

FEARFUL DOUBLE MURDER NEAR BALBRIGGAN.—One of the most cold-blooded and brutal murders that ever occurred in this country was perpetrated on Monday night in a small farm house at Hollywood Great, about five miles to the north-west of Balbriggan. The victims of this fearful tragedy were two sisters, named Ellen and Anne Murphy, aged respectively 30 and 40 years. The place in which the terrible deed was committed was in a most lonely part of the country, the nearest house being only a half mile distant. It occupies a very elevated position, and the country can be seen for miles upon miles at every side. The humble farmhouse, which for many years to come will be associated with one of the most ruthless and bloody deeds, stands on the right side of a hilly road, within a kind of farmyard, on which attached premises are built at two sides. At the end facing the dwelling house is a haggard, in which are stacks of hay and corn, and a hedge divides the enclosed space from the road. The dwelling-house is a low-thatched, ill-lighted habitation, but bears evidence that its occupants had been in easy circumstances for persons in their position in life. The farm attached to these premises consisted of fourteen acres, and formed part of the Mornington estate, which had been purchased by a Mr. Davis. Of this farm and premises persons of the name of Murphy had been tenants for many generations, and bore a high character for honesty and industry. For some time past the inhabitants of the house were Richard Murphy and his two sisters, Ellen and Anne. In the year 1857 their father, when dying, made a will, in which he bequeathed to his son Richard the house and farm, and to his daughters Ellen and Anne, £15 each, to be paid to them by their brother. The old man, in the will above referred to, left to his other children who had married in the neighborhood, and to a son who had emigrated to America one shilling each. About three years ago the wife of the old man died, and the only occupants of the lonely farm-house were the brother and sisters who seemed to live together on the best of terms. The money bequeathed in the will to the two sisters was never paid to them by their brother. About ten days since a Mr. Casey one of the executors of the will, died, and the sisters fearing that they had no security for the £30, which was due to them by their brother Richard, applied to him for it. On Monday evening, about half-past four o'clock, Richard Murphy was seen by a man named Owen Martin, a herd to Mr. Commissary of Balbriggan, driving along the road in a cart. About half-past eight o'clock that night Murphy went to a man named Nowlan, and told him that his sister Ellen was lying murdered in the house, and that he could not find his sister Anne. Nowlan accompanied him back to the house, and on the floor lay the body of Ellen, with her skull battered in, and her clothes bathed in blood. Both men went in search of the other sister, and after some time her body was discovered lying in a furrow of the stubble-field at the side of the road opposite the house. A quantity of clotted blood had issued from two wounds in her neck, and lay in a pool in the furrow. Nowlan went at once and reported the fearful occurrence to Constable Mookler, of the Ballybohill Station, who sent on information to Head Constable M'Gonigle, at Balbriggan, who, with Mr. Harry Hamilton, J.P., and Mr. H. G. Carey, Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, proceeded to the scene of the murder, and remained there all night making inquiries into this terrible and mysterious tragedy. A private investigation was held before the magistrates yesterday, when Richard Murphy was examined. He denied that his father had ever made a will, but that document was subsequently found in the house by the constabulary. He also stated that the clothes which he had on him were those which he had worn on the day previous, although it was afterwards proved that he had worn an old frieze coat, which was found in his house. On the back of the collar of this coat, and on the inside of one of the skirts stains of blood were to be seen. The body of Anne Murphy was borne from the field in which she had been murdered, and was placed beside that of her Ellen on the floor of the kitchen of the farmhouse. It would be hard to conceive anything more revolting than the appearance which this terrible place presented on Tuesday. On the ground lay the mutilated bodies of the two young women, who, but a few short hours before, were in the possession of health and vigor, and who were now so fearfully mutilated as not to be identified by their most intimate friends but by the clothes they wore. Ellen, the eldest, must have been a very strong woman, as she was much taller and stouter than her younger sister. The stool on which the poor creature (Ellen) had been sitting before the fire was still in its place beneath the old cumbersome projecting hearth and chimney common to old farmhouses. Everything was in its place, nothing stolen or taken away but life. It is generally supposed that, shortly after six o'clock, the murderer, who must have been known to his two victims, attacked Anne in the field while she was in the act of milking the cow. From the nature of the wounds which she received, one terrible blow felled her to the earth—other blows followed, and she was despatched with the prongs of a pitchfork. When this murder was effected the assassin is supposed to have proceeded to the house where Ellen was sitting at the fire, and with one fell stroke on the head he threw her forward into the fire. This fact is proved by the poor creature's left arm being fearfully broken from the elbow to the wrist. Dragged from the fire by the demon, blow after blow was dealt on her head with savage ferocity until the skull was driven in on the brain and her jaw bones shattered to atoms. What a scene of horror must that have been in that lonely place in the pitch of night, when it was so terrible in the daytime with hundreds present, who looked with a kind of silent horror at a place in which was enacted so fearful and so bloody a tragedy. A butcher which was known to have been in the house before the murder was nowhere to be found, and a pitchfork, which lay with others in an outhouse, presented prongs suspiciously clean save near one of the points which bore stains like those of blood. The crowd that assembled yesterday round the house spoke in whispers, and few had the courage to enter the terrible farmhouse.—*Dublin Irishman.*

