

THE LONDON 'TIMES' ON THE EMILY MISSION.—There is reason to believe that the "strange feud" between the Three-Year-Olds and the Four-Year-Olds of Emly and its neighborhood has been brought to an end by the humane exertions of the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Clergy. It was the Archbishop's Pastoral which first told the world that in a part of Ireland where the people are almost all of the same religion and politics a dreadful tradition of blood had been kept up for we know not how many years, seemingly to gratify the mere instinct of fighting. It was no war of Protestant and Papist, as in some parts of the North; it was not the hatred of vicarious peasants against those who had enforced the law with harshness; nor was it even a quarrel of families arising from some cruel act for which the relatives of the sufferer were resolved to take vengeance. It was a feud resembling those which the clans of Celtic chieftains carried on in old times in Scotland, the only difference being that the combatants at Emly did not fight for a tribe they were born in, but for a self-chosen faction and an imaginary cause. Whatever may have been the original quarrel, it had been quite forgotten, and though, no doubt, the factions were in some measure hereditary, yet, from the extent of country over which hostilities prevailed and the number of partisans, we must suppose that young men were continually attacking themselves to one side or the other in order to prove their spirit and manhood. No one can tell how long the feud would have lasted if the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the Province had not interfered. There is, in fact, reason to think that it would have spread until it had transformed half Tipperary of and Limerick into savages, for, though the quarrel is said to have begun between only two men at a fair, yet we find that at present at least 2,000 warriors are known to the priests. However, the factions are now reconciled. The Archbishop, with a courage and sincerity which do him much honor, denounced the savage conduct of the two parties. He did not endeavor to hide the sin from the world, or think that the scandal of exposing it to Protestant and English notice was a greater evil than its continuance. He not only sent a mission to preach against the feud, but to seek out and exhort the leaders in private, and by publishing their barbarity to all Ireland and to the world, he took the best means of shaming them into better behaviour. It was a legitimate and praiseworthy use of the great power which the British faith gives to a priesthood among a wild and impulsive, but yet religious people, like the Irish. The mission appears to have been quite successful. Such a scene as was witnessed last Sunday in the Catholic church at Emly is rather like the descriptions which travellers and romance writers give of Corsican manners half a century ago than anything which civilized Europe has presented in our time. The priests employed on the mission have been at work for some weeks past, and on Sunday last the final reconciliation of the Three-Year-Olds and the Four-Year-Olds took place. "On rows of pews in the body of the church," says a local paper, "at either side of the altar, were the leading members of those factions whose existence was a upas, blighting everything good, poisoning the life-spring of society, and converting men into demons." One of the Fathers gave an account of the mission: "A fortnight that day 2,000 of the unmarried young men of these parishes assembled here, and they raised their hands on high, one and all; and one and all solemnly promised that never more would they have to do with those factions—never more would they utter the cry of 'Three-Year-Old' or 'Four-Year-Old.' The priest then asked them to renew the pledge, and the congregation willingly obeyed. They shook hands two and two before the Archbishop and the war came to an end. It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of the Catholic Clergy in this affair. They have delivered a whole district from a scourge worse than famine or disease. Although we may not give our assent to all the spiritual machinery by which the clergy wrought upon the minds of their flock, yet we have not to criticise it, as it has produced the desired effect where a colder and less dramatic preaching might have failed. The Tipperary peasants have been addressed in a manner which has affected the minds and consciences of thousands, and induced a multitude of savage men to come forward and avow, in the most solemn terms, to live in peace henceforth. All that we have now to ask of the clergy is that they will not neglect the converts to humanity they have made. Such impressions as they have produced may put an end to a particular tradition of enmity, but where the instinct exists there is always danger that a reason for bloodshed will be found or made. It is plain that the Irish peasant is violent and often barbarous, but we know from this little history that he is not ungenerous where his religious guides are really in earnest. Let the clergy, then, labor to keep up the influence they have gained, and to dissuade the Tipperary people not only from renewing the old quarrel, but from founding others, either with the landlord or the agent, or with each other.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—The near approach of Christmas prompts us to suggest that something should be done for our suffering poor. Their wretched condition in the miserable hovels they inhabit has not the advantage of portrayal by the artist's pencil in pictorial broadsheets, nor has it the advocacy of a foreign press, but it is nevertheless worthy of and entitled to our sympathy and charity. Poverty and destitution exist in our midst to an extent almost incredible. If you doubt it visit the dwellings of the poor in the lanes and back streets of the town; there you will see sights to appal you, there you will find among the rest hundreds whom you once knew in the enjoyment of happiness and comfort, and who helped to build up the prosperity of your native town, in a state of absolute want and destitution, their only food a few loose straws strewn on the bare floor, their only covering at night the rags which serve in the day time to cover their wasted and emaciated forms, and protect them from the inclemency of the weather, and the peiting of the pitiless storm when they venture abroad in quest of sustenance to support nature. Fuel is cheaper than it was last winter, but the destitute poor have not the means to procure, and where then is the advantage of cheap fuel to them? Besides fuel is not their chief want but food, hundreds, nay thousands of them would consider one good meal in the day, or in three days, an absolute luxury. Let us not then forget our own poor; if we do, we need not say we neglect our duty to God and His poor. Far be it from us to check the flow of charity or sympathy towards our Lancashire brethren; we would assist the Englishmen or the Hindoo in want, and thank God for giving us the means to do so, but we say our own poor have a first charge or claim on our charity or generosity—let us put our own house in order first—charity begins at home; out of the sufficiency and the abundance with which the Almighty has vouchsafed to bless us, let us then cheer and gladden the hearts of our poor at the approaching holy season. Those who can afford it can also contribute to the relief of the distress in Lancashire, but charity begins at home.—*Kerry Star.*

