

ed 369 Christian congregations between 1851 and 1852.

Three of these Chinese parishes were visited by Mr. Lavallee in 1845. He was astonished, he tells us, that the freedom and tranquillity with which religion was exercised in these Christian villages. All the splendid ornamentation of Catholic piety was visible in two of the churches. The Priests were Chinese, and their acolytes catechists. They certainly had not escaped the lynx-eyed vigilance of the mandarins. He thinks their fearless displays was suggested by a wise policy on the part of men whose presence in the country is forbidden by the law of the land. Unless the Jesuits could enjoy at Shanghai—where European consuls were numerous, and French ships at anchor—a large measure of religious liberty, they durst not hope to enjoy—in the Pagan depths of the interior, where they had no friends—even liberty to exist. They were desirous, he thinks, of defying the mandarins by the solemn grandeur of their rites—in this place—because they knew, in case of a quarrel, France would not desert them. This was their battle-ground, where much might be gained, but nothing lost, by religious display and numerous conversions. The daring courage of the Society was considerably augmented when a French consulship was established a little after at Shanghai. Catholicity was then professed and practised in all the adjacent villages more openly than ever, and the mandarins did not even murmur. In the interior nothing like this toleration is to be expected from the authorities, and accordingly, the caution of the Priests in the interior is quite as great as their daring at Shanghai. The parishes at a distance from this town can only be visited by stealth. In short, they creep about in central China in the present day as they crept about in England in the time of Elizabeth—that is, in a subterraneous way, careful not to provoke the suspicions of the merciless authorities.

The church built at Shanghai by the Jesuits, and dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, is so grand that it is termed a cathedral. The hopes of Catholicity seem to be proclaimed by the lofty cupola, surmounted by a cross, which rises to a great height in the atmosphere. Father Brouillon carefully describes this church as well as the less stately one at Zi-Ka-Wei. He tells us that the Priest who presided over the labors of constructing these churches was greatly surprised by the Chinese method of baking and tempering bricks, as well as their "hydraulic lime," as he terms it. The art of building, he asserts, is far more advanced in China than European suppose. When this sacerdotal architect undertook the construction of the cupola he found to his astonishment that certain *coques de charpente*, which were looked upon in Europe as new and admirable discoveries, were old and every-day matters in China. These remarks of Father Brouillon are very interesting, as they prove—what the Jesuits have frequently asserted—the consummate ability of the Chinese in all mechanical arts, and the surprising antiquity of all their processes. As society in China is old, long civilised, and deeply imbued with philosophic principles, it is thus reason alone which the Missioner must address. The Chinese are a nation of bookworms, who can only be subdued by superior learning. They value education more highly than any people, and religion is acceptable to them only when based on a sound system of education. Hence the multiplication of schools on the part of the Jesuits has equalled to the multiplication of the kum sows.

They managed to found 144 male and 30 female schools during three years beginning with 1850. In addition to these, a college was established at Zi-Ka-Wei, in which they soon collected forty pupils. These pupils are by no means all Catholics. "The sons of some honest infidels" are blended with the young Christians, where they are taught not only what becomes a good Catholic, but what becomes a good Chinese. In some instances the bachelors and professors are infidels. This shows great wisdom on the part of the Jesuits, for were the education exclusively Christian and European the Chinese Catholics would never send their boys to this college. Confucius and Mencius are explained precisely as in the native colleges. The four canonical books of the Chinese are commented on. The boys are exercised in all those dissertations and amplifications which are necessary to enable young Chinese at the triennial concourse to obtain elevated station, "for," says Father Brouillon, "in China the aristocracy consists almost exclusively of literary men. A native of China is nobody until he gets a degree—becomes a bachelor, licentiate, or doctor. Without education there can be no social rank or civil employment. You must possess some indication of intellectual ability or literary acquisition, in order to be admitted into the presence of the mandarin, to speak to him on terms of equality, and to escape the brutal maltreatment to which the illiterate vulgar are hourly exposed." The educated class may be compared to the freemen of other countries—the ignorant vulgar to slaves. If the pupils of the Jesuits succeed in the examinations, and rise to the position of nobles or mandarins—and they seem certain to do so—the Chinese will be converted and the Jesuit college crowded. The middle classes and the opulent families will furnish crowds of converts, and the administration of the law will gradually get into the hands of Catholics. Years will elapse, of course, before this can be accomplished. But the system of education adopted by the Jesuits and described by Father Brouillon is so well adapted to the condition, wants, and manners of the country, that it must ultimately produce that result. In 1853 the educational establishments founded by the Jesuits in Kiangnan contained one thousand three hundred pupils.

