

island before yonder sun reaches his meridian height."

Slowly and sadly the company of Druids retired to their homes in the depth of the ancient wood, and not many hours had passed when they quitted Iona for ever, and with it resigned the religious supremacy of those far Western Isles, where they had for ages ruled almost as gods.

After solemnly blessing the little island, St. Columbkille proceeded to erect a stately monastery and a spacious church. Some years after, he founded a convent of Augustinian nuns, and the lonely island of Iona was soon as famous for Christian piety, as it had formerly been for heathen superstition. It had early been chosen as a burial-place for the princes of the Pictish and Scottish monarchies on account of its remote and isolated position and the sacred character it had acquired. These causes continued to influence the neighboring sovereigns in a still higher degree after the island had become a distinguished seat of Christianity. Even now, after the lapse of many centuries since prince or king, or bishop, was buried in Iona, the traveller may still behold the ruined monuments which marked their place of rest. "A little to the north of the Cathedral," says a modern writer, "are the remains of the bishop's house; and on the south is a chapel dedicated to St. Oran, pretty entire, 60 feet long, and 22 broad, within the walls, but nearly filled up with rubbish and monumental stones. In this are many tombstones of marble, particularly of the great lords of the Isles. South of the chapel is an inclosure called Reilig Ouran, the burying-ground of Oran, containing a great number of tombs, but so overgrown with weeds as to render most of the inscriptions illegible. In this inclosure lie the remains of forty-eight Scottish kings, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian monarchs, and one king of France, who were ambitious of reposing on this consecrated ground, where their ashes should not mix with the dust of the vulgar."

Sic transit gloria mundi, might well be inscribed over the forgotten graves of Iona, where so many princes and mighty men have mouldered into dust—where the architectural glories of former ages lie around in broken and shapeless masses.

"The column, with its capital, is level with the dust, and the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just; For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower, Pass like that grass at the sharp scythe of the mower; But the grass grows again when in majesty and earth, On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of the Earth; But for man, in this world, no springtide e'er returns To the labors of his hands, or the ashes of his urns."

ST. COLUMBKILLE AT THE COURT OF BRUDE, KING OF THE PICTS.

All that vast tract of country north of the Grampian hills was at the time of Columba's settlement in Iona, shrouded in heathen darkness. The impenetrable shades of Druidism overhung the whole region, and to preach the Gospel to that benighted race had been one of the Saint's chief objects in leaving his native land. No sooner, then, had he consolidated the scattered fragments of Christianity amongst the half-converted tribes of Albania, and erected a church and monastery on his own secluded island of Iona, than he turned his attention to the conversion of the Picts. Connal would fain have dissuaded his friend from such a dangerous undertaking; but Columbkille had too much of the spirit of an Apostle to shrink from personal danger. In fact, the prospect of such danger tended rather to excite his zeal, for he felt that the palm of martyrdom might possibly await him in those wild and unexplored mountain regions.

"I have left the fairest land under heaven," said he, "to make God and His Christ known to these benighted heathens;—shall I shrink, then, from entering their country because they may not be willing to hear the truth?—nay, Connal, that were unbecoming a Christian missionary. I am called to preach the Gospel in these parts, and thither will I go, though Satan with his fiery host barred my way. Farewell, Connal; God and the Blessed Virgin keep thee and thine."

The king would have persuaded him to take a small company of soldiers with him, but this, too, the Saint declined, wisely judging that any appearance of distrust or suspicion would but excite still greater enmity on the part of the fierce and warlike Picts. Accompanied only by some of his monks, and scantily furnished with provisions; Columbkille set out on his perilous journey to northern Scotland, now known as the Highland country.