The Northern Whig has the following truthful remarks on the services of the Earl of Carlisle in Ireland:—A survey of his career brings to mind no disgraceful or unworthy incident. The party with which Lord Carlisle has faithfully acted for 33 years has, indeed, been guilty of many shortcomings, and as a politician he must share such censures as the policy he supported and helped to carry out may deserve. But his mistakes, whatever they may have been, have been those of judgment and not of sinister intention. No one—not even the fiercest opponent in the bitterness of party conflict—has ever questioned his unsullied honor, his chivalrous generosity, his genial kindness of temperament and unaffected benevolence of purpose. Lord Morpeth entered upon office, embarrassed by the faults and weakened by the weakness of his party. His first act, as Minister for Ireland, was to attempt the reform of the Irish Church Establishment. The reform succeeded in part. Tithes were commuted into a rentcharge; but the Appropriation clause, twice urged, was twice rejected. The reform of the constabulary and the appointment of the stipendiary magistrates took the administration of justice out of the hands of political and religious partisans and their tools, and inspired a confidence in the law which had not before been felt. The Irish municipalities were reformed; a Poor Law was passed; the national system of education, of which Mr. Stanley had sketched the outlines, was fostered and developed; the Orange lodges were suppressed. But the measures of the Government, the credit of which Lord Morpeth and his coadjutors divided with the English Cabinet, were even less admirable than the spirit in which it was administered. Religious favoritism was unknown. For the first time almost Catholics found themselves side by side with Protest-

ants in the jury-box and on the bench of magistrates and in other posts of public duty and trust. Reliance was placed on the ordinary powers of the law. Crime in consequence decreased. That confidence in their rulers which subsequent events, partly beyond political control, partly within it, have destroyed, was awakened in the Irish people. Lord Morpeth, when the time came for his retirement from office, left the nation which he had ruled in a temper which, if his successors had encouraged it, might have neutralized the effect of unavoidable calamities, and kept the sister countries knitted together in friendship. The work which he then did has not, however, been wholly undone. The foundation which he laid will yet be built upon. As Viceroy he has acted always in the spirit which characterized him while he filled the nominally humbler, but really more influential, part of Irish Secretary. This part of his career is too fresh in the memory of our readers, and too much involved with modern controversies, to make reference to it necessary or desirable. Whatever judgment may be formed with regard to it, political opponents not less than political friends will acknowledge that in parting with Lord Carlisle Ireland loses one of her truest friends and most substantial benefactors.

