

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.—A few days since an order was given to Mr. Kiely, undertaker, of Blarney Lane, to make a coffin for a young woman named Eliza O'Brien, the daughter of a carpenter residing in Clarence Street. The coffin having been made by Mr. Kiely, was sent to the house of Mr. O'Brien, but the man who conveyed it there was directed to take it back; as there was no necessity as yet for it, the coffin was returned to the undertaker, and the young woman, who had been in a bad state of health for some time, became that morning very unwell, and after suffering intensely for a short period, apparently expired. Tears were shed over her, and a messenger was despatched to order the coffin to be made, but after a few hours she exhibited symptoms of returning life, finally opened her eyes and gazed about. The man brought back the coffin, and we understand that the young woman is now much improved.—Cork Examiner.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE AFFRAY AT ALDERSHOT.—The military inquiry into the causes which led to the dangerous quarrel between the 2nd German Jagers and the men of the 41st and 93rd Regiments terminated on Tuesday at Aldershot. The decision at which the Court arrived is still unknown. We are glad, however, that the German officers, taking into consideration that such another outbreak could not occur again, and that it was the wish to conciliate the English troops as much as possible, refrained from bringing any charges against the regiments from which the men of the English soldiers under arrest for assaulting them, while the English, on the other hand, "could not say" who was in the wrong, or at most, that both parties were equally so.—Globe.

The trade and navigation returns for the month ending the 30th ult. show that in the last month of June, the value of British produce exported was almost exactly two millions and a-half in excess of the corresponding month of 1855, and not far short of two over that of 1854. The numbers are 10,661,637, in 1856; 8,168,591, in 1855; and 8,747,313, in 1854.

The Nightingale Fund now approaches £35,000, of which £30,000 are invested in government securities.

A curious petition has been laid upon the table of the House of Commons from St. George's Parish in the East. It states that a sect of persons who call themselves Mormons and Latter-day Saints have licensed places in the metropolis and various parts of the kingdom to meet in, and to obtain such licenses such persons have designated themselves Protestant Dissenters. The petitioners complain of this use of the term Protestant Dissenters, and pray for an inquiry into the true character and teaching of the sect, which they believe to be demoralising, unlawful, and pernicious, and hereafter to prohibit them any such licenses.

CLERGYMEN INTERFERING IN POLITICS.—Sixty two ministers of religion in Manchester and Salford had an interview on Monday with the mayor of Manchester, and presented a memorial against Sunday banquets in the public parks of that city.

ANGLICANISM.—The Protestant Archbishop promises to give his decision in the Denison case, assisted by his legal functionaries, on Tuesday, the 12th August; but it is not expected that it will be very dogmatic, or that much will result from it. His Grace has too often and too plainly laid down the principle of latitudinarianism for him now to assume the character of a teacher or defender of the truth on this or any other subject. As a fact, great latitude has been allowed in the Established Church both towards Popery and Puritanism, and it will not be attempted at this time of day, and with the experience of the last few years, to restrict its Ministers or members in their privilege of thinking and preaching pretty well what they please. The Fusesites, however, are evidently apprehensive of an adverse decision. Should one be given, the appeal will be made to the Queen in council (the highest Ecclesiastical authority in the Establishment), as in the Gorham case; and the Eucharist will probably receive similar treatment to Holy Baptism, and both doctrines be declared "open questions."

MODERATION OF THE CHURCH.—The mouse in the fable took his leave of the busy world and retired into a Stilton cheese. That mouse had the soul of a bishop. Dr. Bloomfield's wants are not many. Grant me, says the holy man, neither riches nor poverty, give me a poor six thousand a year and a palace, with nothing to do, and take my bishopric. Youth dreams of love in a cottage, but how solidly age provides for its last span—£5,000 a year and a palace! And this is episcopal resignation and retirement. This stands in place of the hermit's cave, the roots of the earth, and the spring water of the primitive followers of the apostles. Required as we are to accept this arrangement as a specimen of the moderation of the church, we humbly ask what may be the scale of its excess?

