

At a late meeting of the Tuam Board of Guardians, a letter was read from the Rev. Peter Conway, P.P., Headford, which he had addressed to the Poor Law Commissioners and which contained the following harrowing details, after specially alluding to the death from actual starvation of a poor man named Connor King, who lived on the shores of Corrib, Killary Electoral Division. On Friday last Mrs. Killary died in the Electoral Division of Headford; she was getting out-door relief for some time, but was deprived of it because she was 'seen out.' There is another woman dying near the shores of the Corrib. She has no food, no drink, no relieving officer, no doctor to look after her. Her name is Keefe. This day I attended two sick people in the Killary Electoral Division. They, I fear, will soon die. One has some potatoes, but no drink, no nourishment of any kind. The other has three children and a husband; she is getting now 2s. worth of food weekly. She was getting out-door relief last summer but was deprived of it. Now she is getting it when she is dying. Let me record on your books, for the information of the public, the last dodge of relieving the poor here as carried on under the supervision of the present Poor Law Commissioners—namely, that of giving a trifle of out-door relief to the person dying, so that after the death it could not be proved that the person died of actual want—Your respectfully,

PETER CONWAY, P.P.

On the morning of the 30th ult., a party of the city police proceeded to the grocery establishments of Mr. Power, corner of Henry and Moore streets, Dublin, and arrested a young lad, aged sixteen years, named Thomas McKean (or McKenna), who is a shop assistant. When McKean was arrested he denied that he had any arms, but on his box being searched in his bed-room two splendid six-chambered revolvers were found in it, and also a formidable buck-horned Bowie knife. When questioned about the articles, he said they had been given to him 'on loan' by a person many months ago, and that he forgot to have them still in his possession. The police subsequently drove to the residence of McKean's father, No. 1 Villa Bank, Royal Canal, Phibsborough, and there seized a single barrelled shot gun and a short fuse. McKean has been committed for trial at the next Commission, on charge of having arms within a prohibited district.

A Drogheda correspondent, under date, Dec. 3, says:—On yesterday the extensive mills of Messrs. Gradwell, O'Connell & Co., commenced working on short time, by which upwards of 1,700 workers usually employed at those mills will be put on two thirds of their former wages. The Drogheda Iron Works also have not had their former complement of hands and both this company and the mills have been working for some time at considerable disadvantage owing to the depression of business. The poor out-door workers are in a sad plight, indeed, while the numbers who are daily applying for Union relief, and the amount of poverty disclosed is really distressing.

A very melancholy and sudden death occurred at Strabane, on Nov. 25th. A respectable farmer named Robert McGowan, of Camus, county Donegal, was attending the races, and having taken suddenly sick, sat down for a moment. In a few seconds life had fled. The deceased was immediately conveyed by the police into town, where an inquest was held on the body, before Dr. Hamilton, coroner of the district. Dr. Macleod attended the inquest, and proved death was caused from disease of the heart. The jury returned accordingly. The deceased was a most respectable and sober man, and the sad occurrence is deeply regretted by those who knew him. He was about sixty years of age.—Daily Journal.

The recent murder of Mr. Waters a respectable farmer near Ballymahon in the county of Longford, has excited deep sympathy in the locality. A subscription list for a reward fund has been opened by the Farmer's Club, of which he was a member, to discover the murderer. The shirt and coat of Gray, the man who was arrested on suspicion, have been found by the police concealed in his house.

In Newry, on the 2nd inst., a man named Joseph Melody a native of Dublin, was arrested on a charge of complicity in Fenianism. On his lodging at the Harp Tavern in North Street being searched, the police say they found treasonous documents, a book treating on the manufacture of combustible materials and weapons of war.

On the 4th inst. an inquest was held in Newry, on the body of Richard Donnelly, a private in the 21st British Fusiliers, who died of tetanus, alleged to have been brought on by a stab in the hand received from a civilian on the night of Saturday, the 23rd ult.

