

lights to yield a loving homage to the saintly pastors of the flock to which he belongs.

Such is the Irish character, as delineated from types which I find in the annals of my country. Such were the characteristics of the chief and of the clansman during the middle ages, and at a time when persons who are really ignorant of Gaelic literature imagine that the Irish were in a state of barbarism. One fact alone is sufficient to justify my opinion as to the attractiveness of the Irish nature, and as to the pre-eminent capacities of Irish genius. This is the circumstance, that during nearly four hundred years subsequent to the Norman invasion—that is, from the time of Henry II. to the reign of Elizabeth—the proudest nobles of England, when they came into contact with Irish society, sought and obtained domestic alliances with the Irish and adopted Irish habits, so that in the reign of Henry the Eighth the FitzGeralds, the De Burghs, and the Butlers spoke Irish and practised Irish habits with such genuine adoption, that there was little difference between their mode of life and that of the O'Briens, the O'Neills, or the O'Donnells.

Another fact which establishes conviction in my mind as to the civilised and chivalrous bearing of the princes, nobles, and gentlemen of Ireland is, that those chiefs whom ignorant English writers describe as "bogtrotters" were received, even when in exile, with the highest respect in the courtly circles of Spain, of France, and of Rome.

I shall not attempt to set forth with similar precision the features of the English character. Though we have unhappily had too many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the least pleasing of these features, I am quite disposed to admit that the Englishman, as seen at home in his own country, possesses many virtues. These virtues may be worthy of imitation, but it unfortunately happens that when an Irishman undertakes to imitate an Englishman he copies the imperfections rather than the virtues of his model, and ends by meriting the contempt of the nation to which he has become a parasite, as well as of that which he has abjured. He becomes an incarnate imposture. He becomes a living lie, like the child who, whilst his neighbors friends, and family are hurrying as emigrants to quit the land which has been desolated by English rule, is taught in the (so-called) National Schools to sing:—

I thank the goodness and the grace  
That on my birth has smiled,  
And made me in these Christian days  
A happy English child.

Now, in order to correct these imitative tendencies—in order to give back to the youth of Ireland the manly, generous, and noble qualities which belonged to our ancestors, it is necessary that we should encourage national literature.—There is, doubtless, a legion of accomplished young men who are ready to connect their studies and their compositions with the name and honor of Ireland, if they were encouraged to do so by the patriotic action of a truly Irish and national spirit. At present a young Irishman is chilled in his most enthusiastic impulses by the coldness with which every Irish work is received even by the public of Ireland. I have been informed that this discouragement has proceeded to such an extent that, although works are admirably printed in Dublin, Irish authors frequently find it necessary to put upon the title page of publications which have been actually printed in Ireland the name of some London publisher, with a view to ensure their reception as products of the printing presses of London.

Now, I am convinced that it is in our power to generate a more independent feeling if we could induce all who wish to encourage national literature to combine their efforts, and that thus we may develop the latent genius of Ireland, and vivify an important branch of trade, at the same time that we exalt the honor and fame of our country. I do not profess to speak on the part of the Protestants of Ireland, because I have never belonged to the extreme Protestant party, and the name of 'Liberal Protestant,' once so important an element in the political movements of Irish society, appears now to be almost lost under the more marked lines of division which separate religious communities in Ireland. I venture, however, to assert that there are very many Protestants who entertain feelings in favor of Irish nationality as are to be found amongst the Catholics of Ireland. In our own days, who among the Catholics, excepting O'Connell and Archbishop M'Hale, has done so much as was done by Davis to generate a spirit of Irish nationality? You will not charge me with violating the sanctuary of domestic hospitality when I confess to you that I have listened with delight to the stirring songs of Davis when sung by Catholic clergymen, whom I admire on account of both their liberality and of their patriotism. But I will assume the existence of a state of feeling on the part of the Protestants which is adverse or apathetic in regard to national literature. I still say that the Catholics of Ireland can, even though unaided by Protestants, uphold and develop a literature which shall be truly Irish. These are in Ireland about four and a-half millions of Catholics. In England there are, probably, more than a million. There are more than two millions of Irish Catholics in North America, and, probably, above a million in other parts of the world. Say, at least, five millions of Irish Catholics. Of course, in his generation I treat the children of Irish Catholics, though born out of Ireland, as belonging to the nationality of Ireland. I am not able to say how many Catholic priests guide these masses; but I conjecture that there are about six thousand Catholic priests in charge of these nations. These clergymen ought to be prominent promoters of the circulation of all works of merit which issue from the Irish press. When I was in Newfoundland, it gave me much pleasure to find that in that colony—comparatively so little known—there existed, under the auspices of the Catholic clergy, at least as strong a sentiment in favor of Irish nationality and of Irish literature as is to be found in Dublin or in Cork.

