

**THE BOURNERS IN KILKENNY.**—The following letter appears in the *Kilkenny Journal*:

Mr. Editor.—In common justice to me and my Protestant brethren, I request your insertion of my reply to the Rev. John Drapes.

**REVEREND SIR.**—In your letter inserted in the *Moderator* newspaper of the 2nd inst., you have publicly insulted the Protestants of this city and environs, forsooth, because they had the manliness to put forward a manifesto of their opinions of the manner in which their religion is degraded by the paid myrmidons under your control—you forget, sir, that the Protestants whose names are affixed to that manifesto presented to their bishop, have neither hooks in their noses nor bridges in their mouths, to be led by me or any other individual, no matter how exalted his position in society may be.

The Protestants who signed that document, did so from a conviction of its necessity, and the only remark made by the majority, was to the effect, 'It is not sufficiently strong to mark our abhorrence of your perambulating preachers.'

Shame on you, sir, to delegate that holy office, to which you were ordained, (and that too, sir, in your circumcised parish) to a set of ignorant and illiterate rascals—it would lead us to suppose you were the well paid physician, who pockets the fee and hands over his suffering patients to the less skilful apothecary.

You charge me with going into a Protestant's house to enforce his signature by telling him 'the Scripture Readers used such and such expressions.' I tell you they did, and in my hearing too, for more blasphemous than what you have asserted. In addition, had not a Protestant gentleman of ancient family and high connections, and whose signature is affixed to the Protestant manifesto, interfered from motives of humanity, one of these firebrands would have been flung out of the window of the Dublin and Kilkenny Railway carriage, while in transitu, for impudently stating that the Mother of our Saviour was nothing better than a—

How dare you, sir, charge the descendants of the Reformers of the Church of England with cowardice and falsehood. Have we become degenerate, or have we got an itching palm? No, no, we inherit the principles and are ready to perform the same duty, should necessity require it, fearlessly, faithfully, and honestly.

The Protestants who affixed their names to that manifesto revere and respect their Roman Catholic brethren, and would join them to-morrow should any attempt be made on their religious liberties or their form of worship to the same God and the same Redeemer.

I have now done with you, trusting you will confine yourself to the sacred duties of your parish, and cease for the future to outrage the feelings of honest men and to disturb the tranquillity and kindly feelings of your fellow-citizens. I am your obedient servant,

GEORGE HESHAM, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

**THE EVICTION CRUSADE.**—On Wednesday the Committee of the Londonderry and Fickerman Branch of the 'Ulster Tenant Right Association' held a special meeting in the city of Derry, where a variety of business was transacted, and, amongst other things, the following important resolutions were unanimously adopted:—Resolved, 1.—That we have heard with grief and indignation the reports which have been published of improving tenants in Donegal and other northern counties, who have expended much capital and labour in building houses or otherwise improving their farms, having had their rents exorbitantly raised, and in some cases having been served with notices to quit and evicted from their holdings, that their respective landlords may enjoy the fruits of their industry. 2.—That we express our deep and heartfelt sympathy for the wrongs which these unfortunate tenant farmers have suffered, and may yet suffer, by such proceedings, and exhort them to lay their grievances, by petition, before the House of Commons, and to do everything in their power, by constitutional agitation, to obtain an amendment of the law by which their property has been thus confiscated, and we pledge ourselves to give them all the aid we can in accomplishing this purpose.—*Derry Standard.*

**THE LANDLORD IN DONEGAL.**—Mr. Holland continues his sketches in the *Ulsterman*. Here is his portrait of

A REVEREND LANDLORD.