PROTESTANT LOGIC.—The logic of some of our contemporaries is never so close and irresistible as when they take to the ding-dong of "Down with the Pope." The Daily Express had a famous blow at Rome this week, apropos of the Roman railroad. At a loss how to forge a taint out of matters so creditable to the Papal States, it triumphantly asked, if Rome were infallible why had it not a railway long ago?—why was the railway made by heretical hands? This perfectly unanswerable bit of logic is a gem in its way. We observe humble silence in order that, elate with his victory, the logician may next week reap fresh laurels by asking if St. Paul were inspired, why had he not an Æolian Mantle and a Eureka Shirt.—Nation.

A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.—The Rev. P. King, a convert from Popery—the Protestant curate at Aston, near Birmingham, was tried on Thursday for feloniously attempting to drown his illegitimate male child. The evidence, however, was not sufficient to bear out the capital charge, but the prisoner pleaded guilty to the minor charge of exposing the child, whereby it sustained injury, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

SURREY OF BIBLE.—Captain Williams, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons, in his examination before the select committee of the House of Commons on juvenile offenders in 1852 says: "I think in many of these boys there is distaste almost created in them by a constant reference to the Bible! all education-questions, making it rather a spelling book, or education book, or class book, than a sacred book. There are very many other elements of education which would interest these boys more, and be of greater advantage, than familiarising them so much with the Bible as a class book."

Walter Savage Landor (who is an ultra Protestant) writes as follows:—"Long ago I had occasion to remark that the Anglican Church is the only unreformed Church in Europe. Its hierarchy is wealthier than the Pope in the Papal States. The Bishops there do not average £800 a year; and Napoleon the First, when he reconstituted the Sees in his Empire, thought such an endowment adequate to support the dignity of Bishops. Christ commanded his Apostles to avoid strife and covetousness. On these grounds our 'Bishops' spit in his face as derisively as the Jews did under the Cross. And now come forward a couple of them, who have received a million of money between them, and present to the House of Parliament a simoniacal contract for signature. They must have read, although they must have forgotten where, that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and they quoted it while it suited them. If the labourer is worthy of his hire, give it to him, but give it to him no longer than while he is a labourer, unless he is reduced to poverty in your service."

SIR JOHN DEAN, PAUL IN MILLBANK PRISON.—The last of the privileged men that passed us had so different a look from that of the ordinary convict that we could not help noticing him, particularly; then we recognised the once eminent city merchant who was sentenced to transportation for fraud some months ago. He saw by our look that we detected him even in his convict garb, and he hurried past us. "Yes," said the warden, "the life here must be a great change for such a man as him especially. Some of the prisoners are better off than ever they were; but a person like that one, who thought nothing of dealing to the extent of a quarter of a million a-day must feel it sorely." This person, we are told, found special consolation in the study of languages, and on the table of his cell was a high pyramid of books, consisting of French and German exercises, with others of a religious character.

AN EVANGELICAL CONVICT.—The sentence of 15 years transportation passed on ex-Provost Philip, of Leith, in Nov. last, for bestiality, has been commuted to two years' imprisonment with hard labour, to be computed from the date of conviction.

An English correspondent of Zion's Herald, gives the following view of the internal state of the Episcopal church in that country:—"The number of open questions in the established Church of this country is somewhat alarming. Not many years ago the anomaly was seen how every tenet of popery was being brought within the pale of a free 'non-natural' interpretation of the articles; and now the other anomaly is seen how the same accommodating formula can be expanded to embrace the doctrines of Socinianism, and something more. Nor has the Church of England, to all appearance, any power to resist, to punish, or even to protest. She has looked helplessly on, while her children were teaching a disguised transubstantiation, aricular confession, and invocation of saints. Now with equal impotence she permits others to explain away the atonement, to turn regeneration into a nullity, and to deny the infallibility of the Christian scriptures. To the celebrated saying, that the thirty-nine articles are 'articles of peace,' our age has given a new and unexpected interpretation. But what a peace it is! It is not harmony, it is not sympathy, it prevents it on common convictions of truth, it aims not at one common object. There is rancour, strife, party-spirit, caricature. High Church and Evangelical, 'Puseyite' and 'Broad' maintain an attitude of constant suspicion and distrust. One thing alone prevents the armed truce from breaking out into internecine warfare—the golden chain which unites the Church to the State together with the prestige derived from the lofty status which the parish vicar is supposed to possess."

