

DUBLIN, JAN. 6.—The Mansion-house Committee for the Relief of Distress in Ireland published its report and wound up its affairs at Midsummer last year. As it was in a quiet state for some months after it was supposed that, having accomplished its mission, it had ceased to exist; but in the meantime an important response to its appeal came from Australia—a remittance of £500 was sent as a first instalment. When this remittance arrived, the committee was summoned for the purpose of allocating it. Another remittance has come since, which has exerted a still greater reviving force; it is a remittance sent to the late Lord Mayor, of £2,250. The draught is not yet payable, but Alderman Morjan has paid the amount to the treasurer of the Irish Relief Fund. In consequence of the receipt of this large sum, the committee met again at the Mansion-house yesterday. The new Lord Mayor presided, and on taking the chair gave his reason for not affording accommodation for such committees in the Mansion-house. It was intended to be the private residence of the Lord Mayor entirely and exclusively. The Corporation had removed their own offices to the City-hall, not reserving a single apartment in the Mansion-house, from which their intention might be plainly inferred. But he fully admitted that there were great occasions, such as the annual meeting of that committee, which called for the Lord Mayor's support, and required him at any amount of inconvenience to give that sanction and authority which a committee would derive from the use of the Mansion-house; accordingly, he said it was with the greatest possible pleasure he saw the committee there that day. Mr. M'Sweeney, the treasurer of the fund, regretted that it was not large, owing to the opposition that had been given by the powers that be. He complained that, though the Lord Mayor of London in May last, in reply to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, promised to lay the matter of Irish distress before the British public, and an account was opened in the National Bank, yet no money had been subscribed. He went on to refer to offensive topics, for which he was called to order. The Lord Mayor deprecated the introduction of a political element into the meeting, and stated his conviction that if they were able to prove the claims of the Irish to relief their appeals would be answered in a spirit of liberality at Melbourne sent an important letter with their remittance, which, with the previous one, amounted to £2,750. The Melbourne Relief Committee stated that in their opinion the most effectual form of relief to the distressed peasantry would be their removal from the scene of their miseries, and that the money they sent would be best employed in promoting emigration from the distressed districts to Victoria. The Government of that country had a large sum voted for expenditure in aiding the colonists to bring out their friends, relations, or others, and the mode of dealing with the fund is this:—Any person there, by paying £4 for a female under 40 years of age, and £8 for a male under 40, can secure their passage out by giving the full name, sex, age, and calling of the persons selected to be brought out. The encouragement they hold out is good. Farm labourers and servants get wages varying from £26 to £40 a year, with diet and lodging, and there is abundant room for all who go out. The character which the committee had got for sectarianism was the subject of conversation, and it was stated to be a matter of the utmost importance that the impression should be removed. A sub-committee was appointed to wind up the accounts, and another to prepare an address to the public. The Lord Mayor consented to act as its permanent chairman, though it is not to meet regularly at the Mansion-house.—*Cor. of Times.*

A 'MODEL' COUNTY.—The Quarter Sessions for the division of the County Carlow were held on Tuesday last. There was not a single custody case for trial, and the only two cases to go before the grand jury were for larceny and assault, in both of which the parties were out on bail. There are only two criminal cases for trial at Tullow, the only other division of the county for the hearing of such cases.

DRUMINOH OR HIS BEST MILCH COW IN THE BURN.—For the younger sons of the aristocracy. —To the Editor of the *Dunalk Democrat*.—Dear Sir—You have lately published in the *Democrat* a series of truthfully written articles respecting the Established Church in Ireland. In your last issue you say 'It plunders the Catholic and swallows the fat of the land, doing nothing in return for torturing and injuring those it plunders. It is a nuisance in the land. I would beg to remind you of a most material point, respecting the Drumminoh which you seem to have totally forgotten, namely, that it costs John Bull 20,000 soldiers, horse, foot and artillery, bayonets, swords, rifles, ammunition and ordnance of every description, to herd this established cow in clover, and enable her to trespass on the goods, chattels, honour and liberty of the great majority of the people of Ireland, who do not want her, and were it not for this force, Paddy would soon put her into the croziered crowbarrier's pound, and keep her there until she faithfully promised to drop all her braiding, and behave like every other honest cow, and graze on the pastures of those who really want her.