LITTLE BLOSSOMS FOR HEAVEN.—Others besides the aged are leaving the cares of earth for the rest and blessedness of heaven; those who have scarcely looked beyond the rose-tinted boundary of infancy, whose eyes have never been wet with tears of sorrow and regret, whose hearts never swelled with disappointment. Little blossoms, who linger lovingly for a few brief years on the threshold of Time, and of whom we think, even while worshipping their beauty and innocence, are passing away!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE BISHOP OF KERRY.—The remains of the venerable Bishop were interred on the 25th of July. There was an immense procession.

THE REV. MARTIN BROWNE, P.P. of Balla, has been appointed Archdeacon, in room of the lamented Archdeacon M'Hale, deceased.

ORDINATION.—On Sunday the 21st ult., the Revs. John O'Hara and Matthew Ferguson, late of Maynooth College, were ordained Priests in the Cathedral Church of Caran. The ceremony was witnessed by a large and respectable congregation, the greater number of which remained after Mass to receive the blessing of the young Levites.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN, P.P. OF ISKABEEN.—The Diocese of Kerry has lost one of its greatest ornaments, and the Church of God one of its boldest Priests. After a lingering sickness, borne with Christian resignation, Father M'Laughlin expired at his residence, at Iskabeen, at half-past seven of the morning of the festival of Our Lady of Carmel—a day, above all others, on which he would have preferred to die.

The Bishop of Ossory in a late Pastoral issued upon his return from Rome, thus warns his people against the "Soupers":—"Knowing how steadfast you are in the Faith—how attached to the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, and how abhorrent of heresy and schism, we deem it in a manner unnecessary to caution you against the workers of iniquity—those who would feed your bodies, but would kill your souls—those who would make you suffer shipwreck in the Faith, and separate you from the Holy Roman Catholic Church, to become Protestants, or even Turks or Pagans; for such is their hatred of Catholicity, that they would prefer you to be of no religion than to be Catholics; thus they prove that their vocation is not from God, but from Beelzebub. True to their calling, and alive to their own interest, those emissaries of Satan have labored to pervert you and your children—they have taken advantage of your poverty, and have proffered you gifts; but, thanks be to God! you have spurned them; you have persevered in the Faith, and preferred poverty in the Catholic Church to abundance in heresy and schism. You must, however, do more. You must have no communication with them; for it is written: "What participation hath justice with injustice? Or what fellowship hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever?" You must, then, even salute them not; as disciples of Jesus Christ, who says: "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake—Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven;" and again, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you;" you must have no alterations with them—you must not abuse or maltreat them—you must not curse them, but pray for them—you must not do them evil, but good. To the great precept of love which Jesus Christ so strongly impressed on his disciples in His first and last discourse to them, and of which he had given so many striking examples in his own person—there is no exception, not even those who for temporal gain, labor to rob you of your Faith, "the beginning of human salvation, the foundation and root of all justification," and to make void in your behalf the redemption of Jesus Christ. Pray, then, that God may convert them from the evil of their ways."

The Cork Examiner gives the following extracts from a letter received by a gentleman resident in that city, from a student of the English College, Rome:—"We had a visit from His Holiness at the beginning of this year. He was very cheerful. He is a very fine man. We often meet him outside the city. Wherever he is passing, whether in the city or out of it, the people always kneel down on the pavement to receive his blessing. He expressed an opinion a short time since with which I fancy you will coincide. A party of English had an audience with him, and the conversation turning upon the rapid progress of Catholicity in England, His Holiness observed, 'Well, there is one man in England the Catholics cannot convert, that is Lord Palmerston.' The Romans are very fond of his present Holiness.—The French soldiers are here still, as they ought to be. The Romans have liberty enough, and are far happier than the majority of English people. It is not liberty that England would give them, it is license.—What a row the English papers have made about Italian liberties! The fun of it is the poor English dupes take all newspaper reports for gospel, and of course swallow greedily all species of humbug.—The brother of the present Protestant 'Bishop' of Oxford, Mr. Wilberforce, is at present studying for the Church, and most likely will be ordained before another year. He became a convert about eighteen months ago. We have in the 'Collegio Romano' a nephew of Archbishop Whately. He will be ordained within another year. We have also a son of an American Protestant 'Bishop' studying for the Church. These are good signs of progress, are they not?"