The number of persons committed for trial on account of offences arising out of the late riots in Belfast has been somewhat exaggerated. It appears from a list published in the Belfast News-Letter that instead of 90, as was reported there are but 63 to be tried. Of these 35 are now on bail, the remaining 28 being detained in the county goal. Twenty-seven of the cases are for carrying firearms, powder, balls, percussion caps, &c.; two are for shooting and wounding; two for inciting mobs; one for presenting a pistol at a man with intent to take his life; and one for breaking and entering a house. There are four charges of wilful murder. Of the accused 24 are Presbyterians, 23 Episcopalians, and 16 Catholics. An inquest was held yesterday in the General Hospital on the body of another victim of the riots named Henry M'Kibbin, who since the 15th of August has been lingering in that institution, and died on Friday night. It was proved by another patient that as he and the deceased were going along the Shankill-road a ball from a gun, fired by some one in a crowd, struck M'Kibbin in the left thigh, and almost at the same moment another bullet struck the witness in the leg. As there was no evidence to show who fired the shot an open verdict was returned.—*Times Cor.*

THE LATE RIOTS IN BELFAST.—On Monday, at 3 o'clock, Mr. J. K. Jackson, coroner, held an inquest in the General Hospital on the body of a man named Henry M'Kibbin, who was shot in the thigh, on the Shankill-road, during the rioting in that locality, on Tuesday, the 16th of August. It was generally rumored that the person who shot M'Kibbin could be identified, but neither the poor man himself nor any witness examined yesterday could give the slightest clue that would justify an arrest. The jury after a careful examination, found that the deceased, Henry M'Kibbin, was struck with a bullet on the day in question, from the effects of which he died in the General Hospital, Belfast, on the 8th of October, but that there was no evidence as to who fired the shot which caused his death. This is the tenth reported case of homicide caused by the riots. There are only three persons remaining in the General Hospital, of those injured in the late riots, and those have suffered amputation of the legs. They are, we are informed, progressing favourably.—*Northern Whig.*

A FLAX SPINNING MILL FOR DUNDALK.—Flax mills for scutching, we are happy to say, are spring up in all directions. Last week we noticed the erection of one near Riverstown, by the Messrs. M'Arde, of Rampark. Mr. Browne, with his usual foresight, has greatly increased his working power at Philipstown mills by the erection of another scutch-mill on the most approved principles. Mr. Murdoch is also on the alert, and at Carrickmacross Mr. Gartlan has a superior mill at full work. The experience of flagging this year in this country has convinced the most sceptical that it is the paving crop, *par excellence*, and the next year the farmers will grow it on a very extensive scale. The scutching mills will, therefore, be all required, and probably many more. Under these circumstances, we really think the time is come when men of capital and enterprise should consider the propriety of erecting a spinning mill in Dundalk under the Limited Liability Act. Why send the raw material to Belfast? We have in this town hundreds of idle hands, cheap coal, abundance of water, good building sites, and all the other advantages to justify the most cautious and prudent capitalist in taking shares. We trust that some of the leading gentlemen and merchants of Dundalk will take this proposition into consideration.—*Dundalk Express.*

The Roscommon Messenger says:—A very strange feature occurred at some of our country fairs lately; no less, we are assured, than the appearance of some English bred calves, brought over to be disposed of in Ireland, from the want of fodder at home. We are also told that several of the cavalry regiments, for the same reason, will be quartered in Ireland during the coming winter.