In pursuance of his preconcerted plan, the Saint made his way at once to the residence of the Pictish king, determined to make his first attempt at the fountain-head. Long and drear was this journey through a wild mountainous tract of country, peopled with a hostile race, the avowed enemies of the Christian faith. His way was constantly besieged, and his life often menaced by straggling parties of hunters armed with those long spears or javelins wherewith the ancient Picts and Scots did such fearful execution on their enemies. But Columbkille's courage commanded the respect of the martial Highlanders, and his sweetness won their good-will; so that these encounters often ended in the conversion of one or more of the assailing party. By the time the Saint reached the royal castle by the blue waters of Loch Ness, his fame had gone before him, and the Druids having poisoned the mind of the king with their calumnies and misrepresentations, he ordered the palace-gates to be closed, and no admission given to the men of evil deeds, the blasphemers of the gods. He had assembled a solemn council to consult on what course was to be pursued, and it was agreed without one dissenting voice, that the Christians were to be put to death if they persisted in their wicked purpose.

Meanwhile, Columbkille and his friends arrived at the castle-gates which were, of course, closed against them. The gates were heavy and studded with large iron nails—no human force

could burst them open, and the Saint had no much at his command.

"What are we to do now?" said one of his monks. "There is no use waiting here. I thought, Columba, they are determined to keep us out."

"Never fear," said the Saint with his quiet smile. "We have come too far to visit King Brude, to be so easily balked in our purpose. Then advancing to the principal entrance, he bared his grey locks and looked up to heaven with a pious ejaculation, then blessed himself, and invoking the holy names of Jesus and Mary, he slowly made the sign of the Cross on the door, then gave it a gentle push, and in it went before him, the guards in the hall falling back right and left in a paroxysm of terror.

"Go," said the Saint to one of the trembling retainers, "and tell the king that Columbkille desires to see him."

The monarch, hearing of what had happened, was not slow in making his appearance at the head of his council, the panic having seized upon all. Assuming his most gracious manner, Brude welcomed his distinguished guest, saying, or rather stammering out, that he was glad to see him in his palace.

"So you ought, prince," replied the Saint with imperturbable gravity; "for I have travelled a long way to see you, even from the royal dwelling of my kinsman Connal. I see amongst your train some whom I have seen before," pointing to Dunrommath and some others of the Ionian Druids; "but I come here as a friend, hoping to make you all brethren in Christ Jesus, to whose name be honor and glory for ever."

Whatever might have been the sentiments of the Druids, they were forced to appear friendly to the Saint, whose manners and appearance, coupled with the prodigy by which he had gained admission, produced such an impression on the king's mind, that he at once conceived the greatest respect for him, and invited him to remain in the palace as long as it suited his convenience.