It is announced that several members of the Irish constabulary in Drogheda and Navan have left the force and are preparing to emigrate to the United States. And others are preparing to follow the example set them, before New Year's Day.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING AT BATH.—The Catholics of Bath have recently completed by the addition of a spire the handsome place of worship in that city—the Abbey, perhaps, excepted. Archbishop Manning officiated at the opening ceremony, which was very imposing. He preached two sermons, in the first he replied to the question, 'Does there exist on the face of the earth at this moment any Divine authority which in its declarations and injunctions is infallible?' His answer, of course, was that the Church of Rome was such an authority, and the only one, no other Church but this being known among men. Men were bound, under pain of sin to listen to its teachings. It was the Judge of doctrines, of books, of interpretations and of the meanings of Pontific. The result of leaving men to judge for themselves was that the English people had become as sheep having no shepherd.' Dr. Manning referred with pity to the Par-Anglais Conference. The intention was good, but it was a moving spectacle. Its helplessness was evidence that something was wrong. The second sermon contained an account of the battle of Mantana.

In a speech delivered at Tamworth, Sir Robert Peel has pronounced against the proposal to disestablish the Irish Church. He appeals to the opinions held by Lord Palmerston on this question and insists that if Parliament once begins to deal with the revenues of the Church in Ireland, it may afterwards be considered right to do away with all endowments for religious purposes. He would seek to allay the irritation of the Catholics by endorsing their clergy—a mode of redress which, we need hardly remind our readers, has been rejected by Cardinal Cullen and the other Irish prelates.

AN AMONGST 'MAN OR GUN?—The dissenting ministers have combined to publish a volume under the title of 'The Life and Labours of the late John Campbell, D.D.' I am sure his friends will regret to find this big memoir more like a caricature than a portrait. When seventy years of age Dr. Campbell married a second time, and the lady is exalted to the almost superhuman excellence of her husband. A profound respect is paid to her 'large property,' her 'lordly mansion,' and the mode in which the marriage contributed to 'the temporal advancement' of his family. And in this connection we have a letter written by the venerable lover to the object of his affections, shortly before their union.—It begins, 'My dear darling Emma' and proceeds to tell some particulars of the 'second Mrs. Jay,' the wife of a popular preacher at Bath. He [Dr. Campbell] saw that lady once when she was a little over 50. She was united for seven years with Mr. Jay, but, called the doctor with a motive too plain to be called insidious, 'a union of seven years with such a man was worth more than twenty-one years with the bulk of men.' Warning as he further contemplates his own extraordinary attractions, he goes on to say, 'I shall now lay aside the lance and spear,

and give myself to promote the happiness of myself and Emma.' He then quotes a case of a friend who, after being ten years a widower, married a widow who 'was the joy of his life and the light of his dwelling for eight years.' Thus, Dr. Campbell proceeds, 'darling Emma will see that she is not alone, but ranks with a distinguished class of ladies who counted it an honour to minister to the comfort of the latter years of great and good men.' And there are two biographers in the world, who think the publication of this outburst of vanity—a sort of record to their hero. But another paragraph is so ungracious that I should like to give it. 'My dearest Emma will know I wrote her old admirer, 'I saw to it that all these facts with the glowing and beautiful who praise of years to her, and would rather see her wedded to a green fool than to a ripe philosopher. She is only doing what a multitude of ladies of the first respectability and the highest excellence have done, and doing now, and will continue to do to the end of time. Thousands will have been proud to be called Mrs. Jay, and a public one would not blush to be called Mrs. Dr.' [Campbell] had this seen the light in a private book of fiction, the church would have said it was an unwarrantable exaggeration of what was possible among sane and respectable folk.