clear that nothing could avail him, we removed him to the house, and having sent for his things from the station, we laid him out, exchanging his dress of a Secular Priest, in which he usually travelled, for the rough robes of the Passionist Monk. These he always carried about with him and wore when preaching, and in these it was fitting he should be clothed without delay. Before nightfall he was placed in his open coffin, and laid in the sacristy of Mr. Monteith's private chapel, with lights burning, and a crucifix at his head. The countenance became every hour more and more like the Father Ignatius of some years ago, and lying there in the habit and with the badge of the Passion, the holy servant of God presented a sweet and solemn spectacle, that has been deeply moving to not a few even of the Protestants who have seen him. Mr. Monteith telegraphed the sad news to the Passionist Houses at Highgate and Sutton, as also to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Bishop Murdoch, James Spencer, and Father Ignatius' old and tried friend Mr. Lisle de Lisle. Yesterday morning Father Joseph and Brother Stephen arrived from Sutton, and this morning, two Fathers from Highgate, and Father Provincial and his companions, who came from Ireland. We carried the precious remains down to the station, and the Fathers left by the express train for Sutton.—Father Joseph communicated to us two facts which are well deserving of mention. For years past the physician who attends the community at Sutton, and who was devotedly attached to Father Ignatius, has been urging upon the Fathers the absolute necessity of moderating the good man's zeal. 'If he does not,' said the doctor, 'you will find him some day lying dead by the road-side.' Some six weeks ago, just before Father Ignatius left Sutton for the last time, as if he had some knowledge he was shortly to be called to the Lord, he sent for each of the community separately to his cell and exhorted them to work and pray more zealously than ever for the conversion of England. How wonderful are the dispositions of Divine Providence! Whilst rich men die on their beds of down, 'I go forth unto the night' (to use a phraseology now in vogue.) Surrounded by every luxury that this world can produce, this humble Passionist, whose life for so many years had been one continued sacrifice to promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls, was permitted to die out of his convent, unattended by any of his religious brethren; unwept by all, save of God and his angels; alone by the road-side, forbidden to enter the most distant friendly roof, where his presence would have been hailed as an honor and a blessing, and in sight of which he expired; but his death was precious in the sight of God, and if we have lost the good Father here on earth, we may confidently trust that we have a powerful advocate for us at the throne of Divine Mercy. One cannot but be reminded of the similar case of Father Dominic, the founder of the Passionists in England. He died at the Reading Railway Station on some straw, having been seized almost as suddenly as his disciple, Father Ignatius.—*Cor. of the Weekly Register.*

"FATHER IGNATIUS" ON PROTESTANTISM.—This singular and talented gentleman made no little sensation on Sunday evening last, by his announcement that he would say 'Benedictine Vespers,' and preach on 'The Day of Judgment,' and as the Gora Exchange was free to all those who were disposed to enter, it was filled by an exceedingly rough audience many of whom came purposely to mar the proceedings. As soon as he ascended the platform, with Brother Brannock and four choristers, they were received by a volley of hisses. Father Ignatius, with great vehemence; 'I declare if you do not desist I will leave you, as a company of heathens. I came here to speak of a crucified Saviour,' pointing to a Crucifix on the table (applause). 'I don't want your applause; I have come here to worship God, not to be applauded by my fellow sinners, and unless every one of you instantly behave as Christians in the presence of God, before whom you have one day to stand to be judged, I will be no party to increasing your damnation and guilt. Now every one of you take off your hats or I will leave the hall.' (Hats were immediately taken off, and applause followed.) 'No, I insist upon it, no applause. I am not here to give a public lecture, but to speak to you of Christ (renewed hissing). I candidly confess I did not bargain for this. We are assembled for the worship of Almighty God, and you behave as heathens.' Having completely silenced the mob, Vespers were sung, at the close of which Father Ignatius preached from the 23rd Matthew, 6th verse.—'And at midnight there was a cry made, behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.' During the discourse some one in the room called out, 'We don't want to hear anything about the Virgin Mary.' Father Ignatius: (striking his hand on the table)—'If you do not desist I will leave the room. I am speaking of Christ and his Blessed Mother. Another word and I leave you in disgust.' This had the desired effect.—and the sermon was finished in a breathless silence. At the conclusion of his discourse, 'Father Ignatius' intimated that they were about to establish a Monastery in Manchester, and a third Order of St. Benedict for persons living in the world. Many had already joined the Order in the city.