Now, my dear Archbishop, I address this

letter to you because you are at the head of a most important organisation, which embraces at present many thousands of the youth of Ireland, and because, by the position which you occupy in relation to that organisation, you are enabled to do much for the national literature of Ireland. To be candid, I do not participate in all the sentiments which you have expressed with respect to the Brotherhood of St. Patrick, though I think that that body committed a great mistake in not at once repudiating the mischievous manifesto which proceeded from a Californian branch of the society. But although I do not adopt the objections which have brought down the denunciation of the Catholic Bishops upon the Brotherhood of St. Patrick, I feel that whilst placed under that ban the exertions of the Brotherhood can only create dissension. I am inclined, therefore, to agree with those who have recommended the dissolution of that society, and the substitution of some other combination which shall be acceptable to the clergy, as well as to those who guide the opinion of the Nationalists of this country. On the other hand, seeing that the organisation which is called the 'Young Men's Society' is acceptable to the Bishops and Catholic Clergy of Ireland—and finding in its charter song words which admit the most enlarged conception of Nationality, I wish much that four or five hundred thousand young Catholics were enrolled in its ranks. Though I would prefer a combination which might be open to Protestants as well as to Catholics, still I would rejoice to hear ten thousand voices simultaneously singing—

And yet another pledge returning,  
There's none on earth above it,  
For even the anguish of its pains,  
Its stripes, and sorrows, and its chains—  
Our Native Land, we love it.

Ireland, our country—Fatherland!  
Land of our souls' affliction,  
God grant us by thy tomb to stand,  
Heart bound to heart and hand to hand,  
The day of thy resurrection.

I know not how many thousands are at present numbered in your association, but whatever be the number, there does not exist a body to whom the encouragement of national literature ought to be more dear. In the schools of Ireland several hundred thousand children receive daily instruction. When these children arrive at adolescence they will require intellectual food to satisfy the appetite which has been sharpened by the stimulants of education. Now, wherever there is a Catholic Young Men's Society, wherever there is a parochial reading-room, wherever there is a lending library, wherever there is a mechanics' institute, there ought to be a systematic and organised demand for works of a truly national character, that may already have been, or may hereafter be printed and published in Ireland.

Now, I am about to ask you to undertake, with the assistance of some of your learned brethren, the accomplishment of a task which would be eminently conducive to the object for which this letter is written. I pray that you will submit to the public a list of such books (printed and published in Ireland) as you would recommend to be the basis of a library. Every one must perceive the utility of such a selection by applying it to his own individual case. I have learned that a worthy Catholic clergyman who lives in this neighborhood is desirous to form a lending library for the circulation of books in his parish. It is my wish and intention to contribute to this good work, but I should be much embarrassed if I were to make a gift of books selected by myself, for it might happen that the works chosen by me would not be acceptable to those for whom they were designed. The circulation of an authentic list of books, carefully selected by eminent Catholic divines, would meet all such cases, and I venture to hope that by giving a just and national preference to works published and printed in Ireland, considerable encouragement might be afforded to Irish literature.

Whatever may be done for Ireland in this direction will be done for the whole Irish community that is dispersed through every region of the globe, and thus, once more, the nations of the earth will begin to look to Ireland as one of the sources of pure instruction. Doubtless, you disavow and endeavor to subdue all ambitious impulses, but to aid in such a work is a motive for ambition so laudable that even a saint need not be ashamed to entertain and to avow it.