THE MURDER OF MR. BRADDELL.—Some of the constabulary who were qualified to identify Hayes here, after the searches, returned to their quarters, and two of the number from America, whither they followed in the hope of arresting him. The report also prevails that he was captured in one of the back settlements, but that whilst he was in course of being conveyed to New York, when passing a body of Irishmen, he cried aloud that he was taken on a false charge, and was rescued from his captors, one of whom, it is rumoured, lost his life in the effort to retain the prisoner. This much is certain, that the expeditions in search of the murderer have ceased, and that the belief of his escape to America is entertained both by the people of his native district and those who seem to know the opinion of the authorities on the subject. The assertion made haphazard, that his escape was effected by the aid of Ribbonsism, is sheer nonsense, as the wretched manly was too conversant with the wiles and ways of travelling, and too intelligent, to require any aid, as well as too wary to be tempted by large Government rewards. If he were not originally mistrustful and cautious he would have been put on his guard by the known eagerness with which it was sought to sell Walsh, by which that miserable young man was driven to surrender. It is believed that Hayes travelled in disguise to Queenstown immediately after the murder, and took shipping thence for America before a search for him could be well organised.—*Minister News.*

PIRACY IN THE SHANNON.—Limerick, Jan. 4.—On the night of the 31st ult., while a boat, laden with turf from Kiltush, was lying at anchor at Coonagh Point, in the river Shannon, two of her crew who were in the hatchway thought they heard a noise as if turf was falling. One of them, named Flaherty, looked up and saw a man armed with a gun, which he discharged at him and wounded him with some shot in the head. Flaherty immediately drew back when the top of the hatchway was fastened down, during which time about eight loads of turf were taken away in boats by some persons unknown.—Flaherty's wounds are not dangerous, but he had a most providential escape. Through the aid of a comrade he forced up the hatches, and discovered the turf to be stolen.—*Freeman.*

ORIOUS AFFAIR IN THE COUNTY WATERFORD.—Ballyduff, Co. Waterford, December 29, 1862.—On the 19th instant, John Doherty of this village, renowned as 'The Boaster,' proceeded to Cloughnam market, with two loads of wheat. On the night of his return his wife Mary was occupied boiling some puddings, and his brother Cornelius, a simpleton, sat passively in the corner, as if meditating no movement. But, waiting an opportunity to leave unnoticed, he did so,

and arming himself with one of the shortest of Mary's 'revolvers,' and a handful of soot, with which he blackened his face, his coat turned inside out he arrived at a lonely place on the highway, met his brother, and presenting his 'weapon,' demanded his money or his life. In a brace of seconds he had £23 in notes in the bottom of his pockets. Our barony hero arrived at home in due time, and detailed in sorrowful accents to his better half, how he was robbed after a dreadful struggle, by sixteen men, with sixteen guns, for any six of whom, although armed, he would be more than a match; 'and that, you know, Mary,' said he with a sob, 'No, Mary,' said the simple brother, with an air of triumph; 'I heard that John was to be robbed at a certain place this night; I went to find it out, an' sooner than you and the children should be turned out of the farm for the rent. I attacked the sixteen with their guns, and after a fight of half an hour I bent them without firing a shot. I made them hand back the money, and here 'tis for you Mary, together with your blunder-buss (jack padding) still loaded. The man of the house slipped out and was not heard of for sometime afterwards. The affair was the Christmas joke of this locality.

STRANGE SCENE AT A BURYING-GROUND.—Deserted burving-ground is situated within a mile of Garvaghy. It is a mound, rising abruptly in the low, swampy valley. The mound is evidently composed of earth that was once animated, as grave seems to have been heaped on grave for centuries past. It seems to have been carefully kept. Within the enclosure stands a wall and the outlines of a nave, all that time has left of a church once devoted to the service of the living God. On entering the hallowed precincts of that venerable ruin, the eye rests on the places so dear to the Christian's heart—the place where stood the baptismal font which once held the regenerating waters, beside which many a saint, now in heaven, received on his brow the sign of the cross, the emblem of salvation. A little further on we see what appears to be a moss-covered stone—this was where the pulpit stood, from which the prayers of holy men ascended to the throne of grace. The scoffer may sneer and the sceptic doubt, but still there hovers round a spot like this, where our forefathers prayed and in which they sleep, hallowed associations which soften down the mind of the most careless, and cannot fail to leave a lasting impression behind. From the road to this burying-ground there is a narrow avenue of about fifty perches long, scarcely wide enough for two carts to pass till it comes within five perches of the gate, where it widens to the right, and takes in a piece of valueless ground about four perches square. This piece of ground has been used as a parochial common for hearses and cars at funerals, and for cutting sods to finish newly made graves. The former whose land adjoins this burying-place, took it into his head that he would continue the avenue ditch the whole way up to the gate, and put the parishioners from the right of this common or turning ground. At this act the parishioners of all denominations felt most indignant, and after giving timely notice to the local magistrates and police of their intentions, they assembled to the number of some hundreds on the 22nd inst., about half-past twelve o'clock in the day, with spades, shovels, and crowbars, and levelled the ditch so made to the ground. Those who could get no tools set to work with their hands. In less than half an hour the work was done, and the congregated multitude dispersed without even a cheer. There was a large party of constabulary in attendance, under the command of Head-Constable Scully, to see that there would be no breach of the peace. Fortunately their services were not required.—*Correspondent of Ulster Observer.*

