

CRIME IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.—A correspondent of the London Weekly Register furnishes the following statistics:—

MURDERS FOUR-FOLD IN IRELAND TO ONE IN ENGLAND.—Sir.—The heading of this is the text of the Christmas discourse by the Protestant Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison to the Times, and published in that paper on the 7th inst.; permit me to bring forward facts officially stated in opposition to Mr. Joseph Kingsmill's "Notions of Foreign Catholic Nations," and of Old Ireland. In the revenue returns for the year 1849 it is officially stated that there are in London alone, "Murders and attempts to murder," 91; for all Ireland, 51. Of another class of offenders: in London, 30; in Ireland none. Crime in London, 4,071. Crime in Ireland 883. In the year 1851, there were 28,000 persons convicted in England and Wales, of whom 70 were sentenced to death, and 3,000 to various periods of transportation, a great part for life. In the same year there were 2,000 persons convicted in Ireland; of whom 9 were sentenced to death. So much for Mr. Kingsmill's "Four-fold murders in Ireland to one in England." That eminent member of Parliament, Sir J. Pakington stated in a speech in the House of Commons, that in England, "one in 300 of the population is detected in crime." In Catholic Austria, "one in 800 of the population is detected" in crime. If foreign Papists have committed murders in England, who is not horrified by the awful and frequent murders of infant children by English Mothers, worse than the very Pagans? In the official report made to the House of Commons regarding the Poor in the workhouses in England and Wales, it is stated that in the workhouses in England there were in four years, 23,820 legitimate children, and 62,066 illegitimate children. In Wales there were in the workhouses 2,677 legitimate children, and 3,070 illegitimate children. In Catholic Munster in the workhouses or poorhouses, the number returned were eighty-four legitimate children, for every four illegitimate children. In Ulster, where the Protestant element is large, the returns give 28 legitimate children for every 4 illegitimate children. For all Ireland the official return gives for one year 274,786 legitimate children and 6,677 illegitimate children. The Rev. Mr. Clay, Protestant chaplain of the Prison House of Correction, in his report for the year 1849, stated that of the 1,919 persons committed to that goal, 48 and a fraction per cent. were "ignorant of the Saviour's name." It is said that comparisons are odious, but Mr. Kingsmill's uncalled for attack on the people of Ireland and other Catholic countries, has induced me to send you a few authenticated facts, for the purpose of rebutting the Pentonville prison Chaplain's notions. I remain, Sir, with great respect, Yours, Mr. Editor, A LOVER OF IRELAND.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—There must be something highly gratifying to certain minds in the amusement of abusing Ireland. One time the population was increasing too fast; then we had loud wailings about poverty and potatoes again. When the Irish get up their loins and fled by thousands across the Atlantic a still more general cry was raised by the English press about the Celtic exodus. If a row be raised in the East End of London, or a manifestation of broken heads take place in Liverpool, we are sure to learn next day or so that the delinquents were all Irish. From the days when Sydney Smith fired off his literary revolvers at the "half-civilized Celts," it has been