PROTESTANT CHARITY.—On Monday a special inquiry, which had previously lasted two days, into the alleged extraordinary charge of flogging and otherwise ill-treating some female paupers, by Mr. Ryan, the master, and the two porters, Green and Brown, was resumed before the directors and guardians of the poor, in the board-room of the workhouse Newroad. The facts of the case were of the most painful character. On the part of the female paupers, it was proved in evidence that they had been most shamefully treated—they stating that not only were they fearfully treated by the two porters with canes, kicked, and dragged along the ground, but the master, Mr. Ryan, on the occasion used a riding-whip, with which he struck one of the women while on the ground. After a very lengthened discussion, the Board adopted a motion severely condemning the conduct of the workhouse officers, but leaving the matter to be dealt with by Mr. Broughton, the magistrate.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.—The recent exposure of city frauds by Mr. Laing, the case of the Tipperary Bank, and numerous others, all show that commercial morality has gradually sunk to the level of a loose and inconsistent criminal law, made for the punishment of the crimes of the poor, and too coarse and simple to reach the more refined and subtle villainies of the rich. It is very true, as Mr. Henley says, that it is the crime and not the punishment that makes the disgrace of an action, but what we have to complain of is, that actions which involve the gravest violations of the precepts of morality and are most injurious to the public interest are allowed complete impunity, and that there is a very strong tendency in the minds of men who do not generally think for themselves to confound impunity with innocence, and to suppose that what the law does not prohibit is lawful, and what is lawful is allowable. We are persuaded that nothing is so much needed to amend our mercantile morality as a reform in those portions of the criminal law which do not extend as they ought to mercantile transactions.—Times.

CONVICTION OF DOVE.—The trial of Dove the poisoner was brought to a close on Saturday the 19th ult. Several witnesses (in addition to those examined on Friday, as reported in our Second Edition of last week) were examined for the defence, to prove the insanity of the prisoner. Among them was Dr. Caleb Williams, a member of the Society of Friends, one of the visiting medical officers of the Quaker's Retreat, who has given special attention to cases of insanity for thirty years. He had repeatedly seen the prisoner whilst in custody, and considered him of unsound mind. He believed that murders and suicides were often the result of imitation by persons of weak intellect. He did not think the prisoner had the power of controlling his emotions and faculties. He seemed to labor under an uncontrollable impulse to injure or to take life. Assuming that the prisoner administered poison six or seven times in succession, he should not call that impulse, but an uncontrollable propensity to destroy life. But he believed that a man who had administered poison to his wife six or seven times, and prepared her friends for her death, would be actuated by vice, and not by insanity, more especially if he had denied that he had administered the poison. The case for the defence having been closed, Mr. Overend replied on behalf of the prosecution and Mr. Baron Bramwell carefully analysed the evidence, and addressed the jury till ten o'clock at night, having spoken for six hours. The jury then retired to consider their verdict, and after an absence of thirty-five minutes returned into court, with the following verdict:—"We find the prisoner guilty, but recommend him to mercy on the ground of his defective intellect." The learned Baron then passed sentence of death in the ordinary form, and the court adjourned at eleven o'clock. The prisoner was perfectly calm and unmoved.

The Morning Herald asks:—"Will it be credited that thousands of people have, during the past week crowded a certain road in the village of Mellington, near Ormskirk, to inspect a sycamore tree which has burst its bark, and the sap protrudes in a shape resembling a man's head? Rumor spread abroad that it was the reappearance of Palmer, who 'had come again, because he was buried without a coffin.' Some inns in the neighborhood of this singular tree reaped a rich harvest."