Donegan is out of sight now; and we are, at length within the region of genuine model landlordism in Donegal. The road here passes through the property of a retired clergyman of the Church Establishment, the Rev. Mr. Nixon. This gentleman has the reputation of being a very prudent and thrifty individual: disrespectful and discontented tenants, whose mountain patches have been taken away, irreverently and uncourtously called him a miser. About twelve years ago, he came into possession, by purchase, of the property through which we are now driving. At that time, the tenants had each a small farm, with a patch of mountain land attached, on which they grazed their few sheep or cows. They had contrived, by their marvellous patient industry, to reclaim a considerable portion of this wild, barren mountain. The new landlord took the whole of it from the tenants—for English law, which Judge Pennefather says, was made for the landlords and not for the wretched peasants, empowered him to do so; and, of course, he gave them no compensation whatever. Nay, he continued to charge the full rent upon the portion which he left in the hands of the tenants; and now they inform me that they have received notice that the rent is to be increased immediately. The land here, as throughout the whole district, is mere waste of bog and rock; and it was with the few sheep or mountain kine which fed upon the patches of pasture that the tenants were enabled to pay their rents and live. The rev. landlord has taken away from them, I understand, two thousand four hundred acres of mountain land, a considerable portion of which had been arable by their hard, unceasing labor. Yet, not only have they got no compensation, but the rents have not been reduced in proportion to the diminution of each farm; on the contrary, in many instances, I am assured, the rents are doubled and trebled. On this land which he has appropriated to himself, and which he has built a house, where he constantly resides; yet I could not find that he had received the slightest molestation from the peaceful and inoffensive, but most miserable and suffering peasantry among whom he dwells. Still, these are the people who have been represented by knaves and liars as turbulent, treacherous and lawless—whose district has been proclaimed—who have been surrounded with a cordon of police stations—and who have been ground to the earth with enormous taxation. It is monstrous, pitiful, heart-rending to think upon. I do not believe that, within the whole range of the civilised world, there is a population so steeped in abject squalid misery as that which dwells on this property of the Rev. Mr. Nixon. They are the most miserable, I think, of all the peasantry on this wild coast district; and that there is a depth of degradation which no one who has not visited the place, and closely inspected it with his own eyes, can possibly comprehend. There is not a blanket or a tub in every tenth cabin.

Before proceeding further with my examination of this district, let me call attention to one monstrous grievance under which the people labor. The landlords and the agents here are all magistrates. In other words, they are lords absolute, whose fiat is beyond appeal. The district is so wild and dreary—so utterly outside the track of civilised life—that the usual appliances of social and civic existence never reach it; and for the most part every act of tyranny and oppression has been hitherto almost as safe from the exposure of publicity as if the place were enclosed by a brazen wall. Of British law or justice the peasantry know nothing beyond what they hear furnished from the petty sessions bench, or the landlord's or agent's hall door. British rule is ex-

emplified to them by the landlord judge, absolute in his frown, by the stern agent, by the cunning, blustering, bullying bailiff, and by the armed policeman, whose glittering bayonet flashes before his cabin door. These poor people, many of whom can hardly utter a word in the English tongue, may utter their complaints against this—under their breath, though; a justice-loving people, they feel it is all wrong, all cruelty, all oppression; but, whatever wrong is done whatever monstrously illegal decision thunders from the irresponsible bench, they believe it to be British law, and submit—for is not the law's most picturesque and stately representative the armed policeman, standing with pointed bayonet at the door?—Arbitrator, mediator, there is none—except with the poor priest, whose heart is wrung by the sufferings of his flock, ventures to raise his voice in remonstrance. But his appeal is vain. He is howled down as a fanatic brawler; and if no poor octogenarian prelate—whose once clear judgment may be blinded in the second childhood of extreme old age—can be found to censure him, on the gross misrepresentations, he is at least pilloried in the landlord newspaper of the nearest town as a priestly conspirator, plotting against the public peace. Here, in these wilds of Donegal, the landlord or the agent is constantly prosecutor, judge, and executioner in his own case. Some hapless tenant gives offence—an example must be made—he is pulled up by the bailiff—and, by some imaginary legal authority not found in modern text-books, he is summarily fined. If he do not produce the money, his cow or his sheep is not far off. By what possible provision of law the seizure is made no man can tell; but what can the ignorant tenant do? He believes it is all quite legal—or at least his most feared despot, the landlord or agent, rules it; and that is enough for him, poor wretch. What wonder that, in such a state of things, landlords and tenants in this district should seem to stand in the relation of natural enemies; the unhappy tenants looking on their territorial masters as persons specially empowered by law, and furnished with bailiffs, stipendiary magistrates, and armed police, to screw from them all the gold that can be coaxed out of their patient sweat and labor.

