

POOR PADDY.

"PENETRATE the surface of Irish nature," say you, "and you will find hidden beneath cruelty and deceit." There is an awful amount of cruelty in the Celtic nature. As the Welsh Kelt mutilated the bodies of the slain after the defeat of Mortimer's army; as French men and women—even ladies—have taken a horrible pleasure in witnessing bloody executions; so the massacre by O'Neill, in those of Wexford in '98, and in many other scenes, we find a ghoul-like cruelty peeping out which seems inherent in the race. This is forcible language, but it is yours, and to sustain it you give an apocryphal story of the savagery of a French duellist, and quote the barbarity of Dermot MacMurrough, whom—from the description of that most untrustworthy of chroniclers, Gerald Barry, commonly called Cambrensis, you pronounce to have been the model of an Irish chieftain. To give a deeper dye to Dermot's brutality, you add, "that though the times were barbarous, Ireland had long been the seat of learning;" and you assure us "that Anglo-Norman Strongbow, a meek, calm, calculating gentleman, brave and courteous as covetous, would never have thus polluted himself." You find that the Irishman of the present day is not a whit more civilised than was MacMurrough, and you ground this discovery on the reports of the London and Liverpool police courts. You conclude the indictment for cruelty thus: "In contradistinction to such brutalities, the fair stand-up fight of Englishmen, who hit only in the face and chest, who strike no foul blow, and never hit a man when he is down, is chivalry itself. In the Irish Rebellion men were buried up to their chins, and bowled at. No parallel can excuse them. The race, in fact, loves extremes; and in its poetry, brutality is absolutely put forward as strength." If this *corpus delicti* could be sustained by well-authenticated facts, the devil, instead of being called Niccolò Machiavelli, should have been given an Irish cognomen. But, fortunately, though this is one of your most powerfully worded charges against Irish character, it is the weakest. As for Dermot MacMurrough, of infamous memory, the base, forsown craven, who "trud upon his country's ruin," he was as much the type of Irish chieftains, as were the cruel and treacherous Richard III. or Henry VIII. of English nobles. His character was stained with every conceivable crime, and his lustful passions brought shame on the household of a valiant prince, and ruin on his unhappy country. To set up such a man as a picture of Irish worth in the Middle Ages, is as unjust as if you were to measure the merits of Irishmen of the present day by the infamies of Corydon, Talbot, and the other scoundrels who cropped up like mushrooms during the Fenian émeutes, and who so honorably earned their blood-money from the Imperial Government. MacMurrough was a brutal savage; no Irishman will attempt to deny that. For Mercy's sake! then, weigh us by some other standard. But base and infamous as the perjured Prince of Leinster was, he is not without his peers in treason and cruelty. Cruelty and revenge were the leading characteristics of the Plantagenet Kings, and from the Conquest to the last defeat of the Stuarts there is hardly a page of English history that is not blotted with blood; whilst treason to king and country stains every folio of the Scottish annals, from the time that John Lorn led the fleet of Edward I. against the Bruce, to that dark hour when infamy was consummated by the sale of Charles I. to the Parliamentarians by the Covenanting army. Nor was the meek and courteous Anglo-Norman gentleman—that mirror of chivalry—Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, the *preux chevalier* that you describe him. His portrait by a historian reads thus: "He was a man of ruined fortune, needy, greedy, and unscrupulous, and ready for any desperate adventure; possessing unquestionable skill, reckless and daring—in fact, just the man for MacMurrough's fell purpose." The slaughter of chiefs and kernes on the plains of Ossory; the appalling butchery at Waterford; the cowardly surprise at Dublin, whilst the negotiator was mediating in the English camp with Strongbow, and the fury with which the Normans vented their thirst for blood on the inhabitants, together with his intended treachery to his invited guest, MacGilla Patrick, which was prevented by the noble and gallant Maurice de Prendergast, who, in his leader's presence, swore "by the Cross of his sword that no man there that day should lay hands on the King of Ossory," neither speaks for the humanity or honor of Strongbow. Henry Curmantele knew the craft and cunning of his Norman earl. He came to Ireland, humiliated his proud, aspiring subject; and, after spending a season in Dublin in feasting and riotous living, he returned to England to do penance for the murder of Thomas à Beckett, and sent his son John, then twelve years old, to lord it over Ireland, and to amuse himself in plucking the beards of the Irish chiefs, who were fools enough to do him homage. Truly, they set a noble example to the poor barbarian Irish, those noble princes, lords, and knights who came to Ireland, as is averred, to restore peace, order, and religion to that unhappy country. I wish I had space to chronicle all their crimes. Henry the Second's passion has been compared by the ancient chroniclers to the fury of a savage beast. We know that John was a murderer, a coward, and a liar—the most profligate in a profligate age; the most faithless of a faithless race. Henry III. was a weak, credulous fool, and a coward. Cruelty and revenge were the most prominent features of Edward I.; Edward II. was an idle, dissipated sot; and Edward III., the warrior king, tarnished the glorious laurels which he had brought with him from the fields of France, by yielding to the thralls of the beautiful but bad Alice Ferrars. Richard of Bourdeaux was as reckless in revenge, and cruel as Edward Longshanks; Henry VI. was a weak imbecile; while Edward IV. was only excelled in bloodthirstiness, brutality, and sensuality by his tiger-like brother, crooked-backed Richard of Gloucester. Talk about Irish cruelty! Run your eye over the records of the reigns of the monarchs I have just mentioned, and find if you can a parallel of their crimes in the lives of their contemporary Irish princes. What terrible tales of blood are the chronicles of the dynasties of Anjou, Lancaster and York! Memory shudders at their contemplation. By murder, rapine, and perjury they crowned their ambition, and through a sea of blood they mounted to the throne. Irish history does not present, even in its worse epochs, anything to be compared to the flaying alive of the young archer Gordon, at Chaluz, after the