considered not only justifiable, but perfectly patriotic, in our good friends across the Channel to talk of bombarding the Irish in their island home. In the more recent policy of Britain a somewhat different course has been pursued. After having ground as much as possible out of the bones and sinews of the Irish laborer, and when he has spent the last remnant of his strength in the most laborious occupation in the sister isle, John Bull coolly seizes on the worn-out human machine, forces him on board the next Irish steamer, and with an amount of ruthlessness which a Kentuckian planter would hardly venture to exhibit, sends him home to ead his days within the walls of the workhouse. This new reading of the old text, "Justice to Ireland," has been largely acted on within the last few years. We trust our rotund half-brother will see fit to turn a new leaf in his volume of national economy, or, at all events, that some of our statesmen will introduce a bill in the next session to put down this heartless system of ingratitude and injustice. In a late number of the European, a respectable paper established some time ago in New York, we observe some most unguarded denunciations of the Irish people at present resident in the United States. It appears that Mr. John Mitchell recently stated, in the course of one of his lectures, that Mr. Buchanan owed his Presidential election to the support of the Irish. "The populace," says the European, in its comment on the assumptive notes "here must have something to hate, and not a few demagogues direct their feeling against the English government and people. So blind and mad is the hatred of some of the Irish politicians in America, that they gloat over the anticipated destruction of England by the armies of the Continental despots, apparently forgetting that their own relations and friends in Ireland would be involved in the general ruin. These exhibitions, although highly applauded by the fagmen and retainers of the South, excite the contempt and ridicule of most Americans. As to the English, German, French, and other foreigners resident here, they treat all such ebullitions as those of Mr. Mitchell with the most profound indifference." We regret to see our contemporary, the Dublin Evening Packet, gravely taking for granted all the wild and wanton ravings of the New York paper in its stupid abuse of the "liberated Americans." No one will say that there are not hundreds of ill conducted Irishmen in New York. If our mercurial friend of the Evening Packet only looks around him in this city beside the Liffey, he will discover hosts of the natives, who, in point of moral status, would not stand in the front rank even of Mr. Mayhew's proteges. We have ill conducted North Britons and many questionable characters who originally hailed from Albion's isle; but these isolated instances of human frailty are never made the pretext for sweeping charges against Scotchmen or Englishmen. Some of the most intelligent, the most wealthy, and influential men of New York are of Irish birth. Philadelphia owes much of its enterprise to the energy of the Celtic merchants located by the Delaware. New Orleans boasts of its commercial status, and there, too, the people of the green isle have fought and flourished. In the rapidly advancing city of Milwaukee one of the municipal dignitaries and most successful merchants is a native of a town not far distant from Belfast; and Chicago, likely to become the granary of the Western world, owes much of its present mercantile importance to "the Irish in America."—Banner of Ulster.