ROYAL SYMPATHY.—A Mrs. Murphy, wife of a labouring man, in the vicinity of Dundalk, was delivered a few weeks ago of three children. The matter having come to the knowledge of the Hon. Major Jocelyn and J. E. Carragher, Esq., a memorial to the Queen was got up, setting forth the burden added to the domestic life of the poor parents, which was signed by several gentlemen of influence, and transmitted to Her Majesty. During the week a letter was received from Sir Charles Phipps, enclosing a donation of £5.

A fish-walk has been made for two miles over the rocky ground between Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, in the County Galway, at a cost of £650. By this means salmon are now enabled to pass up and down freely. The *Galway Express* says:—
"Within the past four weeks Mr. Miller has collected and deposited no less than 770,000 salmon ova in the streams of Lough Mask, in addition to those of last year, making a total of 1,420,000 ova. But in addition to this large supply, Mr. Miller has conveyed 40 adult salmon alive a distance of 23 miles in a large tub of water, and by frequently renewing the water on the way, they arrived as lively at the end of their journey as they were at the beginning. Those were the first salmon that had ever been known to inhabit the river Robe, a tributary of Lough Mask, which covers an area of ground 30 miles by 10."

At the Ballymena quarter sessions, county of Antrim, William McGookin gave the following account of an attempt to murder him by his wife:—
"The prisoner is my wife. I was at Larne market with her on the 10th of July last. I had drunk some whiskey that day. I awoke between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, and asked my wife if there was any whiskey in the house, and she said there was. She gave me a teacupful of whiskey and water, and said I had left it from the night before. She afterwards gave me another 'sup' out of the bottle in a cup.—I fell asleep, and woke between five and six o'clock, and found my hands tied with a thick cotton string. I did not at the time feel any pain from my throat, but felt blood running down warm on my breast from a wound in my back. [Witness described to the jury the extent of the wound, which reached from the ear to the windpipe on the left side.] When I awoke she was standing over me with a leg on each side of my breast. I said 'I thought would not have done that on me. Oh, you have murdered me.' She made no reply. I asked her to free my hands and she did. I cannot tell whether she cut the string or loosed it. She put her hands on my mouth after my hands were free. I was making all the noise I could. She said, 'Hold your tongue, you will be better immediately.' She left the bed, and I stopped crying out. She made no attempt to stop the bleeding from my throat. My little son, between four and five years old, was sleeping in the same room, and I hurried him off for William Kane and Betty Kane.—I was confined for three weeks in consequence of this attack. William Kane examined.—I was roused out of bed by McGookin's little son. I saw Mrs. McGookin at the door. She cried out that Willy had murdered himself. I went in and found McGookin lying on his back on the bed. He was bleeding from the neck, and saying, 'I am murdered. It was Nancy. She tied my hands, and cut my throat.'—She said, 'Willy, don't say it was me.' I observed a bloody petticoat on her. The jury found the prisoner guilty. Sentence—ten years' Penal Servitude.