THE POSTAL SERVICE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—Under the new arrangements for the Postal Service of 1868, the mails for England will be forwarded every Tuesday by the North German Lloyd line via Queenstown, Belfast, Glasgow, and Liverpool, and will receive the first mail of 250,000 for the year, but will have to pay back to the British Government about £15,000, or what remains they receive from the United States Government. The Daily News, after giving the details of the English arrangements and contracts, says:—The United States Government have made the following arrangements for 1868: The Bremen Company are to leave New York on Tuesday, the Hamburg Company on Thursday, and the Inman Company on Saturday. The Cunard Company sailing Wednesday—this is their usual day from New York. In this case the various companies will be paid by the ocean postage worth probably about £15,000 a year; but the Cunard Company will have to send their receipts from this source to the British Post Office. In addition to the subsidized lines of steamers, other fine steamers will sail weekly from Liverpool to North America. On Thursdays, the Allan Company—who receive a subsidy from the Canadian Government—dispatch splendid steamers to Quebec or Portland, which call at the north of Ireland in both the homeward and the outward voyages; while Messrs. Guion & Co., and the National Steamship Company have powerful steam fleets plying between Liverpool and New York, the vessels of the former company sailing from the Mersey on Saturday, and those of the latter on Wednesday, and touching, when practicable, at Queenstown. There are also recently established lines of steamers plying to Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans from Liverpool; but these steamers, like those of the Guion and National Companies, only carry letters at the ordinary ship rates. The Cunard Company in addition to their regular 'small' line sailing for New York every Saturday, will dispatch extra steamers on Tuesdays to New York, and also to Boston; and these first-class vessels (not being under contract) also carry letters at the ordinary ship rates, in respect to these extra vessels, comes under actual obligations or penalties, and merely promise to sail them with tolerable regularity, making the voyage in about 12 days. It will thus be seen that there is now rather more than daily correspondence between Liverpool, &c.

A WORKHOUSE PLEASANT.—'Puffin' Sir,' said the Staffordshire workhouse master, energetically; 'they're downright fond of it, and proud, too, I tell you, for their nose of the Union about here is a scarce to touch it. No difficulty about getting 'em to attend funeral's now; all the old men's funerals, and we've six nice suits of black, so that we give most of 'em on out in town. You see there was a good deal of dissatisfaction before, for a cause as heavy thing to carry, our inmates being mostly old and infirm, and the ground between this and the cemetery stiff. Consequently, when the old men's had to get up this hill—you can see it every day—Sir, between the tract to the right—they grumbled and said it wasn't fair? To the Guardians? Oh no, Sir, they wouldn't go so far as that—but to each other, and then some of the board saw 'em struggling on, almost breaking down with a coffin between 'em in the hot weather; and a motion was brought and carried, and all was settled, and this beautiful course got in less than three weeks; for our Guardians are kind men, Sir, and like to bury their own people well. Can the infirm mounters ride on it? Well, two of 'em own, in front, and the rest follow two and two. I wish you could see 'em; they're a funeral good enough for anybody; and Sir, it makes me anxious to go directly we've a death in the house. You see for yourself what the course is (putting it off respectfully, as if it were a favorite soulless), handsome and well-proportioned, but yet; and I do assure you there aren't one like it in any of the Unions in the county. It's curious, downright curious, too, to see how our people have taken to this course. Sometimes, when one of 'em ill, and it's known he won't get better, they'll talk up eagerly among themselves as to whose turn it is to follow him as mourners, and what a weight he'd have been to carry if the 'earse hadn't been got. You see it's a bit of an out.'—Dickens' All the Year Round.

DISCOVERY OF SAURIAN REMAINS IN SCOTLAND.—The Inverness Courier says:—'A very interesting addition has just been made to the Elgin Museum, of a portion of a jaw of an extinct crocodile or allied saurian animal, from a sandstone quarry at Alives. It has the double row of teeth of the modern inhabitants of the Nile and Ganges; a large specimen of which has been placed beside it for comparison, but the teeth of the one in stone are at least double the size of the recent ones. In other respects they are exactly analogous—the two rows of teeth being similarly placed and striated alike. In the fossil specimen several of the teeth have fallen out, but their deep sockets have been preserved, and are faithfully exhibited in the stone while the others have been well used, and are rounded on the top by the hones which the creature had crunched in its tremendous jaw when alive. This unique relic was saved by one of the quarrymen while in the act of putting it on a cart to be sent away, and noticing a curious projecting mass at one corner he broke it off, and so saved it for the very valuable collection in which it has now been placed. There can be no doubt of the rock at Alives being of the old red sandstone, and our English scientific friends will find it difficult to assign this fossil to any newer formation, as they have done with the other bone beds of Morayshire. This saurian, in fact, will likely establish that the seas of the old red period had shores with large lagoons or estuaries rich in a tropical vegetation, and abounding in amphibious reptiles! We are glad to understand that, on the representation of Sir Roderick Murchison, the Royal Society of London has lately voted a handsome sum towards the exploration of the bone beds of Loosiemouth and other disputed or doubtful localities of Morayland.'