At Leicester, the other day there was another spectacle to illustrate the civilization of the West. A man named Brown was hanged for murder, and his father took up a position in a public-house opposite, for the pleasure of seeing his son die. The son did not confess, and the Chaplain refused to perform duty. Twenty thousand people assembled to witness the execution.—Weekly Register.

SUSPECTED MURDER AND ROBBERY.—On Tuesday information was received by the metropolitan police that a gentleman, apparently about forty years of age, had been found dead in the Thames at Hampton Court under circumstances that led to the belief that a robbery and murder had been committed. The deceased had been stabbed in the left breast, and having then plundered the body, it was thought the persons who attacked him threw it into the river. It is believed that the unfortunate man was a gold digger from Australia.

DREADFUL FREQUENCY OF SUICIDE.—No fewer than three women were brought before Sir Robert Carden on Wednesday, for attempts to commit suicide in the Thames at Blackfriars-Bridge; while a fourth was reported to be in the workhouse dangerously ill from a similar attempt at self-destruction.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. W. Robinson, worsted spinner, Keighley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, aged fifty, died on Wednesday last of hydrophobia. About four years ago Mr. Robinson had one of his fingers bit by a dog, but, as the wound was not severe, he took little or no notice of it, although he had an impression that the animal was rabid. He was apparently well until Sunday last, when he complained of a peculiar twitching in his arm. On Monday he attended Bradford market, but the pain increased, and he returned home early. On Tuesday unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia were manifested, and the paroxysms continued to increase, in spite of every effort of medical skill to check them, and the unfortunate sufferer died on Wednesday. Though he suffered greatly, Mr. Robinson retained his faculties, and talked calmly and rationally to the last. The Globe has the following:—"There is not, we believe, the least foundation for the statement made circumstantially by several of our contemporaries, to the effect, that her Majesty is about to visit Lisbon, Berlin, and Dublin. No such visits are contemplated, and the movements of the court this year will not, we anticipate, be beyond the accustomed sojourn in the islands."

A startling scene to Protestantism it was, when Mr. Heywood was asking the House to get a committee appointed to revise (that is a mild word for correct) the English Edition of the Bible. Heywood, on behalf of a large class, stated that the particular Bible, on which the English have been standing till they are tired—is not in any very great degree the Word of God, but a Koran or Book of Mormons, interesting and ingenious, but a forgery. A very awkward discovery for Protestantism in Ireland and elsewhere. Of course the Government of the day, represented by indignant Sir George Grey, could not admit that several centuries of Reformed Church Englishmen had been taken in and damned "by authority." He was sure that the motion did not meet with the general approval of our doors; and Heywood was pook-pooked. But the Protestant Englishman, nevertheless, having read Heywood's speech, is in a fix of fright. Is he to go over to Mormonism as a compromise with a bewildered conscience? To be sure there is this to be said—the Protestant Englishman has not, generally speaking, read what he stands on! The following anecdote may somewhat show this:—"At Mudie's great lending library, in London, a young lady, known to all the establishment as an assiduous devourer of novels, presented herself the other day, and said, 'Pray, have you a book I have heard a great deal about—the Bible?' The man stared. 'No, miss, not in the library; but I have one up stairs, the Old Bible, which I shall be glad to lend you.' 'Oh do; I want to read it so much.' She returned it in a couple of days—had finished it. 'Oh, it's such a delightful, nice book; but I hear that, ah—there's a sequel.' She actually meant the New Testament.—Nation.

We read in the German papers that during the recent debates in the House of Lords on the Bill for securing to the Bishops of London and Durham a retiring pension, a personage was noticed in the gallery whose peculiar and splendid attire suggested to a sapient Protestant peer that it must belong to a Dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church. The visitor in question was, in fact, an Indian prince now in London. A Catholic peer was informed of the surmise, with a request that he would ascertain the name and title of the Ecclesiastical dignitary. It was unnecessary to do this, for the information was immediately given that the distinguished foreigner was no other than the notorious Simon Magus, who, feeling a natural interest in proceedings so congenial to his views, and so completely in accordance with his principles, had, as soon as he heard of them, determined on giving his personal attendance to the debates, and witnessing for himself this decisive triumph of his cause.—Tablet.