GREAT BRITAIN. Mr. Okely, of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the Travelling Bachelors of that University, has been received into the Catholic Church.

IMPORTANT ORDER FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO CORONERS.—A few days ago a communication was forwarded from the Secretary of State's Office, to the various coroners of counties, cities, and boroughs throughout England, for a return of the nature of the inquests held by them in the course of the year, with the day of the month on which each was taken. The return is to state the number of sudden deaths, of suicides, of accidents, of deaths from ill-treatment or neglect, &c. The cause for such an order is supposed to arise from the circumstance of the numerous deaths of infants who are alleged to have been "overlaid." Of this class of inquests there is a most extraordinary number taken by the metropolitan coroners—there being on an average above eight or nine a-week; and it is well known that in the manufacturing districts they are equally numerous, particularly among illegitimate children.

It is reported that Her Majesty's wishes render the resignation of Sir Robert Peel, as a member of the government, inevitable.

People are coming up already for the levee and on the way to Parliament—a hot session and rough work is before the Liberal Irish members. Maynooth was never so threatened; on the one side we have Spooner and all his lol, on the other, and not less dangerous, Mr. Miall and his supporters. It is no longer a battle against the giants which Spooner and Chambers attempt to raise out of nothing, but it is a battle of principles—that is a battle of voluntarism against an Establishment, and the first experiment will be made against Maynooth. I do not think that Miall looks upon it as a religious question at all, but rather as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. For myself, I think Maynooth was never in so dangerous a position; there is a strong and organized opposition against her. One section of the attacking party is moved by a rampant and sectarian hatred of every thing about the Institution, because it is Catholic; the other section is incited by a feeling growing every day stronger in England—that those who want a clergyman should pay him themselves.—Correspondent of Limerick Reporter.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.—A meeting of the parishioners of St. Olave's Exeter, was held yesterday, convened by the churchwardens, Messrs. Husband and Escott, "to consider an outrage committed by the rector, the Rev. R. Roper, on the parish by placing crosses about the church, contrary to law." Mr. Escott presided. It appeared that the rector had caused a large evergreen cross, seven or eight feet high, to be placed over the altar, besides smaller ones in various parts of the church, and these, together with other elaborate devices in evergreens, were allowed to remain during the Christmas festival. The aspect of the church is stated to have been more like that of a Roman Catholic chapel than a Protestant church, and considerable excitement has prevailed in the parish in consequence. The churchwardens made a presentation on the subject to the Ven. Archdeacon of Exeter (the Rev. J. M. Stevens), and the correspondence which had passed between the parties was read at the meeting. The archdeacon stated in a letter to the churchwardens that he "entirely disapproved what had been done in St. Olave's church, and was ready to take any legal method to do away with the cause of complaint. The law appeared to be quite clear, but he had thought it right to consult the Bishop of Exeter as to the mode of proceeding." His Lordship's reply to the archdeacon was to the following effect:—"That he is always sorry when any of the clergy involve themselves in disputes with their people about these miserable ornaments. That he once proceeded against Mr. Parkes Smith, of Torquay, for putting a cross on the communion table; and, though he afterwards found reason to doubt whether he was right in his decision, yet he finds that it is confirmed by Sir J. Dodson in the St. Barnabas case; but as that decision is itself appealed from it is difficult to say what is the real state of the law. Be this as it may, his Lordship thinks Mr. Roper was guilty of great indiscretion (unless the decided majority of his parishioners were in favour of the decoration) in exciting the discussion in his parish. If the parishioners think fit they may institute proceedings against him, either immediately, or, as would seem more prudent, after the ultimate court of appeal shall have decided in the case to which he had referred. As he perceived that both the churchwardens have signed the memorial, his Lordship concludes that the minister has not, as the minister of St. Barnabas had, the concurrence of one of the churchwardens. This, in his Lordship's opinion, makes Mr. Roper's case worse; for his Lordship believes that the minister, without the churchwardens, or at least one of them, has not in strictness a right over the ornaments of the church; but this is a point on which his Lordship does not commit himself absolutely." Upon this correspondence having been read to the meeting a series of resolutions were unanimously passed, thanking the archdeacon for the true Protestant spirit in which he had acted, condemning the rector for allowing the crosses, &c., to remain in the church after the bishop's disapproval, and resolving to wait, in accordance with his Lordship's suggestion, the decision in the St. Barnabas case before taking any proceedings against the rector.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—Lord Panmure, in a speech delivered in Edinburgh, admitted that there were some mistranslations in the Bible, but hoped that every man would rise up in its defence sooner than have a new version. The ministers, he said, could explain the differences that exist.