On Monday evening, 'Father Ignatius' lectured in the same building to quite a different class of persons. The audience was composed of a large number of the most respectable families, and there was a large sprinkling of Catholic Priests and Clergymen of the Church of England, the great majority of the latter showing symptoms favorable to the lecturer's denunciation of 'Protestantism.' Father Ignatius was received with loud cheers as he entered the hall. After prayers he said he had come to speak to them upon 'Protestantism.' The audience last night gave you a better lecture upon Protestantism than I can. They hooted at the Cross of Jesus Christ first, and then they went on to hooting his Blessed Mother. Yes, these men would pay reverence to the British flag but not to the Cross of Christ. They would respect the Queen's coat of arms, but not the Cross of Christ. The Cross they yelled at like a lot of Japanese (loud applause). When I mentioned Christ's mother, they bowed at it. How would you like your mother to be so treated? And think you, Christ will have pity on those men who despised his mother? She who gave him suck—she who watched his boyhood at Nazareth—she to whom he was obedient. She whom the sword of sorrow pierced her heart when she stood at the Cross of Jesus her son. Think you that such a son at the last day will have pity on the revilers of his Blessed Mother (continued applause). St. Paul says, 'Glory in the Cross of Christ,' yet the men of Manchester love pounds, shillings, and pence better than the name of Mary—better than their Saviour—better than the Mother of their God.

After this scathing criticism on the conduct of the Manchester Protestants, writes the Manchester Examiner and Times, the lecturer defended (amidst ringing cheers) the Roman Catholic worship of the Virgin as not being the kind of worship given to the Almighty. What was Protestantism? He hadn't the least idea. To protest against a thing was to deny it—how could a faith be made with so many denials? Every Protestant seemed to go on his own 'hook,' although they professed to have a common Bible, which they cut up into mince-meat to suit their own individual tastes (applause). 'I challenge Protestants,' exclaimed the Monk, 'to prove that they believe in the Bible. Their belief is in their own concocted opinion (loud cheering). In the Church of England witness Bishop Colenso. Look at the other thousand and one sects. There was the Swedenborgian hash; there was the Unitarian stew there was the Ranters'—what shall I call it, now, ah! Ranters' mince-meat (loud laughter). Then followed for about fifteen minutes, the most comic description of Sects, some of which were new to the audience. The Swedenborgian believed in a heaven where the first thing done was to get married—nice looking young men with black hair and dark eyes, with very

fair young ladies with nice blue eyes (laughter) came down from heaven in a chariot with a white pony, to give the information. Another sect, in the seeking for innocent life, formed a community among themselves where 'you might see an old woman, with a short frock and filled drawers, playing with a skipping rope and hoop; an old man with a short trousers and tight jacket—very tight, no doubt, after dinner—playing marbles or peg-top.' This facetious representation of course produced roars of laughter, and there seemed to be a desire to bring about an encore. But at the back there was a hiss, and Father Ignatius said this remarkable sect existed in America, and were called Little Children Baptists. Another choice picture was of a sect termed 'Glory Alleluia Baptists.' These the lecturer described as a class of Protestants who 'spoke in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.' For instance:—A party came in hungry, and asked for food thus:—

Go, Mary, bring us in some meat
And let us soon have some food to eat.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