Columbkille was not slow in following up this favorable impression, and the king soon after embraced the Christian faith, and threw the whole weight of his influence into the scale in favor of Christianity. His conversion produced the happiest results. His subjects, seeing their sovereign professing and practising the new religion, and advancing its interests in every possible way, were easily convinced that it must be the best religion. Thus it was that Columbkille's path was smoothed, and that he was enabled to convert the entire nation of the Picts to the faith of Christ, and to win for himself, what, doubtless, his humility never dreamed of, the glorious title of APOSTLE OF THE PICTS.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Right Rev. Cornelius Egan, D.D., Bishop of Kerry, which took place on Tuesday evening last. His Lordship has been for nearly five-and-thirty years Bishop of the Diocese of Kerry, but for the last few years he has had, owing to his age and infirmities, the assistance of a Coadjutor, the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT UPON A CATHOLIC PRIEST IN LURGAN BY A BAND OF ORANGE RUFFIANS.—"Sir—I am sorry to inform you that the greatest excitement prevails in this town and its suburbs, owing to a brutal Orange outrage perpetrated on the person of the Rev. Mr. McKay, P.P. of Marlin, on the night of Monday, the 14th of July. Such an outrage cannot be too strongly condemned, and words cannot express the indignation which it has excited in the minds of both Protestants and Catholics in the locality. I am bound to say a more zealous, charitable, benevolent, and exemplary gentleman than the maltreated Mr. McKay could not be found, and he is beloved by all classes of society. The particulars are as follows:—The Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dro-more, had been at a place called Derrymacash, about two miles from Lurgan, administering Confirmation to the children of that place, and, as is the case on such occasions, Mr. McKay and all the Clergymen from the surrounding districts went to meet their much beloved Bishop. Confirmation being over Mr. McKay returned home, in company with a rev. brother, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, that gentleman having a gig; but as they did not both proceed in the same direction, Mr. McKay alighted from the gig at the end of the town, and proceeded on foot towards home. He walked un molested till he came to a place called Drollingstown, which is a small village, about one mile and a quarter from Lurgan, and about one mile from the Parochial house. At this place a number of ruffians suddenly attacked the rev. gentleman, knocked him down, kicked him, and murderously ill-treated him—in fact, words are inadequate to express the abuse he was subjected to; and it is believed they would have killed him had it not been that one of the gang, whose heart had one spark of compassion not completely extinguished, called to his ruffian partners that he had got enough, and desired them to leave off beating the unfortunate gentleman. This person's order was complied with, and they left the reverend gentleman in a most pitiable condition. But not content with so barbarously treating this Minister of Christ, to add to their crimes they robbed him of his hat and staff, and were going to take his coat, but for some unknown reason they let him keep it. 'The rev. gentleman is in a very dangerous state, being cut and bruised most terribly about the head and face, and is suffering also from kicks he received on different parts of the body; however, it is hoped he will recover, although some time must elapse before he can be out of danger. The cruel perpetrators of the revolting outrage are known to the rev. gentleman, but it is generally believed he will, for the sake of his Divine Master, and following his example, return good for evil, and not prosecute them. But should he so pity them and spare them, the justice of God will be manifested on them, either here or hereafter. A most important part of the subject I had almost forgotten to mention, that the Orange fanatics went to the residence of Mr. McKay, on the 12th inst., and loaded him with the most insulting and scurrilous language as he sat in his house, but he merely treated them, as on former occasions, with meek and silent contempt.—I am Sir, A Sorrowful Painsuover."

[We (Usterman) have since learnt that the rev. gentleman is lying in a most perilous state, his contusions and blows having proved more alarming than was at first imagined. The cowardly monsters who committed the treacherous and bloodthirsty assault are still at large, but we hope they will soon be overtaken by the justice of the outraged community of all denominations.]

A VALUABLE SILVER MINN.—A Dundalk paper has the following:—"A very valuable silver and lead mine, on the property of John Bigger, Esq., at Groganfield, near Crossmaglen, is being worked by Charles Henry Stedman, Esq., of Guilford, Surrey. The intelligent manager of the works is Mr. Samuel Bailey, and on Tuesday last he shipped an immense nugget on board of the Dundalk Steam-packet Company's boat, which is to be forwarded to London for exhibition. It weighed 15 cwt., and was the largest ever raised from an Irish mine."

THE SADDLER CONSPIRACY.—The commission for the South Riding of the County of Tipperary was opened yesterday (Friday), at Clonmel, by Mr. Justice Grouse. After His Lordship had delivered his charge the Grand Jury retired, and shortly after brought in a bill against James Sadleir for conspiracy to defraud depositors and English shareholders in the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank.

ESCAPE OF JAMES SADLEIR.—The *Carlow Sentinel*, alluding to the flight of James Sadleir, expresses a belief that the swindler cannot have been long an absentee from Ireland, and for these reasons:—"It was only on Friday week that a large amount of his costly furniture was conveyed through Carlow in floats to Dublin. There was no great secrecy observed, as it was ostentatiously announced that the seven huge floats contained the household furniture belonging to the head of the bank (James Sadleir), and it was with equal certainty announced that the bird had flown only within a very recent period. With the sum of £20,000 drawn out of the coffers of the bank, it is not uncharitably surmised that the hon. member for Tipperary did not retire empty handed from the busy scenes of public life."