Brother Ignatius, who has been under a cloud for some time past has again come within range of the public eye. Some time ago at the celebration of the annual Festival of St. Elizabeth, in her lifetime probably a Saxon lady, he officiated. The services were of the extreme ritualistic class. Holy Communion was celebrated daily at noon, and between one and two the 'Te Deum' was sung, followed by a brief address. Incense and vestments were in use, and a crucifix was borne by a chorister in scarlet cassock before the priest in procession, and placed over against the low pulpit during the sermons. The clergy were their best. On Saturday Brother Ignatius preached from the words of the gospel for

the day. The church was so crammed that the doors had to be closed. The reverend gentlemen wore the serge hood of his order, and a short surplice over it. On entering the pulpit he lifted a scarlet stole and placed it over his shoulders, commencing his discourse by a vehement outburst against the Rev. Mr. Voysey, incumbent of a Yorkshire parish, whose doctrine he condemned in violent language. He requested his hearers to bear the same in mind, and for that purpose sent it to them twice, letter by letter. The clergyman in question was accused of 'proposing a damnable and diabolical vision; though resident within a short distance of the archiepiscopal capital of the northern province, he was permitted to continue to officiate whilst now a day the hubbub of Popery was being howled and yelled after; a strategy of the devil to lead men's thoughts away from the deep and sad errors of infidelity around them? Dr. E. and the Rev. G. Akenside, Hill, Goring, and the Bishop of Dunedin, were also among the witnesses. 'Brother Ignatius' must be distinguished from Father Ignatius. The latter was known in the world as the Rev. and Hon. Gaspar Spenser, and was a well-to-do man. The 'Brother,' however, has never openly left the English communion, in which it has been the aim of his eccentric life to re-establish universalism. It is his patrimony of the name of Lorraine, and is called 'Father' by the elect, who believe in him.

At no time has Fenianism presented itself in a more threatening aspect than at present. An open rebellion may be dealt with by superior force, and disaffection confined to particular districts may be watched so as to leave no opportunity for an outbreak. The case is different, however, when a treacherous conspiracy has extended itself over a whole kingdom, and society everywhere is pervaded by a sense of its insecurity. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to say from day to day, when the next manifestation of lawless violence may take place. If an attempt is made at Chester to-day, to-morrow the scene may be transferred to Liverpool, Manchester or London, or wherever the secret sympathies with the conspirators are to be found. We are inclined to think that Fenianism in England is a much more serious thing at this moment than Fenianism in Ireland. In Ireland there is a prospect that the insurrection will show its front in the field, whereas in England the policy resorted to appears to be one of secret assassination, with a view to spreading terror through all ranks of society.

On Nov. 27th, Acting constable McGovern and four sub constables visited the mountains on a still-hunting excursion, and on reaching near the confines of Moor Lough, their suspicions were soon aroused by a shrill whistle. These suspicions were soon made reality as they found a still-house, the fire blazing brightly. They still had disappeared. However they soon came on a large vessel, sunk in a bog, and containing over 100 gallons of illicit distillate, and two kegs containing the real 'mountain dew.' All was seized and brought into town that evening.—Correspondent Journal.

Two men, named Edward Miles and Thomas Gordon were charged at the Morality Petty Sessions at the suit of the Crown, for having on the 19th Nov. being the fair day of Carlisleton, sung sedition songs and used treasonable language, in the hearing of several parties at the public house of a man named Rafferty. Head constable stated that he went into Rafferty's public house on the day in question. Saw a number of people there who were drinking. Miles, who was of the party, sang a Fenian song. The prisoners were committed.