PROSPERITY.—The commercial report of the Freeman, well known for its accuracy, gives the following deplorable picture of the state of trade and business in Dublin:—"Everything flat again this week. Stocks, shares, corn produce—all drooping. There has not been in our recollection so dull and depressing a Christmas. Trade is bad, the weather is bad; there is wide-spread sickness, and not infrequent insolvency. It is only a wonder, in the state of trade, that there are so few of the latter, and of these that do occur many are kept quiet, and settled peacefully. At present, no prospect of improvement is visible, but folks look forward to the turn of the year, hoping with Mr. Micawber that 'something' will 'turn up.' Those who, at the end of the year, find their health and wealth undiminished will have deep cause for thankfulness."

How THE BAILEFF GOES A-HEAD.—The Cork Constitution, a Conservative journal, publishes the following truthful sketch:—

Sir—The bailiff, or under-agent, is not content to depend upon his salary or casual supplies. He must strike his own roots into the soil; so he takes to himself a farm. But, in the case of a man of so much consequence, a small farm would be too insignificant a thing, and, to give him room to extend, the lands of several small tenants are absorbed to constitute a farm of magnitude for the under-agent. It is a respectable thing to be a country gentleman. Besides, agriculture in the case of a sub-agent has many advantages. When there is any press of business on the farm the tenants are warned, by special messenger, to be there in the morning with a pair of horses and a plough, or harrow, or carts, as the case may be; and the crouching serfs know what would be the result of a refusal. Their own labor may indeed be pressing, but what of that when the under-agent has sent for them. Truly, if agriculture can be made a profitable speculation, it must be so in the hands of the under-agent. And, indeed, it is so, as every tenant in his immediate vicinity feels his tenure most uncertain, as the under-agent loses no opportunity of adding to his farm. But, though the under-agent is a large farmer, yet neither his sagacity nor his ambition would sanction his confining himself to agriculture and employing his varied talents in mere rural pursuits. The world was made for Caesar; but the tenantry were certainly made for the special advantage of the under-agent. Deeply conscious of this, he is always planning how he may turn them to the best account. There are certain commodities which have come much into use on farms of late, so the under-agent becomes a man of business in town. All the serfs, of course, come to his store to buy; and whether the landlord's rent be paid or not, the store account must be settled. The trade is extensive, profits large, and money sure, and thus the bailiff goes with increasing rapidity a-head. With his augmented wealth there is a corresponding increase in the pomp and circumstance of the under-agent and his family. It is not enough to be a bailiff and extensive agriculturist; he must grasp the trade of the tenantry, in three or four of the principal articles purchased by farmers for their farms and families, to the manifest loss and damage of a number of the traders of the town, who are depending upon their business alone for the support of their families. Whilst these honest traders are injured or ruined by the grasping conduct of the under-agent, the agent and the landlord look on with indifference, or perhaps approval. Surely, the proprietor of so large an estate can afford to remunerate his aspiring bailiff for his services, and should not allow him to aggrandise himself to the injury of the struggling traders of the town, or take the labor of the tenantry and their horses as a matter of right. Rent, taxes, and labor of recent years have been sufficiently burdensome to tenants without their being transformed into packhorses to bear the frequent burdens of the under-agent.—I am, &c.,
AGRICOLA.