On Thursday the 24th ult., Mr. Roebuck moved for the expulsion of James Sadleir from the House of Commons. The lawyers came to the rescue, denying the justice of the sentence, but that the time for it was not come.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.—One of the messengers of the House of Commons arrived in Clonmel on Tuesday evening, and proceeded forthwith to the late residence of the fugitive member for Tipperary to serve a notice requiring his attendance in the House of Commons on Thursday. This rather superfluous form has been followed by another, in the shape of a *supersedeas* from the Crown and Hanaper officer, directed to the Hon. George Prettie, Clerk of the Peace for Tipperary, requiring Mr. James Sadleir to resign and deliver up the commission which he holds as a Justice of the Peace for that county. The writ is to be served personally as soon as they catch him.

The Irish militia mutiny continues to attract attention, not less certainly than it deserves. We are more and more fully convinced, as we last week stated, that it was occasioned by ill-treatment, which, if not intended, was in the highest degree mad and absurd. If intended, most criminal. Government promises to inquire. Well and good: Meanwhile the papers announce that at the general court-martial at Nenagh four of the militia are sentenced to be hanged, and two to be tried by the civil authorities. The sentence of a court-martial is of no effect until confirmed by Her Majesty, and we have no such knowledge of details as would justify our either blaming or defending the finding of the court. We regret to observe also that while there has been a considerable disposition to screen the members of the German Legion, who have on more than one occasion made illegal use of the arms which we have not very wisely entrusted to them, Lord Yarnley promises in Parliament strict severity in the treatment of the Irish militia. No sane man can doubt that every military force must be under strict discipline, or it will become the greatest nuisance to which civil society can be subject. No one defends mutiny or insubordination. But even where they exist, there are degrees in the guilt they imply and in the mischief it causes, and it will be most fatal if our military authorities give any colour to the suspicion that the Irish troops of any class are selected as the objects of special severity. Lord Ellenborough, we observe, called the attention of the House of Lords to the service of the Irish militia on Tuesday last:—"From returns he had received, he found the desertions from the English militia were 23 per cent., and the Irish only 5 per cent. The English gave recruits to the army at the rate of 71 per cent, the Scotch at 144, and the Irish at 21. The latter was therefore, the most valuable to the service of the country." These facts cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of our authorities in England.—*Weekly Register*.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION.—On Sunday, the 13th ult., the 23rd Party of Revenue Police, under the command of Lieutenant Henry Ware, stationed at Rosnakkil, county Donegal, after performing a most fatiguing excursion, with their usual vigilance succeeded in discovering an illicit distillery, erected in an excavation most ingeniously executed, in a corn field adjoining the Knockalla Mountains, consisting of the entire apparatus, and an enormous quantity of pot ale, undergoing the process of singling, and arrested three prisoners engaged in that baneful practice. The indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant Ware in the suppression of such contraband traffic within the precincts of his district is worthy of special consideration.

THE IRISH ASSIZES.—In a few counties there is an odd case of violence—sometimes called in the indictment 'manslaughter'—sometimes 'attempt to kill'—sometimes 'assault'—and occasionally 'murder.' But for the murderous outrages of the Orange riots in the North, there would scarcely be anything in the whole Irish Assize to distinguish it from a Recorder's Court or a Petty Sessions. All those districts in which an offence of any kind was sure to afford the English journals subject for columns full of pious bewailing or savage invective for Irish depravity and crime—those districts where, because the population was Catholic, the Catholic Church was charged with teaching and inculcating the crimes committed by those who had neglected, rejected, or defied its admonitions—all those districts, are distinguishable throughout the island at this Assize by a calendar almost without a crime. In Tipperary, that noble county so long doomed to bear an odious stigma—so long unjustly held to be a den of lawless banditti, beyond the restraint of law, human or divine, instead of the home of hospitable, frank, and fearless men driven into deplorable excesses by the law's injustice—Tipperary, with a Tenant Right agitation moving it from end to end—with patriot priests preaching morality in political as well as social life, is at this moment a pattern—as it has been, in even this respect, for some time—to Ireland, to the world, and to England especially. Of course we do not hold it chargeable with the one great crime which has alone given any weight to its calendar—the frauds of Lord Aberdeen's colleague, of his "too confiding brother," and the guilty gang of which they were the principals. All Tipperary has had to do with those villainies is, that it gave birth to the swindlers, and was in a great measure the victim of their heartless frauds. For this it has already suffered but too much, and for this it is about to make the best reparation in its power to the nation. In the North, however, a somewhat different state of things is, we regret to say, in existence. There riot, and bloodshed, and brutal atrocity go hand in hand with impious fanaticism and fendish intolerance; there the Devil's work is done in the name of religion! Unlike the malignant slanders of our creed and race, we will not for a moment attempt to cast the odium of those deeds on the denomination of which the perpetrators are unworthy members. Far be it from us to hold the Protestant community accountable for the teaching of a few firebrands, lay and cleric, who go about the country like plague; leaving a blackened track behind them, Catholic churches and chapels wrecked, Catholic Priests waylaid and bludgeoned, Catholic peasants set upon and murdered in the open day, without provocation or cause. The Orange wreckers now undergoing sentence in the north, will seek in vain to palliate their crime in the eyes of respectable Protestants, by the fact that it was a "mass house"; they demolished a "popish priest," they waylaid, or that the murdered peasants refused to join in the cry of "to Hell with the Pope." These are melancholy scenes; surely it is saddening to read the accounts of these trials and to reflect how vain is the hope to heal the gaping wounds of our common country, or bridge over, as far as we may and ought, the separation of creeds, by a brotherhood of Irishmen, while the machinations of Evil incarnate thus riot throughout the land.—*Nation*.