THE GULLS AND THE GULLED.—EXETER HALL AND ITS MISSIONS.—The Times of the 15th contains a very excellent letter from an English clergyman against the Irish Church Missions, in the course of which he asks—"Why will not Exeter Hall leave Ireland alone? Let the ministers of both faiths work earnestly side by side, and see which will best increase the happiness and gain the affections of the people." &c. The Morning Herald, a day or two afterwards, takes the Anglican clergyman sorely to task, and says, what it terms a word or two, on his Reverence's suggestions:—"In reply to his first query, 'Why will not Exeter Hall leave Ireland alone?' the Herald, as respondent, saith:—"Exeter Hall is the largest room of the kind, and is occupied in succession by all varieties of philanthropic associations, but its most frequent occupants are those earnest Christians who raise above £500,000 per annum to scatter the word of God, and to send preachers of the Gospel to all parts of the earth."

In the first place, then, the Herald wishes us to understand that the Exeter Hall fanatics are philanthropic associations of the purest water; next, that they are earnest Christians; and thirdly, that, as a sample of the thorough earnestness and Christian character of their philanthropic labors, they cajole their countrymen out of half a million sterling annually, to scatter the word of God and send its preachers far and wide over the globe. Well, these being the objects of the earnest Christians at Exeter Hall assembled, we will do them the justice to exhibit some of the fruits of their invaluable labors. For these facts we are again indebted to the Rev. Mr. Marshall's little pamphlet, which extracts them from a speech delivered by the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords on the 12th July, 1855, on the Religious Worship Bill:—"He would now refer their lordships to the remarkable records of the condition of such districts as Bethnal-green, Westminster, Shoreditch, the New-curt, Petticoat-lane, and Rag-fair, where fighting, drinking, gambling, and immorality prevailed, more especially on Sundays. In these districts there were thousands and hundreds of thousands of persons who never attended any religious ordinances whatever. The greatest difficulty was found in inducing large masses of the people—even those of the more decent and orderly class—to attend any place of religious worship, whether in connexion with the Established Church, or with Dissenting communities. There were, indeed, no persons whom it was so difficult to prevail upon to attend places of worship as the great body of highly paid artisans."

Now, what has the Herald of philanthropy and Christian earnestness to say to the fruits of the golden seed scattered in the aforesaid districts by the London City Mission? Why have these "gold fields" been so barren? What has become of their share of the £100,000 raised and expended yearly (as the Herald further says) in missions to the English poor? Where is the Word of God? What have its earnest preachers been about? What blessings have attended their mission? What conversions have they wrought; what perversions effected? Where are the Christian virtues preached, exemplified, and practised by their white-choker reverences? "Fighting, drinking, gambling, and every species of immorality prevailed, more especially on Sundays." This is bad enough in all conscience; but we have another scene to portray, more harrowing, more revolting still. Here it is—and we shudder whilst transcribing it:—"That in the district of All Saints, Socialism, infidelity, rationalism, and indifference prevail in every quarter to a fearful extent. That pamphlets and tracts are freely distributed in which the inspired books of Moses are called, contemptuously, 'the foolish and obscure records of a small, remote, and barbarous eastern tribe,' and that religion is regarded as a fruitful source of insanity and suicide."

A pick-pocket detector has been invented down East. It consists externally of a case, resembling that of a watch in size and shape. It has a fob chain or string, and is worn in the pocket like a watch. Within the case is a bell and spring hammer, the latter connected with the fob-chain. The supposition is that the thief will suppose that the watch chain is attached to a bona fide watch and will accordingly pull the chain in order to obtain the prize. But instead of getting the watch, the watch gets him. The pull sounds the alarm bell, the owner of the watch grabs the rogue, and the policeman conducts him to limbo.—Pilot.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A boy about 16 years of age, in St. Louis, shot his mother with a pistol, wounding her severely, because she attempted to correct him.