During a late fog in London some curious scenes took place. A gentleman in mounting the knob of an omnibus met a young lad coming down, and who in passing abstracted his watch. The lad was arrested, recognized as an old offender, and when asked to explain, said he by mistake put up his hand into the gentleman's pocket, thinking it was his own to oblige his handkerchief, and stated that the watch was his—applying to his father to corroborate his statement. The father refused to do so. He was the policeman that had arrested his own son.—Court Journal.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Fenianism still engenders a fishery of public attention, though the excitement caused by a recent outrage has nearly cooled down. There is a wide speculation, and ever increasing feeling, regarding the application of the condition of the Irish as the most effective means of suppressing Fenianism. The Times this morning strongly favors this idea, and hopes and believes that the next session of the Par's next will be occupied with the consideration of Irish Affairs.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The regular police force of this metropolis has been largely increased. Timothy Desmond and Jerry Allen, the alleged perpetrators of the Clerkenwell explosion, were brought before a mag's rate to-day, and underwent a preliminary examination, at the close of which they were remanded to jail.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The London Observer says the British Government, in all the extraordinary proceedings which it is now taking against the Fenians, is acting with a full knowledge of their secret plans. The alarm caused by the Fenians in the city is subsiding.

Colonel Merewether announces, in a letter which Sir Stafford Northcote publishes, that he has discovered a pass to the highlands of Abyssinia, for camels and camels. A second pass was to be examined immediately. The place to be reached by these passes on the plateau must be near Tukunda. A railway from Annesley Bay to a place where water is obtainable will soon be constructed.

UNITED STATES.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS.—REPORT FROM THE LATE ADMIRAL PALMER.—Sir: I beg to inform the Department of an extraordinary occurrence which took place in this harbor yesterday. The weather was clear, though extremely hot—barometer 30. While writing in my cabin, my attention was called by a sudden tremor seizing the ship, increasing in intensity, accompanied by a sound resembling the grinding of a vessel upon a rough bottom, then gradually subsiding until it ceased, the whole lasting about two minutes. I recognized it immediately as an earthquake, and looking down toward the town saw from the dust and confusion there had been destruction among its buildings. Concluding it was now over I resumed my occupation, and had been seated about ten minutes when the report was brought to me that the sea outside of the harbor had risen and was coming in a huge volume, as if to engulf us all. I went on deck and here the extraordinary spectacle of a heavy wall of the sea some 20 feet in height, apparently distant about three miles, was coming toward the harbor with terrible power. The second anchor was immediately dropped, and men were sent to the helm which was all we could do; and then we stood to meet it; as it advanced with a skimming line of tumultuous rollers in front. I saw with some comfort that it came from about S. W., and would consequently strike the entrance of the harbor in an oblique direction. With a feeling of awe we awaited its arrival. It came rushing on, tumbling over the rock that formed the entrance, carrying everything before it. A small steamer and sailing vessel that were trying to get out were at once engulfed, and never again seen, and vessels at anchor near the entrance were lifted from their moorings, and carried on the rocks to leeward. Receiving this check, the heavy rollers swept into the harbor. The De Soto, which was anchored outside of us and was lying rather broadside to, was carried from her moorings, both chains snapping, and she was thrown upon the iron piles of a new wharf lately constructed. The next roller swept her off into deep water again, and soon she made signals that she was leaking. In the meanwhile however we had risen from the rollers, which we met nearly stem on, en-