I have mentioned already the Rev. Mr. Nixon's local reputation as a person of economical and thrifty habits. I may notice now one or two of the ingenious forms of industry by which his reverence thrives. Previously to his becoming proprietor of the soil, the tenants were in the habit of burning lime on their farms for their own uses. His reverence resolved a reformation here. He built a large kiln himself for the public use. This would have been looked on as an act of not over judicious benevolence—if the motive were really the accommodation and convenience of the surrounding peasantry. But the economical clergy derives, or labours hard to derive, a handsome revenue from his kiln. He charges half a crown for every burning; and the tenants grievously complain that they are compelled, whether they will or no, to bring their lime to the landlord's kiln. They could burn it with infinitely more convenience at home; but they affirm that, no matter whether they burn the lime—at home, or at his reverence's kiln—the half a crown is levied all the same. This is a startling statement. At first I refused to credit anything so monstrous; but it was repeated again and again on every side; it was a matter of general talk; and I felt forced, by weight of oral evidence, to enter it in my notebook. If Mr. Nixon can refute the extraordinary averment, I shall be glad to publish his contradiction.

A remarkable relic of feudalism prevails upon the property of this Mr. Nixon, and on the properties of all the landlords of the district. It is the system of 'duty days'—that is, certain days in the year when the tenants are compelled to work for the landlord gratuitously. In the old feudal times, this sort of thing was an equivalent for rent—in the times when the retainers paid their lord, not with money, but with their work, in the sowing and harvest time, and their valor in the battle field—in the times when they looked upon their lord as their patriarch and chief, and loved him as a father. But, in our modern commercial days, we have destroyed all the virtues of feudalism and preserved only its vices. Donegal landlords of to-day are not the chiefs and protectors of the people; but their task-masters; they levy the rents, and exact the 'duty days' as well. Here, on this property of the Rev. Parson Nixon—where humanity exists in more hideous destitution than ever met my eyes before—the miserable tenants work their 'duty days' and pay quadruple rents besides. The tenants come, at certain times—they say, themselves, poor wretches, they dare not refuse to come—and dig, and plough, and sow the landlord's own farms (that is to say, the lands which he took from them when he purchased the property); and they never receive a shilling of pay. Yet, this is not confined to Nixon. It is the general system throughout the district. There is 'Stewart of Ards,' for example, reputedly the richest man in Ireland. His tenants complain that, not only have they to give their landlords the 'duty days,' but they are forced to draw turf for, not himself alone, but for his Scotch agriculturalist, his steward, his gamekeeper, and any other insolent menial that chooses to bully them in the name of the all-powerful landlord. They grumble silently at this; but they dare not openly complain. Even I, an independent journalist, dare not mention the names of miserable tenants who have complained to me of wrongs intolerable; I may be careless of consequences to myself, having undertaken a solemn public duty with stern determination to face the risks, but I cannot be so reckless in the case of creatures whose very lives almost, and the lives of their helpless families, depend upon the caprice or the passions of their territorial rulers.

We believe it is a well-known fact that, when the tenant's valuation is below £4, it is the landlord, not the tenant, who is liable for poor rate. Now, the majority of the unfortunate peasantry of Donegal whom I encountered—dwelling in black bogs and marshes—are rated below that sum. Nevertheless, they complain that the landlords levy the poor rate from them all the same. The Rev. Mr. Nixon, of thrifty reputation, may be wronged—if so, I will give him the benefit of my columns—but his tenants, poor wretches, specially complain that (though by law not liable) he charges them with poor rate, nevertheless. And to sum up their pains and penalties they state that they are forced to pay bog-money, or money for the right of cutting turf in a country of which every inch that is not stone is bog; a species of black mail never levied on them before since Ireland was first colonised by their Celtic ancestors.