The Daily News mourns over the rapid progress of Popery in Scotland; and laments, that amongst the educated classes and the gentry of that portion of the United Kingdom there is a very general tendency to relapse into the errors of the Catholic Faith. "Scotland" complains our contemporary, "seems receding from her ancient landmark. So long the stronghold of the simplest known form of Protestantism, rejecting Romanism and prelaticism alike, and casting from her the mildest modification of the Episcopalian creed with as much bitterness as she cast out the crozier and the Papal staff, she seems now to be turning from the rugged nakedness of her ancient worship in favor of that sensuous fascination which she was the first of all nations to denounce. Though the Duchess of Atholl has, we rejoice to find, not abandoned the faith of her forefathers, it yet remains too true that some of the highest names in Scotland rank among the most recent, as the most important, of her converts to Catholicism, and the valleys which the Covenanters dyed red with their blood, now see rising to harvest the smoke of Romanist incense." Two centuries and a half only have passed away since the last vestige of Catholicity was destroyed in Scotland, at the time of the religious Revolution. For nine or ten centuries before that there was but one creed in Scotland. The people knelt at one altar, and the condition of the kingdom was such that the Scottish court and throne gave saints and confessors to the Church. In those days a Queen did not think it degrading to her royal dignity to be seen tending and ministering to God's poor, and feeding them and washing them with her royal hands. The odour of the sick bed was in no wise offensive to the senses of her whose heart was filled with strong and pure affections for suffering humanity. Alas! what a change has come over Old Scotia. Her faithless barons have robbed her, and destroyed that glorious vitality in religion which rendered this country once famous and noble. Scotland is now praised and lauded for having levelled the cross of Christ and trampled it under foot. She is called Evangelical. Let us see does she deserve the title. Lying, the Scottish historian, says in his work, "Travels through Europe," that he met with only one country, and that is Sweden, which approached nearest to his own country, Scotland, in her dreadful depths of vice and crime. Sweden, like Scotland is a truly Bible-reading country, i.e., the Bible is read in the truly Protestant fashion, and yet in Sweden morality is so shockingly low that according to correct statistics there are three out of every five births illegitimate, and in Scotland—oh, look at the picture—out of every five births there are three and a-half illegitimate. Poor old Scotland! how truly Evangelical thou art, by what you were before this soil was accursed with such a spawn as Knox, Harlow, Willox, Paul Methven, and others, who swore to a solemn covenant to extirpate the Catholic religion. Too well was that oath kept, and its results are pretty visible now-a-days in the grand exhibition of Established Kirks, Free Kirks, Burgher's Kirks, Anti-Burgher's Kirks, M. P. Kirks, Relief Kirks, Morisonian Kirks, Latterday Saints Kirks, Gaelic Kirks, Independent Kirks, and a whole host of others. It is therefore in derision that we hear so much of the evangelical condition of Scotland. But there is hope for her yet, and that hope consists in the steady and silent march of the old faith back to her once again.—Glasgow Free Press.

The London Times has the following correspondence illustrative of the blessings of "British Justice" —

Sir.—The question of the innocent convicted having through your journal been most promptly and properly brought under public attention, I trust you will allow me to state a case that came under my observation within the last four years. For obvious reasons I do not wish that the name of the unfortunate victim of "legal accident" should appear, although I send it to you. Mr. T., a young man of high character, with respectable family connections, was employed for 12 years in one of the largest firms in the "Manchester line" in the city, the last three of which as buyer for the establishment; in that capacity he laid out an average from £40,000 to £50,000 a-year. In the early part of the year 1853 he left town for Manchester by the night mail; on arriving at station he changed his mind, and determined not to proceed to Manchester that night. On leaving the station for the hotel he was stopped by a police officer, who accused him of stealing the carpet bag which he had in his hand; on examination it was found to be the property of another gentleman. He endeavored to explain that he took it by mistake; but to no purpose. He was searched; his ticket for Manchester was found on him. This fact was considered conclusive evidence that his leaving the train at this intermediate station was done for felonious purposes. Another policeman coming up at the moment at once recognised in the person of Mr. T. a notorious swindler from London, and, jocosely taking the gold watch and chain from my friend's neck, said, "I suppose this is part of the proceeds of your calling." Expostulation on the part of the accused was vain. He declared his innocence and asked for his own bag, but the idea of his possessing such an article was utterly ridiculous, and his request was looked upon as part of the sharper's dodge. After a little further ceremony he was consigned to a cell for the night, to wait his examination. He implored permission to write to his wife, but so great a favor could not be granted. The accusation, even at this early stage, had done its work. Excitement set in, and in the agony of his distress he conceived the futile design of attempting to escape from the horror of the place he was in and the foulness of the charge. Unfortunately, the attempt was made, and from that moment his fate was sealed. Without being permitted to communicate with his friends he was examined before the magistrates and committed to the county goal. Eight days from this time his wife, who was in perfect ignorance of what had happened to her husband, went in great distress of mind to the city to make inquiries as to his absence, when to her consternation she was told that there was an account in a country newspaper of his having been committed to prison on a charge of robbery. At once she set off to his prison, and, after an interview, proceeded to the magistrate who committed him with a view of having him bailed out, but in vain.