A CASE OF REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.—John O. Lawler, a young man aged twenty-eight, who had recently become a soldier on Bedlow's Island, a few days ago, wrote to the Chief of Police, that if an officer was sent to him, he would reveal the facts of a murder. The Chief thought he probably meant the murder of Bourke, the porter in Broadway, but Lawler, on being brought over, knew nothing of that occurrence, but was mysterious in alluding to some other tragedy. The Chief saw the man was embarrassed, and sent him into a private room to converse with officer Masterson. On being seated, he said he wished to relieve his mind of something he had never told any person, and was by this time apparently choking with his secret, and asked for a drink of water. The water being quaffed, he proceeded, saying he had, in 1852, while a schoolmaster in the workhouse of Rathfrim, Wicklow County, Ireland, become enamored with a girl named Mary Dunn. While walking with her one evening by the side of a small river at that place he made proposals, which were rejected, and then committed an assault, which he feared she would complain of, and which would consign him to prison for many years. To avoid the ultimate exposure, he watched his opportunity and threw her into the stream. She was drowned, but her murderer was never known until this confession. The murder of the girl has ever since haunted him, harassed his mind, and rendered him one of the most miserable beings, and he finally resolved to relieve his mind, and risk the consequences. Travelling and employment gave his mind no ease, and he thought it but just that he should make this disclosure. Some time ago he says he wrote to the British Consul telling him he had the facts of a mysterious murder, and wished to relate them, but received no answer. Lawler, was on his confession questioned thoroughly and appeared perfectly rational. He is held for examination, and will probably be sent to Ireland under the Ashburton Treaty.—N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

Since then, Lawler has retracted his confession; but he is still in prison, pending the result of the enquiries that the authorities are making.

That God, immortality, and hell are ridiculed as mere creatures of fancy, and that every man's life is claimed as his own property. The following extracts from the memoranda of the Clergy and Scripture Readers, show the harvest which such seed has produced:—"A—has been to church twice in 18 years, spends Sunday in a beer-shop. Occasionally a Bible is produced, that passages which are apparently opposed to each other may be compared. An appeal is then made to the party, whether such a book can be from God, and it is condemned as a pack of lies. B—none of our family attends church, we are such a blaspheming set, that it would be no use. C—would rather wade to heaven through the blood of a bullock than through that of Jesus Christ. D—(to the Bible readers) you are too idle to work for an honest livelihood, and so you go about preaching a parcel of infernal lies about Jesus Christ, the greatest impostor that ever lived. E—considers religion beneath his notice, a bugaboo to frighten weak-minded people with. F—God could not have loved His Son much to have given Him up to such sufferings. He can't take my heart out of my body and give me a new one. When I die I shall be put into a box and there is an end of me. G—had no time to gossip. Be off! to these old foals, who had nothing else to amuse themselves with than talk about religion! She slammed the door in my face," &c., &c.

Now, the Herald says, in another place, that Dr. Cullen, in his Pastoral, accuses English Protestants falsely when he says, "They send all over the world, but forget to look at home."

How the London City Mission and the Church Protestant Aid Society work at home, we have shown above, and, verily they shall have the reward of their labour, if pharisaical hypocrisy, if traffic in God's Word, if tampering with God's people, and blasphemous bigotry against His Church, are amongst the sins which cry to heaven for vengeance. What these ministers of mischief mean by working at home, is to innaminate themselves into the dwelling of the poor Catholic, to tempt him with food when he is on the verge of starvation, to bribe him with Mammon when he has not wherewithal to cover the nakedness of his starving offspring, or to provide sustenance for those who look up to him for all things.—Dublin Telegraph.

UNITED STATES.

PROSPECTS OF CHEAP FLOUR.—The Cincinnati Prices Current estimates the quantities of wheat gathered the present harvest, as fully ten per cent. greater than has been gathered any previous year. The same authority also states that the quality of the new wheat is excellent. The grain is full and bright, and perfectly dry and sound.

The Charleston Board of Health report another death from yellow fever, and the existence of three cases in the hospital and three in the city at large, on the 13th instant.