Of the £326 voted by Parliament for the promotion of learning, £200 has been awarded to Irish literary merit—£100 to Mr. Lover, and £50 each to Dr. O'Donovan and Mr. Dalton.

ORDER OF ST. PATRICK.—The Marquis of Londonderry is to be the new Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, and will have the stall vacated by the death of the late Earl of Listowel.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS IN IRELAND.—Major-General Cochrane is to have the command of the garrison of Dublin.

REPRESENTATION OF KERRY.—Lord Castlereagh, who accepted the office of Comptroller of her Majesty's Household, has again addressed the electors of Kerry, soliciting their suffrages at the approaching election, which his appointment had made necessary.

Lord Pamure's stern reply to the Marquis of Clanricarde sounds like the knell of fate to the unfortunate militiamen of Nenagh. And yet it seems impossible to realise the fact that those monstrously opposed men will be left to the indiscriminate severity of military law. This is surely too much—to hang or shoot to death men—even Irish militiamen—for claiming the performance of the stipulations on the faith of which they entered the service of their Queen—for refusing to be turned adrift in a state of nudity and starvation. The *Bainbridge Daily Express* has some remarks on this painful topic which are most creditable to it as an organ of Scottish opinion, and we can but hope that his suggestion for petitions in favor of the unfortunate men will be followed up without delay. The *Express* says that—"Government, blundering in ignorance or carelessness, seeks to throw the consequences upon the poor wretches who offended. Ministers are now endeavoring to atone for their indistinguishably shabby treatment of the militia by the severest possible punishment of the insubordination, the hanging or shooting of the offenders will, they fancy, efface any unpleasant recollections of the mutiny. Now, apart altogether from the strong provocation which the offenders had, such immense service has been rendered by the militia in the course of the present war, that this unfortunate accident of a militia mutiny ought either to be forgiven or be very lightly punished. We confidently trust, that petitions will be poured in from all quarters against the infliction of capital punishment upon a single militiaman; and that not even the ringleader, whom Lord Pamure so bitterly denounced, will be allowed to suffer. Should a single militiaman perish on the gibbet at present, it would be a disgrace to the nation.—Northern Times.

LETTER FROM SMITH O'BRIEN.

Dromoland, July 29, 1856.

My Dear Sir—I have for some time felt an anxious desire to offer my best acknowledgments to those members of the House of Commons, who, during the last and present session of Parliament, exerted themselves to procure my restoration to Ireland; but I have found some difficulty in determining what would be the most suitable mode of giving effect to this desire. It now seems to me that there can be no occasion more appropriate than the moment of my return to my native land; and as you were one of those who were most earnest in this endeavor, and have also command of a journal which will enable you to give publicity to my sentiments, I shall feel obliged if you will become the organ for conveying my thanks to those with whom you co-operated.

From the hour of my imprisonment until the present moment I have steadily abstained from soliciting any favor from the British government, or any mitigation of the penalties which I incurred in 1848. Having done what I considered to be my duty, I could not express contrition. It therefore seemed to me becoming to remain entirely passive, and to submit, without repining to the consequences of an attempt which may have been ill-judged, but which was prompted by the purest motives.—At the same time I have not felt myself bound to deprecate on the part of the others the expression of sympathy which seemed to me to be highly honorable to those who entertained it—even though that sympathy was evinced in the form of solicitation.

As there has been little disposition to underrate the mental sufferings, privations, and pecuniary losses which I and my family have sustained, I shall now speak only of the circumstances by which we have been consoled. It will always be to us a subject of pleasing and grateful recollection to remember that, from the hour of my conviction to the day of my return, my own countrymen, without distinction of classes, creeds, or parties, have exhibited deep solicitude respecting my fate, and from time to time have manifested this solicitude in the manner which seemed to them most conducive to my deliverance from imprisonment and exile. Nor has this sympathy been confined to Ireland. Even in Van Dieman's Land I experienced on the part of English and Scotch as well as of Irish colonists the greatest possible kindness—kindness which I can never forget—whilst in Victoria and in New South Wales my liberation was greeted with such gratulations as are generally offered to those who triumph rather than to those who fall.

In the United States large multitudes of Americans assembled in their chief cities to solicit the intervention of the President of the Republic on behalf of the Irish State Prisoners, and our liberation from Van Dieman's Land in 1854, gave occasion to an address of congratulation from New York, which appears to have embodied the sentiments of a great majority of the inhabitants of one of the largest capitals in the world.