There is one department of national literature respecting which I have said nothing in the foregoing observations. You will probably have noticed my omission of all allusion to the ancient Gaelic literature of our country. This omission proceeds, however, from a sense of the importance of the subject rather than from indifference to it. A discussion as to the best means of diffusing a knowledge of Gaelic literature requires careful deliberation rather than incidental notice. I, therefore, postpone until some future occasion the development of my ideas upon this branch of the subject. In the meantime, I am endeavoring to qualify myself for such a discussion by persevering study of the Irish language, but, alas! frequent interruptions interfere with this study, so that I am still but an aspirant to the honored title of a Gaelic scholar.

I have taken the liberty to address to you a public rather than a private letter, because I wish to appeal to public, as well as to individual opinion. I expect, of course, that you will postpone your answer until a suitable opportunity may arise for setting forth at large your ideas with respect to the important subject to which I have drawn your attention. I am certain that the Irish public will receive with pleasure your commentaries upon the promotion of the National Literature of Ireland, whenever you may feel inclined to produce them.

I remain, with much respect,  
Yours very faithfully,  
W. S. O'BRIEN.

To the Ven. Archbishop O'Brien, &c.

Small talk is like small beer—a little of it goes a great way.

Why is a selfish man a good Christian? Because he loves his worst enemy; that is himself.

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

**THE SISTERS OF MERCY, TUAM.**—The noble ends to which the Sisters of Mercy have dedicated themselves are attendance on the poor sick and dying, and the education of the poor children of their own sex. In this town more than 300 female children attend their schools daily. To their training in everything that is useful the Sisters devote their time and talents. In their schools, wherein so many are taught, examinations have been, in the last week, held, and to those (the greater portion) who attended faithfully and studied well, were awarded comfortable dresses or some special article of dress according to merit. A large amount of clothing has, in this way, been distributed amongst the children of the poor people. His Grace gave, with his own hands, the several rewards of merit, to the delight of the 'little ones' who appeared quite joyful on the occasion.—*Connacht Patriot*.

**ANCIENT IRISH LEARNING.**—That the Irish were lovers of learning and distinguished themselves in those times of ignorance beyond all other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have long been acquainted; as we see them in the most authentic records of antiquity discharging, with the highest reputation and applause, the functions of doctors in France, Germany, and Italy.—*Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History*.

No man came up to the Irish monks in Ireland and in Britain, for sanctity and learning; and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe: to whom the monasteries of Luxeuil in Burgundy, Pavia in Italy, Wurtzburg in Franconia, St. Gall in Switzerland, &c., owe their origin. . . . Why should I mention almost all Ireland, with its crowd of philosophers, despising the dangers of the sea, and flocking to our shores? . . . The Saxons also at that time flocked to Ireland from all quarters, as to a mart of literature. Whence we frequently meet in our writers of the lives of saints—such an one was sent over to Ireland for education.—*Chadwick's Collections*.

Ireland has given the most distinguished professors to the most famous universities of Europe, as Claudius Clements to Paris, Albionius to Pavia in Italy, Johannes Scotus Eriugena to Oxford in England. The English Saxons received from the Irish their characters or letters, and with them the arts and science that have flourished since among these people, as Sir James Ware proves in his *Treatise on the Irish Writers*, book 1, chap. 12, where may be seen an account of the celebrated academies and public schools which were maintained in Ireland in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth ages, which were resorted to, particularly by the Anglo-Saxons, the French, and Ancient Britons, who were all received there with greater hospitality than in any other country of the Christian world.—*Notre's Historical Dictionary*.

Although the Norwegian plunderers, who, in the ninth age, under Turgesius, occupied this island for thirty years, destroyed almost all the churches and books by fire, nevertheless the study of literature revived, and even in the eleventh age, Ireland was esteemed the repository of the most holy and learned men.—*Sir J. Ware*.