**IRISH AGRICULTURE.**—The following satisfactory statement appears in the *Downpatrick Recorder*:—"Agricultural prosperity can be indicated in several ways, but prices are a sure criterion. In former times, when harvests were good prices were low, and while the people generally rejoiced in abundance the farmer derived little benefit. Now, contrary to the old rule, comparatively high prices are coincident with great abundance. Nor do the consuming classes suffer by this, for, with the exception of those who are connected with manufactures, the means are improved. At present, too, farmers derive benefit from increased quantity of produce, arising as well from a good harvest as extended cultivation. It is estimated that the quantity of grain and potatoes held by agriculturists is more than twice the amount stored up five years ago. There is less necessity to sell than once existed. Farm produce has not to be hurried off to any market under the constraining force of inevitable circumstances. It is a matter which is evident to observation that, with improving circumstances, agriculturists are advancing in social position, and wisely bringing science to bear upon their labours. Production is stimulated by good prices. The extent of production for the year now closed exceeded the highest ever known in Ireland, while the quality of the crops was fully equal to the quantity. It was once considered that the north was too cold for wheat. After experience had dis-

posed of that fallacy, there were still portions of the province in which little confidence was placed, yet these have raised their character; and on the whole the produce in Ireland generally in 1857 will bear comparison with that of England, while, acre for acre, it is double that of France so far as wheat is concerned. Other cereals also yielded well. While the potatoe is growing there is regularly an annual howl; but the result is the test. There was, no doubt, a partial attack of the disease, but, making all deductions on that account, the yield was large, while the quality is considered superior to any raised since 1844. Ireland still bears away the palm in the production of potatoes. The Irish produce raised for equal areas is estimated at one-third more than that of Scotland, a country that boasts, and with reason, of skill and perseverance. Canada possesses good wheat lands, but is not so successful in cultivating the potatoe. It is remarkable that the ratio of the price of potatoes to that of wheat has increased. Formerly 1 cwt. of potatoes was about equal in value to one-fourth of 1 cwt. of wheat; now it is equal to one-half. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that foreign potatoes are largely imported. In 1856 the quantity imported for the 11 months ending the 30th of November was 90,043 cwt.; in 1857 the quantity imported was 633,597 cwt. It is not surprising that, with good prospects, farm operations are proceeding briskly. Little time is lost now even in winter. At present there may be seen both flourishing young wheat, and ploughing and other labour carried on with spirit. The country altogether has undergone a great change in the course of a few years."

**TUR MONEY PANIC.**—During the late money panic and run upon the banks a man residing in the neighbourhood of Carrigaline, and who by industry and good conduct had made himself respected in the locality, became much alarmed at the rumours which were current as to the probability of the failure of the banks, and determined to draw out £700 which he had deposited in one of the banks in this city. He accordingly came to Cork and having drawn out the entire amount in sovereigns he returned home with the money. He soon found, however, that he had only exchanged one source of apprehension for another, equal if not greater. He became alarmed lest the house might be entered and the money abstracted. Under this fear he kept himself within doors armed, and did not suffer himself to sleep day or night. His anxiety and constant vigils working upon an overwrought and exhausted frame at length impaired the reasoning powers, and he became impressed with the idea that his house was attacked by imaginary robbers. On Christmas-eve he became so violent under this hallucination that four men were scarcely able to control him. Eventually he had to be removed to Cork a confirmed lunatic and is now in a private asylum.—*Cork Paper.*

We hear that a few linen bleachers in the North Eastern district, who had been under the necessity of running their machinery for only half-time almost since the commencement of the panic, have given notice to their workers that their employment will be increased to three-quarter time about the beginning of the ensuing month.