Now, without going into minute detail of what took place from the time of his wife seeing him in prison to the day of his trial, I shall state that the day for his trial was appointed; the solicitor for the defence had instructions to telegraph to his brother, a gentleman of high character in the city, who, with my unhappy friend's employer, intended to be present at the trial, to speak in character. But the fatality which in the first instance befell him pursued him with unrelenting perseverance. The business of the court, which was calculated to occupy a certain time, was got over much sooner than was at first expected. Poor T. was called upon to plead to the charge. His counsel, in defence, pointed out to the judge and jury the improbability of a man committing such an act who held a position of great trust in society, and whose character for honesty was beyond all question, as he should prove by evidence of the highest respectability. After his address the names of the witnesses for character were called, but as the trial unfortunately took place 24 hours earlier than in the ordinary course was expected, they were not present. The jury, without leaving the box, found him guilty; the judge approved the verdict, and the poor man was sentenced to some years imprisonment.

It may be asked, where was the wife all this time? Why was she not present? Wonder not! The day before the trial she gave birth to her sixth child, and from distress of mind was not expected to survive the day through. Her case, on insensibility followed, and for ten days she was unconscious of everything about her. At the first gleam of returning sense she inquired of her nurse if John had returned home, evidently alluding to his usual return from business; but memory, like a flash of lightning, recalled to her his sad position, and she sank back into the state of insensibility from which she appeared to be recovering. I am not indulging in sentiment; I narrate what I saw. Three weeks later her two eldest children were carried off by an attack of scarlet fever; ten days more her infant died. Within three months from that time she received information from the governor of the goal that her husband was dying, and that she must proceed immediately to him if she wished to see him alive. She entered his wretched cell. There, before her, lay her husband—a helpless, paralyzed old man—an idiot. His hair, which three months before had not a gray hair in it, was now perfectly white. His age, 55 years. Fortunately for him, he knew her not. Her passionate and heart-rending grief, which wrung the hearts of those around, fell dead on his ear; all human sympathies were gone. Reason was rudely jostled from her seat. He cared not for judge, jury, or policeman, and he gazed unconsciously on the wife of his early and affectionate love and the mother of his helpless children. I need not dwell upon this scene.

After some formalities at the Home-office he was removed to a private asylum, near London. He was once more a free man, but to what purpose? In a short time he sank and died.

This was just one of those cases in which it is easy to fix suspicion, and next to impossible to remove it. If no two carpet bags were alike; if there were no confusion at a railway-station on the arrival of a train; no rush for luggage; but, on the contrary, such order that it would be difficult—instead of easy as it is—to make a mistake; if the railway authorities had on their part done their duty, and made proper search and inquiry for T.'s carpet bag, which they would not believe he possessed, but which they afterwards found; if they had allowed him to communicate with his friends, so as to give him an opportunity before he was consigned to prison of proving that he was not one of the swell mob, as they rashly and fatally suspected, and if he had failed to verify the account he gave of himself—then indeed it might be said that there was a case for a jury. The man was falsely accused, imprisoned, convicted and driven mad.

UNITED STATES.

From all parts of the States we have tidings of great destruction of property by the sudden breaking up of the ice, and consequent inundations. The Rockingham (Va.) Register learns from the most reliable authority, that the shock of an earthquake was felt in Pendleton county some days ago, and that an aperture has been formed in the mountains, within two or three miles of Circleville, in that county, from which volumes of black smoke are issuing, and large stones have been thrown to a great height! Of this extraordinary phenomenon we shall probably have further intelligence.

The criminals in the United States cost nineteen millions of dollars annually.

A young lady named Davies, aged eighteen years, has been arrested at Ballistown for seducing the oldest son of Mr. Clark in Albany, aged 16 years. She had induced him to elope with her, and she footed the bills at the hotel where they were stopping. The frantic youngster tears his hair and swears he will draw down himself in the ci-sterm, if Miss D. is punished.—C. S. Exchange.

Deaths in New York last week—147—a decrease of 51 as compared with the return of the week previous, 48 cases of scarlet fever are reported.