I have been informed also that during the present spring an address to the Queen (which I have not as yet seen) was carried by the Legislature of Canada by which my restoration to Ireland was earnestly requested. In like manner I have experienced on the part of individuals devoted such as has been rarely equalled, of which I need cite no other instance than that of my friend Mr. P. J. Smyth, who made two voyages round the world with a view to assist in rescuing me from captivity.

During the session of 1855 I was apprised that one hundred and forty members of parliament memorialised the Prime Minister in favor of my unconditional return. Upon analysing the list of their names I discovered that it contained a majority of the representatives of Ireland, among whom were to be found some who would have asked no other favor from a British minister, and several whose views respecting the political interests of Ireland are diametrically opposed to those which I entertain, as well as others who have been in the habit of supporting the Whig administration. I found also in this list the names of some of the most distinguished of the English and Scotch members, amongst whom indiscriminately were men belonging to the several parties which divide the arena of political contention.

To all who have expressed or felt sympathy I would willingly tender my acknowledgments; and it is with this view that I now address to you this letter, in the hope that it may obtain extended publicity.

You will therefore oblige me by placing it upon public record in whatever manner may appear to you most acceptable to those for whose perusal it is designed.

With much respect for your public character, I remain, my dear Sir, your's very sincerely,

W. S. O'BRIEN.

J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P.

THE MAN FOR TIPPERARY.—The overture made by the people of Tipperary to O'Brien is a noble act of retribution, and will be felt with gratitude to their honour throughout Ireland. It was a fitting crown on that age of exile borne with such brave and steadfast patience, that on the very instant of his deliverance, the county in which eight years ago he was sentenced to the death of a Traitor, should offer to the Rebel Chief its highest public honours. This free and hearty verdict snely effaces that which a packed jury uttered in the Court House of Clonmel, on an autumn day in 1848. And there is not a doubt that if O'Brien had assented he would have been elected without a second of opposition. From one end of the county to the other, the rumour created a generous and earnest ambition. The purity of his character, the stately firmness of his principles, the heroic patriotism almost dead in these ages, but which Exile has always canonised even more gloriously than death—these speak so trumpet-tongued whenever his noble name is mentioned in Ireland, that even in that county, stained as it has been with all the shame of Sallierism, none would be so base or so bold as to raise a voice against him. It would have been a startling incident to the British Parliament, had O'Brien, whose last appearance there was to utter that defiance which preceded his appeal to arms—and whose seat was soon afterwards vacated by a verdict from a Special Commission—been returned as Member for the County which had been the scene of both insurrection and conviction. But he has with the calm self-denying dignity which is so characteristic of him declined this honour. At present he does not believe his services would be useful to Ireland in Parliament. He is incapable of seeking honour merely for honour's sake, and unless he could believe, that in the new position, he could really do useful service to Ireland. His experience of Parliament has not propitiated him to the belief that if he now returned to that field of labour, he could do so with advantage—and a little consideration enables us to see that he has chosen the course likely for the present at least, to make his voice most weighty and most valued whenever it is raised to speak in Irish affairs. We are delighted to hear that O'Brien intends to offer, from time to time, advice to the people on subjects of legislation. The work which he published lately is an adequate testimony that during his exile he has devoted all the energies of his mind and a rare extent of study to the political and social principles which are the basis of public happiness and freedom. And his voice will be heard by our people not merely with the affectionate respect that is due to his virtues and his sufferings, but with earnest confidence in his wisdom as a philosophical statesman, and his experience as a public man—the experience of action as well as of adversity.—Nation.

THE POLLOCK EJECTMENTS.—At the last assizes there were eighteen cases brought down for trial, in the first of which the plaintiff being non-suited, the remainder were withdrawn. Subsequently the Court of Common Pleas set aside the non-suit, and awarded a venire de novo. At the present assizes there were only three cases entered for trial. They excited great interest, as did also the presence of Mr. Pollock himself.—Id.

A MODEL "SOUPER."