There was Mrs. Cattel, of Putney, had set up a new and blasphemous religion, and declaring herself to be God! These sects, almost numberless, fight like a parcel of cats as to what a passage in the Bible means (loud applause), with a hiss or two from a person present—'I tell you,' said the lecturer, shaking his fist at the opposition, 'Protestantism has done more to bring ridicule upon the Word of God than any other invention of Satan' (tremendous cheering). The lecturer then asserted that the Church of England was Catholic with the Roman Church and the Greek Church, and what he believed as a member of the Church of England, every Roman Catholic believed (loud applause). 'Now, then, I come to the last point—the Protestants of the Church of England. I can excuse all Protestants, but Protestants of the Church of England are the most loathsome of all ('Who-ur' when?' 'O-h, Oh' 'Ya-h, Yah' and undercurrent of hisses from a few persons). 'Ah, yes,' rejoined the lecturer, 'that's it; hiss away; hiss away until you're tired. It's only your ignorance—it's your ignorance, and it's your own consciences pricking you and making you hiss' (slight hissing). The speaker next attacked the Church of England Clergy in a very pointed manner, accusing them of dishonesty, calling them traitors, and challenging them, unless they carried out its formulae, to come out of a Church which enjoined at the hour of death, a Popish superstition, and unevangelical us—'a remark which was followed by a few hisses, then loud cheers; then a few more hisses, drowned in overwhelming cheers. A description of the mode of procedure at Glendon was another rare treat in a comic point of view. He said he had given the people plenty of holy water, had 'incensed them with incense.' But they made game of him. He had told them, 'Well, you know you are only a parcel of heathens,' and they laughed again. 'It's no use,' he had rejoined, 'You are nothing but an ignorant pig-headed lot,' and, upon my word, they believed it in time, and now they come to me regularly for my blessing before they go to rest.' The people did not always, however, stay out the services, but walked out, and I generally give 'em a good dose as they go.' Having spoken of 'the Blessed Sacrament,' and of the 'real presence,' the following scene took place between the Rev. Mr. Whittaker and Father Ignatius:—

Rev. Mr. Whittaker (holding a Church of England Prayer-book in his hand). What do you mean by the real presence?

Father Ignatius: I mean that in the Sacrament is verily and indeed received the Body and Blood of Christ, as the Catechism says.

The Rev. Mr. Whittaker: I know that is a strong passage—but it is not the doctrine of the Church of England. The declaration at the end of the Communion service denies it.

Father Ignatius: I take that very declaration—word for word—and declares it does not. The Church of England says you may take the interpretation of the Fathers—St. Ignatius, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, and the Universal Church is against you (loud cheers).

The dialogue continued for some time, when Father Ignatius said, 'It's now my turn to ask you a few questions. Do you in the case of a dying person, move him to make auricular confession as the Church demands by her rubrics?'

The Rev. Mr. Whittaker: Do you mean 'force' him or—

Father Ignatius: Let's have no quibbling; you are required to move or entreat the sick man, to make a real confession; do you do this, and have you ever said the absolution over a dying man?'

The Rev. Mr. Whittaker: I think the demand of the Church applies to particular cases, I have not done so (loud hisses).

Father Ignatius: Do you observe the fast days, and the 300 feast days, which the Rubric of the Church tells 'are' to be kept.

The Rev. Mr. Whittaker: Dear me, does it say so, I must look (amidst loud laughter the Rev. gentleman tried to find the place). No I do not (loud laughter). The Rev. gentleman tried to explain but the audience laughed him down. The lecturer declared he could neither make head nor tail of what Mr. Whittaker had been saying, and at once closed the meeting with prayer, the latter gentleman as 'a Priest' giving 'the blessing.'

Thus ended an extraordinary exhibition of Catholic doctrine by a Deacon of the Church of England in the garb of a Benedictine monk, and that which gives the greatest hope of conversion to the one fold of many members of the Anglican Church, is their public declaration of love towards the Blessed Virgin and their veneration for the emblem of their salvation.—*Cor. of London Tablet.*