For the week ending Saturday noon 86 deaths occurred in Boston, of which thirty, or one-third, were scarlet fever.

NIAGARA FALLS THIS WINTER.—Niagara is again "clothed upon" with its robes of winter beauty. We say beauty—for there is more of this element in the scenery of our river now, than those who have never visited us in the winter would be likely to imagine. The cataract itself is, indeed, purely and transcendently a display of unrivalled sublimity. Through monotonous fields of ice, standing, tombstone-like, in upright erags, the swollen channel of the river rolls on like the call to judgment. But the groves that fringe the precipice, covered over thickly with spray, are transformed into shapes of dream-like beauty. The graceful cedars, bending beneath their pearly robes, seem saintly choirs doing homage to the august genius of the place. Not the least of the attractions are the vast mounds of ice that shoot up from the bases of either fall, their glittering summits often tinged with the hazy colors of the rainbow. If the ice continues to accumulate as it has for the few days past, the widest part of the river will probably soon become as accessible as they were last winter.—Niagara Times.

PROTESTANT FAITH.—A consistent Protestant is the most unhappy man in the world. To exercise rightly his private judgment he should examine all the questions which have arisen on religious subjects, from the time of the Apostles till now. He is to follow his own reason and set aside authority; he must therefore see everything for himself, and consequently cannot omit to pass under review every opinion which may have been broached about matters of faith, for any one of them might be the true one. Moreover, as his only rule is the Bible, he must endeavor to get at its true meaning. Now if he recognizes no living authority, his only way is to examine the text. But then he must find out if the version he uses be an exact one, and so go to the fountain head, which presupposes an extensive acquaintance with the Hebrew and Greek languages at least, so that to have a founded opinion about religion, he must study Biblical philology, then exegesis, then a history of the interpretation of the Bible down to our time, then compare all the different opinions and select the right one. We have left out the necessary studies, with which he might while away his leisure hours, such as those of Biblical geography, of the natural sciences, &c., a knowledge of which is necessary to decipher many intricate questions of Holy Writ. Of course, the life of one man is not enough for all this labor, and so Protestants must be satisfied to live and die without any certain firmly founded faith.—Pittsburgh Courier.

A NEW USE FOR THE BIBLE.—A negro having been brought before a Magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the Magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes," maza, Bible. "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, maza, strap him razor on him sometimes."

RETROGRADE JUSTICE.—AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Some months ago we briefly alluded to the arrest of a United States soldier at Belle's Island, named John Lawlor, on suspicion of having murdered a young woman named Mary Dunn. Lawlor, it will be recollected, wrote a letter to the Chief of Police, stating that about four years previously, while teacher in the workhouse at Rathfrim, County Antrim, Ireland, he violated the person of the girl alluded to, and then drowned her so as to avoid detection; furthermore, that the spirit of the murdered victim haunted him night and day, and that he could obtain no rest or peace of mind until he had divulged the fearful secret, which until then he had kept locked within his breast. While incarcerated in the Tombs, Lawlor manifested insanity, which led many to believe that the story was without foundation, and had only been trumped up for the purpose of procuring his release from the army. The prisoner was examined by some medical men, who gave it as their opinion that he was insane, and should be sent to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island for medical treatment. In accordance with the opinion of several of the physicians, Lawlor was sent to the institution in question, where he has remained ever since. Meantime, the British Consul in this city has been active in making inquiries respecting the murder of which Lawlor himself confessed to be the perpetrator, and a correspondence was had with the authorities at Rathfrim in relation to the affair. The result of the investigation goes to show that a murder was committed about the time stated by the prisoner; that the name of the victim was Mary Dunn; that Lawlor was a teacher in the workhouse at the time, and he was present at the inquest held upon the body of the deceased. These facts, together with the admissions of the prisoner to the authorities in this city, will it is supposed, result in his being sent back to Ireland for trial. When Lawlor was sent to the lunatic asylum he had all the appearance of an insane man. He raved night and day, tore his hair, scratched his face, and rent his clothes; in short, his conduct all to believe that he was a raving madman. But soon this violent demeanor changed, and by degrees he became quiet and thoughtful. He has not been informed of the correspondence that was going on between Mr. Edwards, the counsel for the English Government in this city, and the Home Government, and no doubt thinks that his story about the murder was received with doubt and misgiving by every one who had heard or read of it, and hoping to escape from the imprisonment he was then suffering, he assumed all the air of a sane man. So sound in mind does he now appear, that Dr. Sanger, the physician on Blackwell's Island, has given a certificate of his sanity, and declares him perfectly cured from the malady which had apparently overtaken him. From all the circumstances surrounding this most extraordinary case it is only fair to presume that a murder was committed; that Lawlor was implicated in the same, that his guilty conscience would not allow of any peace of mind; that in a fit of remorse he confessed having committed the deed and that upon his arrest and committal to the Tombs the great fear of suffering capital punishment took such possession of his soul that he was induced to affect insanity for the purpose of escaping condign punishment. How the affair will terminate it is hard to say. At all events, it is very probable that in the course of the month Lawlor will be sent back to Great Britain, under the extradition act, and will there be held accountable for the murder he has so fully confessed to be the perpetrator of.—N. Y. Herald.