countering three in succession, the anchors and chains holding on bravely. The sea was now rushing in and receding with great violence. The sunken wrecks were rising; the shipping in the harbor, swept from their moorings, were coming into us every few minutes, and the small craft in shore were lifted up, thrown into the streets and left stranded. Along the water-front boats were encircled and in the water were men seen in all directions swimming for their lives. At last the water in the bay subsided into a sort of whirlpool, and as soon as we could man our boats they were sent to the rescue of the drowning men. Several were picked up, one already dead. The De Soto was now adrift, whirling about the harbor, her pumps going, and getting up her steam. As rapidly as possible I went on board and found she could keep herself free and with her steam up and two kedges down she would remain in safety for the night. Constant shocks of earthquake occurred every ten or fifteen minutes, and so continued with more or less severity through the night, and as I sit now writing this is still going on. The damage on shore has been far more serious to the merchants than that occasioned by the late hurricane. The first heavy rolls went up into the town sweeping the stores, which were mostly on the Bay front, 'blowing out' and finally stranding their goods in unheard-of directions. The panic that seized the inhabitants was painful—rushing up the hillside, crying for mercy, and listening to no attempts to pacify them. As I went ashore in the evening I found that all the stone dwellings were abandoned, and their owners in the streets, on the wooden buildings of their friends, the alarm being still kept up by the constant shocks they were still occurring. This morning the De Soto, which had been lying at anchor, was being towed to the other side of the harbor, and was near being lost as possible. Her passengers speak of having felt the shock as we did, and, looking behind them, saw a small boat in their rear was cleft in twain, and flame and smoke issued from the fissure. Shortly afterwards the sea arose and came well nigh carrying them down; their cables parted, but they were thrown, most fortunately, under the lee which placed them in comparative safety. The passengers, all but three females who were lost in the surf reached the shore.

BUFFALO, Dec. 19.—An awful accident occurred yesterday afternoon on the Lake Shore Railroad, near Angola. The train from the West, due here at 1:30, to connect with the train going east, ran off the track. One car was thrown down an embankment thirty feet. The coach was burnt up and thirty persons consumed by fire. Another coach went down a ledge about twenty feet, and twelve or fourteen passengers were killed and a number wounded. As soon as information of the accident reached Buffalo word was conveyed to a number of our physicians and by four o'clock a number of them had reached the depot, and in company with officials of the road, took a train, and at five o'clock the scene of the accident was reached—the bridge crossing the Big Sister Creek, about a quarter of a mile east of Angola. The train to which the accident happened was composed of three first class coaches filled with passengers, a smoking and two baggage cars. Silver Creek was the last station stopped at prior to the accident, and Angola was passed about 3 o'clock the train going about twenty miles an hour, from Angola to the bridge over the Big Sister Creek. The road is down grade, and it is possible that the train was going at a greater speed than that above when the casualty occurred. Everything was apparently right when the bridge was reached, and when the train crossed half way over, a fearful jerk was experienced, and the next moment the rear coach went plunging off the bridge and down the abyss to the sea some thirty or forty feet. The tracks were crushed, but before the train could be stopped the coupling of the second coach had become broken, and it got off the track and rolled down the embankment. So suddenly had this happened that not one of the inmates of the two coaches had time to escape, and within a moment its warning forty or fifty persons were buried in the presence of their Maker. The sea was a fearful one. The car which first went over took fire immediately, and before any person could get to it it was all ashes. Persons on the spot proceeded to render all the assistance they could, but only four or five persons were saved. The remaining forty or fifty men, women and children, were consumed with the car. Fortunately the flames in the rear car were extinguished before they had much headway, and so speedily as possible the injured and dead and dying were rescued and conveyed to residences near at hand. How many perished it is impossible to say. The place where the first car struck after being precipitated off the bridge was difficult of access and after reaching the half dozen or so persons before the flames had made much headway, no attempt was made to disturb the remains of those who perished.

A BROTHER OF A BOY.—While we were at Sorotoga were greatly amused at conduct at dinner of Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy and their youngest son Mr. Shoddy with his knife it is true, but so does many an honest man. His wife was resplendent with diamonds; her shabby, red fingers glittered with many coloured jewels, and she was fat, not fair, and past forty but with all neither of these were we interested but with 'that boy.' He sat between his parents, nearly opposite us, and, if we concealed with our napkin the struggle that was going on within us, then we were successful indeed. He was a feeble urchin, with watery bright eyes and a freckled face, who ate his food with the voracity of a starved spaniel, and blinked continually like a toad in a rain storm. He gobbled, he gnawed, and he clawed. His fingers were alternately in everything within his reach, including his hair, his coffee, and his plate. He scooped knives and forks, or when he did use them it was with the energy of despair. He would seize a bit of chicken in both hands, and as he removed the edible portion with his teeth, he would throw the rejected part on the floor. He got butter on his coat sleeve and he wiped it on his pantaloons. He spilled everything within his reach, thrust his hand behind him to grab the waiters by the coat and give his orders, and when anything was brought him he would scratch his head thoughtfully, and stare at it while collecting his energies for the attack. He had an eye for everything on the table, and the dessert completely non-plussed him. 'Mr, what's that?' he cried, as a gaily colored blanc mange greeted his vision. 'That's pudding,' mar made answer; and 'gimme a lot!' the young hopeful responded. Only when appealed to, however, did Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy observe their child. The parental unconsciousness was something a most amusing. He might have gazed on his head, we think, and they would not have noticed the gymnastic performance.—Home Journal.