Sir Robert Peel appears to be either ambitious of making himself conspicuous as the antithesis of his illustrious father in every respect, or he is most unfortunate in being placed in such a position by the revilers of the man who made his name historical. We have already expressed our opinion as to the motive of Lord Palmerston for making so extraordinary a choice of an Irish Secretary as the present. The antecedents of Sir Robert in Spain and in Switzerland, and the speeches he delivered in Parliament against the Holy See, and indeed against Catholic States and principles generally, ought to have presented an impassable barrier to his appointment as Chief Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland, by an Administration that professes to be Liberal, and that has very largely availed itself of Irish Catholic support since its formation; and his selection for the office under such circumstances produced upon our own mind the impression that Lord Palmerston had made up his mind to break altogether with his Catholic supporters, when he found that they would not acquiesce in his Italian policy, which is based upon the broadest principles of hostility to the Holy See and to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to throw himself upon the Evangelical Alliance party in this country, and upon the Orange faction in Ireland, as the future props of his power. That first impression was soon confirmed into a conviction by Sir Robert's conduct immediately after his arrival in Dublin. No one has ever given him credit for much judgment, though he undoubtedly possesses a fair share of shrewd talents; but rash and indiscreet though he has been since he emerged from boyhood, yet there has been a recklessness of words and consequences, an utter abandonment of discretion in his acts and harangues as Chief Secretary, which, wild and 'harum-scarum' as he has been, never could have been displayed by a person in his position if he had not been sent to Ireland expressly to court Orange support for his patron, as the opponent of the Catholics. If this were not so, the speeches at Londonderry and Belfast, with the Cromwellian ring in them, which won the approval and evoked the enthusiastic shouts of the Orangemen of Ulster, by vilifying the Catholic Hierarchy, would have led to his instant recall. So far, however, from producing such a result, these rude and insolent outpourings of the Chief Secretary's anti-Catholic sentiments and policy confirmed him in the favor of the Prime Minister, and made him virtually 'master of the situation.' He is trying to undo all that his great father did for the peace and social improvement of Ireland, and in this evil work he has evidently the support of the Head of the Government. He is the bond of the new Union between the English Whigs and the Irish Orangemen, as Lord Shaftesbury is the connecting link between our so-called Liberal Government and the fanatics of Exeter Hall. Whether the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Gladstone and the other members of the Peel party, whom Orangemen and Exeter Hall have over and over again devoted to the infernal Gods, sanction this confederacy, or whether it meets the approbation of the members of the old Grey party, or of the Liberal party represented by Mr. Milner Gibson in the Cabinet, remains to be seen; but that the Irish portion of the combination is completed, can no longer be a matter of doubt on speculation.—*Weekly Register.*