The gross immorality of the soup-missionary movement is developing into rank luxuriance. The latest example of its infamous character is furnished by a recent investigation at the Petty Sessions Court of Kilkenny. The stipendiary magistrate, the Mayor, and other justices were present. A man named Byrne—described by the local papers as a wretched-looking old man—a bible-reader or "souper" came before the bench, and made a most extraordinary statement. He swore that while he was standing alone, a few days before, in a new house just being built, another man who was working with him having gone out, six strange men, whose personal appearance and dress he professed to describe minutely, entered, tied a strap round his neck, hung him up till he was nearly strangled, and then went away telling him that they would murder him if he would not quit the soupers. This extraordinary story naturally excited much astonishment in court. The stipendiary magistrate does not appear to have believed it; for he re-examined Byrne closely, and elicited from the virtuous and injured gentleman the fact that sixteen years ago he had been tried for attempting to commit murder, and had afterwards been prosecuted for retaining money which his wife had stolen from a gentleman. His fellow workman was next produced and examined. His story was that he had left Byrne alone in the house for a while, and that when he returned, Byrne, who showed no signs of injury, said two or three men had come and "chucked him up." But the man did not believe him, for he had not been so far away, he said, that he could not hear, if he cried out, and the police patrol were opposite the house at the time. Nor was this all. The policeman swore it was impossible the alleged outrage could have occurred, as he had been on duty at the spot all day; and the former witness added that Byrne had tried to induce him to back up his lying story. The magistrates promptly gave judgment. They recorded it as their unanimous opinion that Byrne had been guilty of gross and deliberate falsehood, and that the circumstances justified an indictment for perjury against him.

PROSELYTING IN THE WEST.—THE CONSTABULARY.—In accordance with previous notification the parishioners of Gort, comprising a numerous assemblage of all ranks and classes of the Catholics of that town and its vicinity, took place on Monday week in the Catholic chapel, a little after two o'clock, p. m., in consequence of the use of the court house being refused. The meeting was convened in order to adopt resolutions condemnatory of a recent outrage committed by breaking some windows in the Protestant church, and a memorial to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant representing the improper and harassing conduct of some members of the constabulary for some time stationed here, in giving aid and countenance to certain proselyting agents who insult the religious convictions of the Catholic population by the distribution of tracts and an organised system of nuisance and annoyance, impeding the public peace by their offensive proceedings. The principal speakers were the Rev. T. Shannon, V. G., and the Rev. John Kenny, R. C. C.—*Clare Journal*.

MOOR CHAPEL WRECKINGS.—The following communication appears in the *Ulsterman* of Thursday:—"Allow me to make known an outrage which has been recently perpetrated by some Orange miscreant on the splendid chapel of Newbridge, by breaking the windows with stones. I was there on Sunday last, and saw the stones on the floor, which was a sad sight for our good Priest, Mr. Quinn, P.P., and his sorrowing flock. It was, indeed, painful to see the temple which had been erected for the worship of their God despoiled by the hands of these sacrilegious ruffians. On Saturday last the Orangemen walked in procession, with drums playing and banners flying. All sorts of offensive airs were played on the occasion. The Catholics were obliged to stand all night with arms in their hands to protect their chapel. All this happened in a place two and a half miles from Magherafelt, two miles from Toome, two miles from Ballyroan, where police and magistrates were located. None of them, however, can look after these outrages. Last year a similar outrage was perpetrated on Newbridge chapel, but when the ruffians were known and could have been made amenable, their fathers came and repaired the damage.—A COUNTY ANTRIM MAN."

PRESENTATION OF THE IMPERIAL GOLD GRAND CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR TO A BRITISH SOLDIER.—Within this week the attractive ceremony of presenting the highly-prized decoration of the French Legion of Honor will take place in this garrison, at the instance of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., to Corporal William Cooke, of the 9th Regiment. He is the only military man in Limerick who has received such a decoration. The way he has earned it, we have on authority, is thus:—"On the occasion of the abortive assault on the Redan, on the 18th of June, 1855, Corporal William Cooke found himself with twelve or fourteen comrades of his own regiment near the twelve-gun battery, called the Cemetery, when an immense shell, with an ignited fuse, fell amongst them. Cooke hastily handed his rifle to one of his comrades, and coolly took up the shell while the fuse was still burning, and flung it back into the embrasure, where it almost instantaneously exploded, killing and wounding a large number of the enemy, and saving the lives of himself and his comrades. This heroic and chivalrous action was witnessed by one of the French generals, who mentioned it in his despatch to General Canrobert, and the circumstance having been communicated to the Emperor, he ordered the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to be awarded to that chivalrous soldier.—*Limerick Observer*.

