

ny of blackguards in the
gham going to gaol from
bel eve in June last; I
ick-street the day before,
ween them; I saw the
e very harsh language
was at the opposite side

the attorney in this cause;
I sent him to Limerick
in him as a faithful ser-
keeper of this City, one
clients, Type-Founders
it against Geary. From
1832, the plaintiff's bill

—It was I brought this
d me all he said to the
g for them while he was
e damned them to hell,
said he would bring an
ll he said; I paid Bir-
2 he furnished me; the
ion.

the Courts? I am un-
al of business!
is the first time I heard
business! (A laugh.)
what you mean by that
rits of execution to She-
to get them to do their
terably in advance sums
glish clients afterwards
ng why I did not make
ed the subject would be

nts could soon tell them
mittal, signed T. Jervis
e, and threatening to
of their duty.
ence, submitted to the
should be called to ap-

turned a verdict for plaintiff, £10 damages.

Mr. Woulfe applied to the Court to certify on the back of the record, as required by the statute, that false imprisonment had been proved against a magistrate.

Counsel for plaintiff—Mr. Bennett, Mr. Woulfe, Mr. Pigott. Agent—Mr. Pickering. Counsel for defendant—Mr. Jackson, Mr. Cooper. Agent—Mr. Boyse, sen.

At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning, Judge Jebb entered the city court to proceed with Crown business, when the following trials were disposed of:—Margaret Welsh, for stealing clothes from Rice Lewis, of Nenagh, acquitted.

Robert Ghee and Patrick Regan, for stealing neck handkerchiefs from John Worrall, pleaded guilty. To be transported for 7 years.

Catherine Kinna, for concealing the birth of an infant, and burying it in a heap of manure, also pleaded guilty—Not sentenced.

Michael Mulqueeny was indicted for the wilful murder of Patrick Mulqueeny, at Morelands, near this City.

Mary Mulqueeny, sworn and examined by Mr. Henn—Pat. Mulqueeny, who is dead, was my husband; he died in the county infirmary last November; I knew the prisoner, who was nephew of my husband; they lived at Morelands, on the estate of Mr. Arthur, close to each other; there were no boundaries to the land, and there arose a quarrel about the bounds, between my husband and his nephew; the prisoner refused to make a little boundary; my husband had a spade and he had a dungfork; they faced each other in the field; the prisoners' blow took place, and my husband's did not; he had called my husband a rogue, and I then called him twice as bad; my husband said to him "face me and not her;" I saw the two strokes making together, and my husband's blow stuck in the ground; the prisoner's blow struck my husband on the forehead, and when he went to take him up I abused him; my husband was taken into the house, and spoke a few words in an hour after; he was next day taken to the county infirmary, where he died.

Cross-examined by Mr. Holwell Walsh—I heard the neighbours say my husband raised the first blow, but I did not see it; the prisoner made off immediately after; there was no disunion between the two before that day; they were on good terms in the morning.

Mr. Walsh—I submit, my Lord, the Crown cannot go beyond manslaughter in this case.