The following extract is taken from the London correspondence of the *Dublin Daily Express*:—
"I have hitherto, through fear of having my motives misinterpreted, refrained from touching upon one topic which, during the last few days, has been freely discussed in all public places, although, for some reason or other it has been only most distantly alluded to by the Press.—Even now I should be loth to give it publicity, had I not authority of the highest kind, to which I may not further allude for its authenticity. However, not to beat about the bush, I may as well state the Lord Mayor has received an official communication from the Poor Law Commissioners for Lancashire, the effect of which has been that the London Manchester Relief Committee of which the Lord Mayor is the chairman, has ceased to solicit any further contributions for the distressed districts. I shall offer no comments but leave your

readers to put their own construction on the statement, the truth of which I can guarantee. No wonder he should be afraid of having his 'motives misinterpreted.' The savage fury displayed against the *Morning News*, because it would not, like the excellent *Freeman*, oblige the Castle, and 'refrain from touching upon' similar truths, was intended to operate as a warning to all whom it might concern. The charming variety of the *Express* correspondent is refreshing. Poor fellow! we fear he will never more be officer of that journal, as a reward for his awkward candour. For some reason or other, he tells us the Press has been cushioning the startling fact he discloses—no more funds are required for the Relief of Lancashire! In fact hundreds of thousands of pounds of the subscriptions sent in lie accumulated in bank; and now, even the Central Committee intimate that there is more in hand than need requires. Hear that, poor shivering starvelings of Kerry and Guidroe!—*Morning News.*

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—The Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Bishop of Galway, has addressed to the clergy of his diocese a letter on education, which was read in the chapel on Sunday. His lordship condemns the National Model Schools, requests Catholic parents to withdraw their children from those schools, and informs them that every arrangement has been made for Catholic education in the Jesuit Schools, the Seminary of St. Joseph, and the Presentation Schools.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT BRAY.—Early on Wednesday morning a melancholy and fatal accident occurred at the Bray river. A heavy sea resulting from a gale, a small schooner, laden with coals for a merchant at Bray, became in a position of some danger in endeavouring to run in at the narrow entrance to the dock formed within the bar. It thus became necessary to pass a hawser from the shore to the vessel. A carter named M'Laughlin, consented, for the sum of 10s., to effect the required communication, and, in carrying his determination, had passed about half way between the shore and the ship, when a huge wave came rolling along the beach, and in an instant before the eyes of the bystanders, swept away man, horse, and cart, which were all lost. M'Laughlin has left a wife and three children, in behalf of whom a subscription is spoken of. His body was found in the evening at Bray Head, nearly a mile south of the place at which he was washed in. The horse and cart were also found at the same place.

ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY.—Cornelius Hackett, aged 108 years, died in the city of Armagh, possessed of all his faculties. He was born on the property of Lord Charlemont, in the county of Tyrone, and when the French landed at Carrickfergus, in 1760, he accompanied his father (being then six years of age) to the scene of action. This proves his birth to be in 1754, and his age 108 years. Deceased was a sawyer by trade, and, even up to a few months of his death, he was able to move about the street and use the spade or rake.

A DREAFTL DEATH.—On Saturday morning a young man named John Callahan, about 17 years of age, fell into a vat of boiling water in one of the establishments of the Messrs. Russell. The shrieks of the unhappy youth attracted some parties who were working near the scene of the occurrence, and who, as soon as possible rescued him. He was immediately conveyed to Barrington's Hospital, where he died a few hours after, notwithstanding the medical aid afforded him by the excellent resident physician, Dr. M'Yahoe. An inquest was held on the body when the jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death.'—*Limerick Reporter.*