Among the many learned men who were driven by the terror of this persecution to take refuge abroad, none distinguished themselves more than Albin and Clement, whom the Emperor Charles the First received in his court, and honored with his favor. Of the last of these it is said by a contemporary German writer, that, through his instructions, the French might vie with the Romans and Athenians. John Eriugena, whose surname denoted his country (Ere, or Erin, being the proper name of Ireland), became, soon after his arrival, famous for his learning and good parts both in England and France. Thus did most of the lights which, in those times of thick darkness, cast their beams over Europe, proceed out of Ireland. The loss of the manuscripts, which the ravages of the Pagans destroyed, is much bewailed by the Irish who treat of the history and antiquities of their country, and which may well be deemed a misfortune not only to them, but the whole learned world.—*Lord Eglinton's Henry II*.

The Irish nation possesses genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses, in its present spoken language.—*Sir James Macpherson*.

Dr. Leland begins his history too late; the ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those times, for such times there were, when Ireland was the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature.—*Dr. Johnson*.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the King of Denmark applied to England for a proper person to translate the ancient Irish books in his possession. An Irishman, then in prison in London, was ready to undertake the task, but, at a meeting of the Privy Council, a certain member objected, lest the translation should be prejudicial to the English interest. The very deciphering of ancient records was at that time regarded as calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the kingdom. Such a policy would not hesitate to consign to destruction whatever monuments of such an odious past happened to come within its reach.—*Godkin's Education in Ireland*.

Until the reign of James I. if not later, it seems to have been an object to discover every literary remnant of the old Irish, with a view to its being either destroyed or concealed.—*Rev. C. Anderson's Native Irish*.

In the sixth century were founded the three great schools of Bangor in Down, Clonard in Meath, and Glumacnaise in the Shannon. St. Congall founded the first, the monarch Dermid the second, and St. Kieran, called 'the Artificer,' the last. Their respective dates are fixed A.D. 549, and 548. They were governed each by its own set of rules. In 603 St. Columba founded the great school of Lismore, on Blackwater. See Usher's *Antiquities*, &c. H. H. Hall, Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, Bede's *Annals*, Mabillon, the *Bollandists*, &c. Guizot, Hallam, Muratori, Brucker, and Mosheim, have all spoken of these institutions as most important agencies in advancing civilisation and revelation.

The Danish wars, which commenced in 807, did not terminate until Brian's victory in 1014, ruined the four schools I have named, each being near the sea coast, and greatly injured the Irish literature which they had fostered. The most considerable students of Clonard were Columba, the founder of the continental seminaries of Luxeuil, Fontenay, and Elbie, Rufus of Northumberland, and (it is said) Pelagius; Bangall, the astronomer of Bologna, mentioned by Muratori, &c. I regret I have but little acquaintance, as yet, with the annals of Lismore and Glumacnaise. *Vide* (for them) *Irish Penny Journals*. When the Danish war had ceased, several great persons interested themselves for the restoration of the schools. St. Malachy rebuilt Bangor, and O'Brien, King of Thomond, repaired Glumacnaise; but before the work was finished, the English invasion arose and dashed it down. John de Courcy sacked Bangor, and Hugh de Lucy was killed while casting down the ancient school of Down. The Irish and the Anglo Irish, who dared, went to Oxford, and Anthony A. Wood preserved in my various reminiscences of their battles with the English and English students there, in which they were usually backed by the Welsh. Among the most eminent of them O'Rielly, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, Deneisis, or Downen, is Scotus, a Saxon Bishop, the schoolmen.—*Notes to Godkin's Education in Ireland*.

The monasteries at Bangor, Clonard, and elsewhere, became entire towns each of which enclosed more than three thousand Convents. The Thebaid reappeared in Ireland, and the West had no longer anything to envy in the history of the East. There

was besides an intellectual development, which the Eremites of Egypt had not known. The Irish communities, joined by the monks from Gaul and Rome, whom the example of Patrick had drawn upon his steps, entered into rivalry with the great monastic schools of Gaul. They explained Origen there; they copied Virgil, they devoted themselves especially to Greek literature; they drew back from no inquiry, no discussion; they gloried in placing boldness on a level with faith. The young Juao answered the Abbot of Bangor, who warned him against the dangers of a too engrossing study of the liberal arts. 'If I have the knowledge of God I shall never offend God; for they who disobey Him, are they who know him not.' Upon this the Abbot left him, saying, 'My son, thou art firm in the faith, and true knowledge will put thee in the right road for Heaven.'—*Montalembert's 'Monks of the West,' Vol. I., p. 39.*