DRAKFUL SHIPWRECK.—A Cork paper gives the following additional particulars respecting the loss of the ship Eliza:—"On Sunday last the Eliza, a barque of 860 tons, Captain Smith, left Liverpool for Monte Video, laden with machinery and coals. Her crew, inclusive of the officers, consisted of 26 men. After passing Holyhead the breeze freshened, and it began to blow strong from the south-east. About two o'clock next morning the wind grew so strong that sail was shortened, and at nine o'clock the three top-gallant masts were carried away. With the loss of these spars one man was carried overboard, another had his leg broken, and the third, a man named Montgomery, had his arm dislocated at the shoulder. In an hour after the ship sprang a leak, and before long she had seven feet of water in the hold. The ship was then about midchannel. All hands were employed at the pumps, but the leak continued to gain at the rate of an inch and a half every two hours. The mate, an American named Burns, urged the captain to bear up for Queenstown, but the captain refused. For twenty-four hours they continued in this position, when the captain at last consented. The wind, however, continued in full force, and the ship labored heavily. All at once her three topmasts went by the board, and shortly after the sea began to make a breach over her. One sea swept her fore and aft, carrying away two boats, and twelve men, not one of whom was ever seen again. At three o'clock she was sinking. The two seamen who have been saved, Wm. Lyons, a native of Liverpool, and John Montgomery, got into the lifeboat and cut away the tackle. The boat was driven clear off the ship, and she had scarcely parted with it when the vessel went down bodily, with every soul on board, these two men alone escaping."

THE IRISH FISHERIES.—The great meeting of Galway reminds us of a duty we owe to the country.—The neglected state of the Irish fisheries stares us, in the face. We know of no other immediate and present tangible source of material improvement with which the people and their representatives might successfully deal, as that of fisheries. Mines of wealth lie in the depths of our bays, and a very little assistance from the State would enable our hardy fishermen to bring the riches of the sea into the market. The Earl of Carlisle and the Irish members who have influence with him, would do more to improve the aspect of our country by turning their attention to, and aid in the development of, the coast fisheries, than were his Excellency to be making fine orations—eloquent after-dinner speeches about bullocks and sheep-feeding and turnip sowing to the end of time. The theory of pasture and cattle-feeding has signally failed. If, then, the Earl of Carlisle does not wish to be set down as an idle talker, he will turn his mind to the fisheries question, endeavor to advance a cause which is of so much importance to the interests of the people, especially at this time, when famine and extermination are steadily draining the life-blood from the hearts of our oppressed country. God knows that at this time our prospects are most disheartening—a people suffering—a population wasting away, and a most fertile country being transformed into a wilderness. Such is the condition of Ireland at this time. Now, as Ireland is compelled to take her chance in an alien parliament, it is no duty of her representatives to press for measures which would be calculated to assist her people in any manner whatsoever? The fisheries of Ireland have been totally overlooked, and no steps taken that would give the same privileges to Irishmen as English and Scotchmen enjoy in that most beneficial employment. Yet, we have patriotic members representing us, but unfortunately they cannot point out a single instance of any measure being carried out to be of service to the country. There is a remedy, and that is the Press—the National Press, whose teachings are the expression of the millions. If, therefore, the press take this matter up, and call upon the members of Parliament who profess to support Irish interests, to urge the measure, there will be a chance of success; but if they are allowed to remain in their old course, they will still fetter the country and mock the destruction of the thousands whose necessities compel them to seek amongst strangers what they are denied at home. We call on members to be alive to the importance of this vital question. We are happy to find that the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick have been agitating this practical measure, and thus falsifying the charge that they have had no particular practical policy.—Here is a policy that does the Brotherhood credit.—We publish an article on this intensely interesting subject from the *Irishman*.—*Connaught Patriot.*