NO BATH.—A western editor on hearing it remarked that persons in a drowning condition suddenly recollected all the transactions of their lives, wished that a few of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathe in deep water.

The N. Y. Freeman, asks:—"On what principle can the anti-Popery men refuse the title of martyr to Verger, if they laud Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, and Knox, as Reformers? Times have changed, indeed, but Verger has the same type of character as those we have mentioned. How is it? Are distance and obscurity requisite to array the heroes of Protestantism in bright colors? Had Verger lived in the times of Wickliffe or John Huss, the anti-Popery camp would be publishing him as a precursor of the glorious Reformation." Why do they not put a bold face on it, and enter the claim for him—which he merits—of being a worthy son of Luther?

PROTESTANT CHARITY.—The English workhouses for the poor would seem, by late investigations, to be in about as disgraceful a condition as our poorhouses in this State of New York. Their horrors are compared to those of "foreign prisons."—N. Y. Church Journal.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.—The following, from an article in the Commercial Advertiser, too truly, we believe, depicts the fearfully immoral condition of the above city. Our contemporary observes:—"It would be gratifying to know—it would be pleasant even to hope—that the character of the residence where Dr. Birdell was murdered is without a parallel in this great Christian city. But these ever-recurring revelations of domestic or social immorality deny us such knowledge and such hope. There is an unsoundness of morals in New York city from which ever and anon the veil is lifted, but the tithes of which never meets the public eye. Yet as surely as the eternal years of God belong to justice and virtue, as certainly as morality and truth are in the custody of the just governor of the Universe and the great Arbiter of events, this fearful substratum of corruption and vice will work its inevitable way and bring only ruin and insecurity upon us if permitted continuously to leaven the whole mass of our domestic institutions. We need a healthier moral sentiment—a greater respect for virtue for virtue's sake—a more dominant contempt for a false adherence of vice in whatever guise or under whatever circumstances—a less regard for the momentary circumstances of wealth or position and a settled determination more to honor virtue and truth in their humility than vice and hypocrisy in their fraudulent elevation, if we are to have right principles properly respected and honored in our highly valued."

ANOTHER MEMBER OF A HUSBAND BY HIS WIFE.—The Boston papers contain the following particulars of another hideous tragedy.—The family of Mr. Gardner Postmaster at Hingham consisted of his wife, a woman about his own age, one son and a daughter, and the mother of Mr. G., who during his last illness acted in the capacity of nurse. Mr. Gardner has been afflicted for several years with a diseased leg, which required dressing several times a day. On the 27th of December he accidentally fell upon a stone step, striking upon the hip of the diseased side. The accident occasioned no injury, and his family physician was called, who examined the injured limb, but found no fracture, dislocation, or evidence of internal injury.