THE YEAR 1863.—The year 1863 will long be remembered in Ireland as a period of depression and disappointment to almost every class and every interest in the country. At its commencement the cry of distress was still issuing from the Western province, and though the promise of an abundant harvest soon came to relieve the anxiety caused by so protracted a destitution, that promise has been but imperfectly realised. 1863 closed as it opened in gloom, depression, and despondency. But, as according to the old saying, 'This always darkest hour before day' we may hope that the country has now passed through the worst, and that better days are at hand. The improvement, however, even should it come will arrive but slowly. Ireland has suffered too much and is too heavily weighted with taxation far beyond her strength and resources to indulge the hope of a rapid recovery from her prostrate state. The emigration drain, which so far from stopping, is likely to swell to larger and more dangerous proportions, is also a serious drawback to any gleam of prosperity the New Year may promise her. Still, let us hope, for the best, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, some good may yet be in store for this long suffering and neglected land. If the lessons of the past be turned to profitable account by her children, Ireland has no need to despond. She is still rich in all the elements of prosperity, and with time and patience may yet distance many of her rivals. But her resources are unfairly burdened for imperial purposes, and her people and her representatives have not yet learned that cohesion and unanimity which have made the Scotch a power in the Legislature and the Councils of the empire. There are symptoms, however, of a wiser spirit spreading amongst us. The call for union on a rational basis, to demand just Legislation and fair taxation for Ireland, has issued from influential quarters, and appears to meet a favorable response. We sincerely trust that the response may be so general as to reanimate the people's hopes, and by holding out the reasonable prospect of substantial benefit to be derived from Constitutional efforts, may separate them from the dangerous influence of anarchical agitators. So long as the best friends of the people hold aloof from political movements, we may safely say, that no good can be expected to result from them. The sudden renewal of the emigration drain was perhaps the most noteworthy fact in our domestic annals during the past year. The number of emigrants who quitted our shores during 1863 was greater than in any year since the famine exodus. No doubt these emigrants were attracted from Ireland by high flown expectation held out to them in the Federal Republic, but they never would have left in such numbers had they been able at home to earn bread in the sweat of their brows. The continued dearth of employment with a diminished and ever diminishing population is the most singular and most depressing fact with which our social economists have to deal. It is not the want of capital, as the large sums invested in Irish banks and railways prove, nor is it the decline of commercial or manufacturing industry. The line manufacture of Ulster has increased and is increasing, and trade at our ports shows at least no diminution. The increase of grazing farms has no doubt diminished the means of employment for agricultural laborers and small farmers, of whom the emigration mostly consists. Certain philosophers inform us that Ireland will be all the better for losing another million or so of her people. The country, they tell us, is suffering from a congestion of population, and must be relieved by bleeding. There is such a thing, however, as bleeding to death, and at all events the cure is apt to leave the patient in a prostrate and exhausted state. In the political field we have little worthy of note save the incipient movement to abate that monster injustice—the Church Establishment. The condemnation of Mixed Education and the Model Schools by the Catholic Prelates has begun to bear fruit, and will, it is to be hoped, eventually lead to the establishment of a better system. Sectarian bigotry has already been attempted to be aroused against concessions to the views of the Bishops, which concessions have been magnified into absurd proportions. The condemnation by the Irish Hierarchy of secret and seditious societies has done great good, and perhaps prevented still greater evils. In the face of so grave a censure, these societies will have no support or sympathy to expect from the people of Ireland, always so attentive and obedient to the voices of their pastors.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