A NEW CENT.—Everybody will be glad to learn that a new cent is to be coined. The old copper head which has so long represented the smallest fractional division of our decimal money in use, is too cumbersome and large for the little value it represents, and the substitution for it of a new coin, readily distinguishable from all others in circulation, will be considered by all a great improvement. It is therefore proposed by the Director of the Mint, that the new cent shall be 88 parts copper and twelve parts nickel. This will make a coin of a dark reddish color. It is to weigh 72 grains, less than half the present cent, which is 168 grains.

FREMONT A NATIVE OF CANADA.—Under this head the New York Citizen, on Saturday last, states, on the authority of a reliable correspondent:—"There seems to be the most positive information that the black Republican party have made a blunder in their nomination of Fremont. A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Detroit, knew his father and himself when a lad, in Montreal, Lower Canada, of which city he is supposed to be a native. Further information anon."

MAN SHOT AT QUINCY.—A man named John White, a resident of Quincy, was shot at the Hancock House in that place by a drunken man from East Stoughton, named Quimby. Several persons were endeavoring to take a loaded pistol from Quimby, when he discharged it—the contents entering the abdomen of White and inflicting a dangerous wound. Quimby has been arrested. The following is the verdict of the jury summoned to investigate the case. "That the said White came to his death on the 10th day of August, by the discharge of a pistol on the 8th day of August between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the afternoon, on the piazza of the Hancock House in Quincy; said pistol being in the hands of one James Quimby, he at the time being in a state of intoxication; and that the pistol was discharged while said White was attempting to wrest the same from the hands of said Quimby. And the jurors further say, they are of the opinion the discharge of the pistol was unintentional on the part of said Quimby."

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TRUE INDEPENDENCE.—The last Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph, writing in reply to a local party paper which had attacked Catholic citizens, observes:—"In reply to all this abuse, it is only necessary to state that Catholics have made no alliance, never did and never will, with any political party. Catholics are guided in their political as in their religious duties, by correct principles, and not by their interests. They make no bargains to which God may not be a witness. They are not Whigs one day and Abolitionists another. When you know a man to be a Catholic, you know where to find him. His position is unalterable. The vindictive may denounce him and the fool may shake his cap and bells at him, but though he is not unaffected by the slander of the one and the ridicule of the other, he has strength of mind sufficient to disregard them both."

PROTESTANT OUTRAGES.—The Syracuse Standard says that the Catholic Church on the corner of Willow and Lock streets, was entered on Sunday night by some graceless scamps, and the large silver-plated candlesticks and other valuable articles stolen. One of the robbers has been arrested, and the property will probably be recovered.

PECULIAR MANNER AT AMERICAN HOTELS.—The travelling correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript was rather amused with the notices attached to the inside of the door of each room. The following copied verbatim, are a fair specimen:—"Gentlemen are requested not to spit on the floors and walls, and not to come to the table with their coats off. Gentlemen are requested not to swear at table, if ladies are present."

A SPEECH ON IRISH ADOPTED CITIZENS.—Judge Conral who presided at the Fremont Know-Nothing Black Republican Convention, delivered the following of the following language in a speech in 1851:—"I stand here surrounded by Ireland's sons and daughters. If the friends who, in your native Isle, send their souls over the wide waters to embrace you, could look upon this gorgeous scene—if the champion of Ireland, O'Connell himself, your own faithful and fearless were present, could he consider himself an exile among strangers? No! no exile—no strangers. This is your country, and these your brethren. Come we not from the same womb? Ireland is the mother country of America. England gave us charters; Ireland, hearts and hands. England, it is true, settled America; but how? By oppression at home. It was English oppression that crowded our valleys with high-minded men, the foes of oppression in the Old World, the jewels of liberty, worn in her heart of hearts here. Few Americans out of New England, and those sections exclusively German, can speak in derogation of Ireland and her sons, without slandering the blood that flows in their own veins, and slandering the dust that moulders in their own family vault. Are we not, then, brethren? But we are not merely sprung from the same stock, but baptized in the same baptism of blood. Look at the muster-rolls of the Constitution. In the continental line, a band of heroes who knew no signal for defeat, nearly every American shoulder was pressed by that of an Irishman; their hearts beat together; their arms struck together; their voices rose to the skies—their blood fell to the earth together. And are we not brethren? Why, who was it at Quebec Heights, at the head of our army, rushed on foremost and fighting, fell? It was Irish Montgomery who first reddened the snow with his life's blood; and is that blood forgotten?"