MEMBER OF A GIRL TO OBTAIN A LIFE INSURANCE.—HUDSON, N.Y., Dec. 18.—A mysterious and exciting affair is being developed in this county. Last week a tenement house was destroyed by fire, and a girl of 12 years of age burned to death. From some suspicious circumstances, the reputed father and mother of the child—a Mr. and Mrs. Brown—were arrested on a charge of arson and murder, in setting fire to the house and causing the death of the girl. But they were discharged by the coroner's jury. It is stated that the parents had a life policy of \$5,000 on the deceased in the Traveller's Accidental Company of Hartford. It was a three month's policy taken out from the time the family took up their residence in Canada, and had only twelve days to run when the insured lost her life. The parents applied to the Company for the amount of the policy, when circumstances aroused the suspicions of the officers that all was not right. They caused the body to be disinterred, and an examination was instituted when marks of violence were plainly traced on the back of the child's head. An officer of the

company immediately proceeded to Onondaga and made a thorough examination of the premises where the disaster occurred, and the developments served to strengthen the suspicion that foul play had been used, and that Mr. and Mrs. Brown had been guilty of the horrible crime. The officer telegraphed to Onondaga to have the suspected parties arrested on a yesterday he came to this city and took out the requisite papers to obtain a requisition from Governor Peaton for the custody of the prisoners. It is moreover reported that the child was not a daughter of the Browns, but was abducted by them from Ohio some time ago.

A HORRIBLE DEATH IN A FOG.—For several years past there has lived in the town of Hull, a respected fisherman named William Pope. He was industrious and supported a large family in his business, and was a kind hearted and pleasant man. A few days ago he entered his boat and proceeded to a well known spot in the bay, where his efforts as a fisherman had frequently before been rewarded. During his stay there he was overtaken by a dense fog which shut out from his sight the shore and all other objects not very near to him. He took his oars and started, as he supposed in a direct course for home; but he made a miscalculation, and ere long his boat became stuck in a mud bank, from which his strength was inadequate to release her.

Being in shallow water, and rightly supposing he was not far from shore, he, as a last resort, got out of the boat and attempted to wade to dry land. But the mud which had fastened so rigidly to his skiff now took earnest hold of his limbs, and he soon found that he was a prisoner and powerless to move either to the shore or to return to his dory. In this strait he did what any man with a voice would have done, shouted for assistance.

His cries, at first strong and earnest, and anon piteous, were heard on land, but as the fog was dense and impenetrable, he could not be seen, and no aid came to him. And there the poor man stood for many long hours, his boat miserably filled with freezing water, surrounded on every side by the chilling watery waste, which with the incoming tide gradually crept upward, growing deeper and deeper, until it submerged and drowned him.

His body was found next day standing erect where he had met his fate with his garments dry and stiffening him. He was taken ashore and buried. The funeral was a sad occasion, being largely attended, while the grief of his wife and family of five or six children, some of them quite small and all dependent upon him, was incalculable, and a melancholy sight to witness. Mr. Pope was 55 years of age.—N. Y. Herald, Dec. 16th.