ORANGE OUTRAGES AT PORTADOWN.—A correspondent writes to the *Usterman*—"Orangeism, which was rather quiet on the 1st instant, has again displayed its rampant spirit. On the 12th, the fraternity, in various localities near Portadown, celebrated the anniversary of 'Old Glencoe' by walking in procession, in open defiance of the law; and they ended the festivities by fighting amongst themselves, as fortunately there were no Catholics within reach to wreak their vengeance upon. On Monday, the 14th, they had a grand gala day, and one most attractive species of amusement was a sham fight at Ballinagarrick, about three miles from Portadown. A large body, from the parish of Drumcree, on their way home, passed through Portadown, and stopped at the house of a publican, named John Williamson, to have a glass. After being liberally supplied with drink, they set out from Williamson's, about eight o'clock, yelling like demons and uttering the loudest threats against the Catholics. When they reached the house of Mr. Thomas Brankin, a respectable and wealthy Catholic, they made a dead halt. Mr. Brankin and his son had retired to bed, and Mrs. Brankin was engaged undressing the children, when the party commenced attacking the house. They flung showers of stones at the windows, which were speedily demolished, and several articles of furniture, including a valuable clock, which stood in the kitchen, were broken. A large stone, flung by one of the cowardly ruffians, fell into a cradle in which a young child was sleeping, which providentially escaped uninjured. Mrs. Brankin, with her children, had to crawl under a large kitchen table to escape the stones which were flung through the broken windows by the infuriated assailants. The inmates of a neighbouring house, when they saw the party commencing the attack on Mr. Brankin's hastened to acquaint the police; but that "highly useful and efficient body" could not act without the orders of a magistrate, and by the time a magistrate could be found, the damage was done. On the alarm reaching the neighborhood, a number of stalwart Catholics mustered to defend Mr. Brankin's; but the Orange party, who had their scouts posted at convenient places to give notice of any persons approaching to obstruct them in the work of destruction, made off on the appearance of the Catholics, and the police arrived just in time to prevent the Catholics pursuing. Mr. Brankin gave information against a number of the assailants, who were identified and an investigation is to take place on Friday, the 20th instant."

