibility—tithes easily collected. You are liked very much in that district; your duties are not very burdensome. As regards the house, if any one who has

it thinks it not good enough he has only to borrow the money from Queen Anne's Bounty, the payment of which would extend over 30 years. I believe an estimate was made to build a new rectory-house from designs which I saw for about £200. Any one desirous of putting a son into the Church will find this an opportunity that is not likely to occur again soon."</