GREAT BRITAIN.
SCOTCH KIDNAPING.—From a Northern correspondent we learn that the kidnaping of Catholic children still goes on in Glasgow and Edinburgh, under the patronage of the parochial boards. The Priest of Portobello, Father Darcy has published an *expose* of a very scandalous affair of the kind which came under his knowledge. The Catholic body are indebted to him for doing so, as nothing it is clear, will shame the Scotch parochial authorities into an impartial line of action, but that which exposes them to public censure. Scotland was once famous for smuggling whiskey. Owing to the change which has been made in the excise duties, but little of that trade goes on now. Another kind of smuggling has, however, sprung up in its place. There is a passion, it appears, among a certain portion of the 'canny Scotch,' for smuggling pauper children. A poor orphan child, for example, is from necessity committed to the workhouse by its aunt or uncle or sponsor.—It has been kept by its relatives till they can keep it no longer. The fear of starvation makes them part with it. In a month or two after, some one interested in it goes to the workhouse to inquire after it, whether it is well or ill, alive or dead. After much effort an answer is got; the child is not there, he has been sent to the village of Barnyboozle—which might, for all the inquirer knows, be in the moon—to be fed on *brose* (a dish of oatmeal slaked with hot water) till he is old enough to work for himself. The parish worthies who exercise this parental care over him are not men who overlook religion. They have a religion of their own mostly; and if they have not, they are sure to hate the Catholic religion—the religion of the child. The first thing, then, with them, is to send the child where there is no Catholic church, and if possible where there is no one to speak to it of its religion, where the only prayers it will ever hear are anti-Catholic as Presbyterian wit can devise. The Vicar of Wakefield's search after his stolen daughter, or the Prince of Abyssinia's pursuit of a fugitive happiness, was not more fruitless and visionary than the endeavors of the poor relative to discover any trace of the child. Happening to be in Edinburgh lately, we passed the door of the workhouse about half-past seven in the morning. An Irishman and his wife saluted us as we passed, which led us to inquire what they were doing there. 'We are here,' was their answer, 'to see two little children whose parents are dead, and whom we have had the care of till now, when they are taken from me to be sent to dwell in this workhouse to some place we know not where. We wish to have a look at them before they go. But we are told we must wait till nine o'clock, when some one comes to let them out into the yard to see us. The turnkey, whom we have just spoken to, tells us he cannot promise for certain that we shall see them, and he has abused us not a little for our *impertinence* in asking to see them at all.' In a civilized age and nation it is difficult to believe such barbarism could exist. It is this very incredibility which makes the task of those so hard who like Father Darcy and Mr. Campbell, are laboring to obtain justice—for what they seek is mere justice—for their pauper children. Well-backed and well supported, the Scotch champions of the Catholic poor's temporal and spiritual rights will, like all who fight under the Cross, gain their point, and conquer their opponents at last. Truth may in the end prevail, justice in the end must win the day. That they speedily may do so, on both sides of the Tweed, is our most ardent wish. And whatever be our discouragements and disappointments, while we long and contend for it, we are certain that a Greater than man is on our side.—*Weekly Register.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.—We have received a letter from a correspondent, dated January 1, containing the following statement:—'It may be remembered that, about 5 months ago, the Marchioness of Queensberry fled to the Continent by night, taking with her three youngest fatherless children and leaving a letter of defiance to the guardians and law officers of the Scotch Court of Session, whose wards they also are, that they should neither discover the place of her retreat, or induce her to bring them back, excepting on her own terms. To these terms the Court of Session neither might nor could accede. In November last, a Detective, sent to trace her Ladyship, found her and the children at Naples. She had previously resided for some weeks at Boulogne under the name of Mrs. Brown. No expostulation, no offers of conciliation, no argument will induce her Ladyship to bring those children back to Scotland; and the sad result must be that for more than six years, and until the youngest are 14 (when by the eccentricity of the Scotch law, they are of age to choose their own guardians, these children must be exiles.—*Globe.*
[Most people will be inclined to smile at the *Globe's* intimation over the 'sad result' of Lady Queensberry's conduct, that for more than six years these children (infants of 8 or 9 years) must be exiles from And Reekie, under the care of their mother. Pitt Tom Campbell is not still living, that the author of the 'Exile of Erin' might parody his own undying song, and favor the sentimental *Globe* with the 'Exiles of Scotland.' But the meaning of this cutting waddle is plain enough. Lady Queensberry has fled with her children from Scotland to save them from being brought up in the deadly errors of Calvinism, and to rear them as Catholics, and hence the *Globe's* Jeremiah.—*Ed. Weekly Register.*

There are certain reticences which by a tacit agreement seem also to be observed. No allusion must be made to the unpleasant fact that the amount of cotton in this country has been, as it would seem, purposely concealed and understated, and the distress in the North, which has been resolutely ascribed to the dearth of the raw material, really arises from the glut of the manufactured article.—*Times.*

A HIGHLAND BURYING PLACE.—An English artist, writing of the Highlands, describes a lonely churchyard in an island of Loch-Arv. The island, he says, had been inhabited before, long ago, by a convent of Oisterian nuns. They were turned out at the Reformation, and their poor little chapel has been left for the winds to sing in ever since. Not many stones are left of it now, and its foundations lie amongst the moss-covered tombs of the old chieftains. But the people bring their dead here yet, and lay them under the shadow of their broken walls, so that the island is a land of death, of utter repose, and peace. Was it not well in barbarous nations to bury their dead in lonely isles, where the foot of the marauder trampled not the grass on the grave, and where living came not, save in sorrow, and reverentially? The mainland was for the living to fight upon, to hunt upon, and to dwell upon; but this green isle was the Silent Land, the Island of the Blest. Neither the Chieftains came, generation after generation, borne solemnly across the waters from their castled isles; hither they came to this defenceless one, where they still sleep securely, when their strongholds are roofless ruins, their claymores dissolved in rust, their broadswords, that they fought for all their lives, sold and resold, and their descendants sent into exile to make a desert for English grasse-shooters.