There were six hundred and twenty seven deaths in New York last week.

The following is the description of the scene that took place at the recent execution of a negro in the United States, for the crime of murder. We believe that the people of the States call themselves Christians, and boast of their civilization. The stranger however would feel, after reading the following, more inclined to reproach them with their Protestantism:

"At an early hour on Friday morning crowds of people commenced to flock into White Plains from the surrounding neighborhood. The office of the Sheriff from eight in the morning until within a few minutes of the execution was besieged by the curious, anxious to obtain permission to witness the last scene. At about half-past eight a company of military from Sing Sing made their appearance, with music, before the jail. Half an hour afterwards another company of military arrived. Wilson was very low spirited on Friday morning. Every tap of the drum, no doubt, sent a thrill to his heart and his courage or bravado gradually left him, until he was completely prostrated. The gallows was erected in the yard of the jail, which was fenced. On one side there was a long one-story building overlooking the gallows. The roof of this building was a living mass of human beings, from the mere crew of 3 and 10 to decrepit old age. It was a motley crew of men of all characters, colors, and ages. About one thousand spectators ranged themselves on the roof, at the risk of life and limb. Access was only had to this building by climbing up a cherry tree, and crawling along a branch which reached within a foot of the County Clerk's office. From this building they reached the roof of the house overlooking the scaffold. One man fell from the branch of the tree and was seriously injured. A guard was placed round the jail to prevent outsiders from encroaching on the ground for execution. Those on the top of the house commenced about eleven o'clock to get impatient, and yelled like devils for the purpose of hastening the execution. His cell looked out upon the roof of this house, and every word uttered could not have missed the ear of Wilson. This, no doubt, struck terror to his soul, and might have inspired him with fear lest they would Lynch him. Had it not been for the soldiers, he might, perhaps, have been flayed alive. All sorts of shrieks, yells, and jokes, intended for the ear of Wilson, might have been heard a hundred yards off. 'Fetch the bigger one,' 'bring out the black son of a—' 'O Charcoal!' 'Sing him up!' 'Time's up, George!' 'How do you feel, George?' These and kindred expressions were yelled out by the hundreds of spectators who wished to hasten the spectacle, lest by some means or another they might be disappointed of the expected sight. At one o'clock this vast assemblage was gratified by the appearance of Wilson, who was dragged into the courtyard like a lifeless dog. He was placed under the gallows, and having no power in his limbs, he rolled over on his side and lay in that position for some time to the evident delight of the audience, if we may use such a word. A chair was at last found and Wilson was placed in it. He called for water, but after it was brought he refused to drink it. He was supported in the chair. A man stood on each side of him and another in front, ready to catch the faintest whisper spoken, all attempting to extort a confession from him—the one by bullying, and asking him why the hell didn't he 'spit' and die—the other exhorting him for the good and peace of his soul. The execution was delayed some time in attempting to get this confession. The noise was adjusted, and the crowd stepped back. The clergyman stated to the audience that Wilson desired no further religious consolation, and only wished to die in quiet. The black cap was then drawn over the culprit's head, the axe descended, and the next moment the murderer was struggling in the last agonies of death. A loud shout from the roof above gave evidence of the delight with which this spectacle was witnessed. They demanded that the black cap might be taken from the d—d nigger's face while he was being hung, but the soldier prevented this gross outrage on decency. Wilson appeared to die very easy, notwithstanding the noise slipped behind. The neck was not broken. After death the body was cut down and placed in a coffin, and given to the doctors. During the execution, everybody appeared anxious to know if a confession had been made. A gentleman from New York, who made himself quite busy by going round declaring that he had confessed, and when told that he had not, said, 'It's all the same—let him go to hell.' This gallow's wit excited a general laugh. Another said, 'The son of a b—h died too easy.'"