AN ANTI-POPISH LECTURE OF WEAK FAITH.—William M'Court, 'a convert from Romanism,' was announced to give a lecture in Hilltown Free Church Dundee, on Tuesday evening last, on 'The Idolatrous Worship of the Virgin Mary,' but after the audience had assembled he failed to make his appearance, and as he had not been seen by his landlady after Monday night, when he hurriedly left the house some anxiety was felt for his safety. He turned up Wednesday morning, however, and in a letter to the Dundee Courier accounts for his disappearance in an extraordinary way. He says that he went out for a walk on Monday evening, and after having walked a considerable way he was recognised and assailed by a number of young men. In order to get rid of them, he took shelter in a house, the door of which was standing open. He there saw a man and woman, who allowed him to go in, and promised him shelter. As to what followed we allow him to speak for himself:—'Considering I was in safe company, I sat down at the fire; and after conversing a little, took out my pipe, and commenced smoking. Shortly after this five men (I think there might have been six, but of this I am not certain) came into the house. They shut the door, and after a pause one of them said that 'they knew that I was William M'Court, who was to lecture next evening, that I was quite safe here I was, but that I must remain in their custody till I was relieved. If I remained quiet no harm would be done to me, food would be given and comfortable bed; but on no consideration would I be allowed to make the slightest alarm or show signs of calling for assistance, for if I did so they would know how to serve me.' I remonstrated, and made several attempts to get out of the house. This was of no avail. A watch of two powerful men was kept over me. I was offered tea and a bed; both of which I declined to accept. In this state I was kept over Monday evening, all Tuesday, and up to an early hour on Wednesday morning, when the men told me I was to be liberated. But before doing so they tied a napkin firmly over my eyes, led me out and along several streets, when the bandage was removed and they ran off. I was stunned, and when I recovered my vision the men were out of sight.' He then goes on to state that on Wednesday evening

he was invited to call upon two Priests in the Neothorpe, who, after touching on his previous connection with the Roman Catholic Church, suggested that he should draw up and sign a recantation of his new belief. Being curious to know what they wanted him to say, he wrote to their dictation a full recantation. They then promised that, if he would sign the document, and permit its publication, they would provide for him. He declined to do so, however; but, having got possession of the paper, he copied it in his letters. Mr. M'Court's story is, however, marred by the following note appended to his letter by the editor of the Courier:—'As an act of justice we submitted the above statement to the Roman Catholic Clergymen, and they declared it to be altogether untrue so far as it affected anything that had taken place between M'Court and them. No Priest ever sent for him. M'Court went to the chapel house of his own accord, and asked to have 'the right hand of fellowship' extended to him. He declared that the reason he did not lecture in Mr. M'Pherson's church, was because 'he was struck with remorse for speaking against the Blessed Virgin, and hid himself.' He offered to make a recantation of Protestantism, and requested two of the Priests to dictate a recantation, but both of them refused. They thought he was in want of food, and gave him his dinner, as they are in the habit of doing to persons who come to them in such a state.' It further appears that M'Court wrote the recantation himself, and wished to know how much money the Priests would give him for the document; if he signed it.

AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD.—A very interesting discovery has been made in St. Euoch-square by the workmen engaged in constructing a common sewer there. While digging along the west side of the church, at the depth of about 3ft. 6in. from the top of the causeway stones, they came upon a stratum of black earth, which emitted a strong sour smell, of which the laborers complained very much, and which was said to resemble the effluvia from an open grave. A considerable quantity of human bones, of various sizes, was found in the black stratum to which we have referred, and which is no doubt the remains of animal matter which has been decomposing for generations. There is not any doubt that there has thus been laid bare a portion of the ancient cemetery attached to the venerable chapel of St. Thenua, the mother, of St. Kentigern or St. Mungo. The chapel dedicated to this illustrious lady, and where her remains were believed to rest, stood upon some portion of the ground now known as St. Euoch-square, which, indeed, is a corruption of her name. The memory of St. Thenua was held in great veneration in the Roman Catholic times, and in the list of relics in the treasury of Glasgow Cathedral in 1432, and which were supposed to be carried away by Cardinal Beaton about 1560, were 'two linen bags, with bones of St. Kentigern, St. Thenua, and other deceased Saints.'—*Glasgow Herald.*