AN AMBIGUOUS EJACULATION.—Hasty words, as the poor island shepherd bitterly proved, like random arrows, often hit a mark they never were shot at; but even solemn slow ones, when shot at a venture, sometimes find 'the joints of the harness.' At Mull, a messenger having requested a London clergyman to announce, 'If Dr. —— was among his audience he was urgently wanted,' the clergyman added from sympathy, and may God have mercy on the poor patient!' The doctor in a rage demanded and received a humble apology!

THE HON. MRS. YELVERTON.—This lady, since the judgment of the first division of the Court of Session affirming her to be, what the public almost universally believed her to be, the wife of the Hon. Major Yelverton, has had a perfect ovation at her lodgings at Crawford's hotel, George-street. From morning till night she is surrounded by visitors who sympathize with her in so much as she has endured, and congratulate her on her success in so persisting vindicating her rights. It may be mentioned as an interesting feature of her character that she had not sooner heard of the decision reversing Lord Ardmilan's judgment than she proceeded direct to the residence of the Lord Advocate, who had so ably and effectively fought her case, and while tendering her cordial thanks, presented to his lordship a handsome bouquet.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Her Majesty's Government have received from the Hon. Henry Elliot a copy of the following Memorandum, which he had delivered to the President of the Provisional Government of Greece:—

MEMORANDUM.
It is Her Majesty's earnest desire to contribute to the welfare and prosperity of Greece.
The treaties of 1827 and 1832 bear evidence of this desire on the part of the British Crown.
The Provisional Government of Greece declared, upon the withdrawal of King Otto from Greece, that their mission is to maintain for Greece constitutional monarchy, and the relations of peace with all other States.

If the new Assembly of the representatives of the Greek nation should prove faithful to this declaration, should maintain constitutional monarchy, and should refrain from all aggression against neighboring States, and if they should choose a Sovereign against whom no well founded objection could be raised, Her Majesty would see in this course of conduct a promise of future freedom and happiness for Greece. In such a case, Her Majesty, with a view to strengthen the Greek Monarchy, would be ready to announce to the Senate and representatives of the Ionian Islands Her Majesty's wish to see them united to the Monarchy of Greece, and to form with Greece one united State; and if this wish should be expressed also by the Ionian Legislature, Her Majesty would then take steps for obtaining the concurrence of the Powers who were parties to the Treaty by which the seven Ionian Islands and their dependencies were placed as a separate State under the protectorate of the British Crown.

I am to take care, in my communications upon this subject, to make it understood that the election of a prince who should be the symbol and precursor of revolutionary disturbance, or of the adoption of an aggressive policy towards Turkey, would prevent any relinquishment of Her Majesty's protectorate over the Ionian Islands.
Her Majesty's Government trust that, in the selection of a Sovereign to rule over Greece, the Greek Assembly will choose for their King a prince from whom they can expect a regard for religious liberty, a respect for constitutional freedom, and a sincere love of peace. A prince possessing these qualities will be fitted to promote the happiness of Greece, and will be honored with the friendship and confidence of Her Majesty the Queen.

STRANGE CASES OF DEATH.—In London, during the past week, the following strange causes of death were recorded:—A woman died from swallowing a fish bone; a child from swallowing a slate pencil which lodged in the bronchus; a boy, from pleurisy and pneumonia, caused by a needle which had entered the thorax eight years ago, and a fragment of which had remained there during his life. A child died of laryngitis from inhaling the steam that issued from the spout of a kettle. A woman, who had been teetotal for a number of years, quarrelled with her husband, to whom she had only been married a month, broke her pledge, and drank herself to death. Marriage, quarrel, and death took place within the month.