A revival of the project for the extension of the Cork and Bandon line of railway to Bantry and the West of the County, which was agitated some three or four years since, has been for some time past talked of, and some proceedings to bring the matter to an issue have been lately taken.

An action was tried last week before Baron Pennefather at the Kilkenny Assizes, in which the proprietors of the *People*, our excellent contemporary, were charged with libel, contained in an article commenting upon certain statements made by the plaintiff (a physician of small practice) in other newspapers.—The damages were laid at £6,000, but the special jury offered only £75 and 6d. costs. Verily says the *Nexford paper*, "their nobles have come down to Napoleon." This verdict is accepted by the *People* as triumph, and a larger majority of the Press of Ireland have testified their approbation of the energy and ability of that paper.

JAMES SADLER IN FRANCE.—A correspondent of the *Daily Express* writes:—"From a most authentic source I have learned that just before the parliamentary discussion on the subject of James Sadler, that person was seen in Paris at Galligani's Library by a gentleman who knew him well, and who spoke to him, asking him whether he thought himself safe, as he appeared quite at his ease. Sadler replied that he was quite safe, and that he apprehended no danger to himself, and that he was well taken care of. On the following day the same gentleman met Sadler in the same place, when he said that he must wish him goodbye, as he had received intelligence that it would be advisable to go on a little further, and that he proposed to go a little more into France that evening, as he was told that it was rather too glaring that he should remain openly in Paris; but, nevertheless, he did not intend to quit France. Considering that this comes from a really reliable source, it does seem a most extraordinary state of things, and when it was told to me it was accompanied by an observation to the effect that it was scarcely consistent with any sincere intention on the part of the government to deal with that criminal according to his deserts."

A RELIQUA OF JOHN SADLER.—We have heard from a correspondent, on whose accuracy we can place full reliance, that the silver cream jug out of which John Sadler drank the poison had been sold for 230 rs.—*Limerick Observer*.

COUNTY MAYO ASSIZES.

The *Mayo Telegraph* has the following remarks on the conclusion of these assizes:—"From which it will be seen that the state of the county, as to crime has been unfairly represented. It says:—"When Mr. Serjeant Howley was addressing the grand jury at the opening of the commission he dwelt with some emphasis upon the serious character of the crimes imputed upon the face of the calendar, and considered them too numerous and grave to be palliated even by the fact of human beings. Amongst the rest; he said there were four or five cases of murder, and some of those who heard him were for the moment certainly startled at the announcement. But it affords us much pleasure (and we are satisfied it was also grateful to the learned judge himself) to find, in the course of the subsequent inquiry, that matters were not quite so bad as his lordship had been led to believe. The three cases of killing were the only crimes of the kind brought under the cognisance of the court, and of these only one presented any features of atrocity or premeditation. And here we feel bound to remark that, that if it be possible, the persons acting for the crown in criminal prosecutions should abstain from setting out cases, obviously only of homicide or manslaughter, upon the face of the calendar as murder. Out of the five or six cases of this heinous offence referred to by Serjeant Howley (whatever he got them) we have not, thank God, one conviction for murder.—The three cases tried have all turned out to be merely cases of manslaughter, and in one of them there was no evidence at all against the prisoner. Yet, in parliamentary returns, we have no doubt, at some future day, the blood-stained condition of Mayo, with its five or six charges of murder, will prominently figure, and be converted to profitable account by the enemies of our country. We throw this out for the consideration of those who prepare official documents of this description, and would beg of them to be more particular in characterising the fortuitous results of a drunken row at a fair or market, and not set them down in the same category with the cold-blooded inhumanities of a Palmer and a Dove.