dying king had pardoned him; the massacre of the Jews in London by the mob, and in other towns, in the year 1189, and the terrible tragedy at York Castle, where 600 of the unhappy race, rather than fall into the hands of the people, who were howling for their blood, slew their wives and children, and then stabbed one another, are not easily equalled. Where will you find such a scene as that which Merrie England presented during the famine of 1314-'15. The nobles became robbers—they had no other resource—and robbery, pillage, bloodshed, and ruin flooded the land. We must wait till the Judgment Day for the terrible secrets which the walls of Berkeley and Pontefract Castles conceal. And where shall we find a companion picture for the cowardly crime that was perpetrated after the battle of Barnet, when the dastard King Edward IV. struck the gallant young Prince of Wales in the face with his gauntlet, and the recreant Clarence and the hunch-backed Gloucester drove their daggers into the heart of the chivalrous young prince—the hope and pride of the Red Rose? There was no sunshine in the heart of old King Henry on that day, and woe was the lot of gentle Anne Neville—the daughter of the King-maker, the matchless Warwick. It is hardly to be wondered at that whilst their conquerors lived thus lawlessly, the Irish in resisting oppression and tyranny were not always over nice in their reprisals.

Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves.

NEWS BY THE MAIL.  
IRELAND.

AN outrage of unparalleled daring has taken place near Castlebar, in the West of Ireland. Every Tuesday an officer of the National Bank at Castlebar goes to Newport, nine miles distance, and does banking business there. At three o'clock on a late Tuesday Mr Fitzgerald, the cashier at Castlebar, left Newport for Castlebar. He occupied a seat in a car driven by a man named Hamilton, and was accompanied by the bank porter. About three miles from Newport, about a dozen men armed with muskets, suddenly sprang from behind a ditch, and fired a volley at the car and its occupants. The horse was shot dead, and the cashier desperately wounded, one of the bullets lodging in his neck. The assailants then took from the well of the car the bank cash-box and carried it off. The carman and porter were allowed to escape, and they ran back into Newport and gave the alarm. A large force of police scoured the country all through the evening, but no arrests have yet been made. It is said the cash-box contained nearly £5000.

A Melbourne contemporary asserts that, from 1832 to 1872, the sum of £14,380,000 was remitted from America to Ireland, for the purpose of defraying the cost of passages of families and friends from the one country to the other.

Lord Chancellor O'Hagan—The Irish Bar mustered strong on the Lord Chancellor's last sitting in his court, to bid his lordship farewell. There was a large number of silk gowns, while the outer bar and the solicitors appeared in great force, with a court crowded with the general public. Mr Law, M.P., late Solicitor-General, addressed the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the bar, when Lord O'Hagan answered in a brief speech, towards the conclusion of which his lordship manifested marked signs of deep emotion. He indicated plainly that he was about to enter upon a more active field in the House of Lords. It is remarkable that Lord Cairns, the Lord Chancellor of England, and Lord O'Hagan, the ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, are both natives of Belfast.

The arrival on Saturday, Feb. 7th, of Mr John Duabaz, the newly-elected Home Rule M.P. for New Ross, at Chapelizod was the occasion of an enthusiastic demonstration of popular welcome and rejoicing. The people of Inchicore, Palmerstown and Chapelizod, learning that he was to pass through the last-named place on his way to Brooklawn, the residence of Mr Alleyn, with whom he is at present on a visit, resolved to greet him in a manner which should testify their personal esteem for himself and their deep sympathy with the patriotic principles he so victoriously represented.

There has lately grown up in Sligo a large and magnificent building, which, even as an ornament to the town, is deserving in its present state of special notice. It is not many years since John street possessed no other ecclesiastical building than the good old parish church of St. John's, a building peculiarly attractive to the Episcopalian Protestants of Sligo. Now within a stone's throw of that venerable building, is to be seen another far greater, far higher, and far more elaborate, and when completed, will prove one of the finest buildings of the sort in Ireland, and has a very substantial monument of the indefatigable zeal and active exertion of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr Gillooly.

The Rev. Thomas Kinane, C.C., of Templemore, Tipperary, Ireland, joined the English pilgrimage to Paray le Monial last year; he writes, "With the sanction of my Ordinary, the Most Rev. Dr Leaby, and his Grace's blessing, I propose to collect the pious offerings of the faithful to present a banner to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a banner worthy of Ireland, and to be borne by the hands of Irish Pilgrims to the Holy Shrine at Paray le Monial, as an offering of love, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition, to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Saviour.

An extraordinary escape of military prisoners took place from Kilkenny barracks at an early hour on Friday morning, Jan. 20th. From all that could be learned, it would appear that they were six soldiers—five artillerymen of Major Balfour's battery and a private of the 55th Fusiliers—in custody, awaiting a trial by court-martial, for various offences. The guard-house is a building of one storey, and the cell forms a portion of it. It stands at an angle of the barracks, the back of the house being to the road. When the sentry was posted at two o'clock, the prisoners were apparently asleep, but when the next relief came at three o'clock a.m., to the consternation of the sergeant of the guard, it was discovered that the cell was empty and that the prisoners had escaped. The means by which the men had got out from the prison was by forcing up some of the slates from the side of the roof, which was not railed at the top next the road, down through which they dropped. One of the men must have been wounded by the fall, as there was blood discovered on the road where the descent was made.