THE RENTS MUST BE LOWERED.—We do not write in an unfriendly spirit toward the landlords, amongst whom are as humane men as in other classes of the community. We speak a few words of reasonable remonstrance. Men have been often blinded by selfishness against the influence of which these, who are apt, as members of a nation, to suffer from the effects of an overrated notion of hereditary or acquired rights, must warn the probable victims. Now, though the landlords alone were likely to be the only persons injured by a want of due consideration of the badness of the times, still would we look on it as a part of our duty to take them to task for doing any act tending in that direction. They are as much our neighbours as the cultivators of the soil. Their welfare or ruin affects the condition of the whole country. As books on the shelf become loosened by taking out one, so an injury to any member of society is *pro tanto* an injury to others. For instance, if a landlord is reduced to poverty, all who depend on him suffer; and again, the tradesman or shopkeeper with whom his dependants deal, are affected by the landlord's fall. So hangs society together. It is therefore, amongst the first duties of an editor to warn landlords at such a crisis to imitate the example of the landlord referred to in the *Impartial Reporter*, from which we, in another place, quote. It is with landlords as with commercial creditors. One harsh man, who, deaf to reason, "must have his pound of flesh," instead of accepting as much as the debtor can afford, strikes a docket of bankruptcy against him. The man, had he got time, as we have repeatedly seen, might be able to pay all. Whereas, an undue pressure beggars him—the creditors get nothing, and the entire property is wasted in law costs. In any crisis moderation is the safest course. Let landlords, on that account, see what tenants can afford to pay them after leaving with them as much of the crops as will be equal to the value of their labour and seed—"Live and let live" is a sound maxim. The tenants have not a day to lose. They should, like men disposed to act honestly and fairly, go in bodies to their landlords, offer whatever they can afford. They should, at the same time, ask long leases at fair rents; and promise them that if such were conceded they would improve the soil; so that there would be a better and a greater yield. It cannot be expected that the cultivators of the soil will take such an interest in their farms as will render them sufficiently productive, not knowing what moment they may receive "The notice to quit." Let landlords of their own accord, without any legal enactment, remove the insecurity of tenure, and they may rest assured that, as a rule, their tenants will be an improving class, and their rents easily collected. But if they persist in exacting rackrents, the country will go headlong to ruin. The lands which were let in 1814 during the Peninsular war, when the produce of the soil was high, at 7s 6d, 10s or 20s an acre, fetch now in the market 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s. The people are not able to pay and to live. They are starving, and each succeeding year the landlords are taxed to support paupers made so by the landlord's folly. Better any day is the policy of keeping a man independent than reducing him to misery. The treatment of the tenantry has filled our workhouses, our penitentiaries with felons, our convict ships with criminals, the jails with prisoners, and the streets with prostitutes.—*Connaught Patriot.*

A SAD STORY.—The following correspondence has been published in the *Irish Times*:—

Record Tower, Dublin Castle, Dec. 6, 1862.
Sir,—A few days since the enclosed letter reached me giving a very harrowing description of the actual state of one of the genuine descendants of the great house of O'Neill. There is no doubt of his being the son of Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth baronet of his family, and no doubt of his being at this moment on a bed of sickness, perhaps of death, in a desolate garret. On receipt of my benevolent correspondent's communication I sent to Cook-street and ascertained that the misery described was not exaggerated. A few charitable contributions remitted to your care would be at this moment of inestimable value to this suffering family.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
J. BERNARD BURKE, Ulster.

"Villa Park, Royal Canal, Phibsborough, Dublin, Dec. 2, 1862.
"Sir—On reading your very valuable work, entitled 'An Essay on the Vicissitudes of Families' I find that there is one of those persecuted sufferers still living named Bryan O'Neill, of 75, Cook-street, in this city, whom you describe as the lineal descendant of a hundred kings, and the cousin of a duke and three peers of the realm. My sympathetic curiosity determined me to pay him a visit, and, having done so yesterday in company with a friend, I found him lying on his death-bed, laboring under an attack of paralysis, speechless, and deprived of the use of his limbs. I asked his son, who stood at that miserable and pitiful bedside, with the tear of sorrow on his cheek, how long his father had been in that state. He told me nearly four months. How to smother my grief I was at a loss, when I believe the man who should be in a state of splendor (a prince of royal blood), with no person to care him but his daughter-in-law, the mother of six beautiful young children, with no earthly means of support but their grand-