We regret to hear that the prevalent depression in our staple manufactures has extended itself to the damask trade, and that a considerable proportion of the weavers are at present but very partially employed—some of them, indeed, not at all. Previous to the stagnation, their work had, generally speaking, been more steady than that of skilled operatives in any other department of the linen manufacture.—*Banner of Ulster.*

On Saturday, January 2, at the Lifford Quarter Sessions, there were no fewer than forty-seven ejectment cases disposed of by the Assistant Barrister, Jonathan Henn, Esq., Q. C. A correspondent of the *Nation* explains that most of these ejectment cases represent three defendants, and sometimes five defendants, so that, to take the forty-seven on an average of three to each process, the number of families ejected in this way are 141, and allowing five persons to each family, we have the astounding number of 705 human beings rendered homeless and homeless wanderers by the decree of justice (?) in one single day. Among those prosecuted by the Earl of Leitrim, on the day above mentioned, were John and James Gallagher, Thos. and James Mason, Sarah McGilly, James Lavins, William Williams, James Coyle, Rev. Robt. White, Presbyterian minister; Michl. Hegarty, and George Deane.

**ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.**—The people of the country district between Lurgan and Portadown were startled on Wednesday last by the announcement that the daughter of a wealthy and respected farmer in their neighbourhood had eloped with a labourer who had been in the employment of her married sister. The facts as they have come to our knowledge are certainly astonishing, and we see no reason why they should not be laid before our readers. The father of the young lady is Mr. McClelland, who resides at Rose Cottage, between the two towns above mentioned, and he is represented to be so comfortable in his circumstances, that he could give his daughter a marriage portion of £1,000 or £2,000, should the man of her choice secure his consent. In August last his eldest daughter, who is, we believe, over thirty years of age, and has, like most ladies of her years, refused several eligible offers, went on a visit to her younger sister, who was married, and resided not many miles from her father's house. Here she made the acquaintance of the partner of her flight, who rejoices in the suggestive name of William Cupples, and who has not seen more than eighteen summers. Their young hearts would appear to have been suddenly smitten with each other's attractions, and the intimacy between them became closer in the absence of the master and mistress of the house, who were away travelling for health during the autumn, and on their return home the "gay Lothario" could not hear to think of losing for ever the society of the object of his tender affections. Her father would never, it was certain, consent to their union, but love overleaped the social distinction between them, and so they resolved upon an elopement. Having come to this determination, they seem to have made their arrangements like people of the world—not like people in love. The young lady returned to her father's house, and having provided herself with some additional clothing, proceeded on Wednesday morning to Lisburn, where she was met by her faithful swain, and both of them came into Belfast. The elopement no sooner became known than the most active measures were taken for discovering the fugitives; but Belfast does not seem to have been thought of till yesterday, when Miss McClelland's sister came into town, and informed the police of the occurrence. It was soon discovered that Cupples and Miss McClelland had taken up a temporary residence with an acquaintance, one of the men of the fire brigade, who fortunately for them resides near the police office. The police officer knocked at the door, and after some delay it was opened. Miss McClelland was there, but where was Cupples? He was found concealed in the pig sty! The young lady resolutely refused to return home, and avers that she would not take £6,000 to leave the man of her heart. It is not known what further steps her relatives may take in the matter.—*Banner of Ulster.*

An accident of a very serious nature occurred on Saturday last on the Roscrea and Parsonstown Branch Railway. An engine was driving sixteen waggons on the line, a laborer named Dea was seated on the edge of the front wagon, and when within a few hundred yards of the Parsonstown station, the waggons 'chucked,' when the engine was about to be stopped and Dea fell off. When the sixteen waggons passed over him without doing him any injury; but unfortunately the fire-box of the engine caught his scalp and tore it right off. He was also greatly bruised and injured in the neck and arms. Dea was immediately removed to Parsonstown Hospital where he lies in a dangerous state, under the care of Dr. Woods.—*Sunderland.*

**CONVULSION.**—Miss Olympia Anderson, daughter of the late Paris Anderson, Esq., sheriff of this city, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. E. Walsh, on the 17th ult. Miss Anderson is a lady of superior education and accomplishments. Her change of religion is the result of a lengthened course of reading and inquiry, and involves many temporal sacrifices.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

We (*Belfast Mercury*) have great pleasure in announcing that Francis Davis, better known as "the Belfast-man," undoubtedly the first lyricist of the day—has been placed on the Government Literary Fund for a pension of £50 a-year.