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There are certain reticences which by a tacit agreement seem also to be observed. No allusion must be made to the unpleasant fact that the amount of cotton in this country has been, as it would seem, purposely concealed and understated, and the distress in the North, which has been resolutely ascribed to the dearth of the raw material, really arises from the glut of the manufactured article.—*Times.*

A HIGHLAND BURYING PLACE.—An English artist, writing of the Highlands, describes a lonely churchyard in an island of Loch-Arv. The island, he says, had been inhabited before, long ago, by a convent of Oisterian nuns. They were turned out at the Reformation, and their poor little chapel has been left for the winds to sing in ever since. Not many stones are left of it now, and its foundations lie amongst the moss-covered tombs of the old chieftains. But the people bring their dead here yet, and lay them under the shadow of their broken walls, so that the island is a land of death, of utter repose, and peace. Was it not well in barbarous nations to bury their dead in lonely isles, where the foot of the marauder trampled not the grass on the grave, and where living came not, save in sorrow, and reverentially? The mainland was for the living to fight upon, to hunt upon, and to dwell upon; but this green isle was the Silent Land, the Island of the Blest. Neither the Chieftains came, generation after generation, borne solemnly across the waters from their castled isles; hither they came to this defenceless one, where they still sleep securely, when their strongholds are roofless ruins, their claymores dissolved in rust, their broadswords, that they fought for all their lives, sold and resold, and their descendants sent into exile to make a desert for English grasse-shooters.

AN AMBIGUOUS EJACULATION.—Hasty words, as the poor island shepherd bitterly proved, like random arrows, often hit a mark they never were shot at; but even solemn slow ones, when shot at a venture, sometimes find 'the joints of the harness.' At Mull, a messenger having requested a London clergyman to announce, 'If Dr. —— was among his audience he was urgently wanted,' the clergyman added from sympathy, and may God have mercy on the poor patient!' The doctor in a rage demanded and received a humble apology!

THE HON. MRS. YELVERTON.—This lady, since the judgment of the first division of the Court of Session affirming her to be, what the public almost universally believed her to be, the wife of the Hon. Major Yelverton, has had a perfect ovation at her lodgings at Crawford's hotel, George-street. From morning till night she is surrounded by visitors who sympathize with her in so much as she has endured, and congratulate her on her success in so persisting vindicating her rights. It may be mentioned as an interesting feature of her character that she had not sooner heard of the decision reversing Lord Ardmilan's judgment than she proceeded direct to the residence of the Lord Advocate, who had so ably and effectively fought her case, and while tendering her cordial thanks, presented to his lordship a handsome bouquet.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

DISTRESS IN LANCASTHIRE.—The slight increase in the amount of employment that has marked the most recent reports from the manufacturing districts of the North, and the consequent partial decrease of the pressure on the relief funds, must not arrest the gleam of light have this effect, the result may be very disastrous. The slight lift of the clouds shows us in what direction the day of better things will break, but we fear there are still some dark hours between us and the dawn. From the commencement of this trial the first necessity was to keep the population it had visited from experiencing a complete dearth of the means of supporting life. This has been done. But mere existence is one thing, and life in full health and strength is another. The relief afforded by the noble exertions all classes have made has sufficed to secure the first. The public has now to learn that it has not been enough to avert the disease which always accompanies or follows the kind of deprivation and want from which the North has been suffering. Dr. Buchanan, physician to the London Fever Hospital, and one of the London Medical Officers of Health, has been engaged, since the middle of October, in an official inquiry into the sanitary condition of the principal manufacturing towns under their present exceptional circumstances. He has reported the results of his observations from day to day to the Privy Council-office, and has now presented a summary of his experience in the places he has visited, embodied in a document of painful interest. This medical report, unfortunately, leaves no doubt that 'one of the most lamentable consequences of extreme destitution has made its appearance.' Typhus fever has broken out among the population of Lancashire for the first time since 1847. In Preston there were 237 cases between Midsummer and the end of November; and those attacked died at the rate of 23 per cent. In Manchester there have been 100 cases of the disease in the same period, with nearly the same high rate of mortality among its victims. Of this plague of the Cotton Famine we fear we see only the beginning.—In the presence of this enemy there must be no relaxation of the work of relief which it turns into a work of defence.—*London Times.*