father's pension of 2s 2d per day, their father's business having all but failed him. I thought of offering something to procure a few sick comforts for him (the old gentleman), but delicacy overpowered me when I considered to whom I was about to offer it, and the thought at once struck me to enclose it to you. Now, under such distressing circumstances, I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in enclosing £1, which, when received by this poor family through you (small as the sum is) will turn sorrow into joy. Oh! but for the moment, I know I am intruding myself too far on your invaluable time and patience; still I rest satisfied you will pardon me, as I am influenced to do so through charity. I would respectfully suggest that you send one of your servants with the enclosed, so that the bearer can vouch for the statements contained in this letter. If a subscription be entered into, either a private or a public one, I will add my name for another £1; and I fervently trust that something will be done to relieve this poor family in their dire distress. Their half-year's rent and taxes being over due, it is not impossible that the street will be their doom.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant,
WILLIAM PARNWORTH.
Sir Bernard Burke, &c., &c.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There seems already to be a pretty general agreement on the nature of the reform required in our Penal System. Judges and Grand Jurors have spoken out with extraordinary freedom, public opinion has been decisively expressed, and if any theorists still retain a predilection for the existing prison codes they have, at any rate, reserved their sentiments. Penal servitude, in short, as now administered, is confessed to be a mockery. Our system of penal servitude at home is a complete failure. It may possibly have turned out some really reformed characters, but in effecting this moderate amount of good it has given a virtual impunity to crime. The sentence of a Judge is deprived of its terrors. Even if carried out, it brings no worse suffering with it than mere tedium; and it is by no means certain that it will be carried out, even to half of its nominal extent. Thieves and rogues, we are told, shake their liberty against our property, and 'go in' for a good booty or a certain price of very endurable confinement. Let us make this game a little fairer. Let us try to render the penalty for the offence as unpleasant as the offence itself. If every ruffian had as much dislike to the consequences of garrotting as honest citizens have to being garrotted, it would put society on a fairer footing with its enemies. We believe that Transportation will enable us to establish this desirable equilibrium, and we trust, therefore, to see the system once more in use.—*London Times.*

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN LONDON.—Piecifully after midnight is nearly as unsafe as Hounslow Heath was a hundred years ago. It might till lately have been thought to be one of the tendencies of the age to substitute fraud for force in the acquisition of other persons' property; but really London seems now to unite within it the south roguesy of civilization, and all the bloody violence of barbarism. A few winters ago, burglaries occurred almost nightly. This winter has commenced with a series of outrages to the person so salacious that it is difficult to believe they can have occurred in the most frequented streets of a vast city. The notion of a lonely place being suitable for robbery is quite exploded. The highwaymen have quitted the wild and storm-swept moors where travellers were few, and the task of robbing them involved tedious watching and disagreeable exposure to the weather, have betaken themselves to the centres of population where victims may be found without delay or trouble, and the robber may speedily make himself comfortable under friendly shelter after his night's work is done. Instead of riding many miles, he merely runs up a court turning out of the next street; and even the old-fashioned ceremony of "stand and deliver" is omitted by these modern highwaymen, who first throttle you, knock you down, and kick you, and then wrench your watch gird, and turn your pockets inside out. There is only one healthy feature about these atrocities, which is, that the ruffians who perpetrate them are greatly afraid of the police who are usually active. This being so, instead of lamenting that our moral sewage no longer finds a free outlet into the colonies, or arguing about the limits of punishment and the possibility of reformation, suppose we were to try what can be done to make the streets of London safer, by placing in them rather a large garrison. The police know, or can know, most of the lawless characters of the metropolis. If they see them lurking about the streets suspiciously, they can move them on; if they suspect that they are lying in wait to make a sally from some dark court, they can beat up their quarters and disperse them. The infliction of some prompt and sharp punishment would also have an excellent effect; and if humanity would permit, we should like to see a little flogging tried as well as a few more policemen.—*Saturday Review.*

If such a state of things as obtains in London existed in any city under the rule of the Pope, we may guess the arguments which would thereupon be elaborated by the press of England. If such things were reported of Paris, Madrid, or Vienna, we know how the virtuous British press would decant upon them. But they happen in London, and that being so, they prove nothing but that England is the freest, happiest, most peaceful, and most pious nation in the world.—*Nation.*