**SENSUOUS OUTRAGE IN DERRY.**—A correspondent informs us that a fearful case of waylaying, assault, and stabbing took place in the county Derry the other day. As the matter is in part to be referred to the Quarter Sessions, we suppress the names and give merely the facts as they have been furnished. Two brothers, of a most inoffensive disposition, were returning from a fair, held at a short distance from the village, when they were met by two men and a female with several others, who, on coming up to them, poured forth a volley of abuse interlarded with the usual salutation "to h—l with the Pope" &c., then seizing one of the brothers by the neck, whilst another of the assailants struck him on the head with some weapon which felled him to the earth. Whilst this protracted one of the Orange party stabbed him several times with a knife, inflicting a wound two inches in length and one in depth. The second brother was meanwhile attacked by several of the miscreants, and whilst one held behind and the other stood in front, a third stabbed him in the thigh and abdomen. Here was a series of most cruel and unprovoked outrages deserving severe punishment. Both the offenders were Orangemen. The leader of this gang was fined in the enormous sum of 2s 6d and two of his companions were ordered to stand their trial at the quarter sessions. The amount of bail demanded for their appearance early in the present month was ridiculously trifling. This (adds our correspondent) is only one of the very many cases of waylaying Catholics returning home from the fair that have frequently occurred for some time past; and what makes the thing most remarkable is, that, with the exception of the case in question, the murderous and unmanly attacks are invariably made near the residence of the proprietor of the village and the lands about it, or at the gate of the Protestant church, and again at the parson's residence. Who ever heard of Protestants being attacked or waylaid at the gate of a Catholic church or near a priest's house? Some short time since one of the surties wanted to settle with one of the plaintiffs, and when this was refused he was told that the defendants were Orangemen, and that they would get some of their brother Orangemen to kill him and his friends unless he abandoned the prosecution.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

Yesterday evening, about five o'clock, as a young man was going home through Townsend street, he was waylaid and severely beaten by a band of Orange miscreants, who swore they would make him curse the Pope. The young man held on to one of the Sepsys, and shouted for succor and police, and, although he bawled for about five minutes, not one of the force made his appearance, but four or five other fellows came up and kicked the young man until he was compelled to let go his hold. We might mention that this portion of the town requires police supervision more than even the Pound or Sandy Row, and Mr. Lindsay, should look to it in time, for this is not the first complaint we have had about persons being beaten in this locality and no police at hand.—*Newry Telegraph.*

It will scarcely be forgotten by our readers that an investigation took place lately at Bantry, arising out of a dispute between two policemen. The acting constable, Heffernan, reported Connors, a sub-constable, for brushing his coat in the day-room; in return, Connors reported the other for keeping a pig in the barrack, contrary to regulation. We may remark, *par parenthèse*, that Connors is a Catholic and Heffernan a member of the Established Church. The authorities enquired into the matter. Connors was convicted of the crime of knocking the dust off his uniform contrary to law, reduced in rank and docked in pay, and exiled to a kind of Siberia for offending constables, called Connors; his opponent came off with flying colors. At the instance, however, of the Rev. Mr. Sheehan, parish priest of Bantry, a second investigation before the resident magistrate and one of the local bench, took place about three weeks ago, the result of which was, that informations were taken against Heffernan for attempting to suborn a witness to free him from the first charge. The matter, of course, is still *sub-judice*, and we do not mean to offer the shadow of an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the party. But, we fancy, the public will learn with as much astonishment as we have felt, that the comment offered by the authorities on the decision of the magistrates, has been to promote Heffernan.—The rule, therefore, for promotion would seem to stand thus:—A Catholic commits an insignificant breach of discipline and is degraded, and, literally speaking, banished; a Protestant is placed by the verdict of two magistrates on his trial for an attempt at subornation of perjury, and advanced. But there may be two other motives for the act, the choice of which we leave to our readers:—one, that it was intended as a snub for magistrates who dared to find a loop-hole in the judgment of the mighty constabulary authorities; another, that it was a Catholic priest through whose instrumentality the question received a more searching investigation.—*Cork Examiner.*