MR. DISBURY AND THE LIBERATION SOCIETY.—The right honorable gentleman having three times told his audience that 'the population had outgrown the Church,' counsels the Church to assert itself to be synonymous with the whole population! The vagueness of this advice is only equalled by its absurdity. Did it not strike so acute a reasoner that there would be no occasion to make this repeated assertion if the Church were really 'national?' Mr. Peckaniff constantly reminded his friends that he was a 'moral man,' for a satisfactory reason, namely, that the assertion was a very needed one. Nobody would other wise have believed it; and nobody believed it very long. . . . The tone of the whole speech is broad and national—the tone, that is to say, of a statesman and not of a cleric. It is a trumpet call, with many defective, but no harsh notes. We take it as a signal that the enemy is being summoned to arms. They may not obey this call, but it behoves us none the less to stand prepared for action. Our just content has been guerilla warfare: here is a chief who offers to organize and lead the whole of the forces of the opposing army. On his own chosen ground we shall hope to defeat him, and we shall do so with the least difficulty, for his followers have no confidence in his motives or in his real attainment to their cause. Meanwhile, Mr. Disburi is doing us effective service in seeking to entangle the Church in the meshes of a mere party alliance. He has carefully thrown his net, and if the Church escapes them, it will be the first time in its history that it has done so.—*Liberator.*

In America, at least in the Federal States, pure Democracy has it all its own way; and we may say, if we like, how it can carry on a great war. The English army in the Crimea, need not envy the lot of the grand army of the Potomac, whose officers are all of the people, and many of them even elected by the votes of the soldiers they command. Under Mr. Lincoln the Liberal principle is at work, unchecked by traditions, and untrammelled by ancient institutions, such as we still possess in England. But there is nothing very cheerful about the American development of the great Liberal ideas which are the special property of the Great Liberal party. Liberalism in the North does not make so good a show as Toryism in the South. The descendants of the Cavaliers who fled from Puritan tyranny, are a nobler race, do their work better than the Atheists and the Sceptics. Liberal though they be, who trace their pedigree to some famous Roundhead whose principles they have carried out to their logical and inevitable issues. Another development of Liberalism is the revolting barbarism into which it is daily falling. We have signs enough of this in Europe, but it cannot always show itself. The Piedmontese in Naples and in the States of the Church warn us of what is coming, but in the America of the Northern people there is no check upon this hideous demoralisation. Where the Federals are in power there is no law but the stern oppression of the strong man; as in America so in Italy, law is gone, and brute force does what it will with the defenceless. General Butler in New Orleans, and Ciampi in Italy, are types of the same class; men of Liberal principles in power, lawless themselves because they set aside every law that is not their own will ministering to their own vanity or greed. The Northern Democracy is at this moment a sight to look at; men from all countries in Europe are there; many of them, so they think, victims of European tyranny, and therefore ought to be lovers of liberty. They are, also, men who have run away from their native land to a land of freedom, and ought to respect that freedom which they so much cherish. But the contrary of this is the case; if all accounts from the North are not falsified, there is no country in the world where liberty is less prized, or where greater tyranny is practised, unless it be in Naples. Further still, there is no country in the world so ill governed; whether public faith is in greater danger, or where greater incompetency is displayed in the Administration, or greater injustice done to men who are honest in their efforts to do what is given them to do. The administrative reformers and the Manchester School at home will do well to look at Northern America, and contemplate the doings of men who have risen into power by universal suffrage. The truth of the whole matter is this—Liberalism is the negation of law; it is a disavowal of all obligations, and has no power of construction. It can destroy, but it cannot build; it can thwart, but it cannot support; and the moment it can exert its energies uncontrolled, as it does under Mr. Lincoln, we can count the minutes before the crash comes. An unchecked democracy is a surging sea without a shore to confine its waters; suspicious, uncertain, capricious, unjust, and at last the most safe foundation of a grinding tyranny made necessary by its violence.—*London Tablet.*

HONORABLE INHUMANITY.—On Monday Robert Taylor, master of a ship called the *Jane*, was apprehended at Cardiff on the charge of cruelty and assaulting one of his crew named Allen Litchin, while on the voyage from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Cardiff with timber. It appears that Litchin got frost-bitten while taking his turn at the wheel, and the captain actually ordered the carpenter to chop his fingers off. The carpenter obeyed the order, and after having cut off the poor fellow's fingers, the captain directed him to make a second cut, as some of the fingers were longer than the others. Not content with this horrible inhumanity, the master ordered Litchin to take his turn at the pumps like the other men, and his arms were tied to the pump handles in order to compel him to keep on. The case excites great interest, and it is expected that the investigation before the magistrates will lead to some strange disclosures as to the mode in which seamen are treated on board many of the ships in the American trade.