On the Wednesday preceding the death of Mr. Gardner, his physician ordered him to take a dose of salts. This was attended with some success on Tuesday evening, but as it was not regarded as thought to proceed from the action of the medicine. On Thursday night the mother was watching at the bedside of her husband, when the wife of Mr. G. told her to go to bed as there was no necessity for a watch. But the mother did not go.—The wife then put out all the fires, and the moon growing cold, the old lady was compelled to retire. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning she was called up by Mr. Gardner, who was taken with vomiting and other alarming symptoms, which induced her to send for the physician. On arriving, he found his patient sitting up in bed, retching violently, and complaining of severe pain in the stomach and bowels.

It was ascertained that the salts had taken effect, and had vomited a quantity of dark fluid. He then told his mother to procure it for the doctor's inspection. This was objected, and notwithstanding the expostulations of her daughter, son and husband, and the earnest solicitations of the mother, she emptied the contents of it into a slop pail, explaining, "That if the doctor wants it he'll have to dig for it of his own."

Mr. G. declined until Sunday morning about half past 1, when he died in great distress. The deceased had been heard to express the fear that his wife would destroy him.

Mr. Gardner was in his religious sentiments a Calvinist, while his wife was a zealous member of the Baptist Church.

The friends of the deceased having their suspicion aroused by daily increasing evidence of foul play, have caused the body to be interred.

The result of the autopsy has not yet been made public, but we feel warranted in saying that there existed in the intestines unmistakable evidence of the presence of arsenic.

Justice Lewis yesterday afternoon issued his warrant for the arrest of Abigail Gardner, wife of the deceased. She was brought before the Court, without counsel, and apparently unmoved by the extraordinary charge preferred against her. The warrant was read to her by Justice Lewis, in a voice tremulous with emotion. She sat unmoved throughout, and in responding to the usual interrogatory, replied with some emphasis: "Not guilty—I am perfectly innocent before my Maker, and what such a story could be made of, I can't imagine. It is true that I mixed gin and sugar and gave it to him, but I never sent for any poison, and never had any in my house in my life."

James L. Hunt, Druggist, testified that he sold some poison about the 22nd of last month to a boy, who said he wanted it for Mrs. Gardner; but by the money's worth of arsenic, labeled it with an engraved death's head, and the word "poison" and told him to be careful with it; he was gone about half an hour, when he came back and stated that it was not for Mrs. Gardner; but for a Paddy woman; he thought it strange that he should be sent back to make that explanation, the snow being deep; he since seen the boy, and after questioned him about it; he told me distinctly that he was Mrs. Gardner that gave him the paper, and that it was Mrs. Gardner who sent him back with the explanation.

Dr. Don Pedro Wilson was sworn, and testified that on Sunday after Mr. Gardner died, he was in an outbuilding attached to the hotel in Hingham, next to the house of Mr. Gardner, and while there heard a noise back of the house; at first I took no notice of it; but on turning to go out of the house, I looked out of a window, through a broken pane, and saw Mrs. Gardner burying up something in the snow; and was only about twelve feet from her; what I saw of it, it appeared to be the contents of a slop pail; this was behind the privy connected with the house; after the snow had melted it looked still more like slops, bits of bread, &c.; had never seen her emptying slops there before; thought it was strange she did not throw it into the vault; one of our men has since died, and the other is so sick that he can hardly move about; the eyes are swollen, and it makes frequent attempts to vomit; the cat that died was nearly wild, living in the stable; the other has every appearance of having been poisoned.—Boston Paper.

ANOTHER MURDER.—A whole family named Milligan, in Brownstown, Michigan, had been arrested on suspicion of having murdered a Jew peddler named Kidder for his money and goods, burnt the remains of the unfortunate man having been found on their premises, with other evidences of violence and bloodshed.

Warwick-terrace, Belgravia, Jan. 17.