THE REIGN OF THE GAROTTERS.—The garotters still seem to carry on their peculiar operations with considerable effectiveness in London; and the authorities still manifest the same helplessness, and the timid population the same wild unreasonable terror. We extract the following from the London correspondence of a morning contemporary:—"On Friday evening, about half-past five, an old gentleman was attacked by two ruffians in Regent street, which was crowded with foot passengers at the time, and robbed of his watch and purse, besides receiving some severe injuries to his head and throat, having one of his fingers nearly bitten through in the struggle.—On the following day, a clerk to a well-known city firm met with a similar fate at one o'clock in the day, while passing through St. Swinburn's lane, a bustling city thoroughfare, connecting King William street and Cannon street. No less than four cases of garotting were heard before the metropolitan police magistrates in the course of a single day last week; but I might fill a column recapitulating instances of this kind. The shop windows bristle with fearfully nondescript-looking implements, ticketed 'anti-garotters,' bowie-knives, sword-canes, life-preservers, 'knuckle-dusters'—an importation from Yankeland—and sundry hybrid monstrosities. I was amused the other day by witnessing a pushing salesman in a cutler's shop in the act of disposing of one of these ugly weapons to a hectic-looking youth, with the cheerful remark, 'You'll find this a very serviceable article, sir.' The consequence of things is that there is nearly as much danger to be apprehended in the street from the terrors of these walking armories, as from the assaults of the garotter. It's not a pleasant thing to tap your friend Smith—who is slightly nervous—on the back, as he is going into his club, and to reply to the salutation to find a six-barrelled revolver, or something between a carpenter's saw and a hundred-bladed knife, thrust into your face." Not a very pleasant state of things assuredly.—*Irishman.*

A correspondent informs us that Mr. Theodore Howard Galton, of Hadoor, whose conversion to the Catholic Faith has recently been reported, is the son of the late Mr. John Howard Galton who was called after the celebrated philanthropist. Our correspondent doubts whether he was ever in the 'Society of Friends.' His elder brother, Terminus, was baptised as an adult. The grandfather had been a Quaker, but was read out of the society for engaging in the manufacture of muskets during the early part of the war with France.—*Weekly Register.*

There is nothing which modern liberals in religion dread so much as free education. They cannot produce men who will rival the Religious Orders in zeal and self-devotion. Therefore, if Christian Brothers, Jesuits, &c., are allowed to open schools, they can not prevent their attracting pupils. It is much easier to pass laws forbidding men to keep schools, than to compete with those schools when they are set up; much easier, again, to require all persons to send their children to the State schools, than to attract them there by superior merits. This is what Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell would now do in Ireland, if they could. It is because, thank God, they have not the power to do it—not because they want the will—that they are compelled to content themselves with bribing the youth of Ireland into godless colleges by lavish endowments and State degrees; while they refuse the power of giving degrees which will carry civil consequences to the University which the people of Ireland have founded for themselves, and which holds its own in spite of their opposition.—*Weekly Register.*

MURDERS IN ENGLAND.—The London journals are again characterized by an abundance of reports of cold-blooded murders. From their issues of Thursday we derive the following particulars:—A most atrocious murder has been committed in the Bleadon Valley, in Wales. A young servant woman was a few days since found lying across a footpath in the neighbourhood of her master's house, with her throat cut from ear to ear. A razor, covered with blood was found near her body, which was subsequently ascertained to be the property of a fellow servant, who was apprehended in an attempt to abscond. At Oldbury, a man named O'gold has been found guilty by a coroner's jury of the murder of his wife, an old woman aged seventy-three years, under circumstances of great atrocity. In the town of Richester near Blackburn, a woman named Walse, upwards of eighty years of age, was found murdered in her bed. The *Times* thus describes the finding of the body of the murdered woman:—"Mrs. Walse lay on her back, her legs naked, the bedclothes thrown over her head, the bolster thrown on the lower part of her body, and her arms fastened tightly with hard-knives to the bedposts. On uncovering her face, a woollen kerchief was found in her mouth, and her face much discoloured. Her nose was completely crushed across the bridge, blackening her right eye, and swelling the left to a most unsightly proportion. Her skull had also been fractured by a fatal blow on the head, above the right ear, and from this and another wound on the right temple, blood was flowing. The lips, breast, and other parts of the deceased were discoloured, and the whole presented a most horridly revolting and revolting spectacle of death had been violent. Then a Mr. Cort, one of the directors of the Crystal Palace Gas Company, has died from the effects of a garrotting he received a few days since in Whitechapel. And finally, a solicitor in London, a most respectable man, is at large on bail, charged with the commission of an offence almost too base to be mentioned.—*Morning News.*