THE O'HARA ESTATE.—HEIRS TURNING UP.—Who does not remember the little old General, one of the mysteries of Petersburg, who for many years moved through his mundane stage in this city, leaving all in wonder and doubt as to whence he had come, and whether he was going. An old Milesian name however, adorned this man, who was always for getting, and never for giving, and in allusion to a renowned soldier of the name, he was dubbed General O'Hara. During the last few years of his life here, his miserly propensities rendered him the joke of many and the butt of gibing juveniles. He had amassed property in real estate in this city by different modes of dealing; he never married (as he never forgot his first love)—he would not make a will; and when he was dying last year, calmly and consciously to the last moment, he said nothing of how his property (worth over 16,000 dollars) should be disposed of. Until very lately, it was generally presumed that the property would go to the State of Virginia. It seems, however, that a Dublin lawyer, who had other matters, in hand relative to an estate in this city, heard of the circumstances of Charles O'Hara's death, and made enquiries relative to the possibility of heirs being alive. Charles O'Hara was by connections, native of the borough of Coleraine, Antrim, Ireland—(everybody has heard of Coleraine, romantically situated on the river Bann, and also of the famous Kitty of Coleraine, whose elegant buttermilk once watered the plain). His father Nicholas O'Hara died a short while before Charles was born, and his mother went to reside in the parish of Arigal about eight miles from Coleraine. He grew up a sharp, quick witted, good looking youth, fond of learning and studies, especially mercantile accounts and penmanship. Like all his countrymen, he had a great liking for female society, and even the 'girl' he used to go 'courting' to before he quitted the romantic hills and vales of Antrim is still alive and perhaps like Charles, with well known Irish constancy, never married, in order to retain the memory of first love. Charles O'Hara was supposed to have had some private arrangements with the United Irishmen of 1798. He left Ireland when about 19 years of age, and became a book-keeper in a large firm in New-York. His mother died before he left home, and his sister died 40 years ago; and he had only one brother named Lawrence O'Hara, who had left four children; one of these was in New South Wales, (against his will), one died in Upper Canada, and two are yet living respectively in Ballymena, Ireland, noted for its great linen mart. These the nephews of old General O'Hara now put in their claim for his property in Petersburg. Thus matters turn up through life.—*South Side Democrat*.

"NEVER MIX YOUR LIQUOR." &c.—Catherine Smyth, of 2, Cannon-street, appeared to prosecute a quondam friend named Mary Keefe, who by her own statement gloried in that patronymic as distinguished from the "O'Keefe" being regarded by her as a "sect of humbugs." The substance of the charge was that she had feloniously appropriated a petticoat, five dresses, four bonnets, nineteen pair of gloves, a quantity of ribbon, and a variety of minor articles, the property of the complainant. From the statement of Mrs. Smyth it would appear that between seven and eight o'clock on the previous evening she met the defendant in the street, and asked her home to take a friendly cup of tea. The offer was accepted in the same spirit, but the hospitality of Mrs. Smyth was greatly shocked on finding that her guest when seated under her own roof tree decidedly and pointedly objected to the tea. In vain did the giver of the feast expostulate—in vain did she, zealous for the fair fame of her grocer, assure Mrs. Keefe that it was bought in George's street—and where was there a better place in town? It was all without avail—the scruples of the guest were not to be removed.—She openly condemned it as "washy stuff;" it was not the kind she had been used to—and more than once insinuated that Mrs. Smyth might have provided more suitable entertainment when she thought fit to invite company. At last the latter suspecting the peculiarity of her visitor, sent out for something to improve the flavour which made its appearance in a suspicious looking pint bottle, the odour and taste of which bore striking resemblance to the "Dutch milk" so justly celebrated. Mrs. Keefe was more than satisfied; and with a laudable desire to remove from the mind of her entertainer all recollection of her late fault finding, drank "tea" to such an extent that the cheery beverage speedily ran short; and porter was brought in as a substitute, into which the Dutch cream, so highly approved of, was poured as before. Cups gave place to bowls. Mrs. Smyth was bound in honor to keep pace with her guest in pushing about the "barley broc;" but the evening was warm, the apartment close, the complainant unused to tea in such excess, the result being that her feelings became too many for her, her nerves were unstrung and gave way, and Mrs. Smyth fell back upon the bed.—In this situation of affairs, a delicate and considerate course of behaviour might, from the breeding of her "sect," be expected at the hands of Mrs. Keefe, but, alas! for human nature, such was not the case. No sooner had her friend, from the unwary mingling of her potatoes, been rendered thoroughly prostrate, than, casting a felonious eye around, the articles before enumerated were hastily collected into a bundle by the defendant, who speedily gained the door. But now it was that the tea before despised took its revenge, for not only did its effects oblige Mrs. Keefe to descend the stairs "at angles," as described by an observant youth named Christopher Kelly residing in the same house, but in her confusion and haste she let fall from the bundle a white petticoat, which was carried upon by the same young gentleman, and padded without delay to Mrs. Smyth, who meanwhile lay snoring loudly. The burst of wrath at hearing the duplicity and robbery of which she had been made the victim may be readily conceived, and, having put her case into the hands of the police, Mrs. Keefe was speedily arrested, but none of the property has yet been recovered.