A 'MODEL' SCHOOL.—The *Ulster Observer* relates the following:—On the eve of the Christmas examinations in the Belfast Model School, pupils and teachers were busy with preparations for the coming event. Like all kindred institutions, the model school was naturally and legitimately anxious for a telling display before the public. Accordingly, all the available tokens of progress and efficiency in the different departments were called into requisition. Amongst other evidences of educational advancement, a young girl who aspired to a position under the board, brought forward a piece of work the result of many an hour's labor. It was a figure of St. Patrick, worked in Berlin wool, and specially framed at the pupils own expense, for the occasion. The merit of the work was, it seems, undeniable. The pupil and her mistress were pardonably proud of it, and it was boastfully shown to the inspector for approval. We are not in a position to state what opinion this gentleman passed on its artistic excellence, but certain it is that he shook his head emphatically, and declared the work could not be exhibited. The failure on St. Patrick's head might possibly displease Dr. Knox, the Protestant Bishop of Down, and therefore, it was better that the piece should be kept private, &c. It was kept private, to the mortification of the poor girl who wrought it, and the triumph of the principles of mixed education. Now, we do not adduce this little incident in disparagement of either the model school or the inspector. It rather rebuked to the credit of both, for it evidences a consistency in the observation of the most minute details connected with the faithful working of the mixed system. St. Patrick, in Berlin wool, with mitre on head and crozier in hand, would be an anomaly in the model school. Dr. Knox might legitimately object to it, because it would argue that Christianity was not altogether unknown to the pupils, and that at all events, indirectly some subjects connected with it were brought under their notice. An event fatal to the theory on which 'united secular education' is based. There is no other conceivable ground on which we can suppose the pupils' picture obnoxious to the Protestant Bishop of Down; and, as a strict disciplinarian, and a rigid adherent to the rules and regulations, Dr. Knox would have been right, in not only objecting to the picture, but in ordering its summary rejection from the premises.

EMIGRATION.—The Inman Steamship City of Manchester called at Queenstown, on Thursday, and embarked seventy passengers, the United States mails, and latest telegrams. The winter has brought with it a considerable, though probably only temporary, diminution in the number of emigrants leaving this port.—*Cork Herald*.

THE ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL COMPANY.—Galway is no longer a port of call, but the terminal port of the mail steamers. The company had been persuaded that it could gain nothing by making Liverpool its head-quarters, but must rather lose considerably by its choice. We are glad to learn that the preliminary arrangements are being made for transacting the business which will be transferred from Liverpool, and that boiler-makers, carpenters, and other artisans are being permanently employed, so that should anything require to be done on the arrival of the ships from America, it can be accomplished here, unless in the case where a vessel requires to be placed in a graving-dock. We have for years heard of a graving-dock in the prospect for this port, but although we are told that a grant for the purpose is probably not far distant, and though we know that there was a company formed for the erection of a dock, independent of the government grant, we cannot congratulate our readers on the immediate commencement of the work. The dock committee have been long exerting themselves for the furtherance of the project. Now, however, that the necessity has again arisen for the immediate action of the Graving Dock Company, when the mail steamers are to be permanent in Galway, and not Liverpool boats, we trust not a moment will be lost in trying to bring the matter to a successful issue. The harbor works, we are sure, only require a beginning to bring into action government aid. If the mail steamers can only be retained here—if they can but do their work satisfactorily—government will not hesitate to make suitable arrangements, and have proper accommodation provided for their reception. We would again urge on the promoters of the graving dock to be unceasing in their exertions, and we are sure by steady perseverance their most sanguine expectations will be realised. We trust, therefore, that ere long we shall be in a position to inform our readers that our harbor works are begun.—*Galway Express*.

EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE IN CORK.—A most extraordinary outrage was perpetrated in Cork, consisting in the discharge, by a man named John Sheehan, of no less than three shots out of a revolver on the Grand Parade, in the midst of the crowd who traversed the street between the hours of two and three o'clock. The result was not so calamitous as might have been expected, but one man got a deep flesh wound in the thigh from one of the balls, while a gentleman named Clements had a most providential escape with his life, as one of the bullets penetrated his coat just under the heart, struck a spectacle case in his waistcoat pocket, and fell flattened down into the lining. Sheehan is a porter in the establishment of Mr. Tanner, Grand Parade, and was directed to take a number of parcels to the Bandon train, including a revolver, left at the house by a Captain Leslie, of Courtmartyr, who was recently stopping at Mr. Tanner's. He got a car, and proceeded in it in the direction of the train as far as the fountain on the Parade, when he began to discharge the shots. Mr. Clements, who resides in Prince's Street, and is employed at Messrs. Perrot, was coming down Christchurch-lane, when he heard a report and at the same instant was struck by something in the side, which he afterwards discovered to be a conical-shaped hollow bullet flattened as described. At the same time, a poor man named John Connell, a corporation laborer, residing in Crofts Alley, who was sweeping a crossing opposite Tully Street, saw the car coming down, and the flash and report coming out of it, and was immediately struck in the thigh by a bullet, which, traversing the flesh in the front of the leg, passed out at the side opposite to that on which it entered. He recognized Sheehan as the man in the car at the time, he being the only person it. The car—whose driver, notwithstanding this extraordinary conduct of his fare, did not think of stopping—proceeded down the South Mall to the railway station, where the constables arrested Sheehan, who it was discovered had disposed of the revolver, as it was not to be found on his person or in the car. He did not display symptoms of either drink or insanity on being brought before the magistrates. No reasonable explanation of the occurrence can be given.