THE GAROTTER IN LONDON.—At an Anti Garrote Association meeting, held at Whitehall on Friday night, the following communication was read:—"To the Anti-Garrotting Club. Taking warning from a persecuted dove, and drop this ere, 'soberly,' far from me if we don't choke some of yer if yer don't let us alone. We have spotted the secretary, and by all that's his we will give his gullet a twist before long. We know him, and there are six of us now to do it, so look out. (Signed) William Atley." Another letter stated that the writer had seen attempts made to garrote him, and that he owed his safety to having worn a steel collar with spikes in it, but having unfortunately left his collar at home on Sunday week he was attacked, and was now laid up. Mr. Buckland describes a pair of gloves designed as a protection against the garrotte:—"They look like ordinary dog skin gloves; but on the last joint of the middle finger and thumb is placed a sharp pair of curved steel hooks, about the size and shape of a parrot's claw, the inner edges of these are sharpened and cut like a knife. When the garrotter attacks his victim the first effort of the strangulating man is to release his throat, he seizes hold of his antagonist's arm with these curved gloves, produces therewith such wounds as would excite the garrotter to speedily relax his hold from actual pain."

A ridiculous story, *Appropos* of garotters, is now being told in London. A very timid man, resident in the suburbs, always carries a loaded stick, and is constantly on the look-out. The other night, as he was walking home, near his house a man pushed rudely against him. The timid gentleman, with great presence of mind, immediately struck him a severe blow with the loaded stick, and the man ran off, leaving his hat behind him. The timid man picked up the hat, and read on the lining the name of one of this intimate friends. Dreadfully shocked, he at once hastened to his friend's house to 'explain matters.' He was received at the door by his friend's wife, who, in a voice inarticulate with sobbing, said, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Poor Edward! he's been garrotted!"

The Central Committee have published a very precise statement of the present extent of Lancashire distress. The distressed unions contain 2,000,000, of whom 572,210 are operatives, chiefly in cotton. Of this number 236,379 were out of employment, 159,074 on short time, 77,036 in full work. This, however, does not show the full extent of the distress. Each worker supports one more, so that there are 472,768 persons with nothing to live on, and 318,148 reduced to half their ordinary income. Out of these 442,500 are supported by the guardians and the committees, and the weekly amount required is £55,000. Of this sum the rates will furnish £20,000, and the rest must be made up by subscription, towards which, however, there is a sum of £500,000 in hand. This will supply food till April, but fuel and clothes are still required.

THE COTTON FAMINE.—From a report furnished by the reporter of the *Times* it appears that of nearly half-a-million of cotton workers in the north of England, there are 236,379 wholly out of employment, and 159,074 on short time. The weekly loss of wages is about £163,000 or at the rate of £8,500,000. The total number on the books of the Committee of relief is 330,276, of whom 170,000 are wholly dependent upon charitable relief. The rates support about 107,000. The amount expended in relief last week was £39,000, of which £18,500 was obtained from the rates. A very interesting circumstance connected with this painful subject has just occurred. A subscription in aid of the Lancashire cotton workers, has been set on foot at Lyons, the great capital of the French Silk Manufacture, as a recognition of the advertisement of the aid which England under similar circumstances gave to French operatives and a *Souvenir* of the grateful recollection of the Lyonsese, of the friendly reception they met with in England when they came to see the Exhibition.

At the November session of the Central Criminal Court twenty-seven persons have been indicted and twenty-four convicted of savage outrages in the streets of the metropolis. Baron Bramwell's sentences are much approved. As nothing more than penal servitude for life could be awarded to the worst of those villains, it was right that the rest should be somewhat shorter terms. Nothing less than ten years, however, is adequate retribution for participation in a garrotte robbery.

The Federal corvette *Onward*, Captain Nickels, put into Falmouth on Saturday last from Faya, to repair some slight damage and to re-victual. She is of about 900 tons, has nine guns and 114 hands, and is one of the ships on the look-out for the Alabama. Her crew appear to be in a very unsatisfactory state of discipline, as her officers cannot come on shore in their ships' boats for fear of the men deserting.