The army at present quartered in Ireland consists of the following: Artillery, 1,670 men; Cavalry, 2,009 men; Infantry, 9,950 men; making a total of the regular army, amounting to 13,629, which being added to the militia force of 10,000, makes a grand total of 23, 629 men in arms at present in Ireland.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

The Morning Papers publish a programme of Parliamentary Reform. It has received the sanction of some thirty members of parliament, including Mr. John Bright, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. G. Boyer, and Mr. Brady. The list of signatures comprise about two hundred Reformers in different parts of the country, and who thus pronounce themselves content with such a bill as would bestow suffrage upon £10 householders in counties, and rated residents in towns, accompanied with vote by ballot, no property qualification, triennial parliaments, and a better apportionment of the constituencies. The new Reform Committee do not intend to carry on a public agitation in favour of their scheme, but appear to rely on the exertions of the press.

The great steamship *Leviathan* has been pushed to within six feet of the extremity of the launching ways. She would remain in that position till the prevailing spring tides were over, when she would be pushed off the ways and so await the high tides at the end of January to float her.

**EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL IN 1857.**—The total number of emigrants who sailed from Liverpool for the American, Canadian, and Australian ports (including New Zealand) during the year just ended was upwards of 184,000, the total number of ships employed being 400, of an aggregate tonnage of more than 500,000 tons. Of these between 230 and 240 have sailed during the year for the United States, carrying in all 97,594 passengers; 150 ships have taken their departure for the Australian ports, with 51,243 passengers (including 400 to New Zealand); and 16 ships have sailed during the year for the Canadian ports, with about 6,000 passengers on board. In the latter part of the year there has not only been a considerable falling off in the emigration to the United States, but many of the old emigrants have returned to this port, and either proceeded to Ireland or have taken passages for Australia, and have thus helped to swell the number who are still crowding to those colonies.

**MILITARY RIOTS.**—A disgraceful disturbance has been created at Edinburgh by a party of drunken soldiers belonging to the Staffordshire Militia, now stationed in the Scotch capital. They attacked the populace with their belts, and treated them very roughly. Lieutenant Milligan, of the city police, having presented himself in the midst of the fray, some of the militiamen, drawing their bayonets, stabbed him in the head and various places. The wounds, however, were not serious, and the lieutenant is now recovering. Several of the men, are now in custody. Some soldiers of the Coldstream Guards made a ferocious attack, on Thursday evening, on several policemen in the Broadway, Westminster. One of the soldiers was being apprehended at a public house, on a charge of felony, and whilst he was being conveyed to the station house, some of his comrades succeeded in rescuing him. A desperate affray ensued, and some of the police were so seriously injured that they were taken to the hospital. The whole neighbourhood continued for some time in a disturbed state, and the riotous soldiers got clear off.

The number of indoor and outdoor paupers in England and Wales, on the 28th Nov. last, was 13,446 more than on the same day in 1856.

**THE SCOTCH PROTESTANT EPISCOPACY.**—The *Union* says:—"Our readers will perceive with regret a very ugly-looking document, bearing the signatures of three Scottish Prelates, which will be found in another column. It has reference to the Eucharistic controversy, and appears to be directed as well against the maintainers of Catholic dogma in England as in Scotland. The author of 'Rechristian Adoration,' as well as the Bishop of Brechin, are each taught that it is more politic either to wrap up one's meaning and 'theological view' in a heap of high-sounding words, or flatly to deny the Faith. As the declaration now stands, it is distinctly heretical, maintaining the novel and erroneous notions of Zuingli. These three Prelates tried to induce the entire Scottish Episcopate to adopt their heresy; but, that having proved utterly impracticable, they have thought fit to issue this mischievous declaration, which, we trust, may stir up the Catholics of Scotland, not only to issue a counter-declaration, but to obtain the absolute condemnation of this. Their battle, like ours, will, earlier or later, be for life or death; and the sooner the time-servers, the timid, and the compromising make way for the resolute, the more likely is success to be gained. It is a monstrous thing for Englishmen to seek the Scotch Episcopate for apparently no other object than to debauch its doctrine and lower its ritual; particularly so, when such Prelates spend ten months of the year in philandering at Tunbridge Wells, or strolling in London; while by a strange inconsistency, they only give their vocations to the propagation of Zuinglianism. To say the least, this is scarcely a type of earnestness."