On Christmas night, about nine o'clock, a serious riot of a party active took place at Ballynabreena, in which two men, named John McEvoy and Daniel Doonan, were severely stabbed in the side and back, from the effects of which the former's life has been pronounced in great danger by Dr. McCourt, of Rathfriland, who visited the wounded man. The Rathfriland police, under the command of Sub-Inspector Irvine, on hearing of the occurrence, immediately repaired to the scene, and from description arrested two brothers named Watson, whom they brought, with other men, to the bedside of the wounded man, when McEvoy at once identified them as the persons who stabbed them. Information of McEvoy having been taken by G. W. Gartlan, Esq., J. P., the two prisoners were committed to Down Gaol till the last province, when the case is to be investigated by the magistrates. I could not ascertain what occasioned the riot in the first instance.—*Freeman*.

A tragical circumstance occurred in the Belfast police-office yesterday morning. A young man named McGarrigle, who was given into custody the previous night as a dangerous lunatic, was allowed to lie, unsecured, on this guard bed in the general room, and about half-past 1 o'clock a.m. he rose and conversed with the constables in charge so calmly as to lull their vigilance. Watching his opportunity he suddenly drew out of the chimney flue a large iron damper, about 10lb weight, which he brought down with dreadful violence on the head of another prisoner, an old man named McGrath, who had been found in the streets slightly intoxicated, and brought in by the police to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather. He was about repeating the blow, when a constable caught his arm. The old man, without a groan, fell forward on the bars of the grate, receiving two other wounds. The blow caused a wound between three and four inches broad. The sharp iron instrument cleanly cut the skull and penetrated far beneath it. The wounds were dressed, and the unfortunate man removed to the hospital, but there can scarcely be a doubt that the result will be fatal.

IRISHMEN AND WOMEN IN 1600.—The men are fine-looking and of incredible strength; they are stout runners, and bear every sort of hardship with indomitable cheerfulness. They are all devoted to arms, and especially now that they are at war. Those who apply themselves to the study of literature are most learned; and you meet persons of every profession and vocation among them. The women are remarkably tall and beautiful, and display a charming union of gracefulness with modesty and devotion. Their manners are marked by extreme simplicity; and they freely mix in conversation everywhere, without suspicion or jealousy. Their costume is different from ours, and somewhat resembling the French; except that they wear, besides, a long cloak and profuse locks of hair, and go without any head-dress, contenting themselves with a kind of handkerchief, almost after the Greek fashion, which displays their natural beauty to great advantage. They are extremely prolific, and almost all the women we narrowly have large families. There are some who have as many as thirty children alive; and the number of those who have from fifteen to twenty is immense; and they all are handsome, tall, and robust, the majority being light-haired, and of clear white and red complexion.—*Letter of Father Arcamont, Confessor to Kinnicullin*.

ADDRESS TO MR. JUSTICE SANB.—We learn with the utmost gratification that a congratulatory address is now in course of signature, originated amongst the most influential and independent people of the county of Kerry, whom the learned Judge so faithfully, honestly, and ably represented in the Imperial Parliament, for presentation to his lordship on his elevation to a position in which the United Kingdom, as far as the voice of public opinion has been heard through the press of every shade of politics, rejoices.—*Waterford News*.