"A Presbyterian Anti-Sonner" writes to the *Nation*, drawing attention to a speech of the Rev. Matthew Wilson of Londonderry, delivered at the yearly meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, held in Belfast last week. The worthy Minister, after denouncing the severe and foolish measures employed to promote the "Reformation in Ireland," the physical force system of converting native Irish and bringing them into the pale of the Established Church by penal laws and harsh enactments, said:—"Brethren, you will not succeed in changing Irish Catholics into Irish Presbyterians by reviling and denunciation; not by violence and political strife. You will never gain the heart by the acerbity of controversy—though a public controversy, conducted in a proper spirit, is often necessary and desirable; and I may add, you will not succeed by bribery and the zeal of proselytising paupers and unfortunate, who have often no conscience except that of hunger and nakedness. As for the Presbyterian Church, we are too poor to bribe—we have neither the means nor the will; and if there be 'sonners' and converts by posions, pence, or alms in the South and West—if there be proselyte-makers, persons who debauch the conscience by fraud, and bribery, and corruption—we do not know them, and we repudiate them as cordially as Doctor Cabill himself (loud applause). . . . We seek not success by such means. . . . I say that, as a Church, we had no hand nor part in any of those persecutions and oppressions their fathers endured. The Presbyterian people of Ulster never oppressed, persecuted, or wronged the Catholics of Ireland. We had nothing to do with the penal laws except that we suffered under them as severely as they did. We never spoliated them of their social or political rights, and we never encouraged, helped, or sympathized with those who injured, or vexed, or misgoverned them; and on this ground we believe we have a strong claim on the respect and kindness of our Catholic countrymen." The writer applauds these sentiments, and declares that "the bread that perisheth" shall not be held up before the longing eyes of the poverty-stricken Catholic as a bribe to change his faith by any Irish Presbyterian; and that any Church sanctioning such unwholy acts can be nothing better than a "whited sepulchre."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN DUBLIN.—The Sisters of Charity, whose abode is in Upper Baggot street, Dublin, are making their appearance before the public in a new character. Their last public apparition (for we count not as such their daily career of charity and benevolence) was when the hopes and fears of a nation were in the air, when the condition of our gallant soldiers was exciting every mind, when urgent prayers on their behalf were being put up from every quarter to all who could lend them aid, with a promise of a nation's gratitude for the help that might be extended. The Sisters of Mercy were then in a position to withhold or confer a favor and the whole empire knows the choice they made. Eleven of these ladies started for the seat of war, and the doings of the Sisters of Mercy, and the blessings invoked upon them for their toils, have been fully recorded on earth and we may well believe, registered in Heaven. Well, the Sisters of Mercy now appear again before the public, but this time it is not to bestow, but to beg—not to confer a favor, but to request one. It does not appear, indeed, that these ladies have any idea of founding a claim for present aid to them upon the aid they so generously gave to others. The references to their services is ours not theirs—they put forward their prayer upon its merits, and it is this:—"The Sisters of Mercy most earnestly solicit contributions towards the erection of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Eccles-street, Dublin.—The proposed 'building' will be capable of accommodating 500 patients. Besides the medical and surgical free-wards, and the apartments for sick persons who can afford to pay, it is intended to set apart a range of wards for the convalescent poor, whose recovery is often retarded by the wretched lodgings and many privations which await them on leaving hospital."—*Dublin Tablet*.

RECORDEE'S COURT—DUBLIN, JULY 16. CHARGE OF ASSAULT—A TRIO OF SCRIPTURE-READERS AND WHAT THEY SWORE! George Walshe was indicted for an assault on William Murphy, on 19th June last. William Murphy having been sworn, deposed to the effect, that he was in the employment of the "Mission" under the auspices of which the Luke-street schools were established; on the day in question witness and two other of his "fellow-Scripture-readers" observed the traverser speaking to some children who were leaving the school in Luke-street, went up to him and asked if this (alluding to Luke-street school) were not a "nice institution"? to which the traverser replied "Institution the Devil—you are entrapping the children with soap and destroying their souls." Witness denied that such was the fact, when the traverser replied that he would spit in the eye of witness who observed that such a proceeding would not be the act of a Christian, and requested the traverser to inform him (witness) what was his (traverser's) notion of a Christian? When the traverser, as alleged, swore by his Maker that he would break the neck of witness, and repeated his threats as spitting in the eye of that personage, after which he (traverser) closed his hand and struck witness on the chest, and knocked him off the pathway.