THE PERFECT PARTIALITY OF RUSSELLISM.—The last London Gazette contains a notice which, according to the editorial apologists for Earl Russell's mingled craft and weakness, supplies additional and powerful evidence to the perfect impartiality (sic) observed by her Majesty's Government towards the belligerents in America. What that impartiality has been the public do not need to be told; and we venture to say that the additional evidence will lead them to a very different conclusion from that which the writer hastens to bespeak, with a suspicion that his case is hollow. The words of the Gazette notification are these:—'Foreign-office, Sept. 8. It is hereby notified that her Majesty has been pleased to order that for the future, no ship of war belonging to either of the belligerent Powers of North America shall be allowed to enter or to remain, or be, in any of her Majesty's ports for the purpose of being dismantled or sold, and her Majesty has been pleased to give directions to the Commissioners of her Majesty's Customs, to the governors of her Majesty's colonies and foreign possessions, to see this order properly carried into effect.' The making of the order applicable to both of the belligerents is altogether too fine a stroke of Russellism. The Federals are under no necessity to enter our ports to dispose of ships which may not suit their purposes. They will not be placed under any disability by the regulation. Their own ports are open, and they can sell ships suitable for warfare in British harbors, after dismantling them in their own, or purchase them in England, and equip them elsewhere. The Confederate Government are differently circumstanced, and the Foreign-office order is a burden on them alone. Our Ministers have already denied them the right to buy unarmed ships in British dockyards; now they are forbidden to sell ships in British ports that have become peaceful merchantmen. It is a Confederate ownership that constitutes the offence! If we honestly recognised the rights of the parties as belligerents, we should make no distinction between dismantling or arming a ship at sea, and going through those operations in a port belonging to the country whose flag was carried. The lawyers have been fertile in sophistries to shelter Earl Russell's perfect partiality and will doubtless attempt to defend the new order by some involved ratiocinative process, but the public cannot be mystified about a matter so palpably capable of one construction only. There is yet another trick in this artificial Gazette sentence. The regulation is to be applicable 'for the future.' What, then, about the case of the Georgia? We are semi-officially informed that the notification has been put in this form in order to bar the 'legal rights' of the British owner who purchased that vessel in a British port, from Confederate vendors. It is not at all meant, however, that those rights will be recognised by the Government and a demand preferred for the restoration of that vessel. The 'Times' is authorised to state that they have 'declined to interfere' in the case of the steamer Georgia seized off Lisbon by the Federal frigate Niagara. It is difficult to understand what legal rights remain to the owner under these circumstances. The Americans have seized his ship; they have taken it to New York; they will condemn it on their own principles; and what remedy will the British purchaser have, now that the Government deny him that protection to which he had a claim in consequence of the precautions he took when applying for a British register? It will be remembered that Mr. Bates before completing the purchase, wrote to the Custom house authorities at Liverpool to ascertain whether he would be proceeding legally in buying the vessel, then dismantled and restored to its original character, that of an ordinary merchant ship. The collector consulted the Government, and on their being satisfied that the purchase was *bona fide*, and the vessel to be employed in peaceful commerce, they authorised the granting of a register. The Foreign-office now turns its back upon all this and with an effrontery unparalleled even in Earl Russell's administration 'declines to interfere.' The 'new order' is intended to make that prostration before the Federal Government more completely satisfactory to the objects of his unworthy timidity. It is thus that Earl Russell practices 'neutrality,' and vents insults to the British flag! W. hardly thought there was a lower deep for his American administration but this last exploit outdoes all former disgraces. It remains to be seen whether the shipping interest will submit as tamely to Earl Russell as Earl Russell has done to Mr. Seward. While awaiting their action in the matter, we may add that the combined exertions of our Foreign Minister and Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet are not likely to drive the Confederate flag from the seas. A telegram arrived at Lloyds on Saturday, which has caused a flutter among the Anglo-Federal party. Captain Semmes is said to have re-appeared in the neighborhood of Bremerhaven, commanding a frigate, pierced for 40 guns, and having 300 men on board; and that 'daring officer' will, doubtless, seek exact reparation after his own fashion for the seizure of the Georgia as well as the loss of the Alabama.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*