The Episcopal Protestant Church is subjected to a wider divergence of opinion and practice than even its venerable Mother the Church of England. Not only have we here the 'High' or advanced Ritualistic movement, but also a 'Low' and Liberal movement which has no parallel in the church at home. A number of Episcopal clergymen, in New York and Philadelphia especially insist upon their right to invite into their pulpits ministers of 'other denominations,' maintaining that the Canons or Rubric, or both, uphold, or at least allow their action. It were premature to anticipate the law of a movement whose legality is being tried in the Ecclesiastical Courts; your correspondent, however, cannot see how the law of this church can be interpreted in favour of the Liberal or 'Catholic' movement, as it is called. Historically, its promulgation has a superior ground of defence. In the early history of the Episcopal Church in this country, and comparatively early in Virginia, and some others of the older States, interchanges of courtesy, such as pulpits and preaching courtesies, were and have been not uncommon. And the upholders of the movement, not without reason, refer to the Mother Church and its treatment of the churches (not Episcopally) of the Reformation, and its fraternalizing of their clergymen. There can be little doubt that the movement is popular in this country, and that it gathers strength. It is the rebound from that which takes the direction of union with the Greek and Latin churches, the Greek church in particular.—N. Y. Cos. of Montreal Gazette.

MORNINGTON, W. VA., Dec. 25.—During the Crimean war a Massachusetts firm made shells and bought gun powder for the Russians but they were called before the court were supplied the Russian Government would not pay. Mr. Seward, however, seeing to have undertaken besides the part of 'moral' estate agent, that of collector of small claims, and he wrote to the Russian Government strongly supporting the claim of the party party of guns and gunpowder. The little bill not having been settled, the creditors are now seeking to enforce it by a kind of attachment of the moneys now in the hands of the American Government, but payable on account of Alaska, or Wallusia, as it is called by the profane. Whether the Russian Government will submit to this sort of execution before judgment it remains to be seen; but it is said that the American claim troubles Mr. Seward very greatly, and considering how largely he has lately liquidated the duties of neutral Government it may seem rather out of his assumed character to be found enforcing debts arising out of contracts made by American citizens to furnish war materials to a belligerent. Of course there is a technical distinction in international law between equipping armed ships and selling rifles or gunpowder. Legally, the first proceeding is reprobated, and the second allowed; but where is the moral distinction?

The New York Tribune gives the following summary of the profit and loss account of Russian America: The new territory, it appears, is not a land flowing with milk and honey, though under favorable circumstances it is capable of supporting human life. Agriculture is not its strong point. The continuous rains of August and September ruin the grain and wash all the nutriment out of the grass. Cabbages have no heads, turnips and potatoes no body, cauliflower no sweetness and fruit trees no fruit. These at least, are the characteristics of the principal parts of Wladrussia, so far as they are yet known; but on the islands of Kodiak and Unalaska things are a little better. There is plenty of timber on the mainland, but one cannot get at it, owing to the natural obstacles to transportation. In Summer there is no dry weather, and in Winter no snow for sledding. O'loriana, Puget's Sound, and Vancouver Island will for centuries furnish cheaper lumber than our Russian purchase. The fur-bearing animals are valuable, but their number is rapidly decreasing.—The greater part of Mr. Seward's \$7,200,000 seems, in fact, to have been expended for codfish.

MOVEMENT, Ala., Dec. 25.—The negroes were out in force to-day, contrary to municipal regulations and military orders, with guns, pistols, &c and in full uniform. No effort was made to suppress the demonstration. Several thousand negroes were paraded in incendiary language by Barber, Brainerd, and other prominent radicals. Late in the afternoon, Barber and Brainerd were arrested by the military authorities.

A Washington lawyer has notified Mr. Charles L. Neale, a stone mason in Alexandria, that he is the rightful heir to property in Washington worth a hundred millions of dollars. He says the Treasury building, the White House and other buildings are on this property.

It is said that a tradesman in an Ohio city appeals to his advertisement: 'Ministers of the Gospel supplied with goods at cost, if they agree to mention the fact to his congregations.'

Charlottsville is growing very rapidly. It has twice as many stores as it had before the war, and the population is nearly six thousand.

Chicago circulates more counterfeit than genuine postal currency.

Ten deaths to one birth is the ratio among the negroes on the Florida islands.