Cross-examined by Mr. Curran—On your oath, Murphy, did you touch Mr. Walshe?—Witness (with dignified stolidity)—No. Mr. Curran—Did any of your party?—Witness (still more stolidly)—No. (Laughter.) Mr. Curran—Did any of you ask him what was Popery? Witness—No. Mr. Curran—Did you seize him by the button hole and insist on his answering the question? Witness—No. Mr. Curran—How long have you been a Scripture-reader? Witness—About five years; I came from Ballygarry, county Limerick.

Mr. Curran—What was your father? Witness—He was an idolator while he was in the Roman Catholic Church. (Sensation in court.) The Recorder.—You have not come here to show your learning; you are asked what his occupation or calling was?—Witness—He was a teacher. Mr. Curran—Is he an idolator still? Witness—No, thank God. (Laughter.) Mr. Curran—Until your eyes were opened. (Laughter.) Well then, my son of an idolator, how much a week do you get for insulting the people? Witness—I won't tell you. How much do you get for acting in this case? Mr. Curran—Well, "Popery" has a great loss in you. (Laughter.)

Michael James O'Neill (a severe looking personage in black) examined—Deposed that he was a fellow-laborer of the former witness, whom he heard ask the traverser if the Luke-street School were not "a nice institution"; he heard the traverser say it was "the devil's institution," that they were entrapping the children and destroying their morals; he heard Murphy request the traverser to inform him what constituted a Christian; and he saw the latter strike the former twice.

Cross-examined by Mr. Curran—The traverser was asked twice what constituted a Christian? Mr. Curran—Are you the son of an idolator? (Laughter.) Witness—I am the son of a Roman Catholic, and I believe all Catholics to be idolators. Mr. Curran—How long have you been a Scripture reader? Witness—About five years. Mr. Curran—What do you get a week? Witness—That is not relevant to the question. Mr. Curran—What trade are you? Witness—I was a professor of vocal and instrumental music. (Laughter.)

Mr. Curran—Commonly called a ballad singer. James Crawford, another "exponent," corroborated the evidence of the two former witnesses. Cross-examined by Mr. Curran—Have you ever been charged with stealing a shilling? Witness—Eh? (Great laughter.) Mr. Curran—What were the circumstances under which you were charged with stealing a shilling? Witness—A woman swore that she gave me a bottle, which she did not, and a shilling to purchase whiskey, and that I ran away with the shilling. (Laughter.)

Mr. Curran—And you gave her a shilling in court to make it up? Witness—I did. Mr. Curran—Are you still a Scripture-reader? Witness—I am. Mr. Curran—God bless the mark. (Laughter.) Mr. Curran then addressed the jury for the traverser. He said that the mischievous practices pursued by the class of men to which the prosecutor and witnesses belonged was censured by every honest minded Protestant. He would produce evidence that the traverser did not assault Murphy, but that he was stopped by him and his colleagues for the purpose of forcing their opinions on his notice.

Michael Neal then deposed that he was passing through Luke-street at the time of the occurrence in question, and, observing a crowd, he went over and saw Murphy with a hold of the traverser by the cuff of the coat, while O'Neill had him by the arm as they asked him to "answer the question," the traverser, who was endeavoring to go away, did not strike Murphy at all.

Brian Fegan deposed that he heard Murphy asking the traverser to "answer the question" that Murphy had the traverser by the cuff of the coat while the other man held his hand until he would answer the question; the traverser just pushed them aside, and told them to let him go about his business. John Carroll gave similar testimony.

Mr. John Lambert deposed that he knew the traverser for many years, that he was a head pilot, and was a most respectable and inoffensive man. The Recorder then charged the jury, observing that it would be much better if cases of this description were, if possible, kept out of courts of justice altogether. The only question, however, which they had to try, and which they were to consider without reference to the controversy which had unnecessarily been introduced, was whether the traverser struck Murphy, and if he did they should find him guilty, and if not they should acquit him.

The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of acquittal.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

• Willis's Lives of Illustrous and Distinguished Irishmen.—Vol. I., p. 122. † D. F. McCarthy.