**NO ALTAR LIGHTS, NO COMMUNICANTS.**—The Bishop of London has, in the most positive manner, forbidden the use of lighted candles on the altar of St. Matthias's, Stoke Newington, except for the purpose of light"—i.e., they must not be burnt in the day time. After a strenuous resistance on the part of the incumbent, the Rev. S. W. Mangin, churchwarden, and congregation, the incumbent yielded the point. Mr. Mangin writes:—"Having upon this written to both churchwardens forbidding the tapers to be lighted, and upon learning from himself that the churchwarden nominated by me had desired a member of the choir to light them, I also wrote to him, and the next morning verbally forbade him to do so. Upon entering the church, finding the lights burning, before the service commenced, and, acting as assistant, I extinguished them. The result was that no one communicated."

Scotchmen are not merely prolific when looked at from the Registrar-General's point of view; they are prolific in most things. They are prolific speakers. The amount of palaver that takes place in a Scotch Kirk Session or a Scotch Town Council passes knowledge. It is a luxury that can be had cheap. It costs them nothing, and certainly they don't grudge it. I once attended a town council meeting where the subject under discussion was whether an additional 6s 8d should be given to the parish benefice. The wit, wisdom, eloquence, and loquacity of that meeting will haunt me to my dying day. They sat six mortal hours, abused each other like pickpockets, and then, on the motion from a corpulent bulle, adjourned the discussion till the following month. So the unlucky benefice did not get his increase of salary for another month at least, probably he has not got it yet. For anything I know to the contrary, they may have talked on till this very day.—*Frazer's Magazine* for January.

Under the influence of the religion by law established the nation is growing up in heathenism. The Registration Act, which really did away with the practice of baptising infants, and substituting for that Sacrament the entry of a child's birth in the civil registrar's office, is more effectually doing its work than men may imagine. The evils are not yet great in the country towns and villages, but, no doubt, those places will suffer before long. In London itself there is no proportion between the number of births and the number of baptisms. Parents of a certain class never dream of procuring baptism for their infants, and the evil is spreading, rising gradually in the social scale. In a year or two some distinguished noblemen, hating superstition and displaying prejudice, will have his children registered, and not baptised. When that event happens the heathenism that is begun will roll in like a river, and the English religion will be preached by Bishops who have never been made Christians. Special services will do nothing towards stopping this disaster, which is imminent, and which we cannot contemplate without terror; for what have we to expect from the new heathenism but that which we received from its precursor?—*Tribune.*

An extraordinary investigation took place at the Lambeth Police-court, on Wednesday. The late master of the Newington workhouse was examined on a charge of having wrongfully disposed of the dead bodies of paupers for the purpose of dissection, and of having got up mock funerals, in which the friends and relatives took part, under the impression that they were following the body to which they wished to pay this last mark of respect. A great deal of evidence was submitted, and some curious revelations of workhouse management were made.

**SEPOY VICTIMS IN ENGLAND.**—*Medical Times* says:—"It has become the fashion for certain writers to throw doubts upon the truth of the reports of the atrocities committed by the Sepoy mutineers upon our countrymen in India. It is said that these reports have come through native spies, have been colored by the India press, and have not been authenticated by European testimony. How far these arguments are worthy of credit our readers may judge from the following statements: We have been assured by a medical friend that he has been consulted by a lady who has recently arrived at Bayswater, from India, whose nose has been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family escaped with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way of getting her earrings. Another friend is attending a lady whose nose has been slit open and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the Sepoys. We have heard from another source, quite beyond question (a lady who speaks from personal knowledge), that there are several ladies now in Calcutta who have undergone each unspeakable degradation that they abatefully refuse to give their names. They prefer to be thought of by their relations in England as dead. There are also in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is 'mammy's pet'; and that